Summerside Journal.

AND WESTERN PIONEER.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE, COMMERCE, AGRICULTURE, AND NEWS.

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THE

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Barley per bush	3s a 3s 6d
Potatoes per bush	1s 6d a 1s 9d
Turnips per bush	1s a 1s 1d
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Lard per lb	9d a 10d
Tallow per lb.	9d a 10d
Eggs per doz	9d a 10d
Beef per lb	3d a 4d
Mutton per lb	3d a 4d
Pork per lb by carcass	3d a 4½d
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Oatmeal per cwt.	14s a 15s
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Sept. 1866. 6m

POETRY.

VENUS.

Queen of beauty, queen of stars
Shining in the twilight sky,
Just above the golden bars
Of the evening's drapery!

Beautiful thou art, and fair,
'Mong all stars the brightest gem
That the radiant eve doth wear
In her gorgeous diadem!

Brightly smiling on the earth,
On the high and lowly,
Those of much and little worth,
Pure, and sweet, and holy!

Silver is the sparkling river,
Golden is the glowing west,
Where thy dancing star-beams quiver,
Azure is the mountain's crest!

Picture sweet of gold and blue
Lovely mountain, star and sky
Mirrored in their beauty true
On the silver floating by!

Evening's feet in glory shod
On the brow of nature sweet,
Painted by the hand of God,
Beautiful, and passing fleet!

Sweet to gaze and quaff such bliss,
Glowing nectar of the soul,
Where a Venus deigns to kiss
Twilight in her robe of gold!

Sweet to weave a starry chain
Reaching up to gates of pearl,
Where the gentle angels deign
Their snowy pinions to unfurl!

And descend the stair we've woven,
Fill our waiting hearts with love,
Till one wavering faith be proven,
And peace cometh like a dove!

ISA OF P. H.

Select Literature.

BERNARD NEILSON;
OR, THE PUNISHMENT OF A CRIME.

BY MRS. C. H. N. THOMAS.

BERNARD NEILSON, a dashing young law student, sat alone in Judge Dunham's office, complacently stroking his luxuriant beard, and humming to himself,—

"The happiest life that ever was led
Is always to woo and never to wed."

He possessed considerable ability, but was indolent, selfish, and pleasure-loving, still, his fine person and fascinating manners gained him many friends. Half the girls in Oakville were in love with him, or fancied themselves so, from Barbara Farnham, the aristocratic daughter of the wealthy merchant, down to Nellie Smith, the pretty little seamstress, sewing for her daily bread. But his devotion to one was so like his devotion to all, that each found little cause for self-gratulation.

One alone—Mary Dunham—fair-haired, brown-eyed Mary Dunham, the only child of the stern judge, seemed proof against all his blandishments.

Bernard was piqued at her indifference, and impatient of the sisterly regard she ever manifested for him. What availed it to him that a dozen girlish hearts beat faster at his approach, while one calm little maiden sat like Mordecai in the gate, and refused to do him homage.

In vain he renewed his attentions to Nellie Smith; Mary smiled approvingly, and when, tired of her, he offered his devotions at another shrine, Mary only looked her grave disapprobation. Bernard saw with mortification that he had no power to call a single blush to her cheek, or cause one throb of jealousy in her heart; but with a face in which all passion seemed concentrated, he muttered, "I will win her, or die."

It was the close of a long interview in which Bernard had urged his suit with all the eloquence of which he was capable. Mary had rejected him firmly, but kindly and even tearfully, as she witnessed the bitterness of his disappointment. Pride and self-love were sorely wounded. Mary's assurance of sisterly affection and regard only served to exasperate him, and, utterly unaccustomed to self control, his reply was a torrent of mingled threats and entreaties.

Mary sat still, with clasped hands, pale and frightened, when, to her infinite relief, her father's portly figure appeared in the doorway. His quick eye comprehended the scene at a glance, and the young man cowered before the stern, indignant countenance of the judge.

