Clearfield Republican.

D. W. MOORE, G. B. GOODLANDER. } Editors.

PRINCIPLES, not MEN.

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THE BEAUTIFUL.

The flowers that shirt the mountain's brow,
The summer cloud that dims the sky,
The starry heavens, with brilliant brow,
Proclaim a tale of mystery;
It is the Beautiful!

The dew-drops bright that life distill,
The streamlet's voice that sweetly sings,
The cascade's fall, the murmuring rill,
The tuneful bird on airy wings;
Oh, yes! how beautiful!

The green leaf's bloom, in Beauty's prime,
The yellow, too, though not so fair,
Lovel Music's notes, in perfect chime,
The Ocean's roar, the storm, the air,
Declare the Beautiful!

The infant's smile, the laughing eye,
The sighs that mourn, the tears that flow,
The fair one's witching destiny,
All, all, in Man their charms bestow.
And they are Beautiful.

When then, so void of Christian love,
Will scenes sublime, and Beauty's grace,
As not to praise our God above,
When all the earth reflects His face—
And so is Beautiful?

ONE THOUSAND MILLIONS U. S. BONDS.—Mr. Stevens, from the House Committee of Ways and Means, has introduced a bill authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to issue a thousand millions of United States bonds, similar in amount and form to those authorized by the act approved February, 25, 1862, with interest payable semi-annually in the lawful money of the United States, and the principal payable in twenty years in gold or silver coin of the United States; also to issue legal tender notes of the United States, the am't not to exceed, with those already authorized, five hundred millions, to enable him to call in all the five-twenty and seven-thirty Treasury bonds now in circulation, and cancel them, and authorizing him to redeem the United States legal tender notes held as a loan and bearing interest. The law authorizing such loans is to be repealed.

The bill aims at the virtual suppression of the banks by the imposition of a tax of 50 per cent. upon all their circulation over one-half the amount of their capital paid in, to go into operation ninety days after the passage of the bill.—*Patriot and Union.*

PASSMORE WILLIAMSON.—Our readers will nearly all recollect what a star this great negro philanthropist created in Abolition circles, in Philadelphia, a few year ago.—He was the very head and front of that foul party. By his pretended love for the negro he managed, some three years ago, to gain the confidence of an aged colored woman owner of some property in West Philadelphia. He drew a will in his own hand writing and persuaded the woman to sign it in the absence of her husband, and friends. The will set forth that a small amount should go to her husband, and the balance, the major part of her estate, to Passmore Williamson's wife, who had seen the old woman only twice. The negro woman died recently, and her husband contested the will. The jury, before whom the case was tried about three weeks ago, declared the will null and void, it being executed to suit the dishonest purposes of Williamson instead of the proper heirs. So much for negro philanthropy and Passmore Williamson.—*Lancaster Intelligencer.*

THE "GRAND ARMY".—The Union forces, consisting now of over seven hundred thousand men, are distributed and commanded as follows:—Gen. Burnside, with the whole Army of the Potomac, aided by Heintzelman and Sigel is to take care of Richmond; Gen. Cox is making a rapid march toward the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad; Gen. Peck and Gen. Foster are to look out for the Southern communications of Richmond; Gen. Banks and Gen. Hunter are to look in at some of the Southern ports now held by the rebels; Gen. Rosecrans is moving through Central Tennessee, Gen. Granger through Kentucky, Gen. Grant into Mississippi; Gen. Schofield defends Missouri, and Gen. Curtis is below him on the West side of the river; and Gen. McClernand will soon be on his way down the Mississippi river.

I'LL TELL PA WHEN HE COMES HOME.—A friend of ours, who had taken pride for several years in cultivating a full crop of hair on his face, was called away from home on business some time since. While absent, an inexperienced barber spoiled his whiskers in trimming them, which so chagrinned him that he directed the barber to make a clean job of it by shaving whiskers and mustache both off. The barber obeyed, and our friend's face was as smooth and as delicate as when in his teens. He returned home in the night. Next morning his little girl did not recognize him on waking up. Looking over her mother, and seeing, as she supposed a stranger in the bed, she remarked in her childish simplicity, "Mister, get out of here; *I'll tell my Pa when he comes home.*"

HUMAN GLORY.—The Parthenon is now a total ruin, where bats and owls nest, and where Venus is more honored than Minerva. The Roman Forum has now become a cow market, and the Tarperian Rock a cabbage-garden, the Palace of the Cæsars a rope walk; and from the seat once held by Washington, Jefferson and Madison, there now issue "letters to Horace Greeley," propositions to "Border States," and "proclamations of abolition."

Hartford Times.

Mr. Chase was forced to buy gold at twenty per cent. discount, to pay interest to the creditors of the government, within a fort-night. There are one hundred thousand soldiers to day who have not seen a dollar for three, four and six months.

I am surprised, my dear, that I have never seen you blush.' The fact is, husband, I was born to blush unseen.

EVACUATION OF THE PENINSULA.

Important Correspondence.

The following are the dispatches which passed between Gens. McClellan and Halleck on the subject of leaving the Peninsula. McClellan's dispatch was by telegraph, and in cipher; that of Halleck, in reply, was in manuscript:

[EXHIBIT No. 1. Copy in cipher.]

BERKLEY, Va., Aug. 4, 1862.

Maj. General Halleck, Commander-in-Chief—Your dispatch of last evening is received. I must confess that it has caused me the greatest pain I ever experienced, for I am convinced that the order to draw this army to Acquia creek will prove disastrous in the extreme to our cause. I fear it will be a fatal blow. Several days are necessary to complete the preparations for so important a movement as this, and while they are in progress I beg that careful consideration be given to my statement. This army is now in excellent discipline and condition, we hold a debouche on both banks of the James river, so that we are free to act in any direction, and, with the assistance of the gunboats, I consider our communications as now secure. We are twenty-five miles from Richmond, and are not likely to meet the enemy in force sufficient to fight a battle until we have reached fifteen or eighteen miles, which brings us practically within ten miles of Richmond.

Our largest line of land transportation would be from this point twenty-five miles, but with the aid of the gunboats we can supply the army by water during its advance, certainly to within twelve miles of Richmond. At Acquia creek we would be seventy-five miles from Richmond, with land transportation all the way.—From here to Fort Monroe is a march of about seventy miles; for I regard it as impracticable to withdraw this army and its material except by land. The result of this movement would then be to march one hundred and forty miles to reach a point now only twenty-five miles distant and to deprive ourselves entirely of the powerful aid of the gunboats and water transportation. Add to this the certain demoralization of this army which would ensue, the terribly depressing effect upon the people of the North, and the strong probability that it would influence foreign powers to recognize our adversaries; and these appear to me sufficient reasons to make it my imperative duty to urge, in the strongest terms of our language, that this order may be rescinded, and that far from recalling this army, it be promptly reinforced to enable it to resume the offensive. It may be said that there are no reinforcements available. I point to Gen. Burnside's force—to that of Gen. Pope, not necessary to maintain a strict defence in front of Washington and Harper's Ferry—to those portions of the Army of the West not required for a strict defence there. Here directly in front of this army is the heart of the rebellion. It is here that all our resources should be collected to strike the blow which will determine the fate of the nation. All points of secondary importance elsewhere should be abandoned, and every available man brought here. A decided victory here, and the military strength of the rebellion is crushed. It matters not what partial reverses we may meet with elsewhere—here is the true defence of Washington.

It is here, on the banks of the James river, that the fate of the Union should be decided. Clear in my convictions of right, strong in the consciousness that I have ever been, and still am, actuated solely by love of my country, knowing that no ambitious or selfish motives have influenced me from the commencement of this war, I do now, what I never did in my life before, entreat that this order may be rescinded. If my counsel does not prevail, I will, with a sad heart obey your orders to the utmost of my powers, devoting to the movement, one of the utmost difficulty, whatever skill I may possess, whatever the result may be; and may God grant that I am mistaken in my forebodings. I shall at least have the internal satisfaction that I have written and spoken frankly, and have sought to do the best in my power to arrest disaster from my country.

GEO. B. MCCLELLAN, Major General.

Official copy.

Headquarters Army, Washington, D. C., November 23, 1862.

[EXHIBIT No. 2.]

WASHINGTON, August 6, 1862.

Major General McClellan, Commanding, &c., Berkley, Va.—General: Your dispatch of yesterday was received this morning, and I immediately telegraphed a brief reply, promising to write you more fully by mail.

You, General, certainly could not have been more pained at receiving my order than I was at the necessity of issuing it.—I was advised by high officers, in whose judgment I have great confidence, to make the order immediately on my arrival here but I determined not to do so until I could learn your wishes from a personal interview, and even after that interview, I tried every means in my power to avoid withdrawing your army, and delayed my decision as long as I dared to delay it. I assure you, General, it was not a hasty and inconsiderate act, but one that caused me more anxious thought than any other of my life. But after full and mature consideration of all the pros and cons, I was reluctantly forced to the conclusion that the order must be issued. There was to my mind no alternative.

Allow me to allude to a few of the facts of the case. You and your officers, at the interview, estimated the enemy's force in and around Richmond at two hundred thousand men. Since then, you and others report that they have received, and are receiving, large reinforcements from the South. Gen. Pope's army, now covering Washington, is only forty thousand men.

Your effective force is only about ninety thousand men; you are thirty miles from Richmond, and Gen. Pope eighty or ninety, with the enemy directly between you, ready to fall with his superior numbers upon one or the other, as he may select. Neither can reinforce the other in case of such an attack.

If General Pope's army be diminished to reinforce you, Washington, Maryland, and Pennsylvania would be left uncovered and exposed. If your force be reduced to strengthen Pope you would be too weak to even hold the position you now occupy, should the enemy turn round and attack you in full force. In other words, the old Army of the Potomac is split into two parts, with the entire force of the enemy directly between them. They cannot be united by land without exposing both to destruction; and yet they must be united. To send Pope's forces by water to the Peninsula is, under present circumstances, a military impossibility. The only alternative is to send the force on the Peninsula to some point by water, say Fredericksburg, where the two armies can be united.

Let me now allude to some of the objections which you have urged. You say that to withdraw from the present position will cause the certain demoralization of the army, "which is now in excellent discipline and condition." I cannot understand why a simple change of position to a new and by no means distant basis will demoralize an army in excellent discipline, unless the officers themselves assist in that demoralization, which I am satisfied they will not. Your change of front from your extreme right at Hanover Court House to your present position was over thirty miles, but I have not heard that it demoralized your troops, notwithstanding the severe losses they sustained in effecting it.

A new base on the Rappahannock, at Fredericksburg, brings you within about sixty miles of Richmond, and secures a reinforcement of forty or fifty thousand fresh and disciplined troops. The change with such advantages will, I think, if properly represented to our army, encourage rather than demoralize your troops.—Moreover, yourself suggested that a junction might be effected at Yorktown, but that a flank march across the Peninsula would be more hazardous than to retire to Fortress Monroe. You will remember that Yorktown is two or three miles further from Richmond than Fredericksburg; besides, the latter is between Richmond and Washington, and covers Washington from any attack by the enemy. The political effect of the withdrawal may at first be unfavorable; but I think the public are beginning to understand its necessity, and that they will have much more confidence in a united army than in its separate fragments.

But you will reply, why not reinforce me here, so that I can strike Richmond from my present position?

To do this, you said at our interview that you required fifty thousand additional troops. I told you it was impossible to give you so many. You finally thought you would have "some chance of success" with twenty thousand. But you afterwards telegraphed to me that you would require thirty five thousand as the enemy was being largely reinforced. If your estimate of the enemy's strength was correct, your requisition was perfectly reasonable, but it was utterly impossible to fill it, until new troops could be enlisted and organized, which would require several weeks. To keep your army in its present position until it could be so reinforced would almost destroy it in that climate. The months of August and September are almost fatal to whites who live on that part of James river, and even after you got the reinforcements asked for, you admitted that you must reduce Fort Darling and the river batteries, before you could advance on Richmond.

It is by no means certain that the reduction of these fortifications would not require considerable time, perhaps as much as those at Yorktown. This delay might not only be fatal to the health of your army, but in the mean time general Pope's forces would be exposed to the heavy blows of the enemy without the slightest hope of assistance from you. In regard to the demoralizing effect of a withdrawal from the Peninsula to the Rappahannock, I must remark that a large number of your highest officers, indeed a majority of those whose opinions have been reported to me, are decidedly in favor of the movement. Even several of those who originally advocated the line of the Peninsula now advise its abandonment. I have not inquired, and do not desire to know, by whose advice or for what reasons, the Army of the Potomac was seperated into two parts, with the enemy between them. I must take things as I find them. I find the force divided, and I wish to reunite them. Only one feasible plan has been presented for doing this. If you or any one else had presented a better one, I certainly should have adopted it; but all your plans require reinforcements, which it is impossible to give you. It is very easy to ask for reinforcements, but it is not so easy to give them, when you have no disposable troops at your command.

I have written very plainly, as I understand the case, and I hope you will give me credit for having considered the matter, although I may have arrived at different conclusions from your own. Very respectfully, your obedient serv't.

H. W. HALLECK, General-in-Chief.

Official copy:

J. C. KELTON, Assistant Adjutant General.

Public applause is even jealous of its own verdict, and thus the men who have been the most abused have been generally those who have been most praised.

An Irish lover said: 'It is a great pleasure to be alone, especially when yer swate heart is wid ye.'

From the New York Herald, Dec. 5.

Letter from Judge Gould, on the arrests by the War Department.

The letter following sufficiently explains itself. It was sent to the President two days after its date by a friend of his, who afforded the first opportunity that could be relied on to insure the delivery to the President in person, and it was so delivered. It was read, and a verbal reply that the case would be investigated was given. But no pretence was made that the cause for the arrest was not correctly stated in my letter.

Though the claim to "investigate" by means of an arbritrary arrest, personal duress, and whatever secret appliances a Cabinet inquisition might see fit to resort to, was reasserting the right to so arrest for such causes, and thus was a claim as utterly at variance with all law, as would have been the similar arrest of a man who (in New York) had picked the Secretary's pocket, still steps were taken to present the case again to the President and the Secretary, through their personal and political friends (and they in high position), in the hope of obtaining redress without publicity.

But as up to this time (after nearly three weeks) nothing has resulted, except an infamous rigorous imprisonment of Mr. Tracy, forbearance has reached its limit. It is highly important that people should thus and now have a specific statement, showing the enormity of actual oppression exercised in this case, as a warning to them and the administration. Yours, &c.,

GEO. GOULD.

TROY, N. Y., Dec. 4, 1862.

JUDGE GOULD TO MR. LINCOLN.

NEW YORK, Nov. 14, 1862.

To his Excellency ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President of the United States:—

SIR—On my arrival in this city, from my residence in Troy, N. Y., I find that a cousin of mine, G. Colden Tracy, a broker of this city, has been, first arrested and sent to Fort Lafayette; and secondly, to-day taken as a prisoner to Washington. The newspapers say—and so far as I can learn by all inquiries of authorities I can hear nothing different—that the cause of the arrest is some dealings he has had in contractors' drafts on government officers for moneys; and, it is said, some frauds were committed in or by the drafts, and he is charged with complicity therewith.

If this be so, it is a crime cognizable by the courts, and only by the courts. And I am amazed at the fatality of public officers who can take no warning from a distinctly uttered voice of a free people.

I am, and always have been, an unwavering enemy of this rebellion—(cursed in its origin, most accursed in its progress)—and a supporter of the administration. I am a Judge of the highest court of this State. And if no honest voice has yet reached the ears of our government, I wish to say, and to be heard in saying, that star Chamber process, and Secretary's warrants are dangerous instruments to play with, and that, among us, the true, staunch supporters of the government, who would crush treason with the iron heel, but who know the law, are compelled to hang their heads in silence at the mention of cases which have occurred in our midst.

Spies are hardly cautioned when they are where they can do infinite harm; but a powerful hand and an oppressive one is laid on a person here, who is not in a position for doing mischief, if he would, and who is supposed to have no friends.

In this respect, I thank God, there has been a mistake. It is true that he is a young man, of not much means or influence; it is also true that he has a young wife (married not long since); and for no assignable cause, and for no assignable cause that those in power dare to give breath to, he is taken away from home, without giving to his wife an instant's interview or a chance to see him. Is this country the France of a century ago?

The young man is the grandson of that Uriah Tracy who lived and died a Senator of the United States from Connecticut, who was the first man buried in the Congressional burying ground at Washington, and whose ashes are insulted by this atrocious invasion of the liberties of the people in the person of his descendant.

I am not merely speaking my own opinion of such arrests. I know the opinions and the feelings of many of my brethern of the Bench. And if the government is really desirous of so proceeding as to make it our duty to make public our opinions, they will be heard, not merely in the writ of habeas corpus, but in open declaration to the world.

Had I been a few hours earlier made aware of this case, I should not have troubled you with a word; but I would have seen that the process of the Supreme Court of this State was so executed as to protect its citizens accused of such offences from any arrest, other than one under the appropriate process of the courts.

I beg again to assure you, in all sincerity, that this kind of proceeding has gone too far already, and that, while to the last of our men and our means we are ready and determined to sustain the law, and the government in enforcing the law over this whole land as one country, we are also determined to be judged by the law, and not by any Secretary or any one who is not commissioned for that purpose.—We know and acknowledge the rules of war, where the necessity of the case requires the existence of martial law. But we know, also, the common law of liberty, and the broad, great charter of the constitution.

