THE COMPILER.

A Democratic, News and Family Journal.

By H. J. STAHLE. "TRUTH IS MIGHTY, AND WILL PREVAIL." TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR.

41ST YEAR. GETTYSBURG, PA.: MONDAY, AUG. 29, 1859. NO. 48.

TERMS OF THIS PAPER.

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JOB PRINTING done with neatness and dispatch.

OFFICE in South Baltimore street, directly opposite Wamplers' Tinning Establishment—"COMPILER" on the sign.

D. McConaughy,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, (office one door west of Buehler's drug and book store, Chambersburg street,) ATTORNEY AND SOLICITOR FOR PATENTS AND PENSIONS. Bounty Land Warrants, Back-pay suspended Claims, and all other claims against the Government at Washington, D. C.; also American Claims in England. Land Warrants located and sold, or bought, and highest prices given. Agents engaged in locating warrants in Iowa, Illinois and other western States. ☞Apply to him personally or by letter.

Gettysburg, Nov. 21, '53.

J. C. Neely,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, will attend to collections and all other business intrusted to his care with promptness. Office nearly opposite Fahnestock's Store, Baltimore street.

Gettysburg, April 11, 1859. tf

Wm. B. McClellan,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.—Office on the south side of the public square, 2 doors west of the Sentinel office.

Gettysburg, August 22, '53.

Edward B. Buehler,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, will faithfully and promptly attend to all business entrusted to him. He speaks the German language.—Office at the same place, in South Baltimore street, near Forney's drug store, and nearly opposite Danner & Ziegler's store.

Gettysburg, March 20.

Dr. A. W. Dorsey,

FORMERLY of Carroll county, Md., having permanently located in Gettysburg, offers his professional services to the citizens of the town and surrounding country in the practice of the various branches of his *profession*. Office and residence, Baltimore street, next door to The Compiler office, where he may be found at *all times when not professionally engaged.*

REFERENCES.

Prof. Nathan R. Smith, Baltimore, Md.
Rev. Augustus Webster, D. D., Baltimore Md.
Dr. J. L. Warfield, Westminster, Md.
Dr. W. A. Mathias, " "
Jacob Reese, Esq., " "
John K. Longwell, Esq., " "
Geo. E. Wampler, Esq., " "
Rev. Thomas Bowen, Gettysburg.

Oct. 25, 1858. 6m

J. Lawrence Hill, M. D.

HAS his office one door west of the Lutheran church in Chambersburg street, and opposite Picking's store, where those wishing to have any Dental Operation performed are respectfully invited to call. REFERENCES: Drs. Horner, Rev. C. P. Krauth, D. D., Rev. H. L. Baugher, D. D., Rev. Prof. M. Jacobs, Prof. M. L. Stover.

DENTIST.

Gettysburg, April 11, '53.

New Livery

ESTABLISHMENT.—CHARLES M. TATE has opened a new Livery establishment, at the stables on Washington street, occupied in part by the "Eagle Hotel," and has made such arrangements as will enable him to accommodate the public at all times, on reasonable terms, with Horses, Buggies, Hacks, &c. His stock is good. On funeral occasions, &c., he will be able to supply a want which has been much needed.

☞Terms CASH. [May 24, '58.

Here We Are Again!

JUST from the city with the best and cheapest assortment of SYRUPS and MOLASSES that we have yet offered, calculated to please all persons in quality and prices: SUGARS, a very large stock, low; COFFEES, TEAS, Chocolate Rice, Cheese, Spices, (all kinds,) Crackers and Tea Cakes, Vinegar, Pickles, Sugar-cured HAMS and SHOULDERS, Lard, Shad, Mackerel and Herrings, Salt, Cedar-ware, Tubs, Buckets, &c.; Baskets, Flour Sieves, Brooms, Brushes, &c.; all kinds of Cordage, Concentrated Lye; Extra and Superfine FLOUR, all kinds of Feed; Potatoes, Fresh Butter and Eggs constantly on hand; Fancy Goods, Confectionaries and Fruit. Give us a call. It affords us pleasure to show our large and inviting stock.

NORBECK & MARTIN.

Gettysburg, May 30, 1859.

Groceries,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.—Molasses and Sugar by the barrel, Coffee by the sack, and all kinds of Groceries, either by the quantity or in small amounts, at prices that defy competition. Call at once at

April 4. FAHNESTOCK BROS'.

Wood-land

AT PRIVATE SALE.—I will sell at private sale 52 ACRES OF LAND, on the banks of Marsh creek, near Bream's Mill, 40 Acres of which is heavily timbered. If not sold prior to the first day of July it will then be laid out in lots to suit purchasers and sold at public sale.

May 16, 1859. GEO. ARNOLD.

Globe Inn,

MECHANICSTOWN, Frederick county, Md.—Having been renovated and re-furnished, the proprietor assures the public that a call is only needed, as he guarantees full satisfaction in every case. Charges moderate.

