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WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

moetical. For the American Volunteer PARTING WORDS.

BY CLARENCE.

Mother, what sounds are these I hear, Who whispers in my raptured ear, Come brother, come away? Look up, there is my eister dear, Of gentle heart and soft blue eyes, Who told me of that brighter sphere,

Away beyond the skies—

Dear mother, by her side in air,
My other sister hovers there,
Floating serenely bright—

And now I see a radiant band,
For my three brothers hand in hand, Join in that company—

Be happy mother, dry your tears,
Come kiss me and forget your fears,

Be happy mother, dry your tears,
Come kiss me and fonget your fears,
For I am joy and peace—
No pain now racks my wasted frame,
And on my brow so calm and clear,
There is no burning fever flame.
Then cheer up mother dear—
Keep still, move not, they sing their song,
The new song—praises to the lamb,
In strains so sweet and clear—
And now in accepts self they sing

And now in accents soft they sing. Their thanks in chorus to the King. That soon from sin and sorrow free, My soul shall rest eternally With them in Eden-land-

With them in Eden-land—
Look mother, see this angel choir
Come round thee and with lips of fire
Kiss thee so tenderly—
And now they whisper in thine ear
'Dear mother, thou too soon will wear
This bright unfading crown—
And the white robe we'll dress thee in,
Then lead thee to our God and King
Upon his burning throne—
With His soft hand He'll whe away
Each tear drop from thine eye, and say
I own thee, chosen one—
And mother, there's reserved in heaven
A seal more lofty than the rest,
And nearer God—it will be given
To thee the noblest, purest, heat
Of all that holy throng!'
See mother, now they rise again

See mother, now they rise again In their white robes to ambient air. And linger in their flight-the strair

They now resume.
"Come brother, come, thy work is done; "Come brother, come, thy work is done; Thy battle's fought, thy victory's won— From grief that coutress in each vein From grief that has thy life-blood drained From blighted hopes and a broken heart Come hasts away—these have no pail. In that far better land.— Come brother, come away with us, Thine earthly joys have turned to dust, And worked thee bitterly! A waif upon a desert thrown, Hope, peace, and health forever flown, What is there left but heaven! Thy bleeding heart, thy scalding tears,

what is there left but heaven:
Thy bleeding heart, thy scalding tears,
Thy ling'ring death for months and years,
Were mercies sent to call thee back,
From error's path to virtue's track—,
Then kiss the rod and mount and fly
To that bright world beyond the sky—. Thy Saviour smiles, and bids thee come

To rest forever in thy home!"
And now the echo dies-

And now the echo dies—
Dear mother, press thy lips to mine,
And round thy neck my arms entwine,
And clasp me to thy breast.
Dear heart! tell her when I am gone,
I loved her long as life was given,
And when lier race on earth is run,
We'll meet again, oh bliss, in heaven!
I'd die for her again!
M ther, dear mother, thou hast been
Through life my constant guiding star,
To turn my feet from paths of sin,
To bend my heart in humble prayer,
Yes, thy example bright has saved
Thy darling from a hopeless grave—
In louder tones those notes I heaf,
That radiant band now rise in air
And strike their golden harps.
My soul will scon the anthem swell,
Mother, dear mother, fare thee-well!

Mother, dear mother, fare thee-well I'm going home to heaven!

Miscellaneous.

SALISER, P.A., THURSDAY, NOYSEMBER 24, 1852.

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