



BY JAS. CLARK.

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Lights and Shades.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

The gloomiest day hath gleams of light,
The darkest wave hath bright foam near it;
And twinkles through the cloudiest night,
Some solitary star to steer it.

The gloomiest soul is not all gloom,
The saddest heart is not all sadness,
And sweetly o'er the darkest doom,
There shines some lingering beam of gladness.

Despair is never quite despair;
Nor life nor death the future closes;
And round the shadowy brow of care,
Will hope and fancy twine their roses.

PAY YOUR MINISTER.

BY MRS. H. C. KNIGHT.

"Has Mr. Scott's bill been sent over lately?" asked a grocer gruffly.

"Yes, sir, I take it every time I go a dunning," answered the boy.

"Well, what does he say?"

"He ha'n't the money; that's what he always says."

"Well, go again—these ministers are salaried men, and they ought to pay—wonder what they do with their money,—practice before precept, I say,—I want no better religion than to pay my debts"—a smirk of satisfaction played over his hard features. "Here take this bill—'ll drive him hard till I get it,—give him a touch of the law,—yes—no,—go, Bill."

"He wa'n't pay, I know," muttered Bill walking off.

A knock at Mr. Scott's door; Mary answered its summons.

"I want to see Mr. Scott," demanded the boy. Up flew Mary to the study door; gently opening it, and on tiptoe peeping in,—“Papa, please come down, a boy wants you;” and as he put aside his pen and slowly arose, Mary jumped in and nestled her little hand lovingly in his, “I’ll lead you, father—it is Mr. Cook’s boy.” Ah! Mr. Scott little dreamed how dearly the information fell upon her father’s ear.

“Is it?”—he stops,—“perhaps, then, you had better go down and ask him to send up his message, for I am so busy,”—he hesitates,—“no, Mary, stop, I will go myself. These are exigencies, I must meet.” he added to himself, pressing his lips firmly together, lest an impatient or repining thought might seek an utterance.

“Here’s Mr. Cook’s bill, and he says he wants the pay now,” was the familiar greeting that Mr. Scott met at the door; alas, too, familiar had the poor man become with messages of a similar character.

“Yes—yes—Mr. Cook’s bill,” taking the bill in one hand, and thrusting the other into his pocket, more from habit than from expectation that it would come in contact with any thing else but the two keys which constantly resided there, and which he sometimes jingled together in the pleasing illusion that they sounded like change.

“I believe I am quite out of money now, but tell Mr. Cook I will try and send it over soon.”

“How soon?” asked the boy impatiently, “that’s what you said before.”

A deep flush passed over the minister, as he mildly answered, “just as soon as I can; and experience told him too painfully that his ‘soon’ had no very definite boundaries. The boy soon departed.

“Come, my little girl, I want you to go an errand; ask your mother to put on your things,” said Mr. Scott, trying to be cheerful.

“Mother’s laid down a little while; I can dress me,” and away she skipped.

Mr. Scott returned to his study and wrote an urgent request to the treasurer of his society, soliciting some payment of the long and unpaid arrears of the last year’s salary.

“I’m ready, father,” said Mary at his elbow, just as he had finished.

“My dear, you will be cold; have you nothing to wear on your neck but this?” said the father, taking the corner of a thin kerchief in his hand; “why it’s November, and it’s very cold out!”

“Mother’s got the shawl; I’ve been down to the kitchen and an arm. It is very cold up here, father—why don’t you have a fire in your study, where you sit and study so much! Don’t your fingers freeze, father?”

“I should be very glad to have one,” said the minister with a slight despondence in his tone, “but we cannot have every thing we want in this world, Mary.”

“We sha’n’t want fires in heaven, shall we father?”

“Thank God, no, Mary!” he hastily brushed away the starting tear. “Carry this note over to Mr. Goodwin and wait for an answer; run and you will be warmer.”

Away the child sped. The minister took a few turns in the narrow precincts of his study, rubbed his hands, buttoned up his threadbare coat, and then resum-

ed his chair and pen; but with every gust that whirled the dead leaves against the window, a chill and a shiver swept through his frame.

Half an hour and back came the little messenger; at the patting of her little feet upon the stairs, hope and fear, and fear and hope, rose and fell in his bosom, and as he turned round and beheld her happy, rosy face, a bright vision of bank bills, flitted before him.

“So you have got it,” he said cheerily and thankfully.

“No, father, he says he’s very sorry, but he has not got a dollar for you yet; he says he hopes he shall soon, and he’s very sorry. Who that has not been similarly situated can describe the heart sinking that follows such an announcement?—“He says he’s very sorry,” added Mary, again, as if fearing that her father needed consolation.

