#### Loetry.

TO HER MAJESTY, QUEEN VICTORIA. THESE LINES ARE RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED BY

I view the peerless lady of our Isles,
England's young Queen, in maiden modesty,
Before the alter of our holy church,
A regal Bride! Her hand is linked in his,
The husband of her choice, the noble youth
Of scarce some twenty summers. May God shield them, That princely pair, Heaven send them length of

Best health, a happy earth and fairest children. Such was a people's prayer, for much they love
Their virgin Queen, the blushing Rose of England,
Twas a bright vision; but it past away,
Like all earthly pageants. Years of unstained bliss
Victoria and Albert shared together,
In holiest bonds of most true wedded love; In holiest bonds of most true wedded love;
Comely sons and graceful daughters blest
Their palace home, and England loved her Queen
More as the virtuous wife and tender mother,
Than as her Lady Liege. Thus twenty years—
Twenty long years—have faded as a dream:
The youthful sons and daughters of the Queen
Have grown in strength and wisdom, but the fa-

That loving husband that most gifted Prince-

That loving husband that most gifted Prince—Yet, in the prime of age of manliness
And beauty, where, alas! is he?

Anon I stand
In a dark veiled temple I behold
The Chivalry of England grouped around
A tomb! The sacred words are faintly spoke
And scarcely heard, for sobs and signs that burst
From manly breasts, in pity for their Queen.
Ah! gently lay those flow'rets on his bier;
Gifts of affection from a widowed heart
Which mourneth, and "will not be comforted."
Weep, Royal Lady, mourn, for Jesus said,
"Blest he that mourns, he shall be comforted,"
Thou weepest not alone, for all our sighs
Go with thee in thy sorrow. E'en this tribute,
Most humble though it be, it yet is stained Most humble though it be, it yet is stained With true heart tears. And there is One above, The "Husband of the widow," and the Father Of thy dear orphans, who will comfort thee.

He, too, that Hero Prince, too pure for earth,
Though absent, yet is present. His deep love
Surrounds thee still—thy guardian angel here—
O, deem not, Lady, his bright spinican e'er
Forsake thee. From the summer spheres of bliss He comes to shield thee, and to comfort thee-To give thee strength, to bear the revally, To tell thee—"Those whom God hath joined to

### Miscellaneous.

gether"
Shall never through eternity be parted.

The Pearl of Orr's Island A Story of the Coast of Maine.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

CHAPTER XXI.

(Continued.)

The front-door was standing wide open, as was always the innocent fashion in these regions, with a half-angle of moonlight and shadow lying within its dusky depths. Mara listehed a moment,—no sound: he had gone to bed then. "Poor boy," she said, "I hope he is asleep; how he must feel! poor fellow. It 's all the fault of those dreadful men!" said the little dark shadow to herself, as she stole up the stairs

She kneeled down by her little white bed, and thanked God that she had come in safe, and then prayed him to teach her what to do noxt.

She felt chilly and shivering, and crept into bed, and lay with her great soft brown eyes wide open, intently thinking what she that. It is pison mean of Atkinson. I should do.

Should she tell her grandfather? Something instinctively said No; that the first word from him which showed Moses he was detected, would at once send him off with those wicked men. " He would never, never bear to have this known," she said. Mr. Sewell?—ah, that was worse. She herself shrank from letting him know what Moses had been doing; she could not bear to lower him so much in his eyes. He could not make allowances, she thought. He is good to be sure, but he is so old and grave, and does n't know how much Moses has been

tempted by these dreadful men; and then, perhaps he would tell Miss Emily, and they never would want Moses to come there any more. "What shall I do?" she said to herself.

"I must get somebody to help me or tell me what to do. I can't tell grandmamma; it would only make her ill, and she would not know what to do any more than I. Ah. I know what I will do I'll tell Captain Kittridge; he was always so kind to me; and be has been to sea and seen all sorts of men, and Moses won't care so much perhaps to have him know, because the Captain is such a funny man, and don't take everything so seriously. Yes, that's it. I'll go right down to the cove in the morning. God will bring me through, I know he will;" and the little weary head fell back on the pillow asleep. And as she slept, a smile settled over her face, perhaps a reflection from the face of her good angel, who always beholdeth the face of our Father in Heaven.

### CHAPTER XXII.

Mara was so wearied with her night walk and the agitation she had been through, that once asleep she slept long after the early breakfast hour of the family. She was surprised on awaking to hear the slow old clock down-stairs striking eight.

