American Volunteer.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON. "OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY" AT $2 00 PER ANNUM.

VOL. 36. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 23, 1850. NO. 50.

New and Cheap Store.

THE subscribers respectfully announce to the citizens of Carlisle and the surrounding country, that they have just opened in the store room adjoining the store of Mr. J. G. Carmony, and directly opposite Monyer's Confectionary store, in North Hanover street, a splendid assortment of Dry Goods, consisting in part of

Cloths, Cassimeres,

Cassinets, Sattinets and Vestings; a great stock of Summer Goods for Men and Boys' wear; Mous. de laines, Lawns, Ginghams, Bareges, Alpachas, Barogé de Laines, Calicoes, Checks, Tickings; muslins, flannels, table and toweling drapers, table cloths, umbrellas, parasols, ribbons, stockings, gloves, linen, cambric and silk handkerchiefs, laces, edgings and insertings, cap nets, tarleton, swiss, book, mull, jaconet and cambric muslins; an elegant assortment of

Cheap Bonnets,

of the most fashionable kinds, Palm Leaf, Straw, and Braid Hats,

GROCERIES, QUEENSWARE,

Carpet chain, hardware, &c., some handsome and cheap carpets, together with a variety of Goods in our line, which have all been laid in at low prices, and will be sold cheaper than can be bought elsewhere.

We respectfully invite every body to call and judge for themselves, as we are determined to offer great bargains.

J. L. STERNER & CO.

April 4, 1850

Spring and Summer Dry Goods,

At the Cheap Wholesale and Retail Dry-goods Store of

ARNOLD & LEVI,

WHO are now opening the largest, handsomest, and cheapest assortment of Spring and Summer Goods ever brought to Carlisle, among which will be found a beautiful selection of

Ladies Dress Goods,

new styles; plain, changeable and striped Silks; Bareges, Silk Tissues, Berage de Laines, Lawns, Linen Lustres, Mouslin de Laines; French, English American and Scotch Ginghams; French and English Chintzes; Figured, striped, barred & plain Swiss and Book Muslins; Linen Cambric Handkherchiefs, French Worked Collars, Thread and Cotton Laces, and Edgings.

Bonnets & Ribbons,

of every kind, quality and price. Parasols & Sun Shades, a very handsome assortment.

DOMESTICS! DOMESTICS!!

Our stock of Domestics can not be excelled this side of Philadelphia. Purchased previous to the advance in cotton, we are enabled to sell 20 per cent. cheaper than those who purchased this spring. We have Muslins, Tickings, Checks, Osnaburgs, bleached and unbleached Table Diapers.

CARPETS! CARPETS!!

The largest assortment ever brought to Carlisle, which we are determined to sell 10 per cent. cheaper than the same quality can be purchased elsewhere. Mattings, Floor and Table Oil Cloths.

Boots & Shoes, for Men, Boys, Women and Children.

A Fresh Supply of Groceries, such as Sugar, Coffee, Teas, Molasses, &c. very cheap.

Persons wishing to purchase good and cheap goods, will do well to call and examine our extensive assortment before purchasing elsewhere.

Carlisle, March 28, 1850

The Big Gun has commenced Firing!

CHARLES OGILBY has commenced, and will be receiving for some days, his brilliant and very extensive stock of

Fresh Spring Goods,

and particularly invites all those who wish to lay there cash out to a good advantage to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere, as he is determined to distribute a great many good bargains this spring and summer. His stock consists in part of a large lot of fresh

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES,

Sattinetts, Tweeds Ky. Jeans, Velvet Cords, Beaverteens, linen and cotton Drillings, of every color and price. A general stock of Tickings, Checks, bl ached and unbleached Muslins, Sheetings, Toweling, Osnaburgs, Drillings and Bagging in great variety.

Ladies Dress Goods,

such as Silks, Satins, Lawns, Linen Lusters in great variety and of the latest importations. French Scotch, English and American Ginghams, of various styles; Chintzes and Calicoes, a large and cheap lot; a great assortment of Laces, Nettings and Edgings; the best stock of Hosiery and Gloves that has been in Carlisle for years; no stock of *Ribbons and Bonnets* like ours; a large lot of Parasols and Sun Shades, well calculated to please the ladies; and hundreds of other articles to please both ladies and gentlemen of the most refined taste.

