

BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

"OUR COUNTRY-MAY IT ALWAYS DE RIGHT-BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY."

AT \$2 00 PEB ANNUM

Good Manners.

NO. 33.

VOL. 39.

Great Arrival of FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

A T the grat Mart for Dry-goods, Groceries, Bouts and Shoes, at the corner of Hanover and Lou-

The subscriber respectfully informs his friends, and numerous customers, that he has returned from Philadelphia, with a large and varied assortment of FALL AND WINTER GOODS,

FALL AND WINTER GOODS, consisting in part of Broadcloths and Cassimeres, Sattinets, Vestinge, Maslins, Checke, Tickinge, Flan-nels, Linseys, Velvet Cords, Cravats, Suspenders, Gloves, Blankets, &c. Ladies' Dress Goods, Silks, Bombazines, figured, plain and changeable Poplins. Mouslin de Laines, Tinghams, Calicoes, Alpaces, Merinocs, Shawls, Ho-sicry, &c.

siery, &c. ** A large assortment of Parasols, Bonnets & Rib bons. White and colored Carpet Chain. HATS & CARS.—A very large assortment of Men's and Boys flats and Caps, of every style and quality. Boors & Stocs.—An extensive variety of Mens', Women's, and Children's Boots and Shoes, from the most celebrated manufacturers. GROCEPICS,

Such as Sugar, Coffee, Molasses, Rice, &c. Choice TEAS from the well known Tea dealers, Jen-All who visit our establishment are free to ac-

All who visit our estalishment are tree to ac-knowledge that we are selling every description of Goods, at astonishingly low prices. Our system of low prices has already attracted a great number of people. The attention of all who wish good bar-gains is solicited, as extraordinary inducements can be offered to purchasers. Butter, Eggs, Rags, Soap, and Dried Fruit, taken at marketorices.

at marketprices.

MY MOTHER. BY EDWARD NEWCOMB.

Poetical.

"Twas Sahbath evening, calm and still, When nought was heard but wippoorwill, Whose plaintive strain the soul would fill-When mother died.

Then gathered friends from far and near, Then check met check, and tear met tear And feil upon that form so dear— When mother died.

A sister dear, with tearful eyes, Breathed forth such holy, heartfelt sighs, That seraphs cought them in the skies— "We're all alone."

A brother held her death-like hand, Received her gentle, last command --"I'm going to a better land--'Do right, my son."

But closer still Bround her pressed An angel band from regions blessed, To bear her weary soul to rest— From cartbly toll,

For longer life she did not crave, Nor fearal the silent, gloomy grave; But yielded unto God who gave Her spirit soul.

Now, as the fragrant zephry breeze. Glides through the weeping willow trees, It mournfully yet sweetly breathes Her requiren.

Oh, Father of the orphan loan, From sinful earth soon claim thy own, That we may kneel before Thy throne And sing Thy praise.

Miscellancous.

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 27, 1853.

A THRILING SKETCH. One of my father's brothers, residing in Boston a frightful extent, became a viotim to the pesti-lence. When the yellow fever provailed to such be fragainst such rashness. They told her it would be death to her, and no benefit to him, for he woulf remained to attend upon him. Hor friends warned her against such rashness. They told her it would be death to her, and no benefit to him, for he woulf remained to attend upon him. Hor friends warned her against such rashness. They told her it would be death to her, and no benefit to him, for he woulf remained to attend upon him. These arguments made no impression on her af-fectionate heart. She felt that it would be a long life of satisfaction to her to know who attended him, if he did not. She accordingly stayed; and watched him with unremitting care. This, how-ever, did not avail to save him. He grew worse and worse, and fanlly he died. Those who went to und with the death carts had visited the cham-ber, and seen that the enver knew how to ac-count for it, but, though he was perfectly cold and rigid, and to every appearance quite dead, thero-round with the death carts had visited the therow to as-son was enposed to it. The half hour again came round, and again was heard the soleme words to it. The half hour again came round, and again was heard the soleme words to it. The half hour again came round, and again was heard the soleme words to it. The half hour again came round, and again was heard the soleme words to it. The half hour again came round, and again was heard the soleme words to it. The half hour again came round, and again was heard the soleme words to it. The half hour again came round, and again was heard the soleme words to it. The half hour again came round, and again was heard the soleme words to it. The half hour again came round, and again was heard the soleme words to it. The half hour again came round, and again was heard the soleme words to it. The half hour again came round,

go. She bid me that she never knew how to be construct. She head, there in this, the first in the fi

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DESPERATION.

I'll set fire to the fountain, And swallow up the rill; I'll cat up the mountain, And be hungry still.

Back r annels worth
French Winter Ginghams worth
Long Shaw's uncommonly low,
Long Boots worth \$2 for \$1,50.
To enumerate is cut of the question