“Oh, very well, thank you, my dear; now run down and help Mother.”

“I’m going to get dinner if mother isn’t well enough to get up—she will let me.”

“See what a fine dinner you can get;” and the minister could not have restrained a sigh, had he suffered himself to count the probabilities of future dinners; but then he remembered the lilies of the field and the fowls of the air, and a trusting love stole into his bosom, and he felt he was in a Father’s house, and under a Father’s protection.

In due time came the dinner hour.—“Mother don’t feel well enough to get up, but she wants you to sit down with us children, father,” said Mary, again presenting her self at the study door.

Mr. Scott proceeded to the bed room. “Are you no better, Sarah?” he asked, tenderly taking the thin hand of his wife, upon whose arm lay a sickly, purple infant, of five weeks. “You ought not so soon to have tried to do the work; the weather is cold, and you have exposed yourself too much I fear.”

“Ought not are hard words,” answered the wife, faintly smiling. “I hope I shall be better soon, for we cannot afford to hire. If we only had that flannel, dear, I could be sitting up making that while I am too feeble to do much about the house. I am afraid you suffer for your waist coats; I think flannel would strengthen me. If you could let me have a little money,” continued the wife feebly, “I don’t know but Mary could get it; she went with me to look at it.”

“Mother, Polly Marden’s at the door,” said Mary; “she says she wants to speak to you a minute; can she, mother?”

“I suppose she wants the pay for making your pantaloons, dear,” said the wife addressing her husband: can you let me have it?” Ask her into the kitchen, Mary.

“Sarah, I have not one cent in the world, and I have not had one these five weeks; quarter after quarter passes away and my salary is not paid, and now winter is coming with cold and debts, and perhaps hunger, staring us in the face;” and the poor minister, quite overcome by the accumulation of debts and necessities, felt unnerved in spite of himself. Fearing to distress his wife, he hastily arose and retired to his cold and comfortless study, there to betake himself to the Lord, and cast all the burden of his cares upon Him who careth for him. Through many a season of hardship and sore distress had his strength been renewed and his heart encouraged at the throne of Mercy.

Consecrated to God in infancy by pious parents, he early became the subject of renewed grace, and resolved to devote himself to the ministry. To reach this, for ten years he had struggled through amazing difficulties. His collegiate and theological course could have born witness to watchings and self denials, which nothing could have sustained but a deep and intense love for the work. Thoroughly trained for his high and responsible calling, he entered upon its duties with a heart filled with his Master’s love for the souls of his fellow men. Single-hearted, full of hope ready to make any sacrifice for others’ good, he became settled in the ministry, expecting at least to receive a sufficient return for his labors of love to enable him to prosecute the arduous duties of his profession free from immediate want. Like his, the lives of many devoted clergymen are clouded by anxiety about their families. They labor, and preach, and study and watch, and pray; they sacrifice health, bodily ease and personal comfort for the good of souls under their charge; and what poor returns do they often receive; how wretchedly and reluctantly paid for their blessed ministrations! The profession, exalted as it is, commands an average pay no way equal to any other business; and when clergymen are ready to receive with humble satisfaction a small compensation, how grudgingly is it oftentimes bestowed. Month after month

passes by, and the minister’s bill is in long arrears; he cannot get his just dues, while the debts and necessities of his little family are fast accumulating.

Shall not such a laborer be suitably rewarded? Shall he not be kept above a painful sense of want? Shall he be a reproach among irreligious men, because he is denied the means of paying his just and necessary debts? Shall his mind be turned from his great and solemn duties by the fearful foreboding—how will the two ends of the year meet? O, shame on the Christian church and Christian communities that this should ever be the fact! Let every individual who enjoys the exalted privilege of an enlightened Christian ministry, look to it that he is not amiss about granting it an adequate support. Let every individual behold the distinguished blessings, temporal, intellectual and spiritual, of an intelligent Gospel ministry, and be instant in season to pay his minister.—*Cong. Visitor.*

THE FIRST DUTY OF A SOLDIER.

Napoleon and the Soldier—A thrilling Story.

A French veteran, with one arm, was seated before the door of his neat cottage one pleasant evening in July. He was surrounded by several village lads who with one voice entreated him to commence his promised story. The old man took his pipe from his mouth, wiped his lips with the back of his remaining hand, and began thus:—

“In my time, boys, Frenchmen would have scorned to fight with Frenchmen in the streets as they do now. No, no; when we fought, it was for the honor of France, and against her foreign enemies. Well, my story begins on the 6th of November, 1812, a short time after the battle of Wiasma. We were beating a retreat, not before the Russians, for they kept a respectable distance from our cantonments, but before the biting cold of their detestable country, more terrible to us than Russians, Austrians and Bavarians put together. For the last few days, our officers had been telling us that we were approaching Smolensk where we should be certain of finding food, fire, brandy and shoes; but in the meantime we were perishing in the ice, and perpetually harassed by bands of Cossack riders.