Carpets.—The largest stock of Three Pl. Imperial, Ingrain, Venetian, Girthing and other Carpets.

Boots and Shoes.—Mens, Ladies, Boys, Girls and Childrens boots and shoes, in every variety, and very low.

Groceries.—A large assortment of Fresh Groceries, such as Coffee, Sugar, Tea, Spices, &c. Congress, Cavendish, Roll, Hand, and Cut and Dry Tobacco.

Come one, come all, and secure pretty and cheap goods at the lowest prices, and where you can have a stock of goods worth selecting from.

Carlisle, March 21, 1850.

A CARD,

OWENS & RICHARDS,

FROM PHILADELPHIA.

THE undersigned would most respectfully inform the citizens of Carlisle and its vicinity, that they have opened a

Marble Yard

in Carlisle, in South Hanover street, a few doors south of the Court House, and nearly opposite A. & W. Bentz's store, where they will be happy to wait on those who may favor them with a call. Having purchased a large stock of Marble for cash, they are determined to sell lower than any other shop this side of Philadelphia. They have some most beautiful designs for

Monuments, Head Stones, Mantels,

and every thing else in their line of business, which they will be pleased to show to any person that may be wanting them.

They are also the authorized agents of Mr. Robert Wood, of Philadelphia, and will furnish from his manufactory all varieties of Iron Railing for the enclosing of Grave lots and all other purposes, at the shortest notice and at Philadelphia prices.

They will also finish or manufacture all kinds of Building work, such as Sills, Steps, and Platforms, &c., at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms.

Having had great experience, and being employed in the best shops of Philadelphia, they are therefore enabled to manufacture the most fashionable work, and respectfully ask a share of the patronage of Carlisle and the surrounding country.

Carlisle, Feb. 21, 1850—tf

JOHN WILLIAMSON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW—Office in the house of Miss McGinnis, near the store of A. & W. Bentz, South Hanover street.

Carlisle, April 4, 1850—1y

THE AMERICAN VOLUNTEER,

is published every Thursday, at Carlisle, Pa., by JOHN B. BRATTON, upon the following conditions, which will be rigidly adhered to:

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

For one year, in *advance*,	$2 00
For six months, in *advance*,	1 00

No subscription taken for a less term than six months and no discontinuance permitted until all arrearages are paid.

Twenty-five per cent. additional on the price of subscription will be required of all those who do not pay in advance.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square, one insertion,	$ 50
One square, two insertions,	75
One square, three insertions,	1 00
Every subsequent insertion, per square,	25

A liberal discount will be made to those who advertise by the year, or for three or six months.

OFFICE.—The office of the *American Volunteer* is in the second story of James H. Graham's new stone building, in South Hanover street, a few doors south of the Court House, where those having business are invited to call.

Poetical.

THE SHOWER.

BY REV. RALPH HOYT.

In a valley that I know—
Happy scene!
There are on a lowe sloping low,
There the fairest flowers blow,
And the brightest waters flow,
All serene;
But the sweetest thing to see,
If you ask the dripping tree,
Or the harvest hoping swain,
Is the Rain!

Ah! the dwellers of the town,
How they sigh!
How ungratefully they frown,
When the cloud king shakes his crown,
And the pearls come pouring down
From the sky!
They descry no charm at all
Where the sparkling jewels fall;
And each moment of the shower
Seems an hour!

Yet there's something very sweet
In the sight,
When the crystal currents meet
In the dry and dusty street,
And then wrestle with the heat
In their might!
While they seem to hold a talk
With the stones along the walk,
And remind them of the rule,
To "keep cool!"

But in that quiet dell
Ever fair,
Still the Lord doth all things well,
When his clouds with blessings swell,
And they break, a brimming shell
On the air;
There the shower hath its charms,
Sweet welcome to the farms,
As they listen to its voice,
And rejoice!

Miscellaneous.

THE FRENCH PEDLAR IN SARDINIA.

