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Clearfield Republican.

A WEEKLY PAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, MORALITY, AND FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

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AN IMMIGRATION INCIDENT.

There are few readers that have not had fall under their observation many incidents in connection with the immigration into this country, such as would make startling illustrations of the correctness of the assertion that truth is stranger than fiction. Still fewer are they who have not, upon reflection, been affected to pity for the many sad trials which their unhappy brethren, in their far distant and unfavoring, though dearly loved native land, have had to endure in order to enable them to make for themselves and those dearest to them, an adopted home amongst us, where they may enjoy the freedom that is the birthright of every man, and the reward of their labor, of which the highest of authorities emphatically claims them to be worthy.

Who has not heard of the toiling and self-denying thrift of families, exercised in the hopeful effort to enable one of them to go before them to the land of promise, while they waited in patient necessity at home, till he or she should be able to send for some or all of them, out of the proceeds of that labor and intelligence, which "home," would scarcely enable him to earn a precarious livelihood for himself? Who has not realized the affecting partings of those to whom the presence of each near the other was the greatest solace they had known in this chequered life?—of the young wife from the idol of her heart!—of the loving husband and father from her and their children, the promotion of whose comfort and happiness was the chief joy of his soul—of the grey-headed sire from his motherless children, now rising into puberty, to see whom "settled in life" is all that he cared to remain longer in this weary world for—of the stricken but heroic mother from her orphans, in her struggle for whose advancement no dangers are too appalling for her to brave, no trials too heavy for her to undergo! Who has not heard of these? who not realized them?

Yet the circumstances connected with many of these incidents what tongue shall tell—nay, who but the parties immediately concerned in them has ever known?—What bitterness what misery, what despair in connection with them has been buried forever in the bosoms of the silent sufferers! How has fortitude been strained to the utmost tension short of bursting, to keep them from the prying gaze of the cold and unpitying world about them!—How, in many cases, indeed, have grief and disappointment done their work, and while fast hurrying their victims to the grave, left them but the bitter consolation of being able to welcome death as a release from all their troubles; to feel in all its force the sympathy of the poet who, with such touching mournfulness has sung:

"Oh death! the poor man's dearest friend,
The kind st and the best!
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest!
The great, the wealthy fear thy blow,
From pomp and pleasure torn;
But oh! a blest relief to those,
That weary-laden mourn."

But let the veil that shrouds such scenes as these not be raised. It would be almost sacrilegious to attempt to expose such sacred privacies to the glare of public scrutiny. And happily from their very nature, they cannot, however rude the endeavor made by man to compass them, be brought fully within his ken; for the most part, they are unknown to any one but the sufferers and Omniscience.—Let them, then, pass undisturbed to that eternity which every thing earthly, year by year, month by month, and week by week—day by day, hour by hour, minute by minute, and second by second—continuously and unceasingly, is hastening.

Some, many innumerable incidents there are continually happening, arising from the same source which may be recorded, without trespassing on the feelings of the parties to them, to the edification of the loving and compassionate. One, which quite lately occurred, appears to us to be so strikingly of this character, that we have resolved on narrating it. We do not think it necessary or advisable to adhere strictly to the facts with respect to names, dates or places; but in other respects the foundation of our story is composed from actual occurrences, the latest of which were witnessed in New Orleans within the past fortnight.

Reddy Ryland—as we shall name him, for the double purpose of getting some name, and of getting one that will give to some readers, who have seen the name before, an idea of his character—found himself, his Kathleen and their three children in sore straits, after the terrible visitation that fell upon unfortunate old Erin in 1845-6. Through that fearful period they struggled and passed, though not unscathed. Their little all was gone, and sickness and hopelessness were fast breaking Reddy's constitution. His spirits that had returned to him, somewhat chastened, after his marriage with Kathleen—had for months left him. Nothing but a miserable future seemed to him to await him and those whose days he once had hoped to brighten.

Thoughtless, though as energetic as ever, he could devise no means of extricating himself from his miseries. But some of the occurrences of that period of famine had rendered the name of America more than ever dear to the hearts of the Irish—had spread it farther and wider among them, and had rendered it more than ever the land of their hope. On Reddy, indeed, they had no such effect as to guide him to action, although his heart swelled among the warmest when they were referred to. On his experienced and kind old mother, fortunately they acted to a more kind result.

"Kathleen, Mavourneen" she one morning said to her darling's weeping good wife. "Kathleen, mavourneen, sorry a thing better, bad as it is, I see Reddy could do, than to thry and cross the water. Maybe there in Amerikee, he might be as lucky as others have been before him.—And sure I see nothing but trouble for us here."

"O, mother, darling," replied Kathleen, sure he couldn't go now, seeing we havn't the money."

"Faith, then, it couldn't be aisy done," was Mrs. Ryland's responce, "but them that will do, can do; and many worse off has done it."

"Oh, who could be worse off, mother?" said Kathleen, "sure isn't everything we had, sold and gone, and even the very clothes on us not enough to keep us warm, and many's the day we want the bit and the sup? And the price of the pig that's there won't pay half the rent we owe."

"Them that has health and strength, a good character, and a good will," replied the old lady, "isn't so bad off as they might be, and can do wonders with the help of God—may he

"Amen! and he will," said Kathleen; but God knows I'm not flying in his face, when I say I don't see how we can do anything but wait in patience till He shows us the way."

"He'll help them that helps themselves," said Mrs. Ryland; "and I'll tell you Kathleen what I've been thinking. God knows, it's like tearing the live-strings out of me to talk about it, let alone to do it; but nobody knows what they can do till they try, and sure I'll not flinch for myself when it's to do good to us. Kathleen, macushla, ye know how I love you, and Reddy, and the blessed childher—as I ought, sure—God's blessing rest on yez all?"

"Oh, mother dear, we'd have been dead long since only for your care of us," replied Kathleen, bursting into a flood of tears, which the conversation had previously restrained. "Sure you're the best of mothers, What wouldn't we do that you'd wish us?"

"Will ye, then, avick?" asked Mrs. Ryland, kissing poor Kathleen's forehead, while her eyes sparkled with joy at the implied anticipatory promise she had just heard. "Will ye then! Then listen, Kathleen, till I'll tell ye what ye'll do.—Ye'll have to let Reddy go and work down at Craigenamanagh where he has the offer from the old master—God bless him! But never mind. And we'll have to give up the cabin and the acre, and fight for ourselves."

"Oh mother darlint," interrupted Kathleen, "sure it isn't turn-out on the highways to starve ye'd have us? And what ud we do without Reddy, at all? And the poor childher?"

"Softly, Mvourneen!" responded Mrs. Ryland. "It isn't of your Reddy's mother ye should ask that; and if ye'll just listen I'll tell ye all. If isn't to the highway I'd have ye go, but to Sir Lucius's. The good lady's offered to take you up at the castle and send the children to school, if you'd like to try it; and she says there's nothing to do that ye couldn't do with aise, and make yourself comfortable. Then with me down at Inistioge, and no rent to pay and the mouthful sure, we'd only have to bear with the doing away from one another till we'd saved enough, and then Reddy might go to Amerikee, wher with God's blessing he might soon send for yez, and make ye happy, and perhaps send a thrifle for his old mother, should she live to see him blessed with the power. And don't give way that way, Kathleen, my darlint," the good old woman continued, "sure its all for the best I'm advising ye; and that what ye ought to do. And then, if we tell Sir Lucius what we intend doing, he'd let us sell the pig to help raise enough to pay the passage, and wait till Reddy could send home the rent; for sure he's always been kind to us, and wouldn't be harsh now above all."

Long was the dialogue that ensued, and earnest was Kathleen in her objections to the parting, but she had nothing practicable to offer as a substitute, and as her mother-in-law pressed on her to say what could be done better than this, she could reply with nothing but tears and lamentations, she at length found herself compelled to assent to the scheme and to consent to urge it on Reddy.

When Reddy returned at night, fatigued, spirit-crushed and hopeless, the proposition was broken to him by his mother, and to his surprise and disappointment, warmly seconded by Kathleen—her who it was his pride to think would rather die than part from him. But his sufferings had told too deeply on him not to induce him to be more ready to assent to it than he otherwise would, and though he went to sleep on his humble couch strongly opposed to it, the first salutations of the next morning had not long been exchanged before he expressed his satisfaction with Kathleen's advice and his determination to adopt it and follow it out. And bravely it was done.

Less than a year had rolled over, under every species of self-denial, many a week passing over wife and husband seeing each other more than once, while mother and son still less frequently met, and Kathleen and Mrs. Ryland could during the whole time occasionally exchange messages! But the desired result was obtained; every thing was carried out precisely according to the plan originally laid down; and in August, 1848, they all met to see Reddy leave Waterford for Liverpool, from which in ten days afterwards Reddy was on his way to New Orleans. Kathleen, with a heavy heart, made her way back to the castle, and Mrs. Ryland to the cabin of her sincere but humble friend at Inistioge.

In due time Reddy arrived at his destination, and soon found himself literally in another world. He obtained employment at once, got liberal payment for his labor, was soon as rollicking and happy as in his youngest days, with the exception of his desire for his wife and children and his mother. And even this last did not press heavily on him, for he felt himself prospering, he was able to make them a small remittances, he was full of the hope of soon having them with him, and the free and happy companions among whom he had been thrown, left him, between work and enjoyment, little time for reflection, much less for care. In this way the winter passed off, and summer stole upon him, with its dullness and danger to health, without finding him nearer the accomplishment of his ultimate object. His small remittances had served for nothing but the supply of immediate necessities, and he had, indeed, directed it to be so applied, with the assurance that he would soon be able to send home enough for the passage money besides them. And no doubt he would, had circumstances gone on as they commenced. But here was summer come upon him, employment had ceased for at least four months—perhaps six; he had exhausted his whole means, and found himself totally unprepared for the emergency. Had he been informed of it, he would have at least saved something to help him either to get up the river in search of employment, or to provide for the season during which business is stagnant and employment slack, but he had not, and was, therefore, totally unprepared.

Difficulties, debt and sickness overcame him' and again, he seemed doomed to despair; but he fought it through.—Winter soon came again, and with it fresh employment, health and happiness. It took all his economy, however, to enable him that winter to pay what he owed, live, send smaller remittances than he had made the previous one, and provide against the coming summer.

And so, season after season rolled on, till at length he found himself suddenly attacked with a disease that threatened to unfit him for labor. At this moment he heard of the death of two of his children. He had, however, saved almost enough to provide for their passage out, this he at once remitted, imploring his Kathleen to lose no time, but come at once if she wished to save his life. Unfortunately she found that the money he had remitted would not pay the passage of herself and and child; and she was left to the hard choice of leaving poor Reddy to his fate in a foreign land, or of parting from her only remaining child to flee to his succor. The influence of Reddy's mother decided her on taking the latter course, and hard as it was she went through it only as a woman could. Her presence acted like a charm on Reddy; he soon recovered his health, prospered in his undertakings, was enabled to live comfortable, to remit enough to his mother to provide for herself and their darling and still to save against the time of need.

And a couple of years after the arrival of Kathleen—just after one of the most distressing visitations that had ever fallen on New Orleans—in short, about three weeks ago, a fine-looking man, still in the very vigor of life, might have been see on the deck of a vessel just come in from Liverpool, with a woman leaning on his arm, and addressing an intelligent looking lad, apparently of some ten years of age, a stranger to everything and everybody around him, and bewailing the hard lot that had torn him from the best of grandmothers, to send him on a vain search for the parents that had doubtless been sacrificed to the dreadful plague of which he had just heard so much.

The three parties to the conversation were Reddy, Kathleen, and their darling son, who did not know them. We draw the veil over the rest of the scene.

N. O. Picayune.

GENERAL JACKSON.

The following notice of General Jackson is from Col. Benton's History:—

He was a careful farmer, overlooking everything himself, seeing that the fields and fences were in good order, the stock well attended, and the slaves well provided for. His house was the seat of hospitality, the resort of friends and acquaintances, and all strangers visiting the State—and the more agreable to all from the perfect conformity of Mrs. Jackson's disposition to his own. But he needed some excitement beyond that which a farming life could afford and found it some years in the animating sports of the turf. He loved fine horses—racers of speed and bottom—owned several—and contested the four mile heats with the best that could be bred, or brought to the State, and for large sums. That is the nearest to gaming that I ever knew him to come. Cards and the cock-pit have been imputed to him, but most erroneously. I never saw him engaged in either. Duels were usual in that time, and he had his share of them, with their unpleasent concomitants; but they passed away with all their animosities, and he has often been seen zealously pressing the advancement of those against whom he had but lately been arrayed in deadly hostility. His temper was placable as well as irracible, and his reconciliations were cordial and sincere. Of that my own case was a signal instance. There was a deep seated vein of piety in him, unaffectedly showing itself in his reverence for Divine worship; respect for the ministers of the Gospel, their hospitable reception in his house, and constant encouragement of all the pious tendencies of Mrs. Jackson.—And when they both afterwards became members of the church, it was the natural and regular results of their early and cherished feelings. He was gentle in his house and alive to the tenderest emotions; and of this I can give an instance, greatly in contrast with his supposed character, and worth more than a long discourse in showing what that character really was. I arrived at his house one wet, chilly evening in February, and came upon him in the twilight, sitting alone before the fire, a lamb and a child between his knees.

He started a little, called a servant to remove the two innocents to another room and explained to me how it was. The child had cried because the lamb was out in the cold, and begged him to bring it in, which he had done to please the child—his adopted son, then not two years old.—The ferocious man does not do that, and though Jackson had his passions and his violences, they were for men and enemies—those who stood up against him—and not for women and children, or the weak and helpless, for all whom his feelings were those of protection and support. His hospitality was active as well as cordial embracing the worthy in every walk of life, and seeking out worthy objects to receive it, no matter how obscure. Of this I learned a characteristic instance in relation to the son of the famous Daniel Boone. The young man had come to Nashville on his father's business, to be detained some weeks, and had his lodgings at a small tavern towards the lower part of the town. General Jackson heard of it—sought him out—found him, took him home to remain as long as his business detained him in the country, saying, "your father's dog should not stay in a tavern where I have a house."

This was heart? and I had it from the young man himself, long after, when he was a State Senator of the General Assembly of Missouri, and as such nominated me for the United States Senate at my first election in 1820—his name was Benton Boone, and so named after my father.

Abhorrence of debt, public and private dislike of banks and love of hard money—love of justice and love of country, were ruling passions with Jackson; and these he gave constant evidences in all the situations of his life. Of private debts he contracted none of his own, and made any sacrifices to get out of those incurred for others. Of this he gave a signal instance not long before the war of 1812—selling the improved part of his estate, with the best buildings of the country upon it, to pay a debt incurred in a mercantile adventure to assist a young relative, and going into log houses in the forest part to begin a new home and a farm. He was attached to his friends and to his country, and never believed any report to the discredit of either, until compelled by proof. He would not believe in the first report of the surrender of General Hull, and became sad and oppressed when forced to believe it. He never gave up a friend in a doubtful case, or from policy or calculation.—He was a firm believer in the goodness of superintending Providence, and in the eventful right judgment and justice of the people. I have seen him at the desperate part of his fortunes, and never saw him waver in the belief that all would come right in the end. In the time of Cromwell he would have been a Puritan.

