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THE TWO CARPENTERS.

OF PASTIME REAL AND UNREAL.
BY S. COBB, JR.

Charles Brackett and Ludlow Weston were apprentices to a carpenter by the name of John White. They were nearly of the same age—about nineteen, and they were both of them remarkably good dispositions, and with very punctual habits of work. Mr. White was a kind indulgent man, and his workmen had no occasion to complain of his requirements. "Charley," said Ludlow Weston, one evening after they had closed their labors upon a house that Mr. White was erecting, "let us have a ride this evening."

"No," returned Charles Brackett, as he removed his apron. "The answer was short, but yet it was kindly spoken."

"Come, do," urged Ludlow. "It will be a beautiful evening, and we can have a first rate time, won't you go?"

"I cannot, Lud."

"But why?"

"Because I am otherwise engaged, and besides, I haven't the money to spare."

"Never mind the engagement, come along, and I will pay the expense."

"If I ever join with a companion in any pastime that involves pecuniary expenses, I shall always pay my share; but this evening, Lud, I have an engagement with myself."

"And what can it be, Charley?"

"I borrowed a book of Mr. White a few days since, and as I promised to return it as soon as I finished it, I desire to do so as soon as possible, so I must devote this evening to reading."

"And what is the subject, pray?" asked Ludlow.

"The History of Architecture," returned Charles Brackett.

"Oh, bah! Such dry stuff as that!"

"It's not dry, I assure you, Lud."

"It may not be to you, but it is to me. What, pouring over architecture all night, after working hard at it all day?"

"Yes," returned Charles, "because I am thus enabled to learn more of the different branches of our business."

"Well," said Ludlow, with a slight toss of the head, "for my part I learn full as much about the carpenter's trade at my work as I shall ever find use for. I don't see the use, after a poor fellow, has been tied up to mortice, groove, sills, rafters, and such matters all day long, to drag away the night in studying the stuff all over again."

"Ah, Lud," replied Charles Brackett, "you don't take the right view of the matter. Every man makes himself honorable in a peculiar business, just so far as he understands that business thoroughly, and applies himself to its perfection. It is not the calling or trade that makes the man, but it is the honest enterprise with which that calling is followed. In looking out for a business that should give a support for a lifetime, I hit upon and chose the one in which we are now both engaged, and when I did so, I resolved that I would make myself useful in it. We have something besides physical strength to employ and cultivate; we have a mind that must labor, and that mind will labor at some thing. Now, physical labor alone is tedious, and unthankful; but when we combine the mental and physical, and make them assist each other, then we find labor a source of comfort."

"Really, Charley, you are quite a philosopher, and I suppose what you say is true; but then I should like to know if I don't require some mental labor to keep up with the instructions of our boss now? I declare, it keeps me thinking pretty sharp."

"That may be," said Charley, "but after all, the only labor you perform is memory. You only remember Mr. White's instructions, and then follow them, but the mere doing of the work you are engaged on—for instance, you know how long to make the rafters of the house we are now building, and you know how to let them on the plates; but do you know the philosophical reason for all this? Do you know why you are required to perform your work after given rules?"

"I know that I am to do it, and that when I am of age, I shall be paid for doing it. That is enough," answered Ludlow, with much emphasis.

"It is not enough for me," said Charles, "every piece of mechanism has a science in its composition, and I would be able to comprehend that science so as to apply it, perhaps, to other uses. It is short, Lud, I would be master of my business."

"And so would I, I tell you, Charley, I believe I could frame a house now."

"Such an one as you have been employed to build, Lud?"

"Certainly. Everybody must be taught at first."

"True, and everybody may gain improvement upon the instructions of others by self-culture."

"Then you won't go to ride this evening?" said Ludlow, as they reached their boarding house.

"No,"

Brackett betook himself to his room, and was soon deeply interested in his History of Architecture. Some parts he would read over several times, so as to thoroughly comprehend them, and occasionally he would take notes, and copy some of the drawings. Before he had retired to rest, he had finished the book; and when he rose the next morning, he felt happy and satisfied with himself.

"Ah, Charley, I had a glorious time last night," said Ludlow Weston, with a heavy yawn, as the two apprentices met before breakfast.

"So had I," returned Charles.

"At your books, eh?"

"Yes."

"Well, I don't envy you. Egad, Charley, the recollections of last night's ride and the supper will give me enjoyment for a month."

"And the recollections of my last night's study may benefit a lifetime."

"Bah!" said Ludlow. "But the very manner in which he uttered it showed that he did not exactly mean it."

A month passed away, and it was Saturday morning.

