THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER. "FEARLESS AND FREE." TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOL. XXI—24. GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, AUGUST 16, 1850. NEW SERIES—NO. 186.

REAL ESTATE
AT PUBLIC SALE.

On Friday the 16th of August next,

THE subscriber, Assignee of JOHN FLOT, of Franklin township, Adams county, Pa., will sell at Public Sale, on the premises, the following described

TRACTS OF LAND,

NO. 1.—Containing 28 Acres and 150 Perches.

No. 2.—Containing 19 Acres, neat measure.

No. 3.—Containing 40 Acres and 50 Perches.

No. 4.—Containing 32 Acres and 40 Perches.

These Lots are situate in Franklin township, Adams county, near Caledonia Furnace, adjoining lands of T. Stevens and D. Goodyear, and all fronting on the turnpike leading from Gettysburg to Chambersburg. Lot No. 3 has on it a good

TWO-STORY
LOG HOUSE,
a STABLE, and running Water. No. 4 has also on it a good House, Stable and Water. A good stream runs through all the lots, rendering them a suitable site for a Tannery or other similar business.

☞Sale will commence at 12 o'clock, M., when attendance will be given and the terms made known by

CHARLES W. LEGO, Assignee.

Franklin tp., July 26,—ts

☞Chambersburg Whig will please copy, mark cost, and charge this office.

UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND.

THE next Session will begin on *Monday the 14th day of October*, 1850, and close 1st March, 1851.

Nathan R Smith, M. D., Surgery.
Wm. E. A. Aiken, M. D., Chemistry and Pharmacy.
Samuel Chew, M. D., Therapeutic, Materia Medica and Hygiene.
Joseph Roby, M. D., Anatomy and Physiology.
Wm. Power, M. D., Theory and Practice of Medicine.
Richard H. Thomas, M. D., Midwifery and Diseases of Women and Children.
George M. Wittenberger, M. D., Pathological Anatomy.

The most ample opportunities for the prosecution of practical Anatomy at a moderate expense.

Chemical Lectures five times a week, by Professors Smith and Power, in the Baltimore Infirmary; with the privilege of daily visits to its wards, without charge to the student for the ticket.

Fees for the Lectures $90 to $95; Practical Anatomy $10; Matriculation $5; Graduation $20.

WILLIAM E. A. AIKEN, Dean.

Baltimore, Aug. 9.—$3

☞"Gettysburg Star" will publish to the am't of $3 and charge Balt. Pat.

GETTYSBURG FEMALE SEMINARY.

THE Summer Session of this school will commence the *27th of May*, and end the 20th of September. The Winter Session will continue from the 21st of October to the 20th of April.

TERMS.—The prices of the Summer Session, according to the studies, are $6 and $8; of the Winter Session, $9 and $12. Pupils will be charged from the time of entering to the end of the term. No deductions from the price will be made, except for time lost by the Teacher, or *protracted* illness of the pupils. Extra charges for Music, Drawing and Painting, the Languages, and the various branches o Fancy Work

May 3, 1850.—1y

CONTINUANCE.

THE Firm of CULP & PAXTON having been dissolved by mutual consent on the 1st inst., the subscriber respectfully announces to his friends and the public that he intends to continue the business, in all its branches, at the old stand, in Chambersburg street, nearly opposite S. H. Buehler's Drug and Book Store, where he will be prepared at all times to fill all orders for

Harness, Bridles, Collars, Trunks, &c.

with promptness and on reasonable terms. The subscriber will direct his efforts to producing work which will compare favorably with any that may be turned out from any other establishment, and hopes by attention to business to merit and receive a liberal share of patronage.

JOHN CULP.

June 7, 1850.—3m

CONFECTIONS.

KELLER KURTZ

HAS just opened a variety of choice CONFECTIONS, comprising the following choice varieties of French candies, to wit:

Bon Bons, Sugar Almonds, Preserved Almonds, Preserved Plums, Jelly Cakes, Portuguese Drops, Comfits, &c.; also the following medium qualities: Cream, Lemon, Vanilla, Horehound, Sour Drops, Mint do., Chocolate do., Mint in Twist, Nuga candy, Cocoa do., Cinamon do., Almond do., &c. &c.,

with all the usual varieties of Common Candies; also Ground Nuts, Cream do., Pecans do., English Walnuts, Filberts, Almonds; with choice Raisins, at 18¾ cents per lb.; Prunes at 25 cents; Figs, fresh and best quality, at 25 cents; Citrons, at 31 cents; Oranges, &c., &c.

