

ESTATE NOTICE.
 In letters testamentary on the estate of Benjamin Shaw, dec'd., late of South Middleton township, having been issued by the Register of Cumberland county, to the subscriber, residing in the same township, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make payment, and to those having claims to present them duly authenticated for settlement to the subscriber.
 FRENCH FLOWERS, Executor.
 April 10, 1863—3m.

STRAW GOODS.
 OF all the NEW Styles, For Ladies Misses & Childrens Wear. French & American FLOWERS.
 Bonnet Ribbons, and a general assortment of MILLINERY GOODS.
 at the lowest Cash prices—Wholesale & Retail—MILLINERS Will Consult their interest by examining my stock before making their purchases.
 WM. KRUSEN,
 March 30, 1863. No 218 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

MILLINERY GOODS.
 1863. SPRING, 1863.
WOOD & CARY, No. 725, CHEST-NUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
 STRAW & MILLINERY GOODS.
 Including STRAW BONNETS, MISSISSIPPI STRAW GOODS, FANCY & CRAPE BONNETS.
 In which they respectfully invite the attention of Merchant & Milliner. **CASH BUYERS** will find special advantage in examining this stock before purchasing.
 March 20, 1863—3m.

Watches, Jewelry,
 SILVER WARE, and ROGER'S SUPERIOR PLATED WARE.
HARPER,
 No. 620 ARCH STREET, PHILAD.
 N. B. All kinds of Silverware made in the Factory, back of the Store.
 March 20, 1863—3m.

BALTIMORE LOCK HOSPITAL.
 ESTABLISHED AS A REFUGE FROM QUACKERY.
 THE ONLY PLACE WHERE A CURE CAN BE OBTAINED:
DR. JOHNSTON has discovered the most certain, speedy and only effectual remedy in the world for all private diseases, weakness of the limbs, strabismus, gonorrhoea, gleet, bladder, involuntary discharges, erysipelas, general debility, nervousness, dyspepsia, languor, low spirits, confusion of ideas, palpitation of the heart, tremblings, dimness of sight or blindness, disease of the head, throat, nose or skin, affections of the liver, lungs, stomach or bowels, and of the female system, and the solitary habits of youth—these secret and solitary practices most fatal to their victims than the most violent venereal diseases, and rendering recovery almost impossible, &c., impossible.

YOUNG MEN
 Especially, who have been victims of solitary vice, that dreadful and destructive habit which annually sweeps to an untimely grave thousands of Young Men of the most exalted talents and brilliant intellects, who must otherwise have entered the world with the honors of eloquence or walked to ecstasy the living lyre, may call with confidence.

MARRIAGE.
 Married persons, or young men contemplating marriage, being aware of the physical weakness, organic debility, debilitations, &c., speedily cured. Who place themselves under the care of Dr. J. may rely on a speedy cure, and a healthy and happy, and confidently rely upon his skill as a physician.

ORGANIC WEAKNESS
 Immediately cured, and full vigor restored. This distressing affection—which renders life miserable and marriage impossible—is the penalty paid by the victims of improper indulgence. Young persons are led to commit excesses from not being aware of the dreadful consequences that may ensue. Now, who that understands the subject will persist in doing so, or who that professes to be lost by those falling into improper habits than by the present? Besides being deprived of the pleasures of life, the most serious and destructive symptoms to both body and mind arise. The system becomes deranged, the physical and mental powers of the body are exhausted, power, nervous irritability, dyspepsia, palpitation of the heart, indigestion, constitutional debility, a swelling of the frame, cough, consumption, fever, &c., &c., &c.

OFFICE NO. 702 N. FREDERICK STREET.
 Left hand side going from Baltimore street, a few doors from the corner. Fall not to observe name and number. Letters must be paid and contain stamp. The Doctor's Diplomas have no value.

VICIOUS WANTED IN TWO DAYS.
 No Mercury or Nauseous Drugs—Dr. Johnston, member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, Graduate from one of the great hospitals in London, has been in the States, and the greater part of a life has been spent in the hospitals of London, Paris, Philadelphia and elsewhere, has effected a cure of the most obstinate and violent cases of venereal disease, many troubled with ringing in the head and ears when asleep, great nervousness, being alarmed at sudden sounds, insupportable with frequent blisters, and attended sometimes with derangement of mind, were cured immediately.

TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE.
 Dr. J. addresses all those who have injured themselves by improper indulgence and solitary habits, which ruin both body and mind, unfitting them for either business, study, society or marriage. These are some of the sad and melancholy effects produced by early habits of youth. Weakness of the back limbs, pain in the head, dimness of sight, loss of muscular power, palpitation of the heart, dyspepsia, nervous irritability, derangement of the digestive functions, general debility, symptoms of consumption, &c., &c., &c. The fearful effects on the mind are much to be dreaded—loss of memory, confusion of ideas, depression of spirits, and a propensity to do what is self-destructive, loss of solitude, timidity, &c., are some of the evils produced. Thousands of persons of all ages can now judge what is the cause of their declining health, losing their vigor, becoming weak, pale, nervous and emaciated, having singular appearances about the eyes, cough and symptoms of consumption.

YOUNG MEN
 Who have injured themselves by a certain practice indulged in when alone, a habit frequently learned from evil companions, or at school, the effects of which are nightly felt, even when asleep, and if not cured renders marriage impossible, and destroys both mind and body, should apply immediately.

MARRIAGE.
 reflect that a sound mind and body are the most necessary requisites to promote conjugal happiness—indeed, without these, the journey through life becomes a weary pilgrimage, the prospect of matrimony dark and filled with the melancholy reflection that the happiness of another becomes a burden with our own.

DISEASE OF IMPRUDENCE.
 When the unbridled and imprudent votary of pleasure finds that he has imbibed the seeds of this painful disease, it too often happens that an ill timed sense of shame; or dread of discovery, deters him from applying to those who, from respectability, can alone befriend him, delaying till the constitutional symptoms of this horrid disease make their appearance such as ulcerated throat, disease of the bowels, pains in the head and limbs, dimness of sight, deafness, nodes on the shin bones and arms, blotches on the face and extremities, progressing with fearful rapidity, till at last the palate of the mouth or the bones of the nose fall in, and the victim of this awful disease becomes a horrid object of commiseration, till death puts a period to his dreadful sufferings, by sending him to that Undiscovered Country from whence no traveler returns.

STRANGERS.
 Trust not your lives, or health, to the care of the many unlearned and dishonest pretenses of impostors of knowledge, name or character, who copy Dr. Johnston's verbiage, or style themselves, in the newspapers, regularly educated physicians. Beware of those who keep you trifling months after month taking their fee and poisonous compounds, or as long as the smallest fee can be obtained, and then desert you with ruined health to sigh over your galling disappointment.
 Dr. Johnston is the only Physician advertising.
 His credentials are always before him in his office.
 His remedies or treatment are unknown to all others, prepared from a life spent in the great hospitals of Europe, the first in the country and a more extensive private practice than any other physician in the world.

INDORSEMENT OF THE PRESS.
 The many thousands cured at this Institution year after year, and the numerous important Surgical Operations performed by Dr. Johnston, witnessed by the reporters of the "Sun," "Clipper," and many other papers, notices of which have appeared again and again before the public, besides his standing as a gentleman of character and responsibility, is a sufficient guarantee to the afflicted.

SEVEN DISEASES SPEEDILY CURED.
 Persons writing should be particular in directing their letters to this Institution, in the following manner:
 JOHN M. JOHNSTON, M. D.,
 Of the Baltimore Lock Hospital, Baltimore, Md.,
 May 2, 1862—1y

The Carlisle Herald.

VOL. 63. CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 17, 1863. NO. 15.
 A. K. RHEEM, Editor & Proprietor.
 TERMS—\$1.50 in Advance, or \$2 within the year.

Selected Poetry.
 From the Atlantic Monthly for March.
THE VAGABONDS.
 We are two travelers, Roger and I.
 Roger's my dog.—Come here you scamp!
 Jump for the gentleman—mind yourself!
 Over the table—look out for the lamp!
 The roguish is growing a little old;
 Five years we've tramped through wind and weather,
 And slept out-doors when nights were cold,
 And ate and drank—and starved—together.
 We've learned what comfort is, I tell you!
 A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,
 A fire to thaw our thumbs, (poor fellow!)
 The paw he holds up there (see how frozen),
 Plenty of oatmeal for my fiddle,
 (This out door business is bad for strings),
 Then a few nice buckwheat hot from the griddle,
 And Roger and I set up for kings.
 No, thank you, Sir—I never drink;
 Roger and I are exceedingly moral—
 Aron't we, Roger?—See him wink!
 Well, something hot, then—won't you quarrel.
 He's thirsty, too—see him nod his head?
 I wonder if we got that respect?
 He understands every word that's said—
 He and he knows good milk from water and chalk.
 The truth is, Sir, now I reflect,
 I've been so sadly good to you,
 I wonder if we got that respect?
 (Here's to you, Sir) even my dog.
 But he sticks by, through thick and thin;
 And this old coat, with its empty pockets,
 And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,
 He'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.
 There isn't another creature living
 Would do it, and prove, through every disaster,
 So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving,
 To such a miserable thankless master!
 No, Sir—see him wag his tail and grin!
 By George! it makes my old eyes water!
 That is, there's something in this gin
 That chokes a fellow. But no matter!
 We'll have some music, if you're willing,
 And Roger (hem) what a plague a cough is, Sir!
 Shall I march a little?—Start, you villain!
 Stand straight! "Bout face! Salute your officer!
 Put up that paw! Dress! Take your rifle!"
 (Some dogs have arms, you see?) Now hold your
 Cap while the good woman gives me rifle,
 To add a poor old patriot soldier!
 March! Halt! Now show her the rebel shanks.
 When he stands up to hear his sentence,
 Now tell us how many drams it takes
 To honor a jolly new acquaintance.
 Five yelps—that's five, he's mighty knowing!
 The night's before us, fill the glasses!
 Quick, Sir! I'm ill—my brain is going—
 Some brandy,—thank you,—there it passes!
 Why not reform? That's easily said:
 But I've gone through such wretched treatment,
 Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,
 And scarce remembering what meat meant,
 That my poor stomach's past reform!
 And there are times, when mad with thinking,
 I'd sell out heaven for something warm
 To prop a horrible inward quaking.
 Is there a way to forget to think?
 At your age, Sir, home, fortune, friends,
 A dear girl's love,—but I took to drink—
 The same old story! you know how it ends.
 If you could have seen these classic features,
 You need not laugh, Sir; they were not then
 Such a burning libel on God's creatures;
 I was one of your handsome men!
 If you had seen AER, so fair and young,
 And his hand, grasping his ratan, towered
 Above his head in a very significant manner.
 "I hardly can, sir," said the poor fellow
 faintly. His voice was husky and thick—
 "I will tell you some—some other time—
 Please to let me go to my seat—I ain't well."
 "Oh yes, that's very likely," and Mr. Lu-
 gare bulged out his nose and cheeks with
 contempt. "Do you think to make me
 plainly your lies? I've found you out, sir,
 plainly you are; and I am satisfied that you
 are as precious a little villain as there is in
 the State. But I will postpone settling with
 you for an hour yet. I shall then call you
 up again; and if you don't tell the whole
 truth then, I will give you something that'll
 make you remember Mr. Nichol's melons
 for many a month to come—go to your seat."
 Glad enough of the ungracious permis-
 sion, and answering not a sound, the child
 crept tremblingly to his bench. He felt
 very strangely, dizzily—more as if he
 was in a dream than in real life; and laying
 his arms on his desk, bowed down his face
 between them. The pupils turned to their
 customary studies, for during the reign of
 Lugare in the village school, they had been
 so used to scenes of violence and severe
 chastisement, that such things made but
 little interruption in the tenor of their way.
 Now, while the intervening hour is passing,
 we will clear up the mystery of the bag, and
 of young Barker being under the garden-
 fence on the preceding night. The boy's
 mother was a widow, and they both had
 to live in the narrowest limits. His father had
 died when he was six years old, and little
 Tim was left a sickly, emaciated infant
 whom no one expected to live many months.
 To the surprise of all, however, the poor
 little child kept alive, and seemed to recover
 his health, so he certainly did his size and
 good looks. This was owing to the kind
 offices of an eminent physician who had a
 country-seat in the neighborhood, and who
 had been interested in the widow's little
 family. Tim, the physician said, might
 possibly outgrow his weakness, but every-
 thing was uncertain. It was a mysterious
 and baffling malady; and it would not be wonder-
 ful if he should in some moment of apparent
 health be suddenly taken away. The poor
 widow was at first in a continual state of un-
 easiness; but several years had now passed,
 and none of the impending evils had fallen
 upon the boy's head. His mother seemed to
 feel confident that he would live, and be a
 help and an honor to her old age; and she
 two struggled on together, mutually happy
 in each other, and enduring much of pov-
 erty and discomfort without repining, each
 for the other's sake.

