MISCELLANEOUS.

How to Build a Meeting House.

"Did I ever tell you," said my friend, in his usual grave and significant tone, "how I built a church in three days?"

"Built a church in three days!" said we, in utter astonishment; "how could that be?"

"Aye, more than that," continued our energetic friend; "in three days from the time the axe was laid at the root of the timbers of which it was erected, a neat church was completed, and I had the pleasure of hearing an excellent sermon delivered in it."

"Certainly that was doing things with a dispatch seldom known in church building; but you excite our curiosity, and we should like to know more about it; so you may as well just tell us the whole story at once."

"But you Editors are so apt to print everything you hear, that I am almost afraid to trust you, lest I find myself out in the Protestant, as was the friend who related to you the particulars of your story about *"Black Jerry, or the Praying Negro."*

"Well, we promise not to tell on *you*, however much we may say about the house you built, and the manner of building it. Besides, it might teach others something; and that, you know, would be sufficient excuse for an Editor to tell his readers a good story."

"And you won't publish my name with it," said our enthusiastic and good-humored companion, drawing his fingers and thumb over his face, in a manner peculiarly his own.

"Certainly not—that shall be kept from our readers; so go on with your story."

"Well, then, let me tell you, that when I traveled on the circuit, in the West, I had occasion sometimes to visit a neighborhood where there resided several Methodists, in tolerably good circumstances; but far too feeble, as they supposed, to build a church. They would each contribute five or ten dollars a year toward the support of the sister churches in the neighborhood, where they generally attended, though occasionally they would get over to preaching at one of my nearest appointments. They supposed themselves quite too weak to think of building a house of worship for themselves, and therefore felt it to be their duty to help, as they were able, their neighbors of other denominations."

"That was liberal and proper."

"O yes, certainly it was; but, dining one day with the most wealthy and prominent farmer among them, said to him after dinner, 'Wouldn't it be a fine thing if you could have a neat house of worship built somewhere in this vicinity for our people?'

"That it would," said he, "but I am afraid it can't be done for years yet."

"Wouldn't you be willing, brother, to give us an acre of ground where the crossroads unite just below us?—It seems that you are not improving that part of your property?"

"Most cheerfully—but what can you do with ground unless you have money to put up the building."

"Let us walk over and look at it, brother. Maybe something can be done."

"So over we walked, and very soon reached the spot. It was a lovely site. Acres of large woodland stretched beyond it, and it lay directly accessible to two of the most thoroughly traveled roads in the country.

"Now, brother," said I, "would it be asking too much of you to beg as much timber from these fine oaks as would put up a good log building, provided we have it cut without expense to you."

"You shall have as much as you need."

"And couldn't you and the rest of the neighbors furnish a few hams, a few bushels of potatoes, and a few loaves of bread, for three successive days, to help to feed the workmen that shall bring here?"

"The old farmer smiled, said it could be done and it should be done; but he thought I would find it difficult to get the house up, nevertheless.

"'Don't fear me, brother," said I. "Let me see; next Wednesday the work shall be commenced. I will have one hundred and forty men here ten hours day, and there will be a good house completed by Saturday morning, and we will hold a meeting in it over the Sabbath."

"The old farmer looked very incredulous, smiled at me, and said, 'I hope your prediction may be realized.'

"On that afternoon I delivered a temperance lecture ten miles from that place, and at night preached. There was an excellent feeling in the congregation. At the close of the meeting I said, 'Brethren, I want you to help me build a house for God, at such a place;—I don't ask you for money, but I want your time for three days, with your wagons, and axes, and implements of carpentry. How many of you will agree to meet me on the spot next Wednesday morning, and give three days' work to the Lord. Up rose one, two, three—*twenty—thirty* strong men were upon their feet.

"Now," said I, turning to the sisters, "we will not exclude *you* from this good work. Come along with your husbands and brothers, and fetch a few pies and bread, and a ham or two, for the sustenance of these laborers, and God will bless you!"

"The thing having taken so well, the first demonstrations having resulted so successfully, I repeated it at the next appointment, and so on for some thirty miles round the country, until *one-hundred and seventy men* were pledged, if practicable, to be on the ground at the appointed time; which I felt satisfied would yield the requisite number, making all allowance for unavoidable detentions.

