

Clearfield Republican.

J. H. LARRIMER, Editor.

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J. H. LARRIMER.

BERNIE'S CARDS

D. O. CROUCH,

PHYSICIAN—Office in Curwensville, Pa.

DR. R. V. WILSON,

HAVING removed his office to the new dwelling on Second street, will promptly answer professional calls as heretofore.

C. KRATZER,

Merchant and Lumber Dealer, corner of Front and Locust streets, Clearfield, Dec. 29, 1851.

JAS. H. LARRIMER, I. TEST
LARRIMER & TEST, Attorneys at Law
Clearfield, Pa., will attend promptly to Collections, Land Agencies, Ac., in Clearfield, Centre and Elk counties. July 30.—y

JOHN TROUTMAN

STILL continues the business of Chair Making, and House, Sign and Ornamental Painting, at the shop formerly occupied by Troutman & Rowe, at the east end of Market street, a short distance west of Litz's Foundry. June 13, 1853.

D. GEORGE WILSON respectfully gives notice that he has resumed the Practice of Medicine, and will promptly attend to all calls in his profession. Lutherburg, April 2, 1856.

THOMPSON, HARTSOCK & CO.
IRON FOUNDERS, Curwensville. An extensive assortment of Castings made to order Dec. 29, 1851.

L. JACKSON CRANS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, office adjoining his residence on Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. June 1, 1854.

H. P. THOMPSON,

Physician, may be found either at his office at Seofel's hotel, Curwensville, or at his professional abode. Dec. 29, 1851

FREDERICK ARNOLD,

Merchant and Produce Dealer, Lutherburg, Clearfield county, Pa. April 17, 1852.

ELLIS IRWIN & SONS,

At the mouth of Lick Run, five miles from Clearfield, MERCHANTS, and extensive Manufacturers of Lumber, July 23, 1852.

J. D. THOMPSON,

Blacksmith, Wagons, Buggies, Ac., &c., ironed on short notice, and the very best style, at his stand in the borough of Curwensville. Dec. 29, 1853.

D. M. WOODS, having changed his location from Curwensville to Clearfield, respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of the latter place and vicinity. Residence on Second street, opposite to that of J. Crans, Esq. my 7 1856.

WM. P. CHAMBERS,

CARRIAGE on Chairmaking, Wheelwright, and House and Sign painting at Curwensville, Clearfield co. All orders promptly attended to Jan. 5, 1858.

D. R. W. CAMPBELL, having located at Kyrlestown, tenders his professional services to the citizens of Morris and the adjoining townships. He will always be found at the residence of Thos. Kyrle, when not professionally engaged. May 21, 1856.

A. T. SCHRYVER,

HAS resumed the practice of medicine, and will attend promptly to all calls in his profession, by day or night. Residence opposite the Methodist church. May 4, 1858. 6 mo.

JOSEPH PETERS,

Justice of the Peace, Curwensville, Penna. ONE door east of Mantelius & Ten Eyck's Store. All business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to, and all instruments of writing done on short notice. March, 31, 1858.—y.

P. W. BARRETT,

MERCHANT, PRODUCE AND LUMBER DEALER, AND JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Lutherburg, Clearfield Co., Pa.

J. L. CUTLER,

Attorney at Law and Land Agent, office adjoining his residence, on Market street Clearfield. March 3, 1853.

A. B. SHAW,

RETAILER of Foreign and Domestic Merchandise, Shawsville, Clearfield county, Pa. Shawsville, August 15, 1855.

ALL friends of MERCILE and FEEBLE-MINDED CHILDREN, Please procure circulars gratis of Dr. GEORGE BROWN, Barre, Mass.

CUBA HOTEL, JAYNESVILLE, PA. THE above Hotel, having recently been fitted up for a house of entertainment, is now open for the accommodation of the public. Travelers will find this a convenient house. May 19, 1858. JOHN JORDAN.

LIQUOR.

BRANDIES, Wines, Whiskey, Gin, &c., of the very best quality for sale by THOS. ROBINS. June 30, 1858.

Poetry.

For the "Republican."

TIME TO BLAME.

By W. W. SHAW.

Time is ever onward marching,
Chasing all that's in its course;
Mirth and sorrow flee before him,
Often knowing not their source.
We rejoice in sunny gladness,
Mingled too with gaudy pride;
Time now grasps our dreams of pleasure,
Next to launch them on his tide.
Youth claims the present as its own,
Sporting 'mid life's passing mirth;
Yet to learn that time in silence,
Brings a brighter clime than earth.
Fruits and flowers lose their fragrances,
Vardant forests all their hue;
Frigid pearls of endless number,
Wither all that's fair to view.
Distant worlds beyond our vision,
All must fall before his sway,
Like the mingling rays and shadows
Of an evening past away.
Cruel are his daily actions;
Wit and lore are favoured not—
Guilt and shame, alike with goodness,
Are by Time with ardor sought.
Surely Time is aught but friendly,
For intriguing as he does;
Hymen's dupes think all is pleasure,
When 'tis but sunset glows.
But we'll take the given lesson
From the richest fount of peace;
Nail no more in clouded sorrow,
But desponding thoughts release.

Miscellaneous.

Character of Chief Justice Gibson.

BY HON. WM. A. PORTER.

[Extract from his eulogy on Judge Gibson, p. 107.]

His manner of reaching his conclusions, and writing his opinions was well known. It is believed he took little part in the consultations of the bench, communicating his views usually in short, detached sentences, sometimes not at all, but when he did, hitting the exact point, and diffusing additional light on the principles in question. When appointed to deliver an opinion, he generally made an examination of the authorities, and sometimes, it must be admitted, too brief an examination. His habit was then to think chiefly without the aid of his pen, and out of the reach of books. He did this in his chamber, on the street, at the table, sometimes on the bench during the progress of other causes, and not infrequently in the public room of his hotel. Persons who approached him on these occasions, were struck with, and sometimes offended at his abstract and careless air. To those who knew what he was doing, he frequently complained of his difficulty in determining on what principles to pitch the cause—without mentioning it particularly. He did all the labor of thought before he commenced to write, and he never wrote until he got ready. Before he began the very sentences were formed in his mind, and when he assumed the pen, he rarely laid it aside until the opinion had been completed. The bold, beautiful, and legible character of his hand-writing, and its freedom from erasure, induced those who read his opinions in manuscript, to suppose that he transcribed them, but this was rarely, if ever done—he had too little time, and too much horror of the pen to attempt it. Such a method of writing undoubtedly possessed great advantages. It gave his fine logical powers full play.—It contributed to that condensation which forms one of the distinctive features of his writings. It enabled him to proceed with directness right to his conclusion, and to make every thing point to it from the first sentence to the last. No repetition occurs. We see each idea but once, and need not count on even seeing a shadow of it, more than once. Having always something to do ahead, the pen spent no more time on the thought in hand than was necessary to complete it. He knew precisely where he had to end before beginning, and he avoided all difficulties of those writers who began to write when they begin to think and sometimes before it, and who produce works resembling, for the most part, the patch-work emblazoned on the best beds of German house-keepers, and giving evidence not to be mistaken, of the exact places at which they have been joined, and of the diverse and heterogeneous materials out of which they had been composed. The most casual reader of Judge Gibson's opinions must have observed how seldom he professes to give any history of the decided cases, and how invariably he puts the decision upon some leading principle of the law, referring but to a few cases for the purpose of illustration, or to show their exception to the general rule, and how all this is done with the ease and skill which betoken the hand of a master.

As a jurist, Judge Gibson was ardently attached to the principles of the common law. His love of them beams in his writings as affection will beam in the human countenance. He not only looked on them with the admiration of an artist, as symmetrical and beautiful parts of a great fabric, but he regarded them as the best rampart which the common sense of mankind has yet thrown up against the des-

potism of the king or the judge, of the purse or the sword. We shall see hereafter that the last thing he ever wrote for publication, was a declaration of his unshaken loyalty to the doctrines of the common law. A part of the language which he applied to Judge Kennedy, might as justly have been uttered of himself; for like Byron in many of his characters, he was probably describing himself without seeing that the world would recognize the portrait. "He clung to the common law as a child to its nurse, and how much he drew from it, may be seen in his opinions, which, by their elaborate minuteness, remind us of the overfulness of Coke." The Chief Justice was also an admirer of our Pennsylvania system of law, in which the substantial principals of equity are applied under the forms of the common law. The wonder is that in any case they should have been separated. To appoint one judge to execute the law, and another to do equity, seems like creating one man all head, and another all heart. To execute the law upon a suitor's person or property, and to allow him in the meantime to apply to a Court of Equity for relief, or to turn him out of the latter because his case had no equity in it, with the assurance that he will have no difficulty in recovering in a court of law, in other words, to permit two different rules of legal duty on the same subject, to press on the same man, at the same time,—is a state of things which the mass of mankind will never understand, if each individual man should rival the patriarchs in the term of his natural life. From the day when Lord Erskine uttered his quiet humor on the subject, down to the publication of Black House, the severest sarcasms on this state of things have been flung into the faces of lawyers, without the possibility of turning the point of one of them. The Pennsylvania system of law is among the few that have been measurably free from the reproaches which the learned and the unlearned have thus conspired to hurl at the whole science. It is natural that the mind of a man like Judge Gibson, who had done so much to advance this system, and who had witnessed the strides which the legal world seems making towards it, should feel some pride in perpetuating it. With this spirit, it is consistent, that when our legislature adopted certain equity remedies, and provided for separate equity proceedings, he should endeavor to carry them fully into practice. An opposite course, if he could have pursued it, would have caused disquiet and disaster. Besides this, whatever he might have thought, he was not a man to set himself up against what seemed to be a useful reform. He had seen defects which some of these remedies seemed to supply, and he applied them in the very spirit in which the profession and the legislature had called them into being. So successfully was this done, that with all his attachment to the common law, it has not been infrequently to hear from those most devoted to the equity system, the admission that he would have made a better chancellor than he was a judge. It is pertinent to remark here that he had no undue fondness for civil law. His mind was too liberal—for the mind of a scholar is always liberal in its appreciation of learning—not to admire the beauty, wisdom and simplicity of many parts of that system, and its adaptation to the state of society in which it has grown up; but it must be admitted that he ever and anon cast a suspicious glance on the efforts of Judge Story, and the writers of that school, to infuse its principles into our cherished common law. He could not have denied that many of the branches of our law have been enriched in this mode, but he was alive to the danger of pushing such improvements too far. I need refer the reader only to the opinions delivered in *Logan vs. Richards*, 9 S. & R. 322, and in *Lyle vs. Mason*, 6 V. & S. 9, in proof of the existence of these views in the mind of their author.

In summing up the personal character of Judge Gibson, I do not mean to present him as faultless, for then he had been more than human. Doubtless he had his defects; whatever they may have been, I do not propose to discuss them. To do so, would be to imitate the conduct of some visitor to a gallery of art, who should employ himself in tracing rough images in the dust of the floor, and not in contemplating the beautiful conceptions of genius on all sides around him and above him. I speak rather of what Judge Gibson was, than of what he was not. His case has been removed to that great appellate Court which, while it administers perfect justice, is governed also by perfect mercy. Jurisdiction having vested there, on the soundest principles of jurisprudence no allegation should be permitted against him here. He certainly had small faults, which to small eyes were large enough to shut out a perception of his great qualities. He despised the anise and the cumin, and necessarily lost the respect of those valuable members of the bar, who do the least important things first, and the most important last. Frank generous and confiding, he spoke on the bench and elsewhere, of persons and of things, with that impulse which none but an honest heart can know; and in doing so, he occasionally lost in dignity as much as he gained in the pleasure of giving expression to his real sentiments in his own way. If, as a presiding officer, he had preserved order more rigidly, his Court would have been a more solemn place, and if he had attended more directly to what was passing before him, the business would have more efficiently despatched. But enough of what he was not. The qualities which he possessed were striking and peculiar.—That which was most impressed upon those who knew him best, was the exceeding kindness of his heart. The knowledge of this, was a key to his character. Any newspaper editor or legislative orator who had

abused him, might have approached him with the profoundest confidence, not only that he had forgiven, but actually forgotten, any calumny however gross. In that respect, at least, no man could have reduced to practice more directly, the morality of the New Testament. He cherished no antipathies, and formed no prejudices. In every relation, public and private, he displayed that charity of the heart which makes a man a gentleman, despite of the early associations and even of bad manners. In the liveliest sallies of his wit and humor—the last sorts on which benevolence exerts its restraining influence—he never allowed himself to trench on the sensibilities of others. When he said anything, as he sometimes did when worn down by a dull and tedious argument, no time was lost in trying, by a remark of a different kind, to wear away its effects both on the speaker and the audience. He was a sound critic in the best sense of the term, and when a harsh observation was made of one whom he knew, he was generally able to relieve its effects by pointing out some excellence which had escaped the attention of others. To the young, and especially to those who were endeavoring to become the architects of their own fortunes, he was kind, affable, and indulgent. But the picture requires higher coloring. There was something in his magnanimity, in his forgiving temper, in his kindly charity, in his capacity to appreciate excellence of any kind, in any form, which despite his apparent unconcern of manner and sluggishness of body, elicited and compelled affection. There was a true fire of the heart which glowed unceasingly and cast even the splendor of his intellect into the shade. No man ever more cordially despised a cold, calculating, spider-like lawyer weaving day by day his miserable toils, giving up nothing, retaining his grasp on every victim of chance and folly, employing his powers only for the production of misery, the practice of oppression. No man ever spoke into being with so little effort, ardent and permanent friendship. He sat on the Supreme Bench with twenty-six different judges, none of whom, owed their position to his influence, and almost all of whom, on their accession, were comparative strangers to him, and yet it may be doubted whether the purest and happiest household ever lived in more absolute harmony than he enjoyed in his personal intercourse with his associates. In regard to any body of men long associated together, this fact might be worth repeating; but in that of so many independent men, of strong intellects and wills, employed together in the daily examination of exciting questions, where conscience and duty require each man to stand by his individual judgement, the case is somewhat remarkable. His intellectual requirements were great, and he had a right to be proud of them, but that would be a poor monument to his fame, which should omit to mention those higher and finer qualities of the heart, which placed him so far above the level of ordinary men.

It is almost unnecessary to speak of him as a man of integrity. I verily believe that the mere force of habit in seeking the truth and finding reasons to support it, would have driven him to the right, against every corrupt influence that could have been brought to bear upon him. But the truth is, no idea opposite to that of his utmost purity as a judge, was ever associated with his name. There was something in his character, conversation, manner and appearance, which would have crushed such a thought in the bud. A man who had approached him for the purpose of corrupting him, would have been as much disposed to fall down before him in an act of homage, as to have attempted to carry out his purpose. After a lifetime devoted to the service of his country, it is surely no mean praise of a public man, that declarations like these can be uttered, with a certainty that they will be credited, not less by the suitors against whom he decided, than by the profession who practised before him, and the community whose laws he enforced.

The Levees of the Lower Mississippi.

Next to the yellow fever, the crevasse is the most dreaded enemy of the inhabitants who dwell on the Lower Mississippi and the large streams which empty into it. The region around the mouth of the Mississippi, over for several hundred miles above the Delta proper, is a half formed piece of country, discovered and settled by man before it had been turned out complete for Nature's workshop. It is an alluvial region, degenerating from a rich low bottom, in the vicinity of the Red river mouth, into the mass of ooze, half water and half mud, which forms the tongue stretching out into the Gulf.

The ground on which the city of New Orleans stands is so thoroughly saturated with water that a hole dug a few feet below the surface becomes filled by percolation in a few hours. It is impossible to dig graves, and all the cemeteries at New Orleans are above ground. The coffins, instead of being deposited in the earth, are simply laid on it, and protected by vaults. Had the discovery of this continent been delayed a few centuries, the region around and above New Orleans would probably successive annual deposits from the river, have acquired the elevation and consistency of completely formed land. As it is, the magnificent sugar and cotton plantations, which, extending backward for miles, are several feet below the level of the river at high water, and require to be protected by artificial levees, running along both banks. These levees, or system of levees, are built by the planters, each of whom constructs and repairs the portion in front of his own estate. Their entire length is about 1,200 miles, and their cost has been about six millions dollars. The levee of one planter in Mississippi was built at an expense of \$30,000, and other

plantations have been protected from the waves at even a greater cost.

It is estimated that in the State of Louisiana alone there are 15,000 square miles of fertile alluvial soil, which lie below high-water mark, and require to be protected by these embankments. The levees are generally made simply of earth, though in some places they are strengthened by rocks and piles. Usually they are efficient barriers against the progress of the waves, but during extreme floods they are worn away in places by the washing of the water, undermined and broken, and then the circumscribed stream rushes through the gap in an irresistible torrent; spreading over the adjacent country, deluding plantations sweeping away negro cabins; and bearing down everything in its course, until it finally finds its way through bays and lagoons to the Gulf.

Five times has the city of New Orleans been submerged by the crevasses—in 1785, 1791, 1799, 1816, and 1849. At the recent flood the Mississippi attained a higher elevation than it has stood at since 1839, and the consequence is a number of crevasses in Louisiana and Mississippi, the most formidable of which are the Belle and the Labancho crevasses, the first three and the latter twenty miles above New Orleans. Damage to the amount of millions of dollars has been caused by the breaks, but the city of New Orleans has not been reached by the water on account of the unusual precautions taken since 1849 to strengthen the embankments which protect it.

We have before us a wood-cut picture of the Belle crevasse, issued by the New Orleans Picayune. The gap is two hundred and fifty feet wide, and twenty-five feet deep. Through it a branch from the "Father of Floods" is rushing with fearful rapidity, covering the adjoining fields, rising around the walls of a sugar-house, and even threatening the plantation mansion. On the sides are the tongues of the sun-dried levee, a few inches above the level of the river, and surrounded by a throng of waters. Nevertheless, they are washed with people who have come from the city to behold the truly grand, though terrible spectacle.

Doo-ticks on Lager Beer.

Poesticks has been trying to ascertain by experiment whether or not Lager is intoxicating and below is given, in his own language, the result:

"The first glass seemed like sour strong beer with a good deal of water in it; the next was not quite so sour, and the next one tasted as though the original beer had been stronger, and they did not dilute it so much. Then we rested, and as I had drunk three pints already, I was willing to quit, but Dampfool assured me 'Lager isn't intoxicating,' so after a little settling down I thought I could hold another glass and ordered it; it was brought by a young lady who seemed to have four eyes and two noses pointing in different directions, which unusual effect was undoubtedly caused by smoke.

Then I thought I'd have a glass of Lager (a liquid known to most of the inhabitants of Manhattan.) It was brought by a girl so pretty that I immediately ordered two more, and kept her waiting for the change each time so I could look at her—then we took some cheese full of holes; then we took some Lager to fill up the holes; and then we took a sausage, Dampfool suggested that the sausage was made of dog; so we had some Lager to drown the dog; then we had some sardines; Dampfool said it would be cruel to keep the fishes without a supply of liquid element, so we had some Lager for the fishes to swim in; then we had some bretzels; Dampfool said that the bretzels were so crooked that they would not pack close, so we had some Lager to fill up the cracks; then I made a speech to the company; short but to the point, and received with applause—it was addressed to the whole crowd and was to this effect: 'Gentlemen, let's have some Lager!'

By this time my friend had by some mysterious process become mysteriously multiplied, and there were fifty Dampfools and they all excepted the invitation, and we had the Lager; there were forty glasses, and trying to make the circuit of the room and touch my glass to every one of theirs, I fell over a table which very impudently stepped before me, and as I went down I knocked a small Dutchman into the corner, then I fell over him, then I partially recovered myself and sat on his head, then I got up and stepped on his stomach, then I demanded an instant apology, then I called for six glasses of Lager, and the girl brought them in one hand, but broke three, then I tried to drink out of the remaining three all at once, and in so doing I took an involuntary shower-bath, then I tried to pay for the whole fifty glasses and the damage with a dime and a spanish quarter, and demanded that he should give my change in gold dollars, there seemed to be some difficulty about this, and if I hadn't known that Lager isn't intoxicating I should have thought the man drunk."

A STRANGER'S IMPRESSION OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—If one desires to get a most unfavorable view of the members of House of Commons, and become impressed with the idea that they are a most mediocre—nay, below mediocre, set of men in their personal appearance, he has only to sit awhile in the strangers' or speakers' gallery, and have an opportunity of correcting his impression by closer observation. Seen thence, Lord Palmerston has the look of a vulgar, unintellectual, frowzy sort of individual, with vanity enough to dye his whiskers after he had become old enough to give it up. Cornwall Lewis with his sharp visage and long nose, looks fit for a villain in an opera or a play—a veritable cut-throat. Keau would make his fortune by giving him the second cut throat business to do. Lord John looks only fit for a postillion. The others on his side of the

House look like very good sort of respectable nincoms and mediocrities, with here and there a dandified young lordling scottered in to flavor the dish. Bright I have not seen. On the other side sat Gloucester, a very common-place sort of a gentleman as seen from the gallery (though he improved on closer inspection next day in the British Museum.) Sir James Graham, who seemed thence a very respectable farmer-like personage; Lord Stanley, who has almost an insignificant look, inherited his father's short perked up nose, with other features on a somewhat diminutive and unimpressive scale; Bulwer Lytton so closely resembled his portraits, that I recognized him immediately, though in the dim distant light he looked a rumpled second hand edition of himself; Sir John Pakington is a rather dandified little gentleman, and Mr. Walpole does not strike the beholder as a remarkable man. Darnell, some out of the whole House, loomed out of the mist as a man fit to lead. His head is a study. There is something wonderful in it. All the lines of his face are hard and deeply drawn, as if the face had been exercised like the thighs of an athlete's leg or back. The brain is massed up in front like a tower, and one feels as he sits there, impressive and seeming scarcely to heed what is going on, as if one gazed on a lion or tiger in repose, who could use teeth or claws terribly if occasion came. You would scarcely pronounce his face that of a good man—for it is sinister and forbidding withal—but there is on it the clear stamp of intellect, and of strong will to put that intellect to use.—London Correspondent *Illustrated Standard Gazette.*

CROMWELL—IRETON—BRADSHAW.

On the 13th day of January, 1659, Oliver Cromwell, Ireton and Bradshaw, were drawn to Tyburn on three several sledges, and being taken from their coffins, hanged at the several angles; afterwards their heads were cut off, and set on Westminster Hall. The following is a transcript from a MS. diary of Edward Saitill, a Spanish merchant of those times, and preserved by his descendants:

"The 30th of January, being that day twelve years from the death of the king, the odious carcasses of Oliver Cromwell, Major General Ireton and Bradshaw, were drawn in sledges to Tyburn, where they were hanged by the neck, from morning till four o'clock in the afternoon. Cromwell in a green sea-cloth, very fresh, embalm'd; Ireton having been buried, hung like a dried rat. Bradshaw in his windingsheet, the rest very perfect, inasmuch that I knew his face, when the hangman, after cutting his head off, held it up; of his toes, I had five or six in my hand, which the pretences had cut off.—Their bodies were thro' into a hole under the gallows, in their sea-cloth and sheet. Cromwell had eight cuts, Ireton four, being sea-cloth, and their heads were set up on the south end of Westminster Hall in a marginal note in a drawing of Tyburn (by the same hand) with the bodies hanging, and the grave underneath. Cromwell is represented like a mummy, swathed up with no visible legs or feet. To this memorandum is added:

"Ireton, died the 20th of November, 1651."

"Cromwell, the 3d of September, 1656."
"Bradshaw, 31st of October, 1659."

In the same diary are the following articles:

"January 8th, 1661, Sir A. Hazelrig, that choleric rebel, died in the Tower.—The 17th Vanner and his accomplices hanged—his and another in Coleman-street; the other seventeen in other places of the city. Sept. 3d, 1662, Cromwell's glorious, and yet fatal day, died that long speaker of the Long Parliament, William Lenthall, very penitently." Yet according to the accounts, the body of Oliver has been differently disposed of. Some say that it was sunk in the Thames; others that it was buried in Norse byfield. But the most romantic story is, that this corpse was privately taken to Windsor, and put in King Charles's coffin; while the body of the King was buried in state for Oliver's, and consequently, afterwards hanged at Tyburn, and the head exposed at Westminster Hall. These idle reports might arise from the necessity there was of interfering the Protector's body before the funeral rites were performed; for it appears to have been deposited in Westminster Abbey, in the place now occupied by the tomb of the Duke of Buckingham. The engraved plate on his coffin is still in being. Sir John Brestwick, in his *Republican*, tells us, "that Cromwell's remains were privately interred in a small pad dock, near Holborn, on the spot where the obelisk in Red Lion Square stood."

READING.—Some people will get more profit in an hour's reading than others will in a whole day of listless, indolent dozing over a book. Their reading is in fact study. The brow is knit with intense thought, the eye kindles with lively attention, the lips perhaps parri passu with the glowing lines of the writer. To such minds every five minutes spent in reading, is of inestimable advantage. Every sentence leaves a path of light in their memories; every page is a topic to their reflection; every metaphor lends a new pair of wings to their fancy. A great portion of what people read leaks through their mind and is lost, like water through a sieve. To some extent this is not to be regretted, since such tons of intellectual trash are now devoured to satisfy a depraved appetite. The rule is to read what is worth thinking of, and then think on it.

MOTTOES FOR THE CABLE.—"All's well that ends well." "Long may she wait."

Cable-tistic:—

John Bull and Brother Jonathan
Each other ought to greet;
They've always been extravagant,
But now "make both ends meet."