It had, notwithstanding its fleshy cheerful look, a singular cast as if some inward disease, and that a fearful one, were seated within. As the strapping stood before that place of judgment, that place, so often made the scene of heartless and coarse brutality, of timid innocence confused, helpless childhood outraged, and gentle feelings crushed—Lugare looked on him with a frown which plainly told that he felt in no very pleasant mood. Happily a wrothier and more philosophical system is proving to men that schools can be better governed, than by lashes and tears and sighs. We are waxing toward that consummation when one of the old-fashioned schoolmasters, with his cowhide, his heavy birch rod, and his many ingenious methods of child-torture, will be gazed upon as a scorned memento of an ignorant, cruel, and exploded doctrine. May propitious gales speed that day!
 "Were you by Mr. Nichol's garden fence last night?" said Lugare.
 "Yes, sir," answered the boy: "I was."
 "Well, sir, I'm glad to find you so ready with your confession. And so you thought you could do a little robbing, and enjoy yourself in a manner you ought to be ashamed to own, without being punished, did you?"
 "I have not been robbing," replied the boy quickly. His face was suffused, whether with resentment or fright, it was difficult to tell. "And I didn't do anything last night, that I'm ashamed to own."
 "No impudence!" exclaimed the teacher, passionately, as he grasped a log and hoarse rattle: "give me none of your sharp speeches, or I'll thrash you till you beg like a dog."
 "The youngster's face paled a little; his lip quivered, but he did not speak."
 "And pray, sir," continued Lugare, as the outward signs of wrath disappeared from his features; "what were you about the garden for? Perhaps you only received the plunder, and had an accomplice to do the worse dangerous part of the job?"
 "I went that way because it is on my road home. I was there again afterward to meet an acquaintance; and—and—I did not go into the garden, nor take anything away from it. I would not steal,—hardly to save myself from starving."
 "You had better have stuck to that last evening. You were seen, Tim Barker, to come from under Mr. Nichol's garden-fence, a little after nine o'clock, with a bag full of something or other, over your shoulders."
 The boy had every appearance of being filled with fruit, and this morning the melon beds are found to have been completely cleared. Now, sir, what was there in the bag?"
 Like fire itself glowed the face of the detected lad. He spoke not a word. All the school had their eyes directed at him. The perpetrator ran down his white forehead like rain-drops.
 "Speak, sir!" exclaimed Lugare, with a loud strike of his ratan on the desk.
 The boy looked as though he would faint. But the unmerciful teacher, confident of having brought to light a criminal, and exulting in the idea of the severe chastisement he should now be justified in inflicting, kept working himself up to a still greater and greater degree of passion. In the meantime, the child seemed hardly to know what to do with himself. His tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth. Either he was very much frightened, or he was actually unwell.
 "Speak, I say!" again thundered Lugare; and his hand, grasping his ratan, towered above his head in a very significant manner.
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 "I will tell you some—some other time—
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 Now, while the intervening hour is passing, we will clear up the mystery of the bag, and of young Barker being under the garden-fence on the preceding night. The boy's mother was a widow, and they both had to live in the narrowest limits. His father had died when he was six years old, and little Tim was left a sickly, emaciated infant whom no one expected to live many months.
 To the surprise of all, however, the poor little child kept alive, and seemed to recover his health, so he certainly did his size and good looks. This was owing to the kind offices of an eminent physician who had a country-seat in the neighborhood, and who had been interested in the widow's little family. Tim, the physician said, might possibly outgrow his weakness, but everything was uncertain. It was a mysterious and baffling malady; and it would not be wonderful if he should in some moment of apparent health be suddenly taken away. The poor widow was at first in a continual state of uneasiness; but several years had now passed, and none of the impending evils had fallen upon the boy's head. His mother seemed to feel confident that he would live, and be a help and an honor to her old age; and she two struggled on together, mutually happy in each other, and enduring much of poverty and discomfort without repining, each for the other's sake.

which he took from his own stock; but as his partner was a parsimonious, high-tempered man, and had often said that Tim was an idle fellow, and ought not to be helped because he did not work, Jones generally made his gifts in such a manner that no one knew anything about them, except himself and the grateful objects of his kindness. It might be, too, that the widow was loth to have understood by the neighbors that she received food from any one; for there is often an excusable pride in people of her condition which makes them shrink from being considered as objects of charity as they would from the severest pains. On the night in question, Tim had been told that Jones would fix at Mr. Nichol's garden-fence. It was this bag that Tim had been seen staggering under, and which caused the unlucky boy to be accused and convicted by his teacher as a thief. That teacher was one little fitted for his important and responsible office. Hasty to decide, and inflexibly severe, he was the terror of the little world he ruled so despotically. Punishment he seemed to delight in. Knowing little of those sweet fountains which in children's breasts ever open quickly at the call of gentleness and kind words, he was loath to let all his sternness, and loved by none. I would that he were an isolated instance in his profession.
 The hour of grace had drawn to its close, and the time approached at which it was used for Lugare to give his school a joyfully-received dismissal. Now and then one of the scholars would direct a furtive glance at Tim, sometimes in pity, sometimes in indifference or inquiry. They knew that he would have no mercy shown him, and though most of them loved him, whipping was too common there to exact much sympathy. Yet, inquiring glances, however remained unsatisfied, for at the end of the hour, Tim remained with his face completely hidden, and his head bowed in his arms, precisely as he had leaped himself when he first went to his seat. Lugare looked at the boy occasionally with a scowl which seemed to bode vengeance for his slowness. At length the last class had been heard, and the last lesson recited, and Lugare seated himself behind his desk on the platform, with his longest and stoutest rattle before him.
 "Now, Barker," he said "we'll settle that little business of yours. Just step up here."
 Tim did not move. The school-room was as still as the grave. Not a sound was to be heard, except occasionally a long-drawn breath.
 "Mind me, sir, or it will be the worse for you. Step up here, and take off your jacket!"
 The boy did not stir any more than if he had been made of wood. Lugare shook with passion. He sat still a minute, as if considering the best way to wreak his vengeance. That minute, passed in death-like silence, was a fearful one to some of the children, for their faces whitened with fright. It seemed, as it slowly dropped away, like the minute which precedes the climax of an exquisitely-performed tragedy, when some mighty master of the histrionic art is reading "the stage," and you and the multitude around you are waiting, with stretched nerves and suspended breath, in expectation of the terrible catastrophe.
 "Tim is asleep, sir," at length said one of the boys who sat near him.
 Lugare, at this intelligence, allowed his features to relax from their expressions of savage anger into a smile, but that smile looked more malignant, if possible, than his former scowls. It might be that he felt amused at the horror depicted on the faces of those about him; or it might be that he was glowing in pleasure on the way in which he intended to wake the poor little slumberer.
 "Asleep! are you, my young gentleman!"
 "Let us see if we can't find something to tickle your eyes open. There's nothing like savage anger to do that, if possible, than his former scowls. It might be that he felt amused at the horror depicted on the faces of those about him; or it might be that he was glowing in pleasure on the way in which he intended to wake the poor little slumberer.
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