

## Poetry.

## THE MAY FLOWER.

Oh! whither are they hastening,  
The youths and maidens fair,  
With eyes like merry sunbeams  
And bright and waving hair:  
With looks so glad and joyous,  
And voices clear and gay—  
Oh! whither are they going,  
On this sweet morn in May?

They are bound unto the Woodlands,  
Where the forest Pine is seen,  
And close beside its roots lie hid,  
Midst leaves and mosses green,  
The sweet Acadian May Flower,  
Far hidden from the view—  
Oh! may her daughters ever prove  
Like it as modest, too.

What wonder they are joyous  
Far within the forest glade;  
They see the bequeathed shadows  
By the dancing sunlight made,  
They smell the sweet pine balsam—  
They breathe the air of spring,  
And through the silent forest  
Their shouts of laughter ring.

And how they choose a maiden—  
The fairest of their band—  
With her air of regal beauty  
She seems fited to command,  
Her dark eyes flash with pleasure,  
And she listens what they say  
For all together there unite  
To crown her Queen of May.

## The Pearl of Orr's Island:

A Story of the Coast of Maine.

BY MRS. HARRIET FLETCHER STOWE.

## CHAPTER XX.

We have introduced Mara to our readers as she appears in her seventeenth year, at the time when she is expecting the return of Moses as a young man of twenty; but we cannot do justice to the feelings which are roused in her heart by this expectation, without giving a chapter or two to tracing the history of Moses since we left him as a boy commencing the study of the Latin grammar with Mr. Sewell. The reader must see the forces that acted upon his early development, and what they have made of him.

It is common for people who write treatises on education to give forth their rules and theories with a self-satisfied air, as if a human being were a thing to be made up like a loaf of bread, out of a given number of materials combined by an infallible recipe.

Take your child, and do thus and for a given number of years, and he comes out a thoroughly educated individual.

But in fact, education is in many cases nothing more than a blind struggle of parents and guardians with the evolutions of some strong, predetermined character, individual, obstinate, unresponsive, and seeking by an inevitable law of its being to develop itself and gain free expression in its own way. Captain Kittredge's confidence that he would as soon undertake a boy as a Newfoundland pup, is good for those whose idea of what is to be done for a human being are only what would be done for a dog, namely, give food, shelter, and world-room, and leave each to act out his own nature without let or hindrance.

But everybody takes an embryo human being with some plan of one's own what it shall do or be. The child's future shall shape out some darling purpose or plan, and fulfil some long unfulfilled expectation of the parent. And thus, though the wind of every generation sweeps its hopes and plans like forest-leaves, none are whirled and tossed with more piteous moans than those which come out green and fresh, to shade the happy spring-time of the child. For the temperaments of children are often as oddly unsuited to parents as if capricious fairies had been filling cradles with changelings.

A meek member of the Peace Society, a tender, devout, poetical clergyman, receives an heir from heaven, and straightway devotes him to the Christian ministry. But lo! the boy proves a young war-horse, neighing for battle, burning for gunpowder and guns, for bowie-knives and revolvers, and for every form and expression of physical force;—he might make a splendid trapper, an energetic sea-captain, a bold, daring military man, but his whole boyhood is full of rebukes and disciplines for sins which are only the blind effort of the creature to express a nature which his parent does not and cannot understand. So again, the son that was to have upheld the old, proud merchant's time-honored firm, that should have been mighty in ledgers and great upon "Change," breaks his father's heart by an unintelligible fancy for weaving poems and romances.

A father of literary aspirations, balked of privileges of early education, bends over the cradle of his son with but one idea. This child shall have the full advantages of regular college-training; and so for years he battles with a boy abhorring study, and fitted only for a life of out-door energy and bold adventure. On whom Latin forms Greek quantities fall and melt aimless and useless, as snow-flakes on the hide of a buffalo. Then the secret agonies, the long years of sorrowful watchings of those gentler nurses of humanity who receive the infant into their bosom out of the void unknown, and strive to read its horoscope through the mists of their prayers and tears!—what perplexities, what confusion! Especially is this so in a community where the moral and religious sense is so cultivated as in New England, and frail, trembling, self-distrustful mothers are told that the shaping and ordering not only of this present life, but of an immortal destiny, is in their hands. On the whole, those who succeed best in the rearing of children, are the toleran-

and easy persons who instinctively follow nature and accept without much inquiry whatever she sends; or that far smaller class, wise to discern spirits and apt to adopt means to their culture and development, who can prudently and carefully train every nature according to its true and characteristic ideal.