"Charley," said Ludlow Weston, "we have not to work this afternoon. Now, what do you say to joining the party on the pond? We have got the boats engaged, and we are going to have a capital time. I'm going to carry Sophia, and you must take Mary, and go with us."

"I am sorry that I must disappoint you, Lud; but the old professor at the academy, as he has no school, this afternoon, has promised to give me some assistance in my studies in mensuration, and it would be a disappointment both to him and myself to miss the opportunity."

"Oh, bother your mensuration. Come along, Mary Waters will think you are really mean, for Sophia Cross will be sure to tell her what a fine time she had with me."

"No Mary won't," returned Charles. "After I have finished my lesson, I am going to take a horse and chaise, and carry her out to visit her sick aunt, where we shall spend the Sabbath. However, I hope you will have a good time, and I believe you will, too."

Mary Waters and Sophia Cross were both of them good girls, and they really loved the youths whose attentions they were respectively receiving, and Charles and Ludlow had already talked of marriage, and they looked forward to that important event with much promise of joy, and all who knew them had reason to believe that they would both make good husbands.

Thus time glided away. Both the young men laid up some money, and they were both steady at their work, but Charles pursued his studies with unremitting diligence, while Ludlow could never see any use in a more carpenter's bothering his brain with geometrical properties, areas of figures, volumes of solids, mathematical roots and powers, trigonometry, and a thousand other things that his companion spent so much time over.

Two years were soon swallowed up in the vortex of time; and Charles and Ludlow were free. They were both hired by their old master, and for several months they worked on in the town where Mr. White resided. Ludlow Weston was married to Sophia Cross, and they boarded with the bride's mother.

"Aint you ever going to get married?" asked Ludlow, as he and Charles were at work together.

"As soon as I can get a house to put a wife into," quietly returned Charles.

"Why, you can hire one at any time."

"I know that; but I wish to own one."

"Then poor Mary Waters will have to wait a long time for a husband, I'm thinking."

"Perhaps so," Charles said, with a smile. Then Ludlow whistled a tune as he continued his work.

"Boys," said Mr. White, as he came in to his shop one morning, where Charles and Ludlow were at work, "we are soon likely to have a job in S—. The new State House is going up as soon as the committee can procure a suitable plan, and I shall have an opportunity to contract for a good share of the carpenter's work."

"Good! We shall have a change of air," said Ludlow, in a merry mood.

That evening Charles took his paper from the post office, and in it he found an advertisement calling for an architectural plan for the new State House. He went home, locked himself up in his room, and devoted half the night to intense thought and study. The next day he procured a large sheet of fine drawing paper, and after supper he again betook himself to his room, where he drew out his table, spread his paper, and then taking his case of mathematical instruments, he set himself about his task. For a whole week he worked every night till twelve or one o'clock, and at the end of that time, his job was finished. He rolled his sheet of paper carefully up in a substantial wrapper, and having directed it to the committee, he entrusted it to the care of the stage driver, to be delivered at its destination in the city of S—.

Nearly three weeks had rolled away, and Charles began to feel that his labors

had been useless. It was just after dinner, Mr. White and his men had commenced work, when four gentlemen entered the shop, whose every appearance at once bespoke them to be men of the highest standing in society.

"Is there a Mr. Charles Brackett here?" asked one of them.

"That is the man, sir," returned Mr. White, pointing to where Charles in his checked apron and paper cap, was at work.

The stranger seemed a little surprised as he turned his eyes upon the youth, and a shade of doubt dwelt upon his features.

"Is your name Brackett, sir?" he asked, as he went up to where the young man stood.

"It is, sir," replied Charles, trembling with strong excitement.

"Did you draw this plan?" continued the stranger, opening the roll he held in his hand.

"I did, sir," answered Charles, as he at once recognized his work.

"Did you originate it?"

"Every part of it, sir."

The stranger eyed the young carpenter with a wondering look, and so did the gentlemen who accompanied him. Mr. White and Ludlow Weston wondered what it meant.

"Well, sir," at length said he who held the plan, "I am not a little surprised that one like you should have designed and drawn this; but nevertheless, you are a lucky man, your plan has been accepted in every feature, and your recommendations have all been adopted."

The effect of this announcement upon Charles Brackett was like an electric shock. Objects seemed to swim before his eyes, and he gasped the edge of his bench for support.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. White, "I do not understand this. What does it all mean?"

"It means, sir, that this young man has designed a complete and perfect architectural plan for the new State House, and that it has been unanimously adopted by the committee, from among fifty others which they have received from different parts of the country."

"Charles," uttered the old carpenter, wiping a pride stain from his eye he gazed upon his former apprentice, "when did you do this?"

"Three weeks ago, sir."

