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Editorial.

The Finances.

Mr. Edward Atkinson, of Boston, the keenest and most observant analyst of the national finances who has just published his views, has a letter to the New York Evening Post, of the 24th, which is of very general interest. It shows that of the \$4,000,000,000 which the war cost, we have already paid \$1,515,000,000, and that we have reason to take courage from what we have done, and go on to the speedy payment of the last dollar of our national debt.

During Buchanan's administration, and under the beneficent regime of Howell Cobb, also a distinguished financier, the public debt was augmented from \$29,000,000, to \$60,000,000 in a time of profound peace; or at least, when there was nobody to fight except the free-soil men of Kansas. Indeed, during Mr. Lincoln's administration, war broke out, and in the shock of the great disaster, the revenue sank down to only \$5,000,000 for the quarter ending June 30, 1861. We recollect, ourselves, the disheartening sensation we felt, when in May 1861, Mr. Hamilton, the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, said to us: "The government is spending a million dollars a day. Its revenues are hardly two million a month."

Mr. Atkinson, deriving his statistics entirely from official sources, says that the total revenue of the United States from April 1, 1861, to June 30, 1868, being seven and a quarter years of active war, or of quasi peace, has been as follows:

From internal revenue.....	\$1,125,100,488
From duties on imports.....	1,015,145,125
From land sales.....	5,145,215
From direct taxes.....	12,831,045
Miscellaneous, being premium on sale of gold, sale of captured or abandoned property, and sales of surplus material of war.....	241,467,572
Total in gold and currency.....	\$2,219,542,466
On June 30, we owed \$2,111,000,000	
Deduct bonds advanced to the public.....	2,000,000,000
Total expenditures made necessary in 7 1/4 years in consequence of the rebellion of Southern Democrats \$4,898,540,488	

From this total of expenditures, Mr. Atkinson says it is right to deduct a sum which will fairly represent what the cost of the government would have been, had there been no war. If we take as our basis the extravagant expenses of the last Democratic administration of James Buchanan, when all the preparations for rebellion were being made at our cost, we shall find that an allowance of about \$700,000,000 will be ample to cover all possible peace expenses, had there been only peace expenditures to be made under the honest administration of Abraham Lincoln during the last seven years. The result will stand:

Total expenditure 7 1/4 years.....	\$4,898,540,488
Allowed for peace expenditures say.....	\$690,540,488
Actual cost of the war.....	\$4,208,000,000
But we owed on June 30, 1861, \$2,111,000,000	
It follows that we have actually raised by taxation, and paid towards the cost of the war, the sum of.....	\$1,515,000,000

besides paying all peace expenses. The gist of all this is, the Republican financial policy has been able to pay off and wipe out three-fourths of the whole cost over the seven years of war and semi-war. The Republicans do not come before the people with any faint pretences. The people have been heavily taxed; and are still subject to considerable burdens. There is a great debt still remaining. Our system of collection of the revenue is acknowledged to be imperfect; and there has been much flagrant dishonesty among officials, who prove unworthy of their trust. Frankly admitting all this, the Republicans are still able to show that as soon as the war ceased the reduction of the debt began. Peace under Republicanism lessened our burden. Under Buchanan it doubled them. Yet the heavy taxation which was thought necessary at the close of the war has been removed. The burdens upon productive industry have been taken off. It is not contemplated, nor intended, that our revenues now will be as large by \$170,000,000 as they were in 1865. Yet it is contemplated that every dollar of this debt shall be paid as it accrues, in gold or its equivalent. Here is the broadest distinction between the two political parties, so far as finances is concerned. The Democrats, pretending to be appalled at the magnitude of the burden their crimes have thrown upon our shoulders, propose to relieve us by something equivalent to repudiation. The Republicans assert that the debt must be paid, dollar for dollar, principal and interest, without flinching, and propose to fight it out on that line if it takes half a century. They rely upon the honesty and honor of the American people. The Democrats appeal to the selfish, fraudulent element in human nature. The election in November will show, among other things, which party makes the best estimate of the American character.