I write warmly, zealously, because I cannot bear to think of our cherished government's taking any course to injure itself; at a time, too, when our only hope of escaping the eternal disgrace and humiliation of letting the cause of human liberty perish in our hands is to sustain this government of this Union, and to have it a government worth sustaining. With great respect, yours, &c.,

GEORGE GOULD.

Gambling at Washington.

A Washington correspondent has "been to see the tiger," and here is the way he describes the animal:

A ring at the door bell, and a reconnoissance through its grated upper half by a stalwart negro, then up a pair of stairs, through an ante-room, and we stand in the carpeted, elegant jungles of the modern "tiger." There are two wide, lofty rooms, divided by folding doors, both dazling with light, softly carpeted, decorated with elegant and voluptuous paintings, and seeming'y just the spot where poor tired humanity would come to get a foretaste of Eden, and recuperate for the stern battles of life. In the first room is a sideboard, upon whose shelves are rows of elegant decanters, through which blushes the purple stain, or flashes the crystal extract of the juniper—*Anglice* gin.

In this room is also a roulette table, which as we enter is vacant, around which is gathered a half dozen men, so absorbed in the game that were Gabrial to rock the earth with a blast from his trumpet, they would never hear it.

I won't describe the game, for what little if any one is known about it in Chicago, is not known any where else, even in this city of iniquity—Washington.

Behind the table sits the dealer—long in finger, white in hand, and with the inevitable cluster of brilliants sparkling from digit and shirt bosom. He is grey-eyed, pockmarked, resolute, and yet pleasant in appearance, with a breadth of shoulder and depth of chest that show him to be no mean man in case of an exchange of fistic courtesies.

On the right hand stands a captain, playing with half-dollar checks, and investigating one at a time, evidently a loser, for, as his check is raked down, he follows it with a sigh, and I doubt not a curse upon the capriciousness of fortune. He has but a half dozen checks in a minute they are gone, and after going to a corner and examining an empty pocket book, he turns and stands moodily watching the game.

Next to him is a thick-set young man, who, with something less than a bushel of ten and twenty dollar checks at his side, is, with the most perfect nonchalance, betting from one to five hundred dollars upon his cards, and winning and losing without the slightest change of countenance. But he is lucky; every card he bets on wins, until, after half an hour, he loses three or four times in succession, and then, with the remark, "My luck is changed, I guess I'll quit," he counts over his checks to the dealer, who coolly, as if it were a matter of five cents, passes over to the lucky individual, thirty seven one hundred dollar three per cent. coupons of United States Treasury notes. Thrusting the immense pile of paper in his coat pocket, the gentleman rises, takes a segar and a drink at the sideboard and then with a "good night gentlemen" he walks out.

The dealer proceeds unconcernedly, while I, dazzled at such results, draw out a solitary five and deposit on the king.—In just three seconds the claws of the tiger covers my lonely and long treasured five, and I see it no more—and I may add that I haven't seen it since.

A young gentleman, evidently a clerk in a dry goods store sits on my left, and is betting and losing. Two or three times his checks run out and then he goes to a friend and finally returns with a ten, which he invests in checks, and loses.—At last he comes back from one of his side excursions with a lowering brow and no money. He sits down, watches the game a moment, and leaves.

About in this style went the game—one man winning and all the balance losing. By and by an elegant supper was served in an upper room, and then the party commenced playing roulette, and officers appeared to be out of luck, for here, in less than half an hour, I saw a Federal captain loose some six hundred and twenty dollars. Everybody lost till just before I left, when the young gentleman who had been borrowing and betting on faro, returned. He watched the spinning of the ball a short time, and then took a bystander aside.

"But you owe me fifty now, I heard the other say.

"I'll give it all back to-morrow," was the reply.

Finally he came back with a "green back" to the amount of twenty. He put it all on the red; red won. The whole pile again went on the red; and again red was winner. He changed to black, and black won. In short, everything he laid his money on was the winning color. In less than five minutes from the time he began, he quietly cashed his checks and left with over eighteen hundred dollars.

So much for luck.

During the two hours that I was in the establishment, some five or six thousand dollars changed hands.

There are some five or six first class establishments of the kind in Washington, besides any quantity of others of lesser note. They are well known to the police, and in fact to everybody else, but are not disturbed. They are as necessary to Congress as the negro question, and nearly or quite as much patronized.

'Pa, didn't I hear you say the other day that you wanted a cider press?'

'Yes, daughter, where can I get one?'

'Why, you try Zeke Stokes, he hugged me the other evening at the party, and I tell you he made me grunt.'

A beggar woman, when questioned if she were not an Irish woman, dropped a courtesy and added, 'Shure I am, yer honer, and have been ever since I was a child.

GOV. BIGLER'S LATE LETTER.

No publication since the beginning of the war, has had a wider circulation than the late letter of Gov. Bigler. Its suggestions are universally approved by the conservative people of the North; and, from the following article from the Richmond *Whig*—which is presumed to utter the sentiments of the Davis Government—it is not hard to guess that it also expresses the sentiments of the conservative, i. e. those who *might* be Union men in the South. Let us suppose that this paper speaks the sentiments of the rebel government, and then let us suppose that the Government at Washington was actuated by such sentiments as are expressed in Gov. Bigler's letter, is it not very clear that neither government would have to sacrifice any cardinal principal in order that they might both meet upon a common basis of adjustment?

Peace.

[From the Richmond Whig, Nov. 29.]

It is stated in Yankee papers that ex-Senator Bigler, of Pennsylvania, has written a letter proposing a plan of peace.—We have not seen it, nor any hints as to the terms he suggests, but as we suppose he was in earnest, and meant to submit something practical, we are forced to conclude that he advises the North to abandon the war and let the South alone.—Nothing less than this would be practicable, or have the appearance of being in earnest. With his appreciation of the merits of the controversy and his knowledge of Southern character, he can have no doubt that so long as the North continues to make war the South will continue to make resistance, and there can, consequently, be no peace.

The first step toward pacification can come only from the North, and it must be a suspension of hostilities; and the pacification can then be completed only by making the suspension permanent.—This is inevitable from the character of the war itself; they invade, we resist; they assail, we defend; they seek to subjugate, we to maintain our liberty. They must cease to invade, to assail, and to attempt to subjugate, for we cannot cease to resist and defend without ruin. All this must be plain to Mr. Bigler, and when he talks about peace, he will talk idly and insincerely unless he calls on the North to stop making war on the South. This is all we ask, or have ever asked.

In the long controversy that preceded and brought on the war, the cry of the South was always "let us alone." Aggression was from the beginning the policy of the Abolitionists. They sought by every possible art of legislation, by all the influence of popular commotion, by stealing our slaves or tampering with their fidelity, and through every means by which they might render the possession of such property insecure and dangerous, to destroy the value of the institution and to compel us, against our wishes, our rights, and our interests, to give it up. We protested and deprecated, and implored. If we attempted legislation, it was only to repair some wrong of theirs, or guard against some impending danger. We acted always on the defensive, and with a patience and forbearance that were but little short of pusillanimity. But nothing could make them pause.

After years of outrage and endurance, finally despairing of any reformation, we resolved that, as we could not enjoy our rights in the Union, we would separate, and this we proposed to do peaceably with no intention of taking or claiming anything that did not belong to us; willing, indeed, to relinquish much that did belong to us, and to have an equitable reckoning with our late partners upon all questions of proportion that were inevitable from the act of separation. In this painful but unavoidable step we again besought them to let us alone—to let us go in peace. But they would not. Their infatuation and rage broke forth with redoubled fury, and they precipitated war upon us.

It is sheer nonsense, too contemptible even for a quibble, to talk about our having begun the war because we fired the first gun. The fact is they had been pressing us back for thirty years. When we reached the wall and could go no further, we struck. It was a blow of self-defence. Every blow that has been struck since has been prompted by the same impulse.—We fight because we are unwilling to be overrun, plundered and enslaved. We will so continue to fight so long as we can lift an arm. The simple question, then, for Mr. Bigler and the Northern people to consider is, whether they will cease to make war upon us. When they have determined on this, the formal stipulations of peace can easily be arranged. Until they have so resolved, they will get no hearing from us for anything they have to propose. Of this they may feel assured.

GEOLOGICAL WONDER.—About thirty years ago, somebody made the discovery that the ice fields of Siberia contained immense numbers of elephants and mastadons. Where they came from, or how they got there, is a problem which, perhaps, may never be solved; their existence, however, was no mere chimera, and as ivory is one of the most valuable commodities of trade in all nations, some utilitarian Englishmen conceived the idea of turning these vestiges of a former age to a profitable account. Accordingly about the year 1835 Thompson, Ronner & Co., a rich London firm, fitted out an expedition to seek for ivory in the Siberian ice. Novel and incredible as it seemed, the exhibition was crowned with complete success. The ships returned to England richly laden with the choicest ivory; and even to the present time, although the world knows little about it, the ivory market is mainly supplied from the ice fields of Siberia.