

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.

37TH YEAR.

GETTYSBURG, PA.: MONDAY, JUNE 25, 1855.

NO. 39.

TERMS OF THE COMPILER.
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JOHN W. WORK, 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 following, which appeared some time since in the *New Orleans Delta*, seems to us exquisitely touching and beautiful:

LITTLE BENNY.
 I had told him Christmas morning,
 As he sat upon my knee,
 Holding fast his little stocking,
 Stuffed as full as full could be,
 And attentive listening to me,
 With a face demure and mild,
 That old Santa Claus who filled them,
 Did not love a naughty child.
 But we'll be good, won't we, mother?
 And from off my lap he slid,
 Digging deep among the goodies,
 In his crimson mittens hid.
 When I turned me to my table,
 Where a tempting gulet stood,
 Brimming high with gaily egg-nogg,
 Sent me by a neighbor down.
 But the kitten there before me,
 With his white paw, nothing loth,
 Sat, by way of entertainment,
 Lapping off the shining froth,
 And in so the greatest humor
 At the loss of such a treat,
 I confess, I rather rudely
 Thrust him out into the street.
 Then how Benny's blue eyes kindled?
 Gathering up his little head,
 He had lately been poring
 In his tiny pinafore;
 With a generous look that shamed me,
 Sprang he from the carpet bright,
 Showing, by his mien indignant,
 All a baby's sense of right.
 "Come back, Harvey," called he loudly,
 As he held his apron white—
 "You shall have my stocking!"
 But the door was fastened tight;
 So he stood abashed, and silent,
 In the centre of the hall;
 With dejected look alternate
 Drove on me, and on the door.
 Then as by some sudden impulse,
 Quickly ran he to the fire,
 And while eagerly his bright eyes
 Watched the flames high and higher,
 In a brave cheer he shouted,
 Like some lordly little elf,
 "Santa Klaus, come down chimbly,
 Make my nooder 'have herself!"
 "It will be a good girl, Benny?"
 Said I, feeling the reproof,
 And straightway recalled poor Harvey,
 Moving on the gallery roof.
 Soon the anger was forgotten,
 Laughter chased away the frown,
 And they gambol'd 'neath the lino oaks,
 Till the dusky sun went down.
 In my dim, fire-lighted chamber,
 Harvey purred beneath my chair,
 And my play-wort by his side
 Knelt to say his evening prayer,
 And his father's name—
 "God bless sister!"—then a pause,
 And the sweet young lips devoutly
 Murmured—"God bless Santa Klaus."
 He is sleeping—brown and siltken
 In the lumber chest, and nook,
 Like a cresset, clinging shadow
 On his plump and peeping cheek;
 And I, head aching, and weary,
 Thankful tears in my eyes,
 For a woman's crown of glory,
 For the blessing of a child.

Select Miscellany.

Wonderful Discovery.
 The *Cleveland Plaindealer* has witnessed the result of a series of experiments made by Dr. Taylor, the celebrated clairvoyant physician of that city—the actual production of a brilliant light, and of course intense heat, by the decomposition of water. The apparatus for producing this astonishing effect is very simple, and has, as he alleges, been constructed entirely under spiritual direction. It is imperceptible made, and yet serves to demonstrate the fact, and the principle involved in the process. The light is exceedingly brilliant, equal to the best quality of gas, and superior in color, it being slightly of an orange tint, and producing not the least smoke. A caveat for the discovery has been filed in the Patent Office in Washington, by a gentleman, who compared the apparatus with that of Paine, and the two are entirely unlike. Distinguished chemists, who have examined this invention, pronounce it a triumph. The *Plaindealer* says the expense of this light, aside from the apparatus, will be next to nothing, as it is upon a self-acting principle. The discovery can be applied to all the purposes for which light and heat are now used, and will mark a new era in human affairs. It is a severe tax upon the imagination to conceive of the changes which will be wrought by the discovery of a process by which water and other simple elements of nature can be rendered subservient to the comfort and convenience of mankind. We shall look for further light on this subject.

POPULAR IGNORANCE.—The *Morris Jerseyman* learns that on Saturday, the 13th ult., at the Rockaway basin of the Morris Canal, a boy named Henry Herring, aged about 13 years, while performing some duty on a boat, fell over into the canal. An alarm was immediately given, a boat-hook procured, and the body taken out. It had been in the water only five minutes, and it is stated that he had every appearance of coming to life; but his rescuers tied a rope around his neck, and threw him back into the canal, where he remained until the next morning; they alleged as a reason for so doing, that they thought the law required him to remain in the water until an inquest could be held.

