

# REVEREND

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## LOVE AND THE LILY.

As love one day was out at play,  
He met a blooming lily.  
And on its bosom he asked to lay  
His neck—it was so chilly.  
"Go to," the way lily said,  
"I lack not for politeness,  
But on my word, Love, I'm afraid  
Your cheek may soil my whiteness."  
"Nay, nay, not so," Love soft replied,  
"You only talk for teasing,  
The summer sunlight at your side—  
Else—everywhere is freezing."  
Believing not Love's seeming toil  
Was half he represented,  
The lily, in its own right,  
Refusing—still consented.  
But when the moon with downy tread  
Came round to wake the flowers,  
Alas! the lily's drooping head  
Rose not to greet the hours.  
And tho' the bees around its cup  
At noon as usual dalled,  
Oh! never more were lifted up  
The leaves which Love had sullied.

## A REMARKABLE DREAM.

"Dreams are but children of an idle brain,  
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy."  
So saith Shakspeare; but what may hold  
Good in some cases does not hold in all  
cases, otherwise there would be general rules  
without exceptions and that is held by logicians  
to be morally impossible. With me a  
dream is a dream, and there is an end on't;  
but not so with everybody. There are some  
men in this world who attach considerable im-  
portance to the "baseless fabric" of a dream  
which fits unbidden through the brain; and  
I believe as a general thing, it is conceded  
that the female portion of humanity has an  
abiding faith in dreams whether they be of  
good or of evil import. Why this should be  
I am not prepared to say, and leave the  
question to those deeper versed in human na-  
ture than I am, for a solution, but I do say  
that the most intelligent lady that I ever was  
acquainted with was a firm believer in the  
foreshadowing of dreams.

Come to think of it, the greatest affront I  
ever gave a lady was owing to a dream. She  
was just a certain age, and used to annoy me  
by asking me what "gn" it was to dream of  
this or that—just as if I was a second Joseph,  
whose special mission it was to interpret  
dreams. I bore it with great good humor for  
a long time, but my patience finally gave way  
and I ended the nuisance summarily.

One evening I was one of a select company  
assembled in a parlor, and we were having  
"a time of it" generally. When all the ordi-  
nary topics were exhausted, and conversation  
began to flag, the lady in question turned her  
ringside face towards me and said:  
"By-the-by, I had a most singular dream  
last night. I actually dreamed that I was  
married to two husbands! Now can you tell  
me what sign that is?"  
"Certainly, miss. It is a sign that you are  
old enough to fulfill half the dream at least."  
"Nonsense! What a malicious roseal I must  
have been in her estimation," she dreamt,  
but her eyes flashed like those of a hyena,  
while her thin white lips quivered with rage.  
She never asked me to interpret another  
dream; in fact, if I recollect rightly, she did  
not speak to me at all for several years after  
this rather free interpretation.

But to my story of a remarkable dream;  
and if there be truth in the tale of the dreamer—  
and there is no reason to doubt his word—  
then, indeed, it was a remarkable dream. It  
was some years ago, in a little city of the West,  
lived Richard Miller, an honest, industrious,  
sober shoemaker. He had emigrated from  
Philadelphia a few years previous to the opening  
of my story, with his wife and child; and  
by economy of the closest attention to busi-  
ness, he managed to lay up six hundred dol-  
lars. This sum he would have undoubtedly so  
increased as to place himself and family  
beyond the reach of want in a very few years,  
had it not been for that insidious monster,  
Consumption. The fell destroyer came to him  
as usual in such cases, in a bad cold, and  
for a long time he flattered himself into the  
belief that it was only a bad cold; but, like  
a skillful sapper and miner, it soon under-  
mined his constitution, and he soon began to  
have some faint glimmering of his real condi-  
tion.

There was no use staying any longer in the  
West, so he sold out his stock and fixtures,  
and returned to Philadelphia, where he took  
up his permanent abode. Having become en-  
tirely weak to work, he spent his days in  
that inactive, but petulant state so common  
to consumptives.

One day he took it into his head to consult  
an eminent physician—one of the Professors  
of a medical college—in order to ascertain his  
real condition. He called upon him and  
stated his case, and underwent the customary  
examination.

"Young man," said the Professor, "your  
lungs are badly affected, and I am only deal-  
ing frankly with you when I say that, in my  
opinion, you are not long for this world."  
Miller's heart sank within him as he heard  
his doom. He had the most implicit con-  
fidence in the Professor, and, as he thought  
of the future of the world would be a blank to him.  
"Did you ever drink whiskey?" inquired  
the Doctor, as he paced the room.