HENRY HERR, Proprietor.

Feb. 14, 1859. tf

Marble Yard Removed.

THE subscriber having removed his place of business to East York street, a short distance below St. James' Church, would announce to the public that he is still prepared to furnish all kinds of work in his line, such as Monuments, Headstones, &c., &c., of every variety of style and finish, with and without bases and sockets, to suit purchasers, and at prices to suit the times. Persons desiring anything in his line will find it a decided advantage to examine his stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere.

WM. B. MEALS.

Gettysburg, March 21, 1859.

Cheap Clothing.

GEORGE ARNOLD, at his Clothing Emporium, has now got his stock of Spring and Summer Clothing—full and well assorted, all of our own make, and warranted well made. We have just received from the city, a large stock of Cloths, Cassimeres, Drillings, Jeans, Italian Cloth, Parametta Cloth, Tweeds, Summer Cassimeres, Linens, Vestings, &c., all of which will be sold at prices to suit the times. We have hands constantly cutting and making up, and if we cannot please you in a garment ready made, we can take your measure and make you up a garment upon short notice. As usual Mr. Culp is always on the spot with shears and measure in hand, at your service. Please call, as we will not be undersold by any other establishment in town. [April 11, 1859.

More New Goods,

AT COBEAN & CULP'S.—All the new styles of HATS and SHOES—Trunks, Carpet Bags, Umbrellas, Wall Paper, Window Blinds, Saddles, Bridles, Fly-nets, Buggy Harness, &c., *cheap for cash*, at the sign of the *Big Boot*.

June 27, 1859.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, of every kind, including the "Universal Feed Cutter," Improved Premium Eagle Plow, Corn Sheller, manufactured at Chicopoo Falls, Mass., for sale by SHEADS, BUEHLER & KURTZ.

GRIDDLES, for baking cakes, adapted to any stove—for sale at SOAP STONE Store Ware Room. Sheads, Buehler & Kurtz. The use of grease These griddles do away with are coming in the baking of griddle cakes, Aug. 8. into general use.

FANCY BONNETS and trimmings, very handsome—call and see them at the store of GEO. ARNOLD.

Poet's Corner.

DICKIE LEE.

BY JENNIE MARCH.

Oh, Dickie Lee! Oh, Dickie Lee,
Of the sunny days gone by;
The bonny lad I called my lover,
The bonny lad that loved no other,
No other lass but me!
Oh, we were in love when our years were few,
And our hearts were fresh as the morning dew—
Six years was I, and seven was he:
And since those days long years have passed—
Long years of blossoms and of blast;
But in them all there never grew
A love more sweet, a love more true,
Than that of Dickie Lee!

I often think of Dickie Lee,
And the summers long ago—
Of the old school-house and the little brook,
With its mossy banks in the shady nook,
Were we would fish, 'till the bell did ring,
With our "home-made line" of a bonnet string,
And a crooked pin that served for a hook,
And learned more joy than the spelling-book.
But if we were late, and the teacher cross,
The blow and rebuke! "counted as dross,"
And during it all, I only could see
The sparkling dark eyes of my Dickie Lee!

I wonder now if Dickie Lee
Looks back across the years,
Smiling, perhaps, at the thought of me,
And the funny times we used to see,
In that school-house dim of yore!
On the little bench close by the door,
The little bench that would hold but four—
Jenie, Louis, Dickie and me—
And the lambs of the flock were we.
I wonder now if he ever thinks
Of the dreadful time he stole the pinks
And roses rare to give to me?
And what befell poor Dickie Lee?

They tell me that my Dickie Lee
Is a man of wealth and pride;
That he has ships upon the sea,
Titles, too, of a high degree,
And that a lady became his bride.
Very well, so let it be,
Fickle have I been as he.

'Tis many a year since he was my lover,
Loving me well, and loving no other;
'Tis many a year since the barefoot lad
Romped close by my side, making merry and glad;
'Tis many a year, 'tis many a year,
That seals up the past and brings down a tear—
But I think of him yet as a laughing boy,
Knowing or dreaming nought but joy,
Unless he dreamt of me
And I would see the man of care,
That calls himself Richard Lee;
That has wasted checks and thin grey heir,
For, oh! he would steal from me
Something I love and cherish well,
An image shrined in a secret cell,
And it is dear to me;
Though the face is freckled and plain and lean,
Yet memory calls it bright and serene,
And keeping the spot of its dwelling green
For the sake of Dickie Lee,
The little boy that long ago
Was really in love with me!

—Home Journal.

Miscellaneous.

The "Try Company."

A gentleman who was riding in the cars, noticed a bright little fellow, between five and six years of age, sitting with his father and mother, and engaged in the attempt to unloose the knot of the string that bound a small parcel. The knot had become well compacted, and the child's tiny fingers seemed to make no impression thereon. The patient earnestness of the little fellow was contrasted with the apparent indifference of his parents, who looked on, but made no attempt to assist him. At last the gentleman, whose sympathies with children were warm, could bear the sight no longer; so, to help the child, and partly to rebuke the parents, he took out his knife and handing it to the boy said:—

"Here, my little fellow, try the virtue of a sharp blade. You can not untie the knot."

