

NO HOPE.

There is no hope for the Democratic party in their present distracted, unorganized condition. If they could succeed in breaking up the unity of the Republican party, there might be a show for them; but so long as the rank and file of the Republican party adhere to principles and not to men, there is no hope for them. They may succeed in influencing a prominent man in the Republican ranks now and then to become an advocate of some of their "new departures," but such men are immediately dropped by Republicans. A leader in the Republican party is estimated by his ability to support and spread the principles of the party, and not by his personal magnetism; and hence, bolters from the party like Chase, or Shurz, or any other sore-head, are just left to drift. If Democracy chooses to tackle on to such fellows, it only gives a fresh exhibition of their lack of principle, and disposition to make any sacrifice for power. There can be no great party formed now—we mean new party—as there are no great public events out of which to manufacture it; and therefore, such spasmodic efforts of the Democracy will only result in merited confusion and defeat. Let Republicans remain true to their principles, and faithfully rally to the support of their standard bearers, and victory will continue to perch on their banners, and prosperity and peace be the portion of all.

Adhesion to Principle.

While upwards of forty or fifty Democratic journals in the country have adopted the "no nomination" scheme of the *Missouri Republican*, many others have come out against it, including the journal of this place, preferring to die, if die they must, fighting under the old banner. We confess to a hearty admiration of the spirit of devotion which prompts these latter journals to contend earnestly for what they conceive to be the principles and policy of the old party. No party can maintain its self-respect and pursue a vacillating course. Sensible men look upon "New Departures," "no nominating" schemes, etc., as measures adopted to secure "power and pelf" alone, and not to secure the successful adoption of a clearly-defined line of political principles or policy. As two great parties, at least, are necessary to an honest and faithful administration of our Republican Government, the more intelligent, consistent and virtuous those parties are, the freer, stronger and more equitable will be the government, and more virtuous her citizens. Desiring, then, to see the United States of America attain to all the greatness, grandeur and glory of which she is capable, we take no great delight in seeing a large body of her fellow citizens pursuing a course which is demoralizing in the extreme, injurious alike to individual as well as national integrity and honesty. When men are seen combatting manfully for a principle, because they believe it to be right and just, though they may be few in numbers, they are a power in their self-respect and in the good opinions of their adversaries.

Good Idea.

The Real Estate Agents of Portland recently presented a petition to the Council of that city, asking them to appropriate such a sum of money as will be required to print in good style some fifteen thousand copies of two prize essays descriptive of the natural resources of the State of Oregon, and the inducements it holds out to immigrants from other States and countries. To print these prize essays and circulate them is a good idea, and Portland can well afford to foot the printing bill, as the benefits will largely accrue to her.

The National Debt.

No part of General Grant's wise and successful administration has given the great Republican party of this nation more satisfaction, than the policy of uniform, honest economy which has reduced the United States debt \$263,755,812, or more than one hundred millions of dollars per annum, since his inauguration. While he has thus reduced the annual burden of the debt some fifteen millions since the beginning of his term, the most disgraceful charges of dishonesty and extravagance have been cast upon him like hail by the Democratic press. In the midst, however, of this storm of misrepresentation and slander, the debt has gone on decreasing, at the rate of millions per week, until now it is computed, that if the same policy of honest economy is continued in the future, twenty years will furnish sufficient margin to cancel the whole indebtedness.

All Wrong.

One of the Portland journals informs us, that while Oregon is exporting quantities of wheat, she is compelled to import large quantities of oats, hay, beans, potatoes, butter, etc., from California at great expense. This appears to us a question of grave import to our farming community. Oregon soil is pre-eminently adapted to the raising of oats and potatoes, as well as wheat; also to hay and the other productions if properly cultivated. Ought she then, to so far forget her true interest, as to concentrate her whole effort in the production of the one cereal, wheat? This journal says that in Umpqua valley potatoes are so scarce as to command much better prices than wheat. In the Willamette valley they are very scarce, as well as the article of hay. It is much easier to raise oats and potatoes than it is wheat, and would it not be far better in a money-making point of view to put in a due proportion of these products, and not confine the planting to wheat almost exclusively? We are no farmer, but it seems to us that it would. We hope our farmers will give it a fair thinking over, anyway.