"Never, except upon one, or perhaps two  
occasions," said Miller.  
"You can keep yourself alive two years—  
probably three—by the moderate use of whis-  
ky. It is a dangerous prescription, but in  
giving it to you I have reason to believe that  
you will not let it obtain the mastery over  
you. Get the best whiskey you can buy, and  
drink a pint of it a day."  
Poor Miller! ready to grasp at the merest  
shadow of relief, went to a liquor store and  
purchased a demijohn of Bourbon whiskey, and  
commenced to take doses of it at intervals  
throughout the day.  
A year rolled away, and Miller was much  
improved. His cough was easier, and his  
stimulus appeared to impart a kind of arti-  
ficial strength to his body; but I regret to say,  
his appetite, which never before craved alco-  
holic drinks, had assumed an abnormal con-  
dition, to appease which it now required not  
less than a quart per diem. He felt that he  
was not doing much toward retarding his  
march down to the grave; but the heavy doses  
of alcoholic stimulus invested the past, present  
and future with a feeling of obliviousness  
that was quite a relief to his melancholy brood-  
ings over his misery when he was properly  
himself.

When in this state, Miller loved solitude,  
and he frequently walked as far away from  
home as his strength would permit him—generally  
in the neighborhood of the brickyards in  
the southwestern part of the city.

One day, having extended his walk beyond  
his usual limits, and being overtaken by a  
thunder-storm when he reached the brickyards,  
he took shelter under the shed of one of  
them. Having drunk an unusual quantity of  
whiskey during the day, he fell asleep upon  
the wheelbarrow on which he was resting,  
while the storm was still raging; nor did he  
awake until the dawn of next day, a mild,  
beautiful morning. At first he was mystified;  
but he soon recalled to his recollection the  
storm and the brick-yard, and feeling some-  
what drowsy, he composed himself for another  
nap. It is uncertain how long he slept—prob-  
ably not over half an hour—but during that  
time he had a remarkable vision. He dreamt  
of the principles of a machine for the  
manufacture of brick—a machine that would,  
in a great measure, supersede all hand labor.  
Every wheel, cog and casting passed through  
his brain, and in his dream he even saw the  
machine in practical operation. When he  
awoke it was quite light, and he hastened to-  
ward his home. His mind was entirely taken  
up with the machine, his dream having evi-  
dently made an impression upon him as inde-  
lible as any idea ever conceived in his most  
wakeful hours. Long before he reached his  
home, he resolved to carry out the spirit of the  
dream. After breakfast he set to work, find-  
ing the obstacles that interposed were legion,  
but he overcame them all. Tools that he  
could not borrow he bought, and it was now  
that he went to work most patiently and per-  
severingly, paying very little attention to the  
whisky, as his whole soul appeared to be wrapped  
up in one grand object.

His wife, from the very beginning of his  
work, thought that his mind was giving away;  
and the poor patient, enduring more and more  
his stock of money rapidly decreasing,  
took in sewing, while he sawed, planed and  
chiseled at his model. He grew morose, and  
seldom spoke. Sometimes he would gaze ab-  
stractedly upon the model for a long time,  
and then, as if reassured, he would go to work  
again with renewed energy; and so he con-  
tinued for many long and weary weeks, until  
the model was finally completed, and stood  
before him in all its parts. As he worked at  
it in the presence of his wife, a gleam of satis-  
faction sat upon his countenance, and he  
smiled. It was the first smile that had illu-  
minated his countenance since he had been at  
work on the model. He carried it off to a  
finished mechanic, who engaged to make a  
fine duplicate for twenty dollars; and when  
he had finished his job, the wife saw him  
that amount from their slender store more in  
silver than in anger, but she knew the utter  
fallacy.

Richard Miller now for the first time consult-  
ed a friend in the matter; and that friend hav-  
ing had some experience in procuring patents,  
gave him the benefit of his knowledge. To  
procure the patent would cost thirty dollars  
more. This alarmed Miller; but the patent  
must be had, and that amount went. In due  
time letters patent arrived, and he had the  
complete model and the document—nothing more.  
Out of them it would be next to impossible to  
realize anything. No, he must have a machine  
capable of working. He felt satisfied that  
nothing short of a machine would enable him  
to dispose of his right. But how to get a ma-  
chine built was a question which puzzled him  
sadly. No one capable of making a perfect  
machine would undertake the job for less than  
one hundred dollars. Alas! he had no longer  
that sum of money in his house. Miller was  
almost bordering on despair, when one of the  
mechanics to whom he had spoken, called upon  
him in order to make a more minute exami-  
nation of the model. He was eminently a  
practical man, and he made a most thorough  
examination, at the end of which he declared  
that his firm conviction was, that the machine  
was a great invention. At all events, he would  
be willing to build one on a contingency. If  
it failed to work, he would charge nothing;  
but if it answered the expectation of the in-  
ventor, then he would charge two hundred dol-  
lars for machine and risk. This was virtually  
taking an interest in the success of the inven-  
tion, and Richard closed with him. The me-  
chanic was prompt and energetic, and, putting  
his whole heart to work, in a few days turned  
over to Miller a complete machine.

His next business was to give the machine a  
trial. He went over to Camden, where he had  
an acquaintance in the brick business, and pre-  
vailed upon him to let the trial take place at  
his yard, next day at 11 o'clock. The proprie-  
tor had very little faith in the machine, but,  
as he had a large lot of brick for sale, he was  
willing to submit to almost anything to attract  
attention to his yard. To this end he slyly  
inserted an advertisement in several of the  
daily papers in Philadelphia, announcing the  
trial of a wonderful patent brick machine,  
naming the time and place—which, of course,  
he thought would only be another addition to  
the long catalogue of failures in that line of  
inventions.

Next day Miller partook of an early break-  
fast, and then possessed himself of the last  
dollar in the house to pay current expenses.  
He bade his wife to be of good cheer—that he  
thought he should return before night with  
not less than five hundred dollars. The poor  
woman thought it more likely that he would  
return dejected, broken-hearted and ready to  
die; but she said nothing.

From his house he went direct to the ma-  
chine shop, and had his invention taken to the  
ferry-boat, and had it safely landed, put up,  
ready to operate at the appointed hour. He  
knew nothing of the advertisement inserted in  
the papers, and was therefore a little surprised to  
see upwards of a hundred persons congregated in  
the yard. He did not like it, for in case of fail-  
ure the mortification would only be the greater;  
but he consoled himself with the belief  
that in case of success competition might spring  
up and enable him to realize one thousand dol-  
lars for his right, instead of five hundred dol-  
lars, at which moderate figure he held it.

The clay having been elevated, the horse  
was started and the machine moved. It was a  
moment of intense anxiety to every one, and  
it painfully so to Richard Miller. Eureka! it  
painfully so to Richard Miller. Eureka! it  
was a triumph! A mound after mound of beau-  
tiful brick were carried from it, until in an in-  
credibly short space of time, a thousand were  
finished and standing in the yard!

There stood Richard Miller, gazing upon his  
invention. It was the full realization of his  
dream in its minutest particulars. It was the

happiest moment in his life. He was just on  
the point of offering the right of making and  
vending the machine in the United States to  
the highest bidder, when an old Yankee tap-  
ped him on the shoulder.

"Young man," said he, "that's a very good  
machine of yours, but I see where a very im-  
portant improvement can be made. Under such  
circumstances I will give you fifty thousand  
dollars for your right, title and interest in it!"  
Miller grasped one of the levers of his ma-  
chine to keep from falling. No! it could not  
be; the whole thing must be a continuation of  
the brick-yard dream.

"How much did you say?" asked Miller,  
in doubt.  
"Fifty thousand!" said the man, evidently  
ready to increase the amount if Miller de-  
manded it.

"I'll take it!" gasped the inventor, who still  
could not believe the evidence of his senses.  
"Then come with me."  
A few moments more, and they were on their  
way to Philadelphia; and, in crossing the river,  
Richard Miller paid the last expense he had in  
the world for ferrage. Once arrived in the  
city, they went directly to the office of a law-  
yer, where the necessary papers making a full  
assignment were drawn up, Miller all the while  
doubting the possibility of the man having any-  
thing like the amount of money he offered;  
but he still resolved in his mind that he was  
safe if he got but a single thousand in cash, and  
the balance in worthless promissory notes. At  
length the assignment was finished and signed,  
and the man handed Miller a check, payable at  
one of the principal banks, for the entire a-  
mount, on the back of which the attorney cer-  
tified to Miller being the owner of the check.

The patentee was still incredulous; but sat-  
isfied that if the check was worthless it would  
be evidence of fraud, and the sale not valid;  
the papers were exchanged, and he left the of-  
fice. He hastened to the bank and presented  
his check to the paying-teller, that gentle-  
man scrutinized it a moment, and then asked  
him how he would have it?

Richard Miller was again nonplussed. He  
stood like a statue, gazing upon the teller un-  
til the question was repeated.  
"Gold and silver?" said Richard.  
"Gold and silver?" said the teller, in sur-  
prise—have you a draft?

"Beg your pardon," said Miller. "Let me  
have a bag of a thousand dollars in gold and  
silver, and the balance in bank notes."  
A bag with that amount of mixed coin was  
soon placed before him, and forty-nine pack-  
ages of one thousand dollars each were laid  
upon the counter. Miller had by this time in  
a measure regained his self-possession, and,  
after stuffing the notes into his pocket, he  
shouldered his bag of coin, and left the bank.

As soon as he saw an omnibus he hailed it  
and rode to within two squares of his home.  
When he reached the latter, he staggered in  
beneath his load, and walking directly to the  
bed, he emptied the bag of glittering coin upon  
it to the infinite amazement of his wife!  
But what was her astonishment when he drew  
from his pockets packages of bank notes! He  
contained himself until he had thrown the last  
package upon the bed, when he gave way to  
the wildest and most extravagant feelings.

"Ha! ha! ha!" he laughed hysterically—  
"my dream is out! The machine works! Fifty  
thousand! Ha! ha! ha!"  
Then snatching up his child, he continued,  
paeing the room—  
"My boy—you are no beggar! Fifty thou-  
sand—ha! ha! ha!"  
In this way he raved, shouted and stamped.  
Large beads of perspiration stood upon his  
brow, and his eyes had the wild glare of the  
insane. In vain his wife tried to calm his agi-  
tation; he raved until he ruptured a blood-vessel.  
He sat down in his chair with his child in his  
arms, the blood gushing from his nose and  
mouth. He drew back his head to indulge in  
another hysterical laugh, but it was checked by  
a gurgling noise, and the next instant Rich-  
ard Miller was a corpse! His spirit had passed  
away, in the language of Longfellow—  
"Like a glorious roll of drums."  
In the triumph of a dream!

The reader will note that we have used  
fictitious for real names. The machine, which  
went under the name of the purchaser, made  
him an independent fortune and is still in  
use; but others, better adapted to the age in  
which we live, have nearly crowded it out of  
the market.—Sunday Dispatch.

CORRUPTION AT WASHINGTON.—We see it  
stated that certain parties who were given a  
contract by the War Department, about a year  
ago—without advertising for proposals as the  
law requires—to transport provisions and munitions  
of war to Utah, have made, clear profit,  
over one million and a half of dollars, minus  
the amount paid into the hands of some-  
body, for the purpose of carrying Leocompton  
through the House. If all the facts involved  
in this contract, and its connection with carry-  
ing Leocompton, or the English bill, last ses-  
sion, could be spread before the world, it  
would present one of the most nefarious pic-  
tures of corruption and violation of law ever  
perpetrated under any government, or else our  
information is grossly erroneous. But inves-  
tigations are nothing more than legislative  
farces and white washing operations now-a-  
days, and the facts will probably never be  
brought to light. We learn further that ex-  
plicit charges of corruption have been sent to  
a member or members of Congress, in regard  
to the furnishing of the steam machinery for  
one or more of the sloops-of-war ordered to  
be built. Bids were advertised for, and the  
party to whom the contract for furnishing the  
machinery for one of the sloops was awarded,  
bid \$102,000, but have been paid it alleged,  
\$130,000. Whether an investigation into this  
subject will be made remains to be seen.

A dangerous young widow of 30, in Ludlow,  
Mass., with four dead or discarded husbands,  
has torn a young lad of 18 years from his af-  
flicted parents in the same town, and taken  
him to bed and board as No. 5. The parents  
had locked up the boy, but the widow was too  
smart for them, got him out, and fled with  
him to Palmer, where they were married.  
She was clearly one of the widows.

With four metallic qualifications, a man may  
be pretty sure of worldly success—they are,  
gold in his pocket, silver in his tongue, brass  
in his face, and iron in his heart.

