Civilian and Telegraph.

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Civilian & Telegraph

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W. EVANS, Editor and Proprietor.

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TERMS:

TWO DOLLARS per annum, strictly in advance, $2.50 if not so paid, and $3.00 if not paid within the year.

Bear in mind that no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

Rates of Advertising.

One square of 12 lines, $1 for three insertions—subsequent insertions 25 cents each.

Advertisements under 12 lines charged as a square.

Business Cards in the Directory, per annum, including subscription, $5.

MONTHS.	ONE	TWO	THREE	SIX	TWELVE.
One square,	1 25	2 25	3 50	6 00	10 00
Two squares	2 25	4 00	5 00	9 00	14 10
Three "	3 50	5 00	7 50	12 00	18 00
Four "	4 50	6 00	8 00	14 00	20 00
Quarter col.	6 00	9 00	12 00	18 00	30 00
Half col.	9 00	12 00	18 00	30 00	50 00

Larger space for short periods, as per agreement.

Advertisements before Marriages and Deaths 10 cts. per line for first insertion—subsequent insertions, 5 cents per line. Nine words are counted as a line in advertising.

Executors and others, advertising by the year, will be charged $12 00.

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Yearly advertisers must confine their advertising to their own business.

TRANSIENT ADVERTISING, cash in advance.

Persons ordering the insertion of legal advertisements will be held responsible for payment in the same when the time for which they were ordered to be inserted shall have expired.

EXECUTORS' NOTICES, cash in advance.

PATENT MEDICINES, one half in advance and the balance in six months.

ALL JOB WORK, CASH.

The losses we have sustained compel us to adopt this course. It will be strictly adhered to in all cases, and no advertisement will be inserted unless accompanied by the cash.

COURT DIRECTORY.

Judge of Circuit Court—Hon. THOS. DERRY.
Clerk of Circuit Court—HORACE RESLEY.
Register of Wills—JOHN R. WIDENER.
Sheriff—HENRY R. ATKINSON.
State's Attorney—C. B. THRUSTON.
Surveyor—DENTON D. BROWN.
Clerk to County Commissioners—WM. KILGOUR.
Judges of the Orphans' Court—
MOSES RAWLINGS,
ALEXANDER KING,
FRANCIS MATTINGLY

Business Directory,

CUMBERLAND, MD.

Dr. GEO. B. FUNDENBERG,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

OFFICE and residence on the corner of Baltimore and George's Streets, opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel, Cumberland.

DENTISTRY.

DR. HUMMELSHINE, DENTIST, Corner of Baltimore and Liberty Streets, over Read's Grocery Store, and opposite Campbell's Drug Store, Cumberland, Md.

ANDREWS & SWARTZWELDER,
Wholesale & Retail Dealer in

Books and Stationery, Periodicals,

Useful and Fancy Articles, Baltimore Street, in the room under the Museum. Also, Book Binders and Blank Work Manufacturers at city prices.

M. RIZER & BRO.
Manufacturers and Dealers in

Cabinet Furniture of all kinds,

South Liberty St., near Beall's Foundry.

WILLIAM R. BEALL, & CO.,
Wholesale & Retail Dealers in

GROCERIES, TEAS, LIQUORS &c.

near the Depot, Balto. Street.

H. D. CARLETON,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

McKaig's New Block, Baltimore Street, keeps on hand and makes to order all kinds of Gent's and Boys' wearing apparel.

JOHN JOHNSON,

Tin and Sheet-Iron Worker,

Respectfully asks a share of public patronage. Tin and Sheet-Iron ware always on hand and for sale low. McCleary's Row, Baltimore St.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

CHEAP FOR CASH.

Repairing of every description done with Neatness and Dispatch.

CALL AT

J. H. KELLENBECK'S,

Next to Post Office, Baltimore Street

July 19, 1860.

CUMBERLAND FOUNDRY,

TAYLOR & CO.,

Iron and Brass Founders,

George's street, CUMBERLAND, MD,
Manufacturers of
Steam Engines, Boilers, Railroad and Mine Cars, Mining Machinery, Furnaces, Stoves, Grates, Mill-Irons, Plows, Agricultural Implements, &c.

March 17, 1859—y.

CLOTWORTHY & FLINT,
WHOLESALE

DRUGGISTS,

and dealers in

Paints, Glass & Oil.

No. 339 Balt. St.,

Baltimore.

BEST COAL OIL and BURNING FLUID on hand. Orders filled with great care, and at the lowest rates. April 11, '61—y.

Tobacco and Segars.

JUST received and for sale a full assortment of Tobacco and Segars.

June 9. WM. R. BEALL & CO.

MACKEREL.—100 kits prime No. 1 Family Mackarel, for sale by

July 7, 1859. J. N. HARPER & CO.

MAGISTRATES' BLANKS

For sale at this Office

MEDICAL HOUSE,

11 South Frederick St.,

Baltimore, Maryland.

Established in order to afford Sound and Scientific Medical Aid, and for the suppression of Quackery.

DOCTOR SMITH

HAS for many years devoted his whole attention to the treatment of private complaints, in all their varied and complicated forms. His great success in those long standing and difficult cases, such as were formerly considered incurable, is sufficient to commend him to the public as worthy of the extensive patronage which he has received. Within the last eight years, Dr. S. has treated more than 29,000 cases of Private Complaints in their different forms and stages; a practice which no doubt exceeds that of all the physicians now advertising in Baltimore, and not a single case is known, where directions were strictly followed, and medicine taken at reasonable time, without effecting a radical and permanent cure; therefore, persons afflicted with diseases of the above nature, "no matter how difficult or long standing the case may be, would do well to call on Dr. SMITH, at his office, No. 11, South Frederick Street.

The afflicted should bear in mind that *Dr.* S. who is the only regular physician advertising, has for many years devoted his whole attention to the treatment of this class of diseases.

His medicines are free from Mercury and all mineral poisons; put up in neat and compact form, and may be taken in public or private house, or while travelling, without exposure or hindrance from business, and except in cases of violent inflammation, no change of diet is necessary.

Let the unfortunate bear in mind when affliction overtakes them, that no time should be lost in making application to a competent physician, as they would not only obtain relief from pain, avoid mortification through exposure and elude great constitutional injury, but enable their medical assistant to be moderate in his charges than he could justly be, where symptoms have become confirmed or the disease more widely diffused. The rapid advance of this truly terrifying disease, is sufficient to alarm the boldest heart. When ulceration and discolored Plotches with racking pains, betray to the unhappy victim the deadly poison preying upon his vitals, then, "and not till then," do many awake to a full sense of their danger.

We are called upon every few days to cure Chronic Diseases, which were supposed to have been cured years ago, but instead of which, were only checked, driven into the system by mercury or copavia and therefore seems to be well but in a longer or shorter time, by some slight cause, break out in its worst and most difficult forms, producing ulcers in the throat, nose or roof of the mouth, eruptions of the skin, pains or swelling of bones, etc. On account of the number of such which have lately come under my care, and the immense suffering which a little neglect or improper treatment in the first stages of the diserse may cause, Dr. Smith thinks it his duty to advise the unfortunate, *particularly strangers*, to be careful that they are not deceived by *false advertisements of boasting quacks* who make promises which could not be fulfilled even by the most experienced physicians. By neglect or improper treatment, the patient is often reduced to a state which makes the case extremely difficult to cure. Therefore he should be aware of the importance of consulting a skillful physician in the early stage of the disease.

CONSTITUTIONAL DEBILLITY.

Young men! beware of the pernicious indulgence and lmost fatal injury you inflict upon your constitutions, by evil examples and the morbid influence of the passions.

How many young persons do we daily behold, whose countenances and debilitated constitutions depict disease arising from that horrible and devastating vice.

It could be shown how attenuation of the frame, palpitation of the heart, derangement of the nervous system, cough, indigestion and a train of symptoms, indicative of consumption, are often ascribed to wrong causes, when in reality, they are the consequences of an alluring and pernicious practice alike destructive to the mind and body.

You who have brought this affliction upon yourselves, why embrace the secret to your hearts and vainly attempt to cure yourselves, instead of making immediate application to a skillfull physician, who in a short time, would restore you to perfect health and save you from exposure which the fatal consequences render it enviable.

☞ Dr. Smith gives his special attention to the treatment of this destructive malady. Patients can be cured at home by addressing a letter to Dr. Smith, describing symptoms, and receive medicine securely packed from observation forwarded by express or otherwise to any part of the country.

N. B.—Persons afflicted with any of the above complaints will do well to avoid *boasting impostors* whether foreign or native, as also the numerous Societies advertised as a certain cure for every disease. These preparations are put up to sell and not to cure, and often do more harm than good, therefore avoid them.

"A word to the wise is sufficient."

Address, DR. J. B. SMITH.

No. 11, S. Frederick Street., Baltimore, Md.

☞ No letters will be answered unless they contain a remittance or Postage Stamp to pay postage on the answer.

Jan. 1st. 1861.—1y.

Attention Builders!

Sash, Doors, Shutters, Window and Door Frames, Mouldings and Venitian Blinds,

MANUFACTURED and for sale at R. D. Johnson's Steam Planing Machine, on Centre Street.

Orders received either at the Shop, or at Dr John I. Bruce's Lumber Yard.

June 30, 1859—1y. H. DAMM.

JAMES S. ROBINSON,

Paper Warehouse,

No. 24 South Charles St.,

A few doors below German-st,

BALTIMORE.

Keep on hand and has made to order all kinds of PAPER

Purchases Rags, Rope, Canvas and other Mill Stock. Sept. 1, 1859—1y.

Lehigh Gas Burning

Cooking Stoves!

THE undersigned has just received an assortment of the above stoves, which he offers to the public at moderate prices. There is a great saving of fuel by the use of these Stoves

Sept. 15, 1859 JOHN JOHNSON.

Poetical.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

COME BACK.

Child with the haunted eyes
And mazy midnight hair,
My heart in sorrow lies,
Nursing its dark despair;
I miss thy low replies,
And smiles once bright and fair.

Oh! what to me are books,
And all this subtle lore,
The dells and silent nooks,
The solemn sounding shore,
Since thy confiding looks
Inspire my heart no more.

I pace the burning sands
Till starlight feeds the sea
With irides ent brands
Of glowing brilliancy,
And dream of distant lands,
Of shattered hopes and thee.

The dreamy songs of June
Are wafted to mine ears
Devoid of sense or tune,
And filled with changing fears;
For, in the breathless noon,
Or splendor of the moon,
My eyelids throb with tears.

There's rapture in my dream,
A thrill in thy embrace,
Once more thy ringlets seem
To ripple o'er my face,
And night brings back, I deem,
Thy form of matchless grace.

Oh! come ere youth be cold,
And summer roses fade;
Come while the song-birds hold
Their matins in the glade—
For heart and brain grow old,
And hope's fair spring lies dead.

Amsterdam, N. B. DE W. VAN BUREN.

Miscellaneous.

MILITARY SCIENCE: THE OLD AND THE NEW.

The present system of tactics—that is, the rapid over the slow—is but a return to the old style of combat; and we find that as the change of fashion is but a repetition of the old, so in military affairs there is in the use of the bayonet a return to the hand-to-hand conflict of ancient days. It is quite strange to note how the science of war has been controlled, and even shaped, by the notions and prejudices of men. There has not been a great mind in military service for the last eighteen centuries who has not left his mark on his age. One important fact has been established by the experience of ages, whatever may be the reaches of military science—personal strength and physical power will turn the scale. The only exceptions to this rule are found in the campaigns of Cæsar with the Gauls. For instance, the ancient Athenians were considered a match with the Persians at one to ten; and at Marathon ten thousand of the former routed one hundred thousand of the latter in a pitched battle; yet one Spartan, owing to his superiority of nerve and vigor, was equal to six Athenians, as the latter in time learned to their cost. In ancient days a tolerable substitute for artillery was found in chariots of war, which were as fearful then as a battery would be at present. Alexander the Great, carrying out his father's system, got a new idea in the famous Macedonian Phalanx: This was a body of veterans, whose march was in close column of wedge-shape, and whose charge at the close of an action was irresistible. With thirty thousand of such troops, aided by levies among the conquered, Alexander subdued one-half of Asia, and penetrated to what is now British India. In three battles the Persian Empire was destroyed, and in one of these actions three hundred thousand were said to have been slain. After this era, the Phalanx fell into disuse. The use of elephants, so common in India, even to a late day, never got in vogue in other nations. Pyrrhus, the Epirote, in his invasion of Italy, at first terrified the Romans with a squadron of these animals, whose charge of ivory bayonets had never been heard of before. Twice the invaders triumphed, though at such expense of blood that their leader remarked that one more such victory would ruin him At the next battle the Romans assailed the elephants with fire-balls, whose blaze drove the excited beasts upon their masters, and the result was their entire defeat. This we find finely hit off in one of Macauly's lays of ancient Rome:

"And Appenines' gray vulture
Shall have a noble feast,
On the fat and on the eyes
Of the huge earth-shaking beast."

The ancient Greeks advanced to the charge with solemn step, chanting their war-song. The sling was used by skirmishers, but regulars flung their javelins, and then trusted to the well-nerved arm and heavy sword.

The Romans, who affected the graces but little, omitted the war-song and saved their breath for the encounter—like the Greek, the javelin (*pilum*) and the broad sword were their main weapons, while the buckler covered the body In attacking walled towns, the troops marched in close column, with their shields over their heads, like the shell of a tortoise. This protected them while sapping the wall How often does one meet in Cæsar's commentaries, the term "*testudine facto.*"

With the javelin and broad sword, and with a complement of cavalry, Rome conquered the largest part of the known world. This seems wonderful when one realizes that all was done without the discharge of a musket, or even the snap of a percussion cap,—that never a breach was made by siege guns, nor a town 'shelled,' and that one of the most perplexing features of modern surgery was not even dreamed of—we refer to your shot wounds. The horrors of ancient warfare transcend all estimate—generally no quarter was asked or given. '*Vae victis*' became a Roman proverb. Hence the amazing slaughter which accompanied the victories of Marius and Caesar. Prisoners, when suffered to live, were sold into slavery, and in later days were slaughtered in gladiatorial shows, even thousands being pitted against each other in the Coliseum on a single occasion, and 'butchered to make a Roman holiday.'

There were no military hospitals, and the wounded were left to perish As their wounds were cuts instead of shots they generally bled to death. And as the labor of burial was generally omitted, the wolf, the kite and vulture finished the work.

"The kite knows well the loud, stern swell,
That bids the Romans close."

The legionaries of ancient Rome were the most vigorous troops the world has ever seen. Their labors would astonish even one of Napoleon's Old Guard.—Each man was his own chaplain, surgeon, and we might almost add, commissary Besides helmet, greaves and cuirass of heavy brass, he bore a mixed up burden of food and camp stuff of sixty pounds—in addition to this, the *pilum* was as heavy as a musket, to say nothing of the massive sword. The secret of the success of Roman arms was discipline, and the very name of an army, '*exercitus*' shows what its character must have been.

We cannot wonder that such troops became the terror of the world;—and yet we believe that even without artillery or musketry—but simply with the bayonet—the modern French army would drive them from the field. It is strange that the ancients had no weapon so fearful as this and yet so simple.

From the Cambridge Herald.

Thomas Holliday Hicks.

BY EMILY B. CARROLL.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown" So wrote Shakespeare, and it is a truth that will apply with equal force to all placed in positions of authority, to those called upon to govern their fellow-beings, and as a general thing the higher the station the greater are the cares belonging to it. This is especially the case in our own land, where every one from the most learned to the most illiterate feels privileged to comment upon, and censure the conduct of those who may choose to go contrary to their own political opinions, and as there is such a diversity of opinions, so no man can fill a post in public life to the satisfaction of all. "If affairs were only managed in this way, the country might be saved,' cries one politician, while another, equally sincere declares that is the very way to ruin the country, and proposes another plan for its salvation, that is in its turn condemned by the opposite party, and so matters go on. Some one has wittily observed that if you wish to secure the unhappiness, and blacken the reputation of any man, all you have to do is to have him appointed a candidate for some prominent office, and there is more truth in the saying than many would suppose. Enemies start up from all quarters, and men who have led blameless lives, are represented as little short of demons. When Thomas Holliday Hicks was called upon to leave his quiet home to govern his native State, he was a man universally beloved. He was not called to this high post on account of his great wealth, or distinguished talents, but simply from the love his people bore him. Courteous and gentlemanly among his equals, kind-hearted and sympathizing with his inferiors, a sincere friend, a devoted husband and father, a kind master, to him might be applied that highest of praise—"Those who know him best, love him most." Yet from the time he entered his home at Annapolis, his life has been a continued trial. He has seen wife and children die has followed to the grave the life and light of his home, has gone back to his desolated abode to find there no loving heart to lean upon, no tender accents to cheer his sorrow, no eyes to grow brighter at his approach. How he must have missed that fond wife, that dear little child. For months and years he has borne the most intense suffering, and amid it all heavy duties were devolving upon him. For him there was no rest, no quiet. How he must have missed his own peaceful home. Yet the hardest trial of all was, that his country was in danger—the Union for which our fathers perilled their lives was threatened. Traitors tried to rend from us our blood-bought flag, and force us out of the Union. Never was a man placed in a more trying situation and never did man fill it more nobly. Unheeding threats and bribes he took his firm stand for the Union. I believe that God Himself called him to his present office for this very crisis He was just such a man as was needed; no great statesman, no wily politician, but an honest, true-hearted man, who loved his country, and his country's honor, more than life itself. But with what a torrent of abuse he was met. Every vile epithet that tongue could frame, was applied to him, even by the people of his own State, and how this ingratitude must have wounded him, how it must have sunk in a heart already so deeply lacerated. The trials his God had sent it was his duty to bear but this last blow was uncalled for. He merited blessings instead of cursings. Had South Carolina had such a Governor we might have been spared this bloody war. But if on one side he has met abuse, on the other side thousands of loyal hearts rise up to do him honor, to bless the honest man, and true patriot, who was his country's best friend in her hour of need, and his will be one of the names that posterity 'will not willingly let die;' a name that will be remembered with gratitude and reverence in the future history of our country, and among the list of Maryland's rulers, brightest will shine the name of Thomas Holliday Hicks.

Must help Uncle Sam First.

A farmer in Wisconsin had a son who joined the Eighth regiment of that State without his father's consent.—Several letters were written by the father to the son while the regiment were in quarters at Camp Randall, for the purpose of persuading him to return. At last he wrote him that he must come; that he had a large amount of threshing to do; that he could not afford to hire help if it were to be had, which was hardly possible, owing to the number of enlistments; and that he must return home and help him, even if he enlisted again afterward. The young man replied:

"Dear Father:—I can't go home at present; I should be very glad to help you, but Uncle Sam has a mighty sight bigger job of threshing on hand than you have, and I'm bound to see him out of the woods first."

Touching Incident.

A very touching little incident occurred during the late session of the American Board of Missions, at Cleveland, Ohio. A beautiful pieced quilt was brought in and unfolded. It was accompanied with a note, donating it to the treasury of the Board. The quilt was made by a little girl, five years old, who died from hip disease, a short time after she had finished the work. In her dying hours she had bequeathed it to the cause of missions for whatever it might bring. The quilt was put up at auction in the Convention. A bid of fifty dollars was immediately made for it; then a hundred dollars were offered, and, finally, Mr. W. E. Dodge, of New York, carried off the prize for one hunhundred and fifty dollars, regarding himself as the fortunate purchaser. Thus a mere child, scarce beyond an age to conceive the idea of God and her relations to Him, gave, with the work of her little hands, more money to Christianize the poor heathen, than some adults give in their whole lives.

According to statistics given in the Catholic Almanac, there are 244,500 Catholics in the rebel States and 2,906,600 in the loyal portion of the Union.

[From the Cleveland Plaindealer.]

Our Fat Contributor in the Home Guards.

The moment the flag was threatened large bodies of men were called upon to rally to its defence. Being a large-bodied man, I rallied, and enrolled myself with the Home Guards. The drill is very severe on me this hot weather, although I am constantly allowed an attendant with a fan and a pitcher of ice water.

I am constantly reminded that one of the first requirements of a soldier is to throw out his chest and draw in his stomach. Having been burnt out several times while occupying rooms in an attic, I have had considerable practice in *throwing out my chest*, but by what system of practice could I ever hope to draw in my stomach? I can't "dress up"—it's no use trying. If my vest buttons are in a line I am far in the rear, and if I toe the mark a fearful bulge indicates my position. (There is no room for argument in regard to my sentiments — everybody can see at a glance *just where I stand.*) One evening we had a new drill-sergeant who was nearsighted. Running his eye down the line, he exclaimed sharply:

"What is that man doing in the ranks with a bass drum?"

He pointed at me, but I hadn't any drum; it was the surplus stomach that I couldn't draw in.

I am the butt of numberless jokes, as you may well suppose. They have got a story in the Guards that when I first heard the command "Order arms!" I dropped my musket, and taking out my note-book began to draw an order on the Government for what arms I wanted. They say I ordered a Winans steam gun, with a pair of Dahlgreen howitzers for side arms! Base fabricators! My ambition never extended beyond a rifled cannon, and they knew it.

Although in respect to size I belong to the "heavies," my preference is for the light infantry. One evening the spectators seemed convulsed about something, and my comrades tittered by platoons whenever my back was turned. It was all a mystery to me until I laid off my knapsack. Some wretch had erased the two final letters, and I had been parading all the evening labelled "LIGHT INFANT!" The above is one of the thousand annoyances to which I am subjected, and nothing but my consuming patriotism could ever induce me to submit to it. I rallied at the call of my country, and am not to be put out by the *rallying* of my comrades."

I overheard a spectator inquire of the drill-sergeant one day,

"Do you drill the whole of him at once?"

"No," he returned, in an awful whisper, "*I drill him by squads!*"

I could have drilled him if I had had a bayonet.

Specifications have been published in regard to my uniform, and contractors advertised for. The making will be let out to the lowest responsible bidder. In case the Guards are ordered to take the field, a special commissary will be detailed to supply my rations. That reminds me of a harrowing incident. On last drill night, an old farmer who dropped in to see us drill, took me aside and said he wanted to sell me a yoke of powerful oxen.

"My ancient agriculturist," said I, smiling at his simplicity, "I have no use for oxen."

"Perhaps not at present," quoth he, "but if you go to war you will want them."

"For what?" said I, considerably annoyed.

"*Want 'em to draw your rations!*"

The Guards paid me a delicate compliment at the last meeting. They elected me "Child of the Regiment," with the rank of corpulant. I was about to return thanks in a neat and appropriate speech, when a reporter who was present assured me it was no use, he had got the whole thing in type, speech and all, and I could read it in the evening paper. He said they kept a "neat and appropriate speech" standing in type continually. I got his views, and held my peace.

