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POETRY.

SPEAK GENTLY.

Speak gently! it is better far
To rule by love, that fear—
Speak gently—let no harsh words mar
The good he might do here!

Speak gently! Love doth whisper low
The vows that true hearts bind;
And gently friendship's accents flow;
Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the little child!
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach in its accents soft and mild—
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear—
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care!

Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the care-worn heart,
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let such in peace depart!

Speak gently, kindly, to the poor;
Let no harsh tone be heard;
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word!

Speak gently to the erring—know,
They must have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so;
Oh, win them back again.

Speak gently—He who gave his life
To bend man's stubborn will,
When elements were in fiercer strife,
Said to them—"Peace, be still."

Speak gently! 'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy, which it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

From the Democratic Review for October.

THE FISHERMEN.

Hurrah! the seaward breezes
Sweep down the bay amain;
Heave up, my lads, the anchor,
Run up the sail again!
Leave to the lubber land-men
The rail-car and the steed;
The stars of Heaven shall guide us,
The breath of Heaven shall speed.

From the hill-top looks the steple,
And the light-house from the sand;
And the scattered pines are waving
Their farewell from the land.
One glance, my lads behind us,
For the home we leave one sigh,
Ere we take the change and chances
Of the ocean and the sky.

Now, brothers, for the icebergs
Of frozen Labrador,
Floating spectral in the moonshine,
Along the low, black shore!
Where like snow the gannet's feathers
On Brador's rocks are shed,
And the noisy murr are flying
Like black scuds overhead.

Where in mist the rock is hiding
And the sharp reef looks below;
And the white squall smiles in summer,
And the Autumn tempests blow;
Where through grey and rolling vapor
From evening into morn,
A thousand boats are hailing,
Horn answering unto horn.

Hurrah! for the Red-Island,*
With its white cross on its crown!
Hurrah! for Maccatina,†
And its mountains bare and brown!
Where the Caribou's tall antlers
O'er the dwarf wood freely toss,
And the footsteps of the Mickmack
Has no sound upon the moss!

There we'll drop our lines, and gather
Old Ocean's treasures in,
Where the mottled mackerel
Turns up a steel-dark fin;
Where'er the brown cod glideth
Amidst his scaly clan,
We will reap the North-land's harvest
As her reapers only can.

Our wet hands spread the carpet
And light the hearth of home;
From our fish, as in old time,
The silver coin shall come,
As the demon fled the chamber
Where the fish of Tobit lay ‡
So ours from all our dwellings
Shall frighten Want away.

Though the mist upon our jackets
In the bitter air congeals,
And our lines wind stiff and slowly
From off our frozen reels;
Though the fog be dark around us,
And the storm blow high and loud,
We will whistle down the wild wind
And laugh beneath the cloud!

In the darkness as in daylight,
On the water as on land,
God's eye is looking on us,
And beneath us is His hand!
Death will find us soon or later,
On the deck or in the cot;
And we cannot meet him better
Than in working out our lot.

Hurrah!—Hurrah!—the west wind
Comes creeping down the bay,
The rising sails are filling—
Give way, my lads, give way!
Leave the coward landsman clinging
To the dull earth like a weed—
The stars of heaven shall guide us,
The breath of heaven shall speed!

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*An island of red sand stone in the Magdalen group.
†. Our next harbor, was Little Maccatina. There the mountaines were more lofty, and the moss less beautiful. Near us was a rock two thousand feet high, which we ascended, and saw from the summit a chain of mountains and an interminable series of lakes—a wild and impressive place."—Notes of Audubon's Voyage to Labrador, 1833.
Tobit viii. 2 Apoc.

A LOVELY BRIDE.

I was spending an hour, not long since, in turning the pages of a pleasant miscellany, in the course of which, my eye fell upon the following rare, but beautiful and touching incident in the history of one who that day was to become a bride.

A party of lively and interested cousins and friends had early assembled at the bridal mansion for the purpose of decorating the drawing room, where the marriage ceremony was to be performed. At length, this pleasant duty being accomplished, they retired, happy in contributing to the joy of an occasion, while it would take from them one whom they loved, would unite that one to the object of her highest regard. The room was beautifully decorated with rich and variegated bouquets, and on a centre table, lay the gaily adorned bride's loaf, an object of great importance.

