RATES OF ADVERTISING.

NUMBER 37.

Executors' notices.
Administrators' notices.
Assignees' notices.
Auditors' notices.
Auditors' notices,
Other "Notices," ten lines, or less three times.

# VOLUME 65.

# Loetry.

# The Maskers. Yesternight, as lafe I strayed Yesternight, as lafe I strayed Through the orehard's mottled shade— coming to the moonlit alleys. Where the sweet south wind, that dallies All day with the queen of Roses. All inght on her breast sposes— brinking from earlier sposes— brinking from earlier summer night, long, deep transplis of pure delight— quiek the shaden foliage parted. And from out its shadows arrived Dwarf-like forms, with hidous faces, Cries, contortions, and grinners. Still stood beneath the form of the shaden foliage "Little friends, you can't alam me! Well I know you would not harm me! Straightway dropped each painted mask, sword of lath, and paper casque, And a troop of rosy girls I an and kissed me through their curls.

Caught within their net of graces, I looked round on white Rang their laughter's silver sallies. Then along the pathway, light With the white bloom of the night, I went penceful, pacing slow, Captive held in arms of snow. Happy maids! of you I learn Heavenly maskers to discern! So, when seeming griefs and harms Fill pile's garden with darms, Through its inner walks enchanted I will ever move undannted. war ever move undaunted, ove hath messengers that borrow ragic masks of tear and sorrow. Vieu they come to do us kindness and but for our tears and blindaus.

#### Literary.

#### The Diamond Ring.

BY AMY RANDOLPH. It was the night before Christmas, Mr. Almayne did not observe the

little, blue-nosed boy, crouching by the brilliantly illuminated plate-glass window, as he sprang out of his carriage and went into the thronged shop. How should be? But little Ben Morrow's eyes, eager with the sickly light of extreme poverty, took in every detail of the rich man's equipage, and his purple fingers clasped one another tighter as he looked.

"Oh!" he thought, "how nice it must be to be rich-to have cushioned carriages, and big red fires, and mince pies every day! Olg! I wish I were

And Ben shrank closer into his corner as the wind fluttered his thin, worn clothing, and lifted the curls, with freezing touch, from his forehead. Nor did Mr. Almayne observe him when he entered his carriage, drawing on his expensive fur gloves, and leaning among the velvet cushions with a sigh scarcely less earnest than little

Ben's had been, The child's ideal of a "big red fire" would have been quite realized if he could have seen the scarlet shine that illumined Mr. Almayne's luxurious drawing-rooms that night, glowing softly on gilded tables, alabaster vases, and walls of rose and gold; while, just before the genial flame, the pale widower sat, thoughtfully watching the flickering spires of green amethyst light, and very lonely in his splendid solitude. "I wonder what made me think of home just then," he murmured, idly and gazed fixedly at him with dawning tapping his foot upon the velvet rus I wonder what alchemy conjured up the old house under the walnut trees, and the old bridge, where the willow branches swept the water-the bridge where fittle Clara Willis used to sit and study her lessons, while I angled vainly for the fishes that never would bite! How lovely she was, that golden-haired girl, with her blue-veined forehead, and dark, downcast eyes! I was very much

in love with Clara Willis in those boyand-girl days. I should like to know on what shore the waves of time have person one has known in lang syne vanishes so entirely and utterly from one's | day!" horizon. Poor Clara! what glittering air palaces we built in the future-how solonly we plighted our childish troths! And when I came back with the fortune on whose golden colonades our fairy castle of happiness upreared its pinacles, she was gone. And Mary was a good wife to me, and a true one; but she was not Clara Willis "

As the thought passed through his brain, he instinctly glanced down at the finger upon which he wore the betrothal gift of his dead wife. The ring

"Lost—it can't be lost," he murniured where he had last observed it. "Can it to be rich! have dropped from my finger without my knowledge? I must notify the police at once, and have it advertised .-Poor Mary's ring! I would not lose it for twice the value, and that would be no mean sum!"

It was a narrow and murky little street, with here and there a dim lamp flaring feebly through the white obscurity of the driving snow; but little Ben Morrow knew every one of its covered flagstones by heart, and ran whistling down the alley-way of a tall, weatherstained building, undaunted by wind or

"See, sis, what a jolly glove I've found!" he ejaculated, driving suddenly into a narrow doorway, and coming upon a small room, only half lighted by a kerosene lamp, beside which sat a young woman, busily at work. "Hallo! is the fire out?"

"Wrap this old shawl around Ben," said the woman, looking up with a smile that partook more of tears than mirth, "and you won't mind the cold so much. All the coal is gone, and I can't buy any more until I am paid for the caps. Did you sell any more match

"Only two Boxes," sighed the boy "I was so cold, Clara, that I couldn't

go round to the houses." "Well, never mind, Ben," she said cheerfully. "Sit close to me, dearwe'll keep each other warm. Oh! Ben. I should like to have given you a nice whole coat for Christmas,"

"Don't ery, sis," said the boy, ing his head against her knee. "Didn't you give me your shawl for a comforter only I lost it that windy day? You're just as good and sweet as you can be, Clara, and I love you just as well as it you were my whole sister instead of one ialf a one!

She smiled through her tears.

" What was it about a glove, Ben? He sprang suddenly up as if remembering.

"A gentleman dropped it in the street. I ran after the carriage, but it went too fast for me to eatch up. Isn't it nice, sis?" "Very nice, Ben."

She drew the fur glove abstractedly on her hand, and looked at the rich,

dark fur. "Why, Ben, what's this?"

Her finger had come in contact with something in the little finger of the glove, and she drew it out. Even by the dim light of the lamp she saw the myriad sparkling fascets of a diamond

"The gentleman must have drawn it off with his glove," she said, while little the cute young chap unhesitatingly took the dime.

'Ben, this is very valuable. We ought to return it to the owner at once " "How can we, if we don't know who

he is?" said Ben. "It will be advertised, dear; every effort will be made to recover so valuable a jewel. To-morrow morning you must borrow a newspaper, and and we will look at the advertisements."

"Sister," said Ben, under his breath, is it very valuable? It is worth a hundred dollars?"

"More than that, Ben. Why?" "Oh! Clara," he sobbed, burying his face in her lap; "a hundred dollars would be so nice! I wish it wasn't wrong to keep it!"

Clara did not answer. She only smoothed down her little brother's tangled curls, and he never knew how hard it was for her to keep back her own tears.

Mr. Almayne was walking impatientup and down his long, glittering suite of rooms in the Christmas brightness of the next day's noon, when his portly footman presented himself in the door

2" Well, Porter?" "There's a young person and a little boy down stairs, sir," about the advertisement."

"Ask them to walk in, Porter," Porter glanced dubiously at the velvet hairs and Wilton carpet.

"They're very shabby and muddy, " Never mind; show them in." Porter departed, by no means pleased, nd in a minute or two threw open the

door, and announced-"The young person and the little boy." "Be seated," said Mr. Almayne, courteously. "Can you give me any information in regard to the ring I have lost?"

Ben Morrow's sister was wrapped in a faded shawl, with a thick, green veil over her face. She held out the fur glove, and within it a little paper box, from which blazed the white fire of the lost ring.

"My brother found it in this glove, last night, sir," she said, in a low, timid voice. "The initials—M. A. correspond with your advertisement, so we brought it at once to the street and number Mr. Almayne opened his bocket-

"I have promised a liberal reward," he said, taking out a fifty dollar bill. Will this be sufficient?

Clara Willis threw back her yeil. "We are very poor, sir," she said but not so poor as to take a reward for doing our duty. Thank you all the ame. Come, Ben."

Henry Almayne's cheek had grown ery white as he saw the golden braids and clear blue eyes of his sweet first love beneath the faded black bonnet. "Clara!" he exclaimed, "Clara Willis! is it possible that you do not know

She turned at his wild exclamation,

'Are you—can it be that you are Henry Almayne?" she faltered, only half certain of the correctness of he oniecture.

He took both her hands tenderly and reverently in his. If she had been a duchess, the action could not have been more full of courtly respect.

"Clara, do not go yet," he said, pleadngly. "Let me unravel this strange migma of our two lives! Oh! Clara. if this Christmas day has, indeed brought me the sunshine which neve east her barque. It is not often that a vet irradiated my life. I shall bless it to my life, I shall bless it to my dying

The low sun flamed redly in the wes efore Mr. Almayne's carriage—the very one which Ben had so ignorantly dmired the flight before-was sum noned to carry. Clara, and her brother for the last time, to their squalid home For, ere the New Year dawned above the wintry earth, Clara was married to the man who had courted her under the green willows that overhung the wooden bridge, ten weary years ago. It was very short engagement-and yet it was a very long one!

And little Ben Morrow, basking in the reflected sunshine of his half sisto himself, trying to think when and | ter's happiness, found out what it was

# A Happy Home.

The first year of married life is a mos inportant era in the history of man and wife. Generally, as it is spent, so is almost all subsequent existence. The wife and the husband then assimilate their views and their desires, or else, conjuring upon their dislikes, they add 'uel to their animosities forever afterwards

"I have somewhere read," says Rev Mr. Wise, in his Bridal Greetings, "of bridegroom who gloried in his eccenricities. He requested his bride to acompany him into the garden, a day or two after their wedding. He then drew line over the roof of their cottage. living his wife one end of it, he rereated to the other side, and exclaimed:

"Pull the line." She pulled it at his request, so far a she could. He cried:

" Pull it over," "I can't," she replied.

"But pull with all your might," still outed the whimsical husband. But in vain were all the efforts of the ride to pull over the line, so long as her husband held the opposite end. But when he came round, and they pulled

at the same end, it came over with grea

"There!" as the line fell from the roof, " you see how hard and ineffectual was our labor when we both pulled it opposition to each other: but how eas nd pleasant it was when we both pulled ogether! It will be so with us through

In this illustration, homely as it may oe, there is sound philosophy. Hus and and wife must mutually bear and oncede, if they wish to make home a retreat of joy and bliss. One alone can not make home happy. There needs unison of action, sweetness of spirit and great forbearance and love in both hus-

and and wife, to secure the great end of happiness in the domestic circles. Home is no unmixed paradise of sweets; the elements of peace and true happiness are there, and so, too, are the elements of discord and misery; and i needs only the bitter spirit of the world without to make it a pandemonium, o the loving genius of harmony to mak it the prompter of every affectionate impulse.

- "Stockings I can do without s ong as I wear fashionable dresses," said a village belle somewhat straitened in her financial resources, "but a bosom pin and kid gloves I must have "

A Western editor offered his devil a dime a week, or a share in the paper;

# Naming the Baby.

BY CLAIRE WINCHESTER. "What will thee call her, friend

Robert ?" The smiling young city gentleman o whom this question was asked, widened the curve of his lip by a broader smile, as he replied in a cherry voice, "I don't know, Aunt Rebecca, that we shall find any name good enough;" and then the laugh in his heart gushed out in a merry leap, and broke into waves of music, that floated in the air until they melted

away in the rays of the sun. That beautiful June had brought rare gifts of rosy-crowned days and peaceful nights, of singing birds and incense of roses, but for one home it had held a more precious gift than all, even a little human life, whose faint cries had been the key-note in many hearts to a very.

sweet song of thanksgiving. It was a very pleasant home and warm hearts that welcomed the little stranger: -Robert Wilson, Aunt Rebecca, the kind Quakeress, the gentle mother, and Willie and Ray, baby's brothers .-Willie was a stout manly boy, always playing colt, and whipping his little square boots to put more life into them. Ray was only three, but his great black eyes opened wider and wider at all the new things he discovered, or thought he did, and that was just as well.-Willie and Ray had been a fine little span, but baby interfered there, for Ray had eyes and ears for nothing else but her. He would watch over it very tenderly when Aunt Rebecca laid it in the crib, and though he was one day detected in the act of slipping a lump of sugar between its lips, and again smoothing its bare head with the clothes brush, yet these things only proved his love, and found so ready an echo in other hearts, that no reproof was administered

to the young rogue. But Ray soon found that something was wanting, and one day, after his eyes had been for a long time studying the face in the cradle, and his mamma's eyes as intently watching him, and wondering with a mother's earnestness what her boy would learn to love to look upon in those years that seemed so far away, when the thoughts of manhood should drive away childhood cares, he turned quickly, saying:

"Mamma, baby has not any name that's too bad." Now, Ray was one of those busy minds which, having once found a new idea, follows it to the end, and often during the day he would go, now to mamma, then to Aunt Rebecca, begging a name for the baby, until he was told to wait patiently until evening, and they would talk about it. As soon as tea was over, all were gathered in Mr. Wilson's quiet parlor, baby with wide open eyes lying n Aunt Rebecca's lap, when Ray began

"Papa, what makes baby's eyes blue? Is it because they have not faded out like mamma's?" Low his manny has bazeleves course, they all laughed at Ray, and he made haste to change the subject, and

all at once:

remarked that baby had no name. "Ah, sure enough," said Mr. Wilson, and baby is too important a person to be slighted," and at once began an animated discussion between the members of the family, while the little unconscious subject closed her blue eyes in an

nfant's quiet sleep. Names there were in plenty-fancy, nigh-sounding names, or those which seemed only fit for fairies to bear. May seemed just suited to her golden hæir; but then May was so common. Victoria savored too much of royalty for a reoublican babe. Katharine was a family ame, but there were several cousins Kitty and Kate already, so that would not do, and thus the list grewlong; but against each one was some objection, and they were "laid on the table," as much mightier questions have often

"Call her Peggy, mama," at last called out Ray, that name being suggestive him of melting seed cakes and fresh ouns; but being again the unfortunate ubject of laughter, poor Ray hid his face in the sofa cushions and made faces

to his heart's content. The long twilight vanished before the full moon, and silence, full of content, gathered with the evening shadows.-The nameless little baby, with her face flooded with the moonbeams, had brought a claim into the hearts of others too deep for words. Just so might the 'Babe of Betlehem' have slept in his mother's arms more than eighteen hundred years ago-that wonderful babe, who would bear, through all time, the names of "Prince" and "King," and the sweetest of all, "Saviour," How could hearts covered with the rust of the world be silent with a memory like

But that quiet sleep over, and restessness took its place. All through the night the little one moaned in her sleep, and with the morning light came the sad truth to loving hearts that Heaven could soon claim its own again, and leave that pleasant home desolate. Not long they waited, for when the first sunbeam came as a mockery to their grief into the room, they rested upon the chilled form of the darling babe. With Death as helmsman it had launched its tiny bark on another sea than that of time; and though all believed that the same "Babe of Bethlehem," would save it from harm, yet it was only the eye of faith that could see the aviour through so thick shadows. Kind friends dressed the tiny form in oure white robes, and laid her away to

leep among the green grass and waning Very lonely seemed the pleasant room is they gathered here at twilight, and Ray's voice grew soft as she-said :

" Mama, baby did not leave any name here; the angels will give her one now she's gone to them. But how shall we know what to call her when we see her

there :" Ah, Ray, that question has puzzled older heads than your's or mine, and will until we hear the "new name" given to those who, with all meekness and numility, have worn it on earth in their foreheads, though unknown to men and anknown even to themselves.

IRISH ECONOMY.—At the late Assize n Ireland two men were condemned to be hanged. On receiving their sentence, one of them addressed the judge, and said he had two favors to ask him. "What are they?" said his lordship

"Please your honor," said Pat, "will you let me hang this man before I am hung myself?" "What is the other request?" said

"What is the other request.
the judge.
"Why, please your honor," continued Pat, "will you let my wife hang me, for she will do it more tenderly than the hangman, and then what she will be never the received will halp the poor. receive for the job will help the poor eratur to pay her rint."

## Miscellaneous.

The Wonders of Cambodia. In the London Athenaum for July 2d there is an account by one Dr. A. Bastian of a journey recently made to Camoodia, in Farther India, giving some

very interesting information about that distant and little known country. The great marvels of Cambodia are the enormous ruins of Nahkon, of which Dr. Bastian says:

"They are frequently termed the 'mysterious ruins,' and there is certainly a good deal that is strange and curious about them; but the most curious appears to me the fact that they have so ong remained entirely hidden from travelers and orientalists. There is a short notice in a paper of a mediæval writer (De Mancanedo) that during his sojourn in Cambodia in the year 1570 the servants of the king happened to discover in the depths of a forest the remains of an immense city, adorned with sculpture of fantastic animals, and bear-

ing inscriptions which nobody could read. This city he calls Angcor; and Ankhor, or more correctly, Nanknon (the Indian Naghara) is the name of those ruins which only a few years ago were re-discovered having been forgotten for more than two centuries. There is, however, no reason to wonder at the obscurity which they were buried in, if we reflect on the state of geographi-cal knowledge regarding Cambodia, of which country one might say that nowhich country one might can thing was known at all, and scarcely the name of that great lake which now shows itself so fruitful an object for ex-The history of the country is perfectly

silent on these ruins, and the natives ascribe their building to the gods. "Phra-In (the Indra of Brahminical mythology) relates the legend, sent Phra Phryttakam, or Vitsanukan, to rais this place and prepare it for the roya or Vitsanukan, to raise residence of one of his numerous son the offspring of a flirtation with a lady of the terrestrial world. As the other gods would not allow this imp, in whom they smelt the man, to remain in heaven, his divine sire, to console him for the loss, had a city constructed on earth, in perfect imitation of the stately

halls he was obliged to quit. Others say that Nakhon Vat copies in its de sign only the stable of Erawaddi, a fa vorite elephant of India; but as, in Ultra India, the stables of the white elephants often equal the habitations of the kings, the difference is of small ac These palaces bear the traces of the

gaudy colors and the rich gilding which were once used to cover the statues of the polymorphous deities with a multiplicity of hands and arms, but they are now stripped of their ornaments, and stand in solitude, abandoned and for-saken. On the highest platform of the entral tower at the Cambodian structure is enthroned the four-fold figure of Buddha; and when the great patriarel Buddha ghosa, with his train of shaver moks, entered the sumptuous colonades of this palace, cherished as their hereditary abode by a long line of kings, ther the temples of idolatrous sacrifices fell, and the old classical name of Inthapattaburi was changed into that of Vat (the City of Monasteries, ) which thence rth became a convent dedicated to the

priesthood. The ancient inscriptions are considered unintelligible by the present Cambodians, but more from laziness nd fear of mental exertion, as the letters, although of a more antiquated form, are generally similar enough to the Pali, and the words in most cases differ from those now in use. One or the other event recorded in these inscriptions may perhaps still give a clue to historical facts connected with these ruins, as othing of that kind is to be hoped fo from the written history of Cambodia, which begins with the Cambodian kings removing to their new capital of Basan or Panompen, and thence to Lawek. They had left the the fertile plains exed to the inroads of the Siamese wh st then began to break forth from their native mountains, and retired into the

inaccessible swamps round the shores of the great lake." The traditions I collected from the people in Cambodia speak of the son of king of Romah, who banished his country, married the daughter of the country, married the daughter of the dragon-kingin Kamphuxa-Thibodi,the great country born out of the water, and according to Javanese, who likewise alludes to an ancient colony from Rohm, settled at the mountain of Sunun Triresta, was married to Bramani Kal of Kamboja. If Indian inscriptions could be believed, Raja Deb, Pal Deb of the Para dynasty in Bengal, added Kamboja to his conquests in the ninth century, and the victorious Suren is brought there by the annals of the Ma-In the tenth century Cambodia constituted a flourishing empire, strong enough to conquer parts of Tonquin, and it even checked the progress of Kublai Rhan, who, it is said, attracted by its wealth, sent an army against it. The Cochin Chinese historians, however, ascribe the honor of conquering the Tartar conqueror to their own king, Ishingishiouen. After the dismemberment of the prosperous monarchy, over which the Haharaja of Zabedj had sway intercourse was kept up between the maritime ports on the India and eastern sea taught to excel in navigation by Malac settlers in Chiampa. The Malay Cheritas describe their proud capital, thronging on the waves, and give a Javanese mother to Raia Tignak. The name of Seim was afterwards adopted by the Thai in Siam, which country was formerly known as Nawi or Lawa. The pedigree of Panji, the favorite hero of romances and plays in Java, was en-nobled by his descent from a Hindu princess, whom his royal father the first brahmana of the Sewa caste who settled in Bali, came from Kalings who settled in Ban, came from Kannaa, and the Kings of Madura, the Ptolemics of the East, and long before that time; entertained intercourse with Europe ways exercised a great influence on the countries of Ultra India, and before

devastated by the Damila, rivaled in the splendor of its temples both Cambo dia and Java, whose emperors, those of Menangkabau, transferred dassical name of Lankapuru to their own countries. The dynasty which preceded the Malayo Javanese one, in Singhapura, had received the kingly itle from Ceylon of Singha, the Isle of

"The description given by a Chines officer, who traveled through Cambodia in the year 1295, is too interesting to b he ruinous state of the buildings at th present time, its details can still be ver ified in nearly every particular. 'The filed in nearly every particular. 'The ipital,' he says, 'had five gates, each louble; the chief one had two openngs—the others only one. ates there was a great ditch. From the titch were causeways of communication with the great bridges. On each side of the bridge were fifty statutes of stone representing their deities. These wer very large, and, like statutes in general, they had a menacing aspect. The five gates were all alike. The pillars of the bridges were of stone, and adorned wit figures of serpents. Each serpent had nine heads. Each of the fifty-four statues held a serpent in his hand, to ward off those passing. Over the gates were large busts of Buddha of stone. Each bust had five faces, looking towards the west. The one in the centre had a gold head dress. On each side of the gate

 Why io talking with the fingers like a man who is always changing his opinions? Because it is a specimen of numan mute-ability.

were figures of an elephant carved or

Argument in company is generally the worst sort of conversation, and in books the worst sort of reading.

We are constantly cheered with such evidences of the zeal, the vigor, and the onfidence of Democrats in all parts of the country that it is our duty to make the facts known to all our friends who are hard at work, each in his own vicinity, and who may desire to know 'what cheer" comes from fellow-workers beyond their own range of observation.

1. Everywherethe nomination of Gen McClellan has roused the utmost enthusiasm in the ranks of the Democracy. Every Democratic vote will be polled in November, and no one needs to be' told that victory perches upon the banners of a party whose candidates elicit a ull party vote.

Moreover, the young men are with us everywhere. The young men who have become of age since the last presidential lection will vote the young men's ticket. 'Little Mae" is the man they want for President.

2. The defections from the Republican party are increasing daily, and they have only begun to be counted. Our correspondents write us from almost every State of this man or that man, prominent in his city or county, who voted for Mr. Lincoln in 1860, but who will vote for McClellan in November. The changes of this sort which are well known of in this city will be matched in every other city in the North. Party ties are straw to American citizens, when y disregarding them a vote can be given or Union and peace. We hear of sev eral distinguished men, recognized leadrs in this and adjoining States, who have strained a point to support the Administration while it was charged with he responsibilities of government, who will seize the opportunity to vote out the men who have so wretchedly failed to discharge their responsibilities.-

These men mean not only to vote for, out to work hard for the election of Gen. McClellan. 3. The influence which the discharged and disabled soldiers of the republic are exerting in favor of General McClellan s tremendous. Every one of them has his circle of friends and they are making proselytes by the hundred. The calamnies of the Lincoln organs against their favorite commander only inflame them into more ardent exertions. Soldiers who have served in the Army of the Potomac can't listen to these wholesale slanders with much patience, and

there are enough of them scattered over

the country to nail every new lie to the ounter as fast as it is uttered. 4. We speak what we know when we say that there will be no defection from the ranks of the Democratic party worth onsidering-no "bolt" worth counting. The mistake made by our anxious Re publican friends, and by the few bolter themselves, was in supposing that the Democratic masses wanted peace at the expense of the Union; that they would for a moment think of purchasing peace at the price even of a moment's peril to the Union-at the price of one hour's risk of disunion. Gentlemen of the administration party, you reckoned without your host. You made the blunder of believing your own slanders of the

patriots arrayed against you! And mark! For every disunion "bolter" who has left us, and so purified the party, one hundred Union and peace loving men will march out of you ranks into ours!

5. The pledge of the Chicago platform which Gen. McClellan accepted, of course, when he accepted the nomina tion of the Chicago Convention, wa that one earnest, frank, and fraternal effort should be made for peace-for peace if possible "without the effusion of another drop of blood "—for the peace which every honest and intelligent man would hail with unbounded joy "for peace on the basis of the Union-th condition sinc quanon. And whenever there is good reason to believe that the rebels are " ready for such a peace "-in God's name, should we not make all haste to give them peace?" Will any Republican who loves his country and

his fellow-men answer us that? This is what the "peace sentiment the Democratic party" means. We share this peace sentiment, avow it, and now at all times will uphold and defend This is all that it means. There is no division in our ranks. If any mar who has called himself a Democrat means more than this-which is fairly implied in the much-abused Chicago platform, and clearly expressed in the much-praised letter of acceptance of Gen. McClellan—then he is a Demo-

crat no longer. And we wish to be understood meaning precisely what we say when we add that this, and nothing but this is the peace sentiment of the great West and that, in full and satisfied expression of this sentiment, the whole Democrac of the West will east its vote for McClellan and Pendleton next November, God

Washington's Great Victory. When George Washington was a boy ie wanted to enter the navy. Like many other boys, he wanted to go t sea. His mother gave her consent; and vet it was plain she was not willing to have him go. A midshipman's commission had been got for him, and the vessel was about to sail. The servant was at the door with his trunk. He went in to say good bye to his mother. He found her in tears. He saw the look of distress that was in her face; but she said not a word. That was enough for him. He went out and said to his servant, "Carry back my trunk to my room. I will not break my mother's heart to please myself." He gave up

his commission and stayed at home. When his mother heard what he had lone, "George," she said, "God has promised to bless those who honortheir arents, and He will bless you."

How true her words were! God did bless George Washington, and made him a blessing to his country and the world. Washington gained many victories afterwards, but this was, perhaps, the most important victory he ever gained. He conquered the Britishgat Frenton, at Monmouth, and at Yorktown; but when he gave up his own will to please his mother, he conquered himself. The Bible tells us, "He who ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city."

THE BEAUTY OF A BLUSH,-Goethe was in company with a mother and her daughter, when the latter, being reproved for some fault, blushed and burst nto tears. He said: "How beautiful your reproach has

made your daughter. The crimson hue and those silvery tears become her better than any ornament of gold or pearls. These may be hung on the neck of an woman. A full blown rose besprinkled with the purest dew is not so beautiful as this child, blushing beneath her parents. rent's displeasure, and shedding tears of sorrow at her fault. A blush is the sign which nature hangs out to show where chastity and honor dwell."

#### Our Debts and Resources-Let the People Read this!

In order to judge of the relative mag nitude of our debt, we must first lay before our readers a table of the value of the real and personal property of the loyal States, by the census in 1860.

And in examining this, there are sev eral things to be attended to. This list includes Kentucky, Missouri, Maryland, &c., which will come out of the war completely devastated, and requiring years to recover their former agricultural state. And this table, which we take from

page 195 of Mr. Kennedy's report, professes to give the true value, which is one-quarter more than the assessed value of the same property given in another table of the same report. Homan's Bankers' Magazine for January, 1864, gives the assessed value of real and personal property in the loyal States in 1862 (including Kentucky, West Virginia and Missouri) at \$7,693,010,597. This is far below the census estimate of \$10,556,000,000; but'we take the lat-

ter as most favorable to us: 

The personal and real property are not separately given; but if the proportion is the same as it was in the census of 1850, the personal would amount to 84,398,570,000, and the real to \$6,157,-998.000.

In estimating our debt, we prefer to

go back to a speech made by the Hon. Garret Davis, in the United States Senite, June 6, 1864. Mr. Davis is no Abolitionist, but a Union Whig of the Henry Clay school, and we do not recollect that his estimate of the debt was attempted to be controverted either n the Senate or by the newspapers. -His estimate then was: Debt ascertained and stated May H.....

May H.
Appropriations already made but
Appropriations already made but
not yet called for as per Secretary's own estimate.
Deffeiencies in former appropriations, already voted.
Bounties to soldiers raised since
Secretary's report.
Cost of 100,000 hundred-days men,
called into service since his report. ther debts and appropriations.. To explain this table, it is necessary remark that the debt, as from time to time reported by the Secretary of the

Treasury, includes only the money acually hired on bonds, with the treasury egal tenders, and other items which have been actually settled, and an account made of them at the treasury. Of his debt, the interest on the lare payable in coin; the interest on nother part, being the temporary loans, s payable in legal tender; and another ortion (the currency notes), over five nundred million, bears no interest. The appropriations uncalled for, and deficincies in former appropriations, will be eadily understood. And after deducting the coin the government may reeive from customs, &c., the remainder f the annual interest on the debt must

be met by purchase of coin with paper ioney, or by an addition to the actual Secretary Chase's own estimate for a ear's expenses of the nation was \$1.151.-\$15,000; but this is far below the mark. We have now a costly Indian war on our hands growing out of the dishonesty of government officers, in addition to he civil war. And our pension list is increasing rapidly, so that the annual mount required for pensions will be enormous. The pay of the army has been increased, and the cost of supporting the army, which in the beginning of the war was estimated at \$1,000 per man per annum, has been greatly increased by the rise in the price of everything to be purchased. The lowest esimate of the cost of the war is \$3,000,-000 per day, and many have estimated it as high as \$5,000,000, but \$4,000,000 per day is probably a fair estimate. Now consider that our revenue from

ustoms in gold last year was about 70,000,000, and will not probably vary auch this year-a sum not enough to pay the interest on the debt afready incurred; that our revenue from sales of public lands is reduced to almost nothing; that the internal revenue last year produced \$37,000,000, and although expected to average \$1,000,000 per day inder the new law, has not yet, we believe, come near it, and any man can

alculate how fast we are approachi to insolvency. the fashion to talk about our resources. True, they were great. We are a young nation, and if the war could end now we could probably recover from it withat repudiation. But how much longer an we bear it? It our Northern peode had economized, as the Southern people had been obliged to do, the mere savings from this source would have made a large contribution toward the national service. But, instead of economizing, we have been more extravagant than ever. Almost every item we have brought from abroad has been money thrown away, and although the Government gets the duties in coin, it is a process, which, if you will trace it out, really weakens the Government and denoralizes and impoverishes the people. Our rulers have been very shrewd in he matter of laying taxes. Farmers and real estate owners have been directly taxed but little, but upon them it must fall at last. In a few years a large proportion of the personal property will oe invested in government bonds, which cannot be taxed. Your rich men will thus largely escape. The real estate

cannot be put away out of sight. And the new internal revenue law was not passed until it was so late that the people will not realize its burdens much until the Presidential election is And if as there is reason to believe

the Treasury Department has, from neessity, been lately paying out large amounts of currency notes, this of itself tends to increase prices of every thing the government has to purchase, and thus to add largely to the daily expenses of the war. We are living in a state of fictitious

prosperity. True, people are everwhere employed: but who employs them? The government employs them, and their very employment is only adding to the burdens of the debt which the people must by and by bear, and of which the laborers themselves must bear probably an over proportion here-

Hon. Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts

(Republican), when asked in the United States Senate, in March, 1864, by Mr. Conness, what had brought about this state of things, replied very truly:

The reason is that Congress has not taxed the people, and raised money, and paid the expenses of the war as we went along. We have created an immense debt, filled the country and flooded the country with paper money, inflated prices, and stimulated country and nooded the country with paper money, inflated prices, and stimulated speculation, extravagance, and luxury.— And this policy has cost the people hun dreds of millions more to live than it would if we had taxed them heavily, and it has cost them millions more to support the

Now, allowing the customs and internal revenue next year to bring i three hundred and fifty millions, which is probably a very large estimate, we shall see how fast we are running in debt-receiving about a million, and expending four millions, per day. Let

is see. 

We will owe in March, 1865... . \$3,500,000,00 Compare this with the whole property of the loyal States, as given in the Bankers' Magazine, or even with the very large estimate given in the census, and the interest on this debt at six per

cent. will be \$210,000,000 a year. We have always contemplated with astonishment the immense debt of Eng land, and expressed great commisera tion for her people. But the interest of the whole English debt (mostly at three per cent.) is only \$137,000,000.

But the above estimate of our debt far from giving us a true idea of what we shall have to bear.

Even if the war shouldend now, there an immense amount of unsettled claims to be brought in; claims for property taken by officers for govern nent use, and, probably largest of all the claims of loyal citizens for damages o property suffered in consequence of the war. Then the claims of foreign governments for losses incurred by their citizens by illegal captures. The general government will also be expected to assume all the debts which the States have incurred for the war, and all th debts incurred by counties and towns for bounties. The small State of Rhode Island has a war debt of four millions Connecticut eight millions, besides town debts, and from these specimens some idea may be formed of the war debt of the loyal States, counties, &c., to say nothing of the large debts which some of them owed before the war. Two thousand millions is a small estimate for all these; and thus if the war ends on the 4th of March next we shall have usnug little debt of \$5,500,000,000, equal to two-thirds of the whole property of the loval States as given in the Rankers Magazine, and to more than half of the same property as stated in the census

If the South comes back into the Union, those States would be so impoverished that years must pass before they could contribute to the national income. And then they have a large debt of their wn, due to their own eigners, which they would feel in hono bound to pay, if able, in case we did not assume it. And enormous appropriations would be required to rebuild the lighthouses all along the southern coast to repair the fortifications, and to open and render the harbors safe for commerce. And yet again, the valuation of the

property of the loyal States given in the census was made in the year 1860, before the financial embarrassments and devastations caused by the war. Since hen the States of Missouri, Maryland Kentucky, and West Virginia, included n that table, have been nearly ruined by the conflict of the hostile armies, and all the Northern States have suffer ed by embarrassment of trade, and the loss of productive power. And whenever the war ceases and government eases to employ our population in man ufacturing guns, &c., for the army there is to be a great loss of the capital which has been put into government manufactures, and probably a severe financial crisis, in changing from the occupations of war to those of peace heightened and exaggerated by the depreciation of our paper money, the unertainty of prices caused by it, and by the attempts which will be made to re turn to a specie basis. And we cannot dismiss our army at once. The disbanding of it would occupy a long time, and in the meantime it must be paid. And a large portion of it must be

retained in service permanently. We have given our readers the means f estimating our condition. We prefer to leave it to them to form their own

opinions as to the result. Whether, if the war continues, our lebt will be paid or repudiated, must epend upon the virtue of our people We know that the debt being owned by a great number of people, in small sums scattered all over the country, a large In the beginning of the war it was party will thus be created against repudiation. But it is safer to look at the past. Our revolutionary indebtednes was in the hands of all the people: the continental currency was held in sums smaller or larger by almost every one, and yet this did not prevent its being scaled down to forty for one. And again, our debt will be almos

entirely held at the East. Will Western farmers be willing to be taxed to pay tribute (as they will call it,) to the East, which is the only section of the country whose citizens have made money out a the war? Will they be willing to pay high duties to add to the wealth of Eastern manufacturers? It is for the interest of every holder of bond to exert himself to compel the Administration to economize and to

bring the war to a speedy conclusion

and it is the interest of every voter to

hurl the men from power but for whose

accession to power we should never have

had a war. xtent to which water mingles with hodies apparently the most solid is very wonderful. The glittering opal, which beauty wears as an ornament, is only flint and water. The snow-capped sum mits of Snowdon and Ben Nevis have many million tons of water in a solidified form. In every plaster-of-Paris statue which an Italian carries through our streets for sale, there is one pound of water to every four pounds of chalk. A wheat-plant exhales in a hundred and seventy-two days about one hundred thousand grains of clear water. The sap of plants in the medium through which this mass of fluid is conveyed .-Timber in France is, for instance, died by various colors being mixed with water, and poured over by the root of

the tree. - Few have a more ready excuse for their homage than the Grecian sage, who being asked why philosophers al ways ran after rich men never courted philosophers, re-plied, "because the latter know they want money, while the former haven't sense enough to know they want wis-dom."

## Useful Hints.

1.50

1. To eat when you do not want it, is brutal-nay, this is a slander on the lower animals; they do not so debase themselves.

2. Do not enter a sick chamber on an empty stomach, norremain as a watcher or nurse, until you feel exhausted, nor sit between the patient and the fire, nor in the direction of a current of air from the patient toward yourself; nor eat or drink anything after being in an invalid's room until you have rinsed your mouth.

3. Do not sleep in any garment worn n the day. 4. Most grown person areable to sleep

soundly over six hours in summer and seven in winter; to attempt to force more sleep on the system by sleep in the day time, renders the whole of the slumber disturbed and imperfect. 5. Some of the most painful stomachaches are occasion by indigestions this generates wind, and hence distention.

is often remedied by kneading the abdomen with the hand, skin to skin, from one side to another, from the lower edge of the ribs downwards, whereby the surplus air is forced on and outwards along the alimentary canal. 6. When you return to your house rom a long walk or other exhaustive

exercise, go to the fire or warm room, and do not remove a single article of elothing until you have taken a cup of hot drink. 7. In going into a colder atmosphere, keep the mouth closed, and walk with a speed sufficient to keep off chilliness..

S. Two pairs of stockings will keep the feet warmer than one pair of a greater thickness. 9. The night sweats of disease come on towards daylight; their deathly

coldness is greatly modified by sleeping in a single loose woolen shirt. 10. Those who drink a cup of tea or offee, or other stimulant, in order to aid in the performance of any work, are fools; because it is to the body and brain an expenditure of what is not yet got. It is using powder in advance, and this can never be done with impunity.

11. The less a man drinks in hot

weather the better; for the more we

drink, the more we want to drink, until

even ice-water fails, and becomes of a

metallic taste. Hence the longer you can put off drinking cold water on the morning of a hot day, the better you will feel at night. 12. If you sleep at all in the day-time, it will interfere with your sleen at night.

#### much less if the sleep be taken in the forenoon.

The Voice of the Shell. One who has never seen the ocean, nor heard the voice of its moaning waves, finds a miniature resemblance to its sad music as he applies to his ear the convulsions of a smooth-lipped sea shell, and listens to the murmuring cadences of its solemn monotone. That solitary shell, with its lips of pearl and roice of melody, seems still to hold communion with its home on the rolling deep. It seems to echo ever more the songs it learned in its normal estate, in coral caves, amid scenes of beauty, and where all voices are sweet and harmonious. And it echoes the sigh of the sad, sad sea, it seems longing and yearning for its ocean home and life of melody. It breathes in its every accent the voice

of solitude and home-sickness, and the remembrance of departed joys. Is there not something like this in the deep, earnest voices that are sometimes uttered from human hearts? In the deep murmurs that sometimes arise from the soul's great struggle, there seems to be a mysterious communion with the former and better estate—a sweet, sad dream of Paradise and its blessed music, from which it has been separated. The unutterable longings that will at times arise in the heart, and embody themselves in sighs and carnest aspirations, and intense desires for the good and virtuous, appear as a dream of the high and holy estate from which it has fallen, and a yearning prayer for restoration to purity and holiness, and peace. And the voices that murmur in the heart, wooing us to purity, and holi iess, and heaven, are the sweetest voices heard upon earth. They come down from the open gates of Paradise. They are voices of mercy and love.

#### They invite to holiness and rest forever. Beauty of Turkish Women.

Lady Hornby, speaking of dress and asy attitude, says: "Nothing that I have seen in life or in pictures can give the slightest idea of the wonderful grace, the extreme delicacy, and bird-of-paralise-like usclessness of the Turkish belle. Women of rank look like hot-house flowers, and are really cultivated to the highest perfection of physical beauty, having no other employment than to nake their skins as snow-white, and their eye-brows as jet black as possible. When young their skin is literally as white as their veils, with the faintest tinge on the cheek, like that on the inside of a shell, which blends exquisitely with the tender apple leaf green and soft violet colors of which they are so fond. The reverse of the picture is, that, after the first bloom of youth is past, the skin becomes yellow and sickly looking, and you long to give the yashmak a pull, and admit a fresh breeze, to brighten up the fine features. A belle, and a beauty, too, the Turkish woman must be; for nothing can be more wretched than too see the poor thing attempting to walk, or to make herself

She shuffles along the ground exactly like an embarrassed paroquet, looking as if her loose garments must inevitably flutter off at the next step. The drapery which falls so gracefully about her in a carriage, or while reclining on cushions, seems untidy and awkward when she is moving about. In fact, if she is not a beauty, and is not the property of a rich man, she is the most miserable looking creature possible.

A NEW IDEA.-At the State Almshouse, Massachusetts, the manager of the farm beds his cows regularly with sand, which he considers superior to any other substance for that purpose. It is warm, easy to lie upon, prevents the cows from slipping when reaching for food, is an excellent absorbent of liquids, easily shoveled in and out, a superior divisor of droppings, and is an excellent subsistence to apply to cold lands. For these reasons he likes sand for bedding.

lately solicited the hand of a fine buxom "Oh, no," said the fair but ingirl. sulting lady, "I can't think of it for a moment. The fact is, John, you are a little too big for a cradle, and a little too small to go to church with:"

A very diminutive specimen of mar

-We should not forget that life is a flower, which is no sooner fully blown

than it begins to wither.