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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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### POETRY.

#### The Departing Year.

Orphan hours, the year is dead,  
Come and sigh, come and weep!  
Merry hours, smile instead,  
For the year is but asleep.  
See it smiles as it is sleeping,  
Mocking you untimely weeping.  
As an earthquake rocks a coast  
In its coffin in the clay,  
So wild Winter, that rough nurse,  
Rocks the death-bound year to-day;  
Solemn hours! wait alone  
For your mother in her shroud.  
As the wild air swirls and sways  
The tree swags cradle of a child,  
So the breath of these rude days  
Rocks the year—be calm and mild,  
Trembling hours, she will arise  
With new love within her eyes.  
January grey is here,  
Like a sexton by her grave;  
February bears the bier,  
March with her grief doth howl and rave,  
And April weeps—Patience, O ye hours,  
Follow with May's fairest flowers!

#### Crooked Rhymes on a Corkscrew.

This strip of steel  
Of plain construction,  
Seems not to feel  
How much it hath done  
Over the Earth and under the Sun  
For man's destruction.  
Not the invention  
Of powder, or pills,  
With vile intention  
Hath helped the cause  
Of man's stem enemy, Patient Mors,  
With his train of ill.  
So much as this  
Small twisted wire;  
A curse it is,  
But being of steel,  
'Twere vain to throw it—no pain 't would feel—  
Into the fire.  
It's way through life  
Is a struggle, truly,  
And constant strife;  
So is yours and mine,  
Yet, unlike us it doesn't repine,  
But labor duly.  
Its end is gained  
By devious ways;  
Off are attained  
By similar means  
(For to success still Charity leans)  
Many ends we praise.  
Appense it earns  
In full despite  
Of its twists and turns;  
Even its enemies say  
That it always turns—let it twist as it may,  
Still to the right.

### TRIFLES.

THE fact that Mr. Lincoln is six feet four inches in height, is fully conclusive that the Republican standard will not be lowered in his hands.

"FIGURES won't lie," is an old and homely expression; but few men can look on a fashionable woman's figure now-a-days, and say as much.

It is the saying of an anonymous philosopher that no man can declare himself entirely a fool until he has been married.

LET the youth who stands at the bar, with a glass of liquor in his hand, consider which he had better throw away—the liquor or himself.

AN Irishman being told that a newly invented stove would save just half of his usual fuel, replied, "Arrah, thin I'll have two and save it all, my jewel."

"I SHALL never get out of this scrape alive," as the hog said when they were rubbing the bristles off his back with clam shells and scalding water.

VALUE the friendship of him who stands by you in storm; swarms of insects will surround you in the sunshine.

MANY women when walking in the streets seem very angry if they are gazed at, and sadly disappointed if they are not.

THE government of French Guiana has imposed a tax on a license to dance. This puts taxation on a new footing.

MOST women laugh too much. It is only a comb that can always afford to show its teeth.

MEX. like books, have at each end a blank leaf—childhood and old age.  
Those who live to benefit others are the happiest of mortals.

#### A Touch of Nature makes the World Kin.

On board the steamer *Ocean*, between Cleveland and Detroit, a circumstance lately occurred, which is pleasantly told by a correspondent of the *Cleveland Herald*.

A young girl, apparently about seventeen years of age, was sitting on a pile of cheese-boxes with her two little brothers, aged eleven and thirteen years. They were orphans, going home from Alleghany, Pennsylvania, to Michigan, where they expected to find a home with an uncle.

After having purchased second-class tickets for the three, the girl had spread her old quilt on the pile of cheese-boxes, and prepared to pass the night in quietude. She had hardly arranged her nest, however, before she was accidentally discovered by a second-class passenger, a tall young man of twenty-three years, who had loved her in secret almost from her infancy, and who, for the last two years, had been rafting lumber on the Ohio river. Having acquired about two hundred dollars in hard currency, he came to Cleveland on the 19th, to participate in the celebration, when, as he expressed it, "some mean cuss had picked his pocket of every darned cent but four dollars."

Being unable to find the thief or the money, he had started for the West with the determination to hire out on a farm. To his surprise and joy he found himself on board the same vessel with the object of his heart's affections.