She hastily jumped up and looked around with a confused wonder, and then slowly the events of the past night came back upon her like a remembered dream. She dressed herself quickly, and went down to find the breakfast things all washed and put away, and Mrs. Pennel spin-

ming. "Why, dear heart," said the old lady, "how came you to sleep so ?-I spoke to you twice, but I could not make you hear." "Has Moses been down, grandma?" said Mara, intent on the sole thought in

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trial,-but come, dear, I've saved some hot cakes for you, -sit down now and eat your breakfast."

put before her, and then rising up she put on her sun-bonnet and started down toward the cove to find her old friend.

The queer, dry, lean old Captain had been to her all her life like a faithful kobold or brownie, an unquestioning servant of all her gentle biddings. She dared tell him anything without diffidence or shamefacedness; and she felt that in this trial of her life he might have in his sea-receptacle some odd old amulet or spell that should have power to help her, Instinctively she avoided the house, lest Sally should see and fly ont and seize her.

She took a narrow path through the ce dars down to the little boat cove where the old Captain worked so merrily ten years ago, in the beginning of our story, and where she found him now with his coat off busily planing a board.

"Wal', now,-ef this 'ere don't beat all!" he said, looking up and seeing her; why, you're looking after Sally, I s pose? She's up to the house.

"No, Captain Kittridge, I'm come to see you.

"You be?" said the Captain, " I swow! if I a'n't a lucky feller. But what's the she look up and catch the gloomy eye of matter?" he said, suddenly observing her | Moses. It had that murkey, troubled look pale face, and the tears in her eyes. · Ha' n't nothing bad happened,-hes there ? "

" Oh! Captain Kittridge, something dreadful; and nobody but you can help

"Want to know now!" said the Captain, with a grave face. "Well, come here and sit down, and tell me all about it. Don't you cry, there 's a good girl! Don't

Mara began her story, and went through with it in a rapid and agitated manner; and the good Captain listened in a fidgetty state of interest, occasionally relieving his mind by interjecting "Do tell now?" "I swan, -if that ar a'n't too bad."

"That ar's rediculous conduct in Atkinson. He ought to be talked to," said the Captain when she had finished, and then he whistled and put a shaving in his mouth, which he chewed reflectively.

"I)on't you be a mite worried, Mara," he said. "You did a great deal better to come to me than to go to Mr. Sewell or your grand'ther either; 'cause you see these ere wild chaps they ll take things from me they would n't from a churchmember or a minister. Folks must n't pull 'em up with too short a rein,-they must kind o' flatter 'em off, But that ar Atkinson's too rediculous for anything past his room as guiltily as if she were the and if he don't mind, I'll serve him out. sinner. Once the stairs creaked, and her I know a thing or two about him that I heart was in her mouth, but she gained shall shake over his head if he don't be-Now I don't think so much of smugglin' as some folks," said the Cap tain, lowering his voice to a confidential tone. "I reely don't, now; but come to going off piratin',—and tryin' to put a young boy up to robbin' his best friencs. -why, there a'n't no kind o' sense in shall tell him so, and I shall talk to Moses."

> "On! I'm afraid to have you," said Mara, apprehensively.

"Why, chickabiddy," said the old Captain, "you don't understand me. I a'n't goin' at him with no sermons,-I shall jest talk to him this way: Look here now. Moses, I shall say, there's Badger's ship goin' to sail in a fortnight for China, and they want likely fellers aboard, and I've got a hundred dollars that I'd like to send on a venture; if you'll take it and go, why, we'll share the profits. I shall talk like that, you know. Mebbe I sha'n't let him know what I know, and mebbe I shall; jest tip him a wink you know; it depends on circumstances. But bless you, child, these 'ere fellers a'n't none of 'em 'fraid o' me, you see, 'cause they know I know the

" And can you make that horrid man

let him alone?" said Mara, fearfully. "Calculate I can. 'Spect if I's to tell Atkinson a few things I know, he'd be for bein' scase in our parts. Now, you see, I ha'n't minded doin' a small bit o' trade now and then with them ar fellers myself; but this 'ere," said the Captain. stopping and looking extremely disgusted, why, it's contemptible, it's rediculous!

"But oh, Captain Kittridge, did any of them use to swear?" said Mara, in a faltering voice.

"Wal', they did consid'able," said the

Mara's lip, he added,-

"Ef you could a-found this 'ere out any other way, it's most a pity you'd a-heard him; 'cause he would 'nt never have let out afore you. It don't do for gals to hear be mean and hateful. the fellers talk when they 's alone, 'cause lers, partic'larly when they 'r' young. Some on em, they never gits over it all

their lives finally." "But oh! Captain Kittridge, that talk last night was so dreadfully wicked! and Moses !- on, it was dreadful to hear him f"

"Wal', yes, it was," said the Captain, consolingly; "but din't you cry, and don't you break your little heart. I expect he'll come all right, and jine the church one of these days; 'cause there's old Pennel, he prays, - fact now, I think there's consid'able in some people's prayers, and he's one of the sort. And you pray, too; and I'm quite sure the good Lord must hear you. I declare sometimes I wish you'd jest say a good word to Him for me; I should like careless, not ill tempered, and who some-

enough he was; that boy does get to be a gi'n up swearing years ago. Mis' Kitt- Where was he gone to-this friend and ridge, she broke me o' that, and now I don't never go further than 'I yum' or 'I swaw,' or somethin' o' that sort; but you Mara made a feint of eating what her see I'm old;—Moses is young; but then gran mother with fond officiousness would he's got eddication and friends, and he'll come all right. Now you jest see ef he don't !"

This miscellaneous budget of personal experiences and friendly consolation which the good Captain conveyed to Mara may possibly make you laugh, my reader, but the good, ropy brown man was doing his best to console his little friend; and as Mara looked at him he was almost glorified in her eyes-he had power to save Moses, and he would do it.

She went home to dinner that day with her heart considerably lightened. She refriend, in a general wayfrom even looking, at Moses, who was gloomy and moody.

Mara had from nature a good endowment of that kind of innocent hypocrisy which is needed as a staple in the lives of women who bridge a thousand awful chasms with smiling, unconscious looks, and walk, singing and scattering flowers, over abysses of fear, while their hearts are dying within them.

She talked more volubly than was her wont with Mrs. Pennel, and with her old grandfather; she laughed and seemed in more than usual spirits, and only once did that one may see in the eye of a boy when those evil waters which cast up mire and dirt have once been stirred in his soul. They fell under her clear glance, and he made a rapid, impatient movement, as if it hurt him to be looked at. The evil spi rit in boy or man cannot bear the "touch of celestial temper;" and the sensitiveness to eyebeams is one of the earliest signs of conscious, inward guilt.

Mara was relieved, as he flung out of the house after dinner, to see the long, dry figure of Captain Kittridge coming up and seizing Moses by the button.

From the window she saw the Captain assuming a confidential air with him; and when they had talked together a few moments, she saw Moses going with great readiness after him down the road to his

In less than a fortnight, it was settled Moses was to sail for China, and Mara was deep in the preparations for his outfit. Once she would have felt this departure as the most dreadful trial of her life. Now it seemed to her a deliverance for him, and she worked with a cheerful alacrity, which seemed to Moses was more than was proper, considering he was going

For Moses, like many others of his sex, boy or man, had quietly settled in his own mind that the whole love of Mara's heart eckoned on it as a sort of inexhaustible. uncounted treasure that was his own peculiar right and property, and therefore he felt abused at what he supposed was a disclosure of some deficiency on her part.

"You seem to be very glad to be rid of me," he said to her in a bitter tone one day, as she was earnestly busy in her preparations.

Now the fact was, that Moses had been assiduously making himself disagreeable to Mara for the fortnight past, by all sorts of unkind sayings and doings, and he knew it too, yet he felt a right to feel very much abused at the thought that she could possibly want him to be going.

If she had been utterly desolate about it and torn her hair and sobbed and wailed. he would have asked what she could be erving about and begged not to be bored with scenes, but as it was, this cheerful composure was quite unfeeling.

Now pray don't suppose Moses to be monster of an uncommon species. We take him to be an average specimen of boy of a certain kind of temperament in the transition period of life. Everything is chaos within-the flesh lusteth against the spirit and the spirit against the flesh and "light and darkness, and mind and dust, and passion and pure thoughts, mingle and contend," without end or order.

He wondered at himself sometimes that he could say such cruel things as he did to his faithful little friend-to one whom after all, he did love and trust before all other human beings.