The character of his mind was that of judgment, with a rapid and almost intuitive perception, followed by instant and decisive action. It was that which made him a General and a President for the times in which he served. He had vigorous thoughts, but not the faculty of arranging them in a regular composition, either written or spoken; and in formal papers usually gave his manuscript to an aid, a friend or a secretary, to be written over—often to the loss of vigor. But the thot's were his own, vigorously expressed, and without effort, writing with a rapid pen, and never blottering or altering; but as Carlyle says of Cromwell hitting the nail upon the head as he went. I have a great deal of his writing now, some on public affairs and covering several sheets of paper and no erasure or interliniations anywhere. His conversation was like his writing, a vigorous flowing current apparently without the trouble of thinking, and always impressive. His conclusions were rapid and immovable, when he was under strong convictions though often yielding in minor points to his friends. And no man yielded quicker when he was convinced; perfectly illustrating the difference between firmness and obstinacy. Of all the Presidents who have done me the honor to listen to my opinions, there was no one to whom I spoke with more confidence when I felt myself to be in the right.

He had a load to carry all his life, resulting from a temper which refused compromise and bargains, and went for a clean victory, or a clean defeat, in every case. Hence every step he took was a contest, and it may be added, every contest was a victory. I have already said that he was elected a Major General in Tennessee—an election on which so much afterwards depended—by one vote. His appointment in the U. S. regular army was a conquest from the administration, which had twice refused to appoint him a Brigadier, and once disbanded him as a volunteer General, and yielded to his military victories. His election as President was a victory over politicians—as was every leading event of his administration.

THE MAINE LAW IN MICHIGAN.—As Michigan is the last State which has adopted, ratified and put in force a prohibitory liquor law, the friends of temperance will naturally desire to know how it works.—The following extracts from the Temperance Advocate (Detroit,) issued a week after the law took effect, will show:—

THE LAW ENFORCED.—The great objection, which was so much urged by the cautious ones, in opposition to a stringent Maine Law, during the last campaign, is receiving a prompt practicle answer. The moral power of the people is triumphant. In this city most of the liquor establishments closed voluntarily. In a few cases of tardiness, prosecutions were promptly made. There is not now an open grog shop in the city of the Straits. So far as we hear, there has been no attempt at resisting the execution of the law. What a change! Tenantless whiskey casks are in some sections of the city obstructing the sidewalks. There is no occasion for a refillment. We have heard of some dealers who are preparing to leave the State—in disgust at so strange a profanation. The drapery of mourning now shrouds the allurements to vice. We have heard little from the country yet, but doubt not that the jubilee is universal. We are gratified to see that our principal liquor dealers have all closed up the traffic voluntarily and say they will not sell while the law is sustained. This is true of all the hotels and wholesale dealers. If they abide by this decision, we opine it will be a long day before they commence again.

"BABYLON IS FALLEN."—The reports from the country to-day (Monday) are of the most cheering kind. In Pontiac, Jackson, Marshall, and other places, the liquor sellers are as quiet as the tomb. The temperence men (and who isn't *now?*) are indulging in jubilant happifications.—The jubilee poles are raised. The drunkard's fireside grows brighter; the heart of the drunkard's wife beats freely in the new-born hope, and smiles of joy illumine the face of his children, as the drunkard returns in soberness to his so long outraged but now emancipated home; for 'Babylon is fallen.' One man came into the village of Marshall, this morning, in earnest but vain search for liquor, gave up all hope, and concluded to expend his sixpence in crackers and cheese, and went home sober for the first time in many weeks. Rejoice, for "Babylon is fallen!"

☞ A bill is before the Georgia Legislature, prohibiting slave children, under five years of age, from being sold seperately from the mother, and also to prevent as far as possible the seperation of families.

☞ President Young, of Utah, orders men, woman and children to go into the field to harvest their grain, armed with butcher knifes and fire-arms. He says that almost every good rifle in the Territory has been traded away to the Indians.

☞ Hollow axles are being extensively adopted on the London and North-Western Railway. It is found that they have double the strength of a solid axle, of the same weight of metal, and, of course, are more economical.

☞ The young woman that was lost in thought, after wandering in her own mind, found herself at last in her lover's arms.

