

ELLCOTT CITY TIMES,
LOUIS J. & J. HARWOOD WATKINS,
Editors and Proprietors.
TERMS—\$2 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.
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ELLCOTT CITY TIMES.

VOL. IX.

ELLCOTT CITY, Md., SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1878.

NO. 15.

JOB PRINTING,
Handbills, Circulars, Bill-Heads, Legal
Forms, Cards, Tickets,
AND ALL KINDS OF
Plain & 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. HEINSLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
13 LAW BUILDINGS, BALTIMORE, Md.
March 9, '78-1f.

J. D. MCGUIRE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ELLCOTT CITY, MD.

OFFICE—Two Doors West of Leshbar's Store.
Oct. 7, '76-1f.

JOHN WARFIELD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
FLORENCE P. O., HOWARD COUNTY, Md.
March '50, '78-1f.

I. 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 Ellicott City, on the First and Third Tuesday of every month.
Dec. 12, '74-1f.

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

Nov. 27, '69-1f.

EDWIN LINTHICUM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OFFICE—Nearly opposite the Court House,
ELLCOTT CITY, MD.

Nov. 27, '69-1f.

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 27-24-1f.

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, '78-1f.

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, '76-1f.

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. 29, '70-1f.

T. R. CLENDINEN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
No. 32 W. PATTER STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.

March 2, '75-1f.

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, '62-1f.

DR. RICHARD C. HAMMOND
Offers his professional services to the public.
OFFICE—At Pine Orchard, Frederick Turnpike, Howard County.
March 16, '78-1f.

DR. JAMES E. SHREEVE,
DENTIST,
(Graduate of Baltimore College of Dental Surgery).

Having bought out the good will of Dr. E. Chubb, I tender my professional services to his patrons and the public generally at the office formerly occupied by him.
MAIN STREET,
THREE DOORS BELOW LESHBAR'S STORE,
April 21, '77-1f.

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, '78-1f.

NATHAN SHIPLEY,
LAND SURVEYOR.
Surveying at prices to suit the times.
P. O. ADDRESS,
COOKSVILLE, HOWARD COUNTY, MD.
Feb. 22, '78-1f.

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 County Property effected. Property Leased. Money Invested in Ground Rents, Mortgages, &c., &c., &c.
Free of Charge. All kinds of Property Insured at Lowest Rates.

MONEY TO LOAN, at Low Rate, on First Class Securities, in Sums from \$1000 to \$10,000
June 21, '71-1f.

ROLES.

Now, Tom, I know you kissed me.
For I felt it on my cheek;
I was lying on the sofa,
But was only half asleep.

When I heard you come in softly,
And I thought I would not speak,
But I really knew you kissed me,
For I felt it on my cheek.

Now, please do not deny it,
For, you see, I don't much care,
For I know that I looked lovely,
With the roses in my hair;

And I'm sure I cannot blame you,
It was not so very wrong,
To steal one little treasure
You have coveted so long.

Yes, Tom, you are forgiven,
As it is your first offence,
And no one could be angry,
And no one could be angry;

If possessed of common sense;
And, perhaps, I might forgive you,
Were you penitent and meek,
Should you kiss me on my lips, dear,
Instead of on my cheek.

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Bell's Tavern.

A Reminiscence of Antebellum Days in Kentucky.

Who that visited the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky before "the cruel war," does not remember the rural, vine-covered inn, "Bell's Tavern," where travelers and tourists sojourned for an hour, a day, or days, perhaps, for rest and refreshment previous to the brief coach journey to the underground wonder, where each little torch-borne through the darkness, reveals more splendors than ever did Aladdin's lamp?

The year before the firing at Sumter (who could foresee the lowering storm-clouds of the future?), I passed a season at this tavern—three summer months, about which "the scent of the roses" will ever linger. Here I met many of the brave and beautiful, the fair and gifted, from Maine to Florida—from abroad. From this quiet little inn there went out into the world of fashion and ton one of its leaders, Mrs. Senator Grayson, of California.

Here Sallie Ward Hunt, the belle, par excellence, of the Southwest, gathered roses, and made radiant with her beauty the simple little parlor of the tavern.

