

Professional.

J. HARWOOD WATKINS,
 ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 ELLCOTT CITY.
 OFFICE—At the office of "The Elicott City Times," in the Town Hall.
CHARLES W. HEUSLER,
 ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 13 LAW BUILDINGS, BALTIMORE, MD.
 March 9, '78, 14.
J. D. MCGUIRE,
 ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 ELLCOTT CITY, MD.
 OFFICE—Two Doors West of Leishman's Store.
 Will prosecute claims for Pensions, Bounty, &c., and practice generally before the Department in Washington.
 Oct. 7, '78, 14.
JOHN WARFIELD,
 ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 FLORENCE P. O., HOWARD COUNTY, MD.
 March 20, '78, 14.
J. THOMAS JONES,
 ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
 No. 32 ST. PAUL ST., BALTIMORE.
 Practices in the Courts of Baltimore City and Howard and adjoining Counties.
 Can be found at the Court House in Elicott City, on the First and Third Tuesday of every month.
 Dec. 12, '74, 14.
HENRY E. WOOTTON,
 ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 OFFICE—Nearly opposite the Court House,
 ELLCOTT CITY, MD.
 Nov. 27, '69, 14.
EDWIN LINTHICUM,
 ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 OFFICE—Nearly opposite the Court House,
 ELLCOTT CITY, Md.
 Nov. 27, '69, 14.
WM. A. HAMMOND,
 ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
 Can be found at the Court House, Elicott City, on the First and Third Tuesday of each month.
 OFFICE—29 St. Paul St., near Lexington,
 Baltimore.
 July 27, '74, 14.
JOHN G. ROGERS,
 ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
 Will practice in Howard, Anne Arundel and the adjoining counties.
 Special attention given to Collections, and Remittances made promptly.
 OFFICE—In the Court House, Elicott City,
 Jan. 6, '72, 14.
ALEXANDER H. HOBBS,
 COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
 No. 32 ST. PAUL ST., BALTIMORE.
 Attends all the Courts in Baltimore City and the Circuit Court for Howard County, and will be at the Court House in Elicott City the First and Third Tuesday of every month—(Orphans' Court days).
 Mar. 6, '75, 14.
C. IRVING DITY,
 ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
 No. 31 ST. PAUL ST., BALTIMORE.
 Practices in all the Courts of the State; in the U. S. Courts, in Admiralty and Bankruptcy.
 Particular attention given to collection of Mercantile Claims in the lower counties of Maryland.
 Jan. 29, '70, 14.
T. R. CLENDINEN,
 ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 No. 82 W. FAYETTE STREET,
 BALTIMORE, MD.
 March 2, '78, 14.
DR. SAMUEL A. KEENE,
 ELLCOTT CITY, MD.
 Having permanently located himself at Elicott City is prepared to practice his profession in this City and County.
 He may be found at his place of business at all hours, except when professionally engaged. Night calls promptly attended to.
 Oct. 5, '69, 14.
DR. JOHN M. B. ROGERS,
 (LATE OF BALTIMORE).
 Having located at Clarksville for the practice of medicine, respectfully offers his professional services to the community.
 May 18, '78, 14.
DR. RICHARD C. HAMMOND
 Offers his professional services to the public.
 OFFICE—At Pine Orchard, Frederick Turnpike, Howard County.
 March 16, '78, 14.
DR. JAMES E. SHREEVE,
 DENTIST,
 (Graduate of Baltimore College of Dental Surgery).
 Having bought out the good will of Dr. E. C. Crabbe, I tender my professional services to his patrons and the public generally at the office formerly occupied by him,
 MAIN STREET,
 THREE DOORS BELOW LEISHMAN'S STORE.
 April 21, '77, 14.
JAMES L. MATTHEWS,
 AGENT FOR THE
 MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
 OF
 ANNE ARUNDEL AND HOWARD COUNTIES.
 OFFICE—One door west of T. H. Hunt's Store, Elicott City.
 Feb. 16, '78, 14.
WILLIAM B. PETER,
 NOTARY PUBLIC,
 Real Estate and Collection Agency, and
 GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY,
 ELLCOTT CITY, MD.
 Estates attended to; Rents and Bills Collected Money procured on Securities. Purchases and Sales of City and Country Property effected. Property Leased. Money Invested in Ground Rents, Mortgages, &c., &c., Free of Charge. All kinds of Property Insured at Lowest Rates.
 MONEY TO LOAN, at Low rates, on First Class Securities, in sums from \$1,000 to \$10,000.
 June 24, '78, 14.

WATCHING AND WAITING.
 Sitting all day by the wide, weary sea!
 While the waves sally, murmur in low monotone,
 Ceaselessly making their plaintive moan
 In low-voiced soothing sympathy.
 I forget that long years have passed since I,
 By my pride and my empty driven away,
 Left me in anger that bright summer day,
 And sailed to a land far over the sea.
 Again he seems to sit by my side
 Repeating the vows oft whispered before.
 Though I know on a faraway desolate shore
 A cross rudely carved marks the spot where he died.
 My caprice and my coldness, sure now he
 Must know
 Were assumed to conceal the great love in my heart,
 Which broke when I saw his vessel depart,
 And watched its sails fade in the sunset's red glow.
 For the light of my life had gone out with him
 Then;
 When the sun disappeared and with phantom-like sweep,
 The lightning mist rolled over the deep
 Hiding my love for ever from my ken.
 And the years slowly pass, and each summer
 I silently sit by the sounding sea,
 While the waves sing their dirge-like minstrelsy,
 Low chanting of him who sleeps far away.
 And I watch till the sun goes down to his rest,
 And the wild sea-gull in its purposeless flight
 Sometimes crosses his path of light,
 As his broad disc touches the sea in the west.
 Then I think 'tis my love returning to me,
 So like his ship's sail looks yonder white wing;
 Till at memory's touch re-awakening,
 I remember the lone grave far beyond the sea.
 But the evening will come when over the sea,
 As the white mist unfolds like a silver veil,
 In the midst will appear a shadowy sail,
 To which his spirit will beckon me.
 And though we'll sail down the silent sea,
 That spreads from the foot of old Time's
 Gray shore,
 Together, slow drifting evermore,
 Down the ocean of eternity.

if fitted up by the genies, regardless of expense. Upholstery, and the outlay of human capital, could do no more. Artists, too, as they are called, have brought together from the ends of the world, regardless likewise of expense, to do dancing and singing, some of them even geniuses in their craft. One singer in particular called Coletti or some such name, seemed to me, by the cast of his face, by the tones of his voice, by his general bearing, so far as I could read it, to be a man of deep and ardent sensibilities; of delicate intuitions, just sympathies; originally an almost poetic soul, or man of genius as we term it; stamped by Nature as capable of far other work than squalling here, like a blind Sampson, to make the Philistines sport!
 Nay, all of them had aptitudes, perhaps of a distinguished kind; and must, by their own and other people's labor, have got a training equal or superior in toilsomeness, earnest assiduity, and patient travail, to what breeds men to the most arduous trades. I speak not of kings, grandees, or the like show-figures; but few soldiers, judges, men of letters, can have had such pains taken with them. The very ballet-girls, with their muslin saucers round them, were perhaps little short of miraculous; whirling and spinning them in strange mad vortexes, and then suddenly fixing themselves motionless, each upon her left or right great-toe, with the other leg stretched out at an angle of ninety degrees, as if you had suddenly pricked into the floor, by one of their points, a pair, or rather a multitudinous cohort, of mad restlessly jumping and clipping scissors, and so hidden them, with opened blades, and stand still, in the Devil's name! A truly notable notion; marvelous, almost miraculous, were not the people there so used to it. Motion peculiar to the Opera; perhaps the ugliest, and surely one of the most difficult, ever taught a female creature in this world. Nature abhors it; but Art does at least admit it to border on the impossible. One little Cerito, or Tagliani the Second, that night when I was there, went bounding from the floor as if she had been made of Indian-rubber, or filled with the hydrogen gas, and inclined by positive levity to bolt through the ceiling; perhaps neither Semiramis nor Catherine the Second had bred herself so carefully.
 Such talent, and such martyrdom of training gathered from the four winds, was now here, to do its feat and be paid for it. Regardless of expense, indeed, the purse of Fortunatus seemed to have opened itself, and the divine art of Musical Sound and Rhythmic Motion was welcomed with an explosion of all the magnificences which the other arts, fine and coarse, could achieve. For you are to think of some Rossini or Bellini in the rear of it, to say nothing of the Stansfields, and hosts of scene-painters, machinists, engineers, enterprisers—fit to have taken Gibraltar, written the History of England, or reduced Ireland into Industrial Regiments, had they so set their minds to it!
 Alas! and all of these notable or noticeable human talents and excellent perseverances and energies, backed by mountains of wealth, and led by the divine art of Music and Rhythm vouchsafed by Heaven to them and us, what was to be the issue here this evening? An hour's amusement, not amusing either, but wearisome and dreary, to a high-dizenized select Populace of male and female persons, who seemed to me not much worth amusing! Could any one have pealed into their hearts once, one true thought, and glimpse of self-love. "High-dizenized, most expensive persons, Aristocracy so-called, or Best of the World, beware, beware what proofs you give of bestness and bestness!" And then the salutary pang of conscience in reply: "A select Populace, with money in its purse, and drilled a little by the posture-maker: good Heavens! if that were what, here and every where in God's Creation, I am! And a world all dying because I am, and shew myself to be, and to have long been, even that? John, the carriage, the carriage—swift! Let me go home in silence, to reflection, perhaps to sackcloth and ashes!" This, and not amusement, would have profited those high-dizenized persons.
 Amusement, at any rate, they did not get from Euterpe and Melpomene. These two Muses, sent for, regardless of expense, I could see, were but the vehicle of a kind of service which I judged to be Paphian rather. Young beauties of both sexes use their opera-glasses, you could notice, not entirely for looking at the stage. And it must be owned the light in this exposition of all the upholsteries and the human fine arts and coarses, was magical; and made your fair one an Armida—if you liked her better so. Nay, certain old Improper-Females (of quality), in their rouge and jewels, even these looked some reminiscence of enchantment; and I saw this and the other lean domestic Dandy, with icy smile on his old worn face; this and the other Marquis Singedolomme, Prince Mahogany, or the like foreign Dignitary, tripping into the boxes of said females; grinning there awhile, with dyed mustaches and macear-oil greasiness, and then tripping out again; and, in fact, I perceived that Coletti and Cerito and the Rhythmic Arts were a mere accompaniment here.
 Wonderful to see; and sad, if you had eyes! Do but think of it. Cleopatra

threw pearls into her drink, in mere waste which was reckoned foolish of her. But here had the Modern Aristocracy of men, brought the divinest of its Arts, heavenly Music itself; and piling all the upholsteries and ingenuities that other human art could do, had lighted them into a bonfire to illuminate an hour's flirtation of Singedolomme, Mahogany, and these Improper-Females! Never in Nature had I seen such waste before. O Coletti, you whose inborn melody, once of kindred as I judged to 'the Melodias eternal,' might have valiantly weeded out this and the other false thing from the ways of men, and made a bit of God's creation more melodious—they have purchased you away from that; chained you to the wheel of Prince Mahogany's chariot, and here you make sport for a macear Singedolomme and his Improper-Females past the prime of life. Wretched spiritual Nigger, oh, if you had some genius, and were not a born Nigger with mere appetite for pumpkin, should you have endured such a lot? I lament for you, beyond all other expenses. Other expenses are light; you are the Cleopatra's pearl that should not have been hung into Mahogany's chariot-ropes. And Rossini, too, and Mozart, and Bellini—Oh Heavens when I think that Music too is condemned to be mad and to burn herself, to this end, on such a funeral pile—your celestial Opera-house grows dark and infernal to me! Behind its glitter stalks the shadow of Eternal Death; through it too I look not 'up into the divine eye,' as Richter has it, 'but down into the bottomless eyesocket—not up toward God, Heaven, and the Throne of Truth, but too truly down toward Falsity, Vacuity, and the dwelling-place of Everlasting Despair.
 Good sirs, surely! by no means expect the Opera will abolish itself this year or the next. But if you ask me, Why heroes are not born now, why heroisms are not done now? I will answer you. It is a world all calculated for strangling of heroisms. At every ingress into life, the genius of the world lies in wait for heroisms, and by seduction or compulsion unwearily does its utmost to prevent them or extinguish them. Yes; to its Hells of sweating tailors, distressed needle-women, and the like, this Opera of yours is the appropriate Heaven! Of a truth, if you will read a Psalm of Asaph till you understand it, and then come hither and hear the Rossini and Coletti Psalms, you will find the ages have altered a good deal.
