

**BALTIMORE LOCK HOSPITAL.**

WHERE may be obtained the most speedy remedy for **SECRET DISEASES**.—Gleets, Strictures, Seminal Weakness, Pain in the Loins, Affections of the Kidneys, and all those Peculiar Affections arising from a **SECRET HABIT**, particularly the youth of both sexes, which if not cured, produces **Constitutional Debility**, rendering **Marriage impossible**, and in the end destroys both **Mind and Body**.

**YOUNG MEN** Especially, who have become the victims of **Solitary Vice**, that dreadful and destructive habit which annually sweeps on an untimely grave thousands of young men of the most exalted talents and brilliant intellect, who might otherwise have entranced listening Senates with the thunders of eloquence, or wakened to ecstasy the living fires, may call with full confidence.

**Married persons**, or those contemplating marriage, being aware of physical weakness, should immediately consult Dr. J., and be restored to perfect health.

**DR. JOHNSTON**, Office No. 7 **SOUTH FREDERICK STREET, SEVEN DOORS FROM BALTIMORE STREET**, East side UP THE STEPS. **BE PARTICULAR** in observing the **NAME AND NUMBER**, or you will mistake the place.

**A CURE WARRANTED, OR NO CHARGE MADE, IN FROM ONE TWO DAYS.**

**Take Notice**—Dr. Johnston's Office is in his dwelling, UP THE STEPS. His very extensive practice is a sufficient guarantee that he is the only proper Physician to apply to.

**DR. JOHNSTON**, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, graduate from one of the most eminent Colleges of the United States, and the greater part of whose life has been spent in the Hospitals of London, Paris, Philadelphia, and elsewhere, has effected some of the most astonishing cures that were ever known, many troubled with ringing in the ears and head when asleep, great nervousness, being alarmed at sudden sounds, and bashfulness, with frequent blushing, attended sometimes with derangement of mind, were cured immediately.

**A CERTAIN DISEASE**.—It is a melancholy fact that thousands fall victims to this horrid disease owing to the Unwillingness of ignorant practitioners, who by the use of that deadly poison Mercury, ruin the Constitution, causing the most serious symptoms of this dreadful disease to make their appearance, such as affections of the head, throat, nose, skin, etc., progressing with frightful rapidity till death puts a period to their dreadful suffering, by sending them to that *Bourne whence no traveler returns*.

**TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE**.—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.

What a pity that a young man, the hope of his country, and the darling of his parents should be snatched from all prospects and enjoyments of life by the consequences of deviating from the path of nature and indulging in a certain secret habit.—Such persons before contemplating.

**MARRIAGE**, should 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 horrid darkens to the view—the melancholy reflection, that the happiness of another becomes blighted with our own.

**CONSTITUTIONAL DEBILITY**.—Dr. J. addresses young men, and all who have injured themselves by private and improper indulgence.

**EMPHYSANA**.—These are some of the sad and melancholy effects produced by early habits of youth, viz: Weakness of the Back and Limbs, Pains in the head, Dimness of Sight, Loss of Muscular Power, Palpitation of the Heart, Dyspepsia, Nervous Irritability, Derangements of the Digestive Functions, General Debility Symptoms of Consumption, &c.

**Mentally**.—The fearful effects on the mind are much to be dreaded; Loss of Memory, Confusion of ideas, Depression of Spirit, Evil Forbodings, Aversion to Society, Self Distrust, Love of Solitude, &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 and emaciated, have a singular appearance about the eyes, cough and symptoms of consumption.

**Married persons**, or those contemplating marriage, being aware of physical weakness, should immediately consult Dr. J. and be restored to perfect health.

**OFFICE, NO. 7, SOUTH FREDERICK STREET, Baltimore, Md.**

**ALL SURGICAL OPERATIONS PERFORMED**.—N. B. Let no false delicacy prevent you, but apply immediately either personally or by letter.

**Skin Diseases Speedily Cured.**

**TO STRANGERS**.—The many thousands cured at this Institution within the last ten years, and the numerous important Surgical Operations performed by Dr. J. witnessed by the Reporters of the papers, and many other persons, notices of which have appeared again and again before the public, is a sufficient guarantee that the afflicted will find a skillful and honorable physician.

As there are so many ignorant and worthless quacks advertising themselves as Physicians, ruining the health of the afflicted, Dr. Johnston would say to those unacquainted with his reputation that his *Credentials or Diplomas always hang in his office*.

**WEAKNESS OF THE ORGANS** immediately cured, and full vigor restored.

**ALL LETTERS POST PAID—REMEDIES SENT BY MAIL.**

Jan. 8, 1852.—ly.

**Administrator's Notice.**

Estate of John Plummer, late of Penn township, Huntingdon county, dec'd.

LETTERS of administration upon the estate of John Plummer, late of Penn township, dec'd, have been granted to the subscribers. All persons having claims will present them properly authenticated, and those indebted are requested to make immediate payment.

ELI PLUMMER, Hopewell tp.,  
ABRAHAM PLUMMER, Penn tp., } Adms.  
Jan. 1, 1852. 6t.

**Executor's Notice.**

In the matter of the Estate of Abraham Zimmerman, late of Tod township, dec'd.

Letters Testamentary, upon the last Will and Testament of said deceased, having been granted to the subscriber, all persons knowing themselves indebted to the said estate will make payment to, and all persons having claims against said estate will present them duly authenticated, to

MARKLEBURG, Dec. 22, 1851.

**EXCELSIOR.**

This word is derived from the Latin, and is the comparative of the adjective *excelsior*, high, lofty. Its meaning, therefore, is—"still higher;" and in the beautiful poem by Professor Longfellow it is adopted as the motto of a genius whose world experience is thus illustrated. Upon the first budding of his aspirations he is met by the cold discouragement of the world—

"The shades of night were falling fast,  
As through an Alpine village pass'd  
A youth, who bore, mid snow and ice,  
A banner with this strange device—*Excelsior!*"

His brow was sad; his eye beneath  
Flash'd like a falchion from its sheath;  
And like a silver clarion rung  
The accents of that unknown tongue—*Excelsior!*

The influences of home operate to his discouragement, but the vision of his ambition urges him on—

"In happy homes he saw the light  
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;  
Above the spectral glaciers shone,  
And from his lips escaped a groan—*Excelsior!*"

The predictions of timid Old Age are employed to endeavor to deter him:

"Try not the pass!" the old man said,  
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,  
The roaring gulf is deep and wide!"  
But loud that clarion voice replied—*Excelsior!*

Next arise the seductive influences of love—

"Oh, stay," the maiden said, "and rest,  
Thy weary head upon this breast!  
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,  
But still he answered with a sigh—*Excelsior!*"

Other warnings are given with the view of deterring him from hazardous attempts—

"Beware the pine-tree's wither'd branch!  
Beware the awful avalanche!"  
But already he has flown from the tremors sought to be imposed upon him—

"This was the peasant's last good night—  
A voice replied far up the height—*Excelsior!*"

The influences of bigotry and superstition now surround him, but his course is still onward—"still higher!"

"At break of day, as heavenward  
The pious monks of Saint Bernard  
Utter'd the oft-repeated prayer,  
A voice cried through the startled air—*Excelsior!*"

But his trials and privations are great, and worn out in the pursuit of the lofty and the good, his strength of body fails him—

"A traveler by the faithful hound  
Half buried in the snow was found,  
Still grasping in his hand of ice  
That banner with the strange device—*Excelsior!*"

"There, in the twilight cold and grey,  
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay;  
And from the sky, serene and far,  
A voice fell like a falling star—*Excelsior!*"

Though his body had fallen his spirit had gone up "still higher," to meet its reward. The song breathes a holy spirit of aspiration, and should never be profaned by lips whose heart is false to the sacred ties of private and public duty.

**The Odd Bridegroom.**

A young clergyman sat in his study composing a sermon. It was a bright spring morning, and in order to concentrate his thoughts on the subject of the discourse he was writing, Mr. Burton was obliged to close the window blinds, and shut out the beauty of nature, which was to him so attractive. In an obscure light, his pen was beginning to move quite rapidly, when the wind blew the blinds open again, and sent his manuscript fluttering across the floor. The sunlight gushing in, and at the same time Mr. Burton's ideas flew out.

