

BY D. W. CRAIG.

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From the Mines.

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up. I saw \$7 in dust that was washed from one painful dirt. One man washed eighty shovelfuls of dirt, and got \$79;—some are making even \$100 a day. The richest diggings are in gulches, and the gold is fine. The snow fell three inches deep on the 4th, and when the boys crossed the mountains it was ten or twelve inches deep. I think it would be useless for persons to try to get to these mines this winter from the Willamette valley, as the trail will be closed with snow before they can get there; so the best policy is to wait until spring.

American River is almost deserted. Every one that can raise the dust to get a few pounds of provisions, is bound for Salmon River. Hundreds have left within the last few days for the new El Dorado. Some who have been here have returned and discharged their hands, and abandoned claims for the winter that were paying from a half ounce to an ounce to the hand.

The BATTLE OF SPRINGFIELD.—The resolution which Gen. Lyon took of marching from Springfield and attacking an army five times as numerous as his own little army, showed two things—bravery and wisdom. It was the greatest wisdom in him, surrounded as he was by more than twenty thousand men, and not knowing by how many more to come, to attack the enemy on his own selected ground, and not only give him a check, but upset his obvious intention of surrounding Springfield, and taking our men, money, mules, wagons, provisions, &c., amounting to several millions of dollars.

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A young woman at this age should remember that her special business is to fit herself for the duties of life. I would not deny to her the society of young men, when she has time for it and a proper opportunity, but she should remember that she has nothing to do with beaux, nothing to do with thoughts of and calculations for marriage, nothing to do but become, in the noblest way, a woman. She should remember that she is too young to know her own mind, and that as a general thing, it is not worth knowing. Girls attachments and girlish ideas of men are the silliest things in all the world. If you don't believe it, ask your mothers. Ninety-nine times in a hundred they will tell you that they did not marry the boy they fancied before they had a right to fancy anybody. If you dream of matrimony for amusement, and for the sake of killing time, I have this to say, considering the kind of young men you fancy, you can do quite as well by hanging a hat upon a hitching post, and worshipping it through your chamber window. Besides, it is during this period of unsettled notions and readily shifting attachments that a habit of flirting and a love of it are generated. I suppose that coquetry, in its legitimate form, is among a woman's charms, and that there is a legitimate sphere for its employment; for, except in rare natures, it is a natural thing with your sex. Nature has ordained that men shall prize most that which shall cost an effort, and while it has designed that you shall at some future time give your heart and hand to a worthy man, it has also provided a way for making the prize he seeks an apparently difficult one to win. It is a simple and beautiful provision for enhancing your value in his eyes, so as to make a difficult thing of that which you know to be unespensably easy. If you hold yourselves cheaply, and meet all advances with open willingness and gladness, the natural result will be that your lover will tire of you. I introduce this subject here, not because I wish to, but because I am compelled to, in order to explain what I have to say upon the husband's love of flirting. To become a flirt, is to metamorphose into a disgusting passion that which by natural constitution, is a harmless and useful instinct. This instinct of coquetry, which unites a woman a thing to be won, and which I suppose all women are conscious of possessing in some degree, is not to be cultivated or developed at all. It should be left to itself, unstimulated and unperverted, and if, in the primitive stage of your womanhood, by initiating shallow attachments and heartlessly breaking them, or seeking to make impressions for the sake of securing attentions which are repaid by insult and negligence, you do violence to your nature, you make yourself a woman whom your own sex despise, and whom all sensible men, who do not mean to cheat you with insincerities as mean as yours, are afraid of. They will not love and they will not trust you. This instinct, then, is not a thing to be harmlessly played with; and I know of few more unhappy and disgusting sights than a girl bringing into her womanhood this passion—harmful alike to herself and others.

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A gentleman who happens to have looked through the same spectacles as we did—expressing our opinions exactly, as to one or two leading men—has just returned to Boston after a visit to Washington.—The Transcript (from which we copy it) describes him as "a gentleman of influence and high financial position," and thus quotes from a letter of his: "Yes, I have just returned from Washington. I have seen the President, once in committee, once alone, *à la carte*. I like him. I believe he is the presidential man, the President for the occasion. I think him not only true and sincere, but also sagacious, clear-sighted, in-sighted and wise; firm when his mind is once made up—absolutely immovable. Peculiar in the working and unfolding of his mind, he is likely to switch off on a side track when you can see no sufficient reason for his not keeping the main track; but he easily slips back again, with little or no friction or even loss of headway. This troubles and perplexes many. He understands his position and responsibilities. He knows his surroundings. Those who think they are using him are much mistaken. He sees through it all. I feel sure that the Committee who have recently conferred with him are willing to leave matters in his hands. Within a week, Seward has told a warm friend of his that of all the men he knew, there was no one in the United States so well fitted to carry the country safely through the struggles as Lincoln. I believe it thoroughly. McClellan is the head of the military practically. He magnetizes the whole army.—His influence is felt everywhere. He has great physical endurance and intellectual vigor, and is endowed with military genius, developed by thorough education. Scott is still greatly respected and much beloved. But the President you may have entire faith in, no matter who doubts.—Horn Journal.

