### BY JOHN, B. BRATTON:

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# "OUR OUNTRY-MAY T ALWAYS BE RIGHT-BUT BIGHTOR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY."

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 2, 1854.

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NO. 38.

# Boetical.

# THE WATCHER

The night was dark and fearful, The blast swept walling by, X watcher pale and tearful, Look d furth with unxious cyo, How wistfully she gazath, No gioam of morn is there, Her eyes to heaven she raiscth In agony of prayer; How wistfully she gazeth, &c.

Willin that dwelling lonely, Willoro want and darkness roign, Her protious child—her only— Ley moaning in his pain, And death sione can free him— And death alone can free him - &. She free that this must be, But of for morn to see him Smile once again on me. And death alone can free him-&c.

And doka area and a second A hand a second a second a second A yonder manion fair And merry fost are dancing — They heed not morning there. O soung and joyous creatures, One hump from out your store, Would give that poor boy's features, To his mother's gazo once more.

O young and joyous creatures, &c. The morning sun is shining, She heedeth not its ray, Beildo her, dead reclining, The pile dead mother lay, A smile her lips were wreathing A smile of hope and love, As the she still were breathing, There's light for us abuve. A smile her lips were wreathing - &cc.

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