He turned his chair and looked out of the window. Beauty charmed his eye, and the music of singing birds fell freshly on his ear. Nature at that moment appeared considerably more attractive than Theology. The great leaves of the trees caused him to forget the leaves of his manuscript. The plumage of the birds made him disgusted with his grey goose quill. Yes Mr. Burton felt that he ought to labor that morning.

In casting about his eyes to find an excuse for a little idleness, he saw a chaise driving down the street, and stop before his own door. A good looking plainly dressed young man, helped out a pretty, graceful girl, and they mounted the steps together. Mr. Burton heard the door bell ring, and presently a domestic came to inform him that a young gentleman and

lady wished to see him on important business.

"A marriage, I am sure," thought the clergyman smiling.

He was not mistaken. The young man, in a frank off handed manner, told him he had called for the purpose of being married to his companion; and the girl's blushes told the same story.

"Very well," said Mr. Burton, "I am always ready to make the young people happy. You love each other?"

"We would wait a day or two, if we did not," replied the youth.

His companion blushed again.

"Have you witnesses?" asked the clergyman.

"We are not rich," answered the bridegroom, "and I thought I could not well afford the expense of bringing any of our friends with us. If you think we had better have witnesses, perhaps you will call in somebody."

"It will be well to do so," said the clergyman, smiling.

He called in a younger brother and the housekeeper.

"We are in something of a hurry," said the bridegroom, as the latter paused in the doorway to give some orders to a domestic. "I have got to go to mill this afternoon, and it's a long drive home."

"Stand up here, then; I will despatch you," the clergyman said, with a vain attempt at gravity. You, George Chambers, promise to take this woman to be your lawful wife."

George nodded.

"To love her in sickness and in health—to share with her your joys and your sorrows—your bed and your board—do you promise?"

"Another nod.

"And you Mary, promise to take this man to be your husband?"

A nod and blush from Mary.

"To love him—honor him?"

"Another nod.

"And obey him?"

A doubtful look from Mary.

"In all things reasonable?" added the clergyman, and she nodded. "And to make him a true and affectionate wife—do you promise?"

Mary gave a decisive nod. Mr. Burton added a few more words, and then pronounced them man and wife. Mary wiped her eyes and drew a long breath. The clergyman then made out the marriage certificates to which the witnesses put their names; and ended by giving them to the newly married couple together with a few words of advice. At the same time, George slipped something into his hand, done up in a piece of white paper. Afterwards the bride and bridegroom rode off in the chaise, the housekeeper went to the kitchen laughing, the young Burton returned to his books, and the clergyman to his sermon.

As the latter sat down to write, thinking all the time of the queer marriage ceremony he had just performed, he listlessly unfolded the bit of paper he had placed in his hands. Perhaps the preacher was curious to know how much so odd a man had felt able to pay for his marriage certificate.—From the size of the piece, Mr. Burton judged that his fee must be something handsome. But it was larger than a half eagle—larger even than an eagle. Could it be a twenty dollar piece?

The paper being folded and refolded it was some time before the clergyman could get at the coin. His curiosity was by this time considerably excited. At length he saw something glitter—something very bright. The sun shone on it. It was a new red—CENT! Mr. Burton was a little disappointed; but laughing at the ludicrous mistake, he locked the cent up in his desk and devoted himself to his sermon the remainder of the forenoon.

Six years had passed away. The successful clergyman was one evening surprised by a visit from a stranger. A handsomely dressed, fine looking man, he lifted his hat, bowed respectfully, and offered Mr. Burton his hand.

"Your memory is better than mine, if we have ever met before," said the clergyman.

"My name is George Chambers," said he.

Mr. Burton had forgotten that he had ever known such an individual.

"I think I can refresh your memory, by mentioning an incident," said George.

"Do you remember marrying a couple, six years ago, and receiving for your trouble the fee of one cent?"

Mr. Burton laughed, went to his desk and took from a small drawer a little roll of paper. Unfolding this he produced the copper in question.

"Yes, I remember all about it now."

"Well, sir, I am the man."

"I remember your countenance."

"You undoubtedly supposed I intended to insult you?"

"No, I thought you were poor."

"So I was. I did not know that I could afford to give you any more. Marriage is a lottery you know. Had I given you five or ten dollars, and got a poor wife in return you must confess it would have been a miserable bargain. Well sir, the wife you gave me is a prize. It has taken me six years to find out all her virtues, and now I have come to make you a suitable acknowledgement."

