

BY S. B. ROW.

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WHY BE UNHAPPY !

What's the use to be unhappy. What's the use to fume and fret? What's the use to look behind you, Nursing up the vain regret?

What if life is clouded over With its sorrows dark and wild? What if fortune does look sternly Hath she never sometimes smiled

Why, if you must taste the bitter, Will you fling the sweet away Fighting ever with the crosses That you meet from day to day.

Why disquiet those around you With complaints you should suppress-Weary, those whom duty bids you Still to comfort and to bless?

Look at yonder little insect. Sporting in the sun's bright beams; Listen now, and hear the music Of your laughing little streams.

Look at nature all around you. And above, where'er you stray Mute creation's ever singing ! Happy I! it seems to say.

What's the use to be unhappy? What's the use to fume and fret Pluck up courage, laugh at trifles, And you may be happy yet.

[COPYRIGHT SECURED.] CLEARFIELD COUNTY: OR, REMINISCENCES OF THE PAST.

Near the old "Red House," on the stretch of bottom land above Anderson's creek, Wm. Bloom, the elder, a man of German descent, whose ancestors, at an early day, had settled In New Jersey, from whence he, with others of his family, had emigrated to Penn's Valley, Centre county, settled in 1801. He brought with him four of his sons and his daughter Elizaboth, afterwards Mrs. Ogden. During the summer of that year, a small patch of ground was cleared and planted with corn, potatoes and turnips, and a house erected, but not finished. In the fall, Bloom returned to Penn's Valley, accompanied by his sons Isaac and William, leaving John, Benjamin and Elizaboth to take care of things until he returned. For some unknown cause, he did not get back to Clearfield until the following spring. During the interval, the remaining sons and Elizabeth took care of themselves the best way they could. John was the eldest, Elizabeth about sixteen, and Ben. nine or ten years of age. John was fond of adventure and spent most of his time with the Indians hunting. In February, their stock of provisions nearly ran out. For two weeks they were without bread, and Elizabeth and Ben. lived upon turnips, which, as one of them informed us, they ate "raw, cooked and roasted." The winter was an unusually severe one, and starvation at last began to stare them in the face. John returning from a hunting expedition, they wanted him to go over the mountain, or to a mill to get some ground corn. He started, as they supposed, for that purpose, but as John took matters easy, and did not realize the dangers with which his brother and sister were surrounded, he was in no hurry, but went and mingled again with the Indians, among whom he spent some time. During his protracted absence, snow fell to the depth of four feel, and Elizabeth and Ben. were reduced to the greatest straits for want of food ; but Elizabeth, being a girl of determined character and indomitable energy, concluded to make a trip to Paul Clover's, an uncle of hers, who had come to this county about the time her father did, and settled at the month of Anderson's creek, near the present residence of William Irvin, Esq. The distance, it is true, was only about three-fourths of a mile, yet it was almost a herculean task for these children to shovel a road through the snow, to their uncle's, which presented the only means they had of reaching there. To this task, Elizabeth and Ben. set themselves with a hearty good will, and on the second day, at sunset, succeeded in reaching their uncle's, wearied and suffering from hunger and exposure. Paul Clover, who had a warm and generous heart, was with his family in but little better circumstances than his young visiters. He gave them all the bread there was in the house at the time, which was an Indian cake not much larger than a four-penny loaf. This the children made to last for two weeks, and relished it with as much gusto as the most delicate and savory dish would be by an epicare. The children suffered intensely from the cold, there being neither window for door in the house, openings being left in the wall for light and passage. There was no floor, but when the cold weather set in, they took some of the clapboards and, after splitting the thickest, laid them around the fire-place to keep themselves off the damp ground. No wood had been provided, and Ben. was compelled to go out in the snow, cut down saplings and drag them to the door, where Elizabeth assisted in cutting them up. Their situation was rendered more uppleasant and frightful by panthers and other wild animals prowling around the house and making terrific noises during night-time. This brief account must convince all that the endurances of these two young persons during that winter, and until Mr. Bloom returned with the rest of the family in 1802, were of such a character that few of those who now consider themselves men of courage and endurance, would agree to undergo. William Bloom had eleven children, from whom have descended a very large family, the greater part of whom now reside in Pike town- opposition from his mother-who was a woman zens from what he deen the usurpation of ship, and many of whom have been called to priding herself much upon her family connec- authority on the part ofhe judges and the fill offices within the gift of the people. To tions, being a relative of Gen. Potter-deter- military.

