

## POETRY.

### FOR THE CAMDEN JOURNAL. THE INFANTS' DEATH WATCH.

FROM THE MISS OF THE MISSIONARY.  
It was the Death watch night. The old town clock  
Had pealed the midnight hour, and those deep  
sounds  
Fell on the ear, far through the stilly eve,  
As footsteps of a guest retreating fast,  
To his eternal home. The moon sailed through  
The fleecy clouds, as when the snow bird hurt  
Its mistress bosom socks; and which the Eve,  
First daughter of Eternity covers  
With her veil; or, as the ship at sea, flies  
The coming storm; and flutters in the breeze.  
Luna's soft beams fell through a latticed blind  
Beside an Infants corpse, laid out, and dressed  
In funeral array. No other light  
Beamed through the silent room, save as the rays  
Of taper lit the chamber near, and showed  
The forms of guests buried in sleep profound.  
One figure paced the gloomy hall of death,  
Still as the spectre of another world.  
His spirit hovered round the infants corpse  
And thus communed in secret with the dead:  
Sweet! One!  
Is this the sleep  
Of senseless death?  
Or dost thou keep  
Thy fleeting breath,  
For dreams that tread,  
With rosy feet,  
Around thy bed,  
Where Angels meet?  
Thou'st comes not worse,  
Death's banes were,  
And all things here  
Are for the grave.  
Spirit!  
Thou art not here,  
No, thou hast flown,  
Cleansing the air,  
To God's high throne!  
From that blest way  
Canst thou not see,  
Thy shrouded clay,  
Alone with me!  
Lo! here's a crowd  
Of Angels fair,  
Fanning thy shroud,  
And flaxen hair.  
Dearest!  
Upon thy cheek  
Is evening's sigh,  
As whispering speak  
The souls on high.  
Thy sweet blue eyes  
Are faded now.  
Thy white hair lies

Upon thy brow,  
As cold moon beams,  
On melting snow,  
Or foam of streams  
Murmuring low.  
Lowd One!  
The taper light  
Shall not intrude,  
To mar this night,  
Our solitude.  
You starry Eve  
Dimm'd by its tear,  
With me shall grieve,  
Beside thy bier.  
O this soft gloom,  
These signs of woe,  
How like the tomb,  
Cover'd with snow.  
Cherub!  
By thee unfelt,  
Away I'll slip,  
Those tears that melt  
Thy waxen lip,  
They are the first  
Since childhood's hour,  
I've known to burst,  
With such wild pow'r.  
But here's the day!  
Hark! footsteps come,  
To bear thy clay  
To its long home!  
Farewell!  
Farewell!

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### THE POOR PRINTER.

AND THE EXCLUSIVES.—On the fourth  
of July, 18—, Harriet Lee might have  
been seen sitting on the sofa in her neat  
little parlor, in a house situated in P.  
street, New York. The metropolis was  
alive with men, women and children, of  
every color, class and creed—old men,  
whose heads were whitened with the  
snow of age—young men in the meridian  
of manhood, unitedly and unanimously  
agreed to "drive dull care away," and  
join the jubilee to celebrate the birth day  
of American Independence. Ever and  
anon the bursting thunder of artillery  
seemed to shake the island of Manhattan;  
the carved eagle sat perched upon a pole  
of liberty, and our star spangled banner  
became the playing of the balmy wind.  
Whilst every American heart was brim-  
ful of joy and gratitude, there were two  
generous hearted, noble minded individ-  
uals bowed down with sorrow so pungent,  
and disappointment so bitter, that the  
soul stirring proceedings of the ever-to-  
be-remembered fourth could not raise  
their drooping spirits. The persons al-  
luded to are Harriet and her suitor, Wil-  
liam Malcolm. When the intelligent pa-  
triotic and high minded William entered  
Harriet's apartment, he was disappointed  
and surprised to see the object of his love  
bathed in tears. "Why do you weep, my  
dear Harriet?" enquired William, in a  
voice rich as music; at the same time gras-  
ping affectionately her snow tapering fin-  
gers, which were ornamented with three  
costly rings, the offerings which friend-  
ship and respect had laid upon the altar of  
her fairy hand. Harriet gently and grace-  
fully raised her head, while the warm tears  
of grief hazel eyes, and fell upon her fair  
check like dew drops from a rose leaf.  
"What can I do," continued William, "to  
tear away the dark drapery which seems to  
mangle your tender feelings in gloomy sor-  
row on this high and happy day?" Harriet's  
feelings were too big for utterance; she  
could not vent her thoughts in words, so  
violent was the temper of excitement, oc-  
casioned by one who had broken up the  
great deep of her heart. Soon after she was  
able to speak, she said she had just returned  
from a visit to aunt R—, having paid  
her a visit for the purpose of inviting her  
to attend the anticipated wedding which  
would probably take place in a few days.  
She described the interview she had with  
her aunt, it was as follows:  
When she had made known her errand,  
her aunt observed—  
"As it is possible that you, Harriet, have