"Threats, Bernard Neilson! threats to my daughter, in her own father's house? Let me tell you plainly that I do not approve your suit, and I rejoice to find that Mary's heart does not plead in your favor. Good night, sir!" and the judge stepped aside, politely waving Bernard Neilson from his presence.

With mingled feelings of rage and disappointment, the young man strode forth into the cool and fragrant night-air, and the great hall-door that closed behind him, admitted, at the same moment, Arthur Merrill, the young pastor of Oakville, on his first visit to the Dunhams.

The old minister, who had gone in and out before them for half a century, now laden with years and infirmities, had been dismissed at his own request, and Arthur Merrill was appointed his successor.

He was a young man, fair and slight, with auburn hair, and dark, serious eyes. But his chief beauty was his smile. It was such a smile as one might fancy illumined the countenance of the beloved disciple when reclining upon the bosom of his Lord and Master.

Down the long avenue, beneath the swaying branches of the over-arching elms, walked Bernard Neilson, crushing the dew-laden flowers beneath his heavy tread, until just as he was emerging upon the broad street, a little white robed figure sprang with a glad cry to meet him, from her hiding-place in a clump of fragrant syringas.

"O, Bernard, I am so glad to see you. I have been waiting here a whole hour."

"Yes, Nellie, I am glad to see you, but you know I do not like to have you watch and wait for me in this manner. It will subject you to remark and censure."

"I know it, but I could not sleep without seeing you to-night. You promised to come last evening and tell me when we were to be married, but you did not. Everybody avoids me, notices me in a pitiful, patronizing way, and to-morrow I must find a new home. Mrs. Martin will keep me no longer. Oh, what shall I do? where shall I go?" said the fair girl, wringing her hands in anguish.

"Hush, Nellie, don't be foolish. You know that I am anxious as you can be that our marriage should be consummated. Can you not believe me when I tell you that a little delay is unavoidable. Can you not trust me, Nellie?"

"Oh, Bernard! have I not trusted you? Is not my honor, my life, even, in your keeping? Tell me wherein have I failed?" cried the young girl, bitterly.

"Well, go in now; you are shivering with cold. To-morrow I will see what can be done. Good-night, my pet;" and he kissed her fair, cold cheek, while she threw her arms convulsively about his neck, as if she could never let him go, until, gently disengaging himself, he stroked her soft hair caressingly, murmured a few more false but loving words, and left her standing like a ghost in the moonlight, while he sought the brilliantly-illumined parlors of Barbara Farnham.

A few moments she sat there, crouching upon the step, weaving her fingers together in a helpless despairing attitude; then she walked slowly down to the little gate, and gazed wistfully up the street for a last glimpse of her departing lover. She saw him ascend the marble steps and ring the bell at Barbara Farnham's elegant mansion.

Could it be that he would leave her in her trouble and loneliness, when she so needed comfort and protection, for the society of the gay village-belle?

She glanced up at the little window, with its dimly-burning light, which had been her home for two years, ever since her mother died, but which after this night would be hers no longer.

She thought of her lover's perfidy, of the coldness of her associates, of Barbara's sneers, and clasping her hands to her brow for one moment, and gazing wildly around, she darted swiftly down the street, keeping in the darkest shadow, glancing back now and then to see if she was observed, until she had passed the stores, the houses, the little shoemaker's shop, and the great brown barns on the outskirts of the village.

A quarter of a mile beyond was Willow Brook, a pretty little stream fringed with willows, with a rustic bridge thrown across it. Above the bridge the water tumbled over rocks, forming pretty little cascades and waterfalls, while below it spread out into a shallow lake, gleaming like burnished silver in the moonlight.

Nellie leaned over the railing and cast a pebble into the calm water, watching the circling eddies as they slowly spread from shore to shore, with an eager, fascinated gaze.