around, has always been considered an important point by aspirants for office. Isaac Bloom, his eldest son, a good and worthy man, died in the early part of the year 1859, leaving eleven children, each of whom have families, and also the descendants of a son and a daughter who had died before him. William Bloom, another son, for a long time entertained the weary travelers, furnishing them in a bountiful manner with the choicest products of the country, and rendering their stay at his house agreeable by drawing from a fund of rich anecdote which he had at his command. He is a man of some note, served one term as Sheriff of the county, and has filled other minor ofhad ten children-six sons and four daughters. Isaac, one of his sons, is a well known politician, who, after serving as Justice of the the people. Peace for many years, was elected County Treasurer. One of his daughters became the wife of Hon. Alex. Irvin, a man of excellent business capacity, who has made his mark in the political world, having a reputation which extends beyond the county, and who, after having served as Prothonotary, Member of the Legislature, State Senator, and Congressman, was possessed of sufficient influence to secure for himself the appointment of Marshal for the Western District of Pennsylvania, during dering what would become of Robert's large the Administration of General Taylor. Wil- and destitute family, he was answered by a liam, junior, had, in all, five sons and seven daughters. John Bloom, the third son of William the elder, like his brothers, engaged in agricultural pursuits. At the time when for the living !" How strange the vicissitudes roads were about being made through the county, and taxes levied, the wants of the community requiring a circulating medium,

induced the first bank to be opened in the county, through which a system of exchanges was established between this county and some of the lower river settlements, whereby we received a little yellow, instead of our shining black dirt, John had the credit, if there is any to be attached to it, of piloting the first coal ark, which descended the stream. This ark was owned by Robert Collins, but unfortunately for him, John staved it in the "Rocky Bend." The old adage is, "a bad beginning

have their influence, when an election came | mined on the wedding day to go to Centre | county, in the hope that at a future day his mother's opposition might be withdrawn, When the guests assembled and found John missing, as he had made none acquainted with his intentions, his absence could not be acconnted for then, nor was it until some time after. When John returned, and had obtained the consent of his mother, he asked the fair Anne to set another day; but there was as much spirit in the Clover, as in the Potter strain, and she declined doing so, and was subsequently led to the altar by Robert Maxwell, a man of enterprize and ingenuity, who crected a fine grist mill, the third or fourth in the county, on Anderson's creek, just above fices. He was married to a Miss Rolls, and Curwensville. Paul Clover was a blacksmith, brought a set of tools with him, and his smithy, near his house, proved a great convenience to

> A short distance above the elder William Bloom's, on a spot near Hamilton's run, now designated by the watermen as the "Peewce's Nest," lived, in indigent circumstances. Robert Cresswell and his numerous family. Cresswell died early in this century, and his was the first funeral which took place in the county. On the occasion of the funeral, one of his wealthy relatives, from a distance, came here to pay the last tribute to his memory. Wonbystander, Abraham Leonard, the ancestor of the Leonard's of this day : "Oh ! they'll get along well enough ; there's always life enough of fortune. The descendants of the wealthy relative, whose sympathy showed itself only in words, have become penniless and unknown. whilst the children, for whose hard lot he exprossed commisseration, became wealthy and respected. We believe Cresswell has no offspring remaining here. His family removed to Huntingdon. Hon. John Cresswell, of Blair county, is one of his descendants.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TORTURING OF THE WIDOWS.