Once, in Sardinia, at a village high up in the mountains, a pedlar whom we afterwards met in Genoa, arrived about Christmas during very severe weather. A farmer, whose daughter was to be married, kindly invited him to make some stay at his house. The pedlar accepted the invitation, and remained eight or ten days, kept a prisoner as it were by the hospitality of his host, and a perpetual succession of snow storms. He was present at the wedding, and at the merry making given by the family in the evening, where he noticed among the guests a young man of rather handsome appearance, who attracted much attention by the gloomy fierceness of his manner.

Towards most persons he preserved a sullen silence; but he relaxed with the pedlar, laughed and talked a great deal, inquired what route he meant to take, and how long it was likely to be before he was among them again.

In due time the pedlar quitted the farmhouse and proceeded on his way. The country just there was very thinly inhabited, the woods frequent, and of considerable extent, and here and there were caverns of various dimensions. In one of these the pedlar one snowy night found himself compelled to take refuge. He had had the precaution to take some food with him; and, the cold being piercing, he collected a quantity of wood, kindled a fire and sat down to enjoy his supper, beside it. He had not taken many mouthfuls before he observed a man enter the cavern covered with snow, which he shook from him as he advanced. There was an immediate recognition; it was no other than the farmer's wedding guest. He accosted the pedlar with a strange, constrained civility—saying he was come to sup and spend the night with him.

"You are welcome," said the Frenchman, with as much self command as he could assume.

"Perhaps, however," replied the Sardinian, "I shall not continue to be so when I have explained my errand!"

"We shall see; explain yourself."

"Listen then!"

"I listen—proceed. But allow me first to offer you a little supper. Here, pray take a slice of German sausage and a little of this wine, which I have luckily brought along with me. Taste it—it is very good."

"No," answered the Sardinian, "I will neither eat nor drink with you until I find whether it will be necessary to kill you or not!"

"Kill me?"

"Yes, you, unless you accede to the request I am about to make. Listen! I am in love with a girl whose father will not give her to me unless I prove myself to be in possession of one hundred dollars. Now, I wish you to lend me that sum, which I will faithfully repay to you; not at any stated time observe, for I may be unfortunate; but I swear to you, hear on this dagger, that I will repay it sooner or later." And he held up the glittering weapon in the light of the flame, ready to press it to his lips should the pedlar accede to his request.

The Frenchman naturally felt exceedingly uncomfortable; for from the savage aspect of his guest, he did not doubt he had reason to dread the worst.

The Sardinian continued—"Should you be so foolish as to refuse me, I shall kill you, take all your property, marry, and make use of it. But because I am an honest man, I wish you in that case to tell me who is your nearest kin in France, since it will be my most earnest endeavor to repay him the money as soon as Providence shall have put it in my power."

Here he paused to see what effect his words had produced on the pedlar, who for some time was too much terrified to reply.

"Well, resumed the guest, "you are undecided.—It is just what I expected; it is very natural. However, I will stay all night with you, that you may have reflection; because I would rather not kill you if I could help it. Still, I have made up my mind to be married next week, and I would kill fifty pedlars rather than postpond the ceremony."

"Under these circumstances," replied the Frenchman, "I must loan you the money, since I have no choice."

"You resolve wisely; you have no choice. One observation, more, however, I must make, and then we will sit down comfortably to supper. It is this: when you next come to our village, you will of course see me and my wife, and you will take up your residence with us in preference to any other persons. You will say nothing, however, of the present transaction, neither to her or any one else. You will not seem afraid of me, as indeed you need not be, but will be merry, and reckon confidently on being repaid the sum with which you now accommodate me."

All this the pedlar promised.

"Now," exclaimed the young man, "give me your hand; we are friends; let us sit down to supper.—Afterwards you can reckon me out the money; we will keep up a good fire, and chat by it all night; and in the morning we will separate—each to pursue his own way."

In the morning, as they were about to bid each other adieu, the Sardinian took out his dagger, and cutting off one of the buttons from his coat, handed it to the Frenchman, saying, "take that and keep it till I restore to you your money. Observe, it is of silver, and has been handed down in my family for many generations. I would not part with it for all you possess; and when I intend to pay you your hundred dollars, this is the course I shall pursue: I will say I have lost my button, and will offer a hundred dollars to any one who shall find and bring it to me. You will present yourself; you will produce the button; and I, as in honor bound, will give the sum agreed on. Do we part friends?"

The pedlar, who, notwithstanding his loss, could not but be amused by the strange character and ideas of the Sardinian, gave him his hand, and they parted friends.

Next year he passed the same way again, and sure enough found his friend married to a very pretty woman, who had already brought him a son. He seemed very happy, but coming up to the Frenchman said,

"Now I have lost a button; I am not rich enough to buy one to replace it; I may be more lucky next year."

The pedlar understood; and, after having been made very welcome at his house, went away.

A second and third year he returned, and found a young son or daughter added to the family. At length, pleased with his reception, with the constant hospitality shown him, with the pleasant wife and cheerful, increasing family, he took the Sardinian aside, and presented him with his button—

"Allow me to restore you this article of yours, which I have found."

"No, no," replied his host, "keep it another year; by that time I shall be able to redeem it, and at the same time to spend a very merry evening with you. Come this way next winter, and you shall see."

The months rolled round: the pedlar, regular as the season, came again, and the Sardinian invited him to supper. All the children had been sent to bed, and he and his wife only remained with their guest.

"Agatha," said he to her, "do you know that it is to your friend here that you are indebted for a husband?"

His wife looked surprised.

"I beg your pardon, dear Agatha," said he, "that is not what I ought to have said. I mean I am indebted to him for a wife, as it was he who supplied me with a hundred dollars, without which your father would have refused you to me."

"Oh, how heartily I thank you!" exclaimed the wife; "for he is a good husband and a good father."

"But I robbed him," said the husband. He then related the whole circumstance, remarking at the conclusion, "I entrust my secret to you, Agatha, because my honor is as dear to you as life. Here, friend," exclaimed he, placing a little bag on the table, "here are your hundred dollars; so now restore me my button, which you have doubtless kept carefully."

"Yes, here it is!" exclaimed the Frenchman, taking it from his purse; "and now we are even except that I owe you much, very much, for the constant hospitality you have shown me."

"Nay," replied the husband, "it is to you that I am indebted for my wife and children; you have been in some sort a father to us all; and therefore, so long as I have a house over my head, pray consider it yours."

Pedlars are sometimes generous. Taking up the bag of dollars, and turning to the wife, the Frenchman said,

"Allow me, madame, to present this to your youngest child as a birth day present. I am in a condition to afford it. I have much money in your country, and intend next year to marry and retire to Province, my native land."

The present was accepted; but the farmer, not to be out done in generosity, forced on him next morning a handsome horse of considerable greater value.

AFFECTION.

We seldom meet with such an instance of affection and self sacrifice as that displayed lately by a poor Irishman in this city. He had been in the employ of a gentleman who has a large number of hands engaged, and when the first pay day came, his employer could only give him a dollar on his week's wages. The second pay day came in its turn; the employer paid off his hands and congratulating himself that his money had held out, when looking around, he discovered the Irishman to whom he had only given a dollar the week before. The gentleman felt deeply mortified at overlooking him, and his consequent inability to pay him off. Said he—

"James, I am sorry, but I have only one dollar for you again. Why did you not speak?"

"Sure, sir, you were busy, and I could wait your convenience," was the reply.

"Can you possibly get along with a dollar? I will get you some more on Monday morning."

"A dollar 'll do—I've been living on a dollar a wake since I've been in this country. I'm savin' up for the wife and children in ould Ireland."

"But your shoes are all off your feet and your coat is nearly gone—you'll want some clothing."

"Divil a bit do my feet care, or my backither, for that I'll let the money save up in your hands till I get enough to send for the ould woman. Here's three dollars I've saved, which your honor will please keep for me."

"Wait here a moment," said the gentleman, as he stepped out. In a few minutes, however, he returned with a substantial pair of boots and a comfortable coat for his honest workman.

The tears rolled down the poor fellow's cheeks as he received the gift, and as the door opened for his egress, he murmured,

"God bless your honor—the wife's heart will soon be aisy, and the children's too!"

Cincinnati Nonpariel.

CASTING UP ACCOUNTS.—The subject of the following anecdote, writes a friend, is an old and respectable physician, who is now a very strenuous temperance man, although in his young days he sometimes patronised the groceries overmuch. On one occasion, having indulged very freely in a variety of spirituous decoctions with some boon companions, he mounted his horse and started for home. He had not rode far, however, before the commingling of spirits in his stomach gave rise to such a furious rebellion that he was fain to dismount and come to an anchor against a large log by the roadside, where he commenced a process of upheaving that was truly alarming. While engaged in these spasmodic efforts at relief, he was accosted by a traveller who with true Yankee solicitude, enquired what was the matter. The inebriate, in an interval of the paroxism, gruffly replied, that he had traded horses, and was very sick of his bargain.

SILENCE.—What a strange power there is in silence! How many resolutions are formed—how many sublime conquests effected during that pause, when the lips are closed, and the soul secretly feels the eye of her maker upon her? When some of those cutting, sharp, blighting words have been spoken, which send the hot, indignant blood into the face and head, if those to whom they are addressed, keep silence, look on in awe, for a mighty work is going on within them, and the spirit of evil, or their guardian angel, is very near to them in that hour.—During that pause they have made a step towards heaven or towards hell, and an item has been scored in the book which the day of judgement shall see opened. They are the strong ones of the earth, the mighty fond for good or evil, those who know how to keep silence when it is a pain and grief to them, those who give time to their own souls to wax strong against temptations, or to the powers of wrath to stamp them with their withering passage.

"CAN A MAN LIVE WITH A BALL IN HIS BRAIN?"

We sometime since, says the St. Louis *Union*, published a statement from the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, under this caption, to the effect that a young man of that city had received a ball in the frontal region, which appeared to have entered the brain, and yet the young man recovered. To this statement we added that Ex-Governor Boggs, formerly of Missouri, carried four balls or slugs, in the occipital region of his brain.

The Peoria *Telegraph* publishes these accounts and adds:

"If this is an important question, testimony like the following may be furnished from this town. Last summer a lad in a house was struck by a ball from a huntsman's rifle at a distance. The ball passed through the cranium a little above the temple, and seemed to enter the brain. The boy fell upon the floor and part of the brain oozed out. The physicians probed to some depth but could find nothing. They trephined upon the other side, in the direction of the ball—the duramater was untouched, and no traces of the ball found. The boy was soon well and appears totally unhurt.

That large portions of the human brain may be removed without producing death or impairment of the intellect, is well known to the scientific world. An instance occurred in this vicinity some years since. Dr. Addison Phillio removed from the cranium of a boy at Edwardsville, Ill., whose skull had been fractured, several ounces of the substance of the brain, with the men branes attached, and yet the boy recovered, and, it is said, manifested greater intelligence after, than before the accident.

On this singular phenomena of the brain, Dr. Wagan, in a treatise on the "quality of the mind," makes the following remarks:

One of the most inconceivable things in the nature of the brain is that the organ of sensation should itself be insensible. To cut, the brain gives no pain, yet in the brain alone resides the power of feeling pain in any other part of the body. If the nerve which leads from it to the injured part be divided, it becomes instantly unconscious of suffering. It is only by communication with the brain that any kind of sensation is produced, yet the organ itself is insensible. But there is a circumstance more wonderful still. The brain itself may be removed, may be cut away, down to the corpus calsum without destroying life. The animal lives and performs all the functions which are necessary to simple vitality, but no longer has a mind. It cannot think or feel. It requires that the food should be pushed into the stomach; once there it is digested, and the animal will ever thrive and grow fat. We infer, therefore, that the part of the brain, the convolutions, is simply intended for the exercise of the intellectual faculties, whether of the low degree called instinct, or exalted kind bestowed on man, the gift of reason.

Jenny Lind in the Almshouse.

The following is vouched for as truth by the London Antheneum: During the visit of this child of song to Bath, she happened to be walking with a friend in front of the almshouses, into one of which she entered and sat down a moment, ostensibly to rest herself, but in reality to find some excuse for doing an act of charity to the old woman who lived in it and whom she had seen feeble and tottering at the door. The old woman, like the rest of her neighbors, was full of the Sweedish Nightingale, whom she heard was just then in Bath, entertaining with her voice all those who were so happy and fortunate as to be able to go to the theatre.

"For myself," said the old woman, "I have lived a long time in the world, and desire nothing before I die but to hear Jenny Lind."

"And would it make you happy?" inquired her visitor.

"Ay, and that it would," answered the old woman, "but such folks as I can't go to the playhouse, and so I shall never hear her."