“We had marched for six hours, without pausing to draw breath, for we knew that repose was certain death. A bitter wind hurled snow-flakes against our faces, and now and then we stumbled over the frozen corpses of our comrades. No singing or talking then. Even the grumblers ceased to complain, and that was a bad sign. I walked behind my captain; he was a short man, strongly built rugged and severe, but brave and true as his own sword-blade. We called him Captain Positive; for, once he said a thing, so it was—no appeal he never changed his mind. He had been wounded at Wiazma, and his usually red face was now quite pale; while the pieces of an old white handkerchief which he had wrapped around his legs were soaked with blood. I saw him first move slowly, then stagger like a drunken man, and at last fall down like a block.

“*Morbleu!* captain,” said I, bending over him, “you can’t lie there.”

“You see that I can, because I do,” he replied, pointing to his limbs.

“Captain,” said I, “you mustn’t die thus;” and raising him in my arms, I managed to place him on his feet. He leaned on me and tried to walk; but in vain; he fell once more dragging me with him.

“John,” said he, ‘tis all over here. Just leave and join your column as quickly as you can. One word before you go: At Voreppe, near Grenoble, lives a good woman, eighty-five years old, my mother. Go to see her, embrace her and tell her that—that—tell her whatever you like, but give her this purse and my cross. That’s all!”

“Is that all, captain?”

“I said so. Good bye and make haste.”

“Boys, I don’t know how it was, but I felt two tears freezing on my cheeks.

“No, captain,” cried I, “I won’t leave you; either you shall come with me or I will stay with you.”

“I forbid your staying.”

“Captain, you might just as well forbid a woman talking.”

“If I escape I’ll punish you severely.”

“You may place me under arrest then, but just now you must let me do as I please.”

“You are an in-olent fellow.”

“Very likely, captain; but you must come with me.”

He bit his lips with anger, but said no more. I raised him and placed his body across my shoulders like a sack. You may easily imagine that while bearing such a burden I could not move as quickly as my comrades. Indeed, I soon lost sight of their columns, and

could see nothing but the white silent plains around me. I moved on, and presently there appeared a band of Cossacks galloping toward me, their lances in rest, and shouting their fiendish war cry.

The captain was by this time in a state of total unconsciousness; and I resolved, cost what it might, not to abandon him. I laid him on the ground, covered him with snow, and then crept under a heap of my dead comrades, leaving however my eyes at liberty. Soon the Cossacks reached us, and began striking with their lances right and left, while the horses trampled their bodies. Presently one of these rude beasts placed his foot on my left arm and crushed it in pieces. Boys, I did not say a word; I did not move, save to thrust my right hand into my mouth to keep down the cry of torture; and in a few minutes the Cossacks dispersed.

“When the last of them had ridden on, I crept out and managed to disinter the captain. He showed few signs of life; nevertheless I contrived with my one hand to drag him towards a rock, which afforded a sort of shelter, and then lay down next to him, wrapping my capote around us. Night was closing in, and the snow continued to fall. The last of the rear guard had long disappeared, and the only sound that broke the silence were the whistling of distant bullets, and the nearer howling of the wolves, which were devouring the dead bodies. God knows what things were passing through my mind that night, which, I felt assured would be my last on earth. But I remembered the prayer my mother had taught me long ago when I was a child by her side; and kneeling down, I said it fervently.

“Boys it did me good; and always remember that sincere earnest prayer will do you good too. I felt wonderfully calm when I resumed my place next the captain. But time passed on, and I was becoming quite numbed, when I saw a company of French officers approaching. Before I had time to address them, the foremost, a low sized man, dressed in a fur pelisse, stepped towards me saying—“What are you doing here? Why did you stay behind your regiment?”

“For two good reasons,” said I pointing first to the captain, and then to my bleeding arm.

“The man speaks the truth, sire,” said one of his followers, “I saw him marching behind the column, carrying this officer on his back.”

“The Emperor—for, boys it was he! gave me one of those looks which only himself or an Alpine eagle could give, and said—

“‘Tis well. You have done very well.’”

Then opening his pelisse, he took the cross which decorated his inside green coat and gave it to me. That moment I was no longer cold or hungry, and felt no more pain in my arm than if that ill natured beast had never touched it.

“Davoust,” added the Emperor, addressing the gentleman who had spoken “cause this man and his captain to be placed on one of the ammunition wagons. Adieu!”

“And waving his hand towards me, he passed on.”

Here the veteran paused and resumed his pipe.

“But tell us about the cross, and what became of Capt. Positive,” cried several importunate voices.

“The Captain still lives, and is now a retired General. But the best of it was that as soon as he recovered, he placed me under arrest for fifteen days, as a punishment for my breach of discipline! The circumstances reached Napoleon’s ears; and after laughing heartily, he not only released me but promoted me to be a sergeant. As to the decoration here is the ribbon, boys; I wear that in my button hole, but the cross I carry next my heart!”

And unbuttoning his coat, the veteran showed his young friends the precious relic, enveloped in a little satin bag suspended around his neck.

CAPTURE OF RUNAWAY NEGROES IN HAMPSHIRE, VA.

—On the 16th inst. six runaway slaves were overhauled by a party of white men in the neighborhood of North River Mills, Hampshire, Va. The negroes made a desperate resistance, being armed with corn-slashers, and would not yield till the whites had fired on them. The shots discharged took effect on two of them, wounding one slightly, and the other so severely that it is feared he will not recover.—The slaves were from Fredrick county, and belonged to different individuals.

BRANDY is a leveler, a headacher, a consumer of substance, a destroyer of health and reputation, an instigator of riot and bloodshed, a breaker up of domestic peace, and a fruitful source of misery and crime. Let’s put brandy down.—*City Item.*

McCracken’s Experience.

“Tell us about the fight, Jo.”

“Why you see boys, it was one of the tightest places I ever was in—Jack, give us a light, will you! I never seed perzactly as many men around one poor fellow afore, an’ I wouldn’t cared much then, ef it had bin in a place whar I knowed the ropes; but I never had seen Louisville; but some how I thought ef I was got into a fight, I’d show some of ‘em chaps that McCracken could put in some right tall licks. So, I takes off my home spun, rolls up my sleeves, when all at once suthin struck me.”

“Who was it?”

“Why I’d noticed a tall feller on the outside of the crowd pick up a rock, but it wosn’t him, for he threw it down again; another feller, a Major something, he’d a ‘tarnal big hickory stick in his fist and—

“Was it the Major?”

“No, I don’t believe it was, as he walked away before the skirmage commenced; and I didn’t see him any more; beside, he didn’t look like a man whar would maltreat a stranger; but, as I was saying suthin struck me.”

“Whereabouts did it hit you, Jo?”

“On the head. As I was saying, I had just got peeled, and sort a singled out a pop-eyed lookin feller just afore me, and was thinkin to myself, your my nut, sure, when suthin struck me.”

“Did it knock you down?”

“Hold on fellers, don’t be in such a squumpton—no, it didn’t knock me down—but—

“Sort o’ staggered you?”

“No—can’t say it did much; but, as I was sayin, the pop-eyed feller looked as ef he thought he was about to catch the orfullest cowhallopin he’d ever seed in his born days; and I just doubled up these petater grabbers, calculatin to plant one of ‘em on the tip of his nose, and knock both his eyes back inter their nateral position, when, as I said before, suthin struck me.”

“Was it the pop-eyed feller?”

“No, sir—ee! I knowed from his build I was a quicker motioned man ‘an he was, and had just sort o’ sot my upper lip stiff, and drew a long breath when suthin struck me.”

“Well, whar was it?”

“Why, an idea that I’d better be makin tracks from them diggins fast; and boys, ef you’d only been about that morning, you’d a seed old McCracken a makin’ the fastest time for two miles and a leetle better, as ever was made in Jefferson!”

AN EASY RULE FOR FARMERS.

—The “quarter of wheat” is one fourth of a ton, (2,240 pounds,) or 560 pounds.—The standard bushel of wheat is not the “Winchester” bushel, but one eighth of 560, or 70 pounds. Now in our country the bushel of wheat is 60 pounds; therefore, divided 560 by 90, and the result, or nine and one-third bushels, will be the equivalent, according to our standard, for the English “quarter of wheat.” But, to make this available to the farmer, let him “divide” the prices per “quarter” in sterling shillings by nine, (instead of eight,) and multiply the quotient by twentyfour, for the prices per bushel (Americani) in cents.—Thus, at 54 shillings per quarter, 54 divided by 9 being 6, which multiplied by 24, gives \$1.44 per bushel.