Sliding up to her he exclaimed: "Why, Cynthia Ann! Why, how do you dew? I didn't hardly know you! Why, how you have grown! Where are you going?"

"I'm going to uncle's in Michigan," was the feeble reply. "You knew mother was dead, didn't you?"

"Why no?" and his voice softened. "When did she die, Cynthia Ann?"

"She died last January! Uncle wrote to me that if I'd come up there he'd give me and the boys a home."

"Cynthia Ann!" and the young man's voice trembled—"there ain't no man'll be so glad to give you a home as I will! I've allers thought a heap of you! I told your mother, when you wasn't mor'n so high, that when you grew up I was agoin' to have you. Now Cynthia Ann, just say the word and you're to him now."

"What'll become of the boys?" inquired the agitated maiden.

"I'll go with you and leave 'em at your uncle's, and then we'll go west and hire out this fall and winter, and then next spring we'll buy a small farm and live to him!"

The girl gave a warm sigh of acceptance, leaned her head against the honest breast of the hardy youth, as much as to say, if you want anything take it.

The man snatched a kiss from her ripe, ruby lips, sprang down from the cheese box and exclaimed, "If there's a minister or justice of the peace on this boat I've got a job for him!"

"I'm a justice of the peace," remarked a venerable looking old man from New York, "recount the cheese-boxes, and you shall be a married man in five minutes."

"Well, hold on squire! I haint got no money, but I'll give you an all-fired good ax."

"Never mind about the pay," said the worthy squire, "I'll take my pay in seeing you happy."

The fellow recounted the pile of cheese, clasped the hand of his dearly beloved, and in three minutes the ceremony was performed. He had entered into a new existence. Kissing his little bride once on her ready lips, he seated himself on a big cheese, and commenced, no doubt for the first time, to realize what he had done.

Starting up suddenly he exclaimed, half aloud to himself, "Well, by hokey, this is a pretty hard way of passing the first night!"

The bride blushing replied—"Never mind, John, we are just as happy as if we were rich. Come, sit down."

But John had an idea, and he was bound to put it in operation. Going to his pile of baggage, consisting of one large sack, containing a change of shirts, socks, neckerchief, and old boots, he took from the leg of one of the boots, an excellent ax, and walking up to the clerk's office he exclaimed:

"I say, look e here, Cap'n, I've paid for a deck passage, but I want a bed for myself and wi—self and woman. I haint got no money, but here is an all-fired good ax."

The gentleman in the office replied that the clerk had stepped out, but would return in a few moments; whereupon the man went back to the boxes to look at his precious treasure. Having our sympathies aroused, we hastily ran around among the passen-

gers, told the story, and took up a collection to procure a state room for the young couple. To the credit of our lady passengers, they were the most liberal in their donations, and in less than ten minutes we had collected \$14 92.

Presenting this sum to the agreeably surprised young man, we informed him that he could now procure a state-room with two beds—one for himself and wife, the other for the boys. Thanking us with big watery eyes, he rushed to the clerk's office, where he was met by Captain Evans, agent of the line, Capt. Pierce, commander of the boat, and Mr. Carter, the clerk.

Capt. Pierce exclaimed: "Here my good fellow, here's a ticket for yourself and wife to go to Chicago. Get west as fast as you can; go to work on a farm, and look out for land-harks."

Capt. Evans pulled out a glittering coin and said—"Here's five dollars, keep yourself in good condition, and—" here the worthy Captain forgot his speech, and ran off laughing.

The Clerk, Mr. Carter, handed the man a key, and said, "You are welcome to one of the best state-rooms on the boat. It has two beds—one for yourself and wife, the other for the boys."

Capt. Evans having returned exclaimed, "Give the boys another room! They haint no business there. They haint no business in—" here he broke down with laughter again, and hurried away to give orders on the boat. The couple now retired to their sumptuous apartment, as happy as mortals are allowed to be on this earth, and the passengers gathered together to praise the liberality of all concerned, and the comical oddity of Capt. Evans.

#### Diphtheria and its Cure.

This singular disease, which has thus far seemed to baffle the skill of our best physicians, (says the *Cincinnati Press*) has become so prevalent and has been so generally fatal, that any suggestion in regard to its cure will hardly prove uninteresting. Its causes are not known, and therefore all treatment heretofore has been merely experimental; but its pathognomonic symptoms are so diversified and dissimilar that in many instances the throat of the patient closes, and he dies before his disease has been discovered. The diagnostic from which it is known from other complaints of the throat is the formation of a membrane, which increases gradually until the patient is literally strangled to death.

It is sometimes accompanied by ulceration and extreme prostration of the entire system, and at others by neither of these symptoms, yet in either case it is equally fatal. To arrest the formation of this membrane would therefore seem equivalent to curing the disease, and this, in most instances, may be done in the following manner:—In the early stages of the complaint, which is always accompanied by a soreness and swelling of the throat, let the patient use a simple solution of salt and water, as a gargle, every fifteen minutes. At the same time moisten a piece of flannel with a solution of the same kind, made as warm as the patient can bear it, and bind it around his throat, renewing it as often as the gargle is administered, and in the meanwhile sprinkling fine salt between the flannel and the neck. Use inwardly some tonic or stimulant, either separately, or if the prostration be great, use both together.

The treatment, as may be seen, is extremely simple, and if used in the earlier stages of the disease will effect a complete cure.

HOW CARROTS AFFECT HORSES.—The carrot is most esteemed of all roots for feeding qualities. When analyzed it gives but little more solid matter than most other roots, eighty-five per cent being water; but its influence in the stomach upon other articles of food is most favorable, conducing to the most perfect digestion and assimilation.

This result, being known to practical men, is explained by chemists as resulting from the presence of a substance called pectine, which operates to coagulate or gelatine vegetable solutions, and favors this digestion in cattle.

Horses are especially benefitted by the use of carrots. They should be fed on them frequently with other food.

If fodder of inferior quality, for instance straw or other kinds, soaked and blanched by rain and sun, cured too late, or becomes woody, it may be rendered more palatable and easy of digestion by being salted. A pound of salt in three quarts of water is required for a quintal of hay.

A telescope of extraordinary power is in course of erection at the Paris Observatory. It is said to have a magnifying power of 2,000.

#### Picture of the Royal Family.

Rev. H. Baylies, who is writing a series of letters from England to the *Zion's Herald*, draws the following picture of Queen Victoria and the royal family, which differs materially from the rose-colored portraits that are generally presented of her Majesty. The picture was taken at the Ascot Races. It is well the artist delayed drawing it until after he was off of British soil. He says:

"Having been disappointed by a slow train in reaching the place in season to see the Queen and her husband and children enter, I determined to get as near her Majesty as possible, and succeeded in getting into a small enclosure just in front of her stand, which enclosure, I have reason to think from a notice, was designed only for the members of the Jockey Club. It was a very good place, however, and for an hour or two I had the most favorable opportunity of looking at and quizzing the Queen, Prince Albert, Prince of Wales, Princesses Alice Helen and Louise, together with her Royal Highness, the Duchess of Cambridge, the Count of Flanders, Prince Louis of Hesse; in all, eleven carriage loads of royalty and nobility.

Prince Albert is a good, wide awake, sensible looking man, familiar and easy, and fit for a husband to a queen, which he is, and only is. Prince of Wales is about 18, of light complexion and rather spare; looks like a fair, sensible senior in college, and will graduate at Oxford sometime in June. The Princesses resemble very strongly the Prince of Wales, and are not especially noticeable for beauty; indeed, I should not have looked at them a single minute were they not daughters of the throne. As to the other persons, I saw nothing that would attract attention. There were a thousand on the field better looking, and to all appearances equally sensible. I suppose it does not require much sense to patronize horse racing, does it? Well, what of the Queen? I am not in England, so I may speak. Understand, I was within from twenty to sixty feet of her more than hour, looking with my own natural eyes, and with the same eyes assisted by powerful eye-glasses which I borrowed. Let me say then as I think.

Before I express my thoughts, however, let me remind you that very recently the Queen refused to sit for a likeness to an American artist, because she said her time is fully employed. That is not the reason as you will guess. Queen Victoria is doubtless the mother of several children, and is said to be an excellent wife, mother and woman, which is likewise doubtless; but she is not handsome, as some of her portraits represent her; she is not good looking even, according to my taste. That kissable little mouth you have seen in her portraits was borrowed, for it is not in her face. Her mouth is rather drawn at the corners, and arched in the middle. Her complexion is that I have named for her children, but her skin looks blotched and unhealthy. I especially watched her manners in her conversation and her movements among the family and visiting Royalty, and I must say she was entirely wanting in what is termed grace, and was certainly very far from appearing queenly according to the conventional meaning of that word. When she bowed in response to the hearty cheers of her royal subjects, there was a look of the disdainful attached to a stiff and cheerless motion of the head. I was for a moment within ten feet of her, and noticed the same expression.