In the interior of New Calidonia, which is east of Vancouver's Island and north of the river Columbia, among the tribe called "Tawwo-tins," who are also Babines, and also ang other tribes in the heighborhood, the custom prevails of burning the bodies, with circumstances of peculiar barbarity to the widows of the deceased. The dead body of the husband is laid naked upon a large heap of resinous wood, his wife is then placed upon the body and covered over with a skin; the pile is then lighted, and the poor woman is compelled to remain until she is nearly suffocated, when she is allowed to descend as test she can through smoke and flames. No sooner, however, does she reach the ground, than she is expected to prevent the body from becoming distorted by the action of the fire on the muscels and sinews : and when ever such an event takes place, she must with bare hands | wards, and then-I did not venture to look up restore the burning corpse to its proper position ; her person being the whole time exposed to the scorebing effects of the intense heat. Should she fail in the due performance of this indispensable rite, from weakness or the intensity of her pain, she is held up by some until the body is consumed. A continual singing and beating of drums is kept up throughout the ceremony which drowns her Afterwards she must collect the uncries. consumed pieces of bone and ashes, and put them into a bag made for the purpose, which she has to carry on her back for three years remaining for the time a slave to her husbands relations, and being neither allowed to wash or comb herself for the whole time, so that she soon becomes a most disgusting object. beasts, and to see disappear before the march | At the expration of the three years, a feast is given by bu tormentors, who invite all the triends and relations of her and themselves. At the commencement they deposit with great ceremoty the remains of the burnt dead in a box, which they affix to the top of a high pole, and dame around it. The widow is then stripped bked, and smeared from head to foot with fish oil, over which one of the bystanders throw a quantity of swan's down, covering her entire person. She is then obliged to dance with the others. After all this is over she isfree to marry again, if she have the inclination, and courage enough to venture on a secon risk of being roasted alive and the subsequenthorrors.

"An elopement, ch ?" I asked, smiling at AN ELOPEMENT, WITH A TALE TO IT. the mistake. The other evening, as I was returning at a The young gentleman bowed. "And the late hour from a visit to a friend's, a singular signal of my arrival beneath the window was adventure occurred to me, which I shall here-

by relate. I was passing an ordinary looking house, in an obscure street of the city, and quite loudly whistling "Oh, no, I never mention it," when a second story front window was suddenly raised, and the sweetest voice imaginable was heard to whisper : "Wait a moment, Charley, and I will soon

be ready." The head of the maiden uttering this decla-

ration was then withdrawn, but not until I had seen that she was young, and the possessor of unusual beauty.

"Ready ? wait a moment, Charley," I repeated, in a musing manner, and endeavoring to obtain some clue to what was occurring, and what was meant by those words.

"I haven't the slightest idea who the fair incogniti is, but it seems that she knows me, or she wouldn't address me by my familiar name. I wonder-23 But my wondering aloud was suddenly cut

short, and greatly increased to myself, by the reappearance of the muiden at the still open window. "Is everything still ?" she inquired, in the

most musical of whispers. "Awfully glum," thinks I, looking around, and responding aloud, "perfectly."

"Are you sure that no one is coming ?" "Quite sure. The loafers in this vicinity have all gone home, and the watchman, of course, is asleep in some door-way. Perfectly silent, from one end of the street to the other; perfectly."

"Then we may as well proceed now, as to wait longer," came in a soft whisper from the fair end mystifying unknown. Can you catch the bundle ?" "Catch the bundle; catch the bundle," I

repeated, not knowing what to say, but finally replied at a venture-

"Of course." The head of the maiden was momentarily withdrawn, then appeared again, and in con-

nection with a somewhat extensive bundle; which, I now understood, she intended me to "catch !" I caught it-a bundle of clothing and valuables, as I readily concluded, and stowed it away under my arm as quietly and knowingly as if I had known "what it was all about !?

"Is no one coming ?" again asked the fair incognita, in a low and tremulous whisper, albeit strangely musical, as she leaned forward, and looked down upon me.

"No one." "And everything is as safe now as it will be at any other time ?"

"Evidently-everything is safe, including

rest.

on the road.

vious.

THE PINES IN NEW JERSEY.

INTERESTING HISTORICAL REMINISCENCES. We had driven no great distance when my companion lifted his whip, and pointing to a agreed upon," he added, "was a few notes whistled from that tune." long, dark, indistinct line, which crossed the road in the distance, blocking the prospect a-I understood the mistake in a moment, how head on either side, as far as the eye could reach exclaimed : "Thein's the Pines!" As I had happened along at just the witching hour of the intended elopement, and chanced to we approached the forest, a change, theatrical whistle the signailing tune. Not to dwell upon in its suddenness, took place in the scenery, a simple and every day matter, I saw the par-tics united in wedlock, and the next day had through which our course was taken. This rich and smilling pasture lands, interspersed with fields of luxuriant corn, were left behind ; the pleasure of reconciling the parents to the overjoyed young couple, who have already commenced domestic life with every prospect the red clay of the road was exchanged for a gritty sand, and the road itself dwindled to a of not having "paid too dearly for the whistle." mere pathway through a clearing. The locality looked like a plagiarism from the Ohio backwoods. On both sides of our path spread The regular corrrespondent of the St. Louis the graceful undergrowth, waving in a ocean Democrat, writing from Denver City, on the of green, and hiding the stumps with which 9th May, recounts a most deplorable condition the plain was covered, while far away, to the of things on the Plains. Many of the emiright and left, the prospect, was bound by forest walls, and gloomy bulwarks, and parapets grants were dying of starvation, while others of pines arose in front, as if designed, in their were subsisting on prickley pears and wild perfect denseness, to exclude the world from onions found along the road. The Stage some bosky Garden of Paradise beyond. Not Agent reports picking up a man named Blue, so, however; for our pathway squeezes itself who was reduced to a skeleton from starvation. through two inelancholy sentinel pines, tra-cing its white scroll into the forest further He had started with his two brothers. One of them died, and the remaining two ate his body. than the eye can follow, and in a few moments Another died, and he in turn was nearly dewe leave the clearing behind, and pass into voured by the survivor. A man named Gibbs the shadow of the endless avenue, and bow had reached the mines in a starving condition. beneath the trailing branches of the silent, and he expressed the opinion that his party, stern, immovable warders at the gate. We were fairly in the Pines; and a drive of somegraves are reported along the route, and much what more than three miles lay before us still. property had been abandoned and destroyed

The immense forest region I had thus entered covers an extensive portion of Burlington county, and nearly the whole of Ocean, beside the arrivals. About 500 returning emigrants parts of Monmouth, Camden, Atlantic, Gloncester, and other counties. The prevailing soils of this great area-some sixty miles in length by ten in breadth, and reaching from the river Delaware to the very shore of the Atlantic-are marks and sands of different The St. Joseph Journal says that not less than qualities of which the most common is a fine 900 wagons belonging to returning Pike's white, angular sand, of the kind so much in request, for building purposes and the manufacture of glass. In such an arid soil the conifera alone could flourish ; and accordingcents; horses and cattle they are selling for 19 we find that the wide spreading region is overgrown almost entirely with white and yellow pine, hemlock and cedar. Hence its distinctive appellation.

have not a cent to take them back, while those It was a most lovely afternoon, warm and who have anything are hurrying back as fast as they can to keep from being robbed by the serene as only an American autumn afternoott knows how to be; and while we hurried past the mute, monotonous, yet ever shifting array of pines and cedars, the very rays of the sun THE CELTIC RACE .- The Celtic race is, like the Saxon, broken up into fragments. The seemed to be perfumed with the arona of the great and leading family of the race is in confragrant twigs, about which humming birds solidated, united, all powerful France. The now and then whirred and fluttered as we Gallic Celt is, if we may so say, the leading startled them, scarcely more brilliant in color clan. Next in point of numbers is the Hiber- than the gorgeous maples which grew in one

makes a good ending," and John now has the putation of being as good a waterman. as safe a pilot, as ever navigated the Susanehanna, and his services are always in requisition during the time of a "flood." Re still retains a full flow of spirits : seems pleased to meet those to whom he can relate the stories of his childhood ; age has not destroyed his energies; he works industriously upon his comfortable farm, and may yet be seen return ng from "Buttermilk Falls," on foot, rallving those who may have gone with him through the Monntains, when they complain of fatigue. Peter, another son, after being married and surrounded by a small family, left the county, and his fate became involved in mystery. His memory will be perpetuated by a rock, on which he staved a raft, in an early day, when following the advice of one of the hands-"another stroke to the point, uncle Pete." Ben. still lives. He is as full of fun and frolic as ever. An involuntary shudder still creeps o'er his frame when he speaks of the first winter he spent in this county with his sister; but he has lived long enough in the woods to become an excellent marksman and hunter, to lose all apprehension of danger from wild of civilization those terrors of his childhood. Abraham and James opened out for themselves farms in Pike township. The latter is now the jovial and accommodating landlord of the "White House," on the Waterford and Susquehanna Pike. His political tours, professional" visits, and the kind word which he has for every child with whom he is thrown in contact, has rendered his face familiar to nearly every man, woman and child in the county. Anne, one of the daughters, had married Thong's Price, a resident of Centre county, who, having made a visit to Clearfield preparatory to moving here with his wife and three children, was never heard of afterwards. As the water in the streams was very high at the time, it is supposed that he was

drowned whilst attempting to cross one of them. Mary became the wife of Matthew Caldwell, and Sarah was united in marriage to Richard Rowles, who was a son of John Rowles, and came to this county from Half Moon, Centre county.

We have already mentioned the emigration of Paul Clover, to this county. He remained here several years, keeping a public house at his first location, where he supplied those who favored him with a call with the best he had, treating them with the greatest hospitality. Mr. Clover died of cancer, and his family then removed to Clarion, where his numerous descendunts still reside, among whom are Gen. Paul and Gen. Seth Clover. He had six children, perhaps more. Isasc, one of the sons, obtained some notoriety, after he had removed from this county, by rescuing from slavery, at New Orleans, the daughter of black John, who lived near the present farm of Daniel Bailey. Whilst the Clover family resided here, John Jordan, a son of Benjamin became enamored

with Anne, a daughter of Paul. A day was fixed for the marriage, preparations made,

PRECEPT AND PRITICE .- In one of the Baltimore schools the bys were reading from one of their class-books story of noble revenge. It told of two lads, Pilip and Robert, of very opposite characters. The first was kind and forgiving, while the ther was irritable and selfish. Philip was waking out one day, carrying in his hand a cae, a present from his father, which accidentily falling from his hand, fell upon a pitche filled with water belonging to Robert, who hot listening to Philip's apology, seized the ane and broke it in pieces. Little Philip, intead of resenting the

injury, passed on. Some ime after this Philip found Robert lying meath a heavy log which by some means had fallen on him. Young Philip very kindl lifted the log from his old enemy, and assisted him up; thus returning good for evil. "low," said the teacher, "see, boys, what a note little fellow Philip must have been! Wat would you do, Johnnie," asked the teacher of a bright-eved little fellow who seemed iterested in the story, "were you to have yot cane thus broken by another boy ?" Little ohnnie arose from his seat and doubled his its, white his eyes flashed, and said, "I would lam him so bad he couldn't stand !"

MORE TROUBLE IN UTAH-The latest news from Utah is of a startlingcharacter. It appears that the differences | long existing between the Excentive and Idiciary are about to result in a collisionbetween the United States troops undr Gen. Johnston, and the Mormon militiander Gen. Wells -five thousand of the latr having been calland friends invited ; but John, meeting with ed out by Gov. Cumminto protect the citithe country." "Very well-I will descend."

While I was wondering how on earth this last feat could be accomplished, the fair unknown threw a rope ladder out of the window, and commenced making the descent. "Had I not better come up and help you ?"

I inquired, mechanically, rather than by reason of idea how such assistance could be given. "No, hush !" do not speak so loud, or we shall be overheard !" was the whispered response ; "I can come down as well-or hetter -alone !"

The fair unknown was already passing over the window, as I saw by a hasty glance upagain for fear she wasn't dressed in "Bloomers," or that the moonlight might injure my eyes. I steadied the unique ladder, until a crowd of crinoline, in expansive power, came down over my head, and then retreated a few steps in order to re-insure the dimity within free and full descent. She soon reached terra tirma-or rather, the sidewalk.

"Oh, dear," she began, turning towards me -but just then was heard a cry of "thievesrobbers-help !" within the house, and I began to tremble apprehensively for the canse. Was this fair enchantress a burglaress, or a companion particeps criminis of burglars? 1 shuddered at the thought. The fair woman was more alarmed than my-

self. Hastily seizing my arm-the other one. the arm disengaged from the bundle-she led me hastily away. Her face was pale-her form trembled from head to foot with emotion -I didn't hardly know what I was about, so greatly was I influenced by a reflection as to the figure I was cutting-thus running away with a woman I had never seen before, and a huge bundle under my arm !

"We are discovered," murmured my companion. "My only apprehension is that we shall be pursued and seperated before the matter is accomplished."

I stole another glance at my companion, and saw that she was one of the loveliest brunettes I ever gazed upon in my life. Moreover, she was young, evidently not more than sixteen or seventeen years of age ; and her face seemed a mirror of child-like confidence, purity of feeling and love.

In an instant more I felt that whatever was the mystery in which I had become an ignorant actor. I was ready to trust her to the death. We hastened rapidly down the street, but not more than ten or a dozen rods before the form of a man was seen approaching, while there were some faint tokens of a tumult at the house we had just left.

We hurried on, passing the gentleman we had seen approaching, and who soon "struck up" the same tune I had before been exercising my lungs with, "Oh, no, I never mentioned it." &c.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed my companion, the instant she listened to the "ear-piercing" notes of whistler No. 2-what means this ?that is-" She suddenly paused-just as we were pass-

ing beneath a gas-lamp, which shone full upon my features-and exclaimed :

"You, sir-you are not my Charles-oh ! great Heavens !"

"No, respected Miss-I am not; but I flatter myself-"

whistler No. 2, and therefore I did not finish my profound remark. She soon overtook him, seized him, and caused him to pause, while I stood looking upon them, with the bundle frantically clasped under my arm. A retrograde movement was commenced, and the maiden and the young stranger were soon in

"Oh, sir," began the fair being, as she took my hand and looked up enchantingly into my face, "you will forgive me the mistake. thought you were Charles, my Charles !" and she gazed admiringly and devotedly upon him. | may be sure the fox is within."

nian Celt; then the Cymbric or Welsh, and | or two dry and open spots. For three-quarters past-nature's antiquaries. As looking on the darkening future (which they cannot, try not, to scan,) by the banks of the noble Shannon, or listening to the wild roar of the ocean surf as it breaks on the Gizna Briggs, washing the Morockmore, or listlessly wandering by the dark and stormy coast of Dornoch, gaunt famine behind them-no hopes of to-morrowcast loose from the miserable patch he held from his ancestry, the dreamy Celt, the seer of second sight, still clinging to the past, ex-

HORRIBLE FROM THE PLAINS.

numbering nine, had all perished.

The writer of the letter says that the de-

partures from the mines are about equal to

reached St. Joseph on Saturday, all of whom

confirm the previous accounts of the suffer-

A Fort Kearney, May Sth, correspondent of

Peakers passed the Fort during the week pre-

selling their outfits for almost a song. They

sell their flour at from \$3 to \$5, bacon at 10

almost nothing, and wagons and handcarts they

give away. There are some returning who

The disappoined gold-seekers are

ing and privations on the plains.

Many

Lochaber no more." Two Irishmen were one evening engaged in the highly interesting task of stealing a few peaches. Pat being the more nimble of the two had climbed the tree, and was busily engaged in shaking the truit therefrom, when he was stopped by Jamie with the exclamation-"Arrah, Pat, and shure have payches legs ?" "No, you fool, why do ye ask that question

claims at his parting moment from the horrid

land of his birth, "We'll may-be return to

ye blatherhead, don't be making a noise but pick up the payches," replied Pat. "But, Pat, are yeas shure that payches

havn't any legs ?" continued Jamie. "Didn't I tell yeas they hadn't, ye bloody

spalpeen," answered Pat. "Well then," said Jamie, "if payches hain't got legs, be the mortal gob I've swollered a sthraddle-bug."

Jamie had swallowed a tree-toad.

STRIPED BUG .- The striped bug, when it once makes an inroad into the garden, is the most destructive of the insect tribe. Not only cucumbers and melons are completely devoured, but squashes and pumpkins share the same fate. Numerous remedies have been suggested, some of them tedious and not altogether efficacious. Recently we came across the following, which looks as though it might be a preventive ; at least it is not troublesome or expensive to try : "Take a small piece of paper, put it on the ground in the centre of your hills, and lay a small stone on each corner to keep it fast ; then put on it two or three pieces of gum camphor as large as a pea. Renew the ,camphor when it is gone." It is asserted to be a complete remedy.

Col. Fremont must begin to see his way out of the woods, in his long pending troubles. in connection with the Mariposa claim. Instead of standing on the defence, as heretofore, he has become the attacking party, and has commenced suits against quite a number of those whom he accuses of being engaged in mining upon his property without license. The mines claimed by the Colonel are, beyond question, exceedingly valuable; and if he can get rid of the intruders, and hold his claim, he must, within a few years, be the possessor of immense wealth.

SHE MAY DANCE .-- Mr. Van Dyck, State Superintendent of public instruction in New York, has sustained the appeal of Miss Head, of Steuben county, who was refused a teachers certificate because she declined pledging herself not to dance during her engagement as a teacher in one of the State common schools. So the New York school marins can dance as much as they please.

person might not be fond of dress and ornaments without being proud. "Madam," said the minister, "when you though nothing had happened.

see the fox's tail peeping out of the hole, you

lastly, the Caledorian. In the new world there | of an hour our drive continued, until at length are the Canadians, the habitans-Celtie to the a slight undulation broke the level of the core as when they first left France. In the sand, and a fence, inclosing a patch of Indian Free States of Northern America the Hiber- | corn, from which the torest had been driven nian and Scoto Celt abound. Change of gov- back, betokened for the first time the proximiernment-change of climate-has not altered ty of some habitation. In fact, having reachthem. Children of the Mist, even in the clear | ed the summit of the slope, I found myself in and broad sunshine of day, they dream of the | the centre of an irregular range of dwellings, scattered here and there in picturesque disregard of order, and next moment my hand was grasped by my friend B. I had reached my destination, (Hanover Iron Works) and was soon walking up, past the white gateway, to the Big House

Somewhat less than eighty years ago, Mr. Benjamin Jones, a merchant of Philadelphia, invested a portion of his fortune in the purchase of one hundred thousand acres of land in the then unbroken forest of the Pines. The site of the present hamlet of Handver struck him as admirably adapted for the establishment of a smelting furnace, and be accordingly projected a settlement on the spot. The Rancocus River forms here a broad embayment, the damming of which was easily accomplished, and one of the best was thus ob tained. On the north of this bay or pond moreover, there rises a sloping bluff, which was covered at the period of its purchase, with ancient trees, but upon which a large and commodious mansion was soon erected. Here Mr. Jones planted himself, and quickly drew around him a settlement which rose in number to some four hundred souls ; and here he commenced the manufacture of iron. At frequent intervals in the Pines were found surface deposits of ore, the precipitate from waters hold ing iron in solution, which frequently covered an area of many acres, and reached a depth of from two or three inches to as many feet. The ore thus existing in surface deposits, was smelted in the iron works, and the metal thus obtained was at once molten and moulded in the adjoining foundery. Here, in the midst of these spreading forests, many a pondrous casting, many a flery rush of tons of molten metal has been seen. Here, five-and-forty years ago, the celebrated Decatur superintended, during many weeks, the casting of twenty-four pounders, to be used in the contest with the Algerine pirates whom he humbled ; and the echoes of the forest were awakened with strange thunders then.

As the great guns were raised from the pits in which they had been cast; and were declared ready for proof, Decatur ordered each one to be loaded with repeated charges of powder and ball, and pointed into the woods. Then for miles between the grazed and quivering boles, crashed the missiles of destruction, startling bear and deer and squirrel and raccoon, and leaving traces of their passage which are even still occasionally discovered. The cannon balls themselves are now and then found imbedded in the sand of the forest. In this manner the guns were tried which were to thunder the challenge of America against the dons of Mediterranean pirates.

Hanover, too, in its day of pride, furnished many a city with its iron tubes for water and for gas, many a factory and workshop with its castings, many a farmer with his tools; but the glow of the furnace is quenched forevor now. The slowly gathering ferruginous deposits have been exhausted, and three years have elapsed since the furnance fires were lighted. The blackened shell of the building stands in cold decreptitude, a melancholy vestige of usefulness outlived.

DAN AND TERESA .- One who knows writes that Dan. Sickles will leave for Europe in

June, and romain there until the assembling of A lady once asked a minister whether a Congress. He says the story about a divorce suit is all bosh, and predicts that Dan & Teresa will yet live together as harmoniously as

Out of debt, out of danger, is a good maxim.

The maiden was already on the track of my immediate presence.