"That is all!" she sighed; "one little step and it is over." Another and another pebble was thrown, and then Nellie knelt down on the little bridge, and prayed, oh, how fervently. All the little prayers she had learned in childhood at her mother's knee came into her mind now, and she repeated them all, adding short and simple petitions of her own for mercy and forgiveness.

She rose, shivering as with an ague fit. The water looked cold and repelling.

"Oh, mother, mother, where are you now? Save your child!"

Afar off gleamed the lights of the village, where happy maidens and innocent children gathered around pleasant firesides, but she had no part nor lot with them. The thought of her homelessness, of her lover's cruelty, and her own shame, nerved her again for the fatal plunge, and with one wild appealing cry to heaven, one farewell glance at earth, poor Nellie sank beneath the bright waters which closed above her, scarcely more ruffled than they had been by the pebbles her own hand had thrown.

Next morning the body was found a few rods below the bridge, where it had been kept from floating down the stream by becoming entangled in a bed of water-lillies.

"Accidental drowning" was the verdict rendered. There was no end of scandal in the village, but Nellie slept in peace; she heard it not.

Bernard Neilson was shocked, of course: it was very disagreeable, but above all other feelings rose the exultant thought, "I am free!"

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Two years passed, and Bernard Neilson was an altered man.

His countless flirtations were at an end, but his old love for Mary Dunham had grown to an absorbing passion.

Nellie Smith was almost forgotten, and Barbara Farnham had eloped with a gay lieutenant. Arthur Merrill seemed to have grown in favor with God and man, and, alas, for Bernard Neilson's peace with Mary Dunham.

When they met, Mary treated Bernard as she had ever done, precisely as if nothing had happened; but the old judge had never invited him to renew his visits at the house, while Arthur Merrill was a frequent visitor.

A new parsonage was being erected directly opposite Judge Dunham's house and grounds, and it was whispered in the village that Mary Dunham would be mistress there. From that time Bernard Neilson watched them with an almost insane jealousy.

It was a sultry summer evening, and Aurthur and Mary, arm in arm, strolled leisurely up and down the beautiful elm-shaded avenue leading from Judge Dunham's residence to the principal street.

Before them rose the walls of the new parsonage darkly outlined against the evening sky. They paused a moment, discussing some interior arrangement of the building, when a slight rustle in the shrubbery caused both to turn simultaneously. A blinding flash, a sharp report, from the same clump of syringas from which, months before, Nellie Smith had sprung to meet her lover, and Aurthur Merrill, with a low moan sank fainting to the ground. The report had been heard, and Mary's screams soon brought her father and the servants to her assistance.

The senseless form was conveyed to the house, the bleeding wound staunched, and the physician summoned.

The injured man soon revived. His wound was declared serious, but not fatal, and he was advised to remain quietly where he was for the present. The mysterious assassin and the cause of the attempted murder of their young and beloved pastor were the nine-day's wonder and talk of the country village. But no clue could be obtained, and suspicion fastened strongly upon no particular object. Mary's heart alone divined the guilty person, and the motive for the attempted crime. When Arthur was sufficiently recovered to return home, she communicated her suspicions to him, and begged him, for her sake, to beware of, and avoid Bernard Neilson. Arthur promised, though it seemed incredible to him that Bernard Neilson could be guilty of such a crime; but in the absence of any other known or imaginable cause for the act, he came, in time, to look upon Mary's solution of the matter as a true one.

Summer ripened into autumn. The trees, tired of their sober, work-day dresses of green, donned their magnificent attire of gold and purple and crimson and scarlet, and stood deepening in splendor and brilliancy, like gay masquerades at a revel, until, the carnival over, each quietly disrobed for the long night of winter.

Thanksgiving was at hand. Always an event of considerable importance in New England, it was rendered doubly so this year at Oakville, as it was to witness the marriage of Mary Dunham and the young pastor of Oakville, the Rev. Arthur Merrill.

The old pastor, now in his eightieth year, in short breeches, like stockings, and knee-buckles, was to perform the ceremony. The bride would be radiant in her own beauty and goodness, her glistening satin and pure orange flowers, and the bridesmaids in their floating muslin.

In Judge Dunham's kitchen unusual bustle and activity prevailed. In the poultry-yard the turkeys and chickens throve and fattened themselves with a will, as if conscious of the important part they were expected to play in the approaching festivities. Pumpkins which would be the wonder of a country fair, lay scattered over the fields, absorbing the sun's yellow rays, and apples, large and fair as they might have grown in Eden's garden when they tempted its first mistress, displayed themselves on every side.

Praise and thanksgiving seemed written upon the face of nature itself, and praise and thanksgiving were reflected from the human faces of those who shared and rejoiced in her bounty.

Bernard Neilson alone walked with sullen step and moody brow amidst the general joy and jubilee. His view to win Mary Dunham or die, seemed to stand between him and Heaven. He could not forget it, could not even put it aside for a moment, though he had trampled upon other vows so lightly and with so little compunction.

He grew pale and haggard, scarcely eating food enough to sustain life, and finally refused it altogether. In vain his aged mother prepared him every delicacy, and besought him with tears to partake of them. He was deaf to her entreaties. From very weakness he became unable to leave his bed. The physician declared himself unable to discover any malady.

"The disease is of the mind, and not of the body. It is a case of simple starvation."

The news spread far and wide that Bernard Neilson was slowly dying from wilful starvation. Everybody who had, or fancied they had, any influence over him, exerted it in his behalf, but all to no purpose. Arthur Merrill, as his pastor, felt in duty bound to see him, and faithfully and earnestly labored to prevail upon to renounce his suicidal course.

Bernard covered his face with his hands, as if to shut out an unwelcome presence, and said, slowly—

"Leave me, Arthur Merrill. Oh, you know not how I have sinned against you. I will have neither priest nor parson at my bedside. Yet stay a moment. Send me, on Thanksgiving night, a piece of Mary Dunham's bridal cake! I think I can eat that. It shall be to me a sacrament! Leave me in peace till then."

It was useless to say more, and with a saddened heart Arthur went to communicate Bernard's strange request to Mary.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

The wedding passed happily, with nothing to mar the enjoyment, save to Mary the thought of one, who, though unworthy, was even then suffering for her sake.

According to their promise, a portion of the bridal cake was sent to Bernard, with other rich viands from the bountifully laden table. He partook of them eagerly, with all the apparent relish of a starving man, and his poor mother thanked God with tears for his returning reason.

She took away the plate, promising to return in a few moments with a cup of tea, for which he had asked. With eager haste she prepared the fragrant beverage, and hastened back to his chamber. But what a sight met her agonized vision. With a small penknife, which he carried in his pocket, he had accomplished what he intended to perform by the slow progress of starvation. His aim had been too sure, and the life-blood spouted forth in crimson jets.

The wedding party had not separated when news was brought that Bernard Neilson was dead.

His last words were—

"Oh, Nellie, Nellie, are you not avenged?"

SCIENCE AND ART.—Agriculture being a science as well as an art, requires both an "educated head and educated hand." This is very true. The educated hand must have the direction of the head, or skilled as it may be in practice, it will lose half its labor for not working in the right direction. So the educated head must have the help of the practical hand, or its wild devices will fail of proper execution.

Milk may be kept sweet by having it constantly in the presence of fresh water. In a milk room provided with tubs, in which the water is changed twice a day, milk will not be soured, even by lightning.

The Bill to provide for the

Union & Government

OF

British America!

(Continued.)

ROYAL ASSENT, &C.

44. Where a Bill passed by the House of Parliament is presented to the Governor-General for the Queen's assent, he shall declare according to his discretion, but subject to the provisions of this Act and to Her Majesty's instructions, either that he assents thereto in the Queen's name, or that he withhold's the Queen's assent, or that he reserves the Bill for the signification of the Queen's pleasure.