Speaking with an Englishman in Paris about her, the other day, he remarked "O, she does very well for a queen to fill the throne; she makes a good mother and wife, and that is about all." More than once I heard this sentiment expressed. The portraits you see are portraits of the conventional Queen, and not the real.

If there is a heaven on earth, it is on a soft couch by your fire-side, with your wife on one side and smiling baby on the other; a clear conscience, and a dozen cigars.—*Exchange*.

If a man upon his couch, with his wife on one side and a baby on the other, passes his time in smoking cigars, he may perhaps fancy himself in a "heaven on earth," but we don't think the wife and baby would be likely to indulge in such delicious fancies.

I think, wife, that you have a great many ways of calling me a fool.

I think, husband, that you have a great many ways of being one.

Flowers are the alphabet of angels, wherewith they write on hills and plains mysterious truths.

#### Everett's Washington.

We take the following extracts from advance sheets of the *Life of Washington*, by Edward Everett, published by Sheldon & Co., New York.

"It may be mentioned as a somewhat striking fact, and one I believe not hitherto adverted to, that the families of Washington and Franklin—the former the great leader of the American Revolution, the latter not second to any of his patriotic associates,—were established for several generations in the same central county of Northampton, and within a few miles of each other; the Washingtons, at Brighton and Sulgrave, belonging to the landed gentry of the county, and in the great civil war supporting the royal side; the Franklins, at the village of Eaton, living on the produce of a farm of thirty acres, and the earnings of their trade as blacksmiths, and espousing—some of them at least, and the father and uncle of Benjamin Franklin among the number—the principles of the non-conformists. Their respective emigrations, germs of great events in history, took place—that of John Washington, the great-grandfather of George, in 1657, to loyal Virginia; that of Josiah Franklin, the father of Benjamin, about the year 1685, to the metropolis of Puritan New England."

"OUR PROGRESS.—In the first year of his administration, the President made a hasty tour through the Eastern States of the Union; and in the following spring he visited the Southern States,—on each occasion (it is mentioned as a trait of manners) traveling with his own carriage and horses. The United States at that time numbered a population of about four millions; the largest cities Philadelphia, Boston and New York, were then small towns; the great branches of industry were almost unknown; a small military force guarded the Indian frontier; there was not a single vessel nor a State government west of the Alleghanies. This state of things but ill sustains the comparison with that which we now behold in the American Union; thirty-three States, some of the largest in the basin of the Mississippi, and two on the Pacific Ocean, a population of thirty millions, a commercial tonnage inferior to that of England alone, if inferior even to that; a highly advanced condition of the great industrial pursuits; a respectable military and naval establishment; and creditable progress in science and literature. Yet, the United States, as Washington saw them on his tours in 1780 and 1790, presented such a contrast with the Colonies as he traversed them on his way to Boston in 1766 as was probably never brought within the experience of one man, and within so narrow a compass as thirty-three years."

#### Characteristics of Great Men.

Tasso's conversation was neither gay nor brilliant.—Dante was either taciturn or satirical.—Butler was sullen or biting.—Gray seldom talked or smiled.—Hogarth and Swift were very absent-minded in company.—Milton was unsociable and irritable when pressed into conversation.—Kilwin, though copious and eloquent in public address, was meagre and dull in colloquial discourse.—Virgil was heavy in conversation.—La Fontaine appeared heavy, coarse and stupid; he could not speak and describe what he had just seen; but when he wrote he was the model of poetry.—Chaucer's silence was more agreeable than his conversation.—Dryden's conversation was slow and dull, his humors saturnine and reserved.—Descartes was silent in mixed company.—Corneille, in conversation, was so insipid that he never failed of wearying. He did not even speak correctly that language of which he was such a master.—Ben Jonson used to sit silent in company and imbibe his wine and their humors.—Southey was stiff, sedate, and wrapped up in asceticism.—Addison was good company with intimate friends, but in mixed company was reserved and silent.—Junius was so modest he could scarcely speak upon the most common subject without a suffusion of blushes.—Fox, in conversation, never flagged, his animation and variety were inexhaustible.—Dr. Bentley was loquacious.—Grotius was very talkative.—Goldsmith wrote like an angel, and "talked like poor Poll."—Burke was eminently entertaining, enthusiastic and interesting in conversation.—Curran was a convivial deity, he soared into every region and was at home in all.—Dr. Birch dreaded a pen as he did a torpedo; but he could talk like running water.—Dr. Johnson wrote monotonously and ponderously, but in conversation his words were close and sinewy; and if his pistol missed fire, he knocked down his antagonist

with the butt end of it.—Coleridge, in conversation, was full of acuteness and originality.—Leigh Hunt has been well termed the philosopher of hopefulness, and likened to a pleasant stream of conversation.—Carlyle doubts, objects, and constantly demurs.—Fisher Ames was a powerful and effective orator, and not the less distinguished in the social circle. He possessed a fluent language, a vivid fancy, and a well-stored memory.—Stuart, the American painter, was remarkable for his conversational powers.—Edgar A. Poe, in conversation, was full of imagery and eloquence.

#### Making Envelopes.

The quantity of envelopes annually manufactured in the city of New York is upwards of five millions. Upwards of seven hundred thousand were manufactured in the month of September last. The *Courier and Enquirer* gives us the following information in relation to their manufacture:

A number of sheets, from three to five hundred according to the thickness of the paper, is placed on a board; a knife, in the shape of the envelope when the four "lappets" are opened is placed on the paper, and put under the "platen" of a press, which, by means of a crank, is brought down with immense force upon the knife, so as to cut through the whole mass of the paper, cutting 300,000 "blanks" daily. If the envelope are for any fancy purpose, they are embossed by a steam press. They are then taken to a stamping press, working in a similar manner to the working beam of an engine, except that the dies are fixed at the end of both rods, and work alternately at either side of the beam. By the press the name of the maker is stamped on the envelopes, and if any initial letter or design is to be imprinted, it is done by the steam process.

The gumming process which comes next, is done by girls, who "fan out" the blanks with folder, to separate them and then pass a brush dipped in gum along the whole line; thus with one stroke of the brush gumming perhaps a hundred. So rapid is this process that an active girl can gum over forty thousand per day.

They are now put out into racks to dry and are taken to the folding machines, which is an ingenious contrivance, and is attended by one girl. A pile of envelope blanks are put upon a shelf or table of the machine; "a jack," guided by means of iron pins, strikes alternately on a semi-dissolved piece of gum arabic, and the envelope, which, when gummed is carried along by the machine to the orifice over which the "plunger" is suspended. This die plate is made the size of the envelope, and when it strikes the blank, forces it to descend in a square form into the hole, when the four leaves as it were, immediately fold up, forming the envelope into the shape we see it.

The folded article now rises up again and is caught by a clip and carried along till it arrives at a roller, and is then pressed to fasten the gum more firmly. It then passes under another description of roller, to an apron or lathe band, where the machine counts off twenty-five. These the girls pick up and fasten around with a band, putting each banded packet into a box, until the requisite number to fill it are placed therein.

There are several special envelopes of various sizes and shapes used by different persons, that are of too insignificant a demand to pay for special machinery to make them. These have to be made by hand, and some of the girls who are rapid, can easily make from three to four thousand per day.

In a divorce case which the late Rufus Choate was once arguing against the probability of guilt, he said the parties "were playful, gentlemen of the jury, not guilty. After the morning toil, they sat down on the hay-mow for refreshment, not crime. There may have been a little youthful fondling—playful, not amorous. They only wished to soften the asperities of hay-making."

Women are not naturally funny. They range above or below it. They may be keen and witty, but not humorous. Nevertheless they are good creatures—some of them.

The French Emperor is reported to have purchased five superb Vermont horses, at a cost of \$1500 each. His stud of horses includes several Morgans purchased in this country.

During an examination, a medical student being asked the question, "When does mortification ensue?" replied, "When you pop the question and are answered no."