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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 cling the sweet away?
Fighting ever with the cross,
That you meet from day to day.
Why disquiet those around you
With complaints you should suppress—
Wear, 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! it seems to say:
What's the use to be unhappy?
What's the use to fume and fret?
Pick up courage, laugh at trifles,
And you may be happy yet.

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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 Elizabeth, 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 Elizabeth 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 feet, 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 mouth 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 visitors. 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 refreshed it with as much gusto as the most delicate and savory dish would be by an epicure. The children suffered intensely from the cold, there being neither window nor 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 unpleasant 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 endurance 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.

have their influence, when an election came 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 anecdotes 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 offices. He was married to a Miss Roll, and had ten children—six sons and four daughters. Isaac, one of his sons, is a well known politician, who, after serving as Justice of the 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 the Administration of General Taylor. William, 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 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 cork 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 makes a good ending," and John now has the reputation of being as good a waterman, and as safe a pilot, as ever navigated the Susquehanna, and his services are always in requisition during the time of a "flood." He 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 returning from "Buttermilk Falls," on foot, rallying those who may have gone with him through the Mountains, 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 over 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 beasts, and to see disappear before the march 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 Thomas 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 descendants still reside, among whom are Gen. Paul and Gen. Seth Clover. He had six children, perhaps more. Isaac, 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, and friends invited; but John, meeting with opposition from his mother—who was a woman priding herself much upon her family connections, being a relative of Gen. Potter—determined 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 accounted 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 enterprise and ingenuity, who erected a fine grist mill, the third or fourth in the county, on Anderson's creek, just above Curwensville. Paul Clover was a blacksmith, brought a set of tools with him, and his smithy, near his house, proved a great convenience to the people.

A short distance above the elder William Bloom's, on a spot near Hamilton's run, now designated by the watermen as the "Peevee'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. Wondering what would become of Robert's large and destitute family, he was answered by a bystander, Abraham Leonard, the ancestor of the Leonard's of this day: "Oh! they'll get along well enough; there's always life enough for the living!" How strange the vicissitudes 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 expressed commiseration, 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 California, which is east of Vancouver's Island and north of the river Columbia, among the tribe called "Taw-wins," who are also Babines, and also among other tribes in the neighborhood, 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 best she can through smoke and flames. No sooner, however, does she get to the ground, than she is expected to prevent the body from becoming distorted by the action of the fire on the muscles and sinews; and when ever such an event takes place, she must with bare hands restore the burning corpse to its proper position; her person being the whole time exposed to the scorching 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 draws her cries. Afterwards she must collect the unconsumed 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 husband's relations, and being neither allowed to wash or comb herself for the whole time, so that she soon becomes a most disgusting object. At the expiration of the three years, a feast is given by her tormentors, who invite all the friends and relations of her and herself. At the commencement they deposit with her great ceremony the remains of the burnt dead in a box, which they affix to the top of a high pole, and dance around it. The widow is then stripped naked, and smeared from head to foot with fish oil, over which one of the bystanders throws a quantity of swan's down, covering her entire person. She is then obliged to dance with the others. After she is done with the dance she is free to marry again, if she have the inclination, and courage enough to venture on a second risk of being roasted alive and the subsequent horrors.

PRECEPT AND PRACTICE.

In one of the Baltimore schools the boys were reading from one of their class-books a story of noble revenge. It is of two lads, Philip and Robert, of very opposite characters. The first was kind and forgiving, while the other was irritable and selfish. Philip was waked out one day, carrying in his hand a axe, a present from his father, which accidentally falling from his hand, fell upon a pitcher filled with water belonging to Robert, who, not listening to Philip's apology, seized the axe and broke it in pieces. Little Philip, instead of resenting the injury, passed on. Some time after this Philip found Robert lying beneath a heavy log which by some means had fallen on him. Young Philip very kindly lifted the log from his old enemy, and assisted him up; thus returning good for evil. "How," said the teacher, "see, boys, what a noble fellow Philip must have been! What would you do, Johnnie," asked the teacher of a bright-eyed little fellow who seemed interested in the story, "were you to have got can thus broken by another boy?" Little blunnie arose from his seat and doubled his fist, while his eyes flashed, and said, "I would jam him so bad he couldn't stand!"

AN ELOPEMENT, WITH A TALE TO IT.
The other evening, as I was returning at a late hour from a visit to a friend's, a singular adventure occurred to me, which I shall hereby 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 declaration 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 creature is, but it seems that she knows me, or she wouldn't address me by my familiar name. I wonder—"
But my wondering aloud was suddenly cut short, and greatly increased to myself, by the reappearance of the maiden at the still open window.
"Is everything still?" she inquired, in the most musical of whispers.
"Awfully glad," I thought I, looking around, and responding aloud, "perfectly."
"Are you sure that no one is coming?"
"Quite sure. The lodgers 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 mysterious unknown. Can you catch the bundle?"
"Catch the bundle? catch the bundle," I repeated, not knowing what to say, but finally replied, "of course."
The head of the maiden was momentarily withdrawn, then appeared again, and in connection 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 fled it away under my arm as quietly and knowledge 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 time."
"Evidently—everything is safe, including the 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 better—alone!"
The fair unknown was already passing over the window, as I saw by a hasty glance upwards, and then—I did not venture to look up again for fear she wasn't dressed in "Bloomers," or that the moonlight might injure my eyes. I staided 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 firma—or rather, the sidewalk.
"Oh, dear," she began, turning towards me—but just then was heard a cry of "thieves—robbers—help!" within the house, and I began to tremble apprehensively for the cause.
Was this fair enchantress a burglar, or a companion participes criminis of burglars? I shuddered at the thought.
The fair unknown was more alarmed than myself. 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 from 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 separated 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.
I 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 passing 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."
The maiden was already on the track of 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 my immediate presence.
"Oh, sir," began the fair being, as she took my hand and looked up enchantingly to my face, "you will forgive me the mistake. I thought you were Charles, my Charles!" and she gazed admiringly and devotedly upon him.
"An elopement, eh?" I asked, smiling at the mistake.
The young gentleman bowed. "And the signal of my arrival beneath the window was agreed upon," he added, "was a few notes whistled from that tune."
I understood the mistake in a moment, how I had happened along at just the witching hour of the intended elopement, and chanced to whistle the signalling tune. Not to dwell upon a simple and every day matter, I saw the parties united in wedlock, and the next day and the pleasure of reconciling the parents to the overjoyed young couple, who have already commenced domestic life with every prospect of not having "paid too dearly for the whistle,"

HORRIBLE FROM THE PLAINS.
The regular correspondent of the St. Louis Democrat, writing from Denver City, on the 30th May, recounts a most deplorable condition of things on the Plains. Many of the emigrants were dying of starvation, while others were subsisting on prickly pears and wild onions found along the road. The Stage Agent reports picking up a man named Blue, who was reduced to a skeleton from starvation. He had started with his two brothers. One of them died, and the remaining two ate his body. Another died, and he in turn was nearly devoured by the survivor. A man named Gibbs had reached the mines in a starving condition, and he expressed the opinion that his party, numbering nine, had all perished. Many graves are reported along the route, and much property had been abandoned and destroyed on the road.
The writer of the letter says that the depertures from the mines are about equal to the arrivals. About 500 returning emigrants reached St. Joseph on Saturday, all of whom confirm the previous accounts of the suffering and privations on the plains.
A Fort Kearney, May 8th, correspondent of the St. Joseph Journal says that not less than 500 wagons belonging to returning Pike's Peakers passed the Fort during the week previous. The disappointed gold-seekers are selling their outfits for almost a song. They sell their flour at from \$3 to \$5, bacon at 10 cents; horses and cattle they are selling for almost nothing, and wagons and handcars they give away. There are some returning who have not a cent to take them back, while those who have anything are hurrying back as fast as they can to keep from being robbed by the rest.
THE CELTIC RACE.—The Celtic race is, like the Saxon, broken up into fragments. The great and leading family of the race is consolidated, united, all powerful France. The Gallic Celts, the Albany so say, the leading clan. Next in point of numbers is the Iberian Celt; then the Cymric or Welsh, and lastly, the Caledonian. In the new world there are the Canadians, the habitants—Celtic to the core as when they first left France. In the Free States of Northern America the Iberian and Scotto Gallic Celts, the leading government—change of climate has not altered them. Children of the Mist, even in the clear and broad sunshine of day, they dream of 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 Glens of Glynns, washing the Morocco, or listlessly wandering by the dark and stormy coast of Donegal, gaunt famine behind them—no hopes of to-morrow—cast loose from the miserable patch he held from his ancestry, the dreamy Celt, the seer of second sight, still clinging to the past, exclaims at his parting moment from the horrid land of his birth, "Well may be return to 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 fruit down, 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 ye blatherhead, don't be making a noise but pick up the payches," replied Pat.
"But, Pat, are ye shure that payches hasn't any legs?" continued Jamie.
"Didn't I tell ye that they hadn't, ye bloody spalpeen," answered Pat.
"Well then," said Jamie, "if payches hasn't got legs, be the mortal gob I've swallowed a straddle-bug."
Jamie had swallowed a tree-toad.

STRIPED BUG.—The striped bug, when it once makes an invasion 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.

SUE MAT 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 marms can dance as much as they please.

A lady once asked a minister whether a person might not be fond of dress and ornaments without being proud.
"Madam," said the minister, "when you see the fox's tail peeping out of the hole, you may be sure the fox is within."

DAN AND TERESA.—One who knows writes that Dan Suckles will leave for Europe in June, and remain there until the assembling of Congress. He says the story about a divorce suit is all nonsense, and predicts that Dan & Teresa will yet live together as harmoniously as though nothing had happened.

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