Zephaniah Pennel was a shrewd old Yankee, whose instincts taught him from the first, that the wait that had been so mysteriously washed out of the gloom of the sea into his family, was of some different class and lineage from that which might have filled a cradle of his own, and of a nature which he could not perfectly understand. So he prudently watched and waited, only using restraint enough to keep the boy anchored in society, and letting him otherwise grow up in the solitary freedom of his lonely seafaring life.

The boy was from childhood, although singularly attractive, of a moody, fitful, unsteady nature,—eager, earnest, but unsteady,—with varying phases of imprudent frankness and of the most stubborn and unattractive secretiveness. He was a creature of unreasoning antipathies and attractions. As Zephaniah Pennel said of him, he was as full of hitches as an old bureau drawer.

His peculiar beauty, and a certain electrical power of attraction, seemed to form a constant circle of protection and forgiveness around him in the home of his foster-parents; and great as was the anxiety and pain which he often gave them, they somehow never felt the charge of him as a weariness.

We left him a boy beginning Latin with Mr. Sewell in company with the little Mara. This arrangement progressed prosperously for a time, and the good clergyman, all whose ideas of education ran through the halls of a college, began to have hopes of turning out a choice scholar. But when the boy's ship of life came into the breakers of that narrow and intricate channel which divides boyhood from manhood, the difficulties that had always attended his guidance and management were intensified. How much family happiness is wrecked just then and there! How many mothers' and sisters' hearts are broken in the wild and confused tossings and tearings of that stormy transition!

A whole new nature is blindly upheaving itself, with cravings and clamorings, which neither the boy himself nor often surrounding friends understand.

A shrewd observer has significantly characterized the period as the time when the boy wishes he were dead, and everybody else wishes so too. The wretched, half-fledged, half-conscious, anomalous creature has all the desires of the man, and none of the rights; has a double and triple share of nervous edge and intensity in every part of his nature, and no definitely perceived objects on which to bestow it,—and, of course, all sorts of unreasonable moods and phases are the result.

One of the most common signs of this period, in some natures, is the love of contradiction and opposition,—a blind desire to go contrary to everything that is commonly received among the older people. The boy disparages the minister, quizzes the deacon, thinks the schoolmaster an ass, and doesn't believe in the Bible, and seems to be rather pleased than otherwise with the shock and flutter that all these announcements create among peaceably disposed good people. No respectable hen that ever hatched out a brood of ducks, was more puzzled what to do with them than was poor Mrs. Pennel when her adopted nursing came into this state. Was he a boy? an immortal soul? a reasonable human being? or only a handsome goblin sent to torment her?

"What shall we do with him, father?" said she, one Sunday, to Zephaniah, as he stood shaving before the little looking-glass in their bedroom. "He can't be governed like a child, and he won't govern himself like a man."

Zephaniah stopped and strapped his razor reflectively.

"We must cast out anchor and wait for day," he answered. "Prayer is a long rope with a strong hold."

It was just at this critical period of life that Moses Pennel was drawn into associations which awake the alarm of all his friends, and from which the characteristic wilfulness of his nature made it difficult to attempt to extricate him.

In order that our readers may fully understand this part of our history, we must give some few particulars as to the peculiar scenery of Orr's Island and the country at this time.

The coast of Maine, as we have elsewhere said, is remarkable for a singular interpenetration of the sea with the land, forming amid its dense primeval forests secluded bays, narrow and deep, into which vessels might float with the tide, and where they might nestle unseen and unsuspected amid the dense shadows of the overhanging forest.

At this time there was a very brisk business done all along the coast of Maine in the way of smuggling. Small vessels, lightly built and swift of sail, would run up into these sylvan fastnesses, and there make their deposits and transact their business so as entirely to elude the vigilance of government officers.

at the wharves, and caused the ruin of thousands of families.

The merchants of the country regarded this as a flagrant, high-handed piece of injustice, expressly designed to cripple New England commerce, and evasions of this unjust law found everywhere a degree of sympathy, even in the breasts of well-disposed and conscientious people.

In resistance to the law, vessels were constantly fitted out which ran upon trading voyages to the West Indies and other places; and although the practice was punishable as smuggling, yet it found extensive connivance. From this beginning smuggling of all kinds gradually grew up in the community, and gained such a foothold that even after the repeal of the embargo it still continued to be extensively practised. Secret depositories of contraband goods still existed in many of the lonely haunts of islands off the coast of Maine. Hid in deep forest shadows, visited only in the darkness of the night, were these illegal stores of merchandise. And from these secluded resorts they found their way, no one knew or cared to say how, into houses for miles around.

There was no doubt that the practice, like all other illegal ones, was demoralizing to the community, and particularly fatal to the character of that class of bold, enterprising young men who would be most likely to be drawn into it.

Zephaniah Pennel, who was made of a kind of straight-grained, uncompromising oaken timber such as built the Mayflower of old, had always borne his testimony at home and abroad against any violations of the laws of the land, however veiled under the pretext of righting a wrong or resisting an injustice, and had done what he could in his neighborhood to enable government officers to detect and break up these unlawful depositories. This exposed him particularly to the hatred and ill-will of the operators, concerned in such affairs, and a plot was laid by a few of the most daring and determined of them to establish one of their depositories on Orr's Island, and to implicate the family of Pennel himself in the trade. This would accomplish two purposes, as they hoped,—it would be a mortification and defeat to him,—a revenge which they coveted; and it would, they thought, insure his silence and complicity for the strongest reasons.

The situation and characteristics of Orr's Island peculiarly fitted it for the carrying out of a scheme of this kind,—and for this purpose we must try to give our readers a more definite idea of it.

The traveller who wants a ride through scenery of more varied and singular beauty than can ordinarily be found on the shores of any land whatever, should start some fine clear day along the clean sandy road, ribboned with strips of green grass, that leads through the flat pitch-pine forests of Brunswick toward the sea. As he approaches the salt water, a succession of the most beautiful and picturesque lakes seems to be lying softly cradled in the arms of wild, rocky forest shores, whose outlines are ever changing with the windings of the road.

At a distance of about six or eight miles from Brunswick he crosses an arm of the sea, and comes upon the first of the interlacing group of islands which beautifies the shore. A ride across this island is a constant succession of pictures, whose wild and solitary beauty entirely distances all power of description. The magnificence of the evergreen forests,—their peculiar air of sombre stillness,—the rich intermingling ever and anon of groves of birch, beech, and oak, in picturesque knots and tufts, as if set for effect by some skilful landscape-gardener,—produce a sort of strange dreamy wonder; while the sea, breaking forth both on the right hand and the left of the road into the most romantic glimpses, seems to flash and glitter like some strange gem which every moment shows itself through the framework of a new setting. Here and there little secluded coves push in from the sea, around which lie soft tracts of green meadow-land, hemmed in and guarded by rocky pine-crowned ridges. In such sheltered spots may be seen neat white houses, nestling like sheltered doves in the beautiful solitude.

When one has ridden nearly to the end of Great Island, which is about four miles across, he sees rising before him, from the sea, a bold romantic point of land, uplifting a crown of rich evergreen and forest trees over shores of perpendicular rock. This is Orr's Island.

To be Continued.

## Agricultural.

**PLANTING POTATOES.**—Mr. Robert Thomson, of the Royal Horticultural Society has recently written a valuable essay on potato-planting, from which we condense the following passages relating to the distance apart at which potatoes should be planted, the depth at which they should be put in, the employment of whole or cut tubers for seed, and the time of planting:—

"In the case of very strong kinds it cannot be denied that quite as much produce may be obtained at 12 or 15 inches apart as at 8 inches, (that is, in the line); but, when the plants have much space, they are apt to produce tubers varying greatly in size, some of the first formation being much too large, while those of a later production are much too small. In neither case are the tubers so good as when there is a more equal and middle-sized crop; and it should therefore be the aim to obtain a crop of this description. If a sort is naturally inclined to grow too large, it is well to plant it rather closely in the row; and it is better to do this than

to limit the distance between the rows. It is much better to have the rows 27 inches apart, and the sets 8 inches asunder, than to have the rows 24 inches apart and the sets 9 inches from each other; and this again is preferable to rows 18 inches asunder and sets 12 inches from each other. In either of these ways the same number of sets will be required to plant a rod of ground; but there is, in the greater distance between the rows, and the less distance between the sets a double advantage; first, as regards the labor in planting, and secondly in a greater space for earthing up being afforded. When planted at the distance of 27 inches from row to row the number of trenches required to be cut out is one third less than when the rows are 18 inches apart; and when planting by the dibbler is adopted, one third more ground has to be traversed."