Something to his surprise, the knife was not taken; but, instead, the child answered with a smile—

"Please, sir, father don't allow me to say I can't; I belong to the 'Try Company.'"

"Indeed!" said the gentleman, as he drew back his hand. "I never heard of that company before."

"Oh, I've always belonged to it. Have I not, father?" and the child turned, with an expression of loving confidence in his face, towards his father.

"He's a worthy member of that excellent association, sir" remarked the father, now speaking to the gentleman, and smiling in a pleasant way.

"Ah, I understand you!" Light was breaking in upon his mind. "This is a part of your discipline. You never permit your little boy to say I can't."

"But, instead, I'll try, sir."

"Excellent," said the gentleman. "Excellent! Here is the way that men are made.—It is the everlasting *I can't*, that is dwarfing the energies of thousands upon thousands all over the land. A feeble effort is made to overcome some difficulty, and then the arms fall wearily, and the task is abandoned."

"And who is the most to blame for this?" was inquired.

"Parents," was the unhesitating reply.—"Parents who fail to cultivate patience and perseverance in their children. Parents who carry them when they should let them walk, even though their feet may be weary. I see it all as clear as light, and see my own fault at the same time. I cut the knot of difficulty for my children every day, instead of requiring them to loosen it themselves. But, sir, they shall join the 'Try Company' after this. I'll have no more knot cutting in my house."

How is it with you, reader, child or man? Are you a member of the "Try Company?" If not, and you have any ambition to be something more than a drone in the hive, join it at once; and from this time forth never let the words "I can't" find a place on your lips.

She "Flu the Track!"—A Mississippi County Court Clerk, having issued a marriage license for a young man, shortly after received the following note from him:

STEATE OF MISS July the 5 1859.

Mr. Moody pleas let This matter stand over until further orders the girl has Flu the track By her own Request and Release my name off of this Bond if you ples.

Kansas Constitution.—The Wyandotte (Kansas) *Argus* says:—"All our reports from the Territory confirm the belief that the Constitution will be voted down by a large majority."

☞Dr. Haves, one of the companions of Dr. Kane, will organize, shortly, another Arctic Expedition, under the auspices of the American Scientific Association.

☞Two chivalrous boys, of Alexandria, Va., aged respectively 16 and 17, went out and fought a duel "about a lady," on Saturday evening week.

Cure for Hydrophobia and Poisonous Snake Bites.

There have been a multitude of remedies published for hydrophobia and for bites from posionous snakes; but the medical faculty have not found any of them infallible. This is particularly true of hydrophobia—the most terrible malady with which the human frame can be afflicted. It has, we believe, come to be conceded that profuse draughts of ardent spirits, if promptly taken, will, in most cases, prevent any fatal result from rattle-snake bites; but hydrophobia is still held to be incurable. We have no hesitation, therefore, in publishing the following, because even if the recipe given shall not prove all that is claimed, a trial can do no harm:

"ALBANY, August 13, 1859.

"To the Editor of the Albany Evening Journal:

"In perusing this morning's paper, I observed a case of hydrophobia, which thus far has been a stumbling block for physicians in general to overcome. I feel in duty bound, gentlemen, as I am in possession of an infallible remedy for that most to-be-lamented disease, here to make it public, especially when attended with scarcely any expense, hoping those afflicted will make timely use of it:—

"RECIPE—Dissolve a pint of common table salt in a pint of boiling water, scarify the part affected freely, then apply the salt water with a cloth as warm as the patient can bear it, repeating the same for at least an hour.

"The same recipe has been successfully applied for the bite of rattlesnakes. Hoping thus to be instrumental in rescuing human life,

"I am, gentlemen, yours most respectfully,

"RENATUS BACHMANN."

Russian Babies.

It is said that Russian babies look like so many idols with their heads carved out and the rest of the body left in a block. The appearance is caused by their being rolled up in tight bandages, (leaving only the head out,) so that they may be put away out of mischief and danger. On going into a Russian house you may find one little fellow on a shelf, another hung to the wall on a peg, a third hung over one of the main beams of the roof, and racked by the mother, who has the chord looped over her foot.

"Why, that is a child?" you exclaim, looking close to be sure you are not mistaken.

"Of course, what should it be?" answers the mother.

Yes, sure enough, it is a child, but so dirty that you cannot help asking—"When was it washed?"

"Washed!" shrieks the mother, "washed! what, wash a child? You would kill it."

Not Satisfied.

