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Printing of every description, such as Cards, Circulars, Bill Heads, Programmes, Pamphlets, Blanks, Handbills, &c., neatly and promptly executed, and at reasonable rates.

DOUGLAS & BRINK, Publishers.

POETRY.

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

A mother's holy arms caressed
A babe that laughed upon her breast.

Then thus to Heaven she cried in prayer,
"Now even as his face is fair,

"O Lord! keep Thou his soul within
As free from any spot of sin."

From Heaven the Lord an answer made,
"Behold! I grant as thou hast prayed."

Within her door the darkness crept,
And babe and mother sweetly slept.

The belfry rang the midnight-bell;
The watchman answered, "All is well."

Awaking at the cradle-side,
The mother knew the babe had died.

With grief to set a woman wild,
She caught and clasped the marble child—

Until her heart against his own
Was broken, beating on a stone!

"O God!" she cried, in her despair,
"Why hast Thou mocked a mother's prayer?"

Then answered He, "As I have willed,
Thy prayer, O woman! is fulfilled:

"If on the earth thy child remain,
His soul shall gather many a stain:

"At thy behest, I reached my hand
To lift him to the Heavenly land!"

The mother heard, and bowed her head,
And laid her cheek against the dead.

And cried, "O God! I dare not pray—
Thou answerest in so strange a way!"

In shadow of a taper's light,
She sat and moaned the livelong night;

But when the morning brought the sun,
She prayed, "Thy will, O God, be done!"

THEODORE TILTON.

NIAGARA.—Of all the sights on this earth of ours which tourists delight to see—at least all that I have seen—I am inclined to give the palm to Niagara. In the catalogue of such sights I intend to include all buildings, pictures, statues, and wonders of art made by men's hands, and also all beauties of nature prepared by the Creator for the delight of His creatures. This is a long list; but so far as my taste and judgment go, it is justified. I know no other one thing so beautiful, so glorious, and so powerful. I would not by this be understood as saying that a traveler wishing to do the best with his time should first of all places seek Niagara. In visiting Florence he may learn all that modern art can teach. At Rome he will be brought to understand the cold hearts, correct eyes, and cruel ambition of the old Latin race. In Switzerland he will surround himself with a flood of grandeur, loveliness, and romance. The tropics will unfold to him all that vegetation in its greatest richness can produce. In Paris he will find the supreme polish, the *ne plus ultra* of varnish, according to the world's capability. And in London he will find the supreme power of trade, *ne plus ultra* of work, according to the world's capability of working. Any one such journey may be more valuable to a man—nay, any one such journey must be more valuable to a man than a visit to Niagara. At Niagara there is that fall of water alone. But that fall is more graceful than Giotto's tower, more noble than the Apollo. The peaks of the Alps are not so astounding in their solitude. The valleys of the Blue Mountains in Jamaica are less green. The finished glaze of life in Paris is less invariable; and the dull tide of trade round the Bank of England is not so inexorably powerful.—*Anthony Trollope*.

A HAPPY WOMAN.

"What are you singing for?" said I to Mary Maloney.

"Oh, I don't know, ma'm, without it is because my heart feels happy."

"Happy, are you, Mary? Why let me see, you don't own a foot of land in the world."

"Foot of land, is it?" she cried with a loud laugh. "O what a hand ye be after a joke. Why, sure I've never a penny, let alone a fut of land."

"Your mother is dead?"

"God rest her soul, yis" replied Mary, with a touch of genuine pathos, "The Heavens be her bed."

"Your brother is still a hard case, I suppose."

"Ye may well say that. It's nothing but drink, drink, and bate his wife—the poor crayture."

"You have to pay your sister's board."

"Sure, the bit craytur, and she's a good little girl, is Hinny, willin' to do whatever I axes her, I don't grudge the money that goes for that."

"And you haven't many fashionable dresses, either."

"Fash'nable, is it: Oh yis, I put a bit of whalebone in my skirt, and me calico gown spreads as big as the ladies. But thin ye say true; I haven't but two gowns to me back, two shoes to me fut, and one bonnit, barrin' me old hood."

"You haven't any lover."

"Oh, be off wid yez! Catch Mary Maloney wid a lover these days, when the hard times is come."

"What on earth have you to make you happy? A drunken brother, a poor helpless sister, no mother, no father, no lover, why where do you get all your happiness?"

"The Lord be praised, miss, it growed up in me. Give me a bit uv sunshine, clean flure, plenty uv work and a sup at the right time, and I'm made. That makes me laugh and sing. And thin if trouble come, I try to keep my heart up. Sure it would be a sad thing if Patrick McGuire should take it into his head to axe me; but the Lord willin' I'll try to bear up under it."

The writer of Punch's "Table Talk" says: "I know a young lady who said she didn't like turtle soup. Affectionately rebuking her, I was answered, piteously, that she didn't much object to the taste, but that she thought it so cruel and wicked to kill turtle doves."

Boys love to play and girls to display.

OLIVER OAKLAND.

I can't name the year just at this moment, but it was early in the twenties, when I matriculated at St. John's College, Cambridge. The only man I knew there, excepting my tutor, was Oliver Oakland, afterwards known to the whole College as Noble Nol. We had come from the same quiet neighborhood of Chelmsford, in Essex, where our families had been old and friendly neighbors from grandfather times. Mine, the Westwoods, were well to do, having a respectable property in house and land, which I, being the only boy out of seven olive plants, expected to inherit some day. His consisted of his mother and himself.—Their entire income was the pension allowed to a lieutenant's widow, and their expectations were Oliver's wits. How he got first to school and then to College was the wonder of all their friends; but a small legacy left them by a maiden aunt had been eked out by all sorts of endeavors of their own; the mother gave private lessons to young ladies; the son gave private assistance to young gentlemen; and both made hard pulls—very hard they had to be—on the sympathies of their cousin, the rector, who kept no curate, and farmed his glebe to the best advantage. Moreover, the Oaklands had a beacon-light to guide their honest ambition. Over the mantle-piece, in the little parlor, side by side with the deceased lieutenant, who had fallen in a far East Indian field, too young for his son to remember him, there hung the portrait of a sour, wind-dried man, in university cap and gown, Zachary Oakland by name, a hard-headed scholar of some note in his generation, which was long past, for he was Oliver's grand uncle, and had begun life a poor student, but died the Master of St. John's College. That portrait, and the sour, wind-dried man it represented, were the glory and the guiding star of the Oaklands, though it was traditionally said that the learned Zachary had never exchanged word or sign with one of his family from his twenty-first birthday, when his father refused to furnish funds for the only bet he ever made in his life—I believe it was on a cock-fight—and all his kindred approved of his denial.

The master of St. John's had been saving as well as learned, and was believed to have died rich, but how or where he had hidden his money, nobody could discover. A strict search had been made at the time of his death, which was rather sudden, though he had passed threescore and ten. The Oaklands and the college both expected to be his heirs, for Zachary had escaped the snares of matrimony; but no check-book, hoard, or will was found; nothing, in short, that could indicate what had become of his considerable savings. At first, the master's housekeeper was suspected; but time proved the fallacy of that opinion. The poor honest woman, who had been neither overpaid nor over well kept by her employer, remained poor and honest to the last; and having no other solution for the problem, people settled on the savings being sunk in some absurd speculation which the old man was too proud to acknowledge, and had therefore destroyed the vouchers. St. John's had nothing by him, neither had the Oaklands; but the notable master was a feather in each of their caps; and now that other masters had come and gone the same way, and his glory had faded in the memory of all but very odd fellows, he was a feather in the Oaklands' cap still, and an encouraging example to my friend Oliver.

Well, we began our college course together, I as a gentleman-commoner, he as a poor sizar. That was the work of fortune; but in all that nature had to do with, Oliver had far the advantage of me. I don't think anybody ever thought me handsome, except the eldest of Sir Jacob Shortcommon's eleven daughters, called Mrs. Westwood this many a year; and when we quarrel, she says she never thought so. The highest compliment to my intellectual abilities that I remember, was paid by my grandmother, the excellent old lady being in the habit of assuring myself and friends that I had more common sense than any soul would give me credit for. Young Oakland, on the contrary, was a fine, handsome fellow, standing six feet in his slippers; he would have made a killing guardsman, if anybody had bought him a commission and an outfit, but Oakland had far too much brains for that service. All who knew him said he could do anything if he only put his mind to it; and Oakland's mind was to a good deal in his college time. There was not an exhibition, nor a prize within a sizar's reach, that he did not carry off from scores of competitors; and the amount of grinding and coaching he did in a quiet way could never be guessed at. You will understand those familiar terms, as I trust. Oakland was still giving private assistance to young gentlemen, especially at the approach of examination days. I won't say he did'nt assist myself. The old acquaintance between our families ripened with us into a regular student's friendship, the truest thing of the kind perhaps. I got many another companion as time went on, some that made me useful, some that led me into scrapes, some that snubbed, and some that flattered me, but I never had a college friend except Oliver Oakland.

We were differently disposed, too. I, being pretty well supplied, and born heir of the Westwood property, paid as little attention to lectures and exercises as college rules would allow, and learned as little as was needful for a country gentleman; got into all the gayeties of the place, from boating upwards; was out and about at all possible hours; and something of what was then called a dandy. He was a laborious student, hard-reading, and poor as Samuel Johnson might have been when he stood so much in need of shoes at the rival university; but, unlike Johnson at any period of his life, Oakland was courteous, considerate and agreeable. Oliver gave me the little time he could spare, occasionally good advice, always a good example, and all the help to learning that I wanted. I gave him my entire confidence, consisting chiefly of difficulties with tailors, &c., and the relieving officer at home, not to speak of heartquakes regarding town or country belles, with some of whom I was fathoms deep in love every season, and also took credit to myself for obliging him with a loan when his pocket was particularly light—I mean empty—and for dragging him out from his books and close room, to the fresh air and open country round Cambridge.

It was on one of these expeditions, towards the end of the third year, that I stumbled on a secret with which Oakland had not thought it proper to intrust me.—We were coming home one evening from a long ramble, and passing the Chapone Institution, an old-fashioned boarding school of great strictness and high gentility, kept by the maiden daughters of a former Bishop of Ely, and named I know not why, unless there was some connection in the case with the lady who wrote such instructive and entertaining letters to her niece, when my eye was caught by a plainly-dressed, but uncommonly pretty girl at the gate, who would have spoken to Oliver if I had not been there. It was a true love business, I knew by my friend's eyes, which he could not keep from following her as she tripped up the lawn and into the house, without once turning her head. They were very discreet about it; but I had told Oakland so many similar secrets of mine, that I thought myself entitled to ferret out the only one he had; and a fair opportunity occurred on the following Saturday, when I had him in my rooms at supper, a hamper of game having come from Westwood Manor. We were alone, and he was in rather low spirits, as I observed was often the case with him of late.

"You are in love, Oakland," said I, determined to dash into my subject.

"How can that be?" he said. "Falling in love is for lucky fellows as you, who will have property to marry on if they please, not for such poor souls as myself, who must drudge their lives out at mathematics and dead languages to get a seat among those hard, dry old bachelors at the Fellows' table."

Oliver spoke with more bitterness than was usual to him: and I, knowing that his college life was not an easy one, and guessing that he might be hard up just now, pressed the good wine upon him, by way of consolation. Under its genial influence my friend warmed, and I got assurance enough to quiz and question him concerning the plainly-dressed pretty girl. After a little beating about the bush, Oliver opened his heart to me; perhaps it was a relief to the solitary and struggling man to tell his tale. The pretty girl was Miss Russell, commonly called Bessy. She was an orphan, without relations or friends, except the maiden ladies of the Institution, of whom her father, a poor curate, had been a scarcely acknowledged connection, and to whom she had been junior assistant since the beginning of her fifteenth year. "She is little over eighteen now," said Oakland; "but a wiser or a better woman does not exist. You're laughing in your sleeve, I dare say, but Bessy could advise the oldest man in the college for his good; woman can do the like, if it be in them, without our books and universities. I understand the ladies of the Institution can't find a fault in Bessy; and it must be a small one that escapes them.—I never could have got acquainted with her but for a savage dog I had the pleasure and good luck to save her from one evening, in the summer before last. She has a hard life there between the old maids and the young ladies they teach, but Bessy never complains. I know the girl loves me, Westwood, and I can't think of living without her; so, after I take my B. A., I am going to dig into divinity. My cousin the rector will want a curate some day, and I'll settle down to the work, and marry Bessy."

"I never thought you had a turn for the church, Oakland," said I; "but if there was a living in the gift of my family, it should be at your service, though it seems to me a downright burying of your talents, and I wonder what your mother will say."

"I don't know," said Oliver, with almost a groan, "she has set her heart and hopes on seeing me one of the college dons, and made many a sacrifice for it; but the best girl in Europe would not please her for a daughter-in-law, without some rank, or fortune, and Bessy has neither. Westwood, it is hard to think of burying my talents, as you call them, and taking to clerical duties, when between ourselves, I have no vocation for them; but it is far harder to think of crossing my poor good mother."

I tried to dissuade my friend from his design, but he showed me plainly that there was no other chance of a wedding for him and Bessy, and on that wedding Oliver had fixed his mind with all the resolute constancy that was in it. He had not my advantage of getting easily snared and easily free, and Bessy's face was one that might haunt a man at a solitary fireside. He had jealous fears, too; it would be wearing away the best part of her life to wait for a good-fortune that might never come. To his certain knowledge she had offers from a drawing master and a well-to-do tradesman; but, still the poor fellow would have made any sacrifice to Plutus, after the fashion of his friends, the ancients, could it have availed him to escape the church and his mother's displeasure.

We parted sad and sober in spite of the good wine. But when I saw Oliver again, it was Monday morning, when he entered my room with a face full of fun and an open letter in his hand. "Here is a pattern epistle in the sentimental line, and I want you, as a gentleman skilled in such matters, to tell me whence it comes; a hoax, of course," he said, handing me the letter, which, to the best of my recollections, ran as follows:

"Can the sensible, the accomplished, the fascinating Oakland respond to a sincere and heartfelt passion, not transitory and unprofitable like the love of common minds, but steadfast, and sure to guide his steps to riches and prosperity? If he can, let him reply to Cynthia, at the post office; his letter will be waited for with anxious hope, received with delight, and answered with expedition."

My friend and I laughed heartily over the effusion, and agreed that it was a hoax; but who was the perpetrator I could guess as little as Oliver himself. Yet there was something in the writing though evidently a disguished hand, familiar to my eyes. I thought and pored over it, but could fix on nobody; and the mystery seemed to work upon Oakland, studious and steady as he was, for he resolved to carry on the joke, and thereby find out his fair correspondent, as we both felt sure the hand was that of a woman. Cynthia was answered on the spot, in a strain as grandiloquent as her own. She replied by the very next post, and got another answer. Six or seven letters were thus exchanged, I being the only outsider in the secret; and the only point that either watching or bribery could ascertain for Oliver was that Cynthia's letters were called for by a variety of ragged boys, who when they could be got at and questioned, said sometimes an old woman had sent them to the postoffice, and sometimes a young lady. The correspondence did not advance rapidly towards a solution. My friend was always declaring himself able and willing to respond to any amount of affection and confidence, while the lady as I thought to lure him on, took up the strain of men being deceivers ever. But none of her epistles closed without the hint growing plainer at every repetition of the riches and prosperity to which she could guide his steps; and at last—it was, like a drowning man clutching at a straw—poor Oliver seemed to believe that his good fortune was somehow to come through Cynthia, when a curious accident enabled me to unvail the charmer.

At the end of Trumpington street, next to St. John's lane, there was at the time of my story, and had been for many a year before, a shop of all-wares in the students' fancy line. Everything that college-men required in those days, from secondhand books to new boxing-gloves, might be bought there; steel spurs for game-cocks, white kids for evening parties, pipes of every form, smoking-caps, with other goods too various to mention, made it the constant resort of students. The shop was kept by a Miss Josepha, and a woman whom she pleased to call her nurse, but whom popular tradition affirmed to be her mother. Miss Josepha was of an age not to be ascertained. Her face had a remarkable likeness to that of a parrot; her figure strikingly resembled an upright deal-board; she had a dark, moldy complexion, a considerable squint, and stiff black hair, said to be daily thinned by plucking out the gray. Yet the prettiest woman in England could not have looked more certain of triumph over the hearts of men, or put on more airs or graces for that purpose. It was a study of the ridiculous to see her behind the counter, dressed in the extreme of the fashion, and talking like a fainting duchess. The students, one and all, laughed at her; and throughout Cambridge (I think it was the boating-men who gave her the title), on account of a peculiar mode she had of moving her skinny arms, Miss Josepha was known as the Steerer.

They laughed at, and paid her extravagant compliments; paid extravagant prices, too, for most of her wares; the shop was convenient, and the credit long; but the wildest or most mischievous student never cared to go any further, great as the encouragement was for practical joking and burlesque romance. The Steerer's nurse—I never knew another name for her—was lucky in not living two centuries earlier, for she might have sat to any painter who wanted a perfect witch. It was said there were fierce quarrels between her and the fascinating lady, always about money matters, in which their calculations seldom agreed; but they addressed each other in the most affectionate terms in public, bore strong testimony to each other's virtues, kept no servants, and admitted nobody within their walls except by special invitation, and such events were few and far between. The Steerer was chief shopkeeper, and had the control of the windows and counter; but the nurse had a back corner, screened by a half partition, out of which she sold at fitting times, and to confidential customers, cigars that had never paid duty, snuff of unrivaled excellence, and it was said, more questionable wares. The pair were not natives, and whence they came, nobody in Cambridge could certify; but there was a floating tradition that they were somehow descended from Portoguese Jews; and their powers of making out the bills, and getting them paid, seemed to warrant its truth.

There was another tale concerning them, which probably contributed to make the students keep a safe distance. Some three years before Oliver and myself entered St. John's there had been among its gownsmen one rather clever, and not very wise. He happened to have got three affairs of some moment on his hands at once—namely, reading for a fellowship, making love to the Steerer, and a promise of marriage to his bed-maker's daughter. With such contradictory irons in the fire, success was scarcely possible and so it proved with him. He lost the fellowship; he was called on to fulfill his promise; and he had to go and explain matters to the Steerer. What attraction he had found in that quarter, nobody could make out, but from casual hints, his college friends supposed that he had been led to believe in some great fortune or legacy which she was to inherit. Well, the student went to her house by special arrangement one winter evening, to make his woeful confession, and take a fond farewell.—The neighbors knew there was a fine supper cooked, and wine brought in, but whether the conversation or the viands proved too much for him, the young man returned early to his rooms, and the same night was seized with an illness which the doctors, after a deal of uncertainty, found out to be brain fever, and of which he died on the ninth day.

I had heard that story many a time, and was thinking of it, it may be in malice, after glancing over a pretty heavy account from the shop in Trumpington street, when all at once it occurred to me that the hand that set down the various items in good ledger style was, in spite of its disguise, the very same which had written Cynthia's letters. There was a small repository of similar bills in my desk, and a survey of them left no doubt in my mind. I flew to acquaint Oliver with the discovery; and a comparison of documents satisfied us both that Cynthia was none other than the Steerer. I laughed till Oliver's room rang over the grandiloquent passages in her love-letters.—Oakland laughed too, and agreed with me that it was a capital tale; but the more we talked over it, the less he seemed amused, and I could not help seeing that there was some part of the subject of which he did not speak, but was thinking seriously. Once more, the poor student's story occurred to me. Doubtless it was of it Oliver was thinking, and I hinted my recollection, with a hope that he would have nothing to do with the fair unknown. Oakland made no reply, at least no direct one, but I understood he was of the same mind by his immediately pointing out the necessity of keeping all that concerned Cynthia between ourselves, if we did not mean to furnish the whole university with a jest at our own expense. I saw the wisdom of his counsel; for though not a principal in the affair, I at any rate should have felt bound to spare my friend the laughter and jokes it must occasion. I parted with Oliver on that understanding, and did not see him for some days after, as I got engaged with a boating party. We had gone down the Cam, and came home rather tired. Though it was not very late, most of the shops in Trumpington street were shut; the Steerer's door was, but her window remained open. Through it I remarked a man, not looking at goods, but at her, while he leaned on the counter in earnest conversation, and a movement of his head showed me that it was my friend Oliver Oakland.

I went home, not knowing what to think. Had his newly discovered Cynthia really attracted my friend, and made him waver in his allegiance to the pretty Bessy? If so, the promise to guide his steps to riches and prosperity must be the chief charm; yet how could Oliver, shrewd and sensible as he was, believe such a thing possible to a small shopkeeper in Trumpington street? The Steerer's gatherings could not be a temptation to a man like him, yet I had seen Oliver earnestly engaged with her; it was not the best or cheapest of her goods that brought him there at such an hour, after warning me to keep the subject of her letters out of the students' ears. In my contempt and indignation at his deceit, I wished my word had not been given on that matter; but given it was, and nothing remained but to give Oliver the cold shoulder. I tried it for some days; almost weeks, indeed; Oliver saw nothing of me, so far as I could see, but he did not seek me out; conscious guilt, thought I; but somehow the man had become too needful to my life and mind to be thus parted with. I went to his rooms at our usual meeting time in the evening, but he was out. I guessed where, I watched about Trumpington street, and saw him come out of the Steerer's private door. Next day we met by accident, and I took the opportunity to congratulate him on being admitted to Cynthia's bower. Oliver looked as if any other observation would have been more welcome; but he was by no means as much abashed as I expected; on the contrary, he made light of it, like one who was carrying on a jest; talked more gayly and carelessly than ever I had heard him, and in reply to my question, "What will Bessy say?" he merely said, "O, never mind Bessy; she is a prudent girl."

Oliver was engaged with the Steerer; a pretty strict watch proved to me that he visited her every evening after shop-hours, and Oliver was changed in every particular. Of me, his only intimate friend, he had grown positively careless; his less familiar acquaintances remarked that something occupied him more than his usual studies; he was absent at lectures, and took no heed of what was said of him. Still, for our friendship's sake, I would not make the cause of his altered conduct public, knowing that it must make Oliver ridiculous, when a new and strange light was thrown on the subject by Mrs. Mops, my bed-maker.

All who chance to be acquainted with college-life will know what an indispensable functionary the bed-maker is to every student; for she who bears that humble title is, in fact, the sole manager of his domestic affairs. Mrs Mops was a jewel of the kind, honest, careful, and sober, of discreet age, for she had been forty years at the bed making business, and it was her boast that she never did for nobody but steady gentlemen. Mrs. Mops had a discreet tongue, too, a gift rather rare among the ladies of her calling, and as she officiated for Oliver as well as for me, I was somewhat startled by the good woman saying, with a peculiar look, when lighting my fire one evening, "May I ax, sir, if anything strange has happened to Mr. Oakland?"

"Nothing that I know of. What makes you think there has?" said I, determined to hear all she had to say.

"Just because he has taken to such old ways, not like himself at all; there ain't nothing wrong nor unsteady, you know, but just uncommon strange;" and Mrs. Mops dropped her voice to a whisper. "He's never at his books in the evenings, as he used to be, and I can't find out where he goes. He's always a-thinking and a-talking about something to himself; it ain't learning, sir, for he laughs and whistles over it. But the strangest thing of all is what the gardener's wife tells me, that he's going about the college grounds at all hours of the night, aye, in the lonliest part of them, sir, where the old Dutch summer house stands among the willows beside the river."

I knew the spot to which Mrs. Mops referred; it is doubtless improved or altered long ago; but at the time it was a neglected outlaying wing of the college ground, deeply shaded by ancient willow trees, in the midst of which stood a solitary summer-house made of wood, on the old Dutch pattern, with a pagoda roof and floor of colored tiles. What could Oliver be doing there at all hours of the night? I questioned the good woman closely, got full details, and came to the conclusion that my poor friend's reason was dropping the reins. Over-study and over-anxiety were telling on his strong and active mind; here was the explanation of his visits to the Steerer, his coldness to myself and all the change that had surprised his fellow-students. I dismissed Mrs. Mops with a request for secrecy; she manifestly thought as I did concerning Oakland; had a great regard for him; and being no gossip, would probably keep her promise in that respect. Then I sat by the fire pitying his poor mother, his poor Bessy, and wondering what I ought to do as a friend under the circumstances, till my brown-study was broken up by a knock at my door, and in walked Oliver himself.

He shook hands with me as warmly as if our friendship had never cooled, and took his accustomed seat beside me. There was nothing wild or disorderly in his look, but I knew he had something particular to say, and the next minute it came. "Westwood, you are the best, the only friend I ever had; and I want you to help me through a business which men have to do often. Bessy and I are going to get married quietly and quickly. You may stare, but it is true; I have got the means to keep her handsomely;" and Oliver's eyes seemed to dance with joy. "Don't be alarmed: I am in my right mind, Westwood: I have got my grand uncle's long-lost money. Listen!—The old fellow had hidden it under the floor of the Dutch summer-house, where he used to sit day and night, they say, in his latter years; and left a sort of will written in Greek, the purest Attic, I assure you, bequeathing the whole board to his next of kin, with particular directions where to find it. The will—I don't know how—got into the hands of a dealer in waste paper, who sold it in a bale of his goods to our friend Cynthia many years ago. I am not sure that the old witch behind the partition yonder don't use the like in the choice Havanas she makes up; at any rate the bale was bought, and my grand-uncle's will in it.—The Greek characters were beyond the Steerer's scrutiny, but the old master had written his name at full length, in English letters on the back; and either the Fates, or the faculty for scenting out money, peculiar to her Jewish race, made her keep it out of the Havanas, and safe in a private drawer. It appears that unfortunate fellow who got into trouble between her and the bed-maker's daughter, and escaped them both by the brain fever, gave her an inkling of its value; by the by, he could not have been a good Grecian, or there should have been little for me to find. So the Steerer took to promising riches and prosperity; you remember her letters, of course, Westwood; it must have been my good genius that prompted me to make out what she meant by that."

"And you made it out," said I, getting sure enough of Oliver's sanity; "made love to the charming Cynthia over the shop-counter; got hold of the paper and thereby of the money."

"That was exactly what I did, Westwood," and Oliver winced as he spoke. "It was not strictly honorable I'll allow, but what was to be done with the woman?—However, I have bought Beechly Farm, which will keep Bessy and me comfortably in my own country. My mother shall live with us; or, if she can't agree with Bessy, though I think anybody might, she'll have a cottage to herself at the end of the lane.—You and I will be neighbors, and I hope friends, for the rest of our lives; but, Westwood, I must get married at once. If the thing were done, matters might be settled with the Steerer; I have kept a decent sum to pay her off. Will you help me to get the license? will you give Bessy away? There will be nobody but yourself at our wedding; my mother must know nothing of the business till it's done. Westwood, can I reckon on you?"

"That you can," said I, seeming that Oliver was in desperate haste, and in considerable fear of his charming Cynthia; and in those green days of mine, the course he proposed to take seemed the readiest, if not the most commendable. We talked over it till far in the night; got the license next day; and on a cold, drizzling morning, the curate of St. Peter's Church made Oliver and Bessy one, in presence of myself and the clerk. I can't say on what excuse the assistant-teacher got out so early; but directly after the ceremony, she went back to the Chapone Institution, till Oliver could get the Steerer paid off, and make the fact of his marriage respectably public.

How he went about the first part of the business I never exactly learned, but it appeared to have been successfully managed; and when he called at my rooms in the evening, Oliver was perfectly enthusiastic in the Steerer's praise. "She stood it like an angel," said he. "I never imagined she could be so sensible and considerate; never scolded, never cried,—though, between ourselves, a fit was the least that I expected,—but seemed to understand at once that the thing was done, and accepted it with uncommonly good grace. By the by, I paid her down two thousand pounds in lieu of myself, you'll say. Well, Westwood, it clears one's conscience; and I must tell you the old woman was as friendly as Cynthia; she knew all about the affair, of course; and between them, they made me promise that Bessy and I should spend Saturday evening with them. A queer visiting-place for a young bride; but they brought it about so that I could not refuse, and Bessy is not like ordinary girls to stand on a trifle. I have taken apartments in town, and written to my mother. I couldn't take Bessy home without knowing how she would be received; but I won't have her staying any longer with those old prigs at the Institution."

Oliver and I had a good conversation regarding his prospects, which indeed seemed fair and pleasant. He did not tell me the exact sum he had found hidden under the colored tiles in the summer-house floor, but it must have been a handsome one. He had bought Beechly Farm, a very comfortable property; told me how he would enlarge the house, lay out the grounds, have done with college-life, and spend the rest of his days in the manner of Palemon, now that he had found his Lavinia. With these fair hopes, Oliver went from me that night, after exacting a promise that I would come to see him and Bessy at their new address on the following Sunday, for, till then, he knew I must be busy with certain reading that had to be done and country cousins that were to be shown over Cambridge.

Well, that Sunday came; the reading and the lionizing had been got through and I was dressing at an earlier hour than usual, when my room-door suddenly opened, and in rushed Oliver looking like a ghost. "Westwood!" he cried, "for God's sake, come with me and see Bessy; she awoke this morning out of her mind. I have sent for three doctors, and they can do nothing for her. O my friend, come and tell me what you think." I went with him to a very respectable lodging, and there found poor Bessy stark mad. No other term could give an idea of her condition; she knew nobody, she recollected nothing,—her husband, her marriage, her honeymoon, all were forgotten; and her incoherent ravings always recurred to something about two old woman and wine. No cause could be assigned for the sudden visitation. She had been in good health and spirits on the preceding evening, which the new married married pair spent according to promise with Miss Josepha and her nurse; she retired to rest without any noticeable change, and woke at the break of day in frantic madness.

To make a sad tale short, all that medical skill and experience could suggest was tried for poor Bessy, but tried in vain; her insanity was hopeless, and without one lucid interval, nor could all the doctors engaged throw the smallest light on its cause.—There was indeed a suspicion hinted at by one of our old professors, and firmly believed by Oliver, that some drug of extraordinary and peculiar power, had been mixed with something which the unlucky bride had eaten or drunk in the house of her paid off rival. Whether the suspicion was true or not, the Steerer and her nurse made a mighty show of regret and commiseration; but their shop got deserted, and they left Cambridge very quietly at the next quarter-day. My poor friend spent the rest of his days on the farm he had bought, and his mother lived with him; but his bride spent hers in a lunatic asylum, where she survived him many a year, for he died early, a man broken down and worn out before the time; and so must end my tale of Oliver Oakland.
—*Chambers' Journal*.

New Jersey Conference Centenary Camp Meeting.

A WORD TO PASTORS AND PEOPLE.

At the last session of Conference, it was resolved to hold, during the month of August, a Conference Centenary Camp Meeting, at some central point, which should commemorate in an appropriate manner, the Centenary of American Methodism. The Committee, after careful consideration, has determined to hold the said Camp Meeting within the bounds of the Bethel Charge, Camden District, commencing August 6th, and continuing as Providence shall indicate. The ground selected is a beautiful grove, possessing excellent natural advantages of scenery, water, &c., covering about fifty acres. It is eligibly situated near the Barnsboro' Station on the West Jersey Railroad, fifteen miles below Camden. In thus selecting a new ground, accessible by Railroad from every part of the Conference, it was thought by the Committee that all the Charges would have equal advantages for the selection of locations for tents, according to the *promptness* of their action.

The committee indulges the hope that it will be a memorable occasion in the history of New Jersey Methodism, a season of *wonderful spiritual power*, and that a rich harvest of souls will be gathered.

Every Charge should be represented at this Great Spiritual Convocation. It is desired that there should be a multitude of *Family Tents* on the ground—parents and children coming to this Feast of Tabernacles to receive abundant blessings. To this end the Committee will have a large number of tents to rent to families at a *moderate charge*. *Early application* will be necessary, however, to secure them. Arrangements have been made with the West Jersey Railroad to sell excursion tickets from all the Stations on the road, at reduced rates, and it is expected to make similar arrangements with other Roads.

Ministers intending to come with family tents are requested to notify the Committee at once. Liberal arrangements will be made in regard to Society tents. Application to be made in person or by letter to Rev. T. S. WILSON, Pastor, Hurffville P. O., N. J.

In behalf of the Conference Committee.

W. E. Perry, Pres'g Elder of Trenton Dist.
J. Lewis, " " Burlington "
J. B. Dobbins, " " Camden "
C. H. Whitecar, " " Bridgeton "

GENERAL DIX ON THE PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION.—The following is General Dix's letter indorsing the Philadelphia Convention:

NEW YORK, July 13.

MY DEAR SIR: I have received the call signed by yourself and others for a National Union Convention in Philadelphia on the 14th of August. I concur in its propositions, its reasonings, and its objects, and will do all in my power to carry them out. I long since expressed the opinion that the Southern States were entitled to their representation in Congress, and that their exclusion was a violation of good faith and of the obligations of the Constitution, and that a persistence in such a policy must lead to consequences most disastrous to the peace and prosperity of the country.—These and other considerations connected with the present unsatisfactory relations of the States to the Federal Government and to each other render most timely and proper such a meeting as you have recommended to the patriotic and redeeming men of the Union, to consult together for the general welfare.

I am truly yours, JOHN A. DIX.
Hon. James R. Doolittle.

When and Where will it End.

All must admit that the present system of exorbitant taxation is a curse to the country. It is a mill-stone about the necks of the people, who are even now passing the point of endurance; for the excessive drains upon the tax-payers is blighting public and private enterprize, while it prostrates and stultifies the industry and energy of the whole nation.—This evil was cheerfully borne during the progress of the war, and the ruinous rates of the past year were as promptly met without a murmur, because our rulers, through their organs, gave promise that the national income, maintained at the war standard for one year more, would be sufficient to meet all the contingencies of the war, and that we should once more approximate to a revenue adapted to restored tranquility.

But what is our present condition? It would take an abler pen than ours to paint in the colors of living truth, the many leaks resulting from official dishonesty and extravagance. The papers are burdened almost every day with piracies upon the public treasury, and the unblushing and unpunished pilfering of those entrusted with the collection and disbursing of the government funds. New sinecures are daily created to give place to those who make politics a trade, and all the talent of the radicals is taxed to frame various pretexts for absorbing the people's money.—When and where, we ask, will it end? How long will the victims of this loose administration of public affairs endure this extortion?—If we even had the hope of a prospective remedy, there would be some encouragement, but the party in power find new outlets as fast as it comes in, although the expense of a war is no longer to be met.

Let us, for a moment, look at the immense resources which a condition of peace has placed within our reach, and which ought to have reduced our taxes one-half at least. The army has been reduced from about one million of men to some seventy thousand, more or less; the navy has been dismantled, or "laid up in ordinary," to a great extent; the large number of vessels chartered have been surrendered to their owners; 200,000 employees, at least, have been dismissed from the various avenues of labor created by the necessities of the war; army stores in untold amounts have been sold; an extensive marine, embracing side-wheel and propelling steamships, sailing craft of all dimensions, tugs and barges, have been knocked off to the highest bidder, amounting to an aggregate of many millions; ambulances, horses, mules, beef cattle, wagons, harness, saddles, bridles, blankets, bedding, old and new, army and navy clothing, tents, captured cotton, and other property, including all kinds of military equipments, hospitals and hospital furniture, medicinal stores, and the entire debris that a return to peace renders useless, have been struck off. And yet from all these and equally numerous other sources, added to the fearful amount of taxes exacted last year, has utterly failed to relieve us from the disheartening and oppressive system of taxation which the party in power has fastened upon us. If this stupendous income is consumed in profound peace, what hope have we that this extortion will end while the radicals are in power? And if it be thus, now, what will be the rate of taxation, should we engage in another war? Again our taxes would be doubled.

We ask the reader to devote five minutes of thought to this subject. *Think!* Sit down and make an estimate of the millions of dollars derived, in the last year, from the several sources we have named in the preceding paragraph. Estimate in the most guarded manner you may, the aggregate sum thus obtained—and although many avenues of income have not been named, and as many more of expenses cut off have not been mentioned—you will find that almost countless millions have been added to the treasury, independent of taxes, duties, or revenue of all kinds. Could the exact amount be ascertained, it would be startling—appalling.

What has become of this money? How has it been appropriated? and for what purposes? That man does not live among us, who harbors a thought of repudiation. All are willing to make every sacrifice to maintain our national integrity; but every tax-payer needs the assurance that, after having paid sufficient for all these purposes, there will be an end to this excessive drain upon his means. We want to know through whose hands these hundreds of millions pass, what for, and to whom paid, *specified*. Let us know who are the honest and dishonest agents of the government; how much of the public funds is devoted to legitimate purposes, and how much is squandered among political satraps, or pocketed by official thieves, swindlers and defaulters.

It is a notorious fact, that with so many sources of expenditure cut off, and millions obtained from the sale of public property, our taxes will be nearly, if not quite, as high as those we paid last year. We are not familiar with the rates in all the localities, but such as are known to us will equal the highest since the war. The Camden papers state that the assessments of that city range, in the different wards, from $2.37 to $2.73 on the $100. We remember when the people of that city thought 84 cents and $1 very exorbitant. The tax on a $1,000 house will almost equal the rent of many comfortable dwellings in our rural districts. Of course, rents must be raised, and the poor man is forced to foot the bill at last.

If we are to be thus borne down by excessive burdens, after two years of peace, what hope have we in the future? The radicals seem to provide for the steady outgo of all the millions accruing from the suspension of war, and the sales of public property. New bureaus are created, pregnant with lucrative positions; sinecure appointments are made under the most frivilous pretexts; the negroes are voted 80 acres to each settler; thousands still receive rations paid for by our taxes; and it appears to be the aim of Congress to absorb all the money as fast as it comes in, for the benefit of the negro, socially and politically.—If the people are satisfied, they can still support the radicals; if not, they must vote to hurl them from the exercise of a power which is used for public extortion.—*Cumberland Co. Patriot*.

ROBBERY.—Mr. Wm. E. Sinn, of Philadelphia, was robbed of a large amount on the Island, on Saturday. It seems that Mr. Sinn and lady had left their room at eleven o'clock, and proceeded in to bathe. Instead of depositing their money and valuables in the hotel safe, Mr. Sinn left them in his trunk, which he locked, as did he also the room door.

On returning from her bath, Mrs. Sinn found the door of her room unlocked. Examining the trunk, the lock was found to have been picked, and money, jewelry, and valuable papers therein contained, were found to have disappeared. The amount taken was over $11,000, but the greatest part can be recovered, as it consisted of railroad and other stock, which can easily be renewed. The amount lost in money and diamonds will equal about $2,000.

The robbers evidently took their time about the matter. In a box, along with other money, Mr. Sinn had some mutilated, counterfeit and confederate notes. The first the robbers took, the two latter they left behind. On the table, in a piece of ribbon, lay a diamond pin valued at $1600—this passed unobserved by the robbers.—[illegible]

— Abiel Chandler, of Bethel, Me., has made eight hundred pounds of maple sugar the present season, from trees which he set out himself forty years ago. He is now raising a sugar orchard of over one thousand trees.

— There are living near La Grange, in one school district, five brothers, who, [illegible] years, were married to five [illegible] had, before eleven [illegible] are still alive.

THE DEMOCRAT.

EGG HARBOR CITY, JULY 28, 1856.

Copartnership Notice.

THE subscribers having associated themselves together under the name of DOUGLASS & BROWN, for the business of Printing and Publishing, would ask the community who desire to make their business known to the citizens of Atlantic County, and vicinity to extend to them their patronage, as well as their subscriptions to the ATLANTIC DEMOCRAT.

A. J. DOUGLASS,
C. C. BROWN.

Egg Harbor City, July 2, 1856.

☞ A new paper is to be established at Augusta, Maine, to support the policy of Andrew Johnson. Its motto will be, "Support the Government."

FAIR PLAY.—Was it frank, fair or manly to ask the Southern States to ratify the Constitutional amendment abolishing slavery, if we intend, after they accepted that condition, to keep them out of the Union?—*N. Y. Times.*

☞ Gov. Patton has returned to Alabama, having not only negotiated a large amount of State bonds for the relief of the Institute, but received abundant voluntary contributions from Missiouri and Illinois, the only two States he visited.

ADDISON OF TENNESSEE.—On Tuesday last the President signed the joint resolution passed by Congress for the admission of Tennessee, and Messrs. Taylor, Maynard, Stoker, Cooper and Loftwich have taken the oath as representatives, and Joseph S. Fowler as Senator. It is hoped that it may not be long before all the Southern States are represented in Congress.

☞ Lieutenant General Scott was nominated for General, and Vice Admiral Farragut for Admiral, by the President, on Wednesday last, and the nominations were confirmed by the Senate. The President yesterday appointed Gen. Sherman Lieutenant-General, in place of Grant, and Rear Admiral Porter Vice Admiral, to succeed Farragut.

TAKING VERY PLAIN.—Gen. Sherman on speaking at New Haven talked very plain. He told the crowd gathered to receive him that the present was a time of peril, which calls upon the good and true to strike down every barrier to that harmony and content of which the result was proposed from with the express object of stealing this responsibility. We are unable to discover what great moral Progress possessor, or what important service it has done, especially at the present session, which should be rewarded by this large increase of pay; and we hope that others, as well as ourself, before the House of Representatives the members will have respect enough for public opinion to reject it.

SPAIN IS A CRIME.—The Spanish Monitor has resigned, and the O'Donnell family, which has ruled this country so long and has gone out of power. So great a concession to the Spanish people as the formation of a new ministry, one would scarcely have expected, yet it seems that continued outbreaks, even when suppressed, are constantly forced the Government to yield to the popular demand.

CONGRESSIONAL FACTS.—Members of Congress need not consider themselves as very

TWO PARTIES AND PLAIN ISSUES.

This is all we ask—two parties and plain issues. If the Opposition Convention shapes its work to this end, the old Democratic sentinels can ring out "all's well," as in the days of our pride and power. For several years, we have been divided upon men and measures, and suffered a common enemy to slip into power between our divisions. Then came the war, and the economical disarrangement of parties, in which the Democracy suffered by enlistment and death, restrictions of the press, intimidations, and other persecutions,—all of which were calculated to discourage and produce apathy.

Now, however, with a President who refuses to follow his party to the fanatical extreme into which they have plunged, there is a chance of fair play. The indications are, that we shall have a combination of all conservative elements against the usurpation and tyranny of the party in power; and, among the plain issues to be decided is negro suffrage and negro equality, and an endorsement or a condemnation of the unconstitutional measures of the radicals—not the least of which, is their efforts to keep the States out of the Union. Shall negroes vote and hold office—shall this Union be preserved?—are grave questions which the people must decide at the ballot-box.

The Democracy, a time-honored Union party, will co-operate with other patriotic elements, to overthrow the enemies of the country, and aid in restoring the estranged States to fraternal relations with us. Let us be the last opportunity, perhaps, presented to the American people, by which they can save themselves from inevitable ruin. The ruin we are rapidly tending. We regret the present, therefore, as a critical period in our history. Unless wise councils prevail at the Capital of August, all the blood and treasure lavished upon the war, will be in vain,—the rebellion will have been conquered for no good results. The radicals will be defeated in their designs, the sacredness of the South, by keeping States out of the Union that our brave troops whipped into submission, the same arrogance and spirit of disunion be treasure, every radical who will persists in keeping the Southern States out are as deeply steeped in it as Jefferson Davis.

The present is a time of peril, which calls upon the good and true to strike down every barrier to that harmony and content of which the result was proposed from with the express object of stealing this responsibility. We are unable to discover what great moral Progress possessor, or what important service it has done, especially at the present session, which should be rewarded by this large increase of pay; and we hope that others, as well as ourself, before the House of Representatives the members will have respect enough for public opinion to reject it.

Method of Electing United States Senators.

The Senate of the United States has just passed the following bill regulating the election of Senators by the different State Legislatures:

SECTION 1. That the legislature of each State which shall be chosen next preceding the expiration of the time for which any Senator was elected to represent such State in Congress, shall, on the second Tuesday after the meeting and organization thereof, proceed to elect a Senator in Congress in the place of such Senator as going out of office on the following manner:—Each House shall, openly by a viva voce vote of each member present in the name of the person for whom he votes, and the name of the person voted for who shall have a majority of the whole number of votes cast in each House shall be entered on the journal of each House by the Clerk or Secretary thereof; but if either House shall fail to give such majority to any person on said day that no shall be entered on the journal. At 12 o'clock, meridian, of the day following that on which the proceedings are required to take place, as aforesaid, the members of the two houses shall convene in joint assembly, and the journal of each House shall then be read; and if the same person shall have received a majority in each House of all the votes in each House, such person shall be declared duly elected Senator to represent such State in the Congress of the United States; but if the same person shall not have received a majority of the votes in both Houses, or if either House shall have failed to take proceedings as required by this act, the joint assembly shall then proceed to choose by a viva voce vote of each member present a person for the purpose aforesaid, from the persons having a majority of all the votes of the said joint assembly, a majority of all the members elected to both Houses being present and voting, shall be declared duly elected Senator for the same term; but if no person shall receive such majority on the first day, the joint assembly shall meet at 12 o'clock each day during the session and take at least one vote until a Senator be elected.

SEC. 2. That whenever, on the meeting of the Legislature of any State, a vacancy shall exist in the representation of such State in the Senate of the United States, said Legislature shall proceed, on the second Tuesday after the commencement of its session, to elect a person to fill such vacancy in the manner hereinbefore provided for the election of a Senator for a full term; and if a vacancy shall exist when the Legislature of the Legislature, then on the second Tuesday after the Legislature shall have been organized, and shall have notice of such vacancy, proceed to elect a person to fill such vacancy in the manner hereinbefore provided.

SEC. 3. That it shall be the duty of the Governor of the State from which any Senator shall have been chosen as aforesaid to certify his election, and for the seal of the State to be affixed to his certificate; and the United States, which certificate shall be countersigned by the Secretary of State of the State.

SEC. 4. That it shall be the duty of the Governor of the State from which any Senator shall have been chosen as aforesaid to certify his election, and for the seal of the State to be affixed to his certificate; and the Secretary of State of the United States, which certificate shall be countersigned by the Secretary of State of the State.

RECONSTRUCTION.

On Saturday last, Mr. Stevens, of Pennsylvania, the Abolition leader in the matter of reconstruction, reported the following bill to provide for restoring the States lately in insurrection to their full political rights:

WHEREAS, it is expedient that the States lately in insurrection should, at the earliest practicable moment, be restored to the safety of the Union, be restored to full participation in all political rights; and

WHEREAS, the Senate of the United States has just passed a joint resolution proposing for ratification to the Legislatures of the several States, as an Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, an article in the following words, to wit: [Here the amendment is quoted].

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, That whenever the Legislature of any State lately in insurrection shall have become part of the Constitution of the United States, and any State lately in insurrection shall have omitted the same, and shall have modified its constitution and by solemn act irrevocably abolished, the Senate and Representatives from such State, if duly elected and qualified, to qualify, may, after having taken the required oaths of office, be admitted into Congress as such.

SEC. 2. *And be it further enacted*, That when any State lately in insurrection shall have ratified the said Article of Amendment to the Constitution, any part of the district as aforesaid, and the act of August 6, 1861, which may remain in force, and, together with all acts which may be passed by such State, and the Senate and House of Representatives from such State, to be put to the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States any person who may be elected to Congress, and who cannot take the oath prescribed by law, and to pay into