

Poetry.

TO HER MAJESTY, QUEEN VICTORIA.

THESE LINES ARE RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED BY MISS EDWIN JAMES.

I view the peerless lady of our Isles, England's young Queen, in maiden modesty, Before the altar of our holy church...

Miscellaneous.

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...

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...

enough he was; that boy does get to be a trial,—but come, dear, I've saved some hot cakes for you,—sit down now and eat your breakfast.

Mara made a feint of eating what her grandfather with fond officiousness would 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 lie on her life like a faithful kobold or brownie, an unquestioning servant of all her gentle biddings.

She took a narrow path through the cedars 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 planning a board.

"Wal, now,—if 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 s'wore! if I ain't a lucky feller. But what's the matter?" he said, suddenly observing her pale face, and the tears in her eyes.

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

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

"That ar's ridiculous 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.

"Don'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 wouldn't from a church-member or a minister. Folks must n't pull 'em up with too short a rein,—they must kind o' fatter 'em off. But that ar Atkinson's too ridiculous for anything, and if he don't mind, I'll serve him out. I know a thing or two about him that I shall shake over his head if he don't behave. Now I don't think so much of smugglin' as some folks," said the Captain, lowering his voice to a confidential tone.

"I really don't, now; but come to going off piratin',—and tryin' to put a young boy up to robbin' his best friends,—why, there's a'n't no kind o' sense in that. It's p'ison mean of Atkinson. I shall tell him so, and I shall talk to Moses."

"Oh! I'm afraid to have you," said Mara, apprehensively. "Why, chickabiddy," said the old Captain, "you don't understand me. I ain't goin' to him with no sermons,—I shall just 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 ain't none of 'em 'fraid o' me, you see, 'cause they know I know the ropes."

"And can you make that horrid man let him alone?" said Mara, fearfully. "Calculate I can," said the Captain, "I know a few things I know, he'd be for bein' scarce 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 ridiculous!"

"But oh, Captain Kittridge, did any of them use to swear?" said Mara, in a faltering voice. "Wal, they did consid'able," said the Captain. Then seeing the trembling of Mara's lip, he added,—

"If you could a-found this 'ere out any other way, it's most a pity you'd a-heard him; 'cause he would n't never have let out afore you. It don't do for gals to hear the fellers talk when they's alone, 'cause fellers,—wal, you see, fellers will be fellers, particularly 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!—oh, it was dreadful to hear him!" "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 to get the hang o' things a little better than I do somehow, I rely should. I've g'n up swearing years ago. Mis' Kittridge, 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 see I'm old;—Moses is young; but then he's got education 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 possibly make you laugh, my reader, but the good, rosy 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 re- friend, in a general way from 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 she look up and catch the gloomy eye of Moses. It had that murky, troubled look 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 spirit in boy or man cannot bear the "touch of celestial temper;" and the sensitiveness to eyebears 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 house.

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 away.

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 was to be his, to have and to hold, to use and to draw on, when and as he liked. He reckoned on it as a sort of inexhaustible, unaccounted 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.

Where was he gone to—this friend and 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 didn'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.

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 one-eighth 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 following 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 apart 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 can obtain other fruit. When ripe, and 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 currant 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 currants. 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 surpasses either. The fruit is not as watery as the strawberry, and is better on this account for canning 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 acknowledged 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.

It is as if an evil spirit at times possessed him, some compelled him to utter words which were felt at the moment to be mean and hateful. Moses often wondered at himself, as he 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, careless, not ill tempered, and who sometimes seemed to love her and think she was the best little girl in the world?

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