

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.
PHILADELPHIA.
MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.
NINETEENTH SESSION (1863-64).

WILLIAM GUNN, M. D., Emeritus Professor of Surgery.
GEORGE B. WOOD, M. D., Emeritus Professor of Theory and Practice of Medicine.
SAMUEL JACKSON, M. D., Emeritus Professor of Institutes of Medicine.
HUGH L. HENRY, M. D., Emeritus Professor of Obstetrics and the Diseases of Women and Children.
JOSEPH CARSON, M. D., Professor of Materia Medica and Pharmacy.
ROBERT R. HIGGINS, M. D., Professor of Chemistry.
JOSEPH LEVY, M. D., Professor of Anatomy.
HENRY H. SMITH, M. D., Professor of Surgery.
WILLIAM PARKER, M. D., Professor of Theory and Practice of Medicine.
SAMUEL SMITH, M. D., Professor of Institutes of Medicine.
R. A. F. PENROSE, M. D., Professor of Obstetrics and the Diseases of Women and Children.
JOHN H. PACHA, M. D., Demonstrator of Anatomy.

The Lectures of the Session will begin on the second Monday of October and close on the first of March.

One Introductory will be delivered to the Course. Clinical Instruction is given throughout the Session in the Medical Hall, by the Professors and at the Hospital, at the Philadelphia Hospital, containing 500 beds, instruction is free.
Military Surgery will be fully taught by the appropriate chairs.
The Dissection Rooms, under the superintendence of the Professor of Anatomy and the Demonstrator, are open from the middle of September.
The Room for Special Dissection, under the Application of Bandages, &c., is open early in September and throughout the Session, under the supervision of the Professor of Surgery.
Surgical Demonstrations, (C. S. BARNES, M. D., for the Lectures (each Professor \$10) \$102 Matriculation Fee (paid once only) 30
R. E. ROGERS, M. D., Dean of the Medical Faculty.
SAMUEL PARKER, M. D., Dean of the Medical Faculty.
P. S.—Board may be had at from \$2.50 to \$5 per week Sep. 18, 1863-64.

DR. MARKLEY'S
FAMILY REMEDIES TRIUMPHANT.
The Great Dyspeptic, Bile and Blood.
Dr. Markley's
HEALTH RESTORATIVE BALSAM
READ! READ!
BE PERMANENTLY CURED!

The great superiority of Dr. MARKLEY'S popular and well tried FAMILY MEDICINES is proved by the fact that they search out and eradicate the cause of disease and hence never fail to effect a permanent cure. They not only restore tone to the digestive organs, imparting a healthy action to the stomach, liver and bowels, but they thoroughly purify the blood, thus permanently curing the disease by destroying its foundation.

A CASE IN POINT.
On the 27th of January, 1860, Mr. D. S. Moore, of Grampian Hill, near Philadelphia, writes that he was induced by the numerous testimonials he had seen of the cure effected by Dr. Markley's Health Restorative Balsam, to apply to him for a cure of his disease. He describes his sufferings as follows: "For the last six years I have been suffering from a disease which has been described as dyspepsia. It has been attended with all the usual symptoms of the disease, and has continued to do so until the present time. On one occasion a glass of wine, three loaves of bread and at another time one of a smaller size, came out. Her knee has been stiff for three years, and at times the pain is very severe."

AN ENTIRE CURE EFFECTED.
The Medicine—the Health Restorative Balsam, the Pills of Dr. Markley, and the Health Restorative Pills, were furnished, and the result of their use is announced in the following letter:
"On the 14th of August, 1863, I am happy to inform you that the Medicine has effected an ENTIRE CURE in the case of my sister, who, you will remember, was suffering from dyspepsia. I am, Sir, most respectfully,
Yours, D. S. MOORE."

DYSPEPSIA, &c., CURED.

Certificate of MR. ARNOLD CAMPBELL, of the firm of Campbell & Marshall, Gold and Silver Dealers, Centre Street, Philadelphia.

Dr. G. H. MARKLEY, Sir:—I have much pleasure in having an opportunity to add my testimony in favor of your popular family medicines, especially as my knowledge of their efficacy is based upon personal experience in my own case and observation of my neighbors. For many years I have been afflicted with dyspepsia in its most aggravated form; my system having become so much debilitated and my health so much impaired, that I was unable to perform my usual duties. I had resorted to the best doctors within reach, without relief. I used some of the most powerful medicines, but they did me no good. I was then living at Hopewell, Chester County, and in the month of June, 1862, I moved the use of your medicines. They soon effected a relief from the most painful symptoms which I had, and I was completely restored to health, and I have enjoyed the best of health ever since. I am now an old man, and I have been able to perform my usual duties. I have seen enough of them to justify me in saying that your Family Health Restorative Balsam is a cure to the public, which I have had no knowledge; and it is no less my pleasure than my duty to recommend them to all who are the victims of disease.
Respectfully yours,
D. S. CAMPBELL.

These cases are only two of thousands which might be published. All who value their health and life should use them. They are sold by Dr. MARKLEY at his Drug and Medicine Store, 25 N. 3rd St., Lancaster, Pa., to whom all letters and orders should be sent.
For sale in Cumberland County by
DAVID BARNES, Carlisle.
GARRICK & STARKER, Mechanicsburg.
JNO. H. MILLER, Newville.
F. S. ARV & Co., Upper Merion.
GEO. W. FESSLER, West Fairview.
Sep. 18, 1863—2m.

A Joint Resolution Proposing

BE it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Session, that the following amendments be proposed to the Constitution of the Commonwealth, in accordance with the provisions of the tenth article thereof:
There shall be an additional section to the third article of the Constitution, to be designated as section four, as follows:
Section 4. Whenever any of the qualified electors of this Commonwealth shall be in any actual military service, under a regulation from the President of the United States, or by the authority of this Commonwealth, such electors may exercise the right of suffrage in all elections, under such regulations as the Legislature may, by law, prescribe by law, as fully as if they were present at their usual places of election.
There shall be an additional section to the eleventh article of the Constitution, to be designated as section eight, and shall read as follows:
Section 8. No bill shall be passed by the Legislature granting any powers, or privileges, in any case, where the authority to grant such powers, or privileges, has been or may hereafter be conferred upon the Governor of this Commonwealth.
JOHN CRESSA,
Speaker of the House of Representatives.
JOHN F. PENNY,
Speaker of the Senate.
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF THE COMMONWEALTH,
Harrisburg, July 1, 1863.

PENNSYLVANIA, SS: I do hereby certify that the foregoing and annexed is a full, true and correct copy of the original Joint Resolution of the General Assembly, entitled "A Joint Resolution proposing certain amendments to the Constitution," as the same remains on file in this office.
In Testimony Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the Secretary's office to be affixed, this day and year above written.
J. H. SLEIGH,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

July 7, 1863.

NOTICE

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
OFFICE OF THE CONTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY,
WASHINGTON, July 7, 1863.
WHEREAS, by satisfactory evidence presented to the undersigned, it has been made to appear that the First National Bank of the City of Philadelphia, and the Cumberland and State of Pennsylvania has been duly organized under, and according to the requirements of the act of Congress, entitled "An act to provide a national currency, secured by a pledge of United States stocks, and to provide for the circulation of such currency," approved February 25, 1863, and has complied with all the provisions of said act required to be accomplished before commencing the business of said bank.

Now therefore, I, HUGH McCULLOUGH, Controller of the Currency, do hereby certify that said First National Bank of the City of Philadelphia, and the Cumberland and State of Pennsylvania is authorized to commence the business of said bank under the act aforesaid.
In Testimony Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal of office, this Seventh day of July 1863.

HUGH McCULLOUGH,
Controller of the Currency.

Carlisle, July 10, 1863.

The First National Bank will receive deposits both on interest and payable on demand, same as done formerly by the First of Philadelphia Co., and will be prepared to do everything pertaining to the business of banking.

W. W. HEPBURN, Cashier.

Carlisle, July 10, 1863.

The Carlisle Herald.

VOL. 63.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1863.

NO. 39.

A. K. RHEEM, Editor & Proprietor.

TERMS:—\$1.50 in Advance, or \$2 within the year.

Selected Poetry.

"TOGETHER."

Together! together! Oh, why should we part?
Together in hand, and together in heart!
Shoulder to shoulder, 'er, as ever before.
Oh, still let us strive for the Union of yore!

Oh, well may we bleed, as our forefathers bled,
For Liberty when the Union is dead.
Though tears of blood may yet deluge the land,
Then still let us cling to the Union of old;
It is better than all our lives and our gold.

Northerner, Southerner, still you are one,
Spite of the foul deed that traitors have done.
Spite of your bloodshed and spite of your hate!
Living or dead, you are joined in your fate.

