

Civilian and Telegraph.

CUMBERLAND, MD., THURSDAY, JANUARY 23, 1862.

NUMBER 4.

VOLUME XXXV.

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 a way of the extensive patronage which he has received. Within the last eight years, Dr. S. has treated more than 25,000 cases of Private Complaints in their different forms and stages, a practice which in no other respects than 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 intervals, that more widely radical and permanent cure, therefore, persons afflicted with diseases of the above nature, "no matter how old or long standing the case may be," would do well to consult Dr. S. 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 houses, or while travelling, without exposure or hindrance from business, and except in cases of violent inflammation, no change of diet is necessary.

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, but avoid the danger of the disease, and the great constitutional injury, but enable their medical assistance 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 blotches with itching pain, break out on the skin, and the deadly poison creeping upon his vitals, then "and not till then," do many awake to a full sense of their danger.

CONSTITUTIONAL DEBILITY.

Young men! beware of the pernicious indulgence and most fatal injury you inflict upon your constitutions, by evil examples and the world's influence, the dissensions.

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

It would be a show how attenuation of the frame, palpitation of the heart, derangement of the nervous system, cough, indigestion and other train of symptoms, indicative of consumption, are often ascribed to young men, 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 skillful physician, who in a short time, would restore you to perfect health and save you from exposure which the fatal consequences render it inevitable.

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 a medicine securely packed from observation forwarded by express or otherwise to any part of the country.

M. H.—Persons afflicted with any of the above complaints will do well to avoid boasting and ostentation whether foreign or native, as also the numerous Societies advertised as a certain cure for every disease. These preparations are put up in bottles and sealed with wax, and often do more harm than good, therefore avoid them.

Civilian & Telegraph

IS PUBLISHED

Every Thursday Morning.

W. EVANS, Editor and Proprietor.

Office in Second Story of McKaig's Commercial Block, Balto. St.

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 arrears are paid.

Rates of Advertising.

One square of 12 lines, \$1 for three insertions—subsequent insertions 25 cents each. All advertisements under 12 lines charged as a square.

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

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All Job Work, cash.

The issues 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.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

Judge of Circuit Court—Hon. THOS. PERRY.

Register of Circuit Court—HON. A. H. KEESLEY.

Register of Will—JOHN B. WILKINSON.

Sheriff—HENRY R. ATKINSON.

State Attorney—C. B. THURSTON.

Surveyor—DENTON D. BROWN.

Stock and Commodity Broker—W. M. KILGOUR.

Justice of the Orphan's 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 Frederick streets, opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel, Cumberland.

DENTISTRY.

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

ANDREWS & SWARTZWEIDER,

Wholesale & Retail Dealers 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 M. 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. Finished Sheet-Iron was 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. KELENBECK'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, Milling Machinery, Furnaces, Stoves, Grates, Mill-Irons, Flows, Agricultural Implements, &c. March 17, 1859—y.

CLOTWORTHY & FLINT,

WHOLESALE

DRUGGISTS,

and dealers in

Paints, Glass & Oil.

No. 839 Balt. St., Baltimore.

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

Flour! Flour!

A LOT of Family and Extra FLOUR just received and for sale by

WM. R. BEALL & CO.

Write! Write!

A GENERAL assortment of NAILS on hand and for sale by

WM. R. BEALL & CO.

Tobacco and Segars.

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

June 2. WM. R. BEALL & CO.

Poetical.

TRUE POETRY.

For elegance and beauty, the following lines from the pen of Charles Mackay, challenge the whole world of poetry:

How many thoughts I gave thee!
Come hither on the grass,
And if thou'lt count unfeeling
The green blades as we pass;
Or the leaves that sigh and tremble,
To the sweet wind of the west,
Or the rippling of the river,
Or the sunbeams on its breast,
I'll count the thoughts I give thee,
My beautiful, my best!

How many joys I owe thee!
Come sit where seas run high,
And count the heaving billows,
That break on the shore and die—
Or the grains of sand they fondle,
When the storms are overblown,
Or the pearls in the deep sea caverns,
Or the stars in the milky zone,
And I'll count the joys I owe thee,
My beautiful, my own!