Last week a hard-working sailor returned to Milwaukee, after a five years' absence in California, with but little more cash than he took away with him. He left a wife and two children when he went away, and the first thing on his arrival was to seek out his family. He found them in the Third Ward, and after kissing his wife, saw with astonishment that his children, like sheep in the wheat, had doubled in the five years, as in place of two, there were now four, and one quite small. He looked at his wife. He then looked at his babies. Then at his wife, who stood silently by. Back and forth, from one to the other for full five minutes he gazed, then broke out with: "Well, Mary, for a small woman, without help, you've raised h—ll amazingly!"

Gold.

A cubic inch of gold is worth one hundred and forty-six dollars; a cubic foot, two hundred and eighty-eight thousand dollars; a cubic yard, six millions eight hundred and seventy-six dollars. The quantity of gold now in existence is estimated to be three thousand millions of dollars, a cubic of twenty three feet.

The relative value of gold to silver, in the days of the patriarch Abraham, was one to eight; at the period of B. C. 1100, it was one to twelve; B. C. 500, it was one to thirteen; at the commencement of Christian Era, it was one to thirteen; A. D. 1700, it was one to fifteen and a half; which latter ratio, with but slight variation, it has maintained to the present day.

☞A French magistrate, noted for his love of the pleasures of the table, speaking one day to a friend, said:

'We have just been eating a superb turkey; it was excellent, stuffed with truffles to the neck, tender, delicate, and of a high flavor. We left only the bones.'

'How many of you were there?' said his kind friend.

'Two,' replied the magistrate, the turkey and myself.'

Ill-Sorted Matches.—In a recent letter on marriage, Rev. G. W. Woodruff, (of Ct.) said: 'I know of no more distressing thing than a large-hearted, noble, expansive man linked to a petulant, little-souled, henpecking woman, or a noble woman linked to one of those sordid, mean little libels upon manhood. If such is your case, why get a divorce in Heaven's name, and God help.'

☞A circus-rider, when standing on the back of a galloping horse, and occasionally leaping through hoops or over a banner, only jumps up; for having already the motion of the horse, he goes forward at the same rate as if he sat on its back; if he were to add to this the force of a leap forward, he would light on the ground before the horse's head.

☞At a recent exhibition of paintings, a lady and her son were regarding with much interest a picture which the catalogue designated as "Luther at the diet of Worms." Having discanted at some length upon its merits, the boy remarked: "Mother, I see Luther and the table, but where are the Worms."

A Weed Law.—The *Ohio Farmer* calls for the passing of a stringent law to compel the destruction of noxious weeds by every person on the land he owns, before the seeds are ripened, the penalty of non-performance to be a fine, to go to the school fund. The same paper says that traveling threshing machines are "evil monsters"—they distribute vile seeds everywhere; and that the farmer who employs them regularly, will soon find that by their free carrier system he will get weeds among his grain.

A Queer Invention.—Among the list of patents granted last week, by the United States Patent Office, we notice the following:

Theodore Lipshuts and David C. Jones, of Balston Spa, N. Y.—For self-acting battery for scaring crow, &c.

Wonder what will come next.

A Good Idea.—One hundred street lamps, labeled with the names of the streets, are to be placed on as many principal corners in New York, by way of experiment.

☞Few pity us for our misfortunes; thousands hate us for our success.

Communication.

MR. EDITOR:—Allow me, through the columns of your paper, to call the attention of your readers to an incident that will doubtless be read with interest. A contemporary not long since, was furnished with several *original Poems* of modern date, but said that he could not publish them, particularly the first one, for it was very imperfectly written and not in accordance with poetic laws. And after being very politely requested to point out the imperfections which he had spoken of, was unable to do so. And as all would very readily suppose, to make it appear that he was disposed to act the part of a gentleman, immediately recanted, and said he would gladly make room for them in his paper. The first one published, which was *given as a fable*, and entitled the "Woman Choosing for Her Three Sons," over which he inserted what we wish to call attention to, and to which we will shortly refer, the first sentence of which is a gross falsehood, and the remainder we doubt not, cannot help but render itself perspicuous to the mind of every intelligent reader, as a mixture of unmeaning sentences and palpable absurdities. It is as follows:

"☞We have been earnestly solicited to give the following verses a place in our columns. We publish them *verbatim*, and if the reader, in wading through the lengthy effusion, encounters difficulties, he will have to allow the author more 'license' than *poets* generally claim, and make up the deficiency as he goes along. Here goes:"

(And then inserted the poem.)

And after having his attention particularly directed to the fallacy in the above article, and like many others, the disposition therein manifested to depreciate the merit in another that they do not possess themselves. And then in a subsequent issue, we find written over a production of the same author something equally destitute of good sense, and in which envy and malice yet shone more conspicuously. It is this:

"☞We refresh our readers again with some poetry from the pen of Mr. JOHN A. MILLER. We have the best reason in the world for making room for it. A person is in a terrible fix when he wants to say something and can't, or to have an idea without words to express it. Those who admire the style of 'Rouse's Version' will be pleased with the following. Again we say—Here goes:"

(After which the poem followed.)

