

Clearfield Republican.

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PRINCIPLES, not MEN.

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LETTER FROM THE SEAT OF WAR

HARRISBURG CO., Va., July 18, 1861.

Dear friends.—It is with the greatest pleasure that I seat myself to write a few lines to you. I received two letters last night, and I must answer them both at once. One of them was from J. and the other from W. When I last wrote I told you that I would not write again until after I had been in a fight; but it is all nonsense talking about that. We cannot get right out of them. Our fellows took the town named New Creek Station, and the rebels were going to take it back. We were about two and a half miles from the town when the news came, and they called on the Cadets to go forward at once—and you may be sure that pleased us first rate. We got ready and started and met James M. Welch who told us to hurry, and we went on a double quick for about two miles. We were all running and the Captain said that no man must flinch now. You had better think there was a boy about my size felt for fight. We ran into the town and the women and children were all at a little house at the river side, in the cellar. We crossed the river on a fish dam, and saw the citizens climbing up the rocks on the hill. I thought that looked like fight. We stopped in the town and the Colonel went to find a place for us to stay. Some of our men were breaking down the brush between them and the road. This looked ominous. When the Colonel returned we were marched up the creek about a quarter of a mile, and to a church standing on a nob, in a nice grove and a valley all around us, presenting a beautiful view of the country. Six of the stoutest men were taken for guard duty. The rest of our company were quartered in the church. I was on guard, and stationed at a rebel's house, and told to let no person either into or out of it. That was to keep the news from getting out. I was concealed from view. Well, the old Scotch wanted out, but I told him what the consequence would be if he did not be still. I kept my ear cocked for him. The women were much scared, and told me he was a good Union man. I said, "in a pig's eye he is a Union man." They wanted me to take something to eat, but I told them I had plenty to eat in my haversack, and I guess they thought I was older than I looked to be. We waited for the rebels to come and take us, but they did not come. We were on the lookout all night, and in the morning about daylight we formed in ranks, the Captain telling us that the town was to be attacked and that this was the time they expected it. But the rebels would not come. We then started for Romney. I was on guard at the baggage wagon. After going about five miles the news met us that the town was burnt and the fort in possession of the Union troops. We were again cut out of a fight, and had to turn back. Yesterday the Capt. and W. Behan were out looking around and saw a squad of rebels drilling in a field about three hundred rods from them. The rebels saw them though and ran like the d—l. The Captain came and got a squad and went after them but they could not be found any place.

Our guns are the old musket, but we will get rifles after while. We started off in such a hurry that we could not get rifles. A havelock is something like a lounet, fixed on our caps to keep the sun off our necks. It is a nice thing. I am glad to hear that your corn is growing so well, and that your spring wheat is so good. I want you to have the new house ready for that dance we are to have in the fall. I think that I will be home this fall. Yesterday I was thinking about home, and I thought I would give all I was worth to get a letter from you or from V. You would not know how glad I was when Billy O. gave me those two letters. I tore them open and read them pretty quick, and then I was not satisfied and read them over again to see if I could get something else out of them. They were not half long enough for me. I would like to get a letter from you about three sheets full. I am coming to the end of the sheet; but I am not half done writing. O, what a blessing that I can write to let you know that I am well. Good bye, for this time.

R. S. C.
COL. FRANK SIEGEL, who so gallantly led the United States forces against the Missourians at Carthage, is about thirty seven years of age. He is a native of Baden, and was graduated at the military school at Karlsruhe. He entered the regular army of Baden, and was advanced to the post of Chief Adjutant in 1847. His sympathies with the first revolution in Southern Germany, lost him his commission. He was appointed general-in-chief in the beginning of the second revolution, May, 1848, and led the forlorn hope of the liberal party with great energy and zeal. He came to America in 1850, and was professor in Dr. Dulon's academy, and married Mr. Dulon's daughter. He received a call to a professorship in St. Louis, where he soon became distinguished by his great military talents.

For the Republican.

READY TO, July 29, 1861.

On Saturday last our village was visited by a set of the most God-forsaken ruffians from Reynoldsville, Jefferson county, it was ever my lot to see; and what was worse, they came here with uniforms on said to imitate the dress uniform of the army, but which really looked more like a squad of Sir John Falstaff's men, with, from all appearances, even less than half a shirt to the whole regiment. Their coats profusely decorated with yellow cotton tape, and made out Kentucky jeans, mottomed with heavy brass buttons, evidently got up for this grand display to our plain citizens were intensely admired by this economy-loving community, while their horses looked as if they had been hired from some veterinary establishment representing all the shades of diseases incident to horseflesh from pole-evil to ring bone. In short, they were the most shabbily out-at-the-elbow and graceless set of ragamuffins imaginable.

When they alighted their spokesmen, a certain Orlando (but by these chaps called Captain) Gray, announced, in blasphemous language that they had come to see whether all reports of G—d d—d traitors and secessions said to abound in Clearfield county were true, and if they were they would hang every (another compound oath) one of them, when they were politely told by Mr. Andrew Pentz, jr., to bring on their rope and other fixings necessary to carry out the decrees of Abraham, which, however, were not then forthcoming. The valiant captain then pitched into Dr. Boyer in hard language, accusing him of disloyalty to the Union; but soon learned to his great chagrin that he had caught a tartar, and while the Doctor quietly but severely unfolded to him the designs of the Black Republican party, the drunken captain, as his rage would permit him to talk, uttered curses and imprecations against the Democratic party, James Buchanan, and especially the citizens of Clearfield county. On being told, however, that the people of this county could not be insulted by a ruffian and a blackguard, he stopped his blasphemous ravings; and finding that his stereotyped argument would avail him nothing, and completely driven to the wall, he replied to a question how they proposed to maintain the Union by war? that "Lincoln was determined to wipe out the South. Kill off the traitors there, send enough yankees down to populate those States, and drive their niggers to the devil;" and made the Chicago Platform the supreme law of the land. This is no preparation, Messrs. Editors, but the simple statement as uttered by the leader of the ruffian band from Jefferson county.

After dinner a rope was taken up to Mr. Reed's tavern and offered to the Captain for the purpose of hanging those he threatened to hang. Mr. Schwem politely asked them to put it up and carry their bombastic threats into execution. But he, in the tempest in a teapot had given way to a perfect calm, and whether a hasty dinner had dampened their ardor, or whether the patriotism manufactured by an abundance of whiskey, had just then run out, I am unable to say; but there certainly was a dead look on the whole party; and instead of staying to complete the object of their visit here, which was, I believe, to recruit men for a company at Reynoldsville, they quietly left their paper and made a hasty retreat westward—no doubt strongly impressed with the belief that if the citizens of Clearfield have the courage to express their honest sentiments concerning the Chicago Platform, Abraham Lincoln and his policy and designs, they do not lack the courage to defend their rights against a set of rowdies from Reynoldsville. Some of their friends, no doubt, gave them to understand that an apology for their conduct would be needed, and none of them being possessed of sufficient decency to make an apology respectable, they wisely concluded that discretion was the better part of valor, and consequently retreated towards Reynoldsville, if not wiser at least sober men.

Yours, UNION.

THE RIGHT SORT OF RELIGION.—We want a religion that goes into the family, and keeps the husband from being spiteful when the dinner is late, and keeps the dinner from being late—keeps the wife from fretting when the husband troaks the newly washed floor with his muddy boots, and makes the husband mindful of the scraper and the door mat; keeps the mother patient when the baby is cross, and keeps the baby pleasant; amuses the children as well as instruct them; wins as well as governs; projects the honey moon into the harvest moon, and makes the happy hours like the eastern fig tree, bearing in its bosom at once the beauty of the tender blossom, and the glory of the ripened fruit. We want a religion that bears heavily, not on the "exceeding sinfulness of sin" but on the exceeding rascality of lying and stealing; a religion that banishes small measures from the counters, small baskets from the stalls, pebbles from the cotton bags, clay from paper, sand from sugar, chickory from coffee, otter from butter, beet juice from vinegar, alum from bread, strychnine from wine, water from milk-cans, and buttons from the contribution box. The religion that is to save the world, will not put all the big strawberries at the top, and all the bad ones at the bottom. It will not offer more baskets of foreign vines, than the vineyards ever produced bottles, and more barrels of Genesee flour than all the wheat fields of New York grow, and all her mills grind. It will not make one-half a pair of shoes of good leather and the other of poor leather, so that the first shall rebound to the maker's credit, and the second to his cash. It will not put Gonvin's stamp on Jenkin's kid gloves, nor make Paris bonnets in the back room of a Boston milliner's shop, nor let a piece of velvet that professes to measure twelve

yards, come to an untimely end in the tenth, or a spool of sewing silk that vouches for twenty yards, be nipped in the bud at fourteen and a half, nor the cotton thread spool break to the yard stick fifty of the two hundred yards of promise that was given to the eye, nor yard-wide cloth measure less than thirty-six inches from selvage to selvage, nor all-wool delaines and all-linen handkerchiefs be amalgamized with chardestine cotton, nor coats made of wollen rags pressed together, be sold to the unsuspecting public for legal broadcloth. It does not put bricks at five dollars per thousand into chimneys if contracted to build of seven dollar materials, nor smuggle white pine floors that have paid for hard pine, nor leave yawning cracks in closets where boards ought to join, nor daub sellings that ought to be smoothly plastered, nor make window blinds of slats that cannot stand the wind, and paint that cannot stand the sun, and fastenings that may be looked at but are on no account to be touched. The religion that is to sanctify the world, pays its debts. It does not consider that forty cents returned for one hundred given, is according to the gospel, though it may be according to law. It looks upon a man who has failed in trade, and who continues to live in luxury, as a thief. It looks upon a man who promises to pay fifty dollars on demand with interest, and who neglects to pay it on demand, with or without interest, as a liar.—Congregationalist.

FANNY FERN ON SONS-IN-LAW.—Fanny Fern (Mrs. Parton,) having lost her eldest daughter in marriage, makes the following reflections, by her rather significant. When she penned them "Doesticks" (Mr. Thompson,) had probably just declared his intentions:

How any young fellow can have the face to walk into your family and deliberately ask for one of your daughters, surprises me. That it is done every day does not lessen my astonishment at the sublime impudence of the thing. There you have been, eighteen or twenty years of her life, combing her hair and washing her face for him! It is lucky the thought never strikes you while you are doing it, that this is to be the end of all. What if you were married yourself? That is no reason why she should be wretched away into a separate establishment just as you begin to lean upon her, and feel proud of her; or, at least, it stands to reason that after you have worried her through the measles, the chicken-pox, scarlet fever and the hooping cough, and had her properly baptized and vaccinated, this young man might give you a short breathing time before she goes. He seems to be of a different opinion; he not only insists upon taking her, but upon taking her immediately, if not sooner. He talks well about it, very well; you have no objection to him, not the least in the world, except when the worlds fall of girls, why couldn't he fix his eye upon the daughter of somebody else? There are some parents who are glad to get rid of their daughters; why Blue eyes are as plentiful as berries; why need it be this particular pair? Don't he have meat and bread and clothes enough, to say nothing of love? What is the use of a certainty for an uncertainty for an uncertainty, when that certainty is a mother, and you can never have but one? You put all these questions to her, and she has the easiness to ask if that is the way you reasoned when father came for you? You disdain to answer, of course; it is a mean dodging of the question. But she gets round you, for all that; and so does he too, though you try your best not to like him; and with a "well if I must, I must," you just order her wedding clothes, muttering to yourself the while, Dear dear, what sort of a list will that child make at the head of a house? How will she ever know what to do in this, that, or the other emergency? She who is calling on mother fifty times a day, to settle every trifling question! What folly for her to set up house for herself! How many mothers have had these foreboding thoughts over a daughter! And yet that daughter has met him, and his unexpected reverses, with a heroism and courage as undaunted as if every girlish tear had not been kissed away by lips that, alas! may be dust, when the baptism and womanhood comes upon her.

MAJOR GENERAL PATTERSON.—Major Gen. Robert Patterson was born in Ireland in 1792, and emigrated to this country when quite young, taking up his residence in Philadelphia. He received a collegiate education, and early manifested military inclinations. After graduating at college, he was appointed First Lieutenant in the 22d Regiment of regular U. S. Infantry; in April, 1813, he was transferred to the 32d Infantry, appointed Assistant Deputy Quartermaster-General with the rank of captain, January, 1813, and Captain-in-line, 1814, and thereupon relinquished rank in the staff. He retired from the army in the same year, upon the discharge of his regiment. He subsequently followed the profession of the law in his adopted city, and for many years was connected with the military of Philadelphia. In 1847, he was appointed Major-General of volunteers, and proceeded to Mexico, and assumed command of his division. He actively engaged in the siege of Vera Cruz, but shortly afterwards his health failed, and he returned to the United States, and was therefore unable to take part in the well-contested battles in the upper part of Mexico, and which crowned the American arms with glory and conquered peace.

A Scotchman asked an Irishman why half-farthings were coined in England. The answer was, "To give Scotchmen a chance to subscribe to charitable institutions."

Compromise.