45. Where the Governor-General assents to a Bill in the Queen's name, he shall by the first convenient opportunity send an authentic copy to one of the Queen's principal Secretaries of State, and if the Queen in Council within *two* years after receipt thereof by the Secretary of State thinks fit to disallow the Act, such disallowance (with a certificate of the Secretary of State of the day on which the Act was received by him) being signified by the Governor-General, by speech or message to the House of Parliament, or by Proclamation, shall annull the Act from and after the day of such signification.

46. A Bill reserved for the signification of the Queen's pleasure shall not have any force unless and until within *two* years from the day on which it was presented to the Governor-General for the Queen's assent, the Governor-General signifies, by speech or message to each of the Houses of Parliament, or by Proclamation, that he has received the assent of the Queen in Council; an entry of every such speech, message or proclamation shall be made in the Journal of each House, and a duplicate thereof, duly attested, shall be delivered to the proper officer to be kept among the records of Canada.

ANNUAL SESSION.

47. There shall be a Session of Parliament once at least in every year, so that a period of twelve months shall not intervene between the last sitting of the Parliament in one Session, and the first sitting thereof in the next Session.

POWERS OF PARLIAMENT.

48. It shall be lawful for the Queen, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate and House of Commons to make laws for the peace, order, and good government of the Kingdom of Canada, in relation to all matters not coming within the classes of subjects by this Act assigned exclusively to the Legislatures, and for greater certainty but not so as to restrict the generality of the foregoing terms of this Section, it is hereby declared that the Legislative Authority of Parliament extends to all matters coming within the classes of subjects next hereinafter enumerated, that is to say:—

1. The Public Debt and Property.
2. The regulation of Trade and Commerce.
3. The raising of money by all or any mode or system of Taxation.
4. The borrowing of money on the Public Credit.
5. Postal service.
6. Lines of Steamships or other Ships, Railways, Canals, and other works, connecting any two or more of the Provinces together, or extending beyond the limits of any Province.
7. Lines of Steamships or other Ships between Canada and other countries.
8. Telegraphic Communication and the incorporation of Telegraph Companies.
9. All such works as shall, although lying wholly within any Province, be specially declared by the Acts authorizing them to be for the general advantage.
10. The Census and Statistics.
11. Militia—Military and Naval Service and Defence.
12. Beacons, Buoys, Light Houses, and Sable Island.
13. Navigation and Shipping.
14. Quarantine and the Establishment and Maintenance of Marine Hospitals.
15. Sea Coast and Inland Fisheries.
16. Ferries between any Province and a Foreign Country, or between any two Provinces.
17. Currency and Coinage.
18. Banking—Incorporation of Banks and the issue of paper money.
19. Savings Banks.
20. Weights and Measures.
21. Bills of Exchange and Promissory Notes.
22. Interest.
23. Legal Tenders.
24. Bankruptcy and Insolvency.
25. Patents of Invention and Discovery.
26. Copy Rights.
27. Indians and Lands reserved for the Indians.
28. Naturalization and Aliens.
29. Marriage and Divorce.
30. Immigration.
31. Agriculture.
32. The Criminal Law, excepting the Constitution of Courts of Criminal Jurisdictions but including the proceedure in Criminal matters.
33. The establishment, maintenance, and management of Penitentiaries.
41. Rendering uniform all or any of the laws relative to property and civil rights in Ontario, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, and rendering uniform the proceedure of all or any of the Courts in these Provinces; but any Statute for this purpose shall have no force or authority in any Province until sanctioned by the Legislature, and when so sanctioned the power of amending, altering, or repealing such laws shall thenceforward be vested in the Parliament only.
35. The establishment of a General Court of Appeal, and in order to the due execution of the Laws of Parliament, the establishment of additional Courts.
36. Fixing and providing for the salaries and allowance of the Lieutenant-Governors of the several Provinces, and all other Officers of Canada, and the salaries allowances and penions of the Judges of the Superior, District and County Courts, and of the Admirality Courts, in cases where the Judges thereof are or shall be paid by salaries.