The city of New York is bankrupt. Hun-  
dreds of honest creditors are demanding pay-  
ment, but can get "nary red."

## DEMOCRATIC WAYS OF SUCCESS.

The first symptom of the decay and down-  
fall of republican governments, says the N. Y.  
Tribune, always has been the employment of  
violence and fraud to carry the elections, and  
thus to substitute, in place of the voice of the  
citizens, the basis upon which all despots rest.  
Such was the case in Rome, and such has  
been the case in every republic that ever  
existed. The choice of the people thus set a-  
side, all the quiet and timid, who form in all  
communities a very numerous body, terrified  
at these annual scenes of violence and tumult,  
soon become ready to aid in abolishing the  
whole system of popular elections. They re-  
gard, and not altogether without reason, a  
usurpation once for all as far better than a  
usurpation occurring annually, and attended  
with scenes of violence and uproar dangerous  
to life, and what they dread still more,  
dangerous to property. They think it better to  
be under the surveillance of a military force  
which the interest of its head requires to be  
subjected to a certain degree of discipline,  
than to be exposed to the unrelenting violence  
of a set of rascals, like those who are begin-  
ning to play so conspicuous a part in some of  
our American elections, against whom there  
is neither protection nor redress; since, even  
in the plainest cases, partisan Judges, placed  
on the bench by the employment of this same  
machinery, are certain either to acquit them  
altogether or to let them off with a merely  
nominal punishment. The decent citizens,  
from whom this system of violence and in-  
timidation is introduced, rapidly withdraw  
themselves from the polls. So far from risk-  
ing their lives and limbs in the effort to get at  
the ballot-boxes, they are unwilling to risk  
even their coats. And why should they? If  
they succeed in polling a majority of vot-  
ers, it does not avail them. Cheating in-  
spectors, fraudulent Judges of elections, un-  
scrupulous boards of canvassers stand ready,  
whenever they fail, to supply the deficiency  
by fraud, and thus to render unavailing the  
courage and perseverance of the decent and  
patriotic majority. In this state of things, it  
is not to be wondered at that the great body  
of the industrious and productive citizens, more  
intent upon order and security than on liberty,  
should hasten to surrender up the dangerous  
and now unavailing privilege of voting, and  
should look with complacency on the assump-  
tion of all political authority by some small  
self-constituted association like our Tammany  
Society, to be superseded in due time by a  
single despot like Louis Napoleon.

Our people are possessed of a very arrogant  
self-confidence in their exclusive acuity to  
maintain their own liberties. But, however  
true that might have been of the original An-  
glo-Saxon stock by which this country was  
settled, bringing with it, as it did, the Eng-  
lish habit of respect for constituted authorities,  
and submission to the laws, we must recollect  
that of late years we have had a very large in-  
flux into this country of population who have  
no other instrument of freedom except vio-  
lence, who, in fact, know nothing of freedom,  
confounding it with the idea of having every-  
thing their own way, irrespective of the wishes,  
interests or rights of others. Fraud, says a  
wise author, goes before a fall, and there are  
but too evident indications that, unless  
this nation arouses itself to a desperate exer-  
tion to re-establish the purity of its institu-  
tions, our fall is near at hand. Violence at  
the polls, and, where that will not serve, pal-  
pable fraud in declaring the result of the elec-  
tions have become a regular part of the tactics  
employed by the pseudo-democratic party to  
keep itself in power. These frauds, however  
substituted, are confined to any particular  
section of the country. We see them now  
in Minnesota, as a means of controlling the  
State elections and securing to the party two  
United States Senators; now in Kansas, em-  
ployed with a like object in view; now in St.  
Louis, with intent to deprive the troublesome  
Mr. Blair of his seat in the House of Repre-  
sentatives; now in Maine, in hopes of gaining  
a Democratic representative; and now in the  
City of New York, employed to exclude Re-  
publican Common Councilmen from their seats,  
and to keep the city a little while longer un-  
der the control of thieves and plunderers.

