OVER THE MOUNTAIN.

BY MISS ADELAIDE ANN PROCTOR.

Like dreary prison walls
Until their topmost crags
Touch the far gloomy skies;
One lone, winding narrow path
Winds up the mountains crest,
And footsteps tread it lead
Out to the golden West.

Love, here in content,
Thankful for tranquil days;
And yet my eyes are dim
As still I gaze and gaze
Upon that mountain pass,
That leads—he say it seems—
To some happy land,
Known in the world of dreams.

And as I watch that path
Over the distant hill,
A foolish longing comes
My heart and soul to fill,
A painful, strange desire
To break some weary bond;
A vague, unuttered wish
For what might lie beyond!

In that far world unknown,
Over that distant hill,
May dwell the loved and lost,
Love yet beloved still!
I have a yearning hope,
Half longing, and half pain,
That by that mountain road
They may return again.

Space may keep friends apart,
Death has a mighty thrill;
There is another gulf
Harder to cross than all!
Yet watching that far road,
My heart beats full and fast,
If they should come once more,
If they should come at last!

See, down the mountain steep
The silver vapors creep
They hide the rocky cliffs,
They hide the craggy rifts
They hide the narrow path
That comes across the hill
O foolish longing, cease!
O beating heart, be still!

Select Literature.

PRACOVIA.

The storm swept widly across the barren steepes of Siberia, almost burying the rude hut in which our story opens. It was night; the long desolate night, which brings like a black cloud over northern Russia, and the narrow dimensions of the exile's home was faintly illuminated by the decaying embers which smouldered on the hearth.

The inmates of the cabin were three in number, a tall and noble looking man, whose unshorn locks and otherwise neglected appearance betokened deep despairing sorrow. On his shoulder leaned a woman comely but younger, whose features, furrowed rather by care than years, yet bore traces of great beauty; tears gathered in her large eyes as she strove to comfort her companion in the soft accents of her distant land.

Before them kneeled a girl of perhaps seventeen; her graceful and slender figure was partly concealed by the rude dress of the Siberian peasant, yet the swan-like turn of her neck, and over her shoulders told that she belonged to another class. Her features—pale and statue-like, were a model of Grecian beauty, while the look of calm pride on her delicate features betokened her birth to be that of Poland.

'Speak not so sadly, my father,' she said, as her fine face glowed with the ardor of an earnest soul—'speak not so sadly; I will go and seek the court of the haughty Czar; at the feet of the Empress I will plead thy pardon.

'Dream not, my child, a scheme so wild. Thou to Moscow!—thy frail form would sink down on some cold drift and stiffen to marble, ere the feet of the tyrant could be reached.

'Give me but thy blessing, my dear parents, and not all the snows hurled from the Russian skies shall bar my way.'

The hands of the sorrowing pair pressed the wavy hair on the forehead of the girl, while in the silvery accents of Poland, a prayer went up from the exile's home for help.

Several months have elapsed since the above conversation, and summer—such summer as glances on northern hills—has hung its garlands of larch and mosses, over the barren cliffs.

Wending her toilsome way over the moss-covered wilds or carefully descending the narrow ledges of rock over which the path wound, a youthful traveller pursued her lonely journey. Dressed in the rude habit of the native peasantry, there was nothing in her appearance which might distinguish her from others, save the slender and graceful figure, and the wealth of soft flaxen tresses that the breeze swept back from her smooth, white forehead.

The approach of night caused our youthful heroine to quicken her steps, and a smile gave place to a look of anxiety which shaded her features, when a small house, or rather hovel, arose in the amidst of the lonely common.

Yet she paused not, however, the lonely and forbidden aspect of the building made her pause, ere she dared to ask for shelter. While in this dilemma, the door opened, and a man of a mild and sinister appearance presented himself. To her humble request for shelter for the night, a rude, almost fierce negative was the only answer.

The stranger stood a moment as if waiting for a better welcome, and then slowly and gaudy turned away. She had not gone many steps when a heavy hand was laid upon her shoulder, and in a voice softened somewhat from its natural harshness, the old man made her follow him to his dwelling.

The girl lifted her blue eyes to the face of the uncultivated being before her, and trembled as she beheld his stern, dark lineaments. However, there was no room for hesitation, and with a palpitating heart she entered the dwelling.

Near the fire sat an old woman, whose faded and wrinkled features were scarcely more attractive than those of her companion.

'What do you want wench?' she asked, in a shrill cracked tones, that made the heart of the poor wanderer still heavier.

'Shelter and a little food, if you will benefit me so far,' returned the girl.

'Food?' replied the crone. 'I'll warrant me thou canst not pay the reckoning.'

'Indeed,' replied the girl, 'I have but seven kopecs and my journey is yet far; but heaven will bless thee if thou help'st me, for much depends upon my speed.'

With a scowl the old dame began to busy herself in preparing the evening meal. The little party were soon seated around a glowing fire, and our heroine tried to enjoy the warmth and shelter afforded her. At an early hour she craved the privilege of rest; and believing that perfect openness and truth would best serve her, placed the small purse containing the few coins she had mentioned on a table of the comfortless apartment to which she was conducted by her stern attendant.

Repeating an earnest prayer for protection, she soon fell into a troubled slumber, in which the fierce countenance of the host and his companion were conspicuous—when suddenly she was awakened by a noise near her pallet.

What was her dismay, to behold the keen black eyes of her host fixed upon her, while a long knife gittered in his hand. At a table near, his companion was eagerly counting the small coins which the wanderer had purposely placed there.

'Swear,' said the old man, as he seized the trembling girl by the arm, 'that you have no more money, or thy life is ended.'

'Indeed—indeed, I am a beggar, dependent on the charity of others,' she said, while the look of truth upon her features seemed to alter the determination of her persecutors.

'Nay,' said the old woman, 'the girl speaks truth—we shall but bring useless guilt by harming her. You are safe, child,' she added, 'and thank heaven for my deliverance.'

A moment more and they were gone; and our heroine wandered at her escape, and committing herself to the care of heaven once more, slept undisturbed until the bright rays of the morning warped her that it was time to betake herself to her journey. As she entered the principal apartment of the cabin, she was surprised to see a comfortable meal spread on the table, while her hostess, in softened tones, bade her refresh herself ere she proceeded on her way.

'And now tell us thine errand, child,' said the old man, as he bent a scrutinizing gaze on the beautiful face now before him.

'Alas!' said the girl, 'my errand is a sad one; I go to beg the liberty of my father, of the haughty Court of Russia. My parents are dying in their lonely exile, and I will save them or die.'

Tears, the first, perchance for years which had trickled down those harsh faces, sprang to the eyes of the hearers.

'May heaven forgive us, child, that we would harm thee, and speed thee on thy way; take this purse and use what thou findest therein for thy need.'

Pressing the hands of her rude entertainers, she bade farewell to the scene of her dangerous adventure, and pursued her way towards the imperial city.

In a stately apartment of the palace, whose towers flashed back the thousand lights of Moscow, sat the Empress. The heavy braids of hair swept back from her jewelled brow, as she bent an eager listener to a fair young suppliant, who, kneeling at her feet, pressed the ermine of her robe.

'And how, my child,' said the Empress, 'did'st thou come over those barren moors—those drifted snows? how dare the perils of such a journey.'

'Love, royal lady, can melt down the barriers otherwise impassable; and my noble father's life, wasting in the wild, lent wings to my speed.'

'And thy name and rank?' demanded the Empress, 'for sure I am that noble blood must seal such noble deeds.'

'Pracovia is my name, madame, and in the halls of Moscow I moved a countess, the past I would forget, all I ask is the life—the liberty of my dear father.'

'Thy father is even now on his way to join you, and this packet restores his estates under the seal of the Emperor. But for myself, we claim thee as our first lady of honor, and, thus, Countess Soleski, we bind thee to our interests.'

As she spoke she unbound a string of diamonds from her hair, and flung them around the neck of the Polish lady.

Gardeners' & Farmers' Corner.

When we see in travelling round many uncultivated plots of ground attached to humble dwellings, we can hardly refrain from the endeavour to shame the owner into improvement. The contrast between the neatly kept yard and cultivated garden is so great when compared with those that receive little or no attention—that the wonder is that even the most humble and illiterate do not profit from the example set them. "Where there's a will there's a way,"—and there is scarcely a yard that has not a nook in it where the root of a creeper, or a vegetable, or flower would not grow, to gladden the eye of the inmates, and delight the cultivator. The waste material from the ash-pit, the fowl-house, or the dwelling, will give ample nutriment.

The same carelessness is shewn in dwellings. A clean window with a health plant in good foliage or bloom, differs so much from the dust-coated window, with a parched, withered flower, that the passer by, while pleased with the one would turn with disgust from the other. In England a pleasing feature among the cottagers is, the attention given to window culture, and the neatness of the small pieces of ground attached to the cottages. Our latest English papers contain notices of premiums offered for the best window grown pot plant.

Pots of ground to be used as gardens can be brought into heart with a little attention by trenching.

This is a simple mode, but very effectual. It is thus: Commencing at the top of the garden, remove the soil from a trench about two feet wide by eighteen inches wide, and convey it to the foot of the piece to be opened up. Rake into the trench any rubbish on the space next it, and turn the sod or crust adjoining upside down on the top of the rubbish,—place on it 6 or 8 inches of manure, and fill up with earth. Repeat this process until the whole is trenched,—the spare earth at the bottom will supply the last trench. Ground worked in this way will be sure to give a good return for the seed sown.

If the desire is to make the most of the ground, by getting an early start, get a few early potatoes, cut the sets and put them in a warm place in the house to sprout, for a week or two, then plant them. In all probability these will be fit to dig by the time your cabbage and turnip plants are ready.

In a box, or small warm corner, by sowing a little cabbage seed, you will have at hand plants at all times to fill up vacancies.

HINTS TO FARMERS.

Be Systematic.—Here we have one of the first principles of successful agriculture. Let all our transactions be conducted in a business manner. Take note of every operation, whether you buy or sell, receive or disburse, sow or reap, make a promise or a bargain. To do this, it will be necessary to keep a diary, and we would say, do so, if for no other object than a ready means of comparison.

Be Thorough.—Never half-do anything yourself, nor permit your men to glide over their labors. "If it is worth doing at all it is worth doing well," would prove a golden maxim to thousands of farmers if they would not only adopt it as a portion of their creed, but exemplify its teachings in their daily life. Away with these *scratchers*—men that go *beneath the surface* are the kind wanted.

Leave your Land in good heart.—It should be the object of every tiller of the soil, to leave his land in good condition after the removal of a crop, and at the same time, obtain as remunerating returns as possible. This can be done only by husbanding all the sources of fertility upon the farm and adding thereto in every available manner. This is the Alpha and Omega of progressive agriculture. Never boast of a "bank account," it is obtained at the expense of your farm.

Study your Profession.—It is not alone the energy that wields the spade or holds the plow that insures success. The culture of the mind must go hand in hand with the culture of the soil. The relations of science to the farmer's calling are intimate. Good books are aids in the attainment of knowledge, but never pin your faith on the *ipse dixit* of any individual—think, experiment and judge for yourself.

Stick to the Farm.—Amid your plans for the future, never, for one moment, harbor the idea of bettering your condition by entering the arena of commercial life. Do not exchange a home of quiet, real enjoyment for the turmoil and illusion of a city residence. Barter not sweet repose for visions of empty wallets, nor let notes due on the morrow assume the prerogatives of the nightmare. Very poor comforters for care and anxiety, are these little *realities* in the commercial world. Stick to the farm. What though hard labor be every day's command, it is noble, healthful, and conducive to the full development of the whole man.—*Ohio Valley Farmer.*

ALMANACK FOR APRIL.

MOON'S PHASES.

First Quarter, 2d day, 9h. 7m., evening.
Full Moon, 10th day, 0h. 15m., morning.
Last Quarter, 18th day, 7h. 8m., evening.
New Moon, 25th day, 10h. 1m., morning.

DAY MONTH.	DAY WEEK.	SUN rises	SUN sets	High Water	Moon sets	Day's length.
		h m	h m	h m	h m	h m
1	Saturday	5 41	6 24	2 43	morn	12 43
2	Sunday	40	25	3 36	0 42	12 45
3	Monday	38	26	4 26	1 25	48
4	Tuesday	36	27	5 13	2 5	51
5	Wednesday	35	28	5 58	2 40	53
6	Thursday	34	29	6 42	3 11	55
7	Friday	32	31	7 24	3 40	59
8	Saturday	30	32	8 6	4 8	13 2
9	Sunday	28	33	8 48	4 34	5
10	Monday	26	35	9 15	5 2	9
11	Tuesday	25	36	9 31	rises	11
12	Wednesday	23	57	10 15	8 19	14
13	Thursday	21	39	11 2	9 28	18
14	Friday	19	40	even.	10 13	21
15	Saturday	17	41	0 39	11 6	24
16	Sunday	16	43	1 30	11 56	26
17	Monday	14	44	2 22	morn.	30
18	Tuesday	12	46	3 15	0 42	34
19	Wednesday	10	47	4 8	1 23	39
20	Thursday	8	49	5 2	2 0	41
21	Friday	7	50	5 54	2 35	48
22	Saturday	5	52	6 47	3 9	47
23	Sunday	5 3	53	7 42	3 44	13 50
24	Monday	1	55	8 38	4 20	54
25	Tuesday	0	56	9 35	sets	56
26	Wednesday	4 59	57	10 34	8 26	58
27	Thursday	57	58	11 33	9 35	14 1
28	Friday	56	59	morn	10 34	3
29	Saturday	55	7 0	0 26	11 24	5
30	Sunday	53	2	1 18	morn	9

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JAMES ANDERSON, Cashier.
Charlottetown, June 4, 1864. 2m

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Orwell Store, Aug. 10, 1864. E I

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On the appearance of any of these maladies the Ointment should be well rubbed at least three times a day upon the neck and upper part of the chest, so as to penetrate to the glands, as salt is forced into meat: this course will at once remove inflammation and ulceration. The worst cases will yield to this treatment, by following the printed directions.
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