Some of our military editors are becoming so fierce for blood, says the *Police Gazette*, that they are actually going stark mad for fear that a patriot may arise in the land who will discover a method of reconciling the nation, and restoring the fraternal bonds that have been broken, without the necessity of piling up thousands of slaughtered human beings on the field of battle. One of them goes so far as to assert, that any man who dares to propose a compromise of any kind, will seal his political death.

Well, we have no political death to fear, so that we shall escape and trying the terrible doom that must of necessity fall on the head of some other, and therefore we have no personal fear on that score. And again, we are free from the effects of the anathema, for the reason that we have no compromise to propose, other than that provided for by the Constitution and the laws, and to them we expect always to adhere. It may be possible that some able and wise head can discover a way by which the Government (like our merciful Creator did with fallen and rebellious man) can be just, and yet the justifier of those who have committed such grievous wrongs against society and government. Nebuchadnezzar, who was a more powerful man than any of our military editors, issued a decree that no person in his dominions should pray to the living God, for the space of thirty days, under the penalty of death. Yet a Daniel was found, who had more respect for his God than the edicts of the King, and he refused obedience to the decree, and in consequence thereof was cast into the lions' den. The God whom Daniel worshipped sealed the mouth of the lions, and he walked around the den as safely as if he had been in the king's palace.—Our military editors would do well to read this little story, and learn wisdom therefrom.

For a man to sit in his sanctum, and fulminate his bull of excommunication against every one who does not obey his bulwarks, and who dares to exercise the part of a freeman, and the rights inherent to his political condition, is supremely ridiculous; and if he is vain enough to suppose that he can thereby deter other men from doing what they consider right and just, we can only say that he is an eligible candidate for the lunatic asylum.

We think that the true course for the Government to pursue is, to carry on the war vigorously and energetically, and not to waver in its single instant necessary to the successful vindication of the law.—Nevertheless, if any man can suggest a method for the settlement of the whole difficulty with honor to the Government, and that will insure the integrity of the country, and restore the fraternal relations of the people, he will not only be glorified, but instead of sealing his political death, he will be elevated to the dignity of a savior of his country, and his name and memory will be revered as long as a freeman lives to treasure it up in his heart.

We would suggest to these gentlemen who are so afraid that human gore will not be poured out to stain the land, a way by which they can give more force to their counsels, and entitle themselves to be heard by the people en masse. Let them exchange the pen for the rifle, and join themselves to the army, and meet on the tented field the men for whose blood they thirst, and then the people will believe that they have a right to say whether the thing shall be settled without a fight or not. Otherwise it will be thought that they are only valiant when other men fight their battles, and they are themselves at a convenient distance from cannon balls and mine bullets.

To such persons who object to a compromise, and assert that all who would desert it now are traitors to the Government at heart, we commend the following from Henry Clay's remarks made in the Senate of the United States, on the 8th of April, 1850. Had the persons who are now in authority the statesmanship and honesty of Mr. Clay, there would be a far different state of affairs in the country to what now exists:

"There are, no doubt, many men who are very wise in their own estimation, who will reject all propositions of compromise but that is no reason why a compromise should be attempted to be made. I go for honorable compromise whenever it can be made. Life itself is but a compromise, between death and life the struggle continuing throughout our whole existence, until the great Destroyer finally triumphs. All legislation, all government, all society is formed upon the principle of mutual concession, politeness, civility, courtesy; upon these everything is based. I bow to you as respectful to me because I am respectful to you. Compromise is peculiarly appropriate among the members of a Republic, as one common family.—Compromises have this recommendation, that if you concede anything you have something conceded you in return. Treaties are compromises made with foreign nations contrary to what is done in a case like this. Here if you concede anything it is to your own brethren, to your own family. Let him who elevates himself above humanity, above its weakness, its infirmities, its wants, its necessities, say if he please I will never compromise, but let no one who is not above the frailties of our common nature disdain compromise."

Extra Billy Smith, of Virginia, says that he "snuffs victory in the breeze. And Henry A. Wise snuffs victory in the breeze too. What would Virginia take for that pair of snufflers?"

"I think I have seen you before somewhere," said a swell to a stranger who he met the other day. "Very likely," was the reply, "I was formerly keeper of the Penitentiary."

Tribute to Woman.