 Nor do I wish all men to become Psalmist Asaphs and Fantastic Hebrews. Far other is my wish; far other, and wider, is now my notion of this Universe. Populations of stern faces, stern as any Hebrew, but capable withal of bursting into inextinguishable laughter on occasion—do you understand that new and better form of character? Laughter also if it come from the heart, is a heavenly thing. But, at least and lowest, I would have you a Population abhorring phantasies;—abhorring *unweariness* in all things; and in your amusements, which are voluntary and not compulsory things, abhorring it most impatiently of all.

SAY WHAT YOU MEAN.—Let your friends know that you love them. Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words while their hearts can hear them, and while their hearts can be thrilled by them. The things you mean to say when they are gone say before they go. The flowers you mean to send for their collars send to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave them. If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away, full of perfumes of sympathy and affection, which they intend to break over my dead body, I would rather they would bring them out in my weary hours and open them, that I may be refreshed and cheered by them while I need them. I would rather have a bare coffin without a flower, and a funeral without an eulogy, than a life without the sweetness of love and sympathy. Let us learn to anoint our friends beforehand for their burial. Post-mortem kindnesses do not cheer the burdened spirit. Flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backward over the weary days of our lives.

A DELICATE OPERATION.—The ordinary citizen finds himself in many trying situations where the most delicate tact is needed. To lend a man "a quarter" politely, requires considerable coolness and self-control. To be slow and ceremonious about it implies distrust; to slap down the coin with a "bang" indicates irritation, while to search all your pockets in succession conveys the impression that you will be left penniless by the transaction. A smiling quiet promptness marks the gentleman in this crisis.
 —A bright and beautiful child shows in its very expression that its Babyhood was not associated with Opium, cordials, etc.—for the continued use of Opium is antagonistic to health. That valuable and highly recommended Remedy for the disorders of Babyhood, Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup, is absolutely free from Morphia and all other dangerous agents, and can be safely employed at all times. Only 25 cents per bottle.
 American Women.
 To express the precise nature of the difference between American and English ladies is extremely hard—it is something too subtle to be represented by any combination of epithets. You are sensible of a sort of charm which is wanting here; you miss another charm which is present here: you do not know which is more to be desired, but you doubt the possibility of combining them. American girls are certainly more independent than ours are; more accustomed to take care of themselves; think for themselves, decide for themselves; not less really domestic in their hearts, but less tied to their mothers' apron-strings; franker in their speech, and more ready to tell you about themselves, their circumstances, their families. There is a kind of French *verve* and force about them, but there is also a Tonic truthfulness. Then there is a nimbleness and versatility of mind, as well as a self-possession of manner, which puts a stranger at his ease from the first. Where an English girl throws the weight of the conversation on her partner, an American girl takes it up, draws him out, perhaps chaffs him in a genial fashion, and expresses her opinion freely on all the topics that turn up. English ladies of the old school would be apt to disapprove of her on slight acquaintance. But, when they come to know her better, they would perceive that she is, in essential matters, decorous as well as refined. American ladies who have mixed in fashionable society in London may often be heard to say that they are astonished at the quantity of scandal they hear talked there; and it is certainly true that one hears very little in America. In such places as New York and Chicago there are, of course, fast sets, just as there are in London and Liverpool. But in point of purity and real moral elevation the best society in America is possibly superior, and at any rate equal, to that of our own upper classes; while the American middle class is certainly more cultivated, more interested in the "things of the mind," than the commercial class in England.
 Looking at the matter simply as a question of human enjoyment, the success of the American system may be pronounced complete. It makes a staid middle-aged man long to have his youth to live over again, to see the bright, cheery, happy, simple ways of the young people whom he meets straying on the sands at Newport, or pic-nicking beside the water falls of the White Mountain, safe in their own innocence, meeting one another on the natural footing of human creatures, without affectations of innuendo on the one side, or prudery on the other. Little overtures and coquetries there may sometimes be, but it is all, as the attorney says, "without prejudice." Such pleasure in the society of people of one's own age, which no moralist can deny to be one of the most legitimate sources of enjoyment, is in England a good deal cramped by the restrictions which custom has imposed, and a good deal clouded by the idea, so often presented to the English youth, of cousins gossiping, and parents inquiring into what the jargon of society calls "intentions." A man may walk with so much wariness or so much honest simplicity as to avoid this last horror; but no prudence will prevent any interest which he shows in a lady, or which a lady shows in him (though in this latter case the inference is really rather the other way), from becoming the theme of talk among acquaintances and, however heartily he may depise it for himself, he feels it acutely for the other party, when it may injure in more ways than one. Nothing is commoner than for the friendship of two people—a simple and natural friendship, which gives them pleasure while it lasts, and might possibly ripen into something better still—to be interrupted by the idle gossip of outsiders, which, coming to their ears, causes one or both to break off the intimacy, lest any misunderstanding should arise. It may be foolish of them—very likely it is, for gossip is one of those things which people should learn to despise—but there is nothing a sensitive mind dreads more than the impatience of exposing another person to blame and misconception, still more of wounding her feelings. Now, in America, people do not talk in this fashion about their neighbors; or, if they do, nobody need regard them. Every thing passes as a matter of course under the blessed name of friendship.—"*On Some Peculiarities of Society in America*," in *Cornhill*.
 A TRIBUTE TO WOMAN.—In all countries, a celebrated traveller tells us, women are civil, obliging, tender and humane. To a woman, whether civilized or savage, I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With man it has often been otherwise. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, and frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the widespread regions of wandering Tartar, if hungry, dry, cold, wet or sick, the women have been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and to add to this virtue (so worthy the appellation of benevolence), these actions have been performed in so free and kind a manner, that if I was dry I drank the sweetest draught, and if hungry I ate the coarsest morsel with a double relish.

THE OPERA.

THE OPERA.
 BY THOMAS CARLYLE.
 Music is well said to be the speech of angels; in fact, nothing among the utterances allowed to man is felt to be so divine. It brings us near to the Infinite; we look, for moments, across the cloudy elements, into the eternal Sea of Light, when song leads and inspires us. Serious nations, all nations that can still listen to the mandate of nature, have prized song and music as the highest; as a vehicle for worship, for prophecy, and for whatsoever in them was divine. Their singer was a poet, admitted to the council of the universe, friend of the gods, and choicest benefactor to man.
 Reader, it was actually so in Greek, in Roman, in Moslem, Christian, most of all in Old-Helena times; and if you look how it now is, you will find a change that should astonish you. Good Heavens, from a Psalm of Asaph to a seat at the London Opera in the Haymarket, what a road have men traveled! The waste that is made in music is probably among the saddest of all our squanderings of God's gifts. Music has, for a long time past, been avowedly mad, divorced from sense and fact; and runs about now as an open Bedlamite, for a good many generations back, bragging that she has nothing to do with sense and fact, but with fiction and delirium only; and stares with unaffected amazement, not able to suppress an elegant burst of witty laughter, at my suggesting the old fact to her.
 Fact nevertheless it is, forgotten, and fallen ridiculous as it may be. Tyrtaeus, who had a little music, did not sing Barbers of Seville, but the need of beating one's country's enemies; a most true song, to which the hearts of men did burst responsive into fiery melody, followed by fiery strokes before long. Sophocles also sang, and showed in grand dramatic rhythm and melody, not a fable, but a fact, the best he could interpret: it the judgment of Eternal Duty upon the erring sons of men. Æschylus, Sophocles, all noble poets were priests as well; and sang the *tragedy* (which was also the divinest) that they had been privileged to discover here below. "To sing the praise of God," that, you will find, if you can interpret old words, and see what new things they mean, was always, and will always be, the business of the singer. He who forsakes that business, and wasting our divinest gifts, sings, the praise of Chaos, what shall we say of him?
 David, king of Judah, a soul inspired by divine music and much other heroism was wont to pour himself in song; he, with ser's eye and heart, discerned the Godlike amid the Human; struck tones that were an echo of the sphere-harmonies, and are still felt to be such. Reader, art thou one of a thousand, able still to read a Psalm of David, and catch some echo of it through the old dim centuries; feeling far off, in thy own heart, what it once was to other hearts made as thine? To sing it attempt not, for it is impossible in this late time; only know that it once was sung. Then go to the Opera, and hear, with unspeakable reflections, what men now sing!
 Of the Haymarket Opera my account, in fine, is this:—Lustres, candelabras, painting, gilding at discretion; a hall as of the Caliph Alraschid or him that commanded the slaves of the Lamp; a hall as

Unshod Horses.
 A correspondent of the London Times noticing a complaint that horses fall on asphalt pavements says they would not do so if they were left unshod, and he recommends that the use of shoes for horses be abandoned altogether. He declares that he has owned at least two hundred horses since 1852, used for all manner of purposes, draught, saddle and pack, and not one of them was shod. They did not work over grass or sand, but over the roughest roads imaginable, in places excessively hard, and in others as disagreeably soft and heavy." He does not deny that a horse having his shoes taken off and put to work on the city streets would be lame, but he declares that if the unshod horse is used gently for a fortnight and gradually allowed to use his feet, keeping the edges of the hoofs slightly rounded off with a rasp, he will grow a hoof so tough that there will be no danger of his being lamed, even on the roughest roads. There can be no doubt of the fact which he cites in support of his assertion that men who go barefooted habitually grow a sole which, compared to a shoe sole, would be classed as double. A few years ago there was a man in southern New Jersey who used to astonish visitors at the glass works by walking barefooted over the piles of broken glass, some of it hot from the furnace. The correspondent of the Times is certain that in spite of the conservatism of the English people they will sometime adopt this practice of abolishing horse-shoes.
 A MISDEAL.—There is a historical picture in the great rotunda of the Capitol, says a Washington correspondent of the Pittsburg "Dispatch," which has been made the subject of much wonder among artists and connoisseurs. The subject is "Washington Resigning his Commission." In the background are two young girls standing in an attitude of affection and confidence, with their four legitimate hands plainly visible in natural positions. But around the waist of one of them is a fifth hand, which would appear to belong to one of the loving creatures, but it is a hand too much. People with powerful charitable emotions try to fancy that the fifth hand belongs to John Hancock or some other hero in the rear, but if so, it must have had an arm like a grape vine to be able to reach such a point while standing erect at a distance of several feet, and gazing with an air of innocence and interest at the proceedings in front of him. Opinions are divided, but the majority seem to have the idea that the two girls have five hands between them. This phenomenon in a historical picture should not be underestimated.
 —The total product of honey and wax is worth at present in the United States nearly \$3,000,000.

—The less we parade our misfortunes, the more sympathetically we command.
 —Nashy wants a leather dollar. That's our currency. We're often strapped.
 —The Lorillards pay the Government \$1,000,000 annually as a tax on tobacco.
 —Alexander H. Stephens will make the canvas of his district in a carriage drawn by four white horses.
 —It was a negro who exclaimed as he rose from his knees at a camp-meeting. "Here I raise my ebon-knees sir!"
 —The pulled-up egotist who says a woman cannot do anything so well as a man has never seen her pack a trunk.
 —It is said that grated turnips thrown into a freezer and dishd out solid make excellent ice cream for church festivals.
 —A man who was fooled into buying a Finchbeck watch, called it Faith, because it was without works and therefore dead.
 —In a bookseller's catalogue lately appeared the following article: "Memoirs of Charles the First—with a head capitally executed."
 —"I say Mick, what sort of potatoes are those you are planting?" "Raw ones, to be sure; your honor wouldn't be thinking I plant boiled ones."
 —What is the difference between a tenant and the son of a widow? The tenant has to pay rents; the son of a widow has not two parents.
 —"Laks" exclaimed Mrs. Partington, "what monsters those master builders must be. I am told that some of 'em have as many as a hundred hands."
 —Wendell Phillips says that three-fifths of Americans have something to lose and half the rest hope soon to have; and there can be no communism in this country.
 —An Ashantee negro, who spoke a little English, on seeing a cake of ice for the first time, felt of it and tasted of it, and then added: "Tini be water fass asleep."
 —An old lady from the South said she never could imagine where all the Smiths came from until she saw in a New England town a large sign—"Smith Manufacturing Company."