And how much love I proffer!
Come scoop the ocean dry,
Or weigh in thy tiny balance
The star ships of the sky;
Or twine around thy fingers,
The sunlight streaming wild,
Or fold it in thy bosom;
While the world is dark beside,
And I'll tell how much I love thee,
My beautiful, my bride!

Miscellaneous.

THE SPIRIT OF '76.

The following extract is from "The Continental," a novel by the late James K. Paulding:

Bidding farewell to home, as he believed for a long while, and receiving divers cautions to take care of himself, from the old folks, John had the morning after parting with Jane, pursued his way to the quarters of Gen. Alexander McDougal, one of the earliest and worthiest patriots of New York, with whom his family had been acquainted during their residence in the city, and in whose brigade his father served as a captain of dragoons. The General was of Scottish descent, of a cool, determined character, and undoubted courage. Like Napoleon, the Great Captain, he was an egregious snuff-taker, and to save the trouble of opening a box, or because no box of reasonable dimensions would contain his daily supply, usually carried his snuff in his waist coat pocket, as we have often heard from one of his old companions in arms. From the same authority we learn that the General's ruffles and buff-jerkin generally exhibited a plentiful sprinkling of his favorite debauch. Our adventurer first sought his father, and the meeting was affectionately solemn. But after the parent had welcomed his son, he began a long lecture on the impropriety of leaving home, where his presence was required for the protection of the old people, and the cultivation of the farm.

"Besides," added the captain, "you would have seen me soon without coming here. I was about asking leave for a few days, as early as next week—however, John, I should not find fault with you for taking all this trouble to see me. So give me your hand; you are heartily welcome."

"But, sir," replied John, "I did not come to see you, that is, I did not come on purpose."

"No; what, then, brought you here?" "I came to fight for my country, sir!" "You? why, you're but a boy—a chicken; what will you do amongst our old cock?" "Grow, and fight like the rest, father!" "Cock, John! go home and take care of the farm, and the old people. I'm sure you've run away without permission."

"No, on my word, sir, they consented."

"What! mother too?" "Yes, sir. She opposed it at first, but at last said to me, 'Well, go John, fight for your country, and take care of your father.' "Did she, the dear old soul?" exclaimed the captain, drawing his hand across his brow; "but why should I doubt it, when I have seen so many of our women with the hearts of men in their bosoms? John, you can hardly remember your mother, you were so young when you lost her. Though brought up tenderly in a quiet city, I verily believe she never knew what it was to fear for herself. I have seen her twice in situations that made old soldiers turn pale, without a change in her countenance. If you ever turn coward, John, you will disgrace both your parents. But you are too young for a soldier of freedom. Can you live without eating; sleep without covering; fight without shirt to your back, or shoe to your foot; without pay, and without the hope of victory? If you cannot, you'd better go home. Look at me, John."

John ran his eye over the poor soldier of freedom, and though he had been absent but little more than a year, was struck with the change in his face and person. He had grown very thin; his brow was seamed with deep furrows; his hair, which was only a little grizzled when he left home, was now almost white, and a deep scar on his cheek, gave token of his having been within arms' reach of an enemy. Cap he had none; but his place was supplied by a coarse wool hat, of a grim, weather-beaten hue; ornamented with a little faded plume, now of a most questionable color. His *spaullette* was of the

tint of rusty copper; his garments not only worn threadbare, but rent in more than one place; he wore a common leather stock, and his clumsy cowhide boots, the soles of which were gradually departing from the upper leather, were innocent of oil or blacking. His sword was cased in a scabbard of cartridge paper, made by his own hands, and his entire appearance presented no bad emblem of the fortunes of his country.

"Well, John, what do you think of me?" John made no answer. His heart was too full for words, but he thought to himself, "Such is ever the price of liberty!" "But don't be discouraged, boy. Though I seem rather the worse for wear, I have plenty of money. Look here—" and the captain drew from his pocket a handful of paper money, with a smile that partook of bitter irony. "See how rich I am, if I could only persuade people to take these rags for money. I offered Mangham, the pedlar—you know him, I believe, a wary rascal—a hundred dollars for a pair of stockings, a luxury I have not enjoyed for some time; but he answered, 'No, captain, if I want to be charitable, I give things away; but when I trade, I expect something of equal value for my goods.' He offered to give me a pair for old acquaintance sake, but I could not bring myself to that. So you see me barefoot with a pocketful of money."