Be Ye Separate.

The *New York World*, a Democratic journal, calls the district that gave Tweed such a large majority, a "political scab," and a disgrace to the nation. It calls Tweed a "felon," and says a majority of the Democrats in his district are, "thieves," made up of the dregs of the earth. If this estimate of the character of Tweed and his New York supporters is correct—and what critic is better capable of forming a correct judgment of them than the *World*?—what a scathing commentary is this on modern Democracy, which has so long looked to Tammany for leadership and success. The *World* justly says in substance, that Tweed and his supporters in New York are of the lowest and most degraded order of criminal humanity. This being the opinion of good Democratic authority, how can respectable, honest Democrats, consent to affiliate with these dregs of creation, these imps of perdition, these "political scabs" and "felons," for a single day longer? They are out of place, and should flee from the influence and guidance of these wretches as they would from a pestilence or the devil.

The latest news by letter from Persia states that the people are more emaciated from famine than ever. At least 25,000 besiege the English residency for food every morning, and in their rush actually crushed two women to death in the streets, and young children are lying about the streets scarcely recognizable as human beings.

Garibaldi thinks that the course pursued by the International Association will lead at an early day to the restoration of the Holy Alliance, and is greatly depressed in view of it.

An Improper Way.

A bill has passed the House of the Washington Territory Legislature, and, it is said, will pass the Council, authorizing Frank Clark, of Pierce county, in that Territory, to dispose of property by lottery or raffle, within three years of the passage of the act, the first \$25,000 of which to be appropriated to the paying off of the indebtedness of the Territory.

This may be a successful way of paying off old debts, but cannot be justified from any standpoint of moral science. The plea of justification in this case is, that the people are heavily taxed which would inevitably be increased were not some such scheme projected; but correct moral economy never justifies the committing of a new wrong in order to obtain relief from an old evil. When this bill becomes a law, the Territory of Washington becomes an active gambler; and cannot consistently, thereafter, punish for any indulgence in gambling games among her citizens.

Moral Essay.

Is it possible in passing through the vicissitudes and changes of this inconstant life, through the lights and the shadows, the calms and the storms, the joys and the sorrows, the successes and adversities, to possess a feeling of constant cheerfulness and submission? Can hope and trust become so strong in the human breast, as to crown every experience with a chaplet of serene composure and happy security? If assimilation be the law of intellectual and moral expansion, we have no reason to doubt a gradual development in that direction. In the attainment of knowledge the effort is to assimilate the mind to standards of scientific attainment. So is it in the arts, and in all the pursuits of life. The nearer the aspirant approaches the model in thought and practice, the more perfect he becomes in the estimation of those who accept the model as the standard of perfection. In this life there can be no absolute perfection, but there can be a gradual approximation in that direction, if the model be furnished, and the way to it be clearly defined. Finite man, unaided, could never arrive at a conception of the attributes of moral perfection. The history of idolatry the world over proves this. Idolatry and infidelity have always made men more and more degraded. The Bible, however, presents a perfect model of moral assimilation. It is the product of Divine wisdom, and is attainable by every human intelligence. We look at the attributes of the great Model presented by the Bible. We see perfect knowledge; perfect holiness; perfect happiness; perfect constancy. Pursuing these great channels of development, the farther we go, the nearer we approach, and the more we become like the great Model. In proportion, then, as hope and trust and effort are absorbed in moulding the moral nature into the likeness and image of God, is assurance of guidance and protection in time and eternity secured, and a cheerful, happy contentment will be experienced.

Scott Russell writes to the *London papers* on the 14th giving a history of the so-called social movement. He says if Prince Albert was living he would have been its leader. The movement originated in a proposal for union between peers and workmen. He denies most positively that its objects or methods were political or revolutionary, and strongly advocates perseverance in the interest of social progress and reform.

A terrible fire was raging in Geneva Switzerland, on the 13th. A large number of buildings, including the Rue Rhone, were in ruins. Two blocks of houses were reported burned a day later.

Money is plenty in Germany and is rapidly drifting into American securities. Germany in January and February will redeem \$30,000,000 of war loans.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The news from Spain as late as the 17th, gives the information that strikes among the working-men in various parts of that country have commenced, in accordance with orders from abroad.

It is reported that £10,000,000 is held on deposit in London belonging to France, for the payment of the German indemnity.

It is now denied that the Pope asked a residence in France.

Letters from Constantinople represent cholera as spreading there.

A bill has been proposed by a Bavarian representative in Germany for the prosecution of unpatriotic clergymen.

The Pope intends to address a protest to the Great Powers relative to the expulsion of certain international religious houses.

REPUBLICAN ARGUMENTS ANSWERED.—Republican.—The administration of Gen. Grant has decreased our national debt at the rate of millions of dollars per week.

Democrat.—Humph, suppose it has, hasn't Grant appointed his brother-in-law to fill a lucrative office?

Rep.—It has reduced the national debt more than one half during the past year.

Dem.—Yes, and Grant is spending weeks of his time at Long Branch instead of working for his salary.

Rep.—The expenses of the army and navy are steadily decreasing, and yet the efficiency is such under the skillful management of the executive and the commander-in-chief, that peace is certain to be maintained without any increase of force.

Dem.—Well, what of that; didn't Grant sign the Ku Klux bill, and ride over the liberties of a brave and unfortunate people?

Rep.—The colored people are being educated, schools are springing up all over the country; railroads are crossing each other in every direction; the country is prosperous happy and free; and this is owing in a great measure to Republican rule.

Dem.—Needn't talk to me; I'm opposed to free schools, and believe in "white man's government."

Rep.—"America for white men" is my motto. Down with butcher Grant and the Amendments.

THE STAGE-DRIVER'S STORY.—It was the Geiger Grade, a mile and a half from the summit; black as your hat was the night, and never a star in the heavens. Thundering down the grade, the gravel and stones we sent flying over the precipice side—a thousand feet plumb to the bottom. Half way down the grade I felt, sir, a thrilling and creaking, then a lurch to one side, as we hung on the bank of the ravine; then, looking up the road, I saw, in the distance behind me, the off hind wheel of the coach just loosed from its axle, and following. Speed was our only chance, when again came the ominous rattle; crack, and another wheel slipped away, and was lost in the darkness. Two only now were left; yet such was our fearful momentum, upright, erect, and sustained on two wheels, the vehicle thundered. But to be brief in my tale. Again, ere we came to the level, slipped from its axle a wheel; so that to be plain in my statement, a matter of twelve hundred yards or more, as the distance may be, we traveled upon one wheel, until we drove up to the station. Then, sir, we sank in a heap; but picking myself from the ruins, I heard a noise up the grade, and looking, I saw in the distance the three wheels following still, like moons on the horizon whirling, till, circling, they gracefully sank on the road at the side of the station. This is my story, sir; a trifle indeed, I assure you, much more, perchance, might be said; but I hold him, of all men, most lightly who swerves from the truth in this tale. No, thank you—well, since you are pressing, perhaps I don't care if I do; you may give me the same, Jim—no sugar.—*Bret Harte.*

A foreman of a printing office out West, who had been left in charge of a weekly paper, while the proprietor was enjoying a jaunt with his brethren of the press, thus announces the fact: "The editor of this journal being absent, accounts for the improved appearance of the paper and the higher order of talent exhibited in its columns.

Science now declares that the average tea drinker takes in enough leather in the course of a year to make a stout pair of boots. Tea contains tannic acid, which combining with the milk, forms first rate leather.

Gallantry Rewarded.

"I say, Maddox, what are you going to do now?"

"I am going to help the old lady on the cars."

"Well, if you don't beat all for a spoony, then I'm mistaken. Do you take charge of all the old women, unprotected females and stray babies that you met in traveling?"

"Yes, if they need help, so if you have no reasonable objections to offer, I will leave you for a few moments and assist that lady, as proposed."

So saying, Young Maddox sprang from the train, which was just starting, and went to render assistance to the person in question. She was loaded down with baggage—carpet-bag, hand-box and parcels, innumerable. He took the two first and some of the last, and putting her safely on the cars, came near being left behind, so very awkwardly did he find it to manage so many incumbrances.