And since these ably written productions, and beautiful gems of thought, have attracted much attention, and the painful recollection of the opprobrious reception, indubitable exposition of fallacy, and the contemptuous manner in which they were disposed of by the writer above referred to, has aroused the indignation of many intelligent and respectable friends of Mr. M., who are impressed with a just sense of his superior moral and intellectual worth. They have determined to bear his head above the waves that threaten to engulph him, and the storm of envy and malice which seek to ruin him. Through their urgent solicitations, he has been induced to reply to his antagonist through the medium of your paper in poetic language.

Mr. M. is a gentleman of humble birth, sterling integrity, unsurpassed native genius, and an ornament to society—may he live long in the enjoyment of peace, health and prosperity, and valiantly wield his able pen in defence of truth, morality and virtue, and prove a powerful auxiliary in the spreading of useful knowledge.

A CITIZEN.

For The Compiler.

IN A TERRIBLE FIX.

BY JOHN A. MILLER.

All in a fix most terrible,
We know must any person be,
Who anxious is a fault to find,
But nowhere can an error see.

Or, when abroad would laud his name,
As faithful, honest, true and kind;
Maliciously will speak of that
With which he could no error find.

It to accomplish will recant,
But in the operation lie;
Or very earnestly said he,
One did to him for aid apply.

Solicited most earnestly,
To publish full the poem long,
Which is as destitute of truth,
As was the fable in our song.

And then again we hear him say,
Bad in a fix a man must be,
If something wishes he to say,
But right to say it cannot he.

Or if an idea he should have,
Which to express no language knows—
Like one when he run out of gass,
Could nothing say then but—here goes.

Of his grand insignificance
Could make our poem very long;
Too trifling think to mind is he,
And deem it best to end our song.

But if conceit should urge him on,
And thinks we're not therewith to go,
Just let him then to this reply,
And more about it then he'll know.

August 16, 1859.

☞The apple crop, says the Lancaster (Pa.) *Express*, is progressing finely, and the orchards are everywhere loaded down with this luscious fruit.

☞The cannonading at Solferino was heard at Trieste, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles.

☞Some descendent of Solomon has wisely remarked that they who go to law for damages are sure to get them.

☞The artesian well at Columbus, has reached a depth of two thousand and ten feet. Truly something of a bore.

☞Otho Harlan, of Blair county, Pa., has been sentenced to eighteen months imprisonment for poisoning horses. Served him right.

☞At the Queen's ball in London, recently, the Duchess of Richmond carried $150,000 on her head in the shape of a diamond tiara.

☞It is estimated that the wheat crop of Ohio, this year, will amount to 30,000,000 bushels.

☞A young man who received a *blowing up* from his sweetheart, resorted by calling her a wind-lass.

☞There are now in Ohio eight revolutionary soldiers, the youngest aged 93 and the oldest 101 years.

☞The Grape Crop around Cincinnati is said to be the largest ever grown there, and is estimated as worth $1,000,000.

☞New wheat is selling in Muscatine, Iowa, at 60 cents per bushed.

☞Rev. Mr. Gleizal, a Catholic priest, died in St. Louis on the 6th inst.

☞Ex-President Van Buren is writting his "Life and Times."

ADDRESS

TO THE

MUSICAL CONVENTION,

GETTYSBURG, JULY 20, 1859,

BY REV. S. S. SCHMUCKER, D. D.

RESPECTED AUDITORS:—We are told in the good book, which I trust you all love and often read, that on a certain occasion there was a large and noisy assemblage of people in the ancient city of Ephesus, which the Town Clerk dispersed, because they were in danger of being cited before the civil authorities, as there was "no cause whereby they could give an account of this concourse."

Now it is true, our meeting is more orderly than was that of Ephesus, and in this free country, we are in no danger of being called to account for the noise that is made to-day (if unfortunately our music should by any be mistaken for noise;) yet it is always proper, to have a clear idea of the reason of our actions, if not to answer to a human tribunal, yet to a higher one, to our conscience and our God.

If then I should interrogate you, why you are assembled here to-day, some of you would reply: We have come to cultivate music; others, we have come to enjoy the pleasures of a musical entertainment; and others still, we have come to spend a social hour with friends and acquaintances. Should you expect me, as the appointed speaker of the occasion, to answer this question, I would say: Gentlemen, your replies, though various, are all correct; but they are too subjective.—There is another reason that underlies all these, and it is this: *"We are here to-day, because God is good."*

Should this solution appear remote or obscure, let us analyze it and you will all understand, will all assent.