"Don't be too sure of that," said the good natured Jenny; "sit down my friend and listen;" and forthwith she sang with all her richest and most glorious powers, one of the finest songs she knew. The poor old woman was beside herself with delight, when after concluding her song, her kind visitor observed, "now you have heard Jenny Lind." If she had given the woman a hundred pounds, she could not have afforded half so much pleasure. It was an act of noble charity, of the tenderest and most delicate kind. Money it would have been easy for her to give, and money no doubt she did give; but to sit down in an almshouse, and there to call up the enchantments of her voice for the amusement of an obscure and poor old woman, was a touching proof of goodness of heart, which nothing we have heard of Jenny Lind surpasses.

L. Martin and the Lawyer.

We heard an anecdote of this distinguished lawyer a few days ago, which we remember to have met with in print, but which is so good that it will do to tell again.

Martin was on one occasion riding to Annapolis, in a stage coach, in which was a solitary companion, a young lawyer just commencing the practice of law. After some familiar conversation the young lawyer said:

"Sir, you have been remarkably successful in your profession—few men have gained so many cases—will you be good enough to communicate to me, a beginner, the secret of your wonderous success?"

"I'll do it, young man, on one condition, and that is, that you defray my expenses during my stay of a few days at Annapolis."

"Willingly," replied the young man, hoping thereby to profit greatly by the communication.

"The secret of my success," said Martin, "may be discovered in this advice which I now give you, namely: *Deny everything and insist upon proof.*"

On reaching Annapolis, Luther Martin was not very self-denying in the enjoyment presented by a fine hotel; the substantials and general refreshments were despatched in a manner quite gratifying to the host. The time for return at length came. The young man and Martin stood together at the bar, and demanded their respective bills.

Martin's was enormous, but on glancing at it, he quietly handed it to the young lawyer, who running his eye over it lazily, returned it with the utmost gravity.

"Don't you intend to pay it?" said Martin.

"Pay what?" said the young lawyer.

"Why, pay this bill. Did you not promise on the route downward, that you would defray my expenses at the hotel?"

"My dear sir," said the young gentleman, "I deny everything, and insist upon proof."

Martin at once saw that he was caught, and eyeing his young friend a moment or two, he said, pleasantly, "You don't need any counsel from me, young man; you don't need any counsel from me."

CALIFORNIA IN BERKS.—A gold mine has been discovered in Berks County, which yields fifty per cent. of pure metal, part gold, part silver.

Col. WILLIAM R. KING, of Alabama, has been unanimously chosen President *pro tempore* of the Senate, during the absence of the Vice President, who is recreating in the North.

CHILDHOOD AND THE FLOWERS.

Flowers, sweet flowers, baptized with dew,
By the rosy hand of morn,—
Daisies red and violets blue,
In the spring time newly born:
Beautiful flowers, each ruddy lip
Inviteth the humming bee,
And yet the young man recovered. To this statement we added that Ex-Governor Boggs, formerly of Missouri, carried four balls or slugs, in the occipital region of his brain.

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"Willingly," replied the young man, hoping thereby to profit greatly by the communication.

"The secret of my success," said Martin, "may be discovered in this advice which I now give you, namely: *Deny everything and insist upon proof.*"

On reaching Annapolis, Luther Martin was not very self-denying in the enjoyment presented by a fine hotel; the substantials and general refreshments were despatched in a manner quite gratifying to the host. The time for return at length came. The young man and Martin stood together at the bar, and demanded their respective bills.

Martin's was enormous, but on glancing at it, he quietly handed it to the young lawyer, who running his eye over it lazily, returned it with the utmost gravity.

"Don't you intend to pay it?" said Martin.

"Pay what?" said the young lawyer.

"Why, pay this bill. Did you not promise on the route downward, that you would defray my expenses at the hotel?"

"My dear sir," said the young gentleman, "I deny everything, and insist upon proof."

Martin at once saw that he was caught, and eyeing his young friend a moment or two, he said, pleasantly, "You don't need any counsel from me, young man; you don't need any counsel from me."

CALIFORNIA IN BERKS.—A gold mine has been discovered in Berks County, which yields fifty per cent. of pure metal, part gold, part silver.

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CHILDHOOD AND THE FLOWERS.

Flowers, sweet flowers, baptized with dew,
By the rosy hand of morn,—
Daisies red and violets blue,
In the spring time newly born:
Beautiful flowers, each ruddy lip
Inviteth the humming bee,
And yet the young man recovered. To this statement we added that Ex-Governor Boggs, formerly of Missouri, carried four balls or slugs, in the occipital region of his brain.

The Peoria *Telegraph* publishes these accounts and adds:

"If this is an important question, testimony like the following may be furnished from this town. Last summer a lad in a house was struck by a ball from a huntsman's rifle at a distance. The ball passed through the cranium a little above the temple, and seemed to enter the brain. The boy fell upon the floor and part of the brain oozed out. The physicians probed to some depth but could find nothing. They trephined upon the other side, in the direction of the ball—the duramater was untouched, and no traces of the ball found. The boy was soon well and appears totally unhurt.

That large portions of the human brain may be removed without producing death or impairment of the intellect, is well known to the scientific world. An instance occurred in this vicinity some years since. Dr. Addison Phillio removed from the cranium of a boy at Edwardsville, Ill., whose skull had been fractured, several ounces of the substance of the brain, with the men branes attached, and yet the boy recovered, and, it is said, manifested greater intelligence after, than before the accident.

On this singular phenomena of the brain, Dr. Wagan, in a treatise on the "quality of the mind," makes the following remarks:

One of the most inconceivable things in the nature of the brain is that the organ of sensation should itself be insensible. To cut, the brain gives no pain, yet in the brain alone resides the power of feeling pain in any other part of the body. If the nerve which leads from it to the injured part be divided, it becomes instantly unconscious of suffering. It is only by communication with the brain that any kind of sensation is produced, yet the organ itself is insensible. But there is a circumstance more wonderful still. The brain itself may be removed, may be cut away, down to the corpus calsum without destroying life. The animal lives and performs all the functions which are necessary to simple vitality, but no longer has a mind. It cannot think or feel. It requires that the food should be pushed into the stomach; once there it is digested, and the animal will ever thrive and grow fat. We infer, therefore, that the part of the brain, the convolutions, is simply intended for the exercise of the intellectual faculties, whether of the low degree called instinct, or exalted kind bestowed on man, the gift of reason.

Jenny Lind in the Almshouse.

The following is vouched for as truth by the London Antheneum: During the visit of this child of song to Bath, she happened to be walking with a friend in front of the almshouses, into one of which she entered and sat down a moment, ostensibly to rest herself, but in reality to find some excuse for doing an act of charity to the old woman who lived in it and whom she had seen feeble and tottering at the door. The old woman, like the rest of her neighbors, was full of the Sweedish Nightingale, whom she heard was just then in Bath, entertaining with her voice all those who were so happy and fortunate as to be able to go to the theatre.

"For myself," said the old woman, "I have lived a long time in the world, and desire nothing before I die but to hear Jenny Lind."

"And would it make you happy?" inquired her visitor.

"Ay, and that it would," answered the old woman, "but such folks as I can't go to the playhouse, and so I shall never hear her."

"Don't be too sure of that," said the good natured Jenny; "sit down my friend and listen;" and forthwith she sang with all her richest and most glorious powers, one of the finest songs she knew. The poor old woman was beside herself with delight, when after concluding her song, her kind visitor observed, "now you have heard Jenny Lind." If she had given the woman a hundred pounds, she could not have afforded half so much pleasure. It was an act of noble charity, of the tenderest and most delicate kind. Money it would have been easy for her to give, and money no doubt she did give; but to sit down in an almshouse, and there to call up the enchantments of her voice for the amusement of an obscure and poor old woman, was a touching proof of goodness of heart, which nothing we have heard of Jenny Lind surpasses.

L. Martin and the Lawyer.

We heard an anecdote of this distinguished lawyer a few days ago, which we remember to have met with in print, but which is so good that it will do to tell again.

Martin was on one occasion riding to Annapolis, in a stage coach, in which was a solitary companion, a young lawyer just commencing the practice of law. After some familiar conversation the young lawyer said:

"Sir, you have been remarkably successful in your profession—few men have gained so many cases—will you be good enough to communicate to me, a beginner, the secret of your wonderous success?"

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The Strawberry.

