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Professional.

J. HARWOOD WATKINS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ELLCOTT CITY, MD.

OFFICE—At the office of "The Ellicott City Times," in the Town Hall.

J. B. McGUIRE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ELLCOTT CITY, MD.

OFFICE—Two Doors West of Leitch's Store,
Oct. 7, 1874.

T. THOMAS JONES,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
NO. 32 ST. PAUL ST., BALTIMORE.

OFFICE—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, 1874.

HENRY E. WOOTTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OFFICE—Nearly opposite the Court House,
ELLCOTT CITY, MD.

Nov. 27, 1874.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OFFICE—Nearly opposite the Court House,
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Nov. 27, 1874.

W. A. HAMMOND,
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OFFICE—In the Courts of Baltimore City and Howard and adjoining Counties,
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, 1874.

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 Receivables made promptly.
OFFICE—In the Court House, Ellicott City,
Jan. 6, 1874.

ALEXANDER H. HOBBS,
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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—(Ordinary Court days).
Mar. 6, 1874.

C. IRVING BITTY,
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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, 1874.

DR. SAMUEL A. KEENE,
ELLCOTT CITY, MD.

Having permanently located himself at Ellicott City he proposes 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. 3, 1874.

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 LEITCH'S STORE,
April 21, 1874.

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 Bonds, Rents, Mortgages, Ac., Ac., Ac.
Free of Charge. All kinds of property insured at Lowest Rates.

MONEY TO LOAN, at Low Rates, on first Class Securities, in Sums from \$100 to \$10,000
June 21, 1874.

A Kentucky gentleman undertook recently to deliver an address before a certain Sunday School. After the children were gathered into the hall he began by observing that there were some very great men in the world.

"For instance," said he, "The Governor of Kentucky is a great man. Now, all of you who have seen the Governor of Kentucky stand up."

Seven children arose.

"But," he continued, "there is a greater man than even the Governor of Kentucky. That is the President of the United States. How many of you have seen the President of the United States?"

Two children arose.

"Now," the speaker proceeded, dropping his voice to a solemn key, "where is some one even greater than the President of the United States. Do you know who I mean?"

"Hiden, Hiden," chirped out a half dozen voices.

Then everybody smiled and a cardinal red flush mantled to the roots of the lecturer's hair.

—Which is the easiest of the three professions, law, physic, or divinity? Do you all give it up? Divinity—because it is easier to preach than to practice.

ELLCOTT CITY TIMES.

VOL. IX. ELLCOTT CITY, Md., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1875. NO. 6.

TU QUOQUE.

An Idyll in the Conservatory.
—Compensatio-nem.
Ou ne reponas-nous pas?—

LE PETIT AMOUREUX.
NELLIE.
If I were you, when ladies at the play, sir,
Beside an odd, a melodrama through,
I would not nod abstractedly away, sir,
If I were you!

FRANK.
If I were you, when persons I affected,
Wait for three hours to take me down to
Kew,
I would, at least, pretend I recollect it,
If I were you!

NELLIE.
If I were you, when ladies are so lavish,
Sir, as to keep me every walk but two,
I would not dance with odious Miss McTavish,
If I were you!

FRANK.
If I were you, who ever you cannot suffer
From the west—the mildest "honey-dew,"
I would not dance with smoke-consuming
Puffin,
If I were you!

NELLIE.
If I were you, I would not, sir, be bitter,
Even to write the "Superba Review!"

FRANK.
No, I should doubtless find flirtation bitter,
If I were you!

NELLIE.
Really! You would? Why, Frank, you're
quite delicious—
Hot as Oilcloth, and as black of hue;
Borrow my fan. I would not be suspicious,
If I were you!

FRANK.
"It is the cause," I mean, your chaperon is
Bringing some well-worled juvenile. Adieu!
I shall retire. I'd spare the poor Moths,
If I were you!

NELLIE.
One does not like one's feelings to be doubted,
If I were you!