He placed a purse in the hands of the astonished minister, who hesitated to accept it.

"You need not scruple to take it; thanks to my wife, I am now a tolerable rich man."

The bridegroom took his departure.—Mr. Burton examined the contents of the purse with lively curiosity, and he was not a little surprized and gratified to find they consisted of ten half eagles, bright shining—apparently fresh from the mint.

And that was the last the clergyman ever heard of the bridegroom.—*Yankee Nation.*

**GO IT, BOB-TAIL.**

A specimen of the genius "Hoosier" was found by Captain — of the steamer —, in the engine room of his boat, while lying at Louisville, one fine morning in June. The Captain inquired what he was doing, there.

"Have you seen Captain Perry?" was the interrogative response.

"Don't know him, and can't tell what that has to do with your being in my engine room," replied the Captain, angrily.

"Hold on; that's just what I was getting at. You see, Captain Perry asked me to take a drink, and so—I did; I knew that I wanted a drink, or I shouldn't have been so very dry. So Captain Perry and I went to the hall—Captain Perry was putting in some extras on one toe. I sung out, 'Go it, Captain Perry, if you bust your biler.' With that a man steps up to me, says he, 'See here, stranger, you must leave.' Says I, 'What must I leave for?' Says he, 'You're making too much noise.' Says I, 'I've been in bigger crowds than this, and made more noise, and didn't leave nuther. With that he tuk me by the nape of the neck and seat of the breeches—and I left.

"As I was shoved down the street, I met a lady—I knew she was a lady by the remarks she made. Says she, 'Young man, I reckon you'll go home with me.' Politeness wouldn't let me refuse, and so I went. I'd been in the house but a minute when I heard considerable of knocking at the door. I know'd the chap wanted to get in, whoever he was, or he wouldn't have kept up such a tremendous racket.—By-and-by says a voice, 'ef you don't open I'll bust in the door.' And so he did. I put on a bold face, and says I, 'Stranger, does this woman belong to you?' Says he, 'She does.' 'Then,' says I, 'she's a lady, I think, from all that I have seen of her.'

"With that he come at me with a pistol in one hand and a bowie knife in the other, and being a little pressed for room, I jumped through the window, leaving the bigger portion of my coat tail. As I was streaking it down town, with the fragments fluttering in the breeze, I met a friend. I knew he was a friend by the remark he made. Says he, 'Go it, bob-tail, he's gaining on you.' And that's the way I happened in your engine room.—I'm a good swimmer, Captain, but do excuse me, if you please, from taking the water.—*Louisville Journal.*

"That's my impression, as our senior Devil said, when he kissed his sweetheart.

**A Touching Story.**

A few days since, a poor, yet decently clad female, presented herself at one of our police offices, and requested the Magistrate to send her to the Alms House. Her language and manner denoted that she had seen better days; and while she begged the officer to grant her last request, the tears in rapid course trickled down her furrowed cheeks and her sobs checked her utterance, as she tried to tell her mournful story. The officer as in duty bound, asked her name, when she replied in a manner that brought tears from the eyes of those sturdy minions of the law, whose hearts are necessarily steeled to pity and the finer feelings of the man.

"Ask me not my name," she cried, "let me bear in silence and unknown, the fate an inscrutable Providence has meted out to me, but let not aged parents, fond brothers, and loving sisters, hear that I—that I have died the inmate of an alms house, and the recipient of public charity."

"I will grant your desire," the magistrate replied, "but if I knew more of your history and circumstances, I might probably do something for you."

"I will tell you what I dare tell you, if you will believe that I speak the truth, and use your influence to obtain for me some situation in which I can earn an honest living," was her impassioned reply.

The magistrate promised to do all he could for her, and alleviate her situation as much as possible.

"May heaven bless you, sir!" she said, and told the following mournful and thrilling concatenation of suffering and perversity, commingled with sobs and the actual feelings of a woman.