In the meantime, Mr. Seymour's appeal to his friends to "push the financial question," is having a most harmful effect. It has been pushed until every man who has a greenback knows that its final redemption depends upon the election of Grant. It has been pushed until the sources of Democratic electioneering funds have been reduced to the mere contributions of the office-holders and office-seekers. No capitalist will pay money for the sake of losing more money. The fear that we were repudiated has been the most powerful motive to most of this issue, has been dispelled by the courage and manliness of their publicists, who have not sought to blind the people, but to give them a full comprehension of their obligations, their duties, and their mighty resources. —Newark Daily.

Nasby.

The Reception of the News of the Maine Election in Kentucky—A Most Jolly Celebration and a Damp Time Generally at the Corners.

POST OFFICE CONFIDENTIAL ROADS, Sept. 20, 1868.

The glorious news of the Maine election reached the Corners promptly on the fourth day after it occurred. So anxious was we to have the earliest intelligence of the overthrow of the Abolitionists by the Pine-Tree State, that Bascom's mule was kept bridled and saddled, Issaker Gavitt's little brother, Jethro, onto him, at Seasideville, the nearest station to us for three days and nights. But as no train stop, then, unless there is a barrel of whiskey to roll off for Bascom; it was a long time before we could get a paper. That paper was finally thrown off to him, and he rode into the Corners wavin' it over his head in triumph. It was a World, but had it been a Tribune it would have made no difference. As the precious child came, all papers in the place were laid aside, and all eyes were turned to it. I opened it in feverish eagerness, and my sole delight as I saw the headlines.

"How is it," shrieked Dekin Program, Elder Pennibacker and Bascom in a breath.

"See them rosters! Observe them headlines! We have carried the State or coast!"

"Ror!" shouted the entire assemblage. "Three cheers!" said I, "for Maine."

The fiddle wove up Democracy her commensal merriment. Maine has succumbed; let the other States do as well and Seymour is elected. Three cheers for Maine!"

They gave them with a will and then demanded the partitakers.

"I will read," says I. "Listen."

"We have the pleasure of announcing to our readers the most glorious victory ever achieved by the Democracy in any State."

"Ror!" sung they out altogether.

"Maine has carried the State by 23,000 majority at least, and who had based their hopes thereupon have bin—"

"Ror!"

"Disappointed. After a hard-fought battle in which money was yoked without stint, they have—"

"Ror!"

"CARRIED THE STATE BY ONLY 22,000!"

The vast audience by this time gathered, didn't cheer at this. On the contrary, there was a most ominous silence pervading them, which I acknowledge affected me.

"Is this really and truly a victory?" asked the Deekin in a husky whisper.

"So the paper says," returned I.

"How much did they carry the State by last fall?" asked he burstin into tears.

"Eleven thousand and some odd hundreds," replied I, wipin my eyes in a vain attempt to restrain the tears which started unbidden.

"If we keep on gainin at the same rate in Ohio, Indiana and Pennsylvania, will it certainly elect Seymour?" asked the blessed old lamb.

"So the World says!" said I.

"Then let's jolly!" said he, and proceeded to do it.

A procession was formed, and a more glorious one it has never been my lot to ornament. It was organized in the following order:

1. The Deekin and me with handkerchiefs at our eyes, weepin profusely.

2. Military band consistin of one bass drum playin the D-d march in Saul, the performer okkeppin one hand with his handkerchief, and the other a holdin up the drum in consequence of the strap bein in yooce as a circle on Bascom's mule.

3. Bascom with a handkerchief at his eyes engaged in calculation of I keep on payin my like bill at his bar at the same rate the Democracy had won victory in Maine, how long he could stand it if my stumick held out.

4. Elder Pennibacker and Issaker Gavitt both with handkerchiefs.

5. Capt. McPeltor and Elder Punt, with handkerchiefs.

6. The populis generally, with handkerchiefs.

7. Joe Bigler and Pollock, the Illinois storekeeper, arm in arm, without handkerchiefs, and wearin a most disgustin expression of levity on their countenances.

8. A dozen or more niggers, all with handkerchiefs—in their pockets—and showin their ivories furiously.

This cheerful procession reached the church, which it entered, all the members thereof holdin their heads down jubly, captin Pollock, Bigler and the niggers.

We marched slowly up the aisles, I taking the choir without the formality of a vote.

After settin decorously for perhaps three minutes, each with his head bowed in high gloom onto the seat afore him, Dekin Program arose, and wipin his eyes, remarked that the occasion was one of great exultation; that we had heard from Maine (povish cheers from the awjence), and we had gathered together to jolly thereover. He moved, therefore, that we jolly and so moved, overcomin with his eloquence.

Another interval of three minutes elapsed, which was spent by the populis in the most exultant merriment with their heads bowed. Elder Pennibacker then arose, and puttin his damp handkerchief in his pocket, blithely asked if it wouldn't be well to read the vote by counties.

Issaker Gavitt, upfraid his handkerchief on the back of the seat afore him to dry, and with a blase-out-tell in his place, vicedly observed that it would lighten the interest in the occasion if the said vote were compared with the vote of the previous years, and he asked down jubly, his eyes suffused with tears.

Bascom, with an animation born of high hopes, remarked that the result would doubtless be an effort upon Ohio and New York.

At which the awjence, as was man sprightly exclaimed, "God forbid!"

After settin in cheerful, buoyant silence for perhaps ten minutes, Dekin Program moved that as we had jollyed long enough, perhaps it would be well to adjourn, at which the awjence moved with decorous slowness out of the church, and went to his own home peacefully and without any uv that levity and noisiveness which has marked other occasions of the kind. Bascom remembered at a little past ten, as him, Program and me set in his bar, that we had forgotten in our excitement to give any cheers for Seymour and Blane, but it was too late to get me together again, and so we let it go.

I posit, however, as I passed Pollock's store, that a party gathered there felt well. Bigler, Pollock, the free niggers, uv the Corners and a parcel of Northern men who had settled on the Run west uv the town, had gathered together, and their cheers for Grant and their hip, hip, hurrahs for Major Grant, had broken out with the menaces, poor, dear, little fellow. So you will have to go house-hunting."

"Why, yes," said Mrs. Trent, with a gleam of malice in her eyes. "It's the easiest thing in the world, you know!"

"But I haven't time, my dear."

"Oh, it needs't take you any time at all—just look at the common sense of the thing."

"Argumentum ad hominem is very poor logic, Sarah," said Mr. Trent, loftily; his wife smiled.

"Here is my list of houses for to-day—suppose you take it, and see what you can do," she said. "I am discouraged as I told you before."

Mr. Trent took the list, unwillingly enough.

"I ought not to steal the time from my business, that's a fact; but I suppose I shall have to. At all events, I shall spend as little time about it as possible. Women are perpetually doubting, considering and wondering if they can't do better. I shall decide the matter at once."

"And I shall be very glad to have it decided," said his wife. Mr. Trent thought there was an accent of satire in her voice, but he judged best to take no notice of it.

Thus, armed with a list of "highly eligible residences," Mr. Joseph Trent went forth, conquering and to conquer!

It was a bright June morning, with hazy glimpses of blue sky, and sudden bits of sweeping shadow—just such a morning as makes one reflect on the infinite superiority of little nooks and cottages on the line of a railroad, somewhere. But Mr. Trent was deceived by no such visionary temptations—he went straight ahead, according to his list, neither looking to the right nor to the left.

"No—street; here we are," he said to himself. "A desirable house, no doubt—if there wasn't a stable on one side and a distillery on the other. I don't think agents should be allowed to represent things so glaringly!"

And Mr. Trent passed on, with his nose in the air.

"No. 10—Place—a nice looking little house. I think Sarah would like this."

Mr. Trent rang the bell, and looked benevolently down on the lady who answered it—a slipshod matron, with faded hair, twisted up very tight behind, and a shawl hurriedly assumed to hide maternal derangement.

"Can I see this house, madam?"

"It's early," said the lady, "but I suppose you can."

She led the way, listlessly.

"The bath-room pipes leak, eh? said our hero going a discolored spot, as if the parlor ceiling had a violent attack of erysipelas.

"Yes, they do leak!"

"And it seems—there's a dampness in the air. Collar's deficient, eh?"

"The cellar are damp."

"The paper-hangings are very bad—the point is fairly brown."

"Yes, the house is out of order."

"Will the landlord make repairs?"

"Don't know."

"What is the rent of this house?"

"I really can't say."

"How long has it been built?"

"I have no idea."

"I wonder if the woman knows anything at all," said Mr. Trent to himself, as he indignantly took his departure. "I wouldn't have that many little holes if I were to be paid for it."