FRANK.
One does not like one's friends to miscon-
strue—

NELLIE.
If I confessed that I was a bit pointed?—

FRANK.
I should admit that I was *quite*, too.

NELLIE.
Ask me to dance. I'd say no more about it,
If I were you!

[Waltz. Exit.]

GHOST-SCENES.

FROM THE LIFE OF ONE WHO NEVER SAW
A GHOST.

It is no fault of mine that I never saw a ghost. I have tried hard enough, and have been in the very thick of them time and again; but, for some reason, they never remained long enough for me to get a sight; or if they did stay, they would become suddenly converted into something ridiculously absurd.

Perhaps the reason for this is that I had become accustomed from early boyhood to pay particular attention to every thing of a ghost-like character, and never to let a spot without thinking that it might be a ghost. I had ever seen, this was the most interesting to me, and I had been to a place of concealment for the road was so solidly travelled that the tracks of wheels, of horses, or even of pedestrians, were very rare.

One evening, about sunset, I left the city, and alighted mechanically—certainly without thought—on the lonely road, which had never before been at night.

About ten o'clock I emerged from the dark woods into the moonlit opening of this deserted lane, and, as I neared the houses, the ideocurred for the first time that I had been imprudent, and must guard against possible attack. But nobody and nothing appeared in the desolate court-yard, and I rattled along in my light buggy with a sense of relief.

However, as I neared the house about a farlong, and reaching the middle of an old cornfield, I was startled by seeing a white object on my right, and somewhat in the rear, following me at the distance of half a rod. I tried quickly to learn what it might be, but, ere the eye could be fixed on it, it vanished.

"Strange," thought I, "for I certainly did see it."

With this mental soliloquy I again looked forward, and gain the object appeared. I turned to see, and it vanished as before.

"Well, well," said I to myself, "this comes as near to seeing a ghost as I ever expected in this life. I will try again."

A third time, on turning the face forward, this white object, whatever it might be, appeared obliquely to my right, following at the distance of a few steps—never nearer, near farther.

Of the apparition there was no doubt. All that was left me was to determine its nature and cause.

Remembering that direct vision is often more delicate and satisfactory than that which is direct—as my pleasantly illustrated my clear night vision, I looked at the heavens, when it will be seen that stars too faint to give me a glimmer when the axis of vision is led on them, can be seen with distinctness enough to certify their existence, while the axis is fixed two or three degrees to the side (so that the seventh and even the eighth of the naked eye)—by a series of oblique, often-tried but in vain, I resolved to try this object by looking at it indirectly. All that could be detected with certainty was that something white, misty, indistinct, and apparently incorporeal, was keeping even pace with the buggy at the distance of a few steps obliquely behind.

The moon, a little past the full, was on my left, about half-way up the sky, and so far in advance that I thought the light might possibly be reflected from some bright spot on the buggy, and I knew that the angles of incidence and reflection did not premise such a chance; still, in default of every other plan, I leaned over my varnished dashboard and examined, but could see no sign of reflection.

Ahead of me in the road fell dark shadows of several small trees, sufficient to cover the buggy, and to cause a momentary cessation of my reflection; it passed through. I carefully watched my indirect vision, but the object was not the least affected by the shadow. It was evidently not cast by light, a reflection of the moonbeams from the buggy. In what was it?

I confess that my philosophy, often I to the test in preceding cases, and always triumphant, began now to feel a strain. Only one thing gave me satisfaction: it was a ghost was a very respectful and peaceful ghost; it made no attempt to come nearer than two or three paces, and, even at that distance, kept differentially in the rear.

All through that old field—occupying for its passage nearly ten minutes of time—I was watching and philosophizing

"But are you sure of it?" I still inquired.

"Sure as a gun," she replied; and so did the spook-boy, whose voice quivered as he spoke.

"Now, you foolish people," I said, "I will go right up to it and show you what it is."