I said all had retired from the lovely spot; but there was one of the cousins, who a short time after, stole gently back to look once more at the varied beauty of the scene, and to indulge by herself the hopes and anticipations of an affectionate heart, for the future happiness of her friend. She gently opened the door, and was about entering, when she noticed the sofa was wheeled round to the precise spot, where, that evening [illegible] and there the lovely bride was kneeling, so absorbed in her own solemn thoughts, that the intrusion of her friend was unnoticed. That friend stood for a moment gazing, in holy admiration, at the scene; she longed gently to approach and kneel by her side; but the occasion was too sacred to admit of social union, and she retired.

And what so solemn and absorbing, was occupying the thoughts of this happy being? Was it the anticipations of worldly felicity that had brought her there? Looking round upon the beauty and gaiety of the room, where in a few hours, she would give her hand to him, whom she preferred to all others on earth, had she in the wildness and excess of her emotions, fallen into a reverie? Nothing of the kind. Delighted she might be, and justly was; but she had one duty to perform; a high and holy duty ere she plighted her vows to the object of her early affections. There, in that spot where she would soon stand, and surrender her earthly all to her husband, she would first consecrate herself to the Lord. The prior consecration was due to Him. On that altar she wished to offer an earlier and holier incense; on that spot, to make a record of the prior deed, which she had given of herself to her superior Lord.

I know not of an earthly scene more lovely, or of an immortal being in similar circumstances, in an attitude more becoming. And I am sure, that if her intended husband had himself the love of God reigning in his heart, and could have seen her there, whatever he might have thought of her before, his love would have said—not perhaps with perfect truth, for others, it is to be hoped, have done so before her—but he might be forgiven, if, in his ardor and admiration, he had exclaimed, "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all!"

What a beautiful example for the imitation of those who are about to be led to the hymenial altar! Most beautiful! most becoming! I know not the subsequent history of that "lovely bride," but I am certain she never repented of that act of self dedication to God.—She may not, indeed, have escaped sorrow and affliction, but if they were her lot, I know that God would remember the kindness of the youth. He would not forsake her. She might bury husband, children, and friends; she might suffer sickness and poverty; but in no hour would her heavenly Father forsake her; he would guide her by his counsel and afterwards receive her to glory. Youthful females! would you lay the foundation of future peace; would you provide against the reverses of fortune; would you have a friend and protector through this world of vicissitude; would you have consolation in the darkest night of adversity which may set in upon you; imitate the example of a "lovely bride."—*Mother's Magazine.*

EARLY RISING.

We read some time since, in a little work by an English writer, an anecdote, which, as nearly as we can recollect, ran as follows:—In one of the small towns in Germany, where the number of bee-hives which the inhabitants are allowed to keep is regulated by law, this number, small as it was, was found one season to be larger than the pasture could support. The hives of one old peasant, however, seemed to be nothing worse off than usual yet his was no nearer than the others' to the fields of bonny blooming heather, rosemary and thyme. His neighbors wondered, but instead of seeking to solve the mystery in the right spirit, indulged in vague surmises and whisperings.—He had bewitched their hives, or "made nae canny bargain with the evil one for his own." The old man bore all these dark suspicions patiently till the honey harvest came round; then when he had stored away just double the quantity that the rest had saved, he called his neighbors into his garden and said—"Had it not been for your want of charity I would have told you my secret before.—This is the only witchcraft I have used;" and he pointed to them the particular position of his hives, inclined a little more to the east than that generally adopted. By this movement the rays of the sun shone upon his hive an hour or two earlier, and his bees were abroad lading themselves with treasure, long before those of his neighbors had roused themselves for the day.