"On Tuesday evening I rode up to the old farmer's. It had rained slightly all day, and only about twenty laborers had as yet come up; but I felt confident they would be with us on the morrow.

"The evening was pleasantly spent, and before retiring I said, 'Brethren, let us pray that our heavenly Father may prosper us in this undertaking for his glory—that he may send such a rain this night as will unfit the ground for the share of the plough for three days, so that our brethren may not be tempted to tarry at home—that to-morrow He may give us fair weather and plenty of hands, and that the whole work may be accomplished speedily, and without accident to any one. After prayer, in which all joined heartily, we retired to rest.

"That night such a shower fell, and such thunders roared, as deluged and shook the surrounding hills as they had seldom been shaken. But the morning dawned beautifully. Everything seemed renovated by the storm. At 6 o'clock we were out, and by 9, reinforcement after reinforcement had arrived, until our complement of men was made up. And such piles of pies, and loaves, and poultry, as the good sisters brought with them, had seldom been seen in that vicinity; and they gave no uncertain promise of an agreeable and sufficient repast to the multitude of laborers.

"My first business, after solemn singing and prayer, was to classify the laborers, and distribute the departments of labor. So many to fell the trees; so many to split the logs; so many to put up the sides; so many to make the pulpit; so many to prepare for the covering, &c. Among them were several excellent carpenters, and one or two good glaziers. The first stroke of the axe I had the pleasure myself to make, for I took my turn among the *fellers*. And if ever I saw a magnificent sight in my life, it was when, with thundering crashing sound, there came to the earth, one after another, those huge monarchs of the forest, before the steady stroke of these stalwart axemen!

"And was your house completed?"

"Aye, sir, Friday night's sunset kissed its summit. Benches were brought from neighboring houses, and on Saturday morning we held meeting there. A brother minister who had come over to look at us, having heard of the project, preached the first sermon to a large and attentive congregation, from 'For he loveth our nation and hath built us a synagogue.' Luke vii. 5. Better than all, a gracious revival soon broke out in the log tenement; and in two or three years after, it was succeeded by as handsome a country church as may be any where found in that section of country."

And our friend again drew his hand across his face, in his own peculiar and significant manner, as if the very recollection of his success in the undertaking filled him with delight.

The Minister.

Harper's Magazine for this month opens with a pictorial or illustrated edition of "The Deserted Village," one of the masterpieces of Goldsmith. It is a little unusual to bring out in the popular magazines of the day the classic productions of a former age; but still we cannot think it in bad taste, and certainly no one ought to complain, when the article thus reproduced is such a perfect gem as the Deserted Village. There is scarcely a poem in the language, of equal length, to which reference is more frequently made, or which has done more to embellish the pages of subsequent writers. Goldsmith is remarkable for easy, life-like sketching. His portraits are originals. He never disgusts you with a pomp of words, nor tires your patience with circumlocutions. He is a model of simplicity, and at the same time not deficient in depth or elegance. There is, moreover, running through his works, such a decent regard for religion as is by no means common among the literati of the present day. Johnson, and Thomson, and Addison, and Goldsmith, whatever might have been the occasional irregularities of their lives, never dared to dip their pens in the poison of infidelity. They were indeed Christians—men of faith—men who, if they sinned, had not too much dignity to repent. We love to read these old authors, for though their works have been read a century, they have lost nothing of their freshness. England, if we mistake not, is much indebted for its sound religious sentiment to the masterly productions of these great men. They were not ministers, and because they were not, the world has more readily imbibed the reverence for Christianity which everywhere pervades their writings. But we must not forget the object for which we introduced this subject, namely, to present Goldsmith's inimitable portrait of a minister. Here it follows; and if the whole poem is admissible in the first magazine of the day, we presume our readers will excuse us for giving one short extract.—*Northern Chris. Adv.*

"Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden-flower grows wild—
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear;
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor ever had change'd, nor wish'd to change his place;
Unpractiv'd he to fawn, or seek for power
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour,
For other aims his heart had learn'd to prize—
More skill'd to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
The long remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away—
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.
Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings lean'd to virtue's side—
But in his duty, prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all;
And as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.
Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt and pain by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood: at his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down, the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff remained to pray.
The service pass'd, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Even children follow'd, with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleased him, and their care distress'd;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven—
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Influence of a Daughter.