We reduce it to the following propositions:

1. It is God who taught our organs to articulate;

2. It is God, who taught our minds to discern and enjoy the relations of sound; and

3. It is God, who taught us to apply this faculty to useful purposes of life.

Now as God implanted into our mental structure a desire and an innate impetus to seek the pleasure, which this faculty affords; and as his goodness prompted him to do all this; therefore we are here to-day because *God is good.*

I. Our first inquiry therefore is: *Did the Creator confer on us such an organic structure as to indicate its musical design?*

Of this there can be no doubt. God so formed us, that the organs of man can make a certain circuit of elementary sounds, vowel, guttural, dental and labial, which constitute the oral alphabet of language, and combined into words serve to express our thoughts. As these organs of speech are alike in all men, these elementary sounds, or oral alphabetic letters made by them, are also nearly alike in all languages, although their written names and their combination into words, are very different. These sounds, when combined into words, form human language, which is and ever has been the universal and most important vehicle of thought amongst men in all ages and nations. But they are designed and may be employed for another purpose, which is of inferior, yet of great importance.—By being pronounced variously in regard to time, pitch, and force of utterance, the different notes constitute music; and you all know how the feelings of the heart are excited by singing, and by instrumental music, which consist of the same variety of notes.

These notes differ from each other chiefly in being higher or lower, that is, coarser or finer, graver or more acute; which *difference* is made by the different vibrations of the elastic membrane at the top of the windpipe of men and other animals, and of strings or wires in stringed instruments. By various most interesting experiments, conducted mainly by aid of instruments invented for this purpose, it has been established, that the range of sensibility of the ear for musical sounds, extends from seven vibrations to 24,000 per second!

There are other flections of the vocal organs, which together with the relation of the notes to *time* and force of *utterance*, distinguish the music as grave or cheerful, as soft or loud, ascending, descending, &c.

Some *irrational animals* can execute notes more grave or acute than man. The lion can sound a deeper base, and the titbird a higher and finer note than we. Some birds can give a warbling tone to their notes, not fully attainable by the human voice. Who does not remember the universal admiration, with which the far-famed Jenny Lind was heard, in her almost supernatural imitations of the warbling of feathered songsters, especially in her bird-song, which filled with ecstacies the admiring thousands that crowded her performances?

The science of music is based on the elasticity of the atmosphere, and the impressions made on it by the vibrations of musical strings or pipes, or of the elastic membrane at the top of the singer's windpipe. The number and frequency of vibrations and consequent coarseness or fineness of the notes depend on the length, thickness and tension of the strings.—Each human voice is capable of making with ease seven separate and distinct notes, each higher, or finer, or more shrill than the other. Female voices are finer than those of males.—The key note, with which females naturally begin to speak or sing, is eight notes, or an octave, higher than that of males. But whilst the human voice can naturally make little more than one octave of notes with ease, various musical instruments are so constructed as to make many more octaves. Thus ordinary piano-fortes contain seven repetitions of these seven notes, that is, seven octaves. On stringed instruments each one of all these forty-nine notes, is caused and distinguished by a perceptible difference in the vibrations of the strings, arising from their length, thickness and tension. Cords and discords arise from these vibrations of different notes, striking the ear together, or at different and irregular times. When they strike the ear at the same instant, the effect is pleasant and is termed a cord; when at different and irregular times they make a discord, which jars the ear. On this general scale of forty-nine or more notes (7 octaves) the lower class of notes is termed the bass, the tenor or air the next higher class, then the alto, and finally the treble or highest class. Yet neither of these classes or parts is absolutely confined to any one octave, but each one occasionally runs into higher or lower notes. The question here arises, are there not, properly speaking, only *seven* radical notes in nature, namely, those made by the tenor voice, or natural pitch; and are not the other higher and lower octaves of notes only repetitions of the natural octave, by voices or instruments of higher or lower pitch? We leave the decision to those who have made the philosophy of music their special study.

II. Let us now inquire into that musical faculty which God has implanted into our minds, in order that we might be enabled to enjoy and play on those various musical instruments, which he has attached to our bodies, and scattered far and wide over the material world. This talent is an integral part of the human mind. Although it is found in every possible gradation, from the musical genius of a Beethoven, a Haydn, a Handel and a Mozart, to the untutored Esquimeaux, who scarcely knows what music is; yet none are entirely destitute of it. Ask even the man who professes to have no musical sense at all, whether he does not take pleasure in the affectionate tones of a beloved sister or mother's voice; and his confession will involve the truth, that he is not totally insensible to the influence of sound.

This talent, like all others, is susceptible of cultivation. Sometimes also it is enhanced by loss of sight; for it is an acknowledged fact in psychology, that the loss of one sense adds acuteness to the operations of the others.—Music has accordingly been a favorite and successful study with the blind; and some of them have reached an extraordinary delicacy of ear. Thus the celebrated blind mathematician, Dr. Saunderson, could readily distinguish the fifth part of a note, and would have become an eminent musician, had he not preferred to devote his life to mathematics.

But is it not wonderful that the mind of man should receive thoughts and feelings from certain vibrations of the atmosphere, caused by the human voice or some stringed or wind instrument! Yet the laws and results of these vibrations are reduced to a science, whose discussions and principles are marked by mathematical precision, whilst the cords and discords can be witnessed by the eye in the coincidence or conflict of the vibrations on a musical string.