As one you have risen as one you must fall;
And one flag or no flag must float over all.
All the lives of the South and the lives of the North,
For what is of value to you and to me,
For the stars shall be torn from the flag of the free!

Together! together! Join hands once again!
Though years be before us of toil and of pain,
Together! together! We conquer or fall;
For one flag or no flag must float over all!

Miscellaneous.

THE CONVICT'S BRIDE.

It was a dark, dreary morning in the December of 176—The ground was covered with snow, and the bleak wind was howling in terrific gusts through the streets. Yet despite the inclemency of the weather, crowds of persons of all classes, and among them, many of the weaker sex, might be seen hurrying towards the Place de Greve. It was the morning appointed for the execution of Victor d'Aubigny.

The circumstance which had called this expiration of life at the altar of justice, are briefly as follows—and, blended with the strong love of excitement as the French, account in some degree, for the eager curiosity so discernible in the multitude now hastening to the awful spectacle of a fellow creature, in the full flush of youth and health, being plunged into the gulf of an unknown eternity. The crime for which Victor d'Aubigny was doomed to suffer was forgery. Remonstrances, petitions, interest, all had been tried to avert the fatal penalty. The offence was one of frequent occurrence, and must be checked, even at the costly sacrifice of a human life. Fortunately, in our days, the law is satisfied with less than the blood of its victim. In every country apostles are to be found for guilt, and sympathy is more readily elicited when the perpetrator is endowed with great personal or mental advantages, and fills position above the ordinary level in society. All these Victor d'Aubigny possessed; he had also the higher distinction of having, up to the period of his crime, borne a blameless character.

From their earliest youth a close intimacy had existed between himself and Auguste de Biron. Similarity of age and pursuit, both being intended for the army, united them more than congeniality of dispositions; for the warm generosity of Victor bore little resemblance to the cold, suspicious, vindictive nature of Auguste. They were alike only in their pursuit of pleasure, though even in the prosecution of this the taste of each took a different bias. The strong and feverish excitement of the gambling table, too well suited to the eager temperament of Victor—He who, in the midst of the most prodigal capital of the world, had strength to resist all other allurements, fell a ready prey to that vice, whose fatal indulgence has often paved the way for the commission of almost every crime.

Auguste on the other hand, shunning the dazzling saloons of play, was a nightly visitant of the metropolitan theatres—not to enjoy the wit of Moliere, or the genius of Racine, but to watch the airy movements of some *figurante* in the ballet. As they advanced to manhood, the success of d'Aubigny in society called perpetually into play the evil passions of his companion, whose feelings gradually changed from friendship to dislike, and deepened into hatred implacable and bitter, on the refusal of his hand by a lady, who, assigned, as the reason, a mad thought returned passion for his friend. Auguste controlled his resentment outwardly, and left Paris.

Victor at this period was betrothed to a lovely but passionless girl, and the day for the nuptials was fixed. A few evenings previous he entered one of the gambling establishments with which Paris abounds. Enough; he was tempted to play, and in a short time found himself a loser to double the amount of all the ready money he could command. He rushed from the house in a state of frenzy. The money must be paid on the following day. To whom could he apply? Auguste, who might have assisted him, was in England, whether he had gone to be present at the debut of a celebrated dancer. He suddenly recollected that his friend had left a large sum at his bankers'. Forgetful, in the desperation of the moment, of everything but escape from present embarrassment, he forged a check for the sum required. It was duly honored—but his doom was sealed. He instantly wrote to apprise d'Aubigny of what he had done; pleading in mitigation that he had often shared the same purse, and binding himself to return the money at the earliest possible period. No reply was given to his letter. The time flew onward—the day for his marriage arrived. The bridal solemnity was over, when, as the party were leaving the church, d'Aubigny was arrested on charge of forgery!

The trial and condemnation rapidly succeeded, and the day of execution dawned too soon. Victor met his death calmly and resignedly. But it is not with him our tale has to do—it is with Isabelle d'Aubigny, the convicted bride. From the period when the promulgation of his sentence rung in her ears, to that moment in which the fatal axe fell on the throat of his victim, no sigh, no tear, no word, had escaped her. Every faculty seemed suspended by misery—The last, long embrace of her husband—the wild, choking sob which burst from him, the thousand frantic passionate kisses which he showered on her marble face at the foot of the scaffold, all failed to dissolve the trance of grief into which she had fallen. But the moment of awakening agony came at last! When the guillotine had done its office, and the body of her beloved Victor lay bleeding and dead before her—sorrow, asserting its omnipotent sway over humanity, shivered the feeble barriers of temporary unconsciousness, and let the prisoned mind free to contemplate the ruin of its only earthly hope, the extinction of all youth's sweetest visions. Then came the groan of anguish, the shriek of despair—the straining of the eyeballs, to assure itself of that which stretched every fibre of the heart with agony, till it almost burst with the tension. Then came that piercing look into future years, which so often accompanies calamity in its freshness; when all that would have sustained us beneath the heavy load, has been wrenched from us for ever and ever!

Vainly the friends who surrounded Isabelle, strove to tear her from the body of Victor. There was fascination in the gaze, though horror was blended with it. Her own, her beautiful, lay a mutilated corpse before her—he whom she had loved with an absorbing intensity, which would have defied time to lessen, circumstance to change—with whom she had hoped to journey through existence, partner of his pleasures, soother of his griefs. And now she was alone and desolate!—I level indeed did she feel that fate had leveled its deadliest weapon; and henceforth every hour was stamped with storm, unchanging, dreary despair. Great misfortunes either strengthen or enfeeble the mind. When the grave had closed over the body of Victor, Isabelle—the weak, the gentle, the timid Isabelle—returned to her lonely hearth, a calm, stern, determined woman.

All the elite of Milan were gathered together in the magnificent theatre of La Scala. Beauty lent its attraction, rank its patronage, and fashion its influence, to grace the farewell benefit of "La Florida," the unrivalled dancer, the boast of Italy, the idol of the Milanese.

It is not an easy task to rouse an English audience into a *furore* of ecstasy; an Italian one is composed of material of no inflammable nature; and demonstrations which would seem to us extravagant and absurd, only appear to them a meet homage to genius. To-night their wondrous enthusiasm received double impetus, from the fact that the evening was the last public testimony they could afford, of their appreciation of the consummate skill and loveliness of the fair creature before them. The ensuing week would see her united to a worthy noble, and this night witness her parting obeisance to an audience, of whom all the men were her worshippers, and even the women were her partisans and admirers. The curtain rose, and certainly the appearance of the heroine of the evening was warranty enough for the burst of rapturous applause which followed. Her form, itself of the most faultless symmetry, acquired additional captivation from the display and costliness permitted by theatrical costume. Her face, too, was one of surpassing beauty. Large, deep eyes, waves of the glossiest hair, and a skin of that clear transparent whiteness which shows with such dazzling effect at night—all these attractions were in themselves enough to fascinate the sight. But there was that about "La Florida," which interested the feelings of a fully as much. The dreamy melancholy of the entire repose of all her features—the extraordinary expression assumed for love and love, yet which none had ever seen—dimpled, yet which none had ever seen—such witchery to her beauty, and threw around her a kind of mysterious charm, even amid the glare and frivolity with which she was surrounded.

Though assailed by temptation in every shape, so rigid and unblushingly been her conduct that the noble family to which she was about to be allied, vainly sought in a pretext to dissolve the engagement between herself and her relative. Yet she lived in utter unprotectedness, with only the companionship of a young girl who officiated as her attendant. With society she never mixed, nor left her home, except to attend her professional duties.

On this last evening of public existence, all was done that could render her exit triumphant. The stage was literally filled with bouquets flung at her feet, accompanied by many a valuable and less perishable testimony to her worth and talent. When she made her farewell acknowledgments, each felt a pang of regret at parting with one so lovely and gifted, and many a bright eye was filled with tears—yet she, the cause alone remained unmoved. There was gratitude in the graceful bowing of the head, and meek folding of her hands on her bosom—but the face was calm and impassive as ever. The curtain fell amid an outburst of such feeling as shook the walls of La Scala to their foundation and Florida was seen there no more.

"Now pray, Signora, on this your wedding day, do look as if you were happy. Heigho! if I was so beautiful, he should be smiling all day long."

"My good Rosalia, I have long forgotten to smile or weep. In truth, poor child, you have had but a wearisome life, in attending on one in whose bosom the pulse of joy hath forever stopped."

"O, say not so, Signora; all the girls in Milan will be glad to wait on one so kind, so gracious, so gentle a mistress—aye, and so pretty a one too. For when I am bridging those long tresses, or fastening the sandals on your tiny feet, I feel quite proud in being permitted to serve La Florida, who, all Milan says, has borrowed the face and form of the famous Venus at Florence."

"Fie on thee, child! I would chide thee for this flattery, but that an unkind word ever sends foolish tears into thine eyes. But hasten, Rosalia, the time wears on. Give me my veil, and leave me."

The attendant did as she was bidden, and Florida was alone. For while she sat in deep meditation her small white hand clasped upon her brow, as if to still the tumult of feelings rushing through her brain. The day at length had come for which she had patiently waited for years; for which she had devoted herself to a profession which she abhorred, and toiled in it laboriously and ceaselessly, and nourished a life she would otherwise have allowed the mildest of grief to corrode and destroy. The hour was at hand when the one purpose of her existence was to be realized—the long recorded vow fulfilled. The near accomplishment of her wishes gave to the cheek of Florida a flush of crimson, deep as the sunset of summer, and lit up her lustrous eyes with almost unearthly brightness. As she contemplated herself in the mirror, arrayed in all the costly magnificence of bridal attire, vanity for a moment preponderated; but it was a transient weakness. An instant more—the brow resumed its look of calm, stern determination—the beautiful mouth, its compressed rigidity. Having adjusted the orange wreath on her temples and arranged the drapery of the long delicate veil, her snowy folds enveloped a form from head to foot, she entered the ante-chamber adjoining her chamber, attending from it a bouquet of choicest flowers, awaited the arrival of her bride's maid and friends. In a few minutes the expected guests assembled, and leaning on the arm of the brother of her betrothed, she entered one of the carriages, and the party proceeded to the church of St. Ambrose. The nuptial rites were performed, and Florida was greeted as La Marchesa di Vivaldi.

The marchess, gently passing his arm around her waist, would have folded her to his bosom. A quick shudder which seemed to convulse every limb, passed over her.

"My beautiful love looks pale!"
"Is nothing—a sudden faintness. I culled these flowers for you, your favorite heliotrope is there; take them—you will not surely refuse your bride's first gift?"
The marchess took the bouquet presented, pressed them passionately to his lips, inhaled their fragrance, and felt at the feet of Florida a lifeless corpse.

A wild, unnatural burst of laughter from the marchess pealed through the church. "It is well—it is well! Victor, my beloved, thou art avenged. Now I will join thee!"
Uttering these words, she took from beneath the folds of her dress a small pointed, and buried it to the hilt in her breast.

The bride and the bridegroom lay dead together.
On searching her desk, a paper was found explanatory of the catastrophe. It is scarcely necessary to say that "La Florida" was the name assumed by Isabelle d'Aubigny. In the record left of her motives and actions, she stated that after the execution of Victor, she made a solemn vow to become his avenger—but with a refined revenge, when his destroyer, De Biron, was at the height of earthly bliss. For this purpose her first aim was to captivate his heart. As the widow of Victor, she might find in this a more adroit way. Through the aid of this accomplishment, superadded to her beauty of person, she hoped to ensnare his affections. Her first step was to become the pupil of the more celebrated master of the day, and by dint of unremitting toil, she qualified herself for public exhibition. She resolved to appear in Italy, to which country Auguste de Biron had retired, to escape the strong manifestations of dislike which, after the execution of Victor d'Aubigny, followed him whenever he entered society at Paris. He was also the heir to a title and considerable estates in the Abruzzi. The death of his relative soon put him in possession of them, and he became the Marchese di Vivaldi. At this period, Florida, who was cognizant of a tale that befel him, made her debut at Naples. All Italy soon rung with her fame—and she was offered an engagement at "La Scala."

She accepted it—appeared—became the idol of the public—and soon the object of her revenge bowed at her feet a suppliant for her love—a suitor for her hand. She accepted him. During the life of Victor, he had never seen her; and who, that looked on her fair unruffled brow, or listened to her low, sweet voice, could imagine that in her breast every particle of womanly softness had been extirpated—that her thoughts were only of revenge and death. It was at the altar's foot, her adored Victor had been torn from her arms; it should be at the altar's foot the expiatory sacrifice should be made—his murderer destroyed. She procured from the East a deadly poison, the simple inhalation of which produces abrupt and certain death. Every flower in the bouquet was steeped in deadly essence; its effect has been narrated. And thus, by one of those frightful transactions which circumstances accomplish in human destiny, the restraining influence of fixed religious principle is absent, Isabelle, once loving and irresolute, became a murderer and a suicide!

GOD AND MY COUNTRY!
The following eloquent tribute to our country we extract from a sermon delivered in Philadelphia on Fast day, in the Arch Street Presbyterian Church, by the Rev. Charles S. Porter, of Boston, and published by the request of a committee of the congregation.

What a history is ours! Its commencement was like the glimmer of a star on the bosom of night; its progress, the beaming of noontide effulgence. Your beautiful and opulent city is a memorable point in the course of our political existence. It embosoms memories of our earliest national being. It is itself a noble illustration of our property and progress. How could it have become what it is, in population and prosperity, in present and prospective greatness, had not the nation become, by God's favor, a great and prosperous people! And how could we have been the people we are, in men and means for the present awful civil conflict, had we not been favored of Heaven as never any other people! Our first duty is to stand by the throne of God; the next, by the flag of our country. If we are a Christian, we must be a patriotic people. A true Christian must be, in the best ruler and subject, citizen and soldier. A voice from the tomb of a clergyman in your city cries in our ears: "God and my country!" Let the ministry, let the church, in every branch, of all denominations, from Maine to California, from the frozen North to the torrid South, echo that cry, "God and my country!" Let it be the watchword in all our national and State councils. The battle-cry with our armed and marshaled hosts in conflict with treason. Let all the youth in the land, from our primary schools to the walls and halls of our universities, wake in thunder tones the shout, "God and my country!" Let treason all over the land hear it and tremble. Let the nations hear it, and know for once that we cannot be bought; that we will not be sold; that we cannot be conquered by the forces, or terrified by the thundering batteries of the world. Let all know that under God we have but one aim, purpose, and prayer—to live or die a free, united, and independent republic.

SICKNESS NOT CAUSELESS.—There never can be disease without a cause; and almost always the cause is in the person who is ill. He has either done something which he ought not to have done, or he has omitted something which he should have attended to.

Another important item, is, sickness does not, as a general thing, come on suddenly; as seldom does it thus come as a house become enveloped in flames, or the instant of the fire first breaking out. There is generally a spark, a tiny flame, a trifling blaze. It is so with disease, and promptitude is always an important element of safety and deliverance. A little child wakes up in the night with a disturbing cough, but which after a while, passes off, and the parent feels relieved; the second night, the cough is more decided; the third, it is croup, and in a few hours more, the darling is dead!

Had that child been kept warm in bed the whole of the day after the first coughing was noticed, had it been fed lightly, and got abundant warm sleep, it would have had no cough the second night, and the day after would have been well. An incalculable amount of human suffering, and many lives would be saved every year, if two things were done uniformly. First, when any uncomfortable feeling is noticed, begin at once, trace the cause of it and avoid that cause ever after.

Second, use means at once to remove the symptom; and among these, the best are those which are most universally available and applicable, as rest, warmth, abstinence, a clean person, and pure air. When animals are ill, they follow nature's instinct, and lie down to rest. Many a valuable life has been lost by the unwise efforts of the patient to "keep up," when the most fitting place was a warm bed and a quiet apartment.

Some persons attempt to "harden their constitutions," by exposing themselves to the causes which induced their sufferings, as if they could by so doing, get accustomed to the exposure, and ever thereafter endure it with good impunity. A good constitution, like a good garment, lasts the longer by its being taken care of. If a finger has been burned by putting it in the fire and is cured never so well, it will be burned again as often as it is put in the fire; such a result is inevitable. There is no such thing as hardening one's self against the cause of disease. What gives a man a cold to-day, will give him a cold to-morrow, and the next day, the next. What lies in the stomach like a heavy weight to-day, will do the same to-morrow; not in a less degree, but a greater; and as we get older, or get more under the influence of disease, lesser causes have greater ill effects; so that the older we get, the greater need is there for increased efforts to avoid hardships and exposures, and to be more prompt in restoring any symptoms, by rest, warmth, and abstinence.—*Halt's Journal of Health.*

Hazel Nuts.

Hazel nuts are the fruit of the wild bush of Corylus Avellana, unchanged or unimproved by cultivation. The fruit differs from that of the domesticated varieties only in being smaller, while the tree is more hardy. This plant, which is a native of all the cooler parts of Europe, Northern Asia, and North America, is the parent of the many varieties of nuts and filberts now cultivated for their fruit. The filbert is the fruit of the tallow tree of the Corylus Avellana. The term was originally applied to those kinds of nuts which have very long husks; but owing to the number of varieties that have of late years been obtained, this distinction, which was never scientific, appears to be nearly disregarded, and nuts and filberts are almost synonymous terms, excepting that the wild uncultivated fruit and those varieties which most nearly approach it are never called filberts. In order to preserve filberts in a fresh and plump state, it is only necessary to prevent their parting with their moisture by evaporation. Burying them in heaps in the earth, putting them in earthen jars in a cellar, and covering them with dry sand are all excellent plans. The hazel nut of America is smaller than that of Spain, but it possesses a more pleasant taste, and might be gathered in large quantities in many places. It is, however, never gathered like chestnuts for the market, all the filberts and hazel nuts sold are imported. About 182,000 bushels are exported from Spain annually.

THE GLORY OF THESE TIMES.—The greatest glory of these times lies not in the triumph of battle fields; not in the victories of physical force; not in the splendid success of military skill; not even in the saving of a nation's life; but it lies in the noble qualities of manhood that the time has called forth; in the capacities for endurance and uncomplaining suffering that are every where displayed; in the heroism, devotion and self sacrifice with which so many youth and men of the noblest stamp have left all that was attractive at home to give themselves to their country; in the beautiful submissiveness and heroic generosity of the homes that have opened their doors and consented to be robbed of their dearest treasures that the nation and humanity may be enriched; in the hopeful sympathies and charities that have made every community almost every home among us holier; in the extraordinary fortitude shown everywhere by the wounded soldiers in the hospitals; and, finally, in triumph which, through all these sublime qualities and deeds is being achieved for the sacred principles that are the true inspiration of the nation's life.

BE CHEERFUL AT YOUR MEALS.—The benefit derived from food taken depends very much upon the condition of the body while eating. If taken in a moody, cross, or despairing condition of the mind, digestion is much less perfect and slower than when taken with a cheerful disposition. Very rapid and silent eating should be avoided, and some topic of interest introduced at meals that all may partake in, and if a hearty laugh is occasionally indulged in it will be better. It is not uncommon that a person dining in pleasant and social company can eat and digest well that which, when eaten alone and the mind absorbed in some deep study, or brooding over cares and disappointments, would be long undigested in the stomach, causing discomfort and pain, and, if much indulged in, become the cause of permanent and irreparable injury to the system.

AN INGENUOUS TEST.—A short time ago a merchant, in prosecuting his morning tour in the suburbs, found, as he walked along, a purse containing a considerable sum of money. He observed a lady at some distance, who he thought would be the owner, and osed. Determined to be correct in the party to whom he delivered it, he fell upon a range yet ingenious plan to effect this; he resolved to act the part of a poor, distressed man and boldly went forward hat in hand and asked alms. This was answered with a polite "Go away! I have nothing to give you." The poor man, however, persisting in his entreaties, would not go until he had got assistance for his famishing wife and children. At last the lady descended; but to her dismay found the wherewith was gone. The merchant, with a polite bow, returned the purse, with the advice in future to be more generous to the distressed.

A NEW SOURCE OF DISKASE.—Orpheus C. Kerr, the historiographer of the Muckler Brigade, while lately approaching the capitolian city, encountered a man—or rather in his own Johnsonian words:—When very near the city on my return home, I met a chap weighing about two hundred pounds, who was on his way to a lawyer's, to get his exemption from the draft duly fixed.

"See, here, my patriotic invalid," says I, rather skeptically, "how do you come to be exempt?"
"I am exempt," said he, in a profound melancholy manner, "because I am suffering from a broken heart."

"Hom!" says I.
"It is true," says he, sniffing dimly. "I asked the female of my heart to have me. She said I hadn't postage stamps enough to suit her ideas of personal revenue; and she didn't care to do my washing! That was enough. My heart you see, is broken, and I'm not an able bodied man."

Drafting, my boy, is of a nature to develop the seeds of disease into the hitherto healthy human system.

Too Many Irons in the Fire.

Whenever you see a gal with a whole lot of sweethearts, (says a humorous writer,) it's an even chance if she gets married to any of 'em. One cools off, and before she brings any of 'em to the right waldin' heat, the coal is gone and the fire is out. Then she may blow and blow till she's tired; she may blow up a dust, but the deuce of a flame she can blow up again. I never see a clever looking gal in danger of that but I don't long to whisper in her ear—"You dear little orricle, you take care; you have too many irons in the fire, some of 'em will get stone cold, and 't'other ones will get burnt so, they will be no good in natur'."