After he got the old lady seated, with her numerous packages about her, she counted them several times to be sure there were none missing.

"My rubbers are in this one," she said, "because I thought it might rain, and I always have rheumatism when I wet my feet. My best cap is in that, for I expected to stay a day or two, perhaps, and our folks see lots of company. My knitting is in that one there, for I thought that I might get tired sitting with my hands folded. This one is full of doughnuts for the children, and that near you, holds two pair of new socks for my son, because he thinks he cannot buy any as good as his old mother makes. They are all here, I see, safe, and I am much obliged to you young man for attending me. You will make a good husband one of these days."

So, smiling and laughing, the gentleman went back to join his disgusted companion, who had watched the proceedings with a smile of withering contempt.

"Now," he commenced, "will you tell me what you wanted to make such a fool of yourself in that way for?"

"I do not acknowledge that I have done so yet. Another thing—my mother sometimes travels; doesn't yours?"

"She never goes alone," was the short reply. "If she does she will have too much sense ever to trouble other people with her bags and bundles."

"Yes, if she forms her opinion of other people from her own son. In that case, I think she might hesitate some time, I am going now to talk to the nice old lady."

And Henry Maddox left his old friend to join the new one, for such she afterwards proved. She put aside all her bundles, and made room for him to sit down by her.

"So you have come to talk to the old lady, have you?" she asked, smiling a cordial welcome.

"Yes, ma'am," he replied, "if it will not be intrusive."

"Oh, no, we old folks like attention as well if not better than pretty young girls; and you are a very good looking young fellow."

"Thank you," answered Harry, "but I did not know that you would care to talk to a giddy pate like me."

Harry began to be much amused, and so kept up a merry talk until the train stopped at the station where the lady intended to get out. But just before this, she said to the young man:

"Now, Mr. Maddox, I think you will be rewarded for your kindness to an old woman. I will introduce you when we stop to just as pretty a girl as there is in New York State, if she is my grand-daughter. They say she looks just like me," and she laughed mischievously.

When it was time to leave the cars, Harry took the carpet-bag, hand-box and bundle, little bundle, and as soon as he had lifted the lady on the platform, she was saluted by the prettiest little specimen of female humanity that he had ever seen, the young man thought. Eyes as black as night, but soft and melting, red cheeks and lips, black curling hair, a neat little figure, set off with an elegant traveling suit, all presented a picture that he never forgot.

"May," said her grandmother, "this is Mr. Maddox; he has been very kind to me, and now I want you to be kind to him, and not treat him as some young men I know."

She made a snaky bow and said: "But, grandma, you don't know as Mr. Maddox will care to receive any kindness from me. I should not give him quite so many bundles to carry, however. Why grandma, what have you got in them all?"

"No matter, you saucy girl. Mr. Maddox, are you willing to take charge of such a vile thing?"

"I consider myself most fortunate to have the chance. But the cars are about to start and we had better go on at once."

So the young lady bade her friends good-by and tripped along side of her gracious hero, who handed her in, and swept past his ungracious chum, to take the same seat the old lady occupied, enjoying the little episode exceedingly.

The young lady was intelligent as well as pretty, and chatted with Harry as if she had known him for years. After a while he thought he would go and see how his friend was feeling, so excusing himself he left the pretty May and returned to the former.

"Who is that handsome girl?" was the first inquiry.

"She is that old lady's granddaughter," replied Harry.

"Introduce me, won't you?"

"Indeed, I shall not do anything of the kind."

"Why not?"

"Because I do not feel privileged to take any such liberty. I have just been introduced myself."

"She is the handsomest girl I have seen this long time, and if you don't introduce me, I will manage some way to make her acquaintance, you see if I don't."

"I hope, for your own sake, you will do nothing rude."

"Don't be concerned about that, I assure you. But I do think, Maddox, you might be good enough to introduce an old chum like me. She is deuced pretty, too. Why, her eyes flash like stars!"

"Yes, and she is fully as agreeable as she is pretty. I never met a brighter, more intelligent girl. Sorry that I don't feel well enough acquainted to introduce a friend. Good-bye, Sam; there is something really magnetic about that girl I feel drawn toward her in a way that is quite incomprehensible, so I will bid you good-bye, and go back to enjoy her society once more," and with a provoking smile, Harry left his companion, who could only enjoy the privilege of looking at the attractive little lady.

He watched the two in quite a disconsolate manner, for to tell the truth, he had fallen desperately in love with May, and envied Harry every lingering glance and smile she bestowed upon him. She was going to visit in the very town where the young men lived, so that our hero had the pleasure of her society for several hours, during which time their acquaintance ripened very rapidly, and when their parting, May gave him a cordial invitation to visit her, which he accepted with evident delight, and very soon took advantage of.

The young lady was visiting her aunt, a Mrs. Cook, who knew Harry by reputation, and so welcomed him graciously to her house. Soon he became a frequent visitor, and then offered to give his friend, Samuel Burleigh, the introduction he had for some time desired, and which he now eagerly acquired, becoming thorough a more constant caller than Harry himself.

One evening a number of young people were collected in Mrs. Cook's elegant parlor, when the conversation happened to die out for a while. May proposed that each should tell a story.

The proposition met with general approval, and was carried out with great zest and enjoyment by all concerned; laughter and applause proving the success of each narrator.

When it came May's turn she gave a full and lively account of the incidents just related, repeating the conversation of the young men almost word for word. Harry's face grew redder and redder, and would certainly have betrayed him if May had once glanced in his direction, but she carefully avoided meeting his eyes.

Sam in the meantime, instead of being red, grew very pale, for in this sudden disclosure of his ruthlessness, he read the downfall of his dearest hopes, and excusing himself very soon after, he took his departure, angry and mortified enough.

The next morning he called bright and early at the office of Maddox, and saluted him at once with the exclamation:

"I say, Harry, that was a pretty mean trick you served me!"

"What do you mean?"

"Why telling May Stanton all that ridiculous story?"

"I never told her one word about it, and I am just as much in the dark as you are."

"You never told her! Who in the world was it then?"

"I have not the slightest idea, but I must say that my curiosity is a good deal excited about it, and I am going around this morning to ask her."

"Well, I have received my *cong.*, that is evident enough, and I suppose that I shall soon have the opportunity to offer you my congratulations."

A short time afterwards Maddox was seated on a snug little sofa, by the side of his fair lady-love, looking very well pleased with the situation, which perhaps might have been said of his companion also.

"Will you tell me," he said, "how you found out all that story that you told last night?"

"Do you want to know very much?" she inquired mischievously.

"Yes I do, indeed," he replied.

She laughed a little and then said:

"I was introduced yesterday to a lady, who immediately exclaimed, 'I have seen you before, Miss Stanton.' 'Where?' I inquired; and then she went on to say that she saw me in the cars on that day, and noticed everything that occurred, as she occupied the seat right behind you and Mr. Burleigh, and heard everything you said. Funny how things sometimes happen, isn't it?"

"Not so funny for poor Sam, though; he is feeling very much mortified about it."

"Did you come here to plead his cause then?" inquired May, quite petulantly.

"He looked at her for a moment, and then said:

"No; I would much rather plead my own; which he must have done most successfully, for Mrs. Cook happening to enter in a quiet way, about half an hour afterward, withdrew rather more quickly than she had gone in, and meeting her husband, said:

"I just interrupted a very interesting interview between May and Maddox."

"Indeed! what's the matter?"

"Well, the matter is that they are engaged, if I can judge from the affectionate tableau they presented."

"I am glad of it, for Maddox is a very fine young man."

Sam Burleigh felt his disappointment most keenly for a while, but he finally acknowledged that it was a just punishment for his churlishness.

Moral—Young men should always be polite to old ladies, for old ladies are very much inclined to have pretty granddaughters.

Alaska is found to produce something besides fish, seals and icebergs after all! A vessel has arrived in San Francisco with a cargo of fossil ivory from the prized domain. So far as explored the banks of the streams of Alaska are said to abound with fossil ivory. The marshes adjacent are reported to be full of bones and tusks of ancient elephants, many sticking out of the mud like stumps. A member of the Alaska Fur Company affirms that there is ivory enough on the Yukon river, to supply the commerce of the world for one hundred years.

A million and a half of the inhabitants of Germany are able to read English.