April 5.

A WESTERN FARM.

FOR Sale, or will be exchanged for Real Estate in this Borough or its vicinity, a

WELL-IMPROVED

In Washington county, Illinois.

☞Apply to Dr. H. S. HUBER, Chambersburg street, opposite the Post Office, Gettysburg.

March 29, 1850.—tf

The following lines were composed by Miss Townsend, after hearing Edgar Poe's "Raven" read. Her own situation of blindness and entire helplessness is most touchingly alluded to, and the contrast in the spirit of the two poems is very striking.—*Vermont Chronicle*

THE DOVE.

'Twas midnight! solemn, dark, and deep!
And vainly I had courted sleep:
When worn with pain, with anguish toss'd,
Hope, faith and patience nearly lossed,
I heard a sound, a gentle sound,
Creaking the solemn stillness round—
A gentle, soft and murmuring sound,
Making the stillness more profound.

I hushed my breath!—again it came!—
My heart beat faster—still the same
Low gentle murmur met my ear,
Approaching nearer and more near;
A single sound, yet soft and clear,
And strangely fraught with memories dear.

A flood of clear and silver light
Then burst upon my raptured sight,
Filling my little chamber quite,
And in that light a little bird was seen,
Not "grim and black with stately mien,"
But purely white and beautiful,
With look so mild and dutiful—
A lovely bird with plumage white,
In that calm, still, and clear moonlight.

Floating a moment round my head,
It rested opposite my bed,
Beside a picture, lovelier
Than heathen god, and holier;
Two beauteous babes, whose sinless eyes
Bespeak them still in Paradise—
Whose loving, soft and gentle eyes
Tell where that land of beauty lies.

There sat the radiant white-winged bird,
I listened but no sound I heard—
And then I spoke—"Sweet bird," I said,
"From what far country hast thou fled?"
Whence com'st thou—and why com'st thou here?
Canst thou bring aught my soul to cheer?
Hast thou strange news?—speak, gentle dove!"
And the bird answered, "God is love."

"They tell me so," I faintly said,
"But joy has flown and hope is dead,
And I am sick, and sad, and weary,
And life is long, and dark, and dreary—
Think not thy words my spirit move!"
Still the bird answered—"God is love!"

"Some dearly loved are far away,
And some, who fondly near me stay,
Are sick, and sad, and suffering,
While I am weak and murmuring.
Each for the other grieves, and tries
To stay the tears that fill his eyes—
Why comes not comfort from above?"
Firmly, but mournfully, the dove
Distinctly answered—"God is love!"

I started up—"The world," I said,
"Though beautiful it once was made,
Is full of crime and misery now;
Want sits on many a hagard brow;
The warrior wields his bloody sword,
Slaves tremble at the tyrant's word—
Vice honored—virtue scorned—we see—
Why are those ills allow'd to be?"
He raised his head, the soft-eyed dove,
As though my boldness he'd reprove,
Then bow'd and answered—"God is love!"

"Forgive," I said, in accents mild,
"I would I were again a child;
"I've wander'd from the heavenly track,
And it is late to journey back,
My wings are clipp'd, I cannot soar,
I strive to mount, but o'er and o'er
My feeble wings I raise in vain—
I flutter, sink, and fall again!"
In low, but earnest tones, the dove
Still softly murmur'd—"God is love!"

"Thou mov'st me strangely, wondrous bird!
My soul is strangly, deeply stirr'd—
My heart grows lighter—may I still
My mission upon earth fulfil,
Proving my love to God sincere,
By doing *all* my duty here?
Shall past omissions be forgiven,
And shall the weary rest in heaven?"
He spread his wings, that radiant dove,
And cheerly answer'd—"God is love!"

"Thanks, heavenly messenger," I cried,
"Remain that picture still beside;
Surrounded by the light of Truth,
Companion meet for sinless youth;
Thou blessed type of Love and Peace,
My Hope and Faith thou'lt still increase—
Be ever near me, gentle dove,
I know, I feel that "God is love!"

SUMMER.

Glorious summer! bright and fair
Are thy golden treasures:
Gifts thou bringest rich and rare,
In overflowing measures,
Sparkling sunlight o'er the sea,
Harvest waving on the lea,
Mellow fruit on bush and tree—
These are but thy treasures.