"Please don't go," said the good old cook, who was sincerely attached to me, and who clutched my arm, "that thing will hurt you!"

"Hurt me?" I echoed merrily, as I took away; "see here!"

And the boy, whose teeth actually chattered while peeping from behind her curtain earnestly in saying, "Please come back! That thing will jump on you! It will bite you! It will tear you to pieces!"

But I persisted, and they soon saw their terrible ghost resolved into the harmless light of their own fire. The house, it has been said, was new and unfinished. It had its fireplace at the chimney end. On entering it at night, their first act was to raise a light, by means of a splinter or two of rich pine, in the fireplace. The light from this fire straggled through a hole in the stone underpinning, projected itself upon the haunted corner of the large hall, and became a ghost. When the light was small in the chimney, the ghost was small on the corner; and, just as it flickered in the wind, the ghost danced on the wall.

The shadow of my moving figure, intermingled with that dancing light, solved the secret; and, from that time forward, although they often saw the light of their fire, they never more saw the ghost.

About twenty years afterward, having in the mean time enjoyed a reasonable share of spectres, apparitions, etc.—some of them pretty wild and mysterious—I was one day to meet with two others of a totally different character, which I confess I did not enjoy at first, and can scarcely say that I enjoy even now the recollection; associated as it is with the feelings of the moment.

My residence was a half-day's ride distant from a city, which I visited once a week, returning home on a horse after dark. The road usually travelled was longer by several miles than it ought to have been, the greater part of it led through heavy sand. I often preferred a shorter and steeper way through the woods, which, though pleasantly shaded, was very blind and dimly lonely. After passing two-thirds of the way home, the road led through a dense forest, of several hundred acres, which lay beside to an old sawmill and pond. The houses, of which there were three or four, about eighty paces from the road side, were still capable of affording shelter, though like the fences, they were in a tumble-down condition. There were no inhabitants nearer than two miles on one side, and four miles on the other. I never had passed the spot without thinking that it might be a ghost. I had ever seen, this was the most interesting to me, and I had been to a place of concealment for the road was so solidly travelled that the tracks of wheels, of horses, or even of pedestrians, were very rare.

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without any satisfaction, when all of a sudden the mystery was solved. On approaching the cleared ground near the mill stream and pond, I could look down and see a heavy mist. That mist had been extended to the higher level I was leaving, and had overspread it with a stratum too thin to be noticed. The moment however, that my buggy plunged down the rapid descent to the level of the mill stream, where the mist was dense, my mysterious companion assumed larger proportions and a more brilliant form. It was a lunar rainbow, the first I had ever seen between my eye and the earth—though I had once, in travelling, seen an exceedingly brilliant solar rainbow between the carriage window and by my walking-stick. This was not the case. Only one thing is recalled by me in which he gave way to it. A gross error had been made in the printed cast of one of his performances in Brooklyn—"Richard III." On arriving at the Academy of Music, where he was acting, about the end of the third act, Mr. McArde, who had long been connected with the theatre.

"Mr. Forrest wants to see you," he said; "but I would advise you to keep out of his way until the morning. He is savage."

"What about?"

"Three of the characters are differently filled from the names in the house bill."

Instead of taking McArde's good natured hint, I at once went round to Forrest's dressing-room. No sooner had I entered it than his wrath was itself heard. Trusting the offending programme under my nose, he demanded if I had sent it to the printer. Looking over it, I returned an answer in the affirmative. Then informing me that I must have been "an idiot," he poured out a volume of rhetorical vituperative anger for some ten minutes, at the close of which, I presume to his intense astonishment, I quitted the apartment.

On the following morning, when at my usual business-hour—ten o'clock—I repaired to his apartment in the Metropolitan Hotel, I commenced our interview by informing him I had "discovered how I came to be such an idiot." He growled and asked, "How was it?" and I placed in his hands the stage-manager's list of the cast. After reading it through carefully, he inquired why I had not explained the matter on the preceding night. The reason was, that, ignorant whether the paper had been destroyed by me, I knew the value I myself should have set on a similar affirmation in such a case. Therefore, I had waited until I had the proof in my hand. After a tolerably long pause, he said, knitting his brows:

"So I suppose you want an apology for what I told you?"

"Not at all, Mr. Forrest. I only wish you to say you were wrong."

"Why," he roared out, "that's worse! However," he added, after a moment, "if I remember rightly, in the month of November—under his own eyes."

This is the solitary instance in which he had ever given way to a display of temper in my presence, and honestly I was inclined to justify him in having done so.

It was generally upon the Sunday morning which Mr. McCallough—at present the manager in San Francisco—and myself spent with him in his own house at Philadelphia that he was most expansive in his conversation. One conversation I specially remember with him. It was in reference to the singularly low grade of dramatic literature at the time—and indeed it is no better now—in this country. He commenced speaking, and continued doing so for some half-hour. Judge what my astonishment must have been when he told me that he had been reading a work of his own, and that it was his responsibility for it. He asserted that "staring" had destroyed dramatic literature in its best form—whether tragic or comic—in the United States. In the first place, the public had learned to require "stars," and no management dared bring out a new piece for the three or four weeks of a "star's" engagement, because the expense—latterly so considerably increased—absolutely precluded its doing so. Hence, we had the "Seven Dials" of Satan and "Black Crooks" at our leading theatres, with nothing but legs and stunts to recommend them. As for the "stars" themselves, what object had they in purchasing pieces? There were round the country with and coin into dollars. But, while he said this with a fervency that demonstrated his belief in what he asserted, his own practice had been strikingly different. He had purchased himself seven or eight five-act dramas, at liberal prices, and had "Timon of Athens" altered for him three times. Five of these dramas he had produced, and the heroes of four of them were, to the last day he appeared upon the boards, his most popular, if not his greatest, characters.

One night I heard him murmuring a monologue in his dressing-room at Niblo's Garden, during a "wait" in the play of "Metamora." It ran something in this fashion:

"It's enough to make a conscientious actor cut his own throat. Here's a house jammed from parquet to dome to see the play, while for 'Leah' it was not two-thirds full. Such is the taste of the public!"

Nevertheless, he knew that "Metamora" was a good play, for, on the evening, in a moment of calmer thought, he said to me:

"The public never support thoroughly

myself back on the pillow, and in a few minutes was fast asleep. Next morning, on opening the blind and looking out, there, on the coping of the chimney, were to be seen, sure enough, the feathers and sticks usually belonging to a pigeon's nest.

Many times afterward have I slept in that same room, and many times have I seen the rustling of pigeons' feathers about that same spot on the chimney, but never again that peculiar and melancholy "caw," which roused me from sleep that night. It is probable that the variety of pigeons which produced it had either died out or been removed from the premises.

Some Anecdotes of Edwin Forrest.

During three of the years of my association with Edwin Forrest, I was his literary agent. It is proper to say as a literary agent is commonly supposed, it will be granted such an employee would have been exposed to its almost continuous exhibition. This was not the case. Only one thing is recalled by me in which he gave way to it. A gross error had been made in the printed cast of one of his performances in Brooklyn—"Richard III." On arriving at the Academy of Music, where he was acting, about the end of the third act, Mr. McArde, who had long been connected with the theatre.

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Nevertheless, he knew that "Metamora" was a good play, for, on the evening, in a moment of calmer thought, he said to me:

"The public never support thoroughly

bad pieces unless they are eye traps. If they come to "Metamora" rather than "Leah," it is only because they know more about the old man than the old Briton."

Such as I saw was closely connected with him, and often as I have heard him speak of his theatrical friends and enemies, to one personal sorrow he never alluded in my presence. This was his divorce. Never had he mentioned his wife but once. That morning he had been singularly interesting and expansive in his conversation, and had narrated several incidents connected with his early life. Suddenly and unpreparedly he spoke of Fonthill. Mrs. Forrest's name fell from his lips. Breaking off abruptly, it seemed as if a shock had stricken him. His brow lowered—his lips settled into a sad and stern expression. He remained self-absorbed almost during the remainder of my visit.

As he himself once told me, he had been a very imperfectly educated young man. But the course of mental discipline to which he had subsequently subjected himself was laborious, and he had determined upon acquiring every thing fully. Very few men are there in life, who have had the benefits of a trained and regular education, who have learned as much as solidly, as he had done.

One of his most pronounced characteristics was his love of truth, and his respect for it in others. He would be tolerant of any criticism of himself from one who liked him, if he had a respect for that man's judgment. Nay! from such he actually sought criticism. As he once said:

"We are all learners. Not a day passes but I can discover some fault in character I have been all my life in vain attempting to master."

"Not certainly in your 'Leah,'" I unthinkingly broke in.

"I thought it was in our bargain you should not flatter me. Don't begin it now."

And, strangely enough, when he first engaged me to accompany him where he was acting, one of his prime stipulations with me removed any doubt I might entertain regarding the sacrifice of my individuality—let me rather call it honesty:

"If you write about me while we are together, Mr. Rosenber, I do not want to be pulled. I know you like my acting genius as I think you called it, some years since. Consequently, I can stand any thing you choose to say about me."

Nor was this merely "let me" upon his part. Once, while still under my engagement with him, I had occasion to write about his Claude Melnotte. Nor could it by any means be considered a pleasant article, as I stated that it would be necessary for any man, who wished to enjoy his special education in the scene where he described the imaginary palace to Pauline, to close his eyes, unless he wished to see the "Farnese Hercules, dressed like an English footman, attempting to make love like a delicate youth to a charming girl." On showing him this article, in accordance with his wish to see any thing I might write about him, he read it twice through, emphasizing the close of each paragraph with an angry "Ugh!" He said nothing more, and never reproached his embodiment of Bulwer's French gentleman save once. Then it was done in consequence of an expressed wish on the part of some friends to see him in this character.

His observation that "we are all learners" was undoubtedly the expression of a thorough conviction upon his part. Up to the very hour of his death he was a close and unremittent reader and student, not alone in his profession, but in every thing which bore upon it. When speaking with any person upon a subject he believed him to understand more thoroughly than himself, Edwin Forrest was the best and most patient of listeners, rarely interrupting, save by a question for the purpose of acquiring more information. At the same time, he had a very effectual way in his own library of bringing any purposeless conversation to a close. This was by rising and methodically pacing its whole length—some sixty feet. On his return to his seat, the words of which he wearied had generally come to a close.

A dinner party was in progress during the brilliant display of northern lights, and a gentleman, stepping out to cool his burning brow, was startled by the display about the frosty pole. He stood perfectly amazed, then turning to his bosom sitting with the ladies waiting for the legs ready to eat their champagne and cigars. Pushing aside the face curtain he beckoned Mrs. Agnes to come out. She complied, when he said to her solemnly, "Wagnes, d'er see anything extrany now?" "Yes, Dolly, I see you have been drinking too much wine."

"No, not that, Wagnes; I mean extrany phoronomous in the atmosphere." "Why—where, Dolly?" "Upper yonder, Wagnes."

"Why, dear me, yes; I do indeed, the most brilliant aurora I ever saw." "Wagnes, are things a-shooting?" "Yes, dear." "And a flashin', Wagnes?" "Ye, Dolly." "An' a sorer spreadin' and dancin'—eh, Wagnes?" "All that, my dear." "Ho! ho!" laughed the husband, much relieved, "Do you know, Wagnes—I mean Agnes—when I come out an' saw the celestial phoronomous a glowin' upper yonder, dang me effer I didn't think I was drunk."

"Hayden!" responded the young man, in an accent not less joyous.

Thus met, for the first time, these two immortal composers, whose greatest work had long been to know each other.