And now, reader, as good as this story is, we have told it only for its moral. Always, if possible, let your bed room window face the east, and do not keep out the beams of the rosy morning by blinds and shutters. You will perhaps sleep the longer thus, but you had far better be up and stirring with the dawn. What if you have nothing to do? Get up then for pleasure. Go forth into the fields, on horseback or on foot' and snuff the pure air. It will brace you up, make your blood run livlier through your veins, and fit you to bear with ease the care and toil of the day.—They are twice as beautiful, too, in the morning as at any other time. Only let a man once know the pleasure of an early stroll over the hills—let him taste the fresh air, balmy air, and cast his eye over the woodland and valley below, wet with dew and glittering in the light of the newly risen sun, and our word for it, he will think that no bad advice, which bids him give up for this the pleasure even of seeing those same fields as the poet says, "sleeping in moonlight luxury." But if you will not be an early riser for pleasure, let interest induce you to be such. We will not quarrel with your motive. A word in your ear—"it is the earliest bird that picks up the most worms."

Were you ever hard pushed, and so obliged to take an hour from what lazy folks call their "morning sleep?" If you ever were, and have not kept up the practice from very love of it, we are more than half inclined to give you over. If you never were, hear to do now, and we speak from daily experience, be it remembered, you will find one of these morning hours, which you dose away, worth more than any three in the after part of the day. You have had (or should have had) by sunrise sleep sufficient to supply the wants of nature; more would serve only to create that disagreeable sensation which always arises from repletion. Get up then, and you will feel yourself ready to prosecute to advantage whatever you may wish to undertake. Would you study? You have a clear head, a cool brain, and you will soon perceive, a marvelous faculty at understanding your author's meaning. Would you work? The sleep you have had has invigorated you—your thews and sinews, which over night were weary with labor, are braced up again. Luckily you slept no longer, else would you have found perhaps that "balmy sleep" a Delilah itself some times, can take away as well as give strength.—And so whatever you would do, be it even play, take an early morning hour for it, and you will succeed better, feel more cheerful and better natured through the day, and find yourself ever increasing in health, wealth and prosperity—Take our advice then, and addict yourself to "early rising.,'

"A FEW HUNDREDS IN THE BANK."

One of our New Hampshire girls at work in the mills, who assures us that she has "a few hundreds in bank," has given us the list of prices which she was accustomed to receive for her labor in other times, before Factories were thought of. It is curious and worth contrasting with the present order of things, in this respect. In 1806 she received the usual price paid for female help, employed in the old fashioned mode of "spinning with crooked spindles," viz. one yard of cloth for a week's work. As to receiving money, the thing was out of the question.

What articles of dress she needed, she obtained by exchanging her cloth at the stores paying 42 cents a yard for a gown, which may now be had for nine pence—a dollar for cambric which now commands a couple of shillings! She then hired out to do housework and sewing—receiving 58 cents a week in flax, and living on "potatoes, bread and pea coffee." Determined to have cash, if it could be had, she engaged at another place, and was to receive one shilling a day in money. But soon, her employer being unable to carry out his engagement she was compelled to take eggs, thread, oats, rye, cloth, &c.,—rising before light and working till near midnight.

Unable to stand this, she went to Massachussetts in 1812, where she received "nine shillings and presents besides, as good as two dollars a week." It was in the midst of the war, and times were hard. Her employer had run out of money, and lost every thing but a flock of 1,500 sheep. It occurred to him that he might turn his wool to account, and he accordingly set our operative to "spinning on many spindles," as she calls it. Having acquired some skill in the business, she then "hired out to a gentleman—now an extensive manufacturer in Vermont—who had introduced some little machinery.

She soon learned to work on this and to "manage the jenny and looms," and shortly after became the overseer of the establishment receiving her dollar a day. She had charge of his whole business, was his banker, hired his girls and taught them to work.—They soon had cloth to sell, and this was the small beginning of one of our large manufacturing villages!

After the war was over, she returned to her parents and afterwards, through the influence of some of the friends of her last employers—and who are now concerned in the Manchester Corporations—she came to Amoskeag, and has been employed as an operative by them ever since. Instead of sleeping in a garret, and living from hand to mouth, as people were obliged to do in old times, she says she has a fine, clean, and well ventilated room, the best of food, and high wages regularly in cash.