Now the wild bee's voice is heard,
From the forest ringing;
Now the happy evening bird,
Merrily is singing.
Gardens with their gorgeous flowers,
Blushing moons and moonlit bowers,
Evening's soft and witching hours
Fondly thou art bringing.

Sweet thou glidest as a stream
When it sparkles brightest,
Or a youthful poet's dream
When his heart is lightest.
All the hours for bliss were made;
But when twilight's gentle shade
Softly steals o'er hill and glade,
Then thy joys are brightest.

Then are heard, in tones of glee,
Youthful voices greeting;
Then beneath the "trysting tree"
Hands and lips are meeting.
Then the time for youth and love,
Through the fragrant glen to rove,
Smiling still, the moon above
On their bliss so fleeting.

Youth and love delight to go
Hand in hand with Summer,
Where the limpid waters flow
With the softest murmur.
None on earth so well agree,
When the heart is young and free,
As these happy spirits three,
Youth and Love and Summer.

COMPENSATION.

There is no sunshine that hath not its shade,
Nor shadow that the sunshine hath not made;
There is no cherished comfort of the heart
That doth not own its tearful counterpart.
Thus, through a perfect balance, constant flow
The sharp extremes of joy and those of woe;
Our sweetest, best repose results from strife,
And death—what is it, after all, but life?

HAD HIM.—"I will bet you a bottle of wine that you shall decend from that chair before I ask you twice."

"Done!" said the gentleman, who seemed determined not to obey the summons so speedily.

"Come down!"

"I will not!" was the reply.

"Than stop until I ask you a second time."

The gentleman having no desire to retain his position till that period, came down from the chair, and paid the wager.

THE FARMER'S DIARY.

Written by the Rev. Robert Robinson, of Cambridge, England, while pursuing farming in connection with the labors of the pulpit.

Rose at three o'clock, crawled into the library, and met One who said,—"Work while ye have the light; the night cometh when no man can work: my Father worketh hitherto, and I work." Rang the great bell, and roused the girls to milking; went up to the farm, roused the horsekeeper, fed the horses while he was getting up; called the boy to suckle the calves and clean out the cow-house; lighted the pipe, walked round the garden to see what was wanted there; went to the paddock to see if the weaning calves were well; went down to the ferry to see if the boy had scooped and cleaned the boat; returned to the farm, examined the shoulders, heels, traces, chaff and corn of eight horses going to plough, mended the acre-staff, cut some thongs, whip-corded the ploughboy's whips, pumped the troughs full, saw the hogs fed, examined the swill-tubs, and then the cellar; ordered a quarter of malt, for the hogs want grains, and the men want beer; filled the pipe again, returned to the river, and bought a lighter of turf, for dairy fires, and another of sedge for ovens; hunted out the wheel-barrows, and set them a trundling; returned to the farm, called the men to breakfast, and cut the boy's bread and cheese, and saw the wooden bottles filled; sent one plough to the three roods, another to the three half-acres and so on; shut the gates, and the clock struck five; breakfasted; set two men to ditch the five roods; two men to chop sods, and spread about the land, two more to throw up manure in the yard, and three men and six women to weed wheat; set on the carpenter to repair cow-cribs, and set them up till winter; the wheeler, to mend the old carts, cart-ladders, rakes etc. preparatory to hay-time and harvest; walked to the six acres, found hogs in the grass; went back and set a man to hedge and thorn; sold the butcher a fat calf and the suckler a lean one. The clock strikes nine; walked into the barley-field; barleys fine—picked off a few tiles and stones and cut a few thistles; the peas fine but foul; the charlock must be topped; the tares doubtful, the fly seem to have taken them; prayed for rain, but could not see a cloud; came round to the wheat-field, wheats rather thin, but the finest color in the world; sent four women on to the shortest wheats; ordered one man to weed along the ridge of the long wheats, and two women to keep rank and file with him in the furrows; thistles many, blue-bottles no end; traversed all the wheat-field, came to the fallow-field; the ditches had run crooked, set them straight; the flag sods cut too much, the rush sods too little, strength wasted, show the men how to three corner them; laid out more work for the ditchers, went to the ploughs, set the foot a little higher, cut the wedge, set the coulter deeper, must go and get a new mould-board against to-morrow; went to the other plough, gathered up some wood and tied over the traces, mended a horse-tree, tied a thong to the plough hammer, went to see which lands wanted ploughing first; sat down under a bush, wondering how any man could be so silly as to call me *reverend;* read two verses in the Bible of the loving kindness of the Lord in the midst of his temple, hummed a tune of thankfulness, rose up, whistled, the dogs wagged their tails, and away we went, dined, drunk some milk and fell asleep, waked by the carpenter for some slats which the sawyers must cut, etc.

