

EDITED AND PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETOR BY WILLIAM H. PORTER.

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ADVERTISEMENTS. Advertisements will be charged 25 cents per square for the first insertion, and 15 cents for each subsequent insertion.

JOBS PRINTING. The Herald has a fine printing office, and is prepared to execute all kinds of printing in the most skillful manner.

General and Exact Information. U. S. GOVERNMENT. President—James Buchanan.

STATE GOVERNMENT. Governor—Lewis Wallace. Secretary of State—John W. Wright.

COUNTY OFFICERS. President Judge—John H. Graham. Associate Judges—Hon. Michael Cochran, Edmund Wharton.

BOROUGH OFFICERS. Chief Burgess—Robert Irvine Jr. Assessor—George W. Wright. Police Officer—John G. Wright.

CHURCHES. First Presbyterian Church, North-west angle of Centre street. Rev. Conway P. King, Pastor.

DICKINSON COLLEGE. Rev. Charles Collins, D. D., President and Professor of Moral Science.

BOARD OF SCHOOL DIRECTORS. Andrew H. Blair, President. H. Saxton, P. Quilley, Jr., Secretary.

CORPORATIONS. CARLISLE DEPOT BANK—President, Richard Parker. Cashier, Wm. M. Beeson.

FIRE COMPANIES. The Union Fire Company was organized in 1759. President, A. C. Mendenhall.

RATES OF POSTAGE. Postage on all letters one-half cent weight of one penny per square inch, except in California or Oregon.

Poetry.

THE CREATION. For the "Herald." To follow the line of all creation, Down to the present life station,

THE CREATION. The garden of Eden was truly made, Without the use of sick or crutch, Orally or extraneous aid,

THE CREATION. Old Father Adam, a famous soul, Was favored with health and grace, And probably had his country home In the north or a stately tree,

THE CREATION. Now you who preach of woman's wiles, And steel your hearts against woman's smiles, Examine the records, search over the files,

THE CREATION. Her face and neck were both unspaced, And every lineament was gracefully carved, Her hair was of a golden hue,

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Shorts.

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They appeared to have forgotten his existence. D'Alonnes, irritated, mortified, baffled, began to feel his former passion for Esther return with all its former violence.

At length M. d'Alonnes, more to bring some change in his existence than from any other motive, resolved on leaving Paris. "We are going to Italy," he said after to-morrow," said he.

Esther bowed, and at the appointed time was ready. "The carriage, Monsieur le Baron," said he, addressing the lady's husband.

At length, at the ball at the embassy, he resolved to speak to her. As he was seeking the means of approaching her, a friend of his accosted him.

"I am come on an errand from a fair lady," Mrs. d'Alonnes desired to be introduced to you," said the friend.

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The spirit was gone, but the Count lay dead, with a pistol by his side, at the foot of Esther's bed.

The following story, extracted from the work, "A Yankee among the Wallflowers," purports to be told to another by a South Carolinian.

"Take care, Esther," said he, "it is very odd, they were alone in that vast solitude. Nothing but the distant rushing of the torrent in the deep, dark ravine to break the utter silence, side by side, close to each other, their steps moving in unison, almost hearing the beatings of each other's hearts, they walked, estranged and separated as though a world had divided them."

"Esther," exclaimed Henri, suddenly turning towards her and putting his arm round her, "you must love me, you cannot have forgotten our first passionate love."

"I have forgotten nothing," replied Esther, "I have loved you deeply, passionately, truly, lovingly, but that love has been destroyed, you have worn it away; I am young, full of life, I hope my dawn again; I believe I shall love again, but it will not, cannot ever be you."

"What reply was made to this, M. d'Alonnes never revealed. At this instant the positions and servants who were awaiting on the summit the arrival of their master, heard a piercing shriek and the spangled, who never left Esther, howling wildly. They rushed down the road, M. d'Alonnes, pale and trembling, his eyes distended, was alone. He could not speak, but pointed to the ravine.

"Ropes," exclaimed the postillion; she has fallen here. Her foot must have slipped. It was but two days since that another lady fell down this very place."

Ropes were brought; assistance was found from the various gottards and chain-hunters. M. d'Alonnes, now recovered from the first shock, insisted on being himself let down with ropes to assist in the work. It was not a long one; in a few minutes one of the gottards was drawn up, bearing a mutilated corpse in his arms. The lady's maid fainted and could not look on it. It was shattered to pieces and was a mass of blood and clay. M. d'Alonnes was down in the ravine, so it was thought better to envelop the poor remains in a cloak, and to carry them to the house, where he was found, he implored to see her, but his physical strength was exhausted, and whilst he lay in a state of lethargy, Esther was buried.

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