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kinds of Property Insured at

ELLICOTT CITY, Md., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1879.

PROCRASTINATION.

BY CHARLES MACKAY. If fortune with a smiling face Strew roses on our way, When shall we stoop to pick them up?

To-day, my love, to day. But should she frown with face of care, And talk of coming serrow, When shall we grieve, if grieve we must? To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

If those who've wrong'd us own their fault, And kindly pity pray,

When shall we listen, and forgive ? To day, my love, to day. But if stern Justice urge rebuke, And warmth from Memory borrow, When shall we chide, if chide we date? To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

If those to whom we owe a debt Are harmed unless we pay, When shall we struggle to be just ! To-day, my lore, to-day. But if our debtor fail our hope. And plead his ruin thorough,

To morrow, love, to-morrow. If love estranged thould once again Her genial smile display, When shall we kiss her proffered lips?

To day, my love, to-day. But if she would indulge regret, Or dwell with bygone sorrow, When shall we weep, if weep we must? To morrow, love, to-morrow.

For virtuous acts and harmless joys The minutes will not stay; We've always time to welcome them, To-day, my love, to-day. But care, recentment, angry words, And unavailing sorrow, Come far too soon, if they appear

A Glance into the Future

The World in the Twenty-Ninth Century,

To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

BY E. T BORBETT.

(SCANE -- A drawing room in a handsome louse in New York. The room is slegantly furnished, but is chiefly remarkable for the absence of furnace, register, streplace, or any other risible source of warmth The gas jixtures are also lacking. On one side is a sort beneath it stands an elegant card receiver. The only occupant of the room is a lady, who sits before a piece of furniture resembling an escritoire, but she is not writing, although her of his generation. fingers more busily. Presently a young girl enters and addresses her with :)

Well, Edith, what does Georgiana say !

Where is she now ? Mrs. Tretor. She hasn't said much. have been doing all the talking, and my lingers are fairly stiff with fatigue. She is still in Germany, and she proposes that we should join her there on Saturday; at the baths, you know.

Miss Trecor. On Saturday ! Why, do you recollect that this is Tuesday, and we shall have only to-morrow in which to get ready? I don't think we can do it, Edith.

Mrs. T. Nor I; but we might take Saturday's balloon, and so reach her on Monday evening. What do you say 1 Shall I tell her that we will go?

Miss 7. Yes, by all means. (Mrs. Tretor resumes the movements of her fingers for a few moments, then pushes her chair back

wearily.) Mrs. T. There! I am too tired for any more correspondence. I wish some one

would come in and talk to us. Miss T. Your wish is granted, for see -Dr. Renington and the Professor are at

the door. (Already the dial-plate before mentioned has opened, and discloses the likeness of a gentleman, while a visiting-card drops into

the receiver. The next moment a second picture replaces the first, and a s condeard drops into the receiver.

Mrs. T. Yes there they are -1 am so

(She touches a small silver knob. Immeliately the large doors at the further end of the room slide open, and two arm chairs are seen rising through the floor of the hall beyond. Two gentlemen advance, greetings are interchanged, and conversation begins.)

Prof. Excuse me, Mrs. Trevor, but is health.

Mrs. T. So it seems to me, but I cannot account for it. We have opened but one iar of caloric since yesterday, and that is our usual allowance at this time of year. It must be stronger than common.

Miss T. (Laughing.) I shall be obliged o confess my misdeed! The truth is, Clara, that I upset a a whole jar some hours ago in the library, and so you have been suffering the consequences ever since. Dr. R. Never mind, Mies Clara, you

have not done half the mischief that the Professor did when he went with me to the North Pole last month. Miss 7. Oa, do tell me what he did

won't you, Doctor! Dr. R. Of course I will. You must know that he began by capturing a white bear and bringing it on board the yacht.

Mrs. T. Alive! Dr. R. Very much alive, my dear madam, as you will see when I tell you what happeded. The beast got loose, rushed into our store room, and contrived to break nearly every jar of caloric we had poured a whole bottle of wine into my on board, before we could secure him. Miss T. And what did you do to the

MONEY TO LOAN, at Low rates, on first class Securities, in sums from \$1,000 to \$10,000.

Where twenty motions would have no long ago to write a letter of letter-writer at letter-writer-writer-writer-writer-writer-w Dr. R. Well, we hadn't an opportunity

quantity of caloric so suddenly liberated, sympathy and condolence to a friend who quite overcame his bearship; in fact, he had lost his wife, but instead he sent a was partially rossted on the spot.

Miss T. Oh, how horrid! poor thing. Dr. R. You might better expend your compassion on the real sufferers, Miss it nearly ended our friendship. Clara. We were in a terrible plight, for Mrs. T. But then, what are such anwe had so little caloric left that we were noyances compared with the unpleasantice through which we passed on our re- tongues forever about one! Why, doturn; consequently we did not dare to mestic privacy must have been impossible warm the cabin at all. For my part, I was under such conditions. nearly frozen, and I have never quite | Prof. Doubtless it was, but people thawed since.

Dr. R. In the north west passage.

some of the sufferings of the ancient rode upon their backs. ever dreamed of.

Mrs. T. Professor, you astonish me. Prof. About A. D. 2450. You have Did people ever venture into those froze regions without protection from the in- at the Antiquarian Rooms, illustrating copyist must have used a defective appatense cold !

Prof. They did indeed, and endured incredible hardships in so doing.

with a few dozen jars of condensed heat, and suffer no inconvenience from the lowest possible temperatures.

Miss T. Unles you take a bear on board. Prof. Come, Miss Clara, that is hardly

Mrs. T. Tell me, when was it that people first began to use calorie, or condensed beat, as we use it ?

Prof. About two hundred years ago. By the way, that twenty-seventy century was a remarkable one in the world's history. It was crowded with discoveries and inventions, all more or less important, though not equally conspicuous. Our present mode of communicating with our absent friends was then perfected; before that period, men had tried in turn tele graps, and telephones, as they were called -both cumbersome, intricate contrivances, full of defects and liable to accidents. They learned by slow degrees the true uses and powers of electricity - in fact, the most advanced minds of the nineteenth hands or figures) let into the wall, and just contury would have flutted as incredible some of the commonest appliances of the twenty ninth. But the inventor always has been, and always will be, in advance

> Miss T. Oh, Professor, tell us more about these discoveries, won't you! Give us a little lecture.

> Mrs. T. No, don't begin there. Tell us for that is what we have been studying lately. How little the people of that epoch knew !

Prof. And how much they thought they knew!

Miss T. Yes, that is so comical. One would imagine, to read the literature of such a stupid age. the time, that they had attained the pinnacle of greatness and wisdom.

Prof. Yet they crossed the ocean in sreamships-great, slow, clumsy things, with such bare surroundings. which consumed eight or ten days in the

hour by rail fast traveling.

Prof. And employed the profer classes | not sure of the date. for their household servants.

lo have mechanical servants !

Miss T. Apropos of that, we had a droll | wishes to cross the ocean. experience here last week, Tell them

about your new cook, Edith. to buy a new patent cook, with so many hours. improvements that I was completely won over. So I purchased the thing, and told how I felt when I found that everything ness! I should die of fright in such a was completely spoiled -literally burned | case. to cinders! To cap the climax of my miscries, just as it was time to make the coffee the horrid thing stopped entirely, stood only made it worse!

Prof. But why not have sent for the

inventor or the merchant? Mrs. T. We did; but when the man who made it came next morning, he insisted that Dawson had put it out of order. Of course that was absurd, for Dawones. There is my new waiter with the sel and passengers? double suspension attachment, which is such an intricate thing; and Dawson understood it from the very first, although I don't even yet, and I never dare to put a finger on it.

Miss T. But I did put a finger on it one day, and the consequence was that he glass, or rather over it.

Dr. R. It is ecarcely to be wondered pocket) which I know you will enjoy. I at that these mishaps occur sometimes; did not see you at the opera last evening, cles and joints of the body, Rheumathe greater wonder is that they don't oc- so I brought you a few of the gems. This tism, Neuralgia - in fact any ache or pain

letter of congratulation.

obliged to use it nearly all for melting the ness of having servants with eyes, cars and

were forced to endure an evil for which Mrs. T. Why that was really dreadful. they could find no cure. These civilized ask a layor of which this music reminds Where did the accident, occur, doctor? | barbarians prided themselves, too, on me, although my request has nothing to follows: having subjugated the horse to their do with operas. Won't you give me the Prof. But as I told you at the time, uses. You know they employed those last speech before the Historical Society ? Renington, you were enabled to realize animals to draw vehicles, and they even The package Edith purchased was not

carrying heat into frigid latitudes was At what time did they get an idea of about it. using electric propellers like ours !

the ancient horse !

Miss T. Yes, we were there last week. It seems almost incredible, but I suppose our lecture and music packages, at the Dr. R. And now we provide ourselves that they actually went about in those new bazar; but I think I shall have to queer vehicles, with the horses attached. change -they have sold me a number of

Dr. R. Beyond a doubt, Miss Clara. defective things lately. What ancient history have you been reading lately, may I ask?

hold of the queerest volume! It was Come, Remington. poked away in a dusty corner, as if no one cared for it, and it was called the "Centennial Record." I brought it ping into it ever since. It gives an account of a great festival, held in the year 1876 in this country, at which all the inhabitants of the country came together to pay their devotions to that great bird they worshiped -the American eagle, I

think. Dr. R. Oh, no, Miss Clara, you are wrong there -- the ancient Americans were not idolaters, and they never worshiped the eagle. Doubtless the barbarous spell- we have the lights now, Clara; it is geting of your old books has led you astray; ting too dark to see. but the Professor can tell you the object of that great gathering better than I can. which stands an exquisite vase. She raises What was it, Professor?

Prof. It was certainly not a religious with a soft sunshiny radiance. feetival-it was only one of a series of Enter mechanical footman with newspa- of relation which haggis bears to mutton. sidered to advance the arts and sciences, - Codey's Lady Book. something about the ninetcenth century, and were held in various countries of Europe during the latter half of this same Old Maids and Old Bachelors. century of which we have been speaking. Nothing more than that.

Mrs. T. I wanted to ask if they had

Miss T. Yes, I was so amused with that tially known before the year 1900, but so not a moment to give to any one else. -wasn't it odd? Didn't they know enough | defective and imperfect was that knowtheir children were able to solve that conveyances Of course, there were some bald heads, and mouths that turn down kettle. I hope I may be forgiven for sugdifficult domestic problem. It was not adventurous spirits who made balloon chanical servants were first constructed; with their temerity; but the balloon was the room and cook delicious meals for one French origin. American visitors to Paris at which in charm and power in conversa-

It took nearly a hundred years to perfect Mrs. T. What a pity, for it is certain- robe. Old bachelors need an army of in the last twenty years. But those who the invention, and make them what they ly a most charming mode of traveling, far tailors, waiters, cooks, distant relative, like them may cat them to-day in their superior to that gloomy tunnel, if one hotel landlords, to keep them so com- primitive simplicity as galettes de Sarrasin schools, and in schemes for the relief and

Dr. T. I differ from you there. I vastly prefer the tunnel, and then the Mrs. T. Oh, a most absurd thing; but | time you save is quite a consideration. since Clara has spoken of it, I may as well | You know that the express trains are tell you. I was over-persuaded last week making the through trip now in thirty

Mrs. T. Well, the balloons only take forty-eight, and that is last enough for temperature is certainly too high for at once. Unfortunately, we had a dinner- while in the tunnel that the lights will be party that evening, and you can imagine exhausted, and then imagine the dark-

Prof. No danger of that, Mrs. Trevor. The company send an extra supply of light put up in the most convenient jars stock still, and all the screwing and oiling you ever saw, with every train. In fact, if was obliged to turn it off several times to

Mrs. T. Still, I'think I shall travel by

bailoon; I feel so much safer. Miss T. Edith, you are a real coward What would you have done if you had son has been with me for five years, and | been obliged to cross in a steamship, with he manages all the servants beautifully, the great waves buffeting you on every though I have some very complicated side, and threatening to availow up ves-

> Mrs. 7. Why, I should have staid a home, I suppose, rather than encounter such horrors. Prof. Excuse me, ladies, if I remind

evening, and the day is already far spent But I had something for you, Miss Clara, (taking some tiny packages from his coat

Miss T. Oh, thank you, how kind you were to remember me! I was so anxious to go last night, as it was the first repre-Mrs T. Now that was really dreadful. sentation, but it was quite impossible. Dr. R. So I thought, Mrs. Trevor, for However, this is very consoling. Suppose we open the aria you mentioned and

enjoy it now. Will you unseal it, please? Prof. Certainly. (Prof. takes up one of the small packages and carefully breaks the seal. Immediately a charming soprano voice executes a difficult aria. All listen attentirely. The voice ceases)

Miss T. How charming! I am much indebted to you. Now I want to good-some of the sentences were quite navigators, before our present method of Mrs. T. Yes, I have read about that, inaudible, and we were so disappointed

Prof. It will give me great pleasure to bring you a new one; but where did you f course, seen the models and drawings get yours? I ask because I suppose the ratus, and I want to inquire into it.

Mrs. T. I bought it where I go for all

Prof. Such careleseness is inexcuenble. Not only every word, but every in-Miss T. Oh, it isn't a history, not even flection of the voice can, and should be a treatise on history, Dr. Remington. But given with perfect distinctness. I should one day when I was looking over the advise you to go to Trevelyan's in fu- short time. This tale had the run of all books at the Antiquarian Rooms, I got ture. But now I must say good morning. the newspapers in France and elsewhere,

The gentleman make their adieux. Mrs. Trever touches the small silver knob again, the large doors slide open, and the arm home, and Edith and I have been dip- chairs once more appear rising out of the right to credit with half a mark those floor. The visitors take their seats, and the who sent in one or the other of two utterly mechanical footman hands them their hats made current by Dr. Brewer in that de

> moment, then lean back comfortably, and are whirled rapidly away. Upstairs Mrs. Trever remarks : Suppose

> (Miss Tremor moves toward a table on the cover, and at once the apartment is filled

glad when I think that I was not born in Old bachelor are useless. They do not rive the contumelious use of the phrase even know how drive nails or split wood. now current from an alleged custom of Miss T. Yes indeed! we have a great Old maids are amiable. If one wants serving umble pie below the salt, or at the trouble to Mr. De Quincey, Regularity in

be the one to do it. Old bachelors are ill-natured. They similarity of sound, there being no simino balloon travelling at all in those days? desire to be as disabliging as possible, larity of meaning at all, between the noun Dr. R. And considered forty miles an Surely I have read of ballo me in the history of ancient America, although I am young mothers, and are always so humble. busily employed in seeing that other peo-Prof. You are right; they were par- ple take good care of them that they have

ledge that they were regarded as play for their years." Old bachelors generally bouillabaisse immortalized by Thackeray, the early morning hours; and then more Prof. No. Miss Clara, neither they nor things, rather than useful and necessary have red noses, rheumatism in their knees, and is made of course in a "chaudiere" or than once, in order to show him off, my

Old maids can make a home of one lit- New England, like its chowder, are of he brought Mr. De Quincey to that point at the corners. and even then they were so poorly made, not utilized until the close of the twenty- over the gasjet in cunning little tin-ket- have made the fortune of a specialite de tion he was so truly wonderful. so inadequate, that they were seldom used. sixth century, almost the twenty seventh. tles, besides making all their own ward. buckuheat cakes, as everybody knows, withfortable. When old maids are ill they at almost any village west of the Seine tie up their heads in pocket handkerchiefs in Normandy. take homeopathic pellets out of the two

bed and seed for four doctors; have a modesty or their common sense? -- A. gry children were served by the Princess, consultation; a mantelpicce full of black Franklin, in allusion to the eagle borne on the Marquis and their suite. Addressing bottles; all the amiable married men a badge presented to the Society of the a pretty little girl the Princess asked her who belong to the club to sit up with Cincinnati, calmly and maliciously ob- if she would not take more cake. The them at night, besides a hired nurse; serves: "Others object to the bald eagle little guest declined with awe, and her

idea that they are dying

-A guilded horse-shoe, beautifully painted, says a city journal, is found in many parlors and libraries. This comes of an old superstition that there is good luck in a horse-shor, and that it also wards off evil, if stuck up over the door or kept elsewhere about the house.

they are going tew do bee-fore hand." - For Stiffness and Soreness of the mus-

Answers to the New York World's Christmas Questions.

NO. S.

Why are preposterous stories, when told in private life, called cock-and-bull stories, and when told in the newspapers called canards? -A. There can be little doubt that the phrase cock-and-bull stories simply refers to the old fables in which cocks, bulls and other animals are represented as endowed with speech. Matthew Prior's "Riddle on Beauty" closes with the two lines:

"Of cocks and bulls, and flutes and fiddles, Of idle tales and foolish riddles." One of Cowper's lables commences a

"I shall not ask Jean Jacques Roussea u If birds confabulate er no; 'Tis clear that they were always able To hold discourse at least in fable, And ev'n the child who anows no better Than to interpret by the letter A story of a cock and buil

Must have a most uncommon skull." The origin of the term canard applied to newspaper inventions was given by M. Quotelet in an article on Norbert Cornellissen in the Annuire de l'Academie. The substance of the account is as follows: Cornellissen to try the gullibility of the public reported in the papers that he had twenty ducks, one of which he cut up and threw to the nineteen, who devoured it. He then cut up another, then a third, and so on, till nincteen were cut up; and as the nineteenth was eaten by the surviving duck it followed that this one had eaten his nineteen companions in a wonderfully and gave this word in the new sense of a hoax first to the French language and then to all mankind. In the case of the phrase cock-and-bull also I have considered it and overcoats, and opens the door for them. plorable Dictionary of Phrase and Fable of his which is really the latest contribu hicles of peculiar style, press a button for a tion made to the already abounding They seat themselves in small elegant te-

literature of Babel. What people are fond of eating humble pie? --- A. To this day humble pie is esten with relish by the proudest people in esteemed a great delicacy by those who "umble pye" was served with pheasants, plovers, capone, marchpane, larks, lobsters how uncomfortable life must have been kindness of heart, a single lady is sure to thority for this derivation. It more pro-

What is the origin of the name chowder? from Canada with the dish itself, which is the torpor had passed away. The time Old maids are nice-looking and "young simply a Norman variety of the Provencal when most brilliant was generally towards gesting that the "buckwheat cakes" of sitting till three or four in the morning,

What evidence is there that Benjamin and pupils of the Sunday-school connectbottles, alternately, and get well again. Franklin thought the American people more ed with the church which she attends. When old bachelors are ill they go to remarkable for their courage than for their The servants were dismissed and the hunhad not been chosen as the representative Again she declined. Her Highness, struck When an old maid travels, she takes a of our country; he is a bird of bad moral by the sweet modesty and child-like simsandwich, a piece of pound cake, a bottle character; he does not get his living plicity of the pretty creature, cut a large of lemonade in a basket, and lunches com- honestly; you may have seen him perched slice from the cake and said, "Well, my fortably in the carriage. When an old on some dead tree, where, too lazy to fish dear, you must, at least, take this home bachelor travels, he orders a dinner in for himself, he watches the labor of the as a present from me; let me put it in I found the light too intense for me, and courses at the station, and raves because fishing hawk, and when that diligent bird your pocket." The child hesitated, he has not time to eat it before the "fif- has at length taken a fish and is bearing blushed and exhibited decided unwilteen minutes for refreshments" are over. it to his nest the bald eagle pursues him linguess to accept the proffered gift. And and takes it from him. Besides, he is a the more unwilling she seemed, the rank coward; the little king-bird attacks more charmed the Princes became with him boldly. He is, therefore, by no her innocent look and blushing diffidence. means a proper emblem for the brave Using a gentle force she found the pocket and honest Cincinnati of America, who of her young visitor, when lo, to her infihave driven all the king-birds from nite astonishment, she discovered that it our country. I am, on this account, not was already filled to overflowing with displeased that the figure is not known cake which the bland little Heathen Chias a bald eagle, but looks more like a tur- nee had stealthily abstracted from the key. For in truth the turkey is in com- table. -Josh Billings cays: "There iz one parison a much more respectable bird, thing about a hen that looks like wis- and withal a true native of America. He dom; they don't kackle much until after is, besides, (though a little vain and silly, with an old friend in Charleston this they have laid their egg. Sum pholks are it is true, but not the worse emblem for that), alwuz a bragging and a kackling what a bird of courage and would not heatate to attack a grenadier of the British guards who should presume to enter his farm-yard with a red coat on."