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On the evening of Sept. 25, Andrew Johnson, the exiled Senator of Tennessee, addressed the people of Newport, Ky.—From the Cincinnati Gazette's report we copy some stirring passages: Men talk about their rights. Will you go to the South to get them? Will you tell them in the South to come here and get them for you? (Cries of "No no!") I labored hard for John C. Breckinridge. I spent my money to print and circulate his speeches, and I stamped the State of Tennessee to elect him; but I stand here to-day to disavow those acts. I disown him. He deceived me, and the fault was his; if he deceives me again, the fault will be mine. I desire to express my mind here, which I cannot do in Tennessee, from which I am an exile. John C. Breckinridge was not representing Kentucky when he was sent to the Senate by her people.—He was helping to break up the United States. (Shouts of "Down with the traitor!") Now let us look at the eligibility of representatives to that government to be created upon their views. The Senator must be worth \$500 and 10 negroes. I have asked Kentucky if the Hon. John C. Breckinridge is eligible upon those conditions, and I have been told no. Now I own but eight negroes, and not nearly the amount of money named, yet the people of my State sent me to the Senate of the United States, and I thank God, I was made welcome there. (Loud cheering.) We are fighting for our government!—Government was made for man, and not man for government. The old monarchial idea is just the reverse, and so it will be under the secession rule. Its leaders commenced by violence and force, and by those means they will sustain themselves. They have excluded the voice of the people; don't let them do so with you in Kentucky. Don't let them shut the doors of your Legislature. (Cries of "No!" "No!" "We'll tear down the doors first.") I am not particularly for the Administration, but if Mr. Lincoln administers the laws according to the Constitution, I will sustain him and so will you, my friends.—If he does not, impeach him, and hurl him from his seat. But he has done well thus far. What power had he when he assumed the reins of government? None. Despotism was out, and its march was from the South! Traitors cry out about Lincoln's war. Lincoln's war forsooth! Who brought it on? Answer me that! Why, the South, and let her take the consequences! Let us see. Ft. Sumter was garrisoned by 69 or 70 men under Buchanan, and Beauregard created his batteries opposite its walls, but could not wait a few days until the inmates would be starved out. So he played his artillery upon that little band of brave men and made them surrender. This is a fair sample of the whole course of secession. But where are their boasts of taking the capital by a certain date, now long past, and all the other threats made thereabout? What have they done? Proclaimed war; now, whose war is it—Lincoln's? (Cries of "No!" "No!") The secessionist's object now is to keep up excitement, by which alone they can carry their point, which if carried, a rule with the iron rod will follow. But let us fight for the government we have, and not be betrayed, deluded into advocating for a moment an enemy, which is sure to lead to the devil. Oh! let us, my fellow-countrymen, fight for that government founded and cemented by the noble blood of the sires and patriots of the Revolution. Talk has been made about compromise! But there is no sincerity in these talkers about compromise. What, compromise with traitors armed with cannon pointed at your capital? Treat with them indeed! If we cannot live with them as we have lived, think you we can live peacefully under a treaty? Never! Never! But fighting must be done; let us do it now and do it well. We must hand down to our children unscathed that national honor handed down to us and purchased by the blood of our fathers. What kind of a government will you have framed by Jeff Davis and his myrmidons, think you, if they should succeed in seizing the capital? (Shouts of "Hang them.") I know him well and his crew of traitors. They are worse traitors and more corrupt than was the Roman Senate with Catiline at its head. Disappointed ambition, like a canker, has gnawed at their hearts, in which there is only bitterness and hate left to dictate their actions. They are bogus aristocracy, and could not brook the elevation of a man to the Presidential chair because he rose from the ranks of the people. They could not wait four years, when in due course of things they might have taken their chance of power, but they made the election of Mr. Lincoln a mere of excuse for their treason, and if they should succeed a military despotism will inevitably take the place of this free, liberal and most glorious government. If this republic falls, it can never be succeeded by another, nor can an example be found in history to controvert my statement. I am an exile—a fugitive, not from but for justice, and my crime is my feeble efforts to support the Constitution; but if the people of Tennessee could speak to-day, an overwhelming majority of her people would shout for the Union! We want Kentucky, who fought with us side by side at New Orleans, to come and do so again, and under the same flag for the same cause—Liberty. If you give us your help, the stars and stripes will float over every courthouse in the State in a very brief period.—(Cries of "We will, we will.") Let us ask you again, to be again assured, are you Kentuckians willing to see the grave of Washington and Jackson and your own beloved Clay surrounded by accursed secession bayonets? (Shouts of "Never, never.") Then again I feel en-

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McClellan.—About six months ago, a distinguished gentleman of New York was dining with Gen. Scott, and in the course of conversation remarked to the General that he in all probability would be the last Lieutenant General of the United States, that there was no one now who was worthy to succeed him, or by whom his mantle could justly be worn. The old General drew himself up in his dignified manner and replied, "Sir, you talk like a civilian; Congress conferred the title upon me, but there is a young man in the army who will, before many years elapse, earn that distinction for himself." No more was said on the subject at that time; but when Gen. McClellan's name became better known to the public, Gen. Scott being asked by his former guest whether McClellan was the young man referred to in his remark, replied in the affirmative.

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