A string or wire made to vibrate two hundred and forty times, will produce the note C, or Do, which coincides with the note on which a man naturally begins to speak or sing, because in making this sound the membrane at the top of his windpipe makes the same number of vibrations. Place your finger on the middle of this string, dividing it into two equal parts, and each part will vibrate twice as often in a second as the whole string did, namely 480 times, and the note thus made by each half of the string, will be an octave higher than that made by the whole. It is remarkable that all notes which are octaves of each other, that is, are eight notes apart, harmonize and produce a pleasant impression on the mind, probably because all strings when struck, vibrate not only in one ellipse between the two ends, but have also an inferior vibration from the middle to each end. And even within these inferior vibrations, other vibrations still smaller are made by sub-divisions of the string. Thus the seven notes are made by the sub-divisions of a string. But it is very remarkable that whilst the octave of any note, is made by cutting into halves the string that makes it, the intermediate notes of that octave are not made by further bisections, but by cutting the string into unequal parts marked out by the sub-vibration of the longer string, namely into 3rds and 5ths and 8ths, not into 4ths and 6ths and 7ths! And it is equally remarkable that the human voice exhibits a tendency to change on the same cords, namely on 3rds, 5ths and 8ths as is witnessed in the city cries of fisher-women, oyster-men and chimney sweeps!

The elements of music are thus impressed on the atmosphere around our entire globe, and together with its implements are furnished by the Creator for man, for birds and other animals, whenever they choose to employ them. Here we see that God is the author of music, and the capacity to derive pleasure from musical sounds, is a striking proof of his goodness. God could have made us capable of language, without deriving any pleasure of sound. As in the organs of taste, he might have so formed us, that hunger would drive us to eat and thirst to drink, without our deriving pleasure from either, but has superadded pleasure to both; so also he added the pleasures of music to the sense of hearing, showing that the design of making life a state of happiness to all sentient creatures, entered into his original creative plan.

This structure of the earth, with its elastic atmosphere of 40 or 50 miles depth around it, presents it as one grand musical instrument, with myriads of rational and irrational animals over its surface playing on it, and drawing forth streams of pleasure in the tones and harmonies, the symphonies and melodies of which it is capable. On artificial pianos we play duets, but here is a grand piano, the workmanship of God, on which millions of men and birds and other animals can play together, whenever and wherever they please, and praise that august Being, who taught their organs to articulate, and their minds to perceive and appreciate the relations of sound. But music is of earlier date that even the creation itself.—The morningstars existed before it, and sang together, whilst all the sons of God shouted for joy when earth's foundations were laid. And if, as we have some reason to believe, and as Sir Isaac Newton himself conjectured, other planets or worlds are constructed like our own, we may regard the myriads of worlds which fill the regions of space as one great harmonicon, carrying on a grand united concert, as they revolve in their orbits, "forever singing as they shine, the hand that made us is divine."

It appears then that music is a native of every clime, and has been found in all ages and nations. Among the antediluvians we hear of musical instruments constructed by Jubal, the father of harps and pipes:* Gen. 4, 21. Among the Hebrews music was employed in religious worship, as well as at secular and social celebrations, but its nature seems to have been little more than a recitative chant.

They had no musical notation or notes, except a mere accent, and the well-known selah in the Psalms, which indicated a pause or repetition, or some other musical movement.—In Europe musical notes were not used until after the 11th century.

The English monk, *Dunstan*, in the tenth century, is thought to have composed the first piece of music, in which the several parts are carried on simultaneously. In modern times the Italians, Germans and French have most distinguished themselves in this department. Special advantages resulted to this science from the fact, that in the middle ages it was included in the quadrivium, and studied as a regular part of the Academic course of education. The use of written marks or notes to designate musical tones, was improved and brought into general use by John de Muris in the 14th century. But it has been only within a century that music has been reduced to mathematical precision, and discussed as one of the exact sciences, chiefly by the labors of Huygens, Saveau, Rameau and Euler. In our own age the science of music has been brought to great perfection, whilst vocal music as a practical art, is beginning to command general attention among all classes, and is regarded as a necessary part especially of a complete female education.

III. But let us hasten to inquire, to what useful purposes can music be applied.

Let it be remembered that music is not an end, but a means, and should be employed at such times and to such extent, as the contemplated end dictates. The person who spends all his time at music,

—*Pipes, but not organs as our common version readers it, for organs were not invented until the 7th or 8th century.

either vocal or instrumental, unless it be for professional purposes, makes it an end instead of a means. He thus wastes much time given him for other purposes, and neglects the active duties of life.

Even Miss Hannah Moore warns young ladies not to devote too much time to music, to the neglect of domestic duties. Music should be employed to soothe and cheer us in adversity, to relieve the mind by diverting it from severer studies or avocations of life, and to aid us in elevating our feelings of gratitude and love to God, in our daily devotions. But many, it is to be feared, abuse this wonderful talent to purposes of levity and revelry and debauchery, to the eternal ruin of their souls.