An extatic lover down east thus appeals to his tender-hearted dulcena for a parting smack:—

“Terribly tragical and sublimely retributive will be the course pursued by me, if you do not instantaneously place thine alabaster lips to mine and enapture my immortal soul by imprinting one angelic sensation of divine bliss upon those indispensable members of the human physiognomy, and then kindly condescend to allow me to take my departure from the everlasting sublimity of thy thrice glorious presence!”

Nancy fainted!

How to GET RICH.—A man who is very rich now, was very poor when he was a boy. When asked how he got his riches he replied:—

“My father taught me never to play till my work was finished, and never to spend money till I had earned it. If I had but one half hour’s work to do in a day, I must do that the first thing, and in half an hour, and after I was allowed to play; and I could then play with much more pleasure, than if I had the thought of an unfinished task before my mind. I early formed the habit of doing every thing in its time, and it soon became perfectly easy to do so. It is to this habit I owe my prosperity.”

A biography of Robespierre, which appeared in an Irish paper, concluded in the following manner:—“This extraordinary man left no children behind him except his brother, who was killed at the same time.”

“Go it Bob-tail!”

A specimen of the genus ‘Hosier’ was found by Capt. —, of the steamer —, in the engine room of his boat, while lying at Louisville, one fine morning in June. The captain inquired to know “What he was doing there?”

“Have you seen Capt. Perry?” was the interrogative response.

“I don’t know him; and I can’t tell what that has to do with your being in my engine-room; replied the Captain angrily.

“Hold on! That’s just what I was getting at.—You see, Captain Perry and I walked down town together. Capt. Perry asked me to drink, and so—I did. I knew that I wanted to drink, or I wouldn’t have been so dry. So, Capt. Perry and I drank. Capt. Perry and I went to a ball. Capt. Perry was putting in some extras on one toe. I sings out, “Go it Capt. Perry, if you bust your biler!” With that a man steps up to me, and says he,

“See here, stranger, you must leave.”

“Says I what must I leave for?”

“Says he, “Your making too much noise.”

“Says I, “I’ve been in bigger crowds than this, and made more noise, and didn’t leave nuther.”

“With that, he tuck me by the nap of the neck and the seat of the breeches, and—I left! As I was shavin’ down street, I looked around and I see a suspicious lookin chap a streakin artfem me, and so I dodged into a gentleman’s house. I knew he was a gentleman by a remark he made.

“I’d bin in his house but a short time, when I heard a knockin on the door. I knew the chap wanted to get in whoever he was, or he wouldn’t have kept up such an alfried racket. By and by, said a voice:

“If you don’t open I’ll bust in the door!”

“And so he did!”

“I put on a face and says I,

“Stranger, your room here is better than your company!”

“With that he cum at me with a pistol in one hand, and a bowie knife in the other; and being a little pressed for time I jumped through the windy, a leavin the bigger portion of my coat tail. As I was a streakin it down town, with the fragments fluterin in the breeze, I passed a friend. I know he was a friend, by a remark he made. Says he,

“Gō it, BOB-TAIL!—HE’S A GAININ’ ON YOU!”

“And that’s the way I happened in your engine room. I’m a good swimmer, Captain, but do excuse me if you please from TAKIN WATER.

The First Saw Mill.

The old practice in making boards was to split up the log with wedges; and inconvenient as the practice was, it was no easy matter to persuade the world that the thing could be done in any better way. Saw-mills were first used in Europe in the fifteenth century; as lately as 1555, an English ambassador, having seen a sawmill in France, thought it a novelty which deserved a particular description: It is amusing to see how the aversion to labor saving machinery has already agitated England. The first saw-mill was established by a Dutchman, in 1663; but the public outcry against the new-fangled machine, was so violent, that the proprietor was forced to decamp with more expedition than ever did a Dutchman before. The evil was thus kept out of England for several years, or rather generations; but in 1768, an unlucky timber merchant, hoping that after so long a time the public would be less watchful of its own interest, made a rash attempt to construct another mill. The guardians of the public welfare were on the alert, and a conscientious mob collected and pulled the mill to pieces. Such patriotic spirits could not always last; and now though we have nowhere seen the fact distinctly stated, there is reason to believe that saw-mills are used in England.

Love for the Dead.

The love that survives the tomb, says Irving is the noblest attribute of the soul.—It has woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is called into the gentle tear of recollection then the sudden anguish and convulsive agony over the present ruins of all we most loved are softened away into pensive meditations of all that it was in the days of its loveliness. Who would root such sorrow from the heart; though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hours of gaiety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hours of gloom, yet who would exchange it for the song of pleasure or the burst of revelry! No! There is a voice from the tomb, sweeter than song; there is a remembrance of the dead, to which we turn even from the charms of the living.