Ladies! I know that politics are something uninteresting to you, yet I believe you have in the general result an abiding interest. It is always a gratification to me to behold my fair countrywomen in assemblages like this. It is a guarantee that their husbands and fathers and brothers are men of intelligence and refinement, who appreciate their mental capacities, and desire their countenance in their undertakings. Your presence exercises a calming influence upon these antagonisms that are too often engendered in the heat of political contests. All parties desire your approving smile, and therefore all our encouragement by your presence and by your smiles. I know, that, in the direct administration of political affairs, you have no share; but yet reigning, as you do, supreme in the empire of love, your influence often controls the destiny of nations. Woman's love is the great lever which rouses man to action. The general, as he plans the strategic combinations which are to ensure victory, looks forward to a recompense dearer than the laurels upon his brow; the soldier, as he trudges along on the weary march, or mingles in the scenes of the battle field, ever with death around him, forgets while the carnage, and turns his thoughts to the "fond girl he left behind him;" the mariner, tempest tossed, driven by the rude waves, sings merrily aloft as he thinks of the cottage by the shore, where his wife and dear ones await him; the statesman, as he devises, amid deep and painful thoughts, plans of government, which are to tell upon his own and his country's fame, never loses sight of the joys which await him when cabinet councils are over, and he enters the portals of home; he is serene, as he paces his watch, loves the moonlight tramp that he may look beneath its rays at the dear memento of a mother's or a sister's love. Over man in all his relationships, the influence of woman hangs like a charm. Deprive us of your influence which dignifies and stimulates us to noble deeds, and we become worse than barbarians. Let it be ours, and we can brave the cannon's mouth, or face danger in ten thousand forms. You stimulate us to all that is good. You check us in ignoble purposes. You have also an important influence upon posterity. The early impressions which the child receives from you, outlives all the wisdom of later days. Sages may reason, and philosophers may teach, but the voice which we hear in infancy will ever come to our ears, bearing a mother's counsel. Continue to instill into your children, virtue and patriotism. Imbue them with proper veneration for the fathers of liberty. Learn them to love their country, and to labor for its good as the great aim of their ambition. Bid them proudly maintain our institutions. Point them to the deeds of their ancestors. Make these their escutcheon, and bid them to hand it down to their children as free from stain as it came to them. Do this, ladies, and your influence will not be lost in the future. In the language of the poet it will be said:

"Woman is lovely to the sight,
As gentle as the dews of even,
As bright as morning's earliest light,
And as spotless as the snows of heaven."
—Sam Houston.

STIMULANTS.—The *Louisville Journal* beautifully says:—"There are times when the pulse lies low in the bosom and beats slow in the veins; when the spirit sleeps the sleep, apparently, that knows no waking in its house of clay, and the window shutters are closed, and the door hung with the invisible crepe of melancholy; when we wish the golden sunshine pitched darkness, and very willing to fancy 'clouds where no clouds be.' This is a state of sickness when phisic may be thrown to the dogs, for we will have none of it.—What shall raise the sleeping Lazarus?—What shall make the heart beat music again, and the pulses dance to it through all the myriad thronged halls in our house of life? What shall make the sun kiss the eastern hills again for us, with all his own awaking gladness, and the night overflow with 'moonlight, music, love, and flowers?' Love itself is the great stimulant—the most intoxicating of all—and performs all these miracles; but it is a miracle itself, and it is not at the drug store, whatever they say. The counterfeit is in the market, but the winged god is not a money changer, we assure you.

Men have tried many things, but still they ask for stimulants. The stimulants we use, but require the use of more. Men try to drown the floating dead of their own souls in the wine cup, but the corpses will rise. We see their faces in the bubbles. The intoxication of drink sets the world whirling again, and the pulse gallops, wild music, and the thoughts galloping, but the fast clock runs down sooner, and the unnatural stimulation only leaves the house it fills with wildest revelry, more silent, more sad, more deserted, more dead.

There is only one stimulant that never fails and never intoxicates—duty. Duty puts a blue sky over every man; up in his heart may be over which the skylark, happiness, always goes singing.

A young lady in company, who had been "fishing for compliments" very unsuccessfully, was surprised by the young gentlemen who sat beside her affectionately putting his arm around her neck and kissing her. Filled with indignation, she angrily demanded why she was thus insulted. "My dear lady," replied the young man, gasping with excitement, "I hope I have not offended you. Really, I supposed that those who fished for compliments would not object to taking them in *Snacks*."

The cabin passage from Quebec to Liverpool, by the Great Eastern, is only sixty-five dollars.

Peace! Peace!