assumed the responsibility of pledging  
heart and hand to a man without soliciting  
my advice?"  
Harriet replied, "When I first became  
acquainted with the man of my choice, I  
sought the advice of my mother, who hap-  
pened to be in the city at the time; upon  
inquiry she discovered that my friend was  
an honest honorable man, and had no  
objection to my associating with him; our  
friendship has ripened into love; we are  
pledged to each other and the wedding  
day is appointed."  
"What is the gentleman's name, Har-  
riet?"  
"His name is William Malcolm."  
"Is he a Physician, or a lawyer, or a  
Merchant, or a Minister—what is he?"  
"He is journeyman printer," replied  
Harriet.  
"A journeyman printer!" exclaimed  
her aunt, with great emphasis. "Do you  
intend to disgrace your connections by  
marrying a man who picks up type for a  
living? You must be foolish, and your  
mother mad to sanction your folly; you  
need not imagine, Miss, that I shall con-  
descend to mingle in the society of me-  
chanics; you lack common sense, or you  
will not throw yourself away."  
Harriet again replied:  
"William is a respectable, industrious,  
and economical man, and loves me."  
"It makes me think of casting pearls  
before swine," continued the old aristocrat.  
"You are a beautiful girl, your accomplish-  
ments are superior to the attainment of  
most of girls of your age—how can you  
so lower yourself as to marry an illiterate  
mechanic?"  
"My dear aunt, do you know that a  
printing office is an Academy, where les-  
sons of useful knowledge are continually  
before the mind?—William is not an illit-  
erate man, he is a self-taught classical  
scholar, and occupies a lofty place in the  
estimation of all who know him."  
"I will pay the expense of your wed-  
ding and give you a splendid set of furni-  
ture, if you will try to forget him, and  
take my advice; there is Squire —, he  
thinks a great deal of you; would you not  
like to have him, or Doct. —, or Mr.  
—, the Merchant? You can, I have no  
doubt, marry either of these gentlemen,  
and thus keep up the dignity of your fam-  
ily!"  
"Pa is a mechanic, and I am not too  
proud to marry a mechanic," replied Har-  
riet.  
"Your father is my youngest brother;  
he is an extensive land holder; how can  
you call him a mechanic?"  
"I have frequently heard him say," re-  
plied Harriet, "that he earned his farm by  
diligently using the saw, the broadaxe,  
and the jackplane; furthermore, I have  
heard him say, that you in your younger  
days, used to pound putty, and prime  
sashes, when uncle R— could not afford  
to hire help; you have not forgotten that  
my dear uncle is a sash maker, it is but a  
few years since he relinquished that busi-  
ness."  
"Impudent creature, how dare you  
thus insult me in my own house?—your  
uncle is President of the Bank of —;  
and one of the richest men in this wealthy  
metropolis."  
"Aunt, I don't intend to insult you nor  
injure the feelings of my uncle; you know  
better than I do, that he shaved wood be-  
fore he commenced shaving notes—yon-  
der stands the old frame building which  
was once his humble residence."  
"Harriet, you must quit my house im-  
mediately, and never dare to darken the  
door again."  
Poor Harriet's feelings were wrought  
up to the pitch of excitement; when her  
proud and arrogant aunt spoke disrespect-  
fully of William, she introduced the sar-  
castic remarks which mortified the wo-  
man's pride. Until that morning she al-  
ways respected her aunt, but her tyranny  
completely changed her feeling.  
On the 8th day of July, Mr. R—, Har-  
riet's uncle while perusing one of the  
daily papers, discovered the following,  
and read it loud to his wife.  
"Married in this city, on the 8th inst.,  
by the Rev. Mr. Chase, Mr. William Mal-  
colm, to Miss Harriet Lee, both of this  
city. On the opposite page he saw a long  
editorial article respecting the wedding,  
the following is an extract:  
"Last evening, in conformity with a  
polite invitation, we attended a wedding  
party; every thing went off with great  
eclat; the cake, coffee and wine, were  
excellent; the bride looked more like an  
angel than a human being, her hair was  
smooth and dark as a raven's wings, her  
mouth like blooming tulips. The groom  
we are well acquainted with; he is a cle-  
ver fellow; the wealth of intellect shone  
on his superb forehead, and a great soul  
looked through his calm blue eyes; he is  
the talented author of several splendid ar-  
ticles which have appeared in our most  
popular periodical. We understand he is  
about to assume the management of a pe-  
riodical in this city. May the sunlight of  
success beam upon his exertions."  
Patient reader, allow the author to dig-  
ress a few moments, in order to lay be-  
fore you a brief history of the two pro-  
fessional men, and the merchant who was