"No." —street, came next upon the list. Not discouraged, Mr. Trent bodily applied.

"Can I see this house?"

"No, you can't," returned an Irish maid.

"Why not?"

"Cause 'aint hours."

"Yes, but—"

"There's no use talking," said the girl, gradually decreasing the size of the crack in the door, through which she gave him audience. "Missus says she won't show the house until after twelve o'clock."

And she shut the door emphatically.

The next house was large, airy and pleasant. Mr. Trent liked its appearance.

"What's the rent?" he asked of a fat sprawling old lady, in silver spectacles, who had escorted him round the premises.

"Well, said the matron, 'rents ain't as they used to be. When I was first married—that was in 18—, the year of the great Cholera, you know. Deary me! what a panic that was! and I never saw that charcoal and sulphur three times a day did any good; though to be sure, the allopathic physician—"

"Yes, madam, I know. But when could you give possession?"

"Well, as to that, my nephew Isaac—he is in the dry-laying—maybe you've heard of the firm, Denny & Dickerman—they've been established twelve years in one place; and though I say it as shouldn't say it—"

"Exactly so; but you did not mention the rent."

"Didn't I? Well now, it beats all! How forgetful I'm getting. It was only yesterday I went down the cellar to open the windows—cellars must be aired, you know, sir—and my poor dear husband—he died ten years ago, some the first of August, and the doctors never could fairly tell what ailed him, for—"

"Madam, really," interposed Mr. Trent "my time is limited, and—"

"Yes, yes; I was just going to tell you," resumed the complacent old lady; "but you don't give me a chance to get a word in edgewise. The house ain't to let!"

"Not to let?"

"No. I'm just going to send Mary out to take down the bill. We've concluded to stay here."

"But, Madam, why couldn't you have said so at first?"

"Well, I hate to be disoblige," and you seemed to want to see the house."

Mr. Trent stifled a very unamiable expletive between his teeth, turned on his heel, and rushed down stairs with an energy that made the old lady tremble for her new stair-carpeting.

The next house was well located, commodious and in line repair. Mr. Trent liked the looks of it. In imagination he already saw himself and Sarah dispensing its hospitalities to admiring friends.

"What is the rent?" he asked, eagerly.

"Twelve hundred dollars a year!"

Mr. Trent retreated so rapidly that he fell over the puddle dog, and seriously endangered the calves of his legs!"

"Perfectly exhorbitant!" he muttered, as he sallied into the open street, and once more consulted his list.

House after house were examined and rejected—when one circumstance met his views another didn't—when price was right location was wrong—and Mr. Trent's bones waxed weary, and his tired feet began to blister, as the sun descended lower and lower in the heavens.

"I'll try the last place," said our friend dejectedly, "and then I'll see house-hunting in Jericho before I do any more of it!"

(He would probably have arrived at this conclusion some time ago had it not been for a sneaking recollection of that expression in his wife's face, as she bade him good bye that morning.)

The servant "didn't know about the house," she'd call missus, and "missus," accordingly made her appearance; a withered little lady, like a limp bundle of faded straw, with rough cheeks, and a profusion of short pipe-stemmy curls, which quivered paralytically at every motion of her head.

"Why, it's Joseph Trent!" cried this female, clasping her hands spasmodically; and Mr. Trent to his dismay rather than satisfaction, recognized the damsel to whom he had addressed his first copy of verses, and sent his earliest Valentine—Miss Rhodantho Day!

She extended both her hands engagingly—and Trent could not but take them, however ungraciously.

"So sweet to renew the ties of earlier days," she murmured, softly.

"Of course—exactly," stammered our hero, wondering how he could ever have seen anything to admire in those glassy blue eyes and pinched features. "I understand this house is to let."

Miss Day came down to sublunary consideration at this; it was to let, and was her own property.

"The remnant of poor papa's once extensive possessions," she sighed. "Ah, how we all change!"

She had changed, at all events! at least so thought Mr. Trent.

It was a handsome house, well arranged, and Mr. Trent approved of its appearance.

"What's the rent?"

"Still the same straightforward creature as ever!" laughed Miss Rhodantho venturing in maiden shyness, to tap him archly on the arm. "And yet how natural in us all to sigh for the sweet ties of home! The rent to you, would be—dear me, how embarrassing to be obliged thus to mingle the tide of one's holier emotions with the common place dross of business relations—"

"Ahem—yes—the rent would be—"

"Perhaps I had better state first," fluttered Miss Rhodantho with downcast looks, "that you know it is Leap Year, Joseph; and I trust you will not deem it unmanly that I speak with more openness than I should otherwise venture to use—"

"Certainly not," said our puzzled hero; "but about the rent—"

"Yes, I was about to remark that I had never ceased to regret the coolness with which I repulsed your—your attentions in days long gone by, and—it is not yet too late—the rent to you would be merely nominal, and—"

"Yes," interrupted Mr. Trent, beginning to feel a little nervous; "I think you would find us good tenants. Our family is small, and my wife—"

Miss Rhodantho recoiled as if she had been shot.

"Your wife? Then you are married?"

"Certainly, I am married."

"That alters matters entirely," Miss Rhodantho was obviously struggling with some hysterical affection. "I don't let my house to miscellaneous trash, sir! I'm surprised at your audacity in venturing to ask it! A family of children and a wife, caring my house to pieces. No, sir—certainly not! You will find the door at the foot of yonder flight of stairs, sir!"

And Miss Rhodantho contrived until the curl quivered like a grove of trees in a tempest. Mr. Trent, confounded and most alarmed, retreated without the loss of time; there was that in the spasmodic motion of Miss Day's fair finger while that boded mischief. And not until he crossed the threshold of his own door, did he feel quite safe.

"Well, my dear, what luck?" demanded Mrs. Trent. "Of course you've taken a house!"

"Not exactly my dear," said Joseph, frowning a large indifference. "The fact is—that is, it really appears to me, we couldn't do better than retain this house. The probability is as very bad, and—"

"The landlord has been here this morning, and says he shall raise the rent one hundred dollars a year!"

"No matter," I'll take it for another year! My dear," said Mr. Trent, pitiously, "I'd live under an umbrella sooner than spend another day in house-hunting!"

"Didn't I tell you so?" retorted his wife.

"Let's have dinner, my dear," said Mr. Trent.

And he hunted houses no more!

"Give Me a Violet!"

In a darkened attic-room. Where the shadows and the gloom seem to whisper of the tomb, Sit a woman wondrous fair, Sunlight in her golden hair.

"Give me a violet!" she cries. "A violet?" the air replies; And she looks down with weird surprise. Then the tears fall softly down On the faded, tattered gown.

None to give me a violet now; No dear kiss on my burning brow; Nothing but toil, and tears, and woe. —From the work of a poet.

And women toil, and strive, and die. Away from the city's dust and whirl A little brook, with loving purr, Sings softly as the wavelets curl. Singing to the waves of the sea, Under her golden hair it clings. Under her feet she throws them down, While violets lovingly nestle there.

"Give me a violet!" she sings, Lightly a blue-eyed one he brings, And in her golden hair it clings. Under her feet she throws them down, While violets lovingly nestle there.

"Always thus," he says, "my own." Years have parted the lovers now, One in the attic room must bow; One where the sunbeams gleam. Where, with his gentle and restless pride, He never will know how his darling died.

Nenth a lonely grave in a pauper's ground, Where only cloud-tears fall on the mound, And the only sight is the white wreath of Spring, this day of Spring so fair, While violets lovingly nestle there.

[From the Newark Advertiser.]

Horrible Murder in Aspinwall.

The Panama Herald of the 28th ultimo gives the particulars of a horrible murder perpetrated at Aspinwall on the 28th, Mr. Wm. Parker, Superintendent of the Panama Railroad, and brother of Cortlandt Parker, Esq., of this city, being the victim, and Mr. J. L. Baldwin, the assassin.

It appears that Baldwin although placed in a high position on the road had become strangely possessed with an idea that he was entitled to Parker's place, and this idea appeared to have worked so much on his mind as to become a monomania with him and caused him to feel the deadliest enmity to Mr. Parker, who, notwithstanding, always treated him with the greatest consideration and kindness. Recently the Superintendent's health became so feeble that he resolved to make a trip to San Francisco, and his wife and daughter had already arrived on the Isthmus to accompany him on the steamer which left on the 25th inst. But it was not to be. About seven o'clock on the morning of the 28th, Baldwin and other employees of the Railroad were standing on the balcony of Mr. Parker's office, conversing about some business matter, Mr. Parker at the time sitting at his desk inside, just behind the balcony door. The usual morning salutations had been exchanged, and everything was going on in the most friendly manner when Baldwin, without speaking a word, stepped inside the office, went up close to Mr. Parker, drew his revolver and deliberately shot him—the ball entering the right side, breaking the seventh rib, passed through the lungs and heart, broke a rib on the left side and lodged in the ligaments under the skin. The wounded man then rose from his chair, when Baldwin again fired, breaking his arm; he then applied the pistol to his own ear and discharged the contents, the ball lodging in the brain, and fell senseless to the floor. Mr. Parker lived about twenty-five minutes but was not able to speak. The assassin soon recovered his senses and was conveyed to the hospital, where he was at last accounts, with very slight hopes of recovery. Mr. Parker's last words were, "He has shot me, he has shot me." Baldwin expresses no regret whatever for the act he has committed. The murder baserated the greatest excitement on the Isthmus, and the funeral of the murdered man was attended by an unusual cortege, composed of the leading native and foreign citizens, among whom were the President of the State, the consuls of foreign nations, &c.

Mr. Wm. Parker, the deceased, was the eldest son of the late Hon. James Parker, and a brother, as before said, of Cortlandt Parker, Esq. He was in the sixty-first year of his age, and was a gentleman of the very highest character. His career had been one of great activity and of large service to some of the great enterprises of the country. After being well educated, he early became engineer on the Morris Canal, being stationed most of the time at Bloomsfield, where he was warmly esteemed by all who knew him. Removing thence he was for a time connected with the Janata Canal, subsequently going to Georgia, where he built a railroad. This completed he went to Massachusetts, where he built the Boston and Worcester Railroad, one of the best in the country, of which he was made first superintendent. Some time later he was called and accepted the Superintendency of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, in which position he remained for five years, displaying great executive capacity, and winning the esteem of all with whom he was associated. So cordial was the feeling towards him that when he left the road its employees united in presenting him a service of silver, handsomely elaborated, valued at some \$1,000. He soon became President of the Boston and Lowell Railroad, but relinquished the entire management to serve as consulting Engineer. Subsequently he had charge of the Water Works in Jersey City, but about 1858, being invited to take charge of the Panama Railroad, accepted the trust, and retained it until the hour of his death. The Panama Herald says in its account of his marriage:

Mr. Parker has been for several years Superintendent of the Railroad, and was at the time of his death nearly sixty years of age. He was a man, advanced in life, being about sixty years of age, which, together with his mild, inoffensive disposition, for no kinder-hearted man ever lived, and his invariably gentlemanly bearing, had gained for him the respect of all who knew him. For weeks past he had been in exceedingly delicate health, brought on principally by the immense amount of mental labor his various duties required of him, and his constitution had been so much broken down that he was about to leave on the Golden Gate for San Francisco to recuperate, his wife having been away for the purpose of accompanying him on the trip. His sad and untimely fate is deeply felt by every person connected with the Panama Railroad, and his bereaved family have the sympathy of our entire community in their great affliction. James was the oldest of the Civil Engineers connected with the construction of the Panama Railroad. He first came to this Isthmus in 1848, and was engaged throughout in the original surveys under Stevens and Trautwine, and in the building of the road up to the time of its completion. James was then returned to New York and came out again about ten months ago to resume his position as Chief Engineer. For some reason he appears to have entertained a bitter feeling against Mr. Parker for a length of time past, and has been frequently heard to threaten him with his gun and the influence of liquor. Lately he had been seen in these expressions, but little notice was taken of his remarks as he was sequestered, when he gave utterance to them. For the past fortnight he indulged unusually freely in liquor, and was scarcely a day in his right mind. He should presume, during that period, could have been easily managed, and could be guilty of it. In his singular, unbalanced, and unkind heart; but when in liquor he has been frequently heard to say that he would rather die than live, and was at times both offensive in his language and uncontrollable in his temper.

A WESTERN SERMON.—The following unique discourse was delivered to a congregation of Saints, at Salt Lake, by a notable, who had labored in one of our new Territories:

