

# The Republican Compiler.

By HENRY J. STAHL.

"TRUTH IS MIGHTY, AND WILL PREVAIL."

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Politics, Agriculture, Literature, Arts and Sciences, The Markets, General Domestic and Foreign Intelligence, Advertising, Amusement, &c.

37<sup>TH</sup> YEAR.

GETTYSBURG, PA.: MONDAY, JUNE 4, 1855.

NO. 36.

## TERMS OF THE COMPILER.

The *Republican Compiler* is published every Monday morning, by HENRY J. STAHL, at \$1.75 per annum if paid in advance—\$2.00 per annum if not paid in advance. No subscription discontinued, unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrearages are paid. ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the usual rates. JOS WOUK done, neatly, cheaply, and with dispatch. Office on South Baltimore street, directly opposite Wampler's Tinning Establishment, one and a half squares from the Court House.

## Choice Poetry.

### The Old Man Leaned on his Friendly Staff.

The old man leaned on his friendly staff,  
With tottering step and slow,  
As he picked his way, of a Sunday morn,  
To the church where he loved to go.  
His hair was white, and he scarcely knew  
A friend, as he passed him by;  
So feeble and frail his memory now,  
And so dim his clouded eye.  
He sat on a home-made chair at church,  
In front of the preacher's stand,  
And listened as if to a pleasant dream,  
To the words of a better land.  
The sunlight fell on his silver locks,  
And his white hair turned to gold—  
And I fancied a sunlight shone from Heaven,  
On the heart of that pilgrim old.  
But the autumn leaves have fallen now,  
And the old man sleeps below—  
We never shall see him pass again,  
With his tottering step and slow.

## Select Miscellany.

### A DAUGHTER'S DEVOTION.

The head of the family was buried, and the widow and daughter resigned themselves to grief. In all the great rooms below stairs were the rich furniture, paraded, statues of exquisite loveliness, that never before felt the touch of rude fingers; paintings, *fautails*, marble tables, mirrors, and dear domestic luxuries that had been hallowed by love so many fond years.  
The ruthless hammer beat all day. Thronged crowded the great stone entrance, silks and satins and feathers and beautiful laces flitted in and out.  
Towards night a plain carriage drew up to a side-door, where the servants had always found egress and ingress. Two forms shrouded in black, moved slowly from the house and entered: one of them with the gestures of absolute despair.  
The next day a business looking man called at the poor home which had been offered the dependents, till they could maintain themselves. He placed a box on the table, asked for the young lady, and subdued by her pale sweet face, spoke in very low tone:  
"My dear young lady, you will accept these from one of your father's friends; they may be invaluable to you as family relics; or if you choose to sell them, you may command a handsome sum. We cannot allow you to make a sacrifice of all you hold dear."  
After he had gone, Helen sat for many moments, her white hands folded, and lids drooping. All day she had held the passive form of her heart-stricken mother. Selfish the latter certainly was, even in her overwhelming sorrow, and Helen suffered thrice the anguish of broken hopes in witnessing her uncontrolled agony. But, brave girl, she would not respond. She pressed the hot tears back with her trembling fingers, as she murmured,—"poor mother, I cannot wonder at her grief; brought up so tenderly, she cannot, most not live in poverty. She shall at least imagine that she knows no want."  
Helen had changed her jewels into gold, furnished a small room with some degree of elegance, paid the rent for a few weeks in advance, and had still a moiety of money in her purse.  
"Cheer up, dear mamma," she said, "we still have friends. You shall not want. I have even the opportunity of procuring you a little servant, who will come to assist you night and morning. A man will bring your coal up to your door, and I myself will be your dressing maid. And you will have nothing more to do than to you ever had, and you can finish your beautiful embroidery."  
The still elegant woman looked up with a pensive smile.  
"Ah! but, my child, you will have no one now to accompany you to and from the academy; you will not even have a carriage; your poor little feet will be blistered with walking."  
A flush of delight mounted to Helen's cheeks—her mother did not then even suspect that their means were wholly withdrawn, and she tried not to communicate her plan—her darling plan that it would give her so much pain to unfold.  
She tried in vain to find employment as a teacher. Youth, inexperience, beauty, delicacy of frame were all against her.  
Passing one day, with her green veil down, through a narrow street, she was arrested by a notice at a haberdasher's window. Several girls were wanted to learn hair-working. Good wages would be given, etc.  
She entered, was engaged and immediately set herself down to this vocation. It was a terrible trial to her—ay; and you may call it aristocratic pride, prejudice, what you will—but it is terrible to one who has been accustomed to luxuries, whose coming and going has been tenderly watched; whose feet have never known a more rude press than the thornless flowers on the thence terrible for such a one to bend to the stern behest of manual toil.  
Day after day she labored, and night too, when her mother slept. At the end of every week, all her little earnings were gone—but she contrived to set delicacies on her mother's table of which she would eat sparingly herself.  
A large importer who frequently came in to the work-room noticed this fragile creature, and often asked questions concerning her. He saw how timid she was, how small and white the hand that trembled in amid the soft locks of hair, how quickly the scarlet flitted over her cheek, whenever she was spoken to, and her refinement of manner pleased and interested him.  
It seemed to him that she was working beyond her strength, and once he saw her press her hand to her side, and when she threw a fervent glance upward, her lashes glistened with tears.

