

TERMS OF PUBLICATION

The CARLISLE HERALD is published weekly on a large sheet containing twenty pages...

ADVERTISEMENTS

Advertisements will be charged 100 per square of twelve lines for three insertions...

JOB PRINTING

The Carlisle Herald JOB PRINTING OFFICE is the largest and most complete establishment in the county...

BALTIMORE LOCK HOSPITAL

ESTABLISHED AS A REFUGE FOR QUACKERY THE ONLY PLACE WHERE A CURE CAN BE OBTAINED.

DR. JOHNSON HAS DISCOVERED

A certain, specific and only effective remedy in the world for all private diseases...

YOUNG MEN

Especially, who, victims of solitary vice, that dreadful and destructive habit...

MARRIAGE

Married persons, or young men contemplating marriage, being aware of the many evils...

ORGANIC WEAKNESS

Immediately cured, and the distressing affection which renders the miserable and average condition...

OPICHO'S SOUTH FREDERICK

Each bottle sold going from Baltimore street, a few doors from the corner...

A CURE WARRANTED

No Victim of Nephritic Brags—Dr. Johnson, member of the Royal College of Surgeons...

TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE

Dr. Johnson's medicine is the only one which cures the most inveterate cases...

YOUNG MEN

Who have injured themselves by a certain practice, and who are now suffering from the effects...

MARRIAGE

Collect that a sound mind and body are the most necessary requisites to promote domestic happiness...

DISEASE OF IMPURITUDE

When the misdeeds and impudent rovers of pleasure find that they have polluted the source of this painful disease...

STRANGERS

Trust not your lives, or health, to the care of the many unlearned and worthless pretenses...

INDORSMENT OF THE PRESS

The many thousands cured at this institution year after year, and the numerous important surgical operations performed by Dr. Johnson...

SKIN DISEASES SPEEDILY CURED

Persons writing should be particular in directing their letters to this institution at the following name: JOHN M. JOHNSON, M. D.

NEW SPRING GOODS

I am now receiving a large assortment of new and elegant spring goods...

HOOPS, SHOES & GAITHERS

At O'Leary's cheap cash store. Just received an assortment of ladies, misses, and children's gaiters, boots & shoes...

Original Poetry

To Miss Kato.

To and forget that we have met, Go to the friends we love to see; Love as they do, fondly depart...

MY LOUISA.

Viewed by the light of my present experience, I am bound to say that my early engagement to marry Louisa Lippesley...

history, I thought I loved devotedly—only that she had much prettier shaped feet, did not turn them in so persistently...

Charlotte—how can you?—or 'Have done, Amelia, do, or I'll tell ma. I won't be teased, I won't.' Then, if any of these remonstrances came to the ear of Mrs. Lippesley...

portunity for making a disclosure of my sentiments to Louisa Lippesley. I had great doubt, however, about finding her in a state of mind appropriate to the purpose...

'We shall not indeed.' At first I felt rather flattered by such a cordial abandonment of all formality; but I soon found it was not quite so agreeable to be regarded wholly as a male member of Mrs. Lippesley's family...

A Medical Opinion.

Weak-backed and weak-kneed, These rheumatism intend, Are 'tis dishevelled the fact's best attesting; But, I think, if 'tis so, They're the right ones to go— For their health we may see need—recruiting!

A Singular Defense.

The following remarkable defense of a prisoner tried for a highway robbery will, we doubt not, interest our readers; but we have no mode of ascertaining when it occurred...

regarded as quite helplessly, and unable to do anything for herself. 'You can't do it, baby dear, let me,' said sturdy Jane Ann. 'It's no use you saying, 'Pet, you know,' Charlotte would explain. 'O you silly darling, how could you think of doing it by yourself?'

Concerning the late Mr. Lippesley, I was able to arrive at no certain information. From the vague statements that their 'Papa had been "something in the City," which did not afford me any very definite idea as to his occupation...

Of course, after that event, my Louisa and myself were formerly considered as engaged, and people seemed to me to do all they could to force this fact continually upon our attention...

While the evidence was proceeding against him, the prisoner had remained with his eyes fixed on the ground, seemingly very much depressed; till on being called on for his defense, he looked up and seeing the stranger, he suddenly fainted. This excited some surprise, and it seemed, at first, like a trick at gain time...

'Oh, my lord, I see a person who can save my life: that gentleman,' pointing to the stranger, 'can prove I am innocent, might I only have leave to put a few questions to him.'

How, then, came to pass our engagement? Why did I gaze into the calm, light blue, perhaps rather cold looking eyes of Louisa, and express, haltingly a devotion I did not feel?

She was a woman rather proud and haughty, and very glibly, and of her inability to acquiesce upon slight provocation. She abandoned herself to her feelings, and seemed happiest when gasping and choking, waving her white laced handkerchief, tears for her eyes, and thoroughly surrendered to nervous excitement.

I afterwards ascertained the value of the last part of his remark. Certainly the course of the untrue love subsisting between me and my Louisa had been interrupted. From the first, the object of my introducing myself to the family seemed to be appreciated. I was very warmly received, and a family friend, and almost an accepted suitor before I had ventured to reveal to my Louisa how deeply I imagined that my passion for her was plunging up my heart.

'What's the matter?' I asked. 'You've not heard, then? Ah, I must break it to you. My poor Louisa—the she's engaged to be married—Major—of the Bombay Artillery—a dreadful man! promise me you will not seek to injure him!'

'Well, then,' said the man, 'don't you remember landing at Dover at such a time?' To this the gentleman answered that he had landed at Dover not long before, but that he could not tell whether it was on the day he mentioned or not.

How, then, came to pass our engagement? Why did I gaze into the calm, light blue, perhaps rather cold looking eyes of Louisa, and express, haltingly a devotion I did not feel? I think Louisa's glance at my smooth face (my I add, expressionless face?) which I may, contrasting it with its present looks of powerful intelligence and vivid sagacity; if the reader has any curiosity on this subject, he has only to look precisely the sort of man I am now, to call to mind the picture No. 1942 in the Catalogue, 'Portrait of Gentlemen' by P. Green, in the last Exhibition of the Royal Academy, hung near the ceiling, in the north-east room.)

And she kissed me on the forehead, almost violently, and shook hands with me with exaggerated cordiality. Her hands were very fat, and felt rather like pin cushions in my most friendly moments. I always had the idea in connection with Mrs. Lippesley's hands, as I may say, that she was fond of reading three or four novels, of reclining on the sofa, and of wearing carpet slippers.

Of course, after that event, my Louisa and myself were formerly considered as engaged, and people seemed to me to do all they could to force this fact continually upon our attention, to press and imbue us—not to say humiliate us—in consequence. I know I always felt somewhat as though I were branded like a felon, and the word 'engaged' stamped upon my forehead; and I did not feel near so comfortable as I had expected.

'How was Mrs. Lippesley's cab hire to be paid?' and here she was proposing that we should all go to Ramsgate for a month, and would doubtless leave me to pay the steambath fare for the whole party there and back to say nothing of disturbances for donkeys on the sands, huckney-coaches, bathing machines, &c.

'Well, then,' said the man, 'don't you remember landing at Dover at such a time?' To this the gentleman answered that he had landed at Dover not long before, but that he could not tell whether it was on the day he mentioned or not.

How, then, came to pass our engagement? Why did I gaze into the calm, light blue, perhaps rather cold looking eyes of Louisa, and express, haltingly a devotion I did not feel? I think Louisa's glance at my smooth face (my I add, expressionless face?) which I may, contrasting it with its present looks of powerful intelligence and vivid sagacity; if the reader has any curiosity on this subject, he has only to look precisely the sort of man I am now, to call to mind the picture No. 1942 in the Catalogue, 'Portrait of Gentlemen' by P. Green, in the last Exhibition of the Royal Academy, hung near the ceiling, in the north-east room.)

And she kissed me on the forehead, almost violently, and shook hands with me with exaggerated cordiality. Her hands were very fat, and felt rather like pin cushions in my most friendly moments. I always had the idea in connection with Mrs. Lippesley's hands, as I may say, that she was fond of reading three or four novels, of reclining on the sofa, and of wearing carpet slippers.

Of course, after that event, my Louisa and myself were formerly considered as engaged, and people seemed to me to do all they could to force this fact continually upon our attention, to press and imbue us—not to say humiliate us—in consequence. I know I always felt somewhat as though I were branded like a felon, and the word 'engaged' stamped upon my forehead; and I did not feel near so comfortable as I had expected.

'How was Mrs. Lippesley's cab hire to be paid?' and here she was proposing that we should all go to Ramsgate for a month, and would doubtless leave me to pay the steambath fare for the whole party there and back to say nothing of disturbances for donkeys on the sands, huckney-coaches, bathing machines, &c.

'Well, then,' said the man, 'don't you remember landing at Dover at such a time?' To this the gentleman answered that he had landed at Dover not long before, but that he could not tell whether it was on the day he mentioned or not.

How, then, came to pass our engagement? Why did I gaze into the calm, light blue, perhaps rather cold looking eyes of Louisa, and express, haltingly a devotion I did not feel? I think Louisa's glance at my smooth face (my I add, expressionless face?) which I may, contrasting it with its present looks of powerful intelligence and vivid sagacity; if the reader has any curiosity on this subject, he has only to look precisely the sort of man I am now, to call to mind the picture No. 1942 in the Catalogue, 'Portrait of Gentlemen' by P. Green, in the last Exhibition of the Royal Academy, hung near the ceiling, in the north-east room.)

And she kissed me on the forehead, almost violently, and shook hands with me with exaggerated cordiality. Her hands were very fat, and felt rather like pin cushions in my most friendly moments. I always had the idea in connection with Mrs. Lippesley's hands, as I may say, that she was fond of reading three or four novels, of reclining on the sofa, and of wearing carpet slippers.

Of course, after that event, my Louisa and myself were formerly considered as engaged, and people seemed to me to do all they could to force this fact continually upon our attention, to press and imbue us—not to say humiliate us—in consequence. I know I always felt somewhat as though I were branded like a felon, and the word 'engaged' stamped upon my forehead; and I did not feel near so comfortable as I had expected.

'How was Mrs. Lippesley's cab hire to be paid?' and here she was proposing that we should all go to Ramsgate for a month, and would doubtless leave me to pay the steambath fare for the whole party there and back to say nothing of disturbances for donkeys on the sands, huckney-coaches, bathing machines, &c.

'Well, then,' said the man, 'don't you remember landing at Dover at such a time?' To this the gentleman answered that he had landed at Dover not long before, but that he could not tell whether it was on the day he mentioned or not.

How, then, came to pass our engagement? Why did I gaze into the calm, light blue, perhaps rather cold looking eyes of Louisa, and express, haltingly a devotion I did not feel? I think Louisa's glance at my smooth face (my I add, expressionless face?) which I may, contrasting it with its present looks of powerful intelligence and vivid sagacity; if the reader has any curiosity on this subject, he has only to look precisely the sort of man I am now, to call to mind the picture No. 1942 in the Catalogue, 'Portrait of Gentlemen' by P. Green, in the last Exhibition of the Royal Academy, hung near the ceiling, in the north-east room.)

And she kissed me on the forehead, almost violently, and shook hands with me with exaggerated cordiality. Her hands were very fat, and felt rather like pin cushions in my most friendly moments. I always had the idea in connection with Mrs. Lippesley's hands, as I may say, that she was fond of reading three or four novels, of reclining on the sofa, and of wearing carpet slippers.

Of course, after that event, my Louisa and myself were formerly considered as engaged, and people seemed to me to do all they could to force this fact continually upon our attention, to press and imbue us—not to say humiliate us—in consequence. I know I always felt somewhat as though I were branded like a felon, and the word 'engaged' stamped upon my forehead; and I did not feel near so comfortable as I had expected.

'How was Mrs. Lippesley's cab hire to be paid?' and here she was proposing that we should all go to Ramsgate for a month, and would doubtless leave me to pay the steambath fare for the whole party there and back to say nothing of disturbances for donkeys on the sands, huckney-coaches, bathing machines, &c.

'Well, then,' said the man, 'don't you remember landing at Dover at such a time?' To this the gentleman answered that he had landed at Dover not long before, but that he could not tell whether it was on the day he mentioned or not.

HOOPS, SHOES & GAITHERS

At O'Leary's cheap cash store. Just received an assortment of ladies, misses, and children's gaiters, boots & shoes...

Original Poetry

To Miss Kato.

To and forget that we have met, Go to the friends we love to see; Love as they do, fondly depart...

MY LOUISA.

Viewed by the light of my present experience, I am bound to say that my early engagement to marry Louisa Lippesley...

Original Poetry

To Miss Kato.

To and forget that we have met, Go to the friends we love to see; Love as they do, fondly depart...

MY LOUISA.

Viewed by the light of my present experience, I am bound to say that my early engagement to marry Louisa Lippesley...

Original Poetry

To Miss Kato.

To and forget that we have met, Go to the friends we love to see; Love as they do, fondly depart...

Original Poetry

To Miss Kato.

To and forget that we have met, Go to the friends we love to see; Love as they do, fondly depart...