A BEAUTIFUL CHARACTER.

We extract from a volume of Lectures and Essays, by the Rev. Henry Giles, the following beautiful picture of a just man. The two volumes are filled with similar passages of eloquence and truth:

"A just man is always simple. He is a man of direct aims and purposes. There is no complexity in his motives, and hence there is no jarring or discordancy in his character. He wishes to do right; and in most cases he does it; he may err, but it is by mistake of judgment, not by perversity or intention. The moment his judgment is enlightened, his action is corrected. Setting before himself, always, a clear and worthy end, he will never pursue it by any concealed or unworthy means. We may carry our remarks for illustration, both into public and private life. Observe such a man in his home: here is a charm about him which no artificial grace has ever had the power to bestow; there is a sweetness, I had almost said a music in his manners, which no sentimental refinement has ever given.—His speech, ever fresh from purity and rectitude of thought, controls all that are within its hearing, with an unfelt yet resistless sway. Faithful to every domestic duty, as to religion and his God, he would no more prove recreant to any loyalty at home than he would blaspheme the Maker in whom he believes, or than he would forswear the heaven in which he hopes. Fidelity and truth to those bound by love and nature to his heart, are to him most sacred principles; they are in the last recesses of his moral being; they are imbedded in the life of his life: and to violate them, or even think of violating them, would seem to him as a spiritual extermination, the suicide of his soul. Nor is such a man unrewarded, for the goodness he so largely gives, is largely paid back again, and though the current of life is transparent, it is not shallow; on the contrary, it is deep and strong. The river that fills its channels, glides smoothly along in the power of its course; it is the stream which scarcely covers the raggedness of its bed, that is turbulent and noisy. With all its gentleness there is exceeding force; with all its meekness there is imperative command; but the force is the force of wisdom; and the command is the command of love. And yet the authority which rules so effectually, never gathers an angry or an irritable cloud over the brow of the ruler; and this sway which admits of no resistance, does not repress one honest impulse of nature, one moment of the soul's high freedom, one bound of joy from the heart's unhidden gladdness, in the spirits of the governed."

CONFESSIONS OF A GAMBLER.

BY MAJOR NOAH.

In almost all occupations and pursuits there are degrees in the downward tendencies of life, if we could only keep the run of them, and understand the moral. The dashing beauty who has made the first false step, and all around whom is gay, flattering, and convivial, does not see in perspective the strides that reach the bottom—how she sinks by degrees, like the barometer in the approaching storm.

Stepping into a popular *Cafe*, a few days since for a cooling drink, we heard the rattling of billiard balls, and saw two lads in fashionable attire, with segars in their mouths and coats off playing at one of the tables, and an old fellow whose countenance was familiar to us, keeping game for them. We remembered him in the prime of life as a gentleman gambler. We make that distinction between a professional gambler, who cheats at cards, and one who plays skillfully but honorably. He had some consideration in society, for his occupation was not generally known. He had respectable acquaintances; gentlemen noded to him in a friendly way; his manners were always correct; and his dress was neat, without being flashy. He led the life of a gambler, however—to-day rich, to-morrow poor—with all the phases and changes incident to that calling. We saw at once that in his descent he had got as low as a billiard marker, and could not throw off his early habits, although he had no longer any money to bet with.

"Well," said we, "here you are yet! always at a game of chance or a game of skill. You look as if fortune had dealt hardly with you."

"I don't complain—why should I?" he replied. "I never had any certainty in my professional life. If I had thousands one day, I was without a dollar the next. Now I am sure to get seven dollars at the end of a week, and I am contented."

"Do you know," said we, taking a seat along-side of him on the cushion settee, "that I have a curiosity to learn what was the largest sum you ever won at a sitting?"

"One night I won thirty thousand dollars at brag!" was his answer.

"Prodigious! Thirty thouand dollars do you say?"

"Yes. I played all night and lost it all back excepting eight hundred dollars. I should have lost that, but it was Sunday morning, and I heard the bells ring for church; and recollecting that I had promised my wife to go to hear the bishop preach, I washed my hands and face, smoothed my hair, and with downcast looks and pious features, joined in the litany and chaunted psalms."