"If I were in your place, sir, I would resign and go home. Let me take your place, while you get a little rest and clothe yourself. I can't bear to see you look like a beggar."

"No, my son," replied the captain, with a firm determination, unalloyed by a single spark of enthusiasm, "no, John; when I first put on this old rusty sword, I swore never to lay it down till my country was free, or all hope of freedom was at an end. I mean, if God spares my life, to keep my oath, let what else may happen. If my country cannot give me shoes, I will fight barefoot; if she cannot afford me a hat, I will fight bareheaded; and if she can't pay me for my services in money, I will live in the hope of being repaid hereafter by her gratitude. I know she gives us the best she has to give—that she shares in our sufferings—and may God forsake me, when I desert her."

Such were the men who bore the country on their shoulders, through peril, doubt, and despair; such the unknown heroes, who live only in the blessings they bestowed on posterity. And here lies the mystery which has puzzled the world, namely, the achievement of independence in the face of apparently insuperable obstacles, presenting themselves at every step and every moment, which cannot be explained but by the virtuous firmness, the unwavering patriotism, not more of the high than of the low; not more of those whose names will forever remain objects of national gratitude, than of those whose names were never remembered. The soul that animated and inspired the revolution spoke from the lips of this nameless soldier. It is the work of such men as this that is now attempted to be undone.

An Autumn for the Nation.

There is something exquisitely beautiful in these ideas of the Rev. Mr. Fletcher pastor of the Second Universalist Church at Lowell, Massachusetts, a few days ago, from the text: "We all fade as a leaf." He is speaking of the late frosts and unusually fine weather of the autumn of 1861, and says: Summer, glorious, protracted, beautiful summer, loth to leave her cherished treasures, lingered and breathed upon fields and gardens long after the usual time of her departure. Autumn came, and hand in hand they walked along, so gently, so harmoniously, that flowers looked up and smiled in all their loveliness beneath the influence of their united reign. But they have spoken their adieu and parted company, and with her breath of frost, autumn has spoiled the lingering freshness of the field and garden, and touched with russet the foliage of the forest. Yet even now we have her in her gentlest mood; and by such measured and considerate steps is she conducting us from floral groves to fields that will ere long wear iron coronations, that we are scarcely conscious of the change. It is as if the power which keeps the planets in their courses and gives a character to all the seasons, had looked in kindness on the unsheltered soldiery of our beloved country, and tendered the winds to their conditions and necessities; as if he pitied the poor in their destitution, and by this most unusual autumn had kept the sunlight on their hearth stones, a welcome substitute for fuel, and wrapped them in an atmosphere so mild that they have not been suffering for winter garments; as if the now and fearful exigencies of the present day demanded a delay in the progress of the seasons, and God had kept the sun from sinking towards the autumnal equinox to give our armies time in which to punish treason."

THE SPIRIT OF '76.—A few days since, while the Senate of Maryland were in session in the State House at Annapolis, a number of soldiers entered the ante-room and inquired if the Senate Chamber was not the place where General Washington once stood? An employee of the House answered that it was, and showed one of them as near as he could the spot where Washington stood when he resigned his commission. The young man recently approached the spot, and standing for several minutes apparently fixed to the place, hastily turned and left the chamber, exclaiming that he could stand it no longer, for he felt his Fourth of July rising too fast.

THE GREAT REBELLION

The Burnside Expedition.

DEPARTURE OF THE EXPEDITION FOR ITS DESTINATION.

The following letter, which we find in the New York Post, descriptive of scenes and incidents, is not without interest:—

FORTRESS MONROE, Jan. 11, 1862.

At last the Burnside expedition has left Annapolis, a most delightful place to leave. On Wednesday night the troops, tents, baggage, batteries, horses, reporters and other accompaniments of the coast division were nearly all embarked, and the transports were ready to set sail. At daylight on Thursday, Gen. Burnside, in an eight-oared boat, rowed rapidly from ship to ship, and visited each vessel of the fleet. The decks were thronged with men; the bands of the different regiments saluted the commanding general, and hearty cheers arose on every side. There was a positive enthusiasm—an unmistakable delight at the prospect of immediate departure.

A signal gun at 7 o'clock, and the vessels of the first brigade moved down the harbor. The second brigade started at half past 8 o'clock, and the third brigade an hour later. At almost the last hour the steamer George Peabody arrived to take the place of the *Sawane*, disabled by the bursting of her steam chest, and the steamer *Louisiana* was waiting at the dock to take on the Seventh Rhode Island battery. The steamers towed some one and some two sailing vessels, and long before noon the entire transport fleet had cleared the harbor and was sailing down the bay.

DOWN THE CHESAPEAKE BAY.

So the fleet sailed away. It would have been a magnificent sight if the fleet, or indeed any considerable portion of it, could have been seen—but it couldn't. It started in a fog, sailed nearly all day in a fog, and finally brought up in a fog and anchored for the night. At times during the day the dense bank lifted a little, showing for an hour the nearest shores, and on either side the long, low, fog-fringed shores of the Chesapeake. And opposite the mouth of the Potomac we were favored with a gorgeous sunset.

The voyage was almost devoid of interest. We passed but three vessels (not belonging to our fleet), two of them Baltimore steamers bound up, and one a schooner, which showed her colors—the skipper waving a small American flag from the deck a moment as we passed. "Our" steamer, the *Cossack*, had two vessels in tow—a brig and a schooner, both filled with troops—and yet made good running time, passing her own brigade, and at sundown overhauling and passing by two of the steamers of the first brigade which had the start of us an hour.

In spite of this facility of comparative fast sailing, which promised us an anchorage off Old Point Comfort early in the morning, we were doomed to a disappointment. A denser fog than any but a Newfoundland ever dreamed of compelled the fleet to anchor at midnight. From that time till ten o'clock next morning the *Cossack* and the vessels in her vicinity kept up a perfect pandemonium of unearthly sounds—steam whistles, bells, horns and other anti-collision warnings. At five we started, moving cautiously through the still dense fog, running not more than five knots an hour, passing two more vessels of the fleet, anchoring off Fortres Monroe at 8 P. M. on Friday.

AT ANCHOR.

The roads are fairly alive with ships. As a vessel after vessel of the transport fleet came in, the crews of the *Minnesota* and other war ships manned the rigging and greeted the incoming fleet with hearty cheers.

THE SCENE.

Hampton Roads has only witnessed one such spectacle as the one presented at present, and that was during the latter portion of October, when Gen. Sherman's Port Royal armada congregated here. The scene presented by the numerous vessels composing this expedition is very animating. During the evening of yesterday all the vessels were illuminated, and the music of the numerous bands with the regiments on the vessels was soul-stirring in the extreme.

THE EXPEDITIONARY VESSELS.

The total number of vessels of all kinds, aside from the naval forces, is forty-five, and are divided up as follows: 9 steamers, 9 propellers or gun-boats, 4 ships, 5 barks, 1 brig, 17 schooners, and 8 floating batteries.

STRENGTH OF THE DIVISION.

The total land forces of this Division may be summed up as follows:—15 full regiments and 1 battalion of infantry; 1 battery of 6 pieces of field artillery; 45 rifled guns, distributed through the fleet, or a total of 51 guns at the disposal of the land forces. The regiments are, with two or three exceptions, up to the standard of 1,000 men; and adding the gunners in charge of the fleet, the total fighting force amounts to fully 16,000 men, aside from the naval vessels.

THE DEPARTURE FROM HAMPTON ROADS.

About 9 o'clock on the night of the 11th, the armed vessels of the fleet were taking in water, preparatory to leaving at midnight. About 12 o'clock the *Cossack* had weighed anchor, and in a few moments after sailed out, in company with about one-half the fleet, including all the armed vessels.

From the time mentioned until late in the afternoon of the 12th, vessels were being added to the fleet, and one by one they left the harbor.

Southern News.

THE POLICY OF THE CONFEDERATES—A SEMI-OFFICIAL EXPOSITION.

A Richmond paper publishes from advance sheets an article prepared for De Bow's Review. It is said to be a semi-official exposition of the policy marked out by the Confederate leaders. We make a few extracts:—

"Not heeding the lessons we tried to teach the Yankees at Bethel, at Manassas, and the other day at Leesburg, thoughtless people among us are continually complaining that our armies do not follow the fatal examples set by the North, and rush headlong into positions where they would have to encounter superior force, strong fortifications and natural advantages of situation. 'Tis the mob of the North, and its mouth-piece the press of the North, that has urged on their armies to certain defeat."

So far, our President and all our officers have disregarded the senseless clamor of home-thinking people, who talk and write ignorantly, thoughtlessly and recklessly about the conduct of the war, which they comprehend about as well as they do the Chaldaic language or the Egyptian hieroglyphics. Out of danger's way themselves, they do not feel or care for the useless danger to which they would expose our troops. Our officers, whether volunteers or regulars, have exhibited remarkable prudence, skill and sagacity. As conscientious men they have endeavored to gain victory with little loss of life. In this they have succeeded, because they have fought the enemy at advantage, and never at disadvantage. An army acting on the defensive, in its own territory, may by retreating choose its own position for battle. The invading army must either cease to advance, give up its project of conquest, or attack it at disadvantage in the strong position which it has selected."

The Confederate States present greater natural obstacles to an invading army than any equal area of country on the globe. Armies cannot march down our Atlantic coast, because of the great number of bays, inlets, creeks and rivers; nor down the interior, because of mountain ridges, impassable roads, sparse population and scarcity of provisions.

The Mississippi is narrow, long, tedious and easily defended, and its valley is subject to overflow. No invading army will attempt a serious invasion in that direction. It is our true policy to decoy the enemy into the interior, and then to cut them off, as we were Braddock, and Burgoyne, and Cornwallis, and Ross, and Pakenham, and our own troops in the everglades of Florida. When we have defeated and captured their armies, exhausted their treasury, and cowed their spirits by defensive warfare, it will be time for us to begin to act on the offensive, and to invade their territory."

The article argues strongly against any invasion of Maryland at present, and in this connection says:—

"Should we be defeated in Maryland, our whole army, with their ammunition, would be captured by the enemy. We might in a short time repair the loss of our men, but the loss of our munitions of war would inflict upon us a stunning and appalling blow. One defeat in Maryland would do us more harm than ten in Virginia. We have the selection of the battle-ground—why choose Maryland?"

JACKSON'S EXPEDITION TO BATH.

From the Norfolk Day Book, Jan. 9.

LYNCHBURG, Jan. 9.—Two letters from Winchester have been received here, dated the 7th and 8th, furnishing intelligence from Jackson's command. The first letter says there has been no fighting beyond a little skirmishing, in which three or four casualties occurred on each side, and a capture by the Confederates of two cannon and ten prisoners, when the enemy retreated across the Potomac at Hancock.

We have also burnt the bridge across Mount Caccopoa. The enemy's force was estimated at two or three thousand.

The second letter says that Jackson was on his return, having accomplished the object of his visit, which was the destruction of Dam No. 6 of the Chesapeake Canal, and the bridges of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad in the locality. Jackson lost in the expedition some twenty men. There was but a small force of the enemy in that quarter, and but little fighting. It is supposed we lost more men than the enemy. General Jackson captured in his expedition about forty thousand dollars' worth of clothing and military stores.

On Monday last, some five hundred militia, stationed near Col. Blue's, on the North-Western road, fourteen miles this side of Romney, and were soon put to flight, with a loss of three or four killed, some few prisoners, two pieces of artillery, and their baggage wagons. The enemy also burnt a mill near Blair's, destroying all the private property and live stock. They shot a poor old shoemaker in his house and burned it over his head. Among the wounded is Capt. Alexander, of the Arkansas regiment, who lost an arm.

Our force recently at Huntersville was about six hundred, but the commandant of the post had indiscreetly given furloughs to some four hundred of his men, thus leaving a very small force behind at that place. But for this we could have whipped the Yankees off, as they numbered not over six hundred.

Wit and Humor.

FANCY DANCING.—The La Crosse Democrat cautions young men who can't dance the fancy dances, not to go to a ball with a young lady who can, and adds a few suggestions as follows:—

"If we ever have children, we shall teach them these fancy dances, to the neglect of their catechism. Not that they will enjoy the hopping around, first on one foot, then on the other, then on both, but they will have such a good chance to hug other folks' wives and sweethearts! That is the secret of the dancing! No one can object then, but if a fellow were to sit by the side of his own wife