How very true it is, that "blessings brighten as they take their flight." We do not venture an assertion beyond the ready acceptance of every thinking mind, when we say, that whatever may be the partisan or sectional animosities awakened in the present strife, nineteen-twentieths of the people of all sections and of all parties sigh for peace. Peace, lovely peace, a thousand times more beautiful and precious when set round with the grim frame work of war, than when she reigned undisturbed through the land.—We are and have ever been for peace—peace at any sacrifice but honor. There can be no good thing come out of this war. It involves the destruction of our present form of government, and its immeasurable evils will engage and disgust the attention of mankind for generations to come. When the land is filled with widows and orphans, when our homes are draped in mourning, and the broad bosom of our beloved land has been seamed with the ploughshare of ruin, then we will make peace—the peace of desolation. When the vain effort of conquering millions of freemen has been tried and failed, when the seeds of hereditary and unquenchable hatred have ripened to their bitter fruit, then efforts will be made for peace. Why not make those efforts now before all those tremendous efforts have been borne? Is there no voice potent enough to speak peace to the raging elements? Would that the very thunders of the Almighty should proclaim from the mountains to the seas, "Peace! be still!"—*Richmond, Va., Dispatch.*

WEST POINT GRADUATES.—The official register of graduates from United States Military Academy furnishes the following particulars concerning individuals who have become conspicuous in the progress in the rebellion:

Joseph K. F. Mansfield of Conn., graduated in 1822, second in rank in a class of 40.
Robert Anderson of Ky., in 1825, fifteenth in a class of 37.
Samuel P. Heintzelman of Pa., 1826.
Jefferson Davis of Miss., in 1828, twenty-third in a class of 33.
Robert E. Lee of Va., in 1830, second in class of 46.
John B. Magruder of Va., 1830, fifteenth in a class of 42.
William H. Emory of Md., in 1831, fourteenth in a class of 33.
Montgomery Blair, of D. C., 1835, eighth in a class of 66.
Braxton Bragg of N. C., in 1837, fourth in a class of 50.
Peter T. G. Beauregard of La., 1838, second in a class of 45.
Wm. J. Hardee of Ga., 1838, twenty-sixth in a class of 45.
Thomas J. Rodman of Indiana, in 1841, seventh in a class of 52.
Nathaniel Lyon of Conn., in 1841, eleventh in a class of 52.
Abner Doubleday of N. Y., in 1842, twenty-fourth in a class of 56.

THE RECRUIT'S CHATELAINISM.—Q. How would you furr your men to meet the enemy?

A. On the square.
Q. What in your opinion, is the most useful movement in the Zouave tactics?
A. Running.
Q. What time would you choose for marching through a hostile country?
A. Time of peace.
Q. How would you get supplies and stores in a hostile country?
A. Annex 'em.
Q. What would you use for breaking the ranks of the enemy?
A. Mortars.
Q. How would you measure firearms?
A. By the barrel.
Q. At the close of the engagement, if the enemy asked you to treat, what would you do?
A. Make him stand the shot.
Q. What troops should follow cavalry on a retreat?
A. The enemy.
Q. If the drums beat to arms and your men refused to leave their quarters, what would you think of their intent?
A. I should think these in-tent were mutinous.
Q. What would you do if the enemy surrounded you in overwhelming force, and all retreat cut off?
A. Fight like thunder.

FIFTEEN TO TWENTY FEET OF SNOW. A letter dated Gorham, N. H., July 15th, speaks of the discovery of snow in the Tuckerman Ravine as follows:

In visiting Tuckerman's Ravine, the snow was found to be from 15 to 20 feet in depth, its melting on the upper end furnishing a most beautiful variety of cascades, whose waters in their fall sparkled like diamonds in the sun. Around and just above the ravine may be counted thirty distinct patches of snow, some of large size, which, although exposed to the direct rays of the sun for near ten hours, are still left as testimonies to the awful depths of snow thrown there during the winter. As the snow is thawing away, vegetation is seen just starting, as the snowdrops and other flowers and plants do in the vicinity of Boston the last of March or the first of April.

NO COTTON TO BE SHIPPED.—We publish to day a card signed by every cotton factor of New Orleans, recommending the planters not to ship a bale of cotton to New Orleans until the blockade is fully and entirely abandoned. The gentlemen who sign this card are all men of their word, who mean precisely what they say, and who control the one half the cotton product of the United States. Their recommendation will be carried out by the planters to a man.—*N. O. Cre. 22d.*

The most fashionable cap for the times—the percussion cap.