"From the gaming table to the church?"

"Yes: and I am not the only one who underwent that transition. It is not very unnatural or unreasonable. If you win you have something to give thanks for: if you lose, you can pray for better luck in future." This is the consolation of the gambler's life!

"Did you never forswear gambling?" we inquired.

"Oh! frequently; but always broke my oath. One night I lost three thousand—all I had in the world—and went home quite melancholy with a friend. It was past two o'clock and I invited him to drink a glass of brandy and water. I swore all the bitter oaths I could remember that I never again would handle cards. While I was thus swearing, I felt my pockets for a little tobacco, and found a bank note of one hundred dollars rolled up in a corner. All my gambling propensities revived in an instant. 'Let's go back,' said I, 'and try our luck once more with this hundred. I may win five thousand.' We went back and I lost the note in five minutes!" So much for the virtuous resolutions of a gambler. Human nature is not to be trusted.

"The gambling houses of the present day," said we, "are on rather a higher scale, my old friend, than in your time."

"Everything on a similar scale is the same. We are a progressive people.—Houses of a questionable character used to be in nooks and corners, where no lamp burned—now they blaze out in splendour quite near Broadway, and the lady abbess rides in her own carriage."

"Did you ever visit any of the extensive gambling saloons in the city?"

"Only to carry a note or to inquire for some gentleman," he answered. "I am quite lost in the splendor that surrounds me. I smell the rich viands of the kitchen as I ascend the staircase. I enter the suite of the apartments, where the festooned hangings, the rich Turkey carpets and the Persian ottomans, the tall and elaborately carved and gilt mirrors, the ormula lamps and candelabras, the paintings of Venuses and Danaes in gorgeous frames, the silken draperies which vie with ancient magnificence, the rich wines and delicate viands on the table, and the plate and attendants, all have the appearance of an enchanted castle—of what we read of Paradise. It is hell, where the senses are intoxicated with liquor and the pockets picked!"

"Are you acquainted with any of the keepers of these splendid establishments?"

"Who would know a brother of the order of *faro* and *rogue et noir* in a seedy coat and shocking bad hat? Yet I know them by instinct—by their bushy and well trimmed beards, the oily smoothness of their hair, the richness of their garments, their watch-chains and diamond breast-pins, their easy lounging gait, and the finely-flavored cigars in their mouths."

"Do our rich merchants, extensive brokers and millionaires, patronise these establishments?"

"No to any extent. They spread their nets for strangers—for the rich planters and factors with which our city and fashionable hotels abound."

We were glad to hear that the bulk of victims were not our own townsmen: and yet there are too many of such who lose their money at cards, and throw a melancholy pall over the happiness of an entire family. Night after night the poor wife sits alone, waiting the return of her truant husband. Each jar or jingle of the bell alarms her, until she becomes nervous from solitude and watchfulness. The chirping of the cricket on the hearth, or the moaning of the wind through the casement, serves only to make night hideous. The midnight bell tolls, and still he comes not. The hour of two strikes—sometimes it is three in the morning—ere his step is heard; and then he enters pale, haggard, tormented with passion and despair, wild with disappointment, without a kind word, a soft look, or an endearing caress for her whose love he should prize above all earthly jewels. For every pang thus wantonly inflicted on a tender wife and mother, a whole life of penance can scarcely atone.—*Times.*

A WONDERFUL CURE.

In the *American Journal of Medical Sciences*, edited by Isaac Hays, M. D., and published by Lea & Blanchard—the July number, we find a full account of one of those marvellous surgical cases, cases of tremendous injury to the most vital organ followed by unexpected recovery and restoration to perfect health—which every one feels to be so incredible *per se* as to require the most absolute and overwhelming proof in every particular before yielding belief.

The case we allude to, which occurred in New England nearly two years ago, and was then one of the nine days wonders of the press, was that of a man who by a premature explosion while blasting rocks, had a large bar of iron driven through his head—clear through, traversing face and brain—without being killed on the spot, or indeed, seeming to be very unusually harmed thereby. The American Journal of Medical Sciences has, for its initial article, a full, complete, authentic history of the case, from the time when it occurred on the 13th of September, 1848, up to January of the present year, when the patient visited Boston, and was examined by various medical bodies and distinguished practitioners, including Dr. Henry J. Biglow, Professor of Surgery in Harvard University, by whom the description is contributed to the Journal. The paper includes the official statements of Dr. Edward H. Williams, of Northfield, Vermont, who first saw the patient, and Dr. J. M. Harlow, of Cavendish, who attended him throughout the whole case, as well as certificates from Joseph Adams, a justice of the peace, and the Rev. Jos. Freeman, who were witnesses personally conversant with the fact. It is altogether so amazing a case, so perfectly authenticated in all particulars, and of an interest so far above all mere technical and professional interest, that we think we can do no better than condense its leading features for the gratification of our readers.

The sufferer in the case, Phinehas P. Gage, a young man of twenty five, shrewd and intelligent, a contractor, or head workman on the Rutland and Burlington railroad, had charged with gunpowder a hole drilled in the rock, and directed his assistant to fill in the sand; supposing which done, he dropped his tamping iron into the hole to drive the sand home. It happened, however, through some inadvertence, that the sand had not been poured in; and the iron striking upon the rock, the gunpowder was inflamed and the accident produced, by the iron being blown out like a ram rod shot from a gun. The tamping iron was a round rod three feet seven inches in length, and an inch and a quarter in diameter, tapering to a point at the top, and weighing thirteen and a quarter pounds. The whole of this immense weight and length, this bar or bludgeon of iron, was driven through Gage's face and brain, as he stooped over the hole in the act of tamping the sand. It struck him on the left cheek just behind and below the mouth, ascended into the brain, behind the left eye, passed from the skull, which it shattered and raised up, "like an inverted funnel," for a distance of about two inches in every direction around the wound, flew through the air and was picked up by the workmen "covered with blood and brains," several rods behind where he stood. Gage who was also more or less scorched, was prostrated, apparently less by the blow of the iron than the force of the explosion. He fell on his back, gave a few convulsive twitches of the extremities, but "spoke in a few minutes." His men placed him in an ox cart, in which he rode three quarters of a mile to his lodgings, sitting erect; got out of the cart himself and with but little assistance, walked to the piazza and afterwards up stairs, talking rationally to the physicians and giving them a clearer account of the accident than his friends could; occasionally vomiting up blood; the effort of which caused hemorrhage from the wound with the actual loss of a considerable portion of the substance of the brain. The left eye was dull and glassy, but was sensible to the impression of light. Gage bore his sufferings with heroic fortitude, telling Dr. Williams, "here is business enough for you," and expressing to Dr. Harlow the hope that "he was not much hurt."

Of course, it forms no part of our intention to give a detailed account of the treatment and management of the case, which was not varied by any circumstances of interest to persons not of the medical profession. We merely note, generally, that for the first ten days every thing went on well; Gage being, with some intervals of natural delirium from fever, pretty rational and hopeful; that at the close of this period he lost the sight of his left eye, and lay for nearly a fortnight in a semi-comatose state, or partial stupor; that he then began to improve in body and mind; was, within two months, walking about the street, in defiance of instructions, suffered a relapse in consequence, and, finally being recovered from this, was in the tenth week free from pain, and rapidly convalescing.

"The leading feature of the case," says Prof. Bigelow, "is its improbability. A physician who holds in his hands a crowbar, three feet and a half long, and more than thirteen pounds in weight, will not readily believe that it has been driven with a crash through the brain of a man who is still able to walk off, talking with composure and equanimity of the hole in his head. Prof. B., who justly describes the case as one "perhaps unparalleled in the annals of surgery," says that he was "at first wholly skeptical, but that he was personally convinced." Mr. Gage, as we said, visited Boston in January, and was for some time under the Professor's observation, who had his head shaved and a cast taken; which, with the tamping iron, is now deposited in the Museum of the Massachusetts Medical College. At that time the wounds were perfectly healed, the only vestiges of the accident being blindness, and an unnatural prominence of the left eye, with paralysis of the lids—a scar on the cheek, and another on the skull, showing the irregular elevation of a piece of "about the size of the palm of the hand,"—and, behind it, an irregular and deep hollow, several inches in length, beneath which, the pulsations of the brain are perceptible. "Taking all the circumstances into consideration," says Prof. Bigelow, "it may be doubted whether the present is not the most remarkable history of injury to the brain which has ever been recorded." This is unquestionably true; but considering the little real injury caused by the passage of a tamping iron through Mr. Gage's head, the wonder is, that a pistol bullet—a buckshot—or even a little needle can do so much execution on the heads of other people.