HEAVY DAMAGES.—W. B. Seobers, a young man of good character, had the misfortune, last summer, in Memphis, under the operation of a city ordinance, to be sentenced to the chain-gang in atonement for some trivial offence, wherewith he was charged. Whilst working on the bluff, with a chain around his ankle, a heavy pile of dirt fell on him and broke his leg. Thereupon, he brought suit against the city, claiming \$50,000. The jury found a verdict for plaintiff, and awarded him \$25,000 damages.

Veilant—for a man to advertise for a wife in this country, while there are any number of girls between 15 and 40 anxiously waiting for some one to pop the question.

IN Rhode Island, if a person puts on a clean shirt once a week, he is denounced as an aristocrat by the populace.

Pulling the Wrong Bell.

I have heard a story of bell-pulling, which, as many of my readers may be ignorant of, and as it is worthy of telling, also being myself in a gossipping mood, I will even out with it. A fine Western steamer, of the largest class, was plowing her way down stream with a "full head" on.

The time was early in the morning: the sun had not yet cooled his fiery beams in the murky waters of the Mississippi; a few of the passengers were astir; and the boat quiet and still, save the regular scream from her iron throat, was making fine headway.

Suddenly the engineer's bell rang out a furious and alarming summons, which, being translated into the vernacular, meant—"Slow her!"

The man at the engine obeyed the mandate, and with his hand upon the lever, awaited anxiously the next call.

It soon came, and louder yet, "Stop her!" "Some trouble ahead," thought the engineer; but hardly had the idea passed through his mind, when the busy bell again pealed forth—"Back her!"

Steam was let on in an instant, and seizing the lever, the man commenced working the engine by hand; but the wheel had not yet completed the first retrograde revolution, when a louder tintinnabulation tinkled out successively.

"Go ahead!"

"Slow her!"

"Back her!"

"Go ahead!"

Having obeyed the command, and supposing all was right at last, the man quitted his post for a moment and stepped out upon the guards to see what the trouble had been, when suddenly the over-busy bell again was heard.

"Slow her!"

Before he could put his hands upon the screw the bell again ordered: "Stop her!" immediately after, "Back her!" and "Go ahead!"

Instead of going ahead, the engineer scratched his head, and then applying his mouth to the speaking tube, addressed the pilot thus—"Stop, let us turn for a moment to the pilot, and see what was going on in his dominions.

This gentleman had been but a few moments at his post, and was not fairly awake when the bell commenced its mysterious operations, but, sleep as he was, the queer antics of the boat, excited his attention, and he arrived at the conclusion that something was wrong, at the same moment that identical idea had forced itself upon the engineer; so, applying his mouth to his end of the tube, the following remarks went up and down simultaneously.

"What in thunder are you about up there?"

"What in thunder are you about down there?"

Having, like two vessels about commencing an engagement, fired these shots across their bows, the twain went immediately into action as follows:

Pilot—"Who told you to 'stop her' and 'back her'?"

Engineer—"You did; what did you ring the bell for twenty times?"

Pilot—"You must be a nice fellow to trust. Mr. 'Kettles,' to get drunk before sunrise. Call your mate and turn in."

Engineer—"Drunk! Drunk yourself! I haven't had a drop, and you're just yelling drunk! That's what it is."

Pilot—"Look here, 'Old Kettles,' hold on a bit, and I'll be down on you like a thousand of bricks."

Engineer—"Don't trouble yourself to come down. I'll be up to you in two shakes, and then we'll see who's drunk and who is not."

Now this looking and firing had excited the attention of officers and crew, and as the pilot and engineer, having obtained relief, met halfway down on the "boiler deck," captain and clerk, mate and steward, barkeeper and chambermaid, all hastened to the post of observation, and ere the two combatants could join issue, they were seized and held, and an investigation of the affair was entered into.

While all this was in progress, neither boat nor bell had been touched, but the same singular succession of orders was going on, and the two assistants, above and below, were meditating a little affair of their own, when that of their principals had been satisfactorily concluded.

The mystery was apparently past solution, but the captain bethought him of a possible cause, and stepping to a state-room, in the "social hall," kicked the door open, and there stood a lanky young Tennessee, who had embarked at Memphis the previous night, very actively jerking at a cord that ran through his room in the further corner.

Seizing him by the collar, the captain demanded, "What are you about?"

"About!" answered the Tennessee, "why don't you see I'm ringing for my boots?"

Pulling the wrong cord, that was all.

From the New York Evening Post.

Sixty-five Happy Children.
 On Saturday morning, sixty-five of the happiest children in the world were packed into omnibuses, and driven over to the depot of the Hudson River Railroad in 31st street. It might be doubted if any one of them ever had an omnibus ride before, except on the step outside, holding on to a non rod with one hand, and carrying in the other a basket-full of dirty rags picked out of the street. Sure none of them were ever so happy. The sun was bright, but not so bright as their faces. Every one was full to the eyes with merry gladness. They were the pupils of the German Industrial School, at No. 2 Avenue C, and were now on the way to Dobb's Ferry, by the invitation of Mr. Hamilton, for a picnic in the woods, and such a romp as they had never yet dreamed of. They were all girls, from six to ten years of age, mostly blue-eyed, with broad foreheads, expressive of more intelligence than any other class of foreign children among us. And such a jabbering of Dutch was never heard in those omnibuses before.

Soon they were tumbled into a car, for the first time in their lives, three on a seat and one in the middle. At the first snort and jerk of the iron horse, there was one burst of laughter and a general rush of heads for the windows. Off they went at thirty miles an hour, enjoyment, curiosity, wonder and laughing, all active at the same rate. "Teacher, is this the country?" They knew they were going there, but didn't know if the country was in the car or not. Such a tearing rattle as the train made against the rocks or under a bridge set them into a new laugh. The dogwood blossoms brought out a shout of admiration. The train stopped, and directly it was off again, with a jerk that nearly threw down the teachers and attendants who had to stand in the aisle—great fun and titling over that!

The car was detached at Dobb's Ferry, and rolled up on a side track, where it stopped. There was another tumbling out of the car, up a steep hill, and across fields of grass. No—the grass was clover, and they were in it, racing and tearing in wild enjoyment. The older ones knew how to get through a rail fence, but the younger never saw such a curious thing, and had to be helped. "Teacher, is that the country?" they asked, with a suspicion that they had now found it. A lilac hedge brought the whole bevy to a stand. The owner gave the word, and the young Goths made spoil of its last flower.

One of the teachers remarked that it was found very difficult to induce these children to go to places in the country, and it had occurred to her that the reason might be—that they did not know what the country was. They were the rag-pickers, and were much better acquainted with dirty streets and alleys, which had hitherto been the bounds of their wandering. Everything was an object of curious investigation. "What is that?" they asked, wondering at a calf, and as eagerly interested as a company of SAVANS over an exultant antediluvian monster.

The next scene was a wild romp on a shady lawn. Some laid down and rolled over and over, some clasped each other, and fell headlong with shouts of laughter. Some scoured the neighboring thicket for more flowers. Next, to the woods, and after rambling and climbing over rocks, they were allowed to fall to on oranges and cakes—another surprising and laughable occasion. It was well worth the journey to see and share in the gladness of these poor children, most of whom, perhaps all, were out of the city streets for the first time in their lives. Trivial as it may seem to describe such an excursion, no one could witness it without sharing its pleasures, and wishing, for the sake of this class of children, that they might often have the opportunity repeated. There could not be a brighter picture of unalloyed happiness.

The homeward journey was scarcely less exciting. There was the tumbling into the cars and out again, and into the omnibuses. The last writer saw of them was, dashing off in three red omnibuses, laughing and shouting, and hands full of lilacs and dogwood and hawthorn blossoms. They were still the sixty-five happiest children in the world.

The Child who Died in a Passion.

"I was lately taking a journey from home," says one, "and happened one day to be drinking tea with a clergyman, who said that he had just had a very awful death in his parish. I thought it was some drunkard, or swearer, or Sabbath-breaker, who had been out off in his sins; and I never for a moment supposed that it could be a little child. But how was I shocked when he told me the story! A very little child, about three years old, had her naughty will crossed by her mother, and flew into a violent passion. She screamed and cried, and stamped with her feet on the ground, and was like a mad creature with rage. And, O, (deadly to relate,) it pleased God to strike her dead in the midst of her passion. Whether she broke a blood vessel with her rage, or how it was, I do not know; but she died in the midst of her sins, and is gone to the world of spirits."

He "Couldn't Stand That."

A young gentleman of our acquaintance, who had been "paying his devours," (as Mrs. Partridge would say,) to a young lady for some time, suddenly left her. We asked him the reason, and he told us, in the following words: "I had been with her, you know, a good while, and noticed that she was rather cool in her remarks, and hinted that she would rather go home alone than have me with her; but I didn't mind that, you know. Well, one night when we got to the door, she says she, 'Mr. —, I do not wish your company any longer, and I'll thank you to keep in your place, and away from me.' That was a little too hard, and I wouldn't stand it. I *sucked her till very tight*."—*Lynn (Mass.) News.*

AVOID DEBT.

The youth of this country should be taught to avoid debt, as the bane of their lives. Pay as you go—is a golden maxim. It should be the rule of private life. True economy would make it the governmental practice. Its wisdom could be profitably taught in our institutions of learning, in lieu of a portion of some other things upon which American scholars waste so much time and money.

Mayor Wood of New York is said to be

a cigar maker by trade, next became a ship chandler, and then entered the shipping business, at which he amassed a handsome fortune. He is a native of Philadelphia, and twelve years ago was a member of Congress.

Elder Adams is playing Richard III

during the week, and opening on Sundays, at Portsmouth, N. H.

Whit's Sam.

The H. is held by Virginia.

ADDRESS OF W. L. CAMPBELL, ESQ.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE "BERLIN BENEFICIAL SOCIETY," OF ADAMS COUNTY.
 [MAY 28th, 1855.]
 EAST BERLIN, May 29, 1855.

Dear Sir—The undersigned, on behalf of the members of the "Berlin Beneficial Society," beg leave to tender you our thanks for the able and eloquent Address you delivered before us yesterday. In soliciting a copy for publication, we express as well the wishes of the members of the Association, as of the Committee, that you will accede to our request, and thus give the Address a more extended and permanent publication. We have the honor to subscribe ourselves,

Very respectfully, yours, &c.,
 WILLIAM WOLF,
 J. J. KUHN,
 G. J. SCHWARTZ,
 J. B. BAUGHMAN,
 H. RAFFENSPERGER,
 Committee of Arrangement.

GETTYSBURG, June 5, 1855.

GENTLEMEN—Your polite and complimentary note, of the 29th ult., is at hand. I feel honored, over much, by your kind notice of my Address before your Association. I would that it had been more worthy of the occasion, and the body of noble-hearted men, upon which, and before whom it was delivered. Such as it is, it is at your disposal. I have the honor to be, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,
 W. L. CAMPBELL.

Messrs. WM. WOLF,
 J. J. KUHN,
 G. J. SCHWARTZ,
 and others.

Gentlemen of the Beneficial Association

Upon this beautiful May morning, perhaps the most delightful season of the year, when all nature, animate and inanimate, seems alive to the praise of the great Creator of all things; when peace and smiling prosperity are within our bosoms; when every mountain, hill, and valley is hung in the gorgeous scenery of nature, you have come up here to meet your brethren of the association, to interchange the greeting of an exalted friendship, to lay upon the altar of your society renewed feelings of fidelity and love, to take counsel as to the interests of your association, and to return thanks to Almighty God for having watched over you and protected you, as an association, from your first existence down to the present. How cheerfully the scene this day presented to our hearts! While the hand of death, within the past few years, has been busy with some of the other societies in our county, and fearful of our brethren have silently, one by one, dropped into the grave, and we have been called upon to bear them to the church-yard, and shed a tear to their memory, your association has escaped the shaft of the fell destroyer, no one of your number has been called to his long home, but you have steadily advanced in numbers, prosperity and wealth. Indeed it is a remarkable fact that you have not had one single death in your society since its organization, and this, too, stretching through a period of more than twelve years! Twelve long years! Ah! what changes take place in that period of time! How many vacant seats are made around the old family hearth; how many warm, kind hearts cease to beat; how many eyes grow dim with age; and yet in all this time not once has it been your painful duty to sit by the bedside of your dying brother, to wipe the damps of death from his brow, to bear him to his last rest, and nourish his little ones when he had gone. Although these are some of the cardinal principles upon which your association is based, yet it has never been your lot, experimentally, to know and feel them. Again, how cheerfully the scene presented to our hearts this day in point of numbers. On the 7th day of April, in the year 1843, sixteen of your number set this enterprise in motion. Then it was that these pioneers in this undertaking banded themselves together into a brotherhood, in order to be of mutual assistance to each other in times of sorrow and distress, of sickness and of death. Then it was that these sixteen men deposited in your midst the seed of benevolence, friendship, charity, and good will to man.—They nourished it with their tears, guarded it with their prayers, watched it with a jealous eye. Under the blessing of Providence it struck its roots deep in the earth, reached forth its long arms, put on a bright foliage, and this day one hundred and fifteen sit down under its cooling shade. Here the aged of your number may find a sure staff upon which to lean as he totters to the grave, and die with the knowledge that a long train of sympathizing brethren will follow him to his rest, and pour the oil of gladness into the heart of his bereaved wife and orphan children. Here, when the strong man is stricken down with disease, he may pillow his head, and find a hand ever ready to administer to his wants and necessities. Here, when the cold blasts of adversity blow across the garden of the heart, you may turn for comfort, assistance, and advice. Within the bosom of your association no Shylock can come to demand his pound of flesh, to take away the widow's mite, for it is placed beyond the reach of the law, no execution can touch it. Like the small acorn, which in time becomes the lord of the forest, and rears its head to battle with the lightning and the storm, so has your association, from a small beginning, increased in numbers and power until it has become so deeply rooted in the affections of the people that it must endure through all time. Again, how cheering is the scene presented to your hearts. So far as our knowledge extends, have you one of the richest bodies of men, in the land, for our country. The interest upon your money, for the last year, has more than paid all the expenses of the association, and you had in your treasury, at the last settlement, some \$2,150. I do not suppose that in the same period of time, there ever has been an enterprise of the kind, started in our county, which has reached the same point of wealth that you have. You have far outstripped all others of which I have any knowledge. You have increased in numbers and in wealth with wonderful rapidity. It was at first but an experiment, and like all other experiments you, no doubt, had opposition to contend with. There are those who prophesied that in a year or two your society would become a sickly thing, if not a total failure, a total absorption. But these

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prophets and sons of prophets have been mistaken for once in their lives, and your society, instead of dying a premature death, now bids fair to become the most useful, most permanent, and safest institution of the kind in our country. Others, it is true, languish for the want of means; some have been rent asunder by internal broils and dissensions; but you have quietly, steadily, and peacefully gone on increasing in wealth, numbers, and prosperity, until you occupy a position already which but few societies in our county may hope to reach. Occupying this elevated stand you have right, gentlemen, to be proud of your association, and you ought to feel a deep, permanent, and abiding interest in its welfare.

Let us now, for a few moments, turn our attention to the main, leading features of your association, its objects and designs. And in the first place, all societies, having a tendency to create feelings of brotherly kindness and love, based upon the principles of mutual support and assistance in times of distress, sickness, and death, the cultivation of charity and good will to our fellow men, are of the most praise-worthy and exalted character. "Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you," and "love thy neighbor as thyself," is the golden rule by which all our actions and conduct ought to be regulated. We are but members of one great family, each individual man is but a unit of one vast brotherhood, descended from the same common stock, having wants and interests in common, being liable to the same embarrassments, difficulties, sorrows, and trials; tending to the same grave and awaiting the same end. The air we breathe, the light we enjoy, the bread we eat are given to us by the same kind hand, and being so constituted, and having in these things in common, each one must, in a greater or less degree, contribute to each other's happiness. Man cannot be happy without man, and the law of association is stamped on all nature. In many instances the stars are grouped together; flowers, and trees, and plants of the same kind, bloom and flourish best in the same soil, and in the same garden; "birds of a feather will flock together;" it was not good for man to be alone and a help-mate was provided for him. Our interests are so identified that the one cannot live without the other, and that man who supposes that he has a right to live for himself exclusively, who wraps himself up in his own selfishness, who snubs and sneers at his neighbor, is a mere blank in God's creation.

Indeed the grand end of all law and society is to afford protection to all, and thereby secure the happiness of all. Cut an individual entirely off from his fellow men, banish him from society, and he is miserable and wretched indeed. Bring him into an association of his fellow men, having a unity of interests, one and the same object to be attained, give him to feel that there are hearts in that association which beat towards him with a brother's love, give him to know that, when the hand of sickness is laid heavy upon him, he will be provided for and cared for, let him feel when he dies there will be a green spot where his ashes may rest in peace, and kind hands to wipe away the tear of affliction from the eye of his bereaved wife and children, and you render the man happy indeed. How refreshing and cheering it is to now and then turn aside from the worn and beaten track of life; from the dimensions and heart-burnings which too often array man against man, from the "rush for power, the struggle to be rich, the war of passion, and the cry of wrath," which are continually going on in the great world, and take shelter in the bosom of some association of men, where there is but one feeling of love and kindness; but one ambition to be reached, and that the ambition of doing good, but one object to be attained, brotherly kindness, good will to man.—Such an association is like an oasis in the desert, a river glutting a dry place, a great rock, overshadowing a weary land. No great good can be accomplished without association, the formation of men into bodies, into societies. It is an old saying that "united we stand, divided we fall." Almost every great enterprise which ever shook nations, or made monarchs tremble in their capitals, has been the result of association.—When the old thirteen colonies were rocked by the storm of the revolution, our fathers knew full well that, if they ever did succeed in throwing off the yoke of bondage and tyranny, which had long been patiently borne, and established their independence and freedom amongst the nations of the earth, it must be done by standing shoulder to shoulder, presenting one undivided front, making one individual effort. And so they formed an association, under the name of the "United States of America," and pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor to maintain the great facts set forth in the Declaration of Independence, which was to them their constitution and their by-laws. The struggle was a fearful one, stretching through eight years of toil, and blood, and smoke, but being so united, so associated, and bound together, they were in the end victorious.

The Christian church, throughout the world, is but a society of men and women, an association of individuals, having but one grand object in view, to wit, the spread of the Redeemer's kingdom, and they know full well that in order to accomplish this stupendous undertaking, there must be concert of action, unanimity of feeling, but one desire, one hope, one object in view. This great republic is but one sisterhood of states, one vast brotherhood, knit and bound together for each other's happiness and prosperity; every individual man, in this great family of twenty-five millions of freemen, is a member of that association, and feels a deep interest in the happiness of the whole mass. Strike one discordant note upon the chord which binds the Union together, and the great heart of the Republic feels the shock in every part. Communities are but associations of individuals formed for each other's support, comfort and protection. It is natural for men to associate themselves together in order to accomplish any undertaking.—Associations exist in every business and department of life. We have in our country societies for the circulation of the Bible, tracts, &c. Young men's debating clubs, teachers' associations, old fellows, sons of temperance, &c. Now you have formed a society, and you have a certain object in view; what is that object? In looking over your constitution and by-laws I find the following provisions, which will fully explain the object of your association:— "A sick and disabled member, confined to his bed, and requiring the attention of a nurse, shall receive \$1.50 a week; and if his disease be of a less serious character, yet so as to incapacitate him from following and prosecuting his professional labors, he shall receive \$2.50 per week, which allowance is to continue until he is restored to health, or until he dies. In case of his death the association shall pay to his widow or relatives \$25, for and towards his decent interment, and at the next stated meeting each member shall pay an extra contribution of 25 cts., which shall be given to the widow. If the deceased was a widower and leave minor children, then the 25 cts. extra is to be paid to the guardian of said children. Should the deceased member be an unmarried man then the members shall pay at the next regular meeting 12 1/2 cts. each, which is to go to the widow or children of such deceased members as a committee appointed for that purpose shall deem fit. If the wife of a member die, such member shall receive \$15 towards her interment. If any member shall be disabled by reason of old age, bodily infirmity, casualty, or become mentally deranged, he shall receive \$2.50 per week during such disability or affliction. In case of the sickness of a member, confined to bed, a committee is appointed to sit up with him, and attend to his wants." From these and similar expressions in your constitution and by-laws, it is plain to be seen that your association is based upon benevolence, mutual support, friendship, and love. Perhaps the most beautiful feature in your constitution and by-laws, is the golden rule by which all our actions and conduct ought to be regulated. We are but members of one great family, each individual man is but a unit of one vast brotherhood, descended from the same common stock, having wants and interests in common, being liable to the same embarrassments, difficulties, sorrows, and trials; tending to the same grave and awaiting the same end. The air we breathe, the light we enjoy, the bread we eat are given to us by the same kind hand, and being so constituted, and having in these things in common, each one must, in a greater or less degree, contribute to each other's happiness. Man cannot be happy without man, and the law of association is stamped on all nature. In many instances the stars are grouped together; flowers, and trees, and plants of the same kind, bloom and flourish best in the same soil, and in the same garden; "birds of a feather will flock together;" it was not good for man to be alone and a help-mate was provided for him. Our interests are so identified that the one cannot live without the other, and that man who supposes that he has a right to live for himself exclusively, who wraps himself up in his own selfishness, who snubs and sneers at his neighbor, is a mere blank in God's creation.

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