Nor is the depth at which the sets are to be placed a matter of indifference; from a series of experiments carried on in the Experimental Gardens at Chiswick, the following results as to depth and produce per acre were arrived at:—At three inches in depth, the produce was 13 tons and 14 lbs.; at four, 14 tons, 1 cwt., 18 lbs.; at six, 14 tons, 11 cwt., 4 lbs.; at nine, 13 tons and 111 lbs. The greatest produce, therefore, was at six inches in depth; at three inches the least return; while many of the sets at nine inches did not vegetate, or at least failed in reaching the surface.

Some uncertainty exists as to the propriety of planting cut tubers or whole ones, also whether the latter should be large or small. Experiments show that the mean produce of two plantations, one made in April the other in May, of cut seeds, exceeded that from whole tubers by nearly one ton per acre. A crop planted in April with whole tubers was greater than that from cut sets, but the crop planted in April with cut sets gave nearly two tons per acre more than the whole tubers planted in May.

Large tubers, planted whole, are preferable to small tubers, because the former have larger and stronger buds than the latter, and, therefore, as reason dictates, the stronger buds produce the stronger stems and greater number of leaves, and upon them the crop most indisputably depends. The eyes of potatoes are true buds, and in small tubers they are comparatively weak, and consequently produce weak shoots, and the crop produced from plants originating from larger tubers, furnished with larger eyes; and this conclusion has been justified by the results of many years' actual experiments.

So also is the case, as already stated, with the secondary or tertiary shoots, which are produced from tubers kept till late in the season before planting, the strongest buds having sprung in the pits, and been rubbed off in the process of turning them over; so, again, the secondary, or next weaker buds, experience a similar fate; while the crop is left to depend on the tertiary buds, which are the weakest of all. Can anything, therefore, be more conducive to weaken the vital principle in the potato and predispose it to the attacks of disease? This is the certain consequence of late planting, and together with the rapidity with which one potato crop succeeds another, even in what is called high cultivation is, no doubt, an important element in rendering this plant so susceptible to disease as it at present is.

It has also been found by experiments carefully conducted that sets taken from the points of tubers and planted in April, have yielded a crop at the rate of upwards of three tons per acre greater than when the sets were taken from the base of the tubers. In the case of the kidney varieties, when cut, the incision should be made longitudinally, and not transversely, as in the latter case the set from the top would only have eyes or buds, while that from the base will have none.

This is the cause why crops of kidney varieties come up so unequally, one description of sets having buds or eyes, while the other has none, according to the way the tubers have been cut.

## The Crystal Palace in a Night Storm.

Last Wednesday night we had an opportunity of being inside the Crystal Palace during the violent thunderstorm that visited the neighborhood of Sydenham. The novelty of the sights that presented themselves was striking and marvellous. In a moment, from intense darkness the whole building was lit up—every object standing out as bright as in day in all the distinctness of the stereoscope, to which, indeed, it might be compared, with the additional association of grandeur in its fullest extent. At another time the western end of the centre transept assumed the character of a brilliant luminous mass, with a vividness that lightning only possesses—brighter far than the sun. Then, again, the roof was illuminated, all their beautiful proportions exhibited, and their outlines distinct and dazzling, as though studded with millions of diamonds. Turning to the south side, we looked out upon the expanse that lay before us; here the scene was magic in its character. From intense darkness—flashed at rapid intervals—every object, statue, foundation, tree, shrub, terrace, and the distant country to Sevenoaks, in brilliancy that can scarcely be described by language. We never before witnessed anything so peculiarly beautiful and grand.—*South-Eastern Gazette.*

Some boys, and we fear men, are in the habit of shooting the robins and other singing birds which visit us in the spring. It is a most cruel and barbarous practice, and a determined effort should be made to stop it. In France and England the little birds are now protected by Legislative enactment, and every violation is severely punished. In Massachusetts a penalty of two dollars is imposed "for shooting at any time during the year" any robin, thrush, lark, sparrow, blue bird, bobolink, yellow-bird, woodpecker, or warbler." We hope to see this law in force in this Province.—[Church Witness.

## Miscellaneous.

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## Notice.

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Dated the 25th day of February, A. D. 1862.  
REBECCA McDONALD, Administratrix,  
JAMES H. McDONALD, Administrators.  
DONALD McDONALD, Administrators.  
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## Miscellaneous.

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