DOG STORY.—A shepherd once, to prove the quickness of his dog, who was lying before the fire in the house where we were talking, said to me, in the middle of a sentence concerning something else—"I'm thinking, sir, the cow is in the potatoes." Though he purposely laid no stress on these words, and spoke in a quiet, unconcerned tone of voice, the dog, who appeared to be asleep, immediately jumped up and leaped through the open window, and scrambled up the turf roof of the house, from which he could see the potatoe field. He then (not seeing the cow there) ran and looked into the barn where she was, and finding that all was right, came back to the house. After a short time the shepherd said the same words again, and the dog repeated his look out; but on the false alarm being a third time given, the dog got up, and wagging his tail, looked his master in the face with such a comical expression of interrogation, that we could not help laughing aloud at him; on which, with a slight growl, he laid himself down in his own warm corner with an offended air, as if determined not to be made a fool of again.

Cuba Cocks and Yankee Cocks.

BY J. M. WESTON, ESQ.

It is well known that the Spaniards are greatly addicted to Cock fighting—in short, deprive them of their cock-pit, and that '*Plaza del Toros*,' (bull ring) and they would be much more likely to revolt than at any oppression of the Government. While I was in Trinidad de Cuba, in April last, I was told of a very ludicrous scene that occurred in the cock-pit in that city. It should be understood that cock fighting is a very popular and fashionable amusement, and that gambling, on the result of a fight, is carried to an extraordinary height. Their '*birds*' are very small, and being deprived of all their feathers, except those on the wings, and two or three straight ones in the tail, they present a very diminutive and naked appearance. They never are allowed to fight with 'gaffs,' but use their natural spurs, which are sharpened to a nicety, and they fight with a coolness, and care that indicates how carefully they have been trained.

An American captain of a vessel, looking at a fight that had been sometime prolonged, at length burst out with—

"Get out with such birds as them; they ain't bigger than a *tom-tit*, and ain't worth a curse, any how! Them are some poor, miserable *Cuba* cocks, I reckon!—I've got on board my ship a genuine *Yankee bird*, that'll lick any three or four of your miserable cocks before you can say *beans*—and I'll bet high on it, too."

A bet of fifty 'ounces' ($850) was instantly offered on the captain's proposition, which, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his friends, put up the money, and said he 'would be *that*,' sure, and give all such small fry cocks at hand, particular thunder! 'Now, be it understood, the captain had an old "*grey eagle*" on board his ship, and his first order was not to give it any thing to eat for the next twenty-four hours. He also stripped the eagle of all its plumage save the wings and two or three tail feathers, causing the old fellow to feel decidedly ashamed of himself. The day of trial arrived; the cockpit was crowded to see the great trial of one bird against three! The captain arrived in time with his bird under his arm.

"Who pits your cock, captain?" was asked.

"Who? well, I rather think I'll attend to that business myself," said he, stepped over into the ring. The old eagle seemed ashamed of the company he was in, and did not look very courageous; and as they examined the 'Yankee cock,' many were the winks, side glances, and nods exchanged among the Spaniards, for, excepting only his size, there was not any thing very encouraging in the old eagle's appearance. He was wretchedly poor, and they also discovered that he had no spurs!

"Why, Captain," said they, "your bird has no spurs."

"Not the first *spur!*" said he, but he's worse than a wild cat where he scratches or bites; so go ahead!"

Three noble looking game chickens were now brought in, and the betting commenced. Everything offered by the Captains and his friends was eagerly taken up by the Dons. The Captain, it was observed, took all bets that he could, and when quiet was restored, he gently patted the old eagle, and as he put it into the ring where the game cocks were strutting and crowing, he said,—

"Now go it, old fellow, for the honor of your country! Give 'em blazes!" The eagle stood still in the centre of the ring, cocked his head on one side, and seemed to be eyeing the little game fellows that were advancing towards him, but he stirred not! At length the chicken made a dash at him, and doubtless gave him a sharp blow, for, with a kind of wild scream, the old bird started, took one glance at the chicken, pounced upon it, and with its claws and hook bill, tore it all to pieces; and to the astonishment and horror of the Spaniards began to eat it; the second cock shared the fate of the first, and so would the third, had it not been withdrawn by the enraged and mortified Spaniard, who had already lost two valuable birds by a very summary process. As soon as the Captain was declared winner, he snatched up his bird, collected his bets, and strode towards the door, where he turned and addressed the bewildered crowd.