Nor does this system of cheating confine it-  
self merely to the original elections by the  
people, nor is it limited to the returning offi-  
cers of those elections. It has been adopted  
by those very bodies in which, alone, lies the  
power of applying an adequate remedy to these  
trifling outrages. Thus we see the pseudo-  
democratic members of the Legislature of In-  
diana combining together to give false certifi-  
cates as Senators of the United States to a  
couple of impostors, and that very Senate of  
the United States, whose first great duty it is  
to guard our republican system against such  
attempts to destroy it, making itself a party  
to the fraud, and welcoming these impudent  
cheats to a seat in their own body. Indeed,  
what else could be expected of a Senate which  
had already disgraced itself in the eyes of the  
nation and the world by giving its aid, coun-  
tenance and support to the Border-Ruffian in-  
truders from Missouri, who had driven the  
people of Kansas from the polls and returned  
a Legislature to suit themselves?

But this horrible corruption, this attempt to  
substitute fraud, false voting and false returns  
in place of the freedom of choice on the part  
of the people, has ascended even higher than  
the United States Senate. The Federal Ex-  
ecutive Administration has fully come into  
this scheme of keeping itself and its party in  
power by the use of these infamous means.  
The whole project of the Border-Ruffian usur-  
pation in Kansas, and the attempt to originate  
in President Pierce's Cabinet, was fully in-  
dorsed and supported by it; while President Bu-  
chanan, intent upon forcing upon Kansas the  
bogus Leocompton document, which pretended  
to be the draft of a State Constitution sanc-  
tioned by the people of that Territory, turned  
Robert J. Walker out of the office of Govern-  
or because he refused to aid this scheme  
by becoming an accomplice after the fact to  
the organs of election returns.

Compared with this system of fraud, mere  
violence at the polls, even though carried to  
the extent of riot and murder, is but a trivial  
occurrence. Violence may be repelled. Force  
may be met with force. The very atrocity of  
such acts excites the public horror and indigna-  
tion, and tends to prevent their recurrence.  
The system of cheating which the pseudo-  
democratic party, after amply trying both  
violence and fraud, means now inclined to adopt  
as peculiarly its own, is of a far more danger-  
ous character. The remedy against it by ap-  
peal from the false returns is, at best, a very  
slow and expensive process, and when the

body to which the appeal is made is itself  
corrupt, and a party to the very frauds ap-  
pealed against, what hope can there be of re-  
dress? There is, in fact, no hope except in  
an energetic rising of the people, and in the  
hurling from power an unworthy set of  
men, who, no longer trusting to the support  
of a majority which they have ceased to have,  
are now attempting to prolong their ill-used  
power by undermining the very foundations  
of republican government.

## MAKING A TEETOTALER.

A short time since, a young man living in  
Ogdensburg, N. Y., whose name we shall call  
George, took to drinking rather more than  
usual, and some of his friends endeavored to  
cure him. One day, when he was in rather a  
lure condition, they got him in a room, and  
commenced conversing about delirium tremens,  
directing all their remarks to him, and  
telling him what fearful objects, such as snakes  
and rats, were always seen by the victims of  
this horrible disease. When the conversa-  
tion had waxed high on this theme, one of the  
number stepped out of the room, and from a  
trap which was at hand let a large rat into the  
room. None of his friends appeared to see it,  
but the young man who was to be the victim  
seized a chair and hurled it at the rat, com-  
pletely using up the piece of furniture in the  
operation. Another chair shared the same  
fate, when his friends seized him, and  
with terror depicted on their faces, demanded  
to know what was the matter.  
"Why, don't you see that cursed big rat?"  
said he, pointing to the animal, which, after  
the manner of rats, was making his way a-  
round the room, close to the walls.  
They all saw it, but all replied that they  
didn't see it—"there was no rat!"  
"But there is!" said he, as another chair  
went to pieces in an ineffectual attempt to  
crush the obnoxious vermin.  
At this moment they again seized him, and  
after a terrific struggle threw him down on the  
floor, and with terror in their faces, screamed,  
"Charley, run for a doctor!"  
Charley started for the door, when George  
desired to know "what the devil was up."  
"Up!" said they, "why, you've got the deli-  
rium tremens!"  
Charley opened the door to go out, when  
George raised himself on his elbow, and said,  
"Why, where are you going?"  
"Going!" replied Charley, "going for a  
doctor!"  
"Going for a doctor?" rejoined George, "for  
what?"  
"For what?" repeated Charley, "why, you  
have got the delirium tremens!"  
"The delirium tremens—have I?" repeated  
George. "How do you know I've got the deli-  
rium tremens?"  
"Easy enough," says Charley; "you've  
commenced seeing rats."  
"Seeing rats?" said George, in a sort of mu-  
gung way; "seeing rats. Think you must be  
mistaken, Charley?"  
"Mistaken!" said Charley.  
"Yes, mistaken," rejoined George. "I ain't  
the man—I haven't seen no rats!"  
The boys let George up after that, and from  
that to this he hasn't touched a glass of liquor,  
and "seen no rats"—not the first rat.