-A good dinner will make home hap-

The Great Opium Eater.

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Allain & Faven Mob Mork

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at the Lowest Rates.

Christopher North's life (John Wilson's) has just appeared. It will fornish many entertaining extracts: here is a night picture of De Quincey:

I remember his coming to Gloucesterplace one stormy night. He remained our after hour, in vain expectation that the waters would assuage and the hurlyburly cease. There was nothing for it but that our visitor should remain all night. The professor ordered a room to be prepared for him, and they found each other such good company that this accidental detentiion was prolonged, without further difficulty, for the greater part of the year. During this visit some of his eccentricities did not escape observation. For example, he rarely appeared at the family meals, preferring to dine in his own room at his own hour, not funfrequently turning the night into day. His tastes were simple, though a little troublesome, at least to the servant who prepared his repast. Coffee, boiled rice and milk, and a piece of mutton from the loin, were the materials that invariably formed his diet. The cook, who had an audience with him daily, received her instructions in silent awe, quite overpowered by his manner: for had he been addressing a duchess, he could scarcely have spoken with more deference. He would couch his request in such terms as these: - Owing to dyspepsia (sfilicting my system, and the possibility of any additional disarrangement of the stomach taking place, consequences incalculably distressing would arise, so much so indeed as to increase nervous irritation, and prevent me from attending to matters of overwhelming impertance, if you do not remember to cut the mutton in a diagonal rather than in a lonchairs descend into the lower hall. There a preposterous and far fetched derivations gitudinal form.' The cook - . Scotchwoman-had great reverence for Mr. De Quincey as a man of genius; but, after one of these interviews, her patience was pretty well exhausted, and she would say. 'Weel, I never heard the like o' that in a' my deys; the bodic has an awfu' sicht o' words. If it had been my ain master that was wanting his dinner, he would ha' or-Europe. It is made of the umbles or num- dered a hale tablefu' wi' little mair than bles, the inward parts of a deer, and is a want o' his hand, and here's a' this claver aboot a bit mutton mae bigger than a are lucky enough to be able to get it in prin. Mr. De Quinshey would mak' a Scotland and in the northern parts of gran' preacher, thinking a hantle o' the England, bearing to venison the same sort folks wouldn's ken what he was driving at.' Betty's observations were made with bazars, or gigantic fairs, which were cou- per, which he places on the table and retires) The word numbles or umbles is derived in considerable self-satisfaction, as she conall probability from the Norman-French sidered her insight of Mr. De Quincy's nombril. So late as the time of Pepys character by no means slight, and many were the quaint remarks she made, sometimes hitting upon a truth that entitled Old maids are useful. They can cook, and wild ducks as part of the menu of a her to that shrewd sort of discrimination Mrs. T. Well, all these things are ve- sew, and take care of children, nurse sick gentleman's table "on an extraordinary by no means uncommon in the humble ry interesting to know, but I am really people, and generally play the piano. occasion;" and though some writers dewhen not properly attended to, brought deal to be thankful for when we consider anything done that require patience and second table, there seems to be little au. dozes of opium were even of greater consequence. An ounce of laudanum per diem bably came into use simply through the prostrated animal life in the early part of the day. It was no unfrequent sight to find him upon the rug before the fire,

> -The Princess Louise is exceedingly interested in church-work in Sunday. tained at Rideau Hall all the teachers

profound slumber. For several hours he

would lie in this state until the effects of

-Fame is not won on downy plumes nor under capopies; the man who consumes his days without obtaining it leaves such marks of himself on earth as smoke in air or foam on water.

-Let only those with blameless records post the ledgers of human frailty.

-"My Sunday ovening mail" is what