There is no saying why it is that a man or a boy, not radically destitute of generous comprehensions, will often cruelly torture and tyrannize over a woman whom he both loves and reveres-who stands in his soul in his best hours as the very im-Captain. Then seeing the trembling of psrsonation of all that is good and beauti-

> It is as if and evil spirit at times pos sessed him, some compelled him to utte words which were felt at the moment tr

Moses often wondered at himself, as he fellers,-wal', you see, fellers will be fel- lay awake nights, how he could have said and done the things he had, and felt miserably resolved to make it up somehow before he went away-but he did not.

He could not say "Mara, I have done wrong," though he every day meant to do it, and sometimes sat an hour in her presence, feeling murky and stoney, as if possessed by a dumb spirit—then he would get up and fling stormily out of the house.

Poor Mara wondered if he really would go without one kind word. She thought of all the years they had been together, and how he had been her only thought

and love. What had become of her brother? the Moses that once she used to know-frank, to get the hang o' things a little better times seemed to love her and think she was the best little girl in the world?

brother of her childhood, and would he never come back?

At last came the evening before his parting; the sea-chest was all made up and packed; and Mara's fingers had been busy with everything, from more substantial garments down to all those little comforts and nameless conveniences that only a woman knows how to improvise. Mara thought certainly she should get a few kind words as Moses looked it over. But he only said, "All right;" and then added that "there was a button off one of the shirts." Mara's busy fingers quickly replaced it, and Moses was annoyed at the tear that fell on the button. What was she crying for now? He knew very well, but he felt stubborn and cruel. Afterwards he lay awake many a night in his berth, and acted this last scene differently. He took Mara in his arms and kissed her, he told her she was his best friend, his good angel, and that he was not worthy to kiss the hem of her garment; but the next day, when he thought of writing a letter to her, he did n't, and the good mood passed away.

Boys do not acquire an ease of expression in letter-writing as early as girls, and a voyage to China furnished opportunities few and far between of sending letters. To be continued.

# Agricultural.

A FRUIT GARDEN FOR THE FAMILY .-Every family should have a fruit garden. -Fruit is not only a great luxury-it is essential to health. A few dollars expended in setting out plants and trees will save many a dollar a year being paid to the family physician. First-you should have a small piece of ground, say from oneeighth of an acre for a fruit garden.-This should be ploughed once or twice and thoroughly harrowed. Or it may be worked with a spade instead of the plough. Now procure from two hundred to five hundred strawberry plants, and set them out in rows three feet apart, and two feet apart in the row. The only culture they need is to keep out the weeds, and work the ground occasionally with the hoe. The llowing season you may rely upon a crop

of berries that it would do your eyes good to behold. More bushels of strawberries can be produced from the same ground than potatoes. A few dozen plants of gooseberries should be out in rows five feet part each way. The Houghton seedling is the only variety we have found to succeed well in this country. Currants must not be forgotten. They are so indispensable to every family. In their green state. what delicious tarts and fine pies they make in early summer time, before we was to be ris, to have and to hold, to use can obtain other fruit. When ripe, and and to draw on, when and as he liked. He served up with sugar or the tea table, they are liked by nearly every one .- And what delicious jelly can be made from them to eat with roast turkey, or wild ducks or other meats. How can the good wife get along without a few dozen current bushes? The thing is impossible, and especially to get along well .- The Large Red Dutch is the very best variety. Plant in rows about five feet apart, and be sure to cover all the ground in which they are planted five or six inches deep with old straw, hay, litter manure, or something of the kind so as to keep them moist and cool. With this treatment, they will make double the growth they otherwise would; their leaves will not drop in August, as they do when not mulched in this climate, and they will yield ten times as much fruit. Bear this in mind if you would have a large crop of currents. The luscious raspberry must also come in-for it is one of the finest fruits when in perfection. Put up in cans or bottles, like strawberries and peaches, it far snrpasses either. The fruit is not as watery as the strawberry, and is better on this account for cauning purposes .- We always lay in a good supply, and have never found any one who did not relish them. The New Rochelle or Lawton blackberry, where land can be had in abundance, and especially where wild blackberries are not abundant, should be planted. It will take two or three years to produce much of a crop; but then it will be found very prolific, and if the fruit is left on until perfectly ripe it is excellent. All acknowledge that the berry is one of our most healthful berries. A hundred plants will be abundant for a family. They should be put in rows about eight feet apart, and six feet apart in a row. It is better to mulch the plants, as in the case with all the plants we have mentioned. They will grow better, and be more productive.

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