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The Carlisle Herald.

VOL. 65. Carlisle, Pa., Friday, September 15, 1865. NO. 37.

RHEEM & WEAKLEY, Editors & Proprietors. TERMS—\$2.00 in Advance, or \$3.50 within the year.

Partials.

George Arnold opens the September Harp with a musical little poem—picture of SEPTEMBER. Sweet is the voice that calls from the misty woods...

insurmountable barrier, forever together, yet forever apart? These shades lingered and abode with Leslie in her lonely vigils...

as a conqueror his captive, had been the very essence of the man until it spent itself on Alice Boswell's wild grave. He had come to her with a lie in his right hand...

ret stooped over her, and endeavored to raise her. "Here, Bridget, she is found! Leslie, why have you remained so late? You have been sleeping; you have made yourself ill...

he had known her first; but a man's fate lies in one woman; had he but left her in her girlish sweetness and gaiety; had he never approached her with his cold overtures...

WEDDINGS.

From Fraser's Magazine. HECTOR GARRET OF OTTER. BY THE AUTHOR OF "SIGO OF ELDANK."

CHAPTER IV. THE PAGES OF THE PAST. One winter night Leslie, in her deep chair, observed Hector Garret turning over the leaves of an old pocket-book...

"Madam, what good will it serve if it is small matter now?" then half reluctantly, half with that possession with which truth fills its keeper, slowly and sadly she unfolded the closed story...

"How is the poor child, Bridget Kennedy?" Does she, like me, as she should do, as you, for I am frail, and the road is rough, and the wind blowing fresh, besides the darkness...

A PITIFUL CASE—Very many years ago a man was apprehended in Hany Hill, England, charged with a capital offence—sheep stealing, I believe. After being examined before a justice of the peace...

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In the death of other amusement, Leslie pored over the diary, and found more suggestive paragraphs than the entry indicated: "Abel Furness has sent me a white-ant and a half-shooter, and a pair of clouded silk hose...

"What a lovely girl, Bridget! he would have wedded her, I might never have been his—that is all." "Love, marriage," said she, "I know not that he spoke the words, but he lay at her feet..."

"Nigel Boswell is gone at last; he was an old playfellow, and fortune and he have been playing a losing game ever since," he said, in unsuspecting explanation...

BE YOUR OWN RIGHT HAND MAN.—People who have been bolstered up and levered all their lives are seldom good for anything in a crisis. When misfortune comes, they look around for something to lean upon...

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Good Champagne.

A gentleman who has been in the ice trade at St. Thomas, relates funny anecdotes about the natives there. One luminous idea of Boston hard water:—He once sold a lump to a gentleman, who sent a colored servant for it, with directions to have it kept for the dinner table.

Good Champagne.

On Sambo made his appearance, with eyes rolling on the outside, grinning like a frightened monkey. "Where is the ice, Sambo?" said the gentleman. "Oh! glory, massa!" replied Sambo, "I put him in de pot and boiled him for more an half an hour, and when I went to look for him, he was not dar."

Good Champagne.

In the village of K—, West Virginia, lived an old man, known as Uncle Paul, noted for his eccentricities and fondness for Natural History. Quite a crowd had collected at the Post-office waiting anxiously for the war news.—Uncle Paul entertained the crowd by telling the old story—how they fought till nothing was left of them but the tips of their tails, &c. A rough looking specimen of humanity from the country seemed to drink in every word the old man said about the cats; and then, to be even, remarked,

Good Champagne.

"Why, Uncle Paul, that's a pretty good story, but it is nothing to what I saw yesterday. I was coming down the mountain, and saw near a little brook a water-snake trying to swallow a toad." "All right; nothing strange about that," replied Uncle Paul. "Just read Natural History, and it will tell you that water-snakes live on toads."

Good Champagne.

"Yes, maybe it will," said the countryman; "but you see the snake, when I first saw it, had the toad's hind leg in his mouth, and the toad squirmed around until he got the snake's tail in his mouth; and in less than a minute they swallowed each other, and you couldn't see a sign of them!"

Good Champagne.

MANNERS.—I make it a point of morality says a writer, "never to find fault with another for his manners. They may be awkward or graceful, blunt or polite, polished or rustic, I care not what they are if the man means well, and acts from honest intentions without eccentricity or affectation. All men have not the advantage of a good society; as it is called to school themselves in all its fantastic rules and ceremonies, and if there is any standard of good sense and not upon these artificial regulations. Manners, like conversations, should be extemporaneous, and not studied. I always suspect a man that meets me with the same perpetual smile on his face; the same bending of the body, and the same premeditated shake of the hand. Give me the hearty, it may be rough, grip of the hand, the careless nod of recognition, and when occasion requires the homely but welcome salutation. "How are you my old friend?"

Good Champagne.

A MARRIAGEABLE FEMALE.—Probably the richest woman in the United States is Miss Hester Robinson, a young and beautiful girl, lately of New Bedford, but now a resident of New York City. Her father died recently, leaving her one million outright, and the income during her life of about four million more. Her aunt, Miss S. A. Howard, of New Bedford, who deceased about the first of July, also left her a million, but at the same time bequeathed large sums to various other persons who were not her blood relations, among the rest, giving to her physician a hundred or a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Miss Robinson is dissatisfied with this will, and has employed five of the most eminent counsel in Massachusetts to endeavor to have it set aside, though on what grounds the public is not yet informed. Probably, however, the motive is a passion for more money.

Good Champagne.

INTELLECTUAL NEGROES.—A correspondent of the Newark (N. J.) Advertiser, describing the season at Lake George, says that at one of the hotels the servants' department is filled with colored men, neatly uniformed with white jackets, and every one skilled in his business. One of the best vocal and instrumental serenades ever heard was got up by them one mellow moonlight night, in front of the hotel. During an afternoon stroll in a wood adjoining the lake, four colored men were seen writing, three reading and one sketching the scenery. In answer to an inquiry one of them replied, that out of forty or fifty waiters employed in the hotel, every one could read and with one exception all could write. Can you find the same number of white servants in any hotel in Saratoga or New York equally intelligent and educated? or better fitted to exercise the elective franchise?

Good Champagne.

RESPONSIBILITY OF FATHERS.—On this subject, Chancellor Kent holds the following language:—"A father is not bound by the contracts of his son even for articles suitable and necessary, unless an actual authority be proved, or the circumstances be sufficient to imply one. Were it otherwise, a father who had an imprudent son, might be prejudiced to an indefinite extent. What is necessary for the child, is left to the discretion of the parent; and where the infant is under the control of his parent, there must be a clear omission of duty as to necessities, before a third person can interpose, and furnish them and charge the father."

Good Champagne.

IMPURE WORDS.—Beware of impure words. Filthy conversation is a fruitful means of corruption. It is a channel by which the impurity of one heart may be communicated to another. And we know who hath said, "Evil communications corrupt good manners." Words are an index of the state of the heart. Hence says Christ, "By thy words thou shalt be justified; and by thy words thou shalt be condemned; for every idle word that men shall speak; they shall give an account thereof in the day of judgement." There are those whose conversation is filthy and disgusting. Parents should guard their children from such. They should themselves avoid every indecent expression, and check the first appearance of any such thing in their children. Avoid foolish talking and jesting. Children, let your words always be pure.

Good Champagne.

One of the high courts in Ireland has just decided that a nun is not dead in law. Doherty, who has kissed several say "they are not dead any way." Byron was of the same persuasion. "Fubbs says, 'if there is any one thing that he hates to see worse than another, it is to see a girl invariably wipe her mouth after she has kissed her.' It does look suspicious, we confess."