Here I met General Leslie Coombs, the one living man whom I know who has actually found the elixir of youth. Hair black as a raven, and no dye; white teeth, with no dentist's bill behind them; He was, and is even now, at an advanced age, the most youthful, vigorous, and charming of men.

Hitler, one sultry July day, came Lovell H. Rousseau, handsome, gallant, and genial; he who so soon after won his double golden stars amid "shot and shell," as the hero of Perryville.

In this delightful retreat I met Tom Marshall, the eloquent of whom so charming a paper was written in a number of the *Gazette*. He was affable, almost boyish, amid the roses and strawberries, and brilliant after his "peach-and-honey."

Appropos of peach-and-honey: The bees dabbled with the roses and lilies in the garden, and honey, "with a flavor so sweet one could scarce distinguish it from an odor," was created. In the old-fashioned orchard the peaches grew, and blushed, and were gathered. Down in a mysterious cellar they were placed, and prepared by skillful hands, and lay there for years in darkness. Then, lo and behold! there came up nectar fit for the gods; a delicious, amber-colored liquid, not yet perfect until the golden honey was added.

And this was peach-and-honey! Charles Dickens wrote his name on the register of Bell's Tavern, acknowledged his peach-and-honey very good (this in a marginal note), went over to the Mammoth Cave, and returned for another glass.

I came to "mine inn" in this wise: A little dove-eyed invalid called me "mother." The physician ordered me to leave the city for fresh air, cream, new-laid eggs—in short, for all we may expect in Arcadia—and I found them. My family party, including myself, was my baby girl; Lucy, a brown-colored maid; and an immense doll, in gorgeous array, christened by some godmother as "Pee-wee."

When we sailed forth, Pee-wee was always a member of the party. We lived *à la carte*. We were out in the sunshine morning and noon; and, in the sweet twilight hours, we lingered under the trellised arbors until the dews grew too heavy.

Native celebrities, of course, had Bell's Tavern. First, there was Uncle Jim, the colored centenarian, who had received a "quarter" from Washington, and held Jefferson's horse once upon a time. He had grown recent-shaped, walked with a huge cane, but was active, bright, and always honored by the guests. His reminiscences, if a little tedious, were listened to with interest, and many a piece of silver was slipped into his hand. He had one accomplishment that was the delight of the little folks. He could imitate the chirping of a squirrel in a marvelous manner. He rather prided himself on this gift, which, I imagine, he considered special. He had also the gift of "second sight."

Next in interest came "Shad." Now, Shad was not a piscatorial delicacy by any means. She was the blackest little girl, with the whitest teeth, I ever saw. I made her acquaintance in this manner: One June morning, soon after our arrival, we strolled into the strawberry-beds. How aromatic and delicious they

were, redolent of all summer fragrance and sweetness! As we strolled down, I heard a sweet child-voice singing a quaint plantation melody; and nestled among the strawberry-vines, with a basket almost full with berries, was a little black girl about ten years old. She was not at all disconcerted at seeing us, but stopped her singing, and exclaimed, "What a pretty little white gal, and what a doll!" I asked her her name. She said, "Shad." The strawberries were tendered the "little white gal"; the doll was placed in Shad's hands for temporary nursing, and a friendship cemented.

From this time until we parted, Shad's devotion to me and mine was marvelous. It was like that of a faithful, loving dog. She followed me everywhere—such an affectionate heart under the dark breast!

This summer I had a "hobby," as most idle women have. It was geology. I had only a meagre school ignorance of the subject, but I rushed in practically. This portion of Kentucky abounds in peculiar geological specimens, not only in the caves, but outside, above-ground. And there is scarcely a farmer who has not a cave in which to keep cool his milk and butter. Such jaunts as I had, such specimens collected! I lived out-of-doors, and grew of a nut-brown tint, to the horror of my city friends, who dropped in now and then. In all of my excursions Shad accompanied me, in her little bare feet and uncovered head. I had a sun-bonnet made for her, but her rueful face under it excited my pity. Shad, however, removed any difficulty by speedily filling it with specimens, as she had caught the word, and enjoyed using it. She was a perfect little mimic, and an absolute genius. Sometimes, