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LARRIMER & WARD,
No. 100 N. 2d St., Clearfield, Pa.

STONE WARE POTTERY FOR SALE.
The property occupied by Porter & Bro. in Brady st., near Luthersburg, will be sold low (as the owner contemplates removing westward) the pottery is in good order and has connected with it about 60 acres of land, about one half in grass the balance in wood. There is a new two-story dwelling and sufficient stabling and sheds on the place. Good material for the manufacture of stone ware and abundance of coal ore on the property. For terms apply to
L. J. CRANS, Clearfield.
May 2, 1857.-if.

DR. LITCH'S PAIN CURE, ANTI-BILLI-OUS REMEDY AND RESTORATIVE, for Colds, Cough, Croup, &c.—Sold at Jos. Goon's Shoe Shop, Clearfield. Oct. 28, '57.

SUSQUEHANNA HOUSE, Curwensville, Penna.

The subscriber, formerly of the Exchange Hotel, Philadelphia, having taken the above new stand, situated on the bank of the river, in the lower end of Curwensville, would announce that he is now ready for the accommodation of strangers and all others who may favor him with a call. The house is large and comfortable, and travelers will find every convenience necessary to their comfort. Ample stabling is attached to the premises.
DAVID JOHNSON,
February 16, 1858.

GREAT DISCOVERY OF THE AGE, Important to **TOBACCO CHEWERS.**

DR. GUSTAV LINNARD'S TASTE RESTORATIVE TROCHES.

The Great substitute for Tobacco.
It is well known and incontrovertible fact that the use of Tobacco is the promoting cause of many of the most severe MENTAL AND PHYSICAL DISORDERS to which the race of man is subject, as careful analysis and long and painful experience have clearly proven that it contains certain narcotic and poisonous properties most dangerous in their effect, which by entering into the blood deranges the functions and operations of the heart, causing many to suppose that organ to be seriously diseased.

TOBACCO affects also the entire nervous system, manifesting itself—as all who have used the noxious weed will bear testimony—in Lassitude, Nervous Irritability, Water Brash, Dyspepsia, & many other disorders of a similar character.
THE TASTE RESTORATIVE TROCHES are designed to counteract these baneful influences, and have proved completely successful in a multitude of cases, and wherever used. Being harmless in themselves they exert a beneficial effect upon the entire system, restoring the Taste which has become vitiated or destroyed by great indulgence, completely removing the irritation and accompanying tickling sensation of the Throat which are always consequent upon the abstainment from the use of Tobacco, and by giving a health tone to the stomach invigorate the whole system.

Persons who are irrevocably under the influence of these Troches immediately and throw off the injurious and unpleasant habit of Tobacco chewing.
These Troches or Lozenges are put up in a convenient and portable form at the low price of 50 cents per box. A liberal discount to the trade.
Prepared solely by the undersigned to whom all orders should be addressed.
JAMES S. DOWERS, Druggist,
Cor. 2d and Race streets, Phila.
April 16, 1857. ly.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.

By virtue of a order of sale issued out of the Orphans' Court of Clearfield county, there will be exposed to public sale at the Court house in the Borough of Clearfield, on SATURDAY, the 13th day of MAY next, all the interest of Matthew Stott, dec'd., in and to the following described real estate, situated in Boggs tp., and bounded by lands of Wm. Lamardo on the west, tract in name of Henry Stewart on the north, lands of Howard on the east, and on the south by lands of James Forrest, containing 50 acres more or less, on which are erected a two-story log house and other outbuildings, with about 10 acres cleared, Texas cash and confirmation of sale.
JAMES STOTT,
Adm'r. of Matt. Stott, dec'd.,
Clearfield, Mar. 21.

LIST OF LETTERS remaining in the Post Office at Clearfield for the quarter ending March 31st, 1858.

L. Neston, Dr. John Greenwell, Mrs. Sidney Montgomery, Celestine Verrei, John Low, John Livingston, Henry Linsinger, Geo. Wornick, Mrs. Mary Wise, James S. Ames, John Beers, John Grossnickel, Hiram R. Gerald, Henry W. Fisher, James E. Peters, Wm. Stewart, Dr. Stark, Mrs. Susan Sharab, Miss Abna Hamel, Miss Mary Huff, Amy Ann Souler, John Kuhn, foreign.—Andrew Siegal, Smith Dimklat.
Ap. 7. C. D. WATSON P. M.

FREDERICK ARNOLD, Merchant and Produce Dealer, Luthersburg, Clearfield county, Pa. April 17, 1852.

ROBINS' EXPECTORANT And Compound Syrup of Wild Choke

FOR THE CURE OF BRONCHIAL AFFECTIONS, Coughs, Colds, Pleurisy, Bronchitis, Asthma, and all other diseases of the throat and lungs, except Consumption.

This invaluable remedy is no quick nostrum, but is prepared from the recipe of a regular physician, who, during a practice of twenty-five years, used it with unparalleled success. It is a combination of expectorant remedies, simple in their character and used by every educated physician. It is easily taken, produces no nausea or other disagreeable effects, and gives almost immediate relief. In this ever-changing climate, where coughs and colds so frequently end in Consumption and death, no family should be without this certain cure.

The Rev. George G. Cookman.

Many of our readers doubtless remember the Rev. Mr. Cookman, the talented Methodist minister, who was chaplain of the United States Senate, and subsequently lost in the steamer "President."

The following sketch from the reminiscences of the Hon. O. H. Smith, published in the Indianapolis Journal, will be highly interesting to all who remember the eloquent preacher and sterling man:

It was Sabbath morning. The last of the city church bells was ringing as I left my boarding house on Capital Hill, at Washington city, for Wesley Chapel. It was quarterly meeting. The preacher had closed his sermon, when there arose at the desk, a slender spare man, about five feet eight, dark complexion, black hair falling carelessly over his high forehead, lean bony face, wide mouth, round-breasted black coat, with velvet falling collar, black vest and pantaloons. Addressing the congregation, he said: "We desire to take up a small collection for the relief of destitute, worn out Methodist preachers and their families. We appeal to-day to the hearts of the congregation," and took his seat. A large collection followed. I whispered to Patrick G. Good, of Ohio, who sat beside me, "Who is that?" "Don't you know him? It is George G. Cookman."

The next Sabbath I was at the Chapel again. Mr. Cookman preached. I returned satisfied that he was no ordinary man. The election for Chaplain of the Senate came on a few days after, and without the knowledge of Mr. Cookman, I privately suggested his name to the Senators around me. The most of them had heard him preach. He was elected Chaplain by a decided vote over the Rev. Henry Slicer, against whom there was not the least objection, but he wanted to bring Mr. Cookman more prominently before the public. The next Sabbath he preached his first sermon in the hall of the House, to a very large congregation, from the text, "The sword of the Lord and of Gilead." He made a profound impression on his hearers that day, which seemed to increase with every succeeding sermon.

It is not my purpose to sketch the many sermons of Mr. Cookman during the time he was Chaplain of the Senate, the most of which I heard. He was a clear, distinct and powerful preacher. The remarkable clearness of his mental vision enabled him to see and describe whatever he touched so as almost to make Paul, Silas, Peter, Mark and John stand before you as he named them. His tone of voice, as he warmed with his subject, and the tear stealing down his cheek, were irresistible. As a pulpit orator take him all in all, he had few equals and no superiors, that I ever heard. There was no place for a choir where Cookman sang. His voice was melody itself. I heard him in the Senate Chamber on a funeral occasion of Senator Bots, of Connecticut. The Chamber was crowded. The President, Department, Foreign Ministers, Senators, and Representatives were there. I distinctly remember one of his figures of speech.

"As the human family come upon the great stage of life, they find at every fork of the road the finger board distinctly pointing to the grave—to the grave!—There is no other road to travel from infancy to old age, and death but the road that leads to the grave."

There was not a dry eye in the Chamber when he closed his sermon of one hour, and sang alone the single verse of the hymn—

And must this body die—
This will wrought frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine,
Lie mouldering in the clay?

The session of Congress was about to close upon the administration of Mr. Van Buren. The inauguration of General Harrison was soon to take place. Mr. Cookman had all his arrangements made to visit England on the steamer "President." The first dispatch from the new administration was to be confined to his charge. The next Sabbath he was to take leave of the members of Congress in his farewell sermon. The day came. An hour before the usual time the crowd was seen filling the pavements of the Avenue, and pressing up the hill to Representative Hall, which was soon filled to overflowing, and hundreds unable to get seats went away disappointed. I obtained a seat early in front of the clerk's desk. John Quincy Adams sat in the speaker's chair facing Mr. Cookman. The whole space on the rostrum and steps was filled with Senators and Representatives. The moment had come. Mr. Cookman, evidently much affected, knelt in a thrilling prayer, and rose with his eyes blinded with tears. His voice faltered with suppressed emotion, as he gave out the hymn—

"When marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering hosts bestad the sky,
One star alone of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark! Hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem,
But one alone, the Saviour speaks,
It is the star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark—
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark."

The hymn was sung by Mr. Cookman alone. I can yet in imagination hear his voice, as it filled the large hall, and the last sounds, with their echoes, died away in the dome.

"And I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was no place left for them."

"And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God, and the books were opened, and another book, which is the book of life, and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works."

Mr. Cookman was more affected when he gave us the text, than I had ever seen him before. He several times passed his handkerchief over his eyes before he began. The first sentences are fresh in my recollection:

"When Massillon, one of the greatest divines that France ever knew, was called to preach the funeral sermon of the departed King, in the Cathedral at Paris, before the reigning King, the royal family, the Chambers and the grandees of France, he took with him to the sacred desk a little golden urn, containing a lock of hair of the late King. The immense congregation was seated, and the silence of death reigned. Massillon arose, held the little urn in his fingers, his hand resting upon the sacred cushion. All eyes were intently fixed upon the King. As his hand was returned to the sacred cushion, the loud and solemn voice of Massillon was heard in every part of the cathedral, 'God alone is great!' So I say to you, to day, my beloved hearers, there is no human greatness, 'God alone is great!'"

The subject was the Day of Judgment. I had heard it preached before many times, but never as I heard it then. The immense congregation was held almost breathless with the most beautiful, sublime and powerful sermon I ever heard. He spoke of the final separation in the great day of judgment and fancied the anger of the Lord locking the door that opened to the bottomless pit, stepping upon the ramparts, letting fall the key into the abyss below, and dropping the last tear over the fallen and condemned man. He closed—

"I go to the land of my birth, to press once more to my heart my aged mother, and drop a tear on the grave of my sainted father. Farewell, farewell!"

And he sank overpowered by his seat, while the whole congregation responded with sympathizing tears.

General Harrison had been inaugurated. The despatches for the British government were signed by Mr. Webster and delivered to Mr. Cookman. He took leave of his friends at Washington, and left for New York. As we parted his last words were, "May heaven bless you, Mr. Smith; if ever I return you shall see me in the West."

A few days afterwards there was seen passing Governor's Island the splendid new steamer "President," on her outward trip to Liverpool, with Mr. Cookman, Tyrone Power, and a long list of other distinguished passengers on board. The flying steamer had left the lighthouse far behind, and moved gallantly on the open Atlantic, with the prospect of as speedy and as safe a voyage as any vessel that ever crossed the ocean. Night was approaching. The clouds in the heaven portended a storm. The winds blew and howled a dreadful hurricane. The ill-fated vessel was seen late in the evening, struggling with fate—now lying in the trough of the sea, now on the top of the wave, now upon her side, and again as it were plunging into the abyss below.

"The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark."
Morning came. The sun rose on an open sea. The "President," with all on board had gone down and was never heard of more. Thus perished, ere he reached the meridian of life, one of the eminent divines of our country.

The Religious Awakening—What will be its effects?

There is no topic outside of the political world which is so frequently the subject of discussion as the religious awakening now agitating the land. On one side, it is denounced as a temporary excitement, unhealthy in its character, and certain to be productive of more evil than good. On the other, it is regarded as a natural reaction from the materialism of the last twenty years, a direct outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Without entering into the theological aspect of the question, we may say that the movement promises some excellent results. We are led to this conclusion, both by the experience of past awakenings of a similar character, and by what we all know respecting the constitution of the human mind.

At periodical intervals, longer or shorter in duration, according to the character of the times, have these religious movements occurred. Among the most powerful was that which was witnessed about a century ago. It began in a prayer meeting, instituted by the Wesleys, at Oxford. Under the preaching of John Wesley and George Whitefield, it soon embraced both continents, and effected a reversion in the religious condition of society second only to that brought about, in the political world, a generation later, by the American war of independence. All the churches, in every denomination, felt its influence more or less. It received the sanction on this side of the Atlantic, of Jonathan Edwards, the greatest metaphysician of his century. It numbered among its advocates abroad the men and women, most eminent for consistent piety. The soundness of this endorsement was subsequently established by the fruits of that great revival. Within a single generation it totally changed the face of society in England. The Parson Trullibbers of Fielding ceased to be a representative of a class. The Squire Westerns of the same author, under the altered tone of morality and religion which it inaugurated, grew ashamed of their coarseness, their profanity, their cock-fighting, their intemperance. If we would form a correct estimate of the influence of that great emotional movement, we need but compare the England and America of a century ago with the England and America fifty years later, or even with the England and America of to-day. Manners, laws, the code of morality, everything affecting life and civilization, has been ameliorated. The churches

were fast reformed, and the society followed in the wake.

It has been the complaint, for many years, not only of the religious press, but also of the lay, that men were too entirely engrossed with money-making, with the love of show, with things generally "of the earth, earthy." To eat, drink and be merry, seemed practically the whole code of life. Something which would put a stop to this, which should render men more spiritual, would be, it was every-where admitted, a lasting benefit. It would seem now, as if that something was coming. If so, we, in common with all well-wishers of society, gladly welcome it. We must expect, in such an agitation, many excesses, many absurdities, many backslidings. All great movements of the public mind, whether political or religious, have been accompanied by some things that are to be regretted. But though the impetuous torrent may disturb, for a time, the quiet and clearness of the stream, it brings down with it the pure grains of gold; and these will remain when the rush and noise and turbid waters have passed away.—Lodge.

What is Gold Lace?

Gold lace is not gold lace. It does not deserve the title, for the gold is applied as a surface to silver. It is not even silver lace, for the silver is applied to a foundation of silk. The silken threads for making this material are wound round with gold wire, so thickly as to conceal the silk; and the making of this gold wire is one of the most singular mechanical operations imaginable. In the first place, the refiner prepares a solid rod of silver about an inch in thickness; he heats this rod, applies upon the surface a coating of gold leaf, and so on, until the gold is about one hundredth part the thickness of the silver. The rod is then subjected to a train of processes which brings it down to the state of fine wire. It is passed through holes in a steel plate, lessening step by step in diameter. The gold never deserts the silver, but adheres closely to it and shares all its mutations; it is one hundredth part the thickness of the silver at the beginning, and it maintains the same ratio to the end. As to the thinness to which the gold coated rod of silver can be brought, the limit depends on the delicacy of human skill; but the most remarkable example ever known was brought forward by Dr. Wollaston. This was an example of solid gold wire without any silver. He procured a small rod of silver, bored a hole through it from end to end, and inserted in this hole the smallest gold wire he could procure; he subjected the silver to the usual wire drawing process, until he had brought it to its finest attainable state—being in fact a silver wire as fine as a hair, with a gold wire in its centre. To isolate this gold wire he subjected it to fuming nitrous acid, by which the silver was dissolved, leaving the gold perhaps the thinnest round wire the hand of man has yet produced. But this wire though beyond all comparison finer than any employed in the manufactures, does not approach in thinness the film of gold on the surface of silver in gold lace. It has been calculated that the gold on the very finest silver wire for gold lace is not more than one third of one millionth of an inch in thickness, that is not above one tenth the thickness of ordinary lead gold.

A Noble Boy.

The following touching episode in street life (life in Paris) is a beautiful gem, and should be in all memories surrounded with pearls of sweetest thought and gentle sympathy:
"About nine o'clock in the morning a little boy of twelve, whose jacket of white cloth and apron dingo, distinctly followed the profession of pastry cook, was returning from market with an open basket upon his head, containing butter and eggs. When he reached the vicinity of the church of St. Eustache, the little fellow, who could only with difficulty make his way through the crowd, was violently jostled by a stranger who was passing, so that the basket tipped and fell to the ground with its contents. The poor lad, when saw his eggs broken, and butter tumbled in the gutter, began to cry bitterly and wring his hands. A person who happened to be in the crowd gathered around the little fellow drew a ten sous piece from his pocket, and giving it to the boy, asked the rest who stood grouped around him to do the same, to make up the loss occasioned by this accident. Influenced by this example, every one present eagerly complied, and very speedily the boy's apron contained a respectable collection of coppers and silver; when all had contributed their quota, our valet, whose distress had vanished in a moment, as though by enchantment, warmly thanked his new benefactors for their kindness, and forthwith proceeded to count the sum he had received, which amounted to no less than twenty-two francs and thirty-five centimes. But instead of quietly putting this sum in his pocket, he produced the bill of the articles he had lost, and its total amounted to only fourteen francs; he appropriated no more than that sum; and then observing in the group that surrounded him a poor woman in rags, the gallant little fellow walked up to her and placed the remainder in her hand. Certainly it would have been impossible to show himself more deserving of public generosity, or to acknowledge it in a handsomer manner. The boy's noble conduct was greeted with the applause of the crowd, who were delighted to find such delicacy and propriety in one so young."

An exchange tells of a parson who prefaced his sermon with—"My friends let us say a few words before we begin."—This is about equal to the chap who took a short nap before he went to sleep.

CONFLAGRATION IN NORWAY.

CHRISTIANIA, April 13.—The great fire which has taken place here broke out in Skipper Gade, about one o'clock in the morning, in the very centre of the town, and in a few hours about sixty houses, some of them among the largest in the place, were reduced to ruins. Although it may be said to have occurred in the very kernel of town, there were still some old wooden constructions in the back yards, among some of which the fire originated, and spread with a rapidity which defied all the exertions of the firemen, with the imperfect appliances at their disposal.—No doubt had these been more ample, and the organization generally more complete, the devouring element would have been kept within bounds, and the calamity the inhabitants are now visited with would have been far less extensive; as it is, about 1,000 people have become homeless, and although the visitation chiefly effects the middle classes, still there are a number of poorer individuals who have lost their whole substance.

The value of the fixed property destroyed is estimated at £110,000, and about a similar amount in goods and moveables. The loss is about £220,000 which, coming so close upon the calamitous derangements, cannot but add somewhat to the general distress. At the same time, it no doubt will be the salvation of many shopkeepers who were tottering, as the unfortunate insurance companies will have to pay for their old stock, &c. Full two and a half quarters of the town have been destroyed; but it will be a great gainer in appearance, and at least two years work is cut for a great number of artisans and laborers. It is not all impossible that the calamity may have arisen from incendiarism, as the police had received several letters from the working classes, to the effect that if work was not provided for them they would be compelled to take the initiative into their own hands. No witnesses have yet been examined. The Alliance, it is said, will lose about £20,000, but the bulk of the goods and chattels were insured in the German company and the Scandia. The houses, of course, are insured in the State organization, our system of mutual insurance.

THE GREAT STRASBOURG CLOCK.

Henry C. Wright, in a letter to the Liberator, thus describes the great clock in the Cathedral of Strasburg:
"The priests and military have retired, and I am now sitting in a chair facing the gigantic clock, from the bottom to the top not less than 100 feet, and about 30 feet wide, and 15 deep. Around me are many strangers waiting to see the working of this clock as it strikes the hour of noon. Every eye is upon the clock. It now wants five minutes of twelve. The clock has struck and the people have gone, except a few whom the sexton, or head man, with a wand and sword is conducting round the building. The clock has struck in this way: The dial is some twenty feet from the floor, on each side of which is a cherub, or little boy, with a mallet, and over the dial is a small bell. The cherub on the left strikes the first quarter, and that on the right the second quarter.—Some fifty feet over the dial, in a large niche, is a huge figure of Time, a bell in his left, a scythe in the right hand. In front stands a figure of a young man with a mallet, who strikes the third quarter, on the bell in the hand of Time, and turns and glides, with a slow step, round behind Time. Then comes out an old man, with a mallet, and places himself in front of him. As the hour of twelve comes, the old man raises his mallet, and deliberately strikes twelve times on the bell that echoes through the building, and is heard all round the region of the church. The old man glides slowly behind Father Time, and the young man comes on readily to perform his part, as the time comes round again. Soon as the old man has struck twelve and disappeared, another set of machinery is put in motion, some twenty feet higher still. It is thus:—There is a higher cross, with the image of Christ on it. The instant twelve has struck one of the twelve apostles walks out from behind, comes in front, turns, bows, and passes on. So twelve apostles, figures as large as life, walk round, bow, and pass on. As the last appears, an enormous cock, perched on the pinnacle of the clock, slowly flaps its wings, stretched forth its neck, and crows three times, so loud, as to be heard outside the church to some distance, and so naturally as to be taken for a real cock. Then all is silent as death. No wonder this clock is the admiration of Europe. It was made in 1751, and has performed these mechanical wonders ever since, except about fifty years when it stood out of repair."

THE ORIGIN OF PICKWICK.—Mr. Dickens has lately been issuing what is called a popular edition of his work, in which he treats us to this little account of the origin of Pickwick:—

"I was a young man of three-and-twenty, when the present publishers, attracted by some pieces I was at that time writing in the Morning Chronicle newspaper, waited upon me, to propose a something that should be published in shilling numbers—then only known to me, or I believe to any body else, by a dim recollection of certain interminable novels in that form, which used to be carried about the country by pedlars, and over some of which I remember to shed innumerable tears, before I had served my apprenticeship to life."

"When I opened my door in Furnival's Inn to the managing partner who represented the firm, I recognized in him the person from whose hands I had bought, two or three years previously, and whom I had never seen before or since, my first copy of the magazine in which my first effusion—dropped stealthily one evening at twilight, with fear and trembling, into a dark letter box, in a dark office, up a

dark court in Fleet street—appeared in all the glory of print; on which memorable occasion—how well I recollect it!—I walked down to Westminster Hall and turned into it for half an hour, because my eyes were so dimmed with joy and pride that they could not bear the street, and were not fit to be seen there.

"The idea propounded to me was that the mouthily something should be a vehicle for certain plates to be executed by Mr. Seymour; and there was a notion that a 'Nimrod Club,' the members of which were to go out shooting, fishing, &c., and getting themselves into difficulties through their want of dexterity, would be the best means of introducing these. I objected, on consideration, that I should like to take my own way, with a freer range of English scenes and people, and was afraid I should ultimately do so in any case, whatever course I might prescribe to myself at starting. My views being deferred to, I thought of Mr. Pickwick, and wrote the first number. I connected Mr. Pickwick with a club because of the original suggestion, and I put it in Mr. Winkle expressly for the use of Mr. Seymour. My friends told me it was a low cheap form of publication, by which I should ruin all my rising hopes; and how right my friends turned out to be, every body now knows.

"Boz," appended to the monthly cover of this book, and retained long afterward, was the nick-name of a pet child, a young-er brother, whom I had dubbed Moses, in honor of the vicar of Wakefield, which being facetiously pronounced through the nose, became Boos, and being shortened became Boz. 'Boz' was a very favorite household word to me long before I was an author, and so I came to adopt it."

THE AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE.

Important diplomatic correspondence has passed between Lord Napier and Gen. Cass relative to the slave trade. General Cass has just addressed an able letter to Lord Napier, reviewing the subject, and furnishing an answer to the demands of the British Government. Lord Napier complains that the American flag is used on the African coast as a cover to slaves of all nations, and maintains that the United States is bound to increase the African squadron from three vessels to four.

Gen. Cass communicates to Lord Napier the views of our Government at length, but avoids any offence to England, though commenting with severity upon the Coolie trade, and the laws of England relating thereto, and animadverting upon the African apprentice system of Napoleon. He regrets the abuse of the American flag by vessels not entitled to claim that protection, but cannot admit that our government is responsible for that abuse. Hereafter, he says, we are bound to add another vessel to our African squadron by the treaty. The document has been sent to the Senate as an executive document. It contends that we have complied with the proposal that the slave trade may be stopped by withdrawing the squadron from the African coast, and placing vessels on the coasts of Cuba and Brazil.—[Lancaster Intelligencer.

To Boys.—Often have we noticed large crowds of boys, of all ages and sizes, congregated upon cellar doors, store steps and other public places, amusing themselves in the games customary to childhood.—Now, while we wish to see them enjoy themselves, yet we cannot forget to warn them against the evil consequences, arising from these sports. The streets are no moral lessons from the jostling, busy crowds of men which through them. It is on the streets that they first learn the way to vice—receive the first impressions in crime, which soon becomes part of their education. A boy thus educated, generally grows up to be a worthless, idle man, who promises some day to occupy a place in the almshouse or penitentiary. Boys, if you would become useful and honorable members of society, the pride and joy of your dotting parents, you must keep off the streets and away from bad company. Experience has proven that the pernicious practice of converting the streets into playgrounds, has resulted in more injury to the youths of our land than any thing else.

LIABILITY OF HOTEL KEEPERS.—An important decision has recently been pronounced by Judge Eggleston of Louisiana, in the case of Pope vs. Hall and Hildreth, of the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans.

The plaintiff put up at the St. Charles Hotel, November, 1857—while there his room was entered at night, and his watch valued at \$200, and gold coin to the amount of \$145 were stolen. The defendants pleaded in bar to the suit, public notices posted by them in the rooms and conspicuous parts of the hotel, to the effect that they would not be responsible for money, watches, or other valuables, unless deposited with the clerk.

The court held that the defendants were liable for any loss, unless occasioned by the force of arms; that their liability was fixed by law, and that they could not limit it by any public notice, defining their responsibility. They have no right to require a traveller to deposit his money, watch, &c. with their clerk. It is their duty to keep honest servants, and exert vigilance over all persons coming into the hotel as guests or otherwise. Judgment is accordingly given for plaintiff.

A captain being at a ball, had been accepted by a beautiful partner, who in the most delicate manner possible hinted to him the propriety of putting on a pair of gloves. "Oh (was the elegant reply) never mind me ma'am, I shall wash my hands when I've done dancing."

The spring still continues backward.