Yours for the Union, including
The Stars, also the Stripes,
FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

IF the stars should appear but one night in a thousand years how would men believe and adore, and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the city which God had shown! But every night come out his envoys of beauty, and light the universe with their admonishing smile.

KINDNESS is a language which the dumb can speak and the deaf understand.

Gen. McClellan's War Horse "Handsome Dan."

We find in *Porter's Spirit of the Times* the following description of this celebrated horse, formerly owned by H. C. Creveling, of St. Louis, and presented to Gen. McClellan by several gentlemen of Cincinnati—reported to be worth over one thousand dollars. He is a gelding, of a beautifully-dappled mahogany-bay color, with three white feet and a star, very heavy flowing black mane and tail—the latter a regular 'spout.' He is sixteen hands high, and weighs, in ordinary flesh, 1,260 lbs.—He was sired by Gen. Jackson, dam of Sir Archy and Messenger. He has a fine, bony, intelligent head, delicately-tapered ear, and a proud, beautifully-arched neck, capital shoulders, very long and muscular hams, whose symmetry could not be improved were they carved to order; his chest is broad and deep, his legs fine, flat, bony, with his hocks and knees well down to his heels, and his fetlocks almost to the ground, with a round, well-ribbed 'barrel' of tremendous length, and loins and hips remarkable for strength and beauty. Indeed, his fine points and evenly-balanced proportions make him, in the fullest sense of the term, a *model horse*, not only for symmetry, but for speed and stoutness. As a field-horse he has no superior, being very 'topy' when in action, with a proud and nervous step, his head as high as his rider's when mounted, and his throat-latch and tips of his fore feet almost on a perpendicular line when in repose.

He possesses many singular characteristics common to no other one of his species. For instance, he will not stamp his feet to shake off a fly, if there were a thousand on him, seeming to entertain a feeling of contempt for all lesser animals; and his confidence in, and affection for, the human species is such that he will not, under any circumstances, suffer his attention to be distracted from his master by any minor object. To his own species he pays no attention, passing among them without deigning them the slightest notice, not even when turned loose in the same yard or field. He will follow his master up any flight of stairs, or along any precipice where he can get a foothold, relying on his master's judgment for his safety; he will stand anywhere he is left without constraint, and is as brave as a lion, and as discreet as a judge.

In speaking of this horse, Willis says, 'he is afraid of nothing.' The proof of it was in the fact that (beside all the cannonading and trumpeting) he stood for a half hour, during the latter part of the review with the large and showy flag, which indicated the commanding officer's position on the field, flaring directly across his eyes and touching his muzzle at every puff of the wind, without flinching an inch. Every other horse, cavalry and artillery, shied in passing this showy object. The immoveableness of McClellan's horse, standing nearest to it, was remarked by all around me. I venture to promise, (after considerable study of him,) that the honest and brave sorrel, as long as he has life in him, on the battle-field, will do well by his rider.

'Do you think raw clams is healthy, Bob?'

'Yes, I do.'

'Some folks say they isn't.'

'I don't care what some folks say; but I never knew a raw clam to complain of being out of health.'

RULERS are generally too fond of display. They seem more anxious to fill eyes than the stomachs of their people.

NOTHING is more intolerable than proud ignorance.

SOME men's mouths seem to be like the dykes of Holland—made to keep out water.

THE dangers of knowledge are not to be compared to the dangers of ignorance.

WHY is a disconsolate youth like a mower? Because he heaves a *scy*-the.

WHY is a necessity like a great many lawyers? Because it knows no law.

IF a man is dissipated, his fortune will probably soon be so too

THE man who carries all before him—'The wheelbarrow man.'

THE oldest deaf and dumb asylum in the world—The grave.

Important to anglers—One rod is equal to one *perch*.

MODESTY, says a contemporary, adorns a woman but ruins a man.