Now, there is a volume in this simple history of a factory girl. Her story is that of others, who having known what it is to work from fifteen to sixteen hours a day in years back, for a mere pittance—and that payable in any thing and every thing, but that which commands all else—can feel the difference in their situation; now that the enterprise of our citizens has given employment to their hands in our manufacturing villages. And yet there are those among us who seek to underrate the position of the operatives, to make them discontented with their places, and who actually stigmatize them as slaves, for laboring to earn an honest and respectable livelihood. The answer of the operatives themselves almost invariably is—"You may talk, but after all, we girls have a few hundred in the bank."—Manchester American.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

The eccentric, but brilliant, John Randolph, once rose suddenly up in his seat in the House of Representatives, and screamed out at the top of his shrill voice, "Mr. Speaker! Mr. Speaker! I have discovered the philosopher's stone. It is, Pay as you go!"

John Randolph dropped many gems from his mouth, but never a richer one than that.

"Pay as you go," and you need not dodge sheriffs and constables.

"Pay as you go," and you can walk the streets with an erect back and a manly front, and you have no fear of those you meet. You can look at any man in the eye without flinching. You won't have to cross the highway to avoid a dun, or look intently into the shop windows to avoid seeing a creditor.

"Pay as you go," and you can snap your finger at the world, and when you laugh, it will be a hearty, honest one. It seems to us sometimes that we can almost tell the laugh of a poor debtor. He looks around as though he was in doubt whether the laugh was not the property of his creditors, and not included in articles "exempted from attachment." When he does succeed in getting out an abortion of a laugh—for it is nothing but an abortion—he appears frightened, and looks as though he expected it would be pounced upon by a constable.

"Pay as you go," and you will meet smiling faces at home—happy, cherry-cheeked, smiling children—a contented wife—a cheerful heartstone.

John Randolph was right. It is the philosopher's stone.

From the Albany Argus.

THE WHEAT CROP OF 1845.

The wheat crop of the United States for this year is estimated at 125,000,000 of bushels. The wheat crop of 1842, which was the largest ever previously raised in this country, was 103,000,000. The increase of twenty two millions shows not less the large additional amount of land brought under cultivation than the genial character of the last summer.

The crop of Michigan is comparatively larger than that of any other State in the Union. With a population of not over 400,000, she raises this year at least 7,000,000 bushels of wheat. The quality is also of the very best. The Wolverines are glorying in their abundance, and they say they can furnish Europe with all the bread she may need. The Central railroad now brings down to Detroit 10,000 bushels of wheat daily, but the supply is so very heavy at Marshall and the other depots at this busy season, that the motive power cannot take it off as fast as the forwarders require. This will give some idea of the production of Michigan. The recent advance in prices will most fortunately afford a fair profit to the producer, and thus with an immense crop he reaps a high price—which fortunate combination is all that is wanted to ensure a sound and enviable prosperity.

This fall, the Western States are not only peculiarly fortunate in their large crops, but also in acquiring intelligence of the late rise before the whole crop was in second hands.

The following table, which we find in the N. Y. Herald, affords material for reflection, as exhibiting the variations in our crops arising from the character of the seaso .

"The production of grain in the United States for four years, according to the returns issued from the office of the Commissioner of Patents, has been annexed:

Quantity of Grain grown in the United States.

	1840 Bushels.	1842 Bushels.	1843 Bushels.	1844 Bushels
Wheat	84,822,272	102.317,349	100,310,856	95,607,000
Corn	377,531,875	441,829,246	494,648,305	424,953,000

Yet from the diversity of our soil, extent of country, and variety of climate, the word abundance best expresses the garnerings in of every harvest.

The amount of Indian corn raised, seems a matter of wonderment. The half starved operatives of Europe may well look at those returns with glistening eyes for it affords 22 bushsls of corn for every man, woman and child in this country. Indian corn will rarely bear exportation, and therefore but little is carried abroad.—It is nearly all consumed at home. Our cattle enjoy an abundance of that food which would be deemed a luxury in Europe. Such is the prolific fertility of our soil and the extent of production under the competition of freemen.

Egypt was once called the granary of the world, but America in the extent of its wheat production as well as the superiority of its quality, will throw into the shade even the fables of Herodotus.