In one of the counties of Western Virginia there lived a man who for many years had been an officer of the church, and whose piety no one doubted. While active and earnest in most religious duties, one thing was wanting—he had no family altar. Years had passed without it, till God in mercy visited that circle. The heart of the elder was gladdened by seeing one of his daughters embrace the Saviour. This babe in Christ felt that there was one thing wanting to her growth in piety—she needed the blessing that distils on those that gather around the altar of prayer. She felt too diffident to introduce the subject to her father, who had grown gray in the service of the Lord; but piety prompted an expedient. She had obtained from a colporteur the tract, "Do you pray in your family?" and one evening, as the family had gathered around the fireside, she presented it to her father, and simply asked him to read it. He took it and read it with fixed attention. Every word was an arrow that reached his heart. He finished the tract, paused, remained in thought a moment, and looking at his daughter, burst into tears and said, "Daughter, bring me the Bible. I have neglected my duty too long; henceforth I will pray in my family." He kept his resolution, and every morning and evening witnessed a group of worshipers gathering the daily sacrifice. From that day a new and brighter light shone into that dwelling.—*American Messenger.*

I AM BUT ONE, BUT I AM ONE!—These are the words of a Christian minister. The whole of the sentence runs thus: "I am but one, but I am one. I cannot do much, but I can do something; and all I can do I ought to do, and by God's grace will do."

A Caution.

Bishop Butler remarks, that it is one of the weaknesses of our nature, when upon a comparison of two things one is found to be of greater importance than the other, to think this other of scarce any importance at all.

HERE is a good receipt for making strong paste for paper:

To two large spoonsful of fine flour, put as much pounded rosin as will lie on a shilling; mix with as much strong beer as will make it of fine consistence, and boil half an hour. Let it be cold before it is used.

STRAW GOODS.—H. M. Greene & Co., Manufacturers of Foreign and Domestic Straw Goods, call the attention of buyers to their goods for ladies and misses. They will offer inducements in a great variety of styles, &c., to purchasers who buy by the manufacturers' package. Samples exhibited at their store, No. 138 Pearl street, (up stairs,) New York. dec24d2m

JOHN SMITLEY. JAMES COLVIN.
SMITLEY & COLVIN, Coal Merchants, and Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Iron and Nails Factors of Walnut street and Washington Turnpike Road, Pittsburgh. octPdawtf

FOSTER, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, No. 164 Fourth street, opposite Wilkins Hall, Pittsburgh. nov16d1lwcwly5

A. A. COULTER. A. R. HACKE.
COULTER & HACKE, Wholesale and Retail Druggists, Corner of Wood and Third streets, under the St. Charles Hotel, Pittsburgh. my4w1y8

SAM. P. ROSS, Attorney at Law, Office No. 164 Fourth street, near Grant, in Lamarthie Buildings, Pittsburgh. apr6w1y*

W. CUNNINGHAM, ... G. DUNCAN.
W. CUNNINGHAM & CO., Successors to B. DUNCAN, Manufacturers of Window GLASS, No. 52 Market street, between First and Second, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Particular attention paid to odd sizes. Also—Dealers in Plint Glass, Vials, Bottles, &c.

HARRISON SEWELL, Attorney at Law, Ohio State Commissioner for taking Depositions, Acknowledgements of Deeds, &c. Office—Fourth street, shortSmithfield. mr6d4w*T

WM. M. M'KNIGHT, tenders his services to the citizens of Pittsburgh and vicinity, as a general Business Collector and Conveyancer. He will attend to the collecting and securing of claims in this and adjoining States and Counties, drafting and preparing deeds, drawing of deeds, bonds, mortgages, and other instruments of writing. All business in his line attended to with promptness and care.
Refer to H. A. Weaver, Edward Campbell, Jr., P. C. Flanigan, Esq., John Morrison, Esq., Wm. M'Candless, Esq., Geo. S. Hays, Esq.
Office, with Joseph Weaver, Esq., Fourth street, near the Mayor's Office. nov26cwim*T

PENNMANSHIP. AT NO TIME FOR MANY years, has there been such unscrupulous trickery practised upon the public about Penmanship, as at the present. Pieces of Engraving are circulated through the town and country, with the engraver's name suppressed, in order to induce the ignorant to believe them to be penmanship.
Persons desirous of becoming rapid and elegant penmen will do well to call at DUFF'S MERCANTILE COLLEGE, Corner of Third and Market streets. The only established Institution of the kind in Pittsburgh.
Pens and Holders for sale. Instruction by the Science of Accounts.
A. E. Duff, Professor of Penmanship Mercantile Computation, &c.
Alex. M. Watson, Jun., Lecturer on Commercial Law.
Gentlemen acquired a complete knowledge of Book Keeping and its application to every branch of business, also a rapid and graceful penmanship, in a few lessons. Ladies taught in the afternoon.
Lecture on Commercial Law every Monday evening.
Reference to any of the resident city merchants. dec25

TO MECHANICS AND OTHERS.
The extensive range of building formerly occupied by Messrs. Beckwith and Co. of the Eagle Foundry, on Water and Duquesne Way, will be leased for a term of years—the rent will be materially adapted to the times. The premises admit of many kinds of manufacturing business. Possession given immediately.
Apply to CHAS. B. SCULLY, Agent
decPd Pittsburgh Foundry, Duquesne Way.

LIST OF LETTERS remaining in Wilkins Post Office, Allegheny county, Pa.

Banks Rev J	Elliot Wm.		Stara Wm
Black Frederick	Holcomb Samuel		Stewart Jas
Black Thos	Higgins Hannah		Meyer Chas
Bar Geo	Hamilton Jas		Myers John
Becker Jacob	Houghlin Rev		Myers John A
Brown Jonathan	Jones Jas		Mitchell Jas
Clarke John	Kilgore Robert		M'Hearth Robert
Critchfield J W	Lacy Jas		M'Millen Jas
Carverton Mr	Moore Thomas		M'Martin Wm
Doherty John	Menold Andrew		Wilson Alenda
Dunlap Park	Morrow Jas		Wolf Jas
jan2w2t	LUKE H. DAVIDSON, Postmaster		

NOTICE.—Taken up by the subscriber, on the 14th instant, a red and white heifer, supposed to be 2 or 3 years old, with a star on her forehead, tail and feet white up to the pastern, and short round horns. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges, and take her away.
JAMES D. PRIOR.
dec26wtsw Immanuel, south Pittsburgh.

FARM FOR SALE.—A FARM, situate in North Fayette township, Allegheny county, Pa., containing 244 acres of good land, bounded by lands of Joseph Smith, Esq., Robert Ewing, and others, about 12 miles from the Pittsburgh City Glass Works; 3 miles from the Pennsylvania Railroad, and one mile from the Ohio River. The improvements consist of a two story log Dwelling House, bank Barn, large Spring House, and other outbuildings. Apple orchard, Cider Press, &c. Title indisputable. For terms, enquire of the subscriber, on the premises.
RICHARD STEWART.
nov21w4t*

RAIL ROAD LETTING IN OHIO.
BELLEFONTAINE & INDIANA RAILROAD COMPANY.—Notice is hereby given, that the Bellefontaine & Indiana Rail Road Company, Ohio, (known as Versailles) until January 21st, 1851, for doing the grubbing, clearing and grading, on the road, from the Ohio State line, to the intersection of the "Indianapolis and Bellefontaine Rail Road," at the Indiana State line, a distance of about 20 miles. Specifications will be ready, at the Company's office, in Sidney, on and after the 1st day of January, 1851, at which time and place information will be given, and Proposals may also be left at Sidney till the 15th of January.
Sealed proposals will also be received at MARION, Ohio, until Feb. 20th next, for doing the grubbing, clearing and grading, on about 40 miles, between Marion and Bellefontaine. The work and profiles on this division will be ready for letting at Marion, on the day above named, by order of the Board.
Proposals may also be left at Sidney till the 15th of January.
The above are the only portions on the road not yet in the hands of contractors. The road is now graded and bridged for the great mail coach, from Philadelphia to St. Louis, and the Mail Contractors are anxious to have the main line from Boston and New York, through Cleveland.
By order of the Board of Directors.
J. MILNOR ROBERTS, Chief Engineer.
Engineer's office, March 4, 1850. mr6w1y