SOMETHING ABOUT NEWSPAPERS.

In London you can get the Times, daily, for little or nothing. You subscribe at a newspaper hall for it to be left for you a nine o'clock—for say one hour. Punctually at ten the owner calls and furnishes the same number to a subscriber, who wants it at that hour. At 11 o'clock another gets it, and so on, and frequently until 12 or one o'clock, and even as late as 2 P. M. You can have it furnished thus by the week, month, quarter, or year. It is left promptly at the hour bargained for, and you must expect to give it up at "sight call." Perhaps you are in the middle of the Paris correspondent—or the debates, or late foreign intelligence. It makes no difference. You must stop or buy an extra copy.

After the city readers are through with the sheet, it is mailed off to the country. You are forbidden to cut the paper, and if it becomes defaced, must pay for it. In Liverpool, well-to-do people will club for *one copy of the Daily Times*, and a phlematic John Bull will read the paper the day after his neighbor, for years, perfectly satisfied to exist one day behind the times. The poor rarely enjoy the privilege of reading a first class paper. The chop houses and drinking shops generally take one paper only, and it is part of the inducements set forth in signs—"two morning papers taken here."

In America every man has his own paper. It must come to him fresh and untouched. Jonathan reads, and is fastidious withal. If he cannot afford a first class journal, he likes his penny sheet.—He reads it thoroughly, and it becomes a part of his existence. He talks about it—spreads its news, and is proud of its success. Thus a fair field of competition is created. A paper of merit and enterprise is sure of success, for every subscriber is a living, talking, walking advertisement and special agent.

A man never values a paper which he gets for nothing. There is something in the fact of hearing paid for it which gives particular attraction in his eyes. He regards it as his property, and looks upon the editor as merely a person managing his, the subscriber's business. There is a great deal in the well known face of a paper. A man who is devoted to a journal which he has read daily for years, ceases to prize it, if the proprietor changes its general appearence.

The editor himself, may die, or change—the original proprietors pass away, but the paper is still taken, its sentiments received, its words listened to, and its news relied on. A paper with only a thousand subscribers has more power than ten thousand men. The London *Times* can revolutionize Europe. The Throne of England is at the mercy of its power. In the United States, no one paper has such sway but any paper, however obscure, if in the right can crush any influence however powerful, if wrong.—*American Times.*

WASN'T SHE SPUNKY?

A couple who had lived together for some years in seeming contentment, one day went a fishing, and tied their boat by a rope to a post, in the water. All of a sudden the boat went floating down the stream, and a contest of words immediately arose as to the real cause of the parting of the rope. The wife said it must have been cut with the scissors, but the husband, an unfeeling old fogy, stoutly maintained that it was a knife that did the business. Scissors! said the wife. Knife! said the husband. Scissors, Knife, Scissors, Knife, said they both, but at last the husband losing his temper, cried out:

"If you say scissors again, I'll duck you."

"Scissors!" said the wife, determined to hold out to the last.

Away went the old woman into the water; and as she came up the first time, she bellowed "Scissors," at the top of her voice. The old man pushed her down again.

"Scis-sors!" sputtered she, in fainter tones, as she rose again, but the old fellow had her by the head, and plump she went down for the third time. Now she rose more slowly, and as her waterlogged form neared the surface, having lost the power of articulation yet determined never to give in, she thrust her hand out of the water, and imitated with the first and second fingers *the opening and shutting* of scissors.

The old man was then convinced that it was useless to try to fetter a woman's speech.

☞ Creeds are useful to sects—to bind sectarians together; but charity disclaims them, and for that reason the Bible, which contains a form of prayer, contains no form of creed. Creeds have Blood upon them, and the avenger of blood is pursuing them.

☞ Mr. Adams, now ninety-six years of age, informs the Boston Gazette that this will be a very mild winter. He has observed the changes for years, and has never been mistaken in his predictions.—Coal-dealers are advised to lower their tariff at once.

☞ One acre in twenty is lost in fences in this country.