The Spirit of the Age.—*Improvement* or *Progression* is the Spirit of the present age. Where but a few years since, the cannibal performed his horrid orgies, the American, English and French artizans and merchants are pushing, with indomitable energy their business. In the Islands of the Pacific and of the Atlantic—in the frigid regions of the north—at the Cape of Good Hope—beyond the Rocky mountains, within the bounds of the great walls of China, and in the pestiferous atmosphere of Java, the work of civilization and improvement is gradually, though rapidly progressing. That spirit seems specially directed towards our own continent, and the object it seeks to attain is the connection of the Atlantic and Pacific by some stupendous work of art. Four plans have been proposed; and who dare say that before the last man of the present generation is laid in his grave, one of them will not be completed?

The first proposition is to unite the waters of the two oceans by a canal across the isthmus which connects North and South America. Surveys of this route have been made, and the work is declared to be not impracticable.

The second plan proposed, is to construct a rail road from Lake Michigan to the Pacific, across the Rocky Mountains. Mr. Whitney, the projector, will petition Congress at its next session for a portion of the public domain, sixty miles wide, through which the road shall pass; with the money arising from the sale of which, he proposes to construct and complete the road. Although the plan was regarded as visionary at first, it is now looked upon by many as being not altogether wild. Mr. Whitney is engaged in examining the proposed route.

The third proposition is to ascend by means of steam boats, the river Amazon, in Brazil, South America, to its source in the Andes. It has been ascertained to be navigable to such boats, to within eight days' journey of the Pacific. At the present time a company from Philadelphia is attempting to obtain from the South American Governments, the exclusive right of navigating those waters, in consideration of its clearing away obstructions.

The fourth proposition, and the one which strikes us as the most eligible, is to connect, by means of a rail road through Mexico, the Gulfs of Mexico and California. The distance would be about 900 miles, and it is said there would be but few heavy grades.—This route possess many advantages over all the others, and is liable to but one obstacle, namely: it extends through the county of a weak, distracted nation—one physically incapable of any great enterprise. If we look ahead however, this obstacle dwindles into insignificance. And by so doing we will be enabled to pursue our remarks upon the spirit of the age.

The idea of progression or improvement, comprehends also that of conquest; and the three great nations which have advanced farthest in improvement, are the most eager after conquest. England in the East Indies, France in Algeria, have without the shadow of title, by means of diplomacy and the sword, pushed their conquests, until whole empires have been rendered subservient to their sway;—and America, now animated by the same spirit, is directing all her energies in the same channel, although she arrives at her end by a different and novel means—that of "occupancy." Her conquest of Texas, solemnly determined upon by the sovereign power of the nation—a majority of the people—is the first step, and one which clearly marks the spirit of the age. Our troops line the extreme frontier, and hover, like an eagle preparing for its swoop, upon the borders of Mexico. That nation, tottering to her fall, views the impending calamity, without possessing the power to resist it. She must fall. *It is her destiny!* and we fear it is ours to be her executioner.

When East Florida was still a province of Spain, the longing eyes of our Government were fixed upon it, and it was determined that it should be ours. Pretexts for the conquest were not wanting—and mark these pretexts, for they are ominous: Spain had committed spolation upon our commerce to a greater amount than the territory of Florida was worth;—& if we did not seize upon the territory, some other nation would, as Spain was incapable of retaining it. These reasons were publickly avowed by our Government at that time. Mexico is regarded by our Government now, with the same eye, and we have, to a considerable extent, the same pretent for seizing upon her that we had for seizing upon Florida. If other nations attempt to interfere, they will be told, as Great Britain was when she endeavored to prevent the annexation of Florida, "to mind their own business." The only question with us is: are the people of the U. States prepared for the contest? *The spirit of the age* would seem to indicate that they are, and we can do at present is to await, with patience the consummation of our destiny.—Torch Light.

A Mother's Devotion.—The Albany Journal says:—"While the canal boat, New Holland, was lying at the dock a day or two ago, discharging flour, a son of the Captain, about two and a half years old fell overboard, without being discovered by the men at work; but the accident escaped not the ever watchful eye of the mother, who, with all a mother's impulsive affection, forgetting her own danger in that of her son, and without waiting for further aid, plunged instantly in the water and gallantly rescued her drowing boy whom she held with one hand, while clinging to the dock with the other, until both were drawn out of their perilous situation.

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