 —Somebody remarks that young ladies look on a boy as a nuisance until he is past sixteen, when he generally doubles up in value each year, until, like a meerschaum pipe, he is priceless.
 —A Chinaman never swears when he gets mad because there are no "cuss words" in his dictionary. He simply upsets his washbasin, butts the bottom out Kicks a dog, and feels better.
 —Said one lawyer to another in the Court of Sessions the other day: "You are the biggest fool in New York." The judge told the gentleman that he must not forget that he (the judge) was present.
 —Oswege's old woman has reached the age of 102 without having made a bed-quilt with 10,000 pieces in it. Can a woman who has so neglected her plain duty squeeze into heaven?—*Detroit Free Press*.
 —Since the close of the late civil war, the Marietta (Ga.) Field says, nearly a half million pounds of bullets have been gathered from the battle fields near that town. One man has shipped 64,000 pounds.
 —The sermon of the best preacher in the world will not make as much impression upon a congregation as the sudden pattering of rain on the window-panes of a church containing two hundred new spring bonnets.
 —Bad luck is simply a man with his hands in his pockets, and a pipe in his mouth, looking on to see how it is coming out. Good luck is a man of pluck, with his sleeves rolled up, and working to make it come out right.
 —There's something inexpressibly sad in one's standing all alone by himself in the world as night shuts down and the oriole flies to its nest, but man will do it when he has only money enough to buy beer for one.—*Free Press*.
 —A green sportsman, after a fruitless tramp, met a boy with tears in his eyes, and said: "Isay, youngster, is there anything to shoot around here?" The boy answered: "Nothin' just 'bout here, but there's the schoolmaster's other side the hill.
 —If you have not got a wife of your own to keep you posted in the private affairs of your neighbors, why, then, get several telephones. As a rule, one good, brisk wife, who takes a pride in her mission, is equal to six high pressure telephones.
 —A man who lost his good character some time ago, was severely hauled over by some of his former friends. "I know it, boys; I know my character is gone—lost entirely. And," he added, rather pointedly, "it's too confounded bad, for it was the only one in town worth saving."
 —Three Irishmen who had dug a ditch for four dollars, were quite at a loss to know how to divide the pay "equally." But one of the number had been to school, and reached division in arithmetic, so it was left to him. He did it at once, saying, "It's aisy enough. Sure there's two for you two, and two for me, too." The two received their portion with a greatly increased respect for the advantages of learning.

Courting in Texas.
 They both sat in big hickory rocking-chairs—both rocking incessantly. She holds a sewing-basket in her lap and sews; he holds his hat in his lap, and sighs lovingly and heavily, looking straight in her face. At last he speaks:
 "Say I Mary?"
 "What, John?"
 "I've been a thinkin'!"
 "Thinkin' what, John?" (both rocking violently).
 "Oh—ah—pshaw" (gets confused, and looks suddenly down at the dog, with a sigh).
 "What's your dog's name, Mary?"
 "Coony, John."
 (Then both sigh).
 "What is he good for?"
 "What is who good for?" (abstractedly).
 "Your dog, Coony?"
 "Fur ketelins' possums."
 (Silence for two minutes).
 "He looks like a deer dog."
 "Who looks like a deer dog?"
 "Coony."
 "He is—but he's kinder bellowed, an' gettin' old an' slow now. And he ain't no count on a cold trail."
 (More silence).
 "Your ma raisin' many chickings?"
 "Forty add."
 (More silence, more violent rocking, when the chairs rock up side by side).
 "How many has your ma got?"
 "How many what?"
 "Chickings."
 "Nigh on to a hundred."
 (Chairs so close together that they can't rock).
 "The minks has eat most all ours."
 (More silence).
 "Making bed-quilts?"
 "Yes" (brightening up); "I've just finished a Soarin' Egul of Brazel," a "Sitting Sun," and a "Nation's Pride. Have you ever saw the "Yellow Rose on the Parary?"
 "No."
 (More silence).
 "Do you like cabbage?"
 "I do that."
 (Puts his arm round her).
 "Use a great-a-mind to bite you."
 "What you great-a-mind to bite me fur?"
 "Kase you won't have me."
 "Kase you ain't axed me."
 "Well now I ax you."
 "Then now, I has you."
 "O Mary?" (lovingly).