"Look here, Dons," said he, "its my opinion that the next time you fight a Yankee cock, you'll know that he's a bird that always licks!" and, slapping his well filled pockets, the Captain and his friends withdrew, leaving the Cuba cock-fighters in a pleasing state of wonderment.

ONE OF THE BLOWERS.

It is many years since we have seen this little sketch, from Willis Gaylord Clark's 'Ollopodiana,' in print:

We were once exceedingly amused at the air and manner of a decided "loafer," a sentimentalist with all, and a toper, who had come out of his way from Buffalo to see the Falls.

"Landlord!" said he to the Boniface of the Cataract, "and you, gentlemen, who stand on this porch, witnessing this pitiless rain, you see before you one who has a tempest of sorrows a-beating upon his head continually. *Wants* I was worth twenty thousand dollars and I drove the saddling profession. Circumstances alter cases; now I wish for to solicit charity. Some of you seem to be benevolent, and I do believe I am not destined to rank myself among those who could travel from Dan to Beersheba, and say all is barren. No; I have read Wolney's ruins, Marshall's life of Washington, and Pope's Essay on Man, and most of the literature of the day, as contained in the small newspapers. But the way I'm situated at present, is scandalous. The fact is, my heart is broke, and I'm just Ishmaelizing about the globe, with a sombre brow, and a bosom laden with woe. Who will help me—speak singly, gentlemen—who will 'ease my grief, and drive my cares away?' as Isaac Watts says in one of his devotional poems."

No answer was returned. A general laugh arose. The pride of the mendicant was excited; rage took the better of his humility; and shaking his fist in the face of the bystanders, he roared out:

"You'r all a pack of poor, or'nary common people. You insult honest poverty; but I do not "hang my head for a'that," as Burns says. I will chastise any man here for two three cent drinks of *Monagohale* whiskey; yes, though I have but lately escaped shipwreck, coming from Michigan to Buffalo, and am weak from loss of strength; yet I will whip the best of you. Let any on ye come over to the Black Rock Railroad Depot, and I'll lick him *like a*——

"Never mind that," said one; "tell us about the shipwreck."

"Ah!" he continued, "that *was* a scene! Twenty miles out at sea, on the lake; the storm bustin' upon the deck; the waves, like mad tailors, making breeches over it continually;—the lightnings a bustin' overhead, and hissing in the water; the clouds meeting the earth;—the land just over the lee bow; every mast in splinters, every sail in rags; women a screechin'; farmer's wives emigratin' to the west calling for their husbands.

"A good many was dreadfully sea-sick; and one man, after casting forth every thing beside, with a violent retch threw up his boots. Oh, gentlemen, it was awful! At length came the last and destructive blow. It struck the ship on the left side, in the neighborhood of the poop, and all at once I felt somethin under us breakin' away. The vessel was parting! One of the crew was drowned; passengers ware praying and commending themselves to heaven. I alone escaped the watery doom.

"And how did you manage to redeem *yourself* from destruction?" was the general inquiry.

"Why, gentlemen, the fact is, I seen how things was agoin', and *I took my hat and went ashore!*"

The last I saw of this Munchausen, was as our coach wheeled away. He had achieved a drink, and was perambulating through the mud, lightened, momentarily, of his sorrows.

AN ATTRACTIVE PREACHER.—Dr. Duff is a learned and highly useful missionary of the Free Church of Scotland in India; he is now upon a visit to his native country. As a proof of the great sensation created by this distinguished missionary, the *Edinburgh Witness* states that on a week day, such was the desire to hear him, $5 were offered for a ticket of admission without success. The tickets were distributed among the booksellers in town. One bookseller had 90 tickets, and 500 applicants. Numbers perched on the roof and others listened at the open windows. Numbers were present from Glasgow, and various parts of the country equally distant.

DR. GUTZLAFF, who is preaching at Berlin and at Potsdam, on behalf of the Chinese mission, expresses a confident hope that the Emperor of Japan will be converted to Christianity.

GERMAN TRANSCENDENTALISM.—A speaker at the meeting of the American Bible Society in New York, last week, after describing the various dogmas of the day, referred to German transcendentalism,—said it was the witty saying of Jean Paul Richter, that Germany, like Rip Van Winkle, had been asleep, and when she woke up she found that France had taken up all the land, and England all the sea, and as there was no place else for Germany to go, she went upward and took possession of the air!