SMILES.—A beautiful smile is, to the female  
countenance, what the sunbeam is to the land-  
scape. It embellishes an inferior face, and  
redeems an ugly one. A smile, however,  
should not become habitual, or insipidity in  
the result, nor should the mouth break into a  
smile on one side, the other remain passive  
and unmoved, for this imparts an air of deceit  
and grotesqueness to the face. A disagree-  
able smile distorts the lines of beauty, and is  
more repulsive than a frown.  
There are many kinds of smiles, each hav-  
ing a distinctive character—some announce  
goodness and sweetness, others betray sar-  
casm, bitterness and pride—some soften their  
countenance by their languishing tenderness,  
others brighten it by their brilliant and spiri-  
tual vivacity. Gazing and posting before a mir-  
ror cannot aid in acquiring beautiful smiles  
half so well as to turn the gaze inward, to  
watch that the heart keeps unswerving from  
the reflection of evil, and is illuminated and  
beautified by all sweet thoughts.  
Then there is a woman's sweet laugh, than  
which there is not a natural grace more be-  
witching. Its sound has been pleasantly com-  
pared to that of fountains on the water. It leaps  
from her heart in a clear sparkling rill, and the  
heart that it reaches feels as if bathed in a  
cool, exhilarating spring. It runs the prose of  
lips into poetry; it flings showers of sunshine  
into this darksome world in which we are  
travelling, and it glids with light and bright-  
ness all that it touches.

Judge Taylor has ordered Lewis Fisher as  
Commissioner of Cambria county, and de-  
clared Abel Lloyd elected. According to the  
testimony, the Judge of Election of Wash-  
ington township was a postmaster, his deputy  
a clerk (both ineligible by law); the inspec-  
tors were both Germans, neither of whom  
could read or write English, and one of them  
not naturalized; they were sworn in by a  
justice of the peace whose commission had  
expired; no lists were kept who voted on,  
age, or residence of ten days or payment of  
tax, yet 279 not on the list of taxables must  
have so voted; and the tickets were put in  
an old cigar box without a lid, without tally  
list, &c., and so produced before the court.

W. H. Fry, Esq., discoursing at the New  
York Typographical Society dinner, upon the  
wonderful brevity of expression brought about  
by the use of telegraph, says that a friend of  
his went last week to St. Louis, and familiarly  
telegraphed to his wife in New York—  
"What have you for breakfast, and how is the  
baby?" She telegraphed back—"Buckwheat  
cakes, and the measles!"  
An old man in Williamson county, Tenn.,  
who is now eighty-five years of age, says he  
never took a chew of tobacco, though making  
millions of pounds of it. In his life, never  
smoked a cigar or pipe, and never wore a pair  
of boots. Queer coddler, that.

The story about the discovery of an ancient  
Egyptian Register, upon which was  
found the names of J. Cobb and E. Sau, Mes-  
opotamia, is a fabrication. Jacob and Esau  
were not accustomed to writing their names in  
that manner.  
The ladies sometimes call men Jack-o-Lan-  
terns. Yes, ladies, that's exactly what they  
are. If you run from them, they are very  
certain to follow you; if you run after them  
they are likely to retreat all the faster.  
Santa Anna, the ex-Dictator of Mexico, has  
recently purchased an estate on the Island of  
St. Thomas for \$40,000. His wife, disgusted  
with his brutalities, has left him and gone to  
Havana.  
Game seems to be plenty out west. One  
firm at Chicago contracted to send 100,000 lbs.  
of quail and prairie chickens to the east this  
season, and has already exceeded that amount.  
The "Punctation Train," on the Eastern  
River Railroad, is the one that makes all the  
stops.