"Two years ago, sir, I was happy and knew not what it was to want; my parents were rich, and owned a large plantation in one of the Southern States; I was but young, not twenty, but I had my suitors, the sons of wealthy men; yet I loved them not. No one of the gaudy throng had as yet made an impression on my heart. There was in the neighborhood a poor but manly youth, the teacher of our district school; he visited our house, and was treated with all the respect and attention which other visitors received; and I—I sir, fell in love with that man, and it was reciprocated. My father soon discovered our secret, and forbade him to cross his threshold again. Need I say more, sir? We met clandestinely and were married—we fled and took up our residence in this city. My husband—my William—taught an academy for a livelihood, and for eighteen months we were happy, but then my husband was taken sick, and he—he—died!—and I was left alone and among strangers. I wrote to my parents, asking their forgiveness—but—my—letters were returned unopened.

My little means are exhausted, and I must starve, or—go to that refuge of poverty—the alms-house; but it will not last long, the sands of my life are nearly run out, and I look for a refuge for this world's miseries in—my grave."

She ended, and every eye present was wet with sympathy for her unhappy situation. One gentleman, who was present, with that noble, generous and manly feeling, so characteristic of 'natures noblemen,' came forward and offered her a home and asylum beneath his roof which we need not add, was cheerfully and thankfully received, and she left the office with the prospect of better if not happier days before her.

Thus it is in this world. Misfortune dates place her ruthless hands upon victims of every grade; and the sons and daughters of luxury sometimes drink the bitter drugs of the cup of penury and misery.—*Ball. Rep.*

Miss Dubois says the first time a young man squeezed her, she felt as if she was in the land that rainbows come from. How poetic a little hugging makes people.—Don't it?

"If five and a half yards make a Pole," asks Punch, "what will make a Hungarian?" Kossuth answers: "A league."

**Curiosities Wanted.**

A stone from the fountain of the world. A few feathers from the bolster of a wagon.

A remnant of the cloth used by Adam to make an apron of.

A razor that brokers use to shave people with.

A toe nail from the foot of a mountain. A ball from the canon of a church.

A horn from the bull that Pope Gregory issued.

Some wood of which they make the celestial pole.

A track made by the wheel of time. The cradle of security.

Some hair from the head of navigation. A piece of mail-line.

A tooth from the mouth of the Mississippi river.

A feather from the wing of time. Some of the wool of which people spin street yarn.

A leaf from the tree of Liberty. A piece of the ends of the earth.

One of Cupid's darts. Some water from All's well.

An eye of the wind. A horn of a bucket.

A link of a chain of lightning. Snow gathered in the winter of discontent.

Tears from the mind's eye. A corn from the foot of time.

A unquitted bill receipted. A point of a joke.

Fruit of an axle-tree. A pair of bellows from an ox.

A frame of mind. An editor that never was cheated.

**ADVICE TO THE GIRLS.**—Dr Beeswax, in his admirable "Essay on domestic Economy," talks to the young ladies after this fashion:—"Girls, do you want to get married—and do you want good husbands? If so, cease to act like fools. Don't take pride by saying you never did housework—never cooked a pair of chickens—never made a bed and so on. Don't turn up your noses at honest industry—never tell your friends that you are not obliged to work. When you go a shopping, never take your mother with you to carry the bundle. Don't be afraid to be seen in the kitchen, cooking a steak—or over the wash tub cleansing the family duds."

**SEEING THE ELEPHANT.**—A member of the graduating class of the New York University, hearing that Barnum had imported a very fine animal of that species, said he was delighted to hear it, as he wished particularly to see the elephant before he left the city. On being told that he always carried a large "trunk" with him, he expressed his astonishment at the animal's taking that trouble, when a "carpet bag was so much handier."

**TO THE INDUSTRIOUS.**—A reward of \$500 will be given to the first man who discovers one single newspaper borrower that is willing to admit that there is anything published now-a-days worth reading.

**Magistrate**—"What has brought you here, sir?"

Prisoner—"Two policemen, please your honor."

Magistrate—"Then I suppose liquor had nothing to do with it?"

Prisoner—"Yes, sir, they are both drunk."

**WHEN** cold the wind blows, take care of your nose, that it doesn't get froze, and wrap your toes, in warm wollen hose. The above, we suppose, was written in prose, by some one who knows the effect of cold snows.

**A man** like a watch is valued according to his going.

**An Irish soldier** being asked if he met with much hospitality in Holland, "Oh yes," he replied, "too much; I was in the hospital nearly all the time I was there."

**A painter** in Cincinnati has painted an eagle so natural that it lays two eggs a day.