EXPAND THE CHEST.—Those in easy circumstances, or those who pursue sedentary, indoor employment, use their lungs but little, breathe but little air into the chest, and thus, independent of position, contract a wretchedly small chest, and lay the foundation of the loss of health and beauty. All this can be perfectly obviated by a little attention to the manner of breathing. Recollect that the lungs are like a bladder in their construction, open to double their size with perfect safety, giving a noble chest and perfect immunity from consumption. The agent and the only agent we require, is the common air we breathe; supposing, however, that no obstacle exists, external to the chest, such as trying it round with stays, or having the shoulders lying upon it. On arising from your bed in the morning, place yourself in an erect position, the shoulders thrown out flat; now inhale all the air you can, so that no more can be got in; now hold your breath and throw your arms off behind, holding your breath as long as possible. Repeat these long breaths as much as you please. Done in a cold room is much better, because the air is much denser and will act more efficiently in expanding the chest. Exercising the chest in this manner will enlarge the capability and size of the lungs.

From the Chambersburg Repository.

WHAT OF THE STATE?

In 1860 the Democratic party was disintegrated and practically without organization, because of the mingled imbecility, treachery and corruption of the Buchanan administration. It had two candidates for Presidency, and it had two candidates for Vice Presidency, and it was struggling for each, looking to future domination rather than present success. Foster tried the not uncommon but as yet unsuccessful feat of a small politician riding two mags heading opposite ways at once, and although a tolerably united effort was made, the party was defeated by over 32,000 majority. In 1861 there were no State officers or Congressmen to elect and the State went by default, and in 1862 the confusion resulting from the proximity of Gen. Lee's army to our borders, the calling of the militia and Stuart's raid prevented anything like systematic effort to poll the vote of the State. Berks and Lancaster were both reckoned doubtful on Congress—so little was known of the tendency of popular sentiment.

The State has been without organization, since 1860, and the present campaign opened with little or no data on which to calculate results. Woodward was nominated in June, and Biddle was in due time charged with the leadership; but beyond proving his eminent unfitness for the task, he accomplished nothing. He pretended to resign and promised to fight when the rebels invaded the State; but he obliged loyal men generally by doing neither, for if he has common honesty, he could hardly fight save on the rebel side. His record in the State fixed Woodward's majority at from 40,000 to 60,000, and he so assured his "friends" with official solemnity; but within ten days past he has revised his figures, and proclaimed to the faithful that he will carry the State by from 10,000 to 20,000. Whether he will keep reducing his majority until he gets it on the Curtin side, depends upon how much sense he acquires before he elects.

The Union man had but sixty days in which to commence and complete the organization, while the Democrats had four months; but in point of effective, systematic and progressive effort the Union men are fully up to their opponents to day, taking the whole State; and in twenty days more will be prepared to meet the great battle to come in October. Taking the vote of 1860 as a basis, there will be singular changes in different sections of the State. West of the mountains Gov. Curtin will lose, in any, a very immense number of votes. In the Delaware and Westmoreland he may fall off a few hundreds; but upon the whole he will cross the mountains not 2,000 behind his old vote. In some of the southern, middle and eastern counties he may lose materially. York may give from 1,000 to 1,500 more than in 1860, and Adams, Franklin, Fulton, Bedford and Cumberland will add an aggregate of 1,000 to the gain against him. Clearfield, Centre, Union, Lycoming and Northumberland will swell the loss 2,000 more. Berks will add 1,500 to it, and Schuylkill and Luzerne may add 5,000. Possibly we place our estimate a trifle high, but we think we are not high; but we shall not be disappointed. To stop the war, the vote the Democratic ticket. Many of them have eluded the enrolling officers entirely, and others have left audaciously after they were enrolled, to avoid the fortunes of the draft: but the State will be a heavy poll cannot but be gist to the mill of the Provost Marshals, we beg our Irish "friends" to go in freely. In Northampton, Lehigh, Carbon, Monroe and Wayne there will be a regular gain for Woodward over Foster, amounting in the aggregate to some 2,500. With these counties, we have almost the entire gain that can be claimed against Curtin, and we have given the figures very liberally for Woodward. Thirty days of effort such as will be made may almost entirely overcome these conceded gains; but they would pretty certainly be realized if the election were to be held to-morrow.

On the other hand, Gov. Curtin must gain full 1