"And that's what kept you up so late every night for a whole week?"

"Yes, sir."

"There's a powerful genius there, sir," said the spokesman of the visitors.

"Ay," replied Mr. White, "and there has been a deep and powerful application with me from a boy, sir, and every moment of his leisure time has been devoted to the most intense study."

The gentleman looked kindly, flattering upon the young man, and then turning to Mr. White, he said,

"Has not only given us the design, but as you can see, he has calculated to nicety the number of bricks the surface of the stones, the quantity of lumber, the weight, size and form of the required iron, as well as the quantity of other material, and the cost of construction. It is a valuable document."

Ludlow Weston was dumb. He hung down his head and thought of the contempt that he had once cast upon his companion's studies.

"Mr. Brackett," continued the visitor, "I am authorized by the State committee, to pay you one thousand dollars for this design, and also to offer you ten dollars per day so long as the building is in course of construction, for your services as superintending architect."

"The first named sum I will pay you now, and before I leave, I would like to have from you an answer to the committee's proposition."

Before the delegation returned to S— Charles had received his thousand dollars, and accepted the offer for superintending the erection of the State House.

"Ah, Charles," said Ludlow Weston after they had finished their supper, "you have indeed chosen the wise part. I had no thought that a carpenter could be such a man."

"And why not a carpenter as well as any other? It only requires study and application."

"But all men are not like you."

"Because all men don't try. Let a man set his eyes upon an honorable point, and then follow it steadily and unwaveringly, and he will be sure to reach it. All men may not occupy the same sphere, and it would not be well that they should; but there are few who may not reach to a degree of eminence in any trade or profession, however humble."

"I believe you are right, Charles, but it is too late for me to try now. I shall never be anything but a journeyman."

"I will own, Ludlow, that you have wasted the best part of your life for study and retirement."

"Ludlow did try, and he studied and improved much, but he was unable to recall the time he had wasted. He had to take

care of a family, and as he had to depend altogether upon his hands for support, he could not be expected to work much with his mind.

Charles Brackett saw the building he had planned, entirely finished, and he received the highest encomiums of praise from the officers of the State. Business flowed in upon him, and before many years, BRACKETT, the architect was known throughout the Union. When he led Mary Waters to the hymenial altar, he did one of the proudest residences in his native town; nor did "poor Mary" have to wait long for the happy hour.

There is a deep moral in the foregoing story, for our mechanical readers, and we have no doubt they have, ere this, discovered it.

THE DOOR IN THE HEART.

He was an old man. Not so very old either, for the wrinkles that marked his cadaverous visage were not the autograph that time's fingers had laid there, and the hand that placed upon the low pine table the well drained glass, did not tremble so with the weakening that age induces; yet very old, and very wretched looked the sole occupant of that narrow room, with its red curtain, and floor stained with tobacco saliva, and an atmosphere abundantly seasoned by the bar room into which it opened.

A hat, it must have been intended for one, half concealed the owner's uncombed locks, and unmistakable evidence of a familiar acquaintance with bricks and mortar, the gutter, did that same hat produce. Then there was a coat out of whose sleeves peeped a pair of elbows in rejoicing consciousness that they could afford to be out of faded pants, and you have the "tout ensemble" of the wretched being who had just commenced his daily potations in the only "grog shop" he was allowed to enter. And yet that wretched, friendless man sat there, under the suppurating effects of his morning dram, had a heart, and far away up a great many pair of winding stairs in that heart, was a door easily passed by, and on that door, covered with cobwebs of time and neglect was written "MAN." But nobody dreamed of this; and when the temperance man had gone to him, and promised him employment and respectability if he would "sign the pledge," and he had turned a deaf ear to all these things and gone back with pertinacity to his "cups," everybody said old Bill Strong's case was a hopeless one. All none of these had a patient groped their way up to the heart's winding stairs, and read the inscription on the hidden door there.

But while the unhappy man sat by the pine table that morning, the bar keeper suddenly entered, followed by a lady with a pale, high brow, mild hazel eyes, and a strangely winning expression on her mild face. The man looked up with a vacant stare of astonishment as the bar keeper tendered the lady a seat, and pointed to the other, saying "That's Bill Strong, ma'am," and with a glance that indicated very plainly his wonder at what she could stand there, left her alone with the astounded and now thoroughly sobered man.

The soft eyes of the lady wandered with a sad, pitying expression over old Bill's features, and then in a low sweet voice she asked, "am I rightly informed? Do I address Mr. William Strong?"

"Ah! with those few words, the lady had got further up the winding stairs, and nearer the hidden door, than all who had gone before her.