selected by Harriet's aunt, as a suitable  
companion for a young lady, occupying  
such a conspicuous stand in society as she  
did. The physician was an inferior look-  
ing man, rather ill-formed and dwarfish.  
He was round shouldered, small twink-  
ling eyes, a heavy intellectual brow, and  
mouth indicative of eloquence. Notwith-  
standing his personal appearance, he was  
esteemed and respected by a large ac-  
quaintance—he was a natural dwarf, but  
an intellectual giant—he was an ordinary  
looking man, but his attainments were  
rich and rare, his brilliant talents won  
for him an imperishable name on the page  
of immortality—by marriage he connec-  
ted himself with a poor but honest family  
—he has obtained a princely fortune since  
the sacred band was riveted, and still  
lives to enjoy it with his amiable compan-  
ion and beautiful children.  
The lawyer was a tall and graceful  
man, he had an eye like an eagle, was  
straight as a pine, and strong as Hercules,  
a large pair of brown whiskers fringed  
his expressive countenance, no artist ever  
chiselled a better looking mouth than his  
—a heavy mass of rich brown hair hung  
in clustering curls over his fine forehead.  
He arose to eminence in his profession,  
the siren song of flattery was perpetually  
sung in his ear—one praised him be-  
cause of his eloquence; another alluded  
to his benevolence. At the age of twenty-  
five he married the daughter of a rich  
merchant.  
Let us leap over a period of ten years.  
In yonder white frame house in Centre  
street New York, may be seen the wreck  
of a ruined man, his eyes are bloodshot,  
his teeth yellow, his hand trembles, his  
face is as red as the rising sun—he is a  
victim of intemperance—if, reader you  
choose to look into his dwelling house,  
you will find it neatly furnished, and clean  
as a new pin; a pale female, plying that  
little polished lance, the needle, attracts  
your attention—she has seen better days;  
but now she earns a subsistence for her-  
self, her unfortunate husband, and three  
little ones. She is the wife of the talent-  
ed and liberal lawyer, who spoke of a few  
seconds since; the bewitching voice of  
flattery spoiled him, he mingled much in  
society, was a public pet. His friends  
deemed it an honor to drink a social glass  
with him; thus he engendered an artificial  
appetite which like a serpent imprisoned  
him in its folds; his business was neglect-  
ed, his time misimproved, his property  
worse than wasted, his intellect blunted,  
and his health destroyed.  
The merchant was a hungry speculator,  
greedily after dollars and cents, wealth  
rolled in his golden tide around him, the  
more music there was in his purse the  
more friends he won, he was too stingy  
to get married, determined to get rich in  
a hurry; he leaped into the dark, he com-  
mitted forgery, in Auburn prison may be  
seen the man who was selected for Har-  
riet by her aunt; fortunately he has no  
wife nor children to mourn his fate.  
We will now resume the narration of  
the poor printer's history. 'Twas on a  
bright and beautiful morning in the month  
of May, that one of the splendid steam-  
ers which ply between New York and Al-  
bany, was crowded with beauty and fash-  
ion; the passengers were amusing them-  
selves by gazing on the romantic scenery  
which nature had spread with lavish hands  
on both sides of the Hudson. At noon  
the bell rung to inform the passengers  
that dinner was ready; a rush was made  
to the table, which was loaded with the  
richest luxuries the market afforded; at  
the head of the table sat a man somewhat  
advanced in life, the hand of time had  
scattered a few gray hairs upon his head;  
the next seat to him was occupied by his  
wife, with an air of affected dignity she  
looked towards the door, which at that  
moment was opened by the Captain who  
politely requested the gentleman and la-  
dy at the head of the table, to give up  
their seats to the Hon. William Malcolm  
and his lady! If a voice from Heaven, in  
the tones of thunder had spoken, they  
would not have been more surprised than  
was Harriet's uncle and aunt when they,  
in the presence of more than one hun-  
dred persons, were obliged to make room  
for the plebians they refused to associate  
with ten years previous to that event; to  
this proud pair of aristocrats, the scene  
was extremely humiliating—after all it  
was an honor to sit by the side of this  
great self-made man, after the cloth was  
removed, a great many apologies were  
made by the old couple. They invited the  
Hon. Wm. Malcolm and his lady to  
all and see them; they did so; and the  
old hypocrites strained every nerve to  
please the once poor printer and his beau-  
tiful wife.  
William resumed the management of  
the periodical spoken of in the commence-  
ment of this article; his labors were  
crowned with success; at the close of the  
year he removed to the south, the same  
success attended his footsteps; he rose in  
spite of the obstacles in his way to the  
honorable eminence he now occupies.  
A SCREAMER.—A gentle piece of female  
humanity ycleped Green—by courtesy  
Miss Green—delivered an oration, or more