The Human Body Must Perspire.
SO SAYS NATURE, to have a healthy appearance and persons who do not perspire are liable to the most dire results. Perspiration is the great Chemical Soap causes a free perspiration, and at the same time leaves the skin soft, and with a healthy appearance of an infant.
Scurvy, Salt Rheum, and Sores are not only frequently cured by its use, as it is a most powerful purifier of the blood, but in cases of Pimples, Blotches, Freckles, or whether skin diseases. The reader is assured that this is no humbug, but a fact, the use trial will prove. I would respectfully invite persons cured of any head sore, legs, and sore throat, to call, tell it for the benefit of others, and I would modestly tell it for the above, unless I know it to be all truth. Those who call, I will show the cures, and give the name and residence of persons who have tried it, and I will not; this not once, but a regular, and I am sure, a most valuable cure, for Scurvy, Salt Rheum, Sores, or similar diseases, will find this all, and even more claims than is represented.
Further, twenty-five cents are placed with minutes, and be only sent to DR. JACKSON, only Agent in Pittsburgh, head of Wood.

Pearly White Teeth, and Pure Breath, to be had for twenty-five cents. Persons who have been assured that if their breath is sweet and of their teeth dingyed, dull or yellow, a few cents will make a clear and pearly white. Amber Tooth Paste will make the teeth as white as snow, and the breath as sweet as a rose.
Sold only at JACKSON'S Store, 70 Liberty st., head of Wood.

A Scientific Hair Tonic Restorer and Beautifier—Trial Bottle, 25 cents. Those who have used Jones Coral Hair Restorer, know its excellent qualities—it will force the hair to grow on any part of the nature intended hair to grow, it will cure any case of dandruff, and it will make a fine glossy hair. Call for renewing the hair and and silky nothing can equal it, it must be the truth, everybody says so. It is a good, the most economical of superior articles for the hair.
Sold only at WM. JACKSON'S Store, 70 Liberty street, head of Wood. Price, 25 cents, 50 cents, and $1.

JONES' Solution of Jet, a Liquid Human Hair Dye, for the changing of white hair to a deep black or beautiful brown, in a few hours, is warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded.
Price 50 cents, and $1.
Sold by WM. JACKSON, at head of Wood.

JONES' LILLY WHITE.—Ladies are continually assured, with the common prepared balls. They are not aware how frightful, unnatural it is, and how it injures the skin, making it look yellow, and unhealthy, the skin appears after using prepared balls. Besides, it is very uncertain, and often does harm.
We have compared a beautiful vegetable article, which will always give satisfaction.
It is perfectly innocent, being composed of delicate vegetables, and is pleasant to the skin, and leaves a shadow, clear, living white, if the same time, giving a delicate tint to the skin, and a healthy appearance.
Sold by WM. JACKSON, 70 Liberty street, head of Wood, Pittsburgh. Price, 25 cents. dec26wtsw

SPLENDID ANNUALS AND GIFT BOOKS FOR 1851.
The Poet's Offering for 1851, by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale.
Gems of Beauty for 1851. The Winter Evenings for 1851.
Cabinet of Modern Art. The Iris, a Souvenir.
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The Illustrated Life of Christ, by Rev. H. Weir.
Sketches of the Life of Washington.
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Gem of the Forest, by Mrs. Hale.
The American Keepsake for 1851.
Letters and Papers of Prof. Longfellow.
Keepsake, or Gift of Friendship.
Reverses of a Bachelor, by Marion.
Also, a complete assortment of Sunday School Fancy Books, in fancy binding, for Christmas presents to the young. On hand for sale by
A. M. Fickling, 64 Fourth st.
dec24w2t

JUST RECEIVED from the Philadelphia outlands Patents.
Ivory Dice, Ivory Dice on Cloth,
Ivory Cards and Dominoes,
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Ivory Dice in a Wooden Cup.
Ivory Dice in a Wooden Cup.
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