For the strawberry the soil should be warm and light, containing an obvious predomination of sand. The sets should be planted about ten inches apart, each way. Horse manure, fresh from the stable, and undeteriorated by fermentation, should be applied in liberal quantities to the soil before planting, and well intermixed by digging and raking in. If practicable, no portion of the manure should remain nearer the surface of the bed, than five inches, as at this depth, it will not be liable to dry up, and will furnish for a considerable portion of the season, the most healthy pasturage and aliment to the plants.

The most successful method of securing good fruit is to transplant every plant every spring—dividing the roots into as many and minute portions as possible; care being had, however, to preserve on each division, a healthy and uninjured joint. Some recommended covering of the surface of the soil between and under the plants with dry straw, just before the fruit ripens. This precaution obviates the likelihood of injury to the berries in consequence of their coming in contact with, or being beaten into the sand by rain.

DIDN'T WANT TO QUARREL.—There is a noted mail contractor in Rumsey, N. H., who can tell as big a story as most of them, and who possesses one of the most accommodating dispositions in the world.

"I was passing through New Jersey," said he, "a few years since, and there came by us in the air, a flock of crows *nine miles long*, and so thick was the flock, you couldn't see the sun for 'em."

The contractor told this in a tavern, where several persons were standing about, and one of them—a coarse limbed, heavy featured son of the Granite State—ventured to query the correctness of the action.

"How long did you say, nabur?"

"Nine miles, sir."

"Don't believe it," was the reply.

"Wal, look 'ere—you," said the contractor, "you're a stranger, and I don't want ter quarrel with yer.—So, to please you, I'll take off a quarter of a mile from the thinnest part!"

The stranger was perfectly satisfied.

Col. ELMORE, successor to Mr. Calhoun, has taken his seat in the United States Senate.

☞ Woman is the heart of the family. A man the head. When the heart is right, the head seldom goes astray.

A Story of the Highway.

Not many years ago, an Irishman, whose finances did not keep pace with the demand made on his pocket, and whose scorn of honest labor was immensely unfavorable to their being legitimately filled, borrowed an old pistol one day, when poverty had driven him to an extremity, and took to the highway, determined to rob the first man he could most conveniently, who was likely to have a heavy purse.

A jolly old farmer come jogging along, and Pat put him down instantly as a party who possessed those requisites he so much stood in need of himself. Presenting the pistol, he ordered the agriculturalist to "stand and deliver."

The poor fellow forked over some fifty dollars; but finding Pat somewhat of a greenhorn, begged a five to take him home, a distance of about half a mile, by the way. The request was complied with, accompanied with the most patronizing air. Old Acres and Roods was a knowing one. Eyeing the pistol he asked Pat if he would sell it.

"Is it to sell the pistol? Sowl, an' it's that same thing I'll be afther doin. What will yo be afther given' for it?"

"I'll give you this five dollar bill for it."

"Done! an' done's enough betwane two gintlemen. Down with the dust, an' here's the tool for yer."

The bargain was made by immediate transfer.—The moment the farmer got the petronel, he ordered Pat to shell out; and pointing the pistol, threatened to blow his brains out if he refused.

Pat looked at him with a comical leer and buttoning his breeches pockets, sung out:

"Blow away, ould boy! d—l take the bit of powder's in it."

We believe the old man never told the last part of the story only once, and that was by the purest accident. Pat moved off, and "once away, forever away," has since been his motto.

Sore Teats in Cows.

P. Hatlock gives the following directions for the management of cows that have sore teats: Take a full pail of cold water, and wash and rub the sores well. Use the whole pail full of water before milking, which cools the teats or reduces the fever, and the cow will stand perfectly still. After milking use half as much more cold water, cleansing the bag and teats well, and in a few days the sores will be healed. That is not all the good you will receive. You will have clean milk, and that is the way to have clean butter.

There is a good story told of a certain Judge who once decided a point of law, while upon the bench, in opposition to the opinion of an insignificant pettifogger who was conducting the suit on trial; whereupon the lawyer took occasion to indulge in a lengthy strain of ridicule and low sarcasm at the Judge's expense, and without receiving any rebuke from its subject. After the adjournment of the Court, and while in the presence of the pettifogger and others, a friend of the Judge asked him why