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# ELLCOTT CITY TIMES.

VOL. IX.

ELLCOTT CITY, Md., SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1878.

NO. 14.

**JOB PRINTING,**  
Handbills, Circulars, Bill-Heads, Legal  
Forms, Cards, Tickets,  
AND ALL KINDS OF  
**Main & Fancy Job Work**  
Executed with Neatness and Dispatch and  
at the Lowest Rates.

## Professional.

**J. HARWOOD WATKINS,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
ELLCOTT CITY.  
OFFICE—At the office of "The Ellicott City Times," in the Town Hall.

**CHARLES W. HEUSLER,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
13 LAW BUILDINGS, BALTIMORE, MD.  
March 9, '78-4.

**J. D. MCGUIRE,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
ELLCOTT CITY, MD.  
OFFICE—Two Doors West of Leishman's Store.  
Oct. 7, '78-4.

**JOHN WARFIELD,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
FLORENCE P. O., HOWARD COUNTY, MD.  
March '80, '78-4.

**I. THOMAS JONES,**  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,  
No. 33 ST. PAUL ST., BALTIMORE.  
Practices in the Courts of Baltimore City and Howard and adjoining Counties.  
Can be found at the Court House in Ellicott City, on the First and Third Tuesday of every month.  
Dec. 12, '74-4.

**HENRY E. WOOTTON,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
OFFICE—Nearly opposite the Court House.  
ELLCOTT CITY, MD.  
Nov. 27, '69-1y.

**EDWIN LINTHICUM,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
OFFICE—Nearly opposite the Court House,  
ELLCOTT CITY, MD.  
Nov. 27, '69-1y.

**WM. A. HAMMOND,**  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,  
Can be found at the Court House, Ellicott City, on the First and Third Tuesday of each month.  
OFFICE—29 St. Paul St., near Lexington, Baltimore.  
July 27, '74-4.

**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, Ellicott City, Jan. 6, '72-1y.

**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 Ellicott City the First and Third Tuesday of every month—(Orphans' Court days).  
Mar. 6, '75-1y.

**C. IRVING DITTY,**  
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. 20, '70-1y.

**T. R. CLENDENIN,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
No. 82 W. FAYETTE STREET,  
BALTIMORE, MD.  
March 2, '78-1y.

**DR. SAMUEL A. KEENE,**  
ELLCOTT CITY, MD.  
Having permanently located himself at Ellicott 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. 8, '69-1y.

**DR. RICHARD C. HAMMOND**  
Offers his professional services to the public.  
OFFICE—At Pine Orchard, Frederick Turnpike, Howard County.  
March 10, '78-1y.

**DR. JAMES E. SHREEVE,**  
DENTIST,  
(Graduate of Baltimore College of Dental Surgery).  
Having bought out the good will of Dr. E. 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, '77-1y.

**JAMES L. MATHEWS,**  
AGENT FOR THE  
MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY  
OF  
ANNE ARUNDEL AND HOWARD COUNTIES.  
OFFICE—One door west of T. H. Hunt's Store, Ellicott City.  
Feb. 10, '78-4.

**NATHAN SHIPLEY,**  
LAND SURVEYOR.  
Surveying at prices to suit the times.  
P. O. ADDRESS,  
COOKSVILLE, HOWARD COUNTY, MD.  
Feb. 23, '78-4.

**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, Mortgage, &c., &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 \$1000 to \$10,000  
June 24, '71-1y.

## "FORGIVE."

I did not think that I should say it first; but love is stronger—stronger far than pride;  
I did not know how dearly would pass  
The hours that found you absent from my side.

I watched and waited, hoping you would come,  
Forgiving, forgetting all the harshness past;  
The days rolled by—the nights—I missed you so,  
And now 'tis I who come to you at last.

I did not think that I should say it first,  
That night we quarrelled. It was a silly thing;  
But oh! "you touched my woman's pride when you  
In your not anger flung the "Keepsake ring"

On the grass just at my feet. The gilt  
I bade you wear in memory of me.  
Fast beat my heart, I hated you, I thought,  
When you turned coldly, saying "You are free."

I did not think that I should say it first,  
But O my darling! I have braver grown;  
My woman's pride's strong, and I can say:  
"Forgive! The fault was only mine—my own."

## A Queen at School.

Letters from a Fellow-Pupil of the Young Queen of Spain, at a French Convent, during the Winter of 1874-75.

### PENSIONNAT OF THE CONVENT, OF SEAR PARIS,

Sunday, October 12th, 1873.—All the scholars are back again now, and you wouldn't know the old building, it is so swarming with girls. We are divided into two classes, the "Grandes" and the "Moyennes." The "Petite Classe" of fifty or more little ones is at the other convent, and entirely separate from us in every way. There is to be a distinguished addition to the Pensionnat next week in the shape of one of the Orleans Princesses, a daughter of the Duke of Montpensier. She is to be installed here as a day-scholar, and will have her seat in class and be in every way just like one of us. The Countess of Paris, who is her sister, was also educated here. This little princess, they say, is betrothed to her cousin, the young prince of the Asturias, and if that is the case she may be Queen of Spain some day, though to be sure it doesn't look much like it just now. My neighbor in class, Alexandrine, the Greek girl, is much excited over the advent of this royal damsel, and has been entertaining me lately with her notions of rank. It is strict silence in study-hour, but Alexandrine is afflicted with no consciousness to speak of. She has a way of lifting the cover of her desk to look for a book, and screened thus from the eyes of the mistress in charge, she proceeds to give me the benefit of a few remarks. Alexandrine being rather given to the vanities of this world, her notions of what is consistent with royalty get little further than dress. I verily believe she expects the princess to appear among us in a satin gown and diamonds.

Monday, October 20th. This morning I staid in from recreation to help one of the Ribbons arrange a desk for the little Princess of Montpensier, who was expected to day. There was not much choice among the desks; they are all pretty well battered and ink-stained, and backed with pen-knives; but we chose one that, on the whole, was as respectable as any we could hope to find, and went to work to wipe it off and scrub up the inkstand. The school-rooms are high and sunny, with long windows opening to the ground and giving a pretty view over the lawn and walks. They are furnished with several rows of desks, painted black originally, at which we sit on square wooden stools. The only visible difference between the princess and ourselves will be that she will have a chair instead of a stool at her desk. We have chosen the front row for her seat, and this will be next to and under the special charge of Anne O—, one of the Ribbons,—the first scholar of her division, and the youngest in it. It is always the custom to put a new-comer under the protection of one of these children wearing the white ribbon and medal, who are the good girls and monitors of the school. The princess will be just in front of me as we sit in class, so I shall have a good opportunity to observe her. This will also put her in front of Alexandrine, who is much elated at the prospect of being in such a distinguished neighborhood, and kept hovering about us during the arrangements, in great fear lest we might undertake to change her seat, much to the distress of the good little novice guarding the recreation, who kept calling her back to the grounds and threatening her with bad notes every time she wandered into the school-room.

Tuesday, October 21st. The princess actually arrived this morning, and is now well installed here. The Duke and Duchess of Montpensier came out with her, to call on the superioress and see the school. It was just at the noon recreation and we were all out in the park, so they walked round and visited the play grounds of the different classes, and staid some time watching our games. We had been told we were to stand still and courtesy as they passed, but the duke and duchess begged particularly that our game of prisoner's base should not be interrupted, as they wanted to see how well

we could play. You can imagine that on hearing this, we chased each other with great zeal. Poor Alexandrine has dropped from the club! She doesn't think much of the French royal family now. Of course we were all looking out eagerly for our new schoolmate, and she soon appeared, walking with the governess a little way behind her parents and the superioress. All we could see was that she was a girl of thirteen or so, still in short dresses, with a pleasant, dark face, almost hidden under a broad-brimmed straw hat. She had on a very simple little suit of some purple-and-white striped stuff, and wore white cotton gloves and boots without heels. Fancy the feeling of Alexandrine! They were somewhat assuaged however by the appearance of the duchess. She is the sister of Queen Isabella, and is a tall, distinguished-looking woman, and was very richly dressed, and full of animation, and seemed very much interested in everything she saw. The princess was not formally introduced to us till after we had gone into class, when the superioress brought her in to show her her seat. She had taken her hat off and looked very shy and pretty as she came in. She seemed to be a good deal embarrassed at facing so many girls, and hung her head a little, and answered in a very low voice when she was spoken to, but her eyes looked up bright and full of intelligence. There is something very attractive about her: she is perfectly simple and unassuming. She took her seat at her desk, and Anne de G— showed her about her lessons and the books she would need. I had a good chance to examine the princess as she sat directly in front of me. She is large and well-formed for her age, and sits up very straight, though she droops her head a little. Her complexion is very fine and clear, with a healthy tinge, and her features are pleasing, especially the eyes, which are of a soft gray or hazel, with dark lashes, deep set, and very bright and full of expression. Her hair is jet black, and splendidly thick and glossy. She wears it brushed tight to her head and braided in two braids, which are fastened low across the back of her head. Then she has a very white throat and pretty-shaped ears, and altogether promises to develop into quite a handsome woman. We had been told beforehand by the nuns that we must call her "Madame." It seemed a funny idea to call such a little girl Madame, especially here, where we all call each other by our first names, whatever the difference in age or rank, but the nuns didn't think it right that we should be quite so familiar with a future queen. I noticed, however, that they themselves called her by her name "Mercedes."

Wednesday, October 22d. Our little princess lost her prisoner's base again, for this was "parlor day," and at noon we all go up to the dormitories to have our heads shampooed, and after that operation is over we put on our blue uniforms, to be ready if we are called to the parlor. Madame was to study her English lesson while we were upstairs; and it was decided that I should stay with her to keep her company, as I could help her with her English lesson if she wanted it. So down-stairs I staid, I had never spoken to Madame yet, and I suppose each of us felt a little shy, and there we sat for some time at different ends of the room, each pretending to study very hard and secretly eyeing the other. After a while I ventured to ask in English if I could give her any help. She refused, and we took to our books again, and there was another silence. Pretty soon, however, she looked up and asked me if I knew her English teacher, Sister Mary of the Incarnation, and there a spring of sympathy was opened. This lovely nun, who is half-worshiped by the girls, is to be sent on a mission to the little savages in New Caledonia, and in mourning her departure Madame and I grew quite friendly. She is rather shy at first about talking, but is quite animated after she gets started, and I fancy she likes a little fun as much as anybody else. At the afternoon recreation, which is an hour long on Wednesday, we took great pains to get up a game for Madame's benefit, but so many of the Grandes were called to the parlor that we had to condescend to play with the Moyennes, who were much honored, and we had an exciting game. The Moyennes had been awfully jealous when Madame was put in our class, as she is

younger than most of the Grandes, but the superioress put them down nicely when they grumbled by saying, "When the Moyennes are as reasonable and studious as the Grandes we shall be glad to put a new-comer amongst them, but at present we think the princess would receive a better example of good-conduct and industry from the Grandes." At this the Moyennes blushed and were silent, for in all their great class they have only one girl wearing a ribbon of any kind. At first, some of us undertook to instruct Madame in prisoner's base, but we soon found she knew it as well as any of us; she is a fast runner and will make a capital player. Some of the girls were a little shy with her and wouldn't chase her very hard at first, but she saw through it and seemed quite hurt by it, and would purposely put herself in their way so that they couldn't avoid catching her, and we soon felt at ease all around. I think she is going to be a trump. Without losing the gentleness and simplicity of her manners she is fast getting over her shyness, and though there is nothing rough about her yet she is bright and gay, with plenty of spirit and ready for all sorts of adventures.

November.—Such a funny time as I have of it at the drawing class! I am seated next to two Moyennes who are noted as the greatest characters in their class. The nuns, who are deluded enough to look on me as one of the good girls, expect me to keep them in some sort of order, but I have given up the task long ago. On the other side of me is the little Princess of Montpensier, and she is my hope and comfort, for she has some susceptibilities. She is not very industrious; she works well a little while and then waits for the teacher to come and correct her drawing, and meanwhile employs herself scribbling her name and initials, "M. O.," "Mercedes d' Orleans," "M. O.," in every corner of the paper. But she takes the slightest hint very nicely, just giving a good-natured little laugh and shrug and going right to work again. But I get every day more confirmed in the opinion that the consciences of those two Moyennes are proof against all impression. The one nearest me, Julie, is a rough, boisterous kind of girl, not very bright, and rather a butt in the class. The other girl, Blanche A—, is one of the characters of the school, and the only person known who can completely subdue Julie. Julie is very credulous, and Blanche being very clever easily imposes on her. They distract one greatly in class. The rule being "no talking" Blanche consequently ceases not for an instant to talk. She gets tired of drawing, mutters to herself, declaring she won't take another stroke, and leaves her Jupiter Tomars looking helplessly out of one eye. Blanche always attacks her heads at the top look of hair, and never gives them one lecture till the last is done to her satisfaction. Nevertheless she is convinced that the prize of drawing lies in store for her. Now Julie has the same conviction in regard to herself, but, having great faith in Blanche's powers, thinks it very likely she may get the second prize; so she flatters her a little, telling her she draws wonderfully and is sure of the prize, all of which Blanche accepts gracefully, and holding her protection at an admiring distance, surveys it with great complacency. Soon, however, dissatisfaction begins to creep in; she calls upon Julie to criticize certain points, and then, with that long guttural, expressive of disgust and impatience peculiar to the French race, she tears the paper through the middle, breaks her charcoal to bits and smooches the drawing all over. Having thus disposed of it she folds her arms, leans back in her chair and settles herself to talk, only stopping occasionally to throw in a few criticisms on Julie's work. Blanche relates the most wonderful stories with herself for the heroine, in the course of which she makes mysterious allusions, drops hints respecting the supposed splendor of her connections, seems on the point of taking Julie into her confidence, then hesitates, and finally stops short with an impatient wave of the hand. By this time, Julie, who has stopped work long since to listen with wide-open mouth and eyes, is firmly persuaded that Blanche is some princess in disguise. Julie likes well enough to talk herself, and sometimes ventures on a little story of her own, but that is the only thing that sends Blanche to her drawing. As soon as Julie takes her turn in the conversation Blanche yawns, she gets restless, takes a fresh sheet of paper, sharpens a new pencil, and we have the opening scene over again. They are a hopeless case I am afraid. If any one should suggest to Blanche that rules were made to keep and not to break, she would only open her gray eyes in utter amazement and disdain. The princess evidently dislikes Blanche's stories great fun and listens with all her ears, often giving me a mischievous little look that shows she sees through them perfectly. Madame is quickly getting used to our ways here; she is very ambitious to do everything just as we do and watches us closely, so that now she falls into rank with the rest of us as we march in files from one room to another, or from the refectory to the play-ground, and makes her courtesy on entering or leaving a room as if she had been trained to it for years.

Thursday, December.—The third division in history, Sister Marguerite's class in the Middle Ages, came down in quite an excited frame of mind this evening. It is a large class, made up mostly of Moyennes, and contains a number of girls as full of mischief as any in the school. Sister Marguerite has had a good deal of trouble all winter in trying to keep order and silence during the recitations, and now to-night the girls reached a pitch of noise and dissipation that made lessons almost impossible. Bad notes, usually so effectual, were now of no avail, and as one by one the older girls got led away by the spirit of mischief that prevailed, poor Sister Marguerite felt that all authority was fast slipping from her hands; and when at last little, quiet, demure Madame, to the delight of the offenders, could resist their overtures no longer, but began too, to join in the pranks, she felt that something desperate must be resorted to. With a rap on the desk that made every one jump, she said, sternly, "Mercedes!" The princess started to her feet, and turned crimson, and the girls looked up to hear what was coming next. Sister Marguerite went on gravely: "Mercedes, I am grieved to see you encouraging this conduct in your classmates. You may go and stand at the door till the class is quiet." All was hushed in an instant, and the girls were aghast; for to stand at the door is considered one of the most humiliating of punishments, and is seldom resorted to except with the Petites. The door of the recitation-room is a glass one, leading into the hall, right at the foot of the staircase, where people are continually passing; so that the offender, who stands outside, is in full sight of the passers-by, as well as of the class. The girls looked wonderingly at each other, at the mistress, then at the princess, to see what she would do. For a moment she hesitated, then she turned and walked quickly, with head bent down, to the door, opened it, went out and stood there with her hands folded and with a very red face. This step had the desired effect of bringing the class to order, for there was hardly a girl but felt she deserved the punishment for more than Madame. However, Sister Marguerite let her stay there several minutes. Just as she was about to call her back, down the stairs came the good, kind mistress of class, who has a soft spot in her heart for all little sinners, and who couldn't help laughing at Madame's discomfiture at being seen in such a position, and embracing her, led her back to class, asking Sister Marguerite if the child hadn't been doing penance long enough. From this till the end of the lesson, the girls were all like little models. This evening, after Madame had left, the nuns told us that after class, she came up to Sister Marguerite and thanked her for having given her this punishment, saying, "You have reminded me that, in my position, I ought always to give the highest example. I hope I never shall forget it." She always takes a reproof in such good spirit that I don't wonder the nuns think so much of her.

March, 1874. We have just had a visit from Monsignor Capel, the distinguished English prelate. I was very glad to see him, as I had always heard so much of him. He is connected with the English branch of our convent and pays a visit here every year, and is very popular with the children, as he always brings a holiday for us on his visits, and we look forward with delight to Monsignor Capel's day, as we call it. We heard him preach twice in English of course. He is a tall, square-built, handsome man, with a strong face and a very impressive manner in preaching,—dignified, but full of zeal. I expected to be carried away by his sermons but they struck me as being more forcible and sensible than brilliant. He is very fascinating in private. He asked to see the girls, so we were assembled, Petites and all, in the Salle des Enfants de Marie. There he was very kind and pleasant and entertained us nearly an hour. He began by making a funny little speech in French, which he talks in the most English way possible, and got us all laughing. Then he asked to have the rogues of the school come up to him, and half a dozen of the Petites actually did step forward; and he made them tell all about the latest scrapes they had got into, till they were covered with confusion and the rest of us laughed till the tears ran down our cheeks. He amused himself guessing the nationality of the foreigners and was right in every case but mine for he made me out to be Scotch. The foreigners make quite a respectable show—once Russian

and they all have to get up at six and go to bed at eight. Madame was quite disappointed when she came here to find that our hours are even earlier than hers, for we get up at half past five. However her bed-time is earliest, which consoled her somewhat. Her playmate is the Prince Ferdinand, a year older than herself. They treat their parents with the greatest respect and never dream of going to bed without their father's blessing. Mercedes says that sometimes when their father is off with the hunt he is delayed till nearly midnight; but instead of undressing, the children stay down-stairs and take naps in chairs till he gets back. They are never allowed to lie on sofas when older people are present, but Mercedes says she can sleep very soundly in a chair. When the father comes home, they just wake up enough to receive his embrace and blessing and get off to bed as fast as they can.

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