When he had heard the story, he was filled with admiration. The humble little shop girl, who for a trifling consideration had been induced to spend a few hours a day in household labor for Helen's mother, told him all. He resolved that this pure, gentle creature should not sacrifice her life, even for the interest of one so dear as a mother must be. He knew not the whole yet, however.  
"I have called to see you, madam, with reference to your daughter Helen."  
The lady started, exclaiming, "nothing can have happened to my child!"  
"Nothing, my dear madam," he said, glancing at the embroidery frame, the rich carpet, the beautiful ceteras of the apartment, "only I fear the young lady allows herself too little rest."  
"Indeed, I often tell her, sir, that she studies too hard. The rules of the academy are so strict, I fear she will not be able to continue. Since her father's death, poor child, she has walked all the way to E— street; she always rode before, and as she has the management of what little money was left, I know she seldom affords herself even a cheap ride."  
"Her studies—the academy?" exclaimed her visitor, and then he repeated them over, slowly, as if to be sure he had heard the words aright.  
"Yes, sir: her father died at the beginning of the last term, and she is unwilling to lose the benefit, as he paid a year's advance. Dear child, I suppose she will have to become a teacher, or some such drudge,"—and she sighed heavily.  
"Madam—I—excuse me—it cannot be the Helen Harding I had heard—and yet—the circumstances! Madam, does not your daughter work in a haberdasher's shop?"  
"Poor Mrs. Harding screamed out right."  
"My dear sir, do you think my child would descend?"—and there she stopped. Her face grew deadly pale—some thrilling thought forced itself upon her mind.  
"I remember now," she said slowly, and with an effort—"Helen never told me she should continue at school—and I, oh! how helpless I have been! how unthinking! If it should be—dear sir, describe this Helen."  
"It is she," she exclaimed, springing to her feet, and bursting into tears. "Noble, generous child! self-sacrificing daughter! Oh! could I not comprehend? Her pale cheeks—her eyes so heavy—her slow step. Noble, generous child! and she has done all this for me—to spare her mother the pangs of wounded pride—she is wearing herself to the grave for me."  
Bitterly she wept for some moments, and her visitor, venturing to speak in a choked, husky voice, only ended by snapping his eyes and flourishing his handkerchief, some where in their vicinity.  
"This shall be no longer," at last she said, rising with dignity. "True, I have never labored; true, I am proud—I shall henceforth be too proud thus to live in idleness, dependent upon the labor of my delicate child. I will go forth into the world. I can do something—the widow's God will aid me—for her self-sacrificing efforts have put new life within this weak frame."  
"Do not apologize, sir; you cannot tell what an inestimable blessing your call has proved to me; and, sir," she continued, looking at him with eyes filled anew, "have I not reason to be proud of my child?"  
What had hitherto seemed dross, now proved to be fine gold. All selfishness, all indolence were gone, and Mrs. Harding had become transformed into an energetic woman, willing and anxious to take her place in the travel-stained paths of toil. But there was no need. The wealthy stranger, pleased with her manners, loved, and won her for a wife. Helen, who had tasted both the sweets and the aloes of life, moved again in the brilliant circles to which she had been accustomed. But more than for all her varied accomplishments, was she loved and admired for the noble self-sacrifice of feeling, taste, and even health she had made, that her mother might be spared the pain of even imagining she was poor.  
Filial love is always rewarded by the great Giver who hath commanded us to "Honor Father and Mother."

## Pointed Extract.

In one of Rev. E. H. Chapin's sermons is the following pointed extract:—  
"Many a man there is, clothed in respectability, and proud of his honor, whose central idea of life is interest and ease, the conception that other men are mere tools to be used as will best serve him; that God has endowed him with sinew and brain merely to scramble and get; and so in this grand universe, which is a perfect circulation of benefits, he lives like a sponge on a rock, to absorb and blot, and die. Thousands in this great city are living so, who never look out of the narrow circle of their self-interest; whose decalogue is arithmetic, whose Bible is their ledger; who have so contracted and hardened and stamped their nature, that in any spiritual estimate, they would pass for only so many bogus dollars.—*Et.*"

## Good.

A man who is very rich now, was very poor when 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 my money till I had earned it. If I had but an hour's work in a day I must do that very first thing, and in an hour. After it was done, I was allowed to play, with much more pleasure than if the thought of an unfinished task obtruded upon my mind. I early formed the habit of doing everything in turn, and it soon became perfectly easy for me to do so. It is to this I owe my prosperity." Let every boy that reads this go and do likewise.  
Beautiful is the love of youth to youth, strong the affection of woman to woman, and fair in the eyes of the morning sun is the early waking from peaceful sleep and the utterance of the pleasant "good morning."—*Balwer.*  
Memory presides over the past—action presides over the present. The first lives in a rich temple hung with glorious trophies, and hied with toasts; the other has no shrine but duty and it walks the earth like a spirit.  
Riches are gotten with pain, kept with care and lost with grief. The care of riches lies heavier upon a good man than the inconvenience of honest poverty.  
Fear God and keep his commandments—this is the sole duty of man.  
The deacon who took up a collection has laid it down again.

## Nobleness of Soul.

An incident occurred a few days ago, which will probably prove a strong argument, in the hands of crusty bachelors, against matrimony, and may possibly be used by them in their tirades against the innate generosity of the fair sex. An unfortunate woman, whose husband had been sick during the whole winter, and whose savings were all spent; a woman whose poverty spoke out through every fold of her dress, and her emaciated form, in her pale, care-worn, haggard and pinched features, not wishing to throw herself upon the cold charities of her neighbors, called at a certain private house in York street near Barrow, and after stating her case in a few feeling words, took from her finger a plain gold ring, which she offered to the lady for a small sum, to enable her to relieve the gnawing demands of hunger. The lady told her, in the nobleness of heart, that she would give her the generous sum of twenty-five cents for it, at the same time putting that magnificent amount into her withered hand. The suffering creature could not refuse it, but blinded by scalding tears, turned from the door, her soul crushed and barrowed with anguish. It was a ring around which many pleasant associations clustered, a memento of happy days, the pledge of pure affection, given at the altar by him who was then the idol of her young heart—the father of her hapless children! It told of blissful hours, of times of plenty and content, when affection's light filled the eye now gushing with tears. She turned away from her meek-souled sister whose heart warmed not toward her sufferings and whose purse-string closed the tighter at the very presence of poverty. The ring may sparkle upon the finger of the sordid lady, but the tear in the eye of the poor woman was a jewel prized by her Heavenly Father as she lifted her heart to him and said—"Thy will be done."—*Jersey City Telegraph.*

## Youth.

How much to be admired is youth, when noble and generous—when pure and holy feelings like a living fount flow out of the heart—spreading around and fertilizing the soil of friendship—warm and generous hearts to crowd around him and enclose him in a circle of pure god-like happiness. The eye of the woman brightens at his approach, and wealth and honor smile to woo him in their circle, his days speed onward, and a summer brook sparkles all joyous amid the light of woman's love and manhood's eulogy. The earth, the sea, the air, and every bright and bubbling stream and fount send forth their murmuring melody, and his pure heart, unstained by worldly guile, drinks deep in their glowing happiness.

EXCESSIVE POLITENESS.—Rowland Hill was always annoyed when there happened to be any noise in the chapel, or when anything occurred to divert the attention of his hearers from what he was saying. On one occasion, a few days before his death, he was preaching to one of the most crowded congregations that ever assembled to hear him. In the middle of his discourse, he observed a commotion in the gallery. For some time he took no notice of it, but finding it increasing, he paused in his sermon; and looking in the direction in which the confusion prevailed, he exclaimed:—"What's the matter there? The devil seems to have got among you!"  
A plain country looking man immediately started to his feet, and addressing Mr. Hill in reply, said:—"No, sir, it aren't the devil as is doing this; it's a fat woman wot's fainted; and she's a werry fat 'un, sir, as she don't seem likely to come to again in a hurry."  
"Oh, that's it, is it?" observed Mr. Hill, drawing his hand across his chin; "then, I beg the lady's pardon—and the devil's too!"

NOT BAD.—A correspondent of the Cincinnati Times, from Vermont, relates the following: I am reminded, speaking of cheese, of a little anecdote the stage-driver told me the other day. We were passing an old farmhouse with an untidy yard and dilapidated building when he said:—"A Boston man got off a pretty cute speech to the owner of that place 'other day."  
"What was it?" I asked.  
"Why, he called at a house to buy cheese, but when he came to look at the lot, he concluded he didn't want 'em, they were so full of skippers. So he made an excuse and was going away, when the farmer said to him:—"Look here, mister, how can I get my cheese down to Boston the cheapest?"  
The gentleman looked at the stuff a moment and saw the squirming, and said:—"Well I don't know; let 'em be a day or two and you can drive 'em right down!"

WHY DOES THE OAK ATTRACT THE LIGHTNING?—The frequent effects of lightning upon oak has excited the attention of the philosophic mind. After mentioning several examples of the manner in which the oak has been singled out from other trees immediately joining, and of equal height, a writer upon the subject says: "It is well known by chemists that oak contains a considerable portion of iron in its composition. This metal, it may be presumed, is held in solution by the sap, and equally distributed throughout the whole tree.—May it not be owing to this circumstance that the oak is so frequently a victim to that power, which in fact it solicits with extended arms, to its own destruction?—This is a fact worthy of notice, and should be generally known, in order to prevent persons taking shelter in situations attended with such imminent danger."

It is rather curious to consider how people generally associate anything of a cheerful and jolly character with eating. A merry-andrew or buffoon turns a somersault and comes on with "Here we are, my masters!" whereupon the various nationalities greet him with pet names out of the cookery-book. The Englishman calls out "Jack Pudding!" the Dutchman cries "Pickle-Herring!" the German, "John Sausage!" (Hans Werst); the Frenchman, "Jean Potage;" the Italian, "Macaroni!"  
The old woman "Mirror" relates a good joke of an old collector, who was proverbial for his politeness as well as pertinacity. He was always in the habit of taking a delinquent aside when he dunned him. One day he met a non-payer, upon a very unfrequented road, some half-mile from any human being. What does the old chap do, but leave his buggy, call the other aside, and in a fence corner politely ask him for that little balance!

To prevent cats from snoring you—about them while they are kittens.

## An Auction Scene.

"Gentlemen, I am offering you a bargain," cried an up-town auctioneer the other evening, to a crowd, the most of whom were country people. "This handkerchief is a regular poncee! and can't be purchased in a store for less than two dollars and a half, and here I've only two bits bid. It's a shame, gentlemen, to sacrifice goods in this way."  
Here one of the crowd, a strapping young Hoosier, "blew his horn," and in doing so managed to dispense with the article which was being offered for sale. The auctioneer observing this, took it for a favorable omen, and fixing his eyes on the young Hoosier, asked:—"Did you blow your nose, sir?"  
"This of course, attracted all eyes to the individual, but he, not abashed, replied, "Wall, I reckon I did."  
"And didn't use a handkerchief?"  
This query caused a roar of laughter, for auctioneers, such as this one, always manage to impress their audience that every thing they say is witty. The young Hoosier, however, not in the least disconcerted, replied:—"I reckon I didn't."  
"Now, gentlemen, do you hear that," cried the auctioneer. "A poncee like this going off at two bits, a man in the house got nothing to blow his nose on, and won't bid on it. (laughter.) I can't imagine what neck of the woods the animal came from (laughter.) Probably from that place where the men are so stingy that they load their rifles with pebbles instead of bullets." (Boisterous laughter.)  
"I say, stranger," cried the young Hoosier, quite animated, "did you ever hear of Dick Thompson?"  
"No," replied the auctioneer, winking to the crowd.  
"So I reckoned," continued the Hoosier—"He lives down our way, and is counted not overly cute. He cum to town wunst, an' right in here bought one of yer poncee handkerchiefs, and what do you think he said about it?"  
"Praised it, no doubt," replied the auctioneer.  
"Over the left," said the Hoosier. "Though he's got a little snub nose, not nigh as big as yours, the first time he tried the handkerchief he blowed nineteen holes in it, and ever since that are time he's used his coat tail!"  
The laugh was now upon the auctioneer, and not only that, but finding himself unable to get another bid, he soon dismissed his audience until the next evening.

## Gossiping.

Many a fine woman has lost her reputation through the gabbling of mischief-making gossips; indeed the whole history and progress of scandal may be traced to something like the following, which is rather more at large than a piece of the same nature heretofore published:  
"Mrs. Hopkins told me she heard Sam Grubb's wife say, that John Harris's wife told her, that Granny Smith heard, that it was no doubt the widow Baker said, that Captain Wood's wife thought, that Col. Lane's wife believed, that old Mrs. Lamb reckoned, positively, that Peter Dunham's wife had told Nell Cuseuden, that he's am't had declared to Mrs. Thingumbob and the whole world, that it was generally believed that mother Parker had said in plain terms, that she heard Betsy Cook say, that her sister Polly had said, that it was well known in the neighborhood, that old Mrs. Slouch made no bones of saying, that in her opinion, it was a matter of fact, that Susan Miller was in the weekly habit of dying her hair!"

A youth, whose progressive proclivities had not been chilled in a life of seventeen winters, marched into an Alderman's office in Pittsburg, last week, in company with a lass of twelve summers, and asked to be married "quick." The magistrate being an old "foggy," refused. Whereupon the youthful individual, taking his companion's arm in his, and turning away in wrathful indignation, exclaimed:—"This is a great free country, where men and women can't get married when they please!"

"Peter, what are you doing to that boy?" said a schoolmaster.  
"He wanted to know if you take ten from seventeen how many will remain; so I took ten of his apples to show him, and now he wants that I should give 'em back."  
"Well, why don't you do it?"  
"Cause, sir, he would forget how many was left."

"Why don't you give us a little Greek and Latin occasionally?" asked a country deacon of the new minister.  
"Why, do you understand those languages?"  
"No; but we pay for the best, and we ought to have it."

DANGEROUS.—The Scientific American cautions its readers against the use of painted nails, and says the oxide of lead, with which paint is painted, is a dangerous poison, and has been known to be productive of evil in many cases.

"Whatever God has made is perfect," said a western preacher to his hearers.  
"What do you think of me, then?" said a hunchback, rising up and exhibiting his own deformity.  
"Think of you?" said the preacher, "why I think you are as perfect a hunchback as I ever saw in my life."

A Virginian of twenty-three was lately throwing out some affected sneers at matrimony, when a grave friend in company observed, that marriages were made in heaven. "Can you tell me, sir," rejoined the sly nymph, "why they are so slow in coming down?"

"Bob, did you settle that business with Simpkins, yet?" "Yes—he kicked me off the stoop last week, and since that he has stopped bothering me." Bob's ideas of "bothering" are certainly original.

A queer genius being asked why he did not go to the funeral of his wife, replied he could not leave his shop, and that it is always best to attend to business before pleasure.

We have observed many tumbles through life, but have invariably noticed that it is the man who mounts a high horse that receives the least pity when he falls.

There is an old lady in Troy so full of sympathy, that every time her ducks take a bath in the mud gutter, she dries their feet by the fire, to keep them from catching cold.

## English Gold and French Wit.

Talleyrand had one of the most amusing salons in Paris, for all the politicians and diplomats of that day were wits and conversationalists. Diplomacy had not then taken the mysterious and sombre aspect it has assumed in modern days, perhaps because in those days it had too much to do, and need not the affectation of importance; just as since the invention of telegraphs and railroads, there seems to have been in the political world nothing extraordinary enough to communicate by such a wonderful messenger.  
In later years, Talleyrand loved wit better than conversation. Leaving his accomplished niece, the Duchess de Dino, to entertain his other guests, he would retire with some of the foreign ambassadors, old friends and old foes, into his own room, and play a scientific rubber, the intricacies of which it was curious to watch, seeing that the talents which were employed to settle the division of Europe at the Congress of Vienna, were now all concentrated on the odd trick.  
The stakes were gold-pieces, but they often reached the sums of thousands of francs. One evening, at the termination of one of these parties, the English ambassador suddenly dived beneath the table and began fumbling on the carpet.  
"What is your excellency about?" said Talleyrand.  
"Looking for a Napoleon, which has fallen."  
"Wait an instant," said Talleyrand, with a twinkle of his light grey eye, and a sarcastic twist of his thin and distorted lips, "you cannot see to find so small a thing." As he spoke, he twisted a thousand franc bill into a paper match, and setting fire to it, held it to the ground.  
"What are you about?" exclaimed the astounded ambassador, pausing on his hands and knees, and looking up.  
"Merely lighting your excellency," replied Talleyrand.  
Upon which the discomfited minister, understanding the epigram, instantly arose, leaving the Napoleon as a perquisite for the servant who should find it.

## A Rich Joke.

A gentleman in this place, played off a rich joke on his better half the other day. Being something of an epicure, he took it into his head, that he would like to have a first-rate dinner. So he addressed her a note, politely informing her that "a gentleman of her acquaintance—an old and true friend, would dine with her that day." As soon as she received it, all hands went to work to get everything in order. Precisely at 12 o'clock she was prepared to receive her guest. The house was as clean as a new pin—a sumptuous dinner was on the table and she was arrayed in her best attire. A gentle knock was heard, and she started with a palpitating heart to the door. She thought it must be an old friend—perhaps a brother—from the place whence they once moved. On opening the door, she saw her husband with a smiling countenance.  
"Why, my dear," said she, in an anxious tone, "where is the gentleman you spoke of in your note?"  
"Why," said her husband complacently, "here he is."  
"You said a gentleman of my acquaintance, an old and true friend would dine with us today."  
"Well," said he good humoredly, "am I not a gentleman of your acquaintance, an old and true friend?"  
"Oh!" said she distressingly, "is there no body but you?"  
"No."  
"Well I declare this is too bad," said his wife, in an angry tone.  
The husband laughed immoderately—his better half said she felt like giving him a tongue lashing—but finally they sat down cozily together, and for once he had a good dinner without having company.

A FACT FOR FARMERS.—Dr. R. I. Baldwin has recently made public the result of several years' investigation and experiments upon manures, and various ways of fertilizing the soil. He states that the best and speediest way to fertilize any soil, is to cover it over with straw, bushes, or any raw material, so as to completely shade it. The surface of the earth thus being made very cool, dark, damp and close, soon undergoes a chemical process like putrefaction, and becomes highly fertilized. This plan of fertilizing, he says, may be applied with success to any soil, whatever, no matter how poor, and the result will be astonishing.

AN ENORMOUS ROOM.—The largest room in the world under a single roof and unbroken by pillars or other obstructions, is at St. Petersburg, Russia, and is 650 feet in length, and 150 feet in breadth. By day light it is used for military displays, and a battalion can conveniently manoeuvre in it. In the evening it is often converted into a vast ball room, when it is warmed by sixteen prodigious stoves, and 20,000 wax tapers are required to light it properly. The roof of this structure is a single arch of iron, the bars alone on which it rests weighing 12,830 pounds.

MORE PROHIBITION.—The Boston Times, speaking of the determination to enforce the ordinance against smoking in the streets, suggests that musk and patchouli be also prohibited. They are far more offensive to most people than the smoke of a good segar.

Dr. Crisp, of London, has been dissecting singing mice, and has found that they all, without exception, have a large worm in the upper part of the liver, and he supposes their curious music to be an indication of pain.

What is it that goes when a wagon goes, stops when a wagon stops, ain't no use to the wagon, and yet the wagon can't go without it? Why, it is the noise, to be sure.

The man who "threw up" a bargain, came near having his hat crushed when it came down.

When may two persons be said to be half-witted? When they have an understanding between them.

"Punch" says "a secret warranted to keep in any climate, is a woman's age."—*Horrid Punch.*

Paradise Regained—Hugging a blue-eyed girl on a pile of freshly cut clover. Go way, strawberries, you have lost your taste.

The fire that "went out" has not returned.

## Address to a Choir.

The following extracts are from an "address to a new choir of singers," found in an old magazine:  
As in every public address, the object of the speaker should be to do good to his hearers, you will allow me to give you a few words of caution and advice adapted to the occasion...  
1. Cultivate a spirit of harmony among yourselves.  
One might suppose that among those who profess to be lovers of harmony, such caution would not be needed. It cannot, however, be concealed, that very frequently discords have been heard among those who take a knowledge of the harmony of sounds. A trifling incident induces one individual to take offense, and he leaves his seat; a few of his friends justify him, and they leave, and finally all leave. Thus ends all the time they have spent in acquiring a knowledge of union, concord and harmony. In most instances, the evil of which I complain may be traced to ignorance and pride.  
If persons were wise, they would not tell all around them that they were offended; and were it not for pride, they would not so frequently take offense.  
Should you hear a person injudiciously praised for sweetness and compass of voice, that surely ought not to be considered a sufficient reason for provoking your displeasure, or for causing you to withdraw from the seat. You do not, I trust, come to the house of God to make a display of your musical talents, nor to be admired for the softness and melliflence of your voices. Were these your motives, a theatre would be the most suitable place to exhibit your musical powers; but if they be not, it will be unwise in you to be offended because another is, perhaps, indirectly extolled.  
Let me entreat you to esteem others better than yourselves. Never allow yourselves to look with envy on the excellence of your friends. Emulate, but never envy what is superior in others. The Lord does not require you to sing with the voice and skill of another, but with your own voice and your own skill.  
Above all things, recollect that it is not the sweetness of a finely modulated voice, but it is the melody of the heart unto the Lord which Omniscience approves.  
2. Let your deportment be solemn and respectful in the house of God.  
From the observations which have already been made, it must be obvious to each of you that solemnity and devotion become those who engage in the praises of God. In some places I have been shocked with the manner in which this part of worship was conducted. When I have seen a number of young people placed in the front gallery, whose light and trifling conduct was more suited to a ball-room than the house of God, my soul has been grieved within me.  
I must confess, as an individual, I had rather your singing seat should be entirely unoccupied than any should lead in this worship who have not such a sense of propriety as to maintain a serious deportment in the house of God.  
3. Let your selection of tunes be judicious. If your tunes are judiciously selected they will be adapted to the sentiments contained in the psalm or hymn that is sung. If it is a penitential hymn, expressive of humiliation or grief, you will avail yourselves of those plaintive and tender chords which will best express those inward feelings. If it is a hymn of praise and thanksgiving, you will employ those bolder strains which indicate joy and confidence in God.  
It is important I should remind you that a feeling conviction of the beauty and excellence of the sentiments contained in the hymns that are used, will give a spirit and expression to your singing, which mere art can never supply. It is not merely singing the notes correctly—it is having the soul affected and imbued with the truths you sing, which will produce the most powerful and impressive music.  
As it is the expression of intellect and of the affections of the heart, spread over the canvass which gives such interest and charms to a picture, so it is the expression of the soul transfused into the notes we sing which gives such effect to the human voice. But to transmute this expression of the soul, we must feel; and to feel as we ought, we must have a just discernment of the excellence and importance of the subject of our song.  
Let us suppose that one of the great professors of music, Handel, Haydn, or Mozart, under the influence of penitential feelings, had sung the 51st Psalm, what soft, what tender and plaintive intonations of voice would have been heard. No one could have listened to his notes without being melted into tears. Had either of them, under the lively impressions of dependence, or gratitude to God, sung the 100th Psalm, what deep self-abasement, what solemn awe, and what holy joy, rising to raptures of ecstasy, would have been felt while listening to the sentiments thus expressed.  
4. It is important that you should sing with melody in your hearts to the Lord.  
You are all sensible how harsh and grating discords are in music. It is a solemn, but it may prove a profitable interrogation: How will the ears of the Deity be pleased with the expression of the lips which are at variance with the feelings of the heart? Will He be pleased with the notes of penitence, if the heart be impatient? with the voice of joy and thanksgiving, if the heart be not susceptible of one grateful emotion? Oh, how important, how desirable, that the heart and the voice should chord! When this is the case, how sweet, how acceptable the praise!  
CROSSING RAILROAD TRACKS.—The Philadelphia Ledger, to show the hazard in crossing railroad tracks, particularly in vehicles, publishes the following:  
A railroad car, at the ordinary speed of traveling, moves about twice its own length in a second of time—about twenty-four feet. At this velocity the locomotive drawing wheels, six feet in diameter, make four revolutions per second.  
If a man with a horse and carriage was crossing a railroad track at a speed of six miles an hour, and an express train should be approaching at the moment, it would advance toward him two hundred and fifty-seven feet, while he was in the act of crossing a distance barely sufficient to clear the horse and vehicle. Should the horse cross the track at the usual gait of a walk, the train would move toward him, while in the act of crossing, over five hundred feet.  
Honesty is the best of policy.