properly speaking, a stump speech, at  
Augusta, Maine, on the 4th of July last.  
The concluding remarks furnish a sample  
of 'real grit':  
"If I shall have been so happy as to  
have gained the approbation of those for  
whose sake I have so far departed from  
the strict limits which ancient prejudices  
have long prescribed to our sex, I shall  
be amply paid for all the sneers of wittlings  
and fools. (Cheers) I have been only  
desirous of winning the approving smiles  
of the nobler sex for sentiments, not for  
myself, and I say unto you, lords of crea-  
tions, as you call yourselves, if you doubt  
my sincerity—I proclaim it here in the  
face of all Augusta, now assembled around  
me, and you may believe me or not, as  
you please—that there is not one among  
you, Tom, Dick or Harry, that I would  
give a brass thimble to call 'husband' to-  
morrow!"  
THE DRUNKARD'S TREE.  
THE  
sin of  
drunkenness  
expels reason,  
drowns memory, dis-  
tempers the body, defaces  
beauty, diminishes strength,  
corrupts the blood, inflames the  
liver, weakens the brain, turns men  
into walking hospitals, causes internal,  
external and incurable wounds; is a  
witch to the sense, a devil to the soul,  
a thief to the purse, the beggar's  
companion, a wife's woe, and  
children's sorrow; makes man  
become a beast and self-  
murderer, who drinks to  
other's good health and  
robs himself of his  
own! Nor is this  
all! It exposes  
to the divine  
displeasure  
HERE AND HEREAFTER  
ETERNAL DAMNATION!  
such are  
some of the evils  
springing from the root of  
DRUNKENNESS.  
STARTING CHILDREN IN THE WORLD.—  
The following extract contains sentiments  
and facts which cannot be too frequently  
read, or too deeply impressed on the  
mind:  
"Many an unwise parent labors hard  
and lives sparingly all his life, for the  
purpose of leaving enough to give his  
children a start in the world, as it is called.  
Setting a young man afloat with money  
left him by his relatives, is like tying bladders  
under the arm of one who cannot  
swim: ten chances to one he will lose his  
bladders and go to the bottom. Teach  
him to swim, and he will never need the  
bladders. Give your child a sound educa-  
tion, and you have done enough for him.  
See too that his morals are pure, his mind  
cultivated, and his whole nature made  
subservient to the laws which govern men,  
and you have given him what will be of  
more value than the wealth of the Indies.  
You have given him a start which no mis-  
fortune can deprive him of. The earlier  
you teach him to depend upon his own re-  
sources, the better."  
MUSIC.—"O Music! the theme of bards  
from time immemorial; who can sing of  
thee as thou deservest? What wondrous  
miracles hast thou not accomplished? The  
war drum beats; the clarion gives forth its  
piercing notes; and legions of armed men  
rush headlong to the fierce devastating  
battle. Again, the drum is muffled, and  
its deep notes break heavily upon the air:  
while the dead warrior is borne along up-  
on his bier, and thousands mingle their  
tears to his memory. The tender lute  
sounds upon the silvery waters, and the  
lover throws aside his fear and imprints a  
kiss upon the lips of his beloved. The  
bugle rings in the mountain recesses and a  
thousand spears are uplifted for a fearful  
and desperate combat. And now the or-  
gan peals, and with its swelling notes  
the soul leaps into the very presence of  
the Deity."  
FINALE TO A COURTSHIP.  
"Flora—ah! dearest Flora—I am come  
—ah! Flora I come to—oh! you can de-  
cide my fate—I am come my Flora—ah!  
"I see you, Malcolm, perfectly.—You  
are come; you tell me interesting intelli-  
gence certainly. Well what next?  
"Oh, Flora! I come to—to —  
"To offer me your heart and hand, I  
suppose?"  
"Yes!"  
"Well do it like a man then, and not  
like a monkey."  
"Plague take your self possession!" ex-  
claimed I suddenly starting from my