Music in itself has no moral character, and may be applied to sinful as well as holy purposes. It affords us no knowledge either religious or secular; it only excites feelings, and becomes sinful or holy when connected with thoughts sacred or profane. Nero, the prince of imperial tyrants, was passionately fond and studious of music. It is a well known fact, that the musical bands, which traverse the land, and perform at operas and theatres both in this country and in Europe, are by no means among the most moral portions of the community.

Music may properly be employed as a means of education, to cultivate the finer feelings of our nature. It has often been used to calm the raving maniac, to cheer the melancholy, and even to tame and quiet the wild beasts of a menagerie. It richly deserves to be regarded as a proper branch of popular education. Singing should be generally introduced among the daily exercises of our free schools, and instrumental music may justly claim a reasonable portion of attention in female education. Music tends to render more acute the sensibilities of our nature, to impress on the mind the sentiments to which it is played or sung, and to enlist our feelings in behalf of them. And whilst our secular "social lyres" and other music books, contain many sentiments which the true christian must deplore, especially such as excite admiration for mere military bravery, for war and blood-shed, as well as feelings bordering on licentiousness; yet, as a whole, the sentiments embodied in the most respectable and generally used works of this class, may be regarded as favorable to virtue, and the nobler feelings of our nature.

Here it affords me pleasure to bear testimony to the moral character of the musical bands of our town and vicinity, so far as my knowledge extends; and especially to the singing schools assembled here to-day. The design of these schools is to cultivate *sacred* music, to prepare the pupils to apply the musical talents which God has given them to the praise of the great Author of music, and to prepare them to unite intelligently and appropriately in the public devotions of the sanctuary, as well as in the social worship of the family. Those schools, when conducted with the propriety and decorum, which we are assured are always maintained by Professor Harry, are not only a source of rational enjoyment, and a means of preserving the young from vicious associations, but of cultivating the higher, the religious feelings of our nature, whilst the sacred truths thus imbedded in the heart, cannot fail to prove a blessing through life.

Again: music may appropriately be employed to enliven and entertain the *social* circle, after the graver and more important duties of the day have been dispatched. But here also it is a reproach to christian families, that whole evenings are often spent in listening to mere secular music, whilst Zion's songs are forgotten. It is unworthy the character of a *christian* lady, to spend evening after evening at the piano, controling the feelings of the listening circle around her, and never to utter a note of praise to her Redeemer, to whom angelic choirs tuned their harps; to forget him, to whom she professedly owes all her hopes; who taught her mind to appreciate and her hands to execute the sweet harmonies of sound!

How much more noble and consistent was the conduct of the British nobleman's daughter, of whom the following thrilling incident is related: Her father was a wealthy man of the world, and derived his pleasures from his riches, his honors and his friends. His daughter was the idol of his heart. Much had been expended in her education, and well did she repay by her intellectual endowments the solicitude of her parents. She was highly accomplished, amiable in her disposition and winning in her manners. But they were all strangers to God. At length the daughter attended a Methodist meeting in London, was deeply awakened and soon happily converted. Now she delighted in the service of the sanctuary and social religious meetings. To her the charms of Christianity were overpowering. She frequented the places where she met congenial minds, animated with similar hopes, and was therefore often found in the house of God.

The change was marked by her father with great solicitude. To see his daughter thus infatuated, caused him great grief, and he resolved to correct her erroneous notions on the subject of the real pleasures and business of life. He placed at her disposal large sums of money, hoping she would indulge in the fashions and extravagances of others of her birth, and forsake religious meetings, but she maintained her integrity. He took her on long and frequent journeys, in order to divert her mind from religion; but she still delighted in the Savior. After failing in all his efforts to subdue her interest in religion, he introduced her into company in such circumstanes, that she must either join in the recreation of the party, or give high offence. Hope lighted up the countenance of the infatuated but misguided father, as he saw his snare about to entangle in its meshes the object of his solicitude. It had been arranged among his friends, that several young ladies should, on the approaching festive occasion, give a song accompanied by the pianoforte. Several had performed their parts to the great delight of the company, who were in high spirits.—The nobleman's daughter was now called on for a song, and many hearts beat high in the hope of victory. Should she decline, she was disgraced; if she complied, their triumph was complete. This was the moment to seal her fate. With perfect self-possession she took her seat at the pianoforte, ran her fingers over its keys, and commenced playing and singing in a sweet air the following words:

"No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone;
If now the judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
The inexorable throne;
No matter which my thoughts employ,
A moment's misery or joy;
But oh, when both shall end,
Where shall I find my destined place?
Shall I my everlasting days
With friends or angels spend?"

She arose from her seat. The whole party was subdued. Not a word was spoken. Her father wept aloud. One