## COURT LADIES AT WASHINGTON.

The N. Y. Correspondent of the Springfield  
Republican, evidently a woman, writes:  
When I think of Mr. Douglas's struggles,  
labors, anxieties, for the last few months, in  
order to secure his re-election, I conclude  
that he must have at least a weary life of it.  
So much was staked—his fortune, his fame,  
his hope of the Presidency. The time had  
come when he must rise or set, brighten or go  
out in the political world. He sold his house  
at Washington, mortgaged his large property  
in Illinois, and during all the burning summer  
"electioneered" abroad, while his wife elec-  
tioneered quite as successfully at home. On  
the Sabbath she attended the Catholic church  
at Chicago, while during the week she grace-  
fully propitiated the Protestants. At the  
Lake View House she exerted a marked per-  
sonal influence over the gentlemen congregated  
there, who, as usual, were quite willing to be  
led by a young, beautiful and brilliant woman.  
Educated at Washington, long a "copyist" for  
the "House," she is thoroughly initiated into  
the chicanery of political life, and knows how  
to touch, with a sure and delicate hand, its  
most intricate wires. That Mrs. Douglas will  
do her part toward making herself "lady of  
the White House," no one, who knows her,  
doubts. Give her all wifely honor. She has  
rescued Mr. Douglas from at least some of his  
low associations. He becomes drunk less of-  
ten, and in social life is now admitted into so-  
ciety from which he was once excluded. That  
he is to-day the great man of the political  
world, he probably owes to himself. But if  
only through the lowest sympathy, the meanest  
subterfuge, through the pools of craft and  
falsehood, one is to wade to "greatness," let  
us all pray to be little. Apropos of female  
politicians, Mrs. Douglas is not alone. Mrs.  
Conrad, a young, rich and largely widowed,  
(another has said) has too good sense to mar-  
ry; is called the greatest courtesier in Wash-  
ington, and exerts no small influence over  
state affairs. Her full-length photograph, with  
those of all the other beauties of grandpa  
Buchanan's court, is to be seen at Brady's, in  
Broadway. First stands Mrs. Douglas; her  
physiognomy is splendid—not soft and pliant, but  
proud and queenly, after the Roman model—  
dark hair, bright eyes, classic features, brilli-  
ant complexion, with a commanding rather  
than winning expression. The picture does  
not do her justice. Her dress of black silk is  
not becoming, and is made in a fashion which  
robs somewhat the grace of her perfect form.  
Next stands Mrs. Conrad, all grace, clad in  
black velvet with pearls. A wily, subtle,  
beautiful Greek, with far-searching eyes,  
peach-tinted cheek and wavy golden-brown  
hair. Beside her stands Madame Le Vert, of  
Mobile, long an habitue of Washington, who  
for her social genius is pre-eminent above all  
American women. Madame Le Vert, without  
being beautiful, either in form or feature, has  
reigned as a "belle" since she was ten years  
old. She has traveled widely, has visited  
nearly all Foreign Courts, can carry on con-  
versation in six different languages at one time,  
and is equally charming in all. Yet not in  
her talents, nor in her accomplishments, lies  
her fascination, but in the genial sweetness,  
naturalness, and perfect simplicity of her man-  
ners, which seem to give her possession of all  
hearts. Her clear, blue eye overflows with ex-  
uberance of kindness, while around the serene  
mouth all gentle affections seem to have found  
dwelling. She wears a dress of brown silk  
with gorgeous bordered flounces, and a crea-  
tion rose in her hair. The sweetest compli-  
ment I ever heard for Madame Le Vert, was  
uttered to me by one of her personal friends:  
"She is like a flower out in nature." Next  
her is Harriet Lane of the "White House"—  
Mr. Buchanan's niece—a blonde, cold and  
statuesque, pure and passionless as marble—  
one's very admiration gives them a chill. She  
stands in a grandstand in the Capitol in sight  
spray of flowers in her hair falls low upon her  
broad and beautiful neck. She looks a model  
of repose; the very Miss Lane whom the pa-  
pers assure us "receives with great dignity."  
And then, Lady Gore Ouseley, the Yankee  
English woman, who had seen fit recently to  
dip her fingers into Niagara's affairs; who  
ruins not only her dear "Sir William," but  
our lady-like old President. Well, she is  
coarse and homely enough, and, according to  
the notion of your "Own Correspondent," is  
dressed in horrid taste. She wears a string of  
jets around her head, of the size of walnuts;  
another around her neck, of equal rotundity.  
She does not seem to care for an ample skirt,  
and has utterly discarded the "line of beauty"  
in its "fall," for it is "skimmed," shorter  
behind than before, and the flounce curve up on  
the sides. But she has a falcon eye, and her  
whole bearing indicates, in even more than an  
ordinary degree, the woman's penchant power  
to "rule."

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