 "O John!" (more lovingly).

—A bright and beautiful child shows in its very expression that its Babyhood was not associated with Opium, cordials, etc.—for the continued use of Opium is antagonistic to health. That valuable and highly recommended Remedy for the disorders of Babyhood, Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup, is absolutely free from Morphia and all other dangerous agents, and can be safely employed at all times. Only 25 cents per bottle.
 American Women.
 To express the precise nature of the difference between American and English ladies is extremely hard—it is something too subtle to be represented by any combination of epithets. You are sensible of a sort of charm which is wanting here; you miss another charm which is present here: you do not know which is more to be desired, but you doubt the possibility of combining them. American girls are certainly more independent than ours are; more accustomed to take care of themselves; think for themselves, decide for themselves; not less really domestic in their hearts, but less tied to their mothers' apron-strings; franker in their speech, and more ready to tell you about themselves, their circumstances, their families. There is a kind of French *verve* and force about them, but there is also a Tonic truthfulness. Then there is a nimbleness and versatility of mind, as well as a self-possession of manner, which puts a stranger at his ease from the first. Where an English girl throws the weight of the conversation on her partner, an American girl takes it up, draws him out, perhaps chaffs him in a genial fashion, and expresses her opinion freely on all the topics that turn up. English ladies of the old school would be apt to disapprove of her on slight acquaintance. But, when they come to know her better, they would perceive that she is, in essential matters, decorous as well as refined. American ladies who have mixed in fashionable society in London may often be heard to say that they are astonished at the quantity of scandal they hear talked there; and it is certainly true that one hears very little in America. In such places as New York and Chicago there are, of course, fast sets, just as there are in London and Liverpool. But in point of purity and real moral elevation the best society in America is possibly superior, and at any rate equal, to that of our own upper classes; while the American middle class is certainly more cultivated, more interested in the "things of the mind," than the commercial class in England.
 Looking at the matter simply as a question of human enjoyment, the success of the American system may be pronounced complete. It makes a staid middle-aged man long to have his youth to live over again, to see the bright, cheery, happy, simple ways of the young people whom he meets straying on the sands at Newport, or pic-nicking beside the water falls of the White Mountain, safe in their own innocence, meeting one another on the natural footing of human creatures, without affectations of innuendo on the one side, or prudery on the other. Little overtures and coquetries there may sometimes be, but it is all, as the attorney says, "without prejudice." Such pleasure in the society of people of one's own age, which no moralist can deny to be one of the most legitimate sources of enjoyment, is in England a good deal cramped by the restrictions which custom has imposed, and a good deal clouded by the idea, so often presented to the English youth, of cousins gossiping, and parents inquiring into what the jargon of society calls "intentions." A man may walk with so much wariness or so much honest simplicity as to avoid this last horror; but no prudence will prevent any interest which he shows in a lady, or which a lady shows in him (though in this latter case the inference is really rather the other way), from becoming the theme of talk among acquaintances and, however heartily he may depise it for himself, he feels it acutely for the other party, when it may injure in more ways than one. Nothing is commoner than for the friendship of two people—a simple and natural friendship, which gives them pleasure while it lasts, and might possibly ripen into something better still—to be interrupted by the idle gossip of outsiders, which, coming to their ears, causes one or both to break off the intimacy, lest any misunderstanding should arise. It may be foolish of them—very likely it is, for gossip is one of those things which people should learn to despise—but there is nothing a sensitive mind dreads more than the impatience of exposing another person to blame and misconception, still more of wounding her feelings. Now, in America, people do not talk in this fashion about their neighbors; or, if they do, nobody need regard them. Every thing passes as a matter of course under the blessed name of friendship.—"*On Some Peculiarities of Society in America*," in *Cornhill*.
 A TRIBUTE TO WOMAN.—In all countries, a celebrated traveller tells us, women are civil, obliging, tender and humane. To a woman, whether civilized or savage, I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With man it has often been otherwise. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, and frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the widespread regions of wandering Tartar, if hungry, dry, cold, wet or sick, the women have been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and to add to this virtue (so worthy the appellation of benevolence), these actions have been performed in so free and kind a manner, that if I was dry I drank the sweetest draught, and if hungry I ate the coarsest morsel with a double relish.