knee, you make me ashamed of myself."  
"Proceed, sir," said Flora.  
"You like brevity, it would seem."  
"Yes," replied Flora.  
"Then will you marry me?"  
"Yes!"  
"Will you give me a kiss?"  
"You may take one."  
I took the proffered kiss.  
"Now this is going to work rightly,"  
said Flora, "when a thing is to be said,  
why may it not be said in two seconds,  
instead of stammering and stammering two  
hours about it?" exclaimed the merry maid-  
en clasping my hand energetically.  
"Well then," said I, "humbug apart, what  
day shall we fix for our marriage?"  
THE DEVIL UNDER THE BED.  
Several years since, while journeying  
in the state of New York, I had an inter-  
esting conversation with a friend on the  
subject of temperance, which made an  
indelible impression on my mind. Among  
other things, he related the following cir-  
cumstance: "In this village (said he) a  
short distance from my house, lives a man  
and his wife, both of whom, four or five  
years since, were drunkards, but now  
they are sober and industrious—are valu-  
able members of society. The history of  
their moral deformation and reformation  
is as follows. Some ten years since they  
were married. They were from respecta-  
ble families; their property considerable;  
and themselves much thought of in the  
village. When they were married, they  
made a splendid wedding, and all were  
talking of the happy couple, and of their  
flattering prospects. After the marriage  
evening was passed, and they cleverly lo-  
cated in a fine house and pleasant place,  
in the full tide of prosperity, much com-  
pany came. Friends often called to con-  
gratulate them, and take a glass of 'good  
cheer.' With their friends they drank  
and drank again, till they became ex-  
ceeding fond of the liquid poison. It was  
not a year from the time the nuptial knot  
was tied, before one would enquire of  
another and another if there was not  
something singular at times in the appear-  
ance and conduct of this late happy pair  
—something that indicated a degree of  
intoxication? Soon after such inquiries,  
it was whispered around that he had neg-  
lected his business for some time, and  
that she made a poor house-wife, and  
that their property would soon be gone.  
At length the fact came fully out that they  
were drunkards. They were often seen  
intoxicated. Many wondered at the great  
and sudden change, and lamented their  
ruin. Poverty came on apace. Friends  
expostulated in vain. They seemed to  
care for nothing but the intoxicating glass;  
and they who had been much loved, be-  
gan to be shunned by all respectable per-  
sons. They at length became so fond of  
spirits, as to drink it several times in the  
night after they had retired to rest; and  
the better to accommodate themselves,  
they placed a keg of liquor under the bed,  
out of which they could easily draw to  
satisfy the cravings of appetite. One  
night, as the husband awoke from his  
slumbers and thought of the tumbler and  
the keg; other thoughts rushed in and  
troubled him. He reflected upon what he  
once was—the pride of a family, respect-  
ed and honored by all. He reflected also  
upon the poverty and disgrace he had  
brought upon himself, upon the wretched  
condition of himself and companion.—  
They had fallen from a high elevation.—  
His heart ached. It was too painful to  
be endured alone. He waked up his wife,  
and with a voice of alarm said, Dear  
S—, the devil is under the bed! She,  
somewhat frightened, demanded an ex-  
planation. He then told her of the  
thoughts which had been passing through  
his mind, and spoke of the awful influ-  
ence which the 'critter' was exerting on  
them, over which they had been sleeping.  
They talked and wept, and talked again  
—and came fully to the conclusion that  
evil spirits had been haunting their house  
ever since they were married; that one  
had even gotten under the bed, and that  
it was not safe to have him there any lon-  
ger, or to harbor any of his kindred asso-  
ciates in their habitation. They there-  
fore concluded to eject them all. The  
husband then sprang up, seized first the  
enemy nearest at hand, stepped to the  
door and dashed him headlong. The wife  
in the mean time sought a light; the house  
was thoroughly searched, and entirely  
exercised. And since that hour; (con-  
tinued my informant, somewhat animated)  
they have drunk no spirits at all, and are  
doing well—are respected, beloved, in-  
dustrious and prudent—fast acquiring pro-  
perty—yes, they are doing well."  
Zion's Advocate.  
Taking Time by the Forelock.—An old  
lame captain who went out to fight the  
Indians and coming upon them unexpect-  
edly, "Boys," said he, "there they are,  
they are very numerous, my opinion is  
they'll whip us, but fight hard, retreat in  
good order, but as I am a little lame, I'll  
go now." And away he went.  
"Go it ye pippins," as the man said  
when the horse was running away with  
the apple cart.