"Yes, that is my name, ma'am," said old Bill, and he glanced down at his shabby attire, and actually tried to hide the clasp of his watch pocket. It was a long time since he had been addressed as Mr. William Strong, and somehow it sounded very pleasant to him.

"I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Strong," responded the lady; I have heard my father speak of you so often, and of the days when you and he were boys together, that I almost feel as if we were old acquaintances. You surely cannot have forgotten Charles Morrison."

"Oh! no; Charley and I used to be great cronies," said old Bill with sudden animation, and a light in his eyes, such as had not shone there for a long time, except when rum gave it a fitful brilliancy.

"Ah! the lady did not know, as perhaps the angels did, that she had mounted the stairs, and was softly feeling for that unseen door, so she went on.

"I almost feel, Mr. Strong, as if I could see the old spot upon which your homestead stood, I have heard my father describe it so often. The hill, with its crown of old oaks at the back of your house, and the field of yellow harvest grain that waved in front. Then there was the green grass before the front door, with the huge apple tree that threw its shadows across it, and the old portico with the grape vine that climbed over it, and the white roses that peeped in at the bed room window, and the spring that went shining and bubbling through the bed of green mint at the side of the house."

Old Bill moved uneasily in his chair, and the muscles around his mouth twitched

occasionally, but unmindful of this the lady kept on in the same low, melting voice.

"Many and many were the hours," go father would say, "that Willie and I used to pass under the shadow of that apple tree, playing at 'hide and seek,' or lolling on the grass, and telling each other the great things we meant to do, when we became big men, while Willie's blue eyes would sparkle with hope and happiness, and when the sunset laid a crown of gold on the top of the oaks on the hill, Willie's mother might be seen standing on the portico, with the snowy cap and checked apron, and hear the cheerful voice calling, "Come boys, come to supper."

One after another, the big, warm blessings went rolling down old Bill's cheeks, and falling on the pine table. Ah! the lady was at the first door.

"I was always at home at Willie's," father would say, "and used to have my bowl of fresh milk and bread, too, and when these had disappeared, Willie would draw his little stool to his mother's feet, and she would tell him some pleasant story of Joseph, or David, or some good boy, who afterwards became a great man, and then she would pat Willie's brown curls from off his forehead, and say in a trembling voice I can never forget, 'Promise me, Willie, when you are a man, and the grey hairs of your mother are resting in the churchyard yonder, you will never disgrace her memory.' And Willie would draw up his slight form, lift his blue eyes proudly to his mother and say, 'Never fear, mother, I will make a good man and a great one, too.' And then, after he had said his evening prayer, we would go contented and happy as the bird that nestled in the apple tree, to rest. Then, just as we were sinking into some pleasant dream, we would hear a well known foot fall on the stairs, and a kind face bending over us would enquire if we were nicely tucked up. It is a long, long time," father would say, "since I heard from Willie, but I am very sure he has never fallen into any evil ways. The words of his mother would keep him from this."

Rap! rap! rap! went the words of the lady at the door of old Bill's heart. Creak! creak! creak! went the door on its rusted hinges. Angels of God, held ye not your breaths to listen! The lady could only see the subdued man bury his face in his clasped hands, and while his frame shook amid child-like sobs, "my mother, oh! my mother!" and she knew the tears were washing out a long, dark record of old Bill's past life, so with a silent prayer of thankfulness she resumed:

"But there was one thing my father loved to talk of better than all the rest. It was of the morning you were married, Mr. Strong. 'It was enough to go one's eyes good to look at them,' he would say, 'as they walked up the old church aisle, with his proud, manly tread, and she delicate, fragile creature, fair as the orange blossoms that trembled in her hair. I remember how clear and confident William's voice sounded through the old church as he promised to love, protect, and cherish the bright confiding creature at his side, and I know he thought as he looked down upon her, that the winds of Heaven should never visit her face too roughly; and then my father would tell us of your pleasant home, and of the bright eyed boy and the fair haired girl that came after a while to gladden it, and then you know he removed to the West, Mr. Strong, and lost sight of you."

Once again the lady paused, for the agony of the strong man before her was fearful to behold, and then in a lower tone she spoke. "I did not forget the promise I made my father previous to his death, that if ever I visited his native State, I would seek out his old friend. But when I enquired for you they unfolded a terrible story to me, Mr. Strong. They told me of a desolate and broken household. Of the blue-eyed boy that a fathers heart might so well delight in, who had left his home in disgust and despair, for one of the homeless waters; of the gentle suffering wife, who faithful to the last, went down with a prayer on her lips for her erring husband, broken hearted to the grave, and of the fair haired orphan girl who followed her mother in a little while. Oh! it is a sad, sad story I heard of my father's old friend."

"It was I! it was I that did it! I killed them!" cried old Bill lifting his bowed head, and gazing on the lady, every feature expressive of such wild agony and helpless remorse, that she shuddered at the despair her own stood the door then, and (wide, wide open stood the door then, and the lady passed in.)

A soft hand was laid soothingly upon old Bill's arm, and a voice full of hope murmured, "Even now there is redemption, and you will know the first step towards it. Sign the pledge. In the name of the last prayer of your dying wife, and of the child that sleeps by her side, I ask you, 'will you do it?'"

"I will, said old Bill, while he brought down his closed hand with such a force upon the rickety pine table, that it rocked beneath it; and a gleam of hope lighted up

his features as he seized the pen and paper. The lady placed before him, which paper contained a pledge binding all who signed it to abstain from the use of intoxicating drinks, and when he returned it to her, the name of William Strong lay in bold legible characters beneath it.

There was an expression almost ludicrous from its intensity of curiosity, on the barkeeper's physiognomy, as the lady, after her long interview with old Bill passed quietly through the shop, and the expression was not lessened when old Bill, a few moments after, walked through without taking another glass of grog; and he never passed over the threshold again.

Earnest hearted reader, you whose soul may be glowing with sympathy for your erring brother man, who would gladly raise him from the depths of sin and degradation, and point him to the highway of peace and prosperity, remember there is a door in every human breast. See that you pass not by it.—*Life Boat.*

Remains of an Ancient City in the Pacific.

Capt. Alfred K. Fisher, of this town, informs us that when on his last whaling voyage, in the ship America, of New Bedford, (which was about eight years ago,) he had occasion to visit the island of Tinian, (one of the Ladrone islands,) to land some sick men. He stopped there some days. One of his men, in his walks about the island, came to the entrance of the main-street, of a large and splendid city, in ruins. Capt. Fisher, on being informed of the fact, entered the city by the principal street, which was about three miles in length. The buildings were all of stone, of a dark color, and of the most splendid description. In about the centre of the main-street, he found twelve solid stone columns, six on each side of the street; they were about forty-five or fifty feet in height, surmounted by cap-stones of immense weight. The columns were ten feet in diameter at the base, and about three feet at the top. Capt. F. thinks the columns would weigh about sixty or seventy tons, and the cap-stones about fifteen tons. One of the columns to view its vast proportions and fine architecture. From the principal street, a large number of other streets diverged. They were all straight, and the buildings were of stone. The whole of the city was entirely overgrown with cocoanut trees, which were fifty and sixty feet in height. In the main-street, pieces of common earthenware were found. The island has been in possession of the Spaniards for a long time. Six or seven Spaniards resided on the island when Capt. F. was there. They informed him that the Spaniards had had possession about sixty years—that they took the island from the Knacks, who were entirely ignorant of the builders of the city, and of the former inhabitants. When questioned as to the origin of the city, their only answer was—"there must have been a powerful race here a long time ago."

Capt. F. also saw on the island immense ledges of stone, from which the buildings and columns had evidently been erected. Some portions of them exhibited signs of having been worked. Here is food for speculation. Who were the founders of this once magnificent city in the North Pacific, and what has become of their descendants? Whatever the answer may be, they were evidently a race of very superior order.

Esqartown Gazette, Mass.

LUCK.—One man sucks an orange and is choked by a pip, another swallows a penknife and lives; one runs a thorn in his hand and no skill can save him, another has the shaft of a pig passed completely through his body and survives, another is overturned on the smooth prairie and breaks his neck, another is tossed out of a buggy over a windy day and meets his death by a brickbat, another is blown up in air like Lord Hutton, in Guernsey Castle, and comes down uninjured. The escape of this nobleman, history informs us, was indeed a miracle. An explosion of gunpowder, which killed his mother, his wife, some of his children and many other persons, blew up the whole fabric, lodged him and his bed on a wall, overhanging a tremendous precipice. Perceiving the mighty disorder, he was going to step out of his bed to know what the matter was, which if he had done he would have been irretrievably lost; but in the instant of his moving a flash of lightning came and showed him the precipice, whereupon he laid still till the people came and took him down.

There is a story told somewhere of a celebrated musician, who lay upon his dying bed. A youth entered his apartment, sat down to a Piano and commenced playing a tune. For some reason he stopped abruptly in the midst of a strain and left the room. The air was a favorite one with the dying Son of Song, and the notes untouched, so haunted him as he lay there, that he rose from his couch, seated himself by the piano took up the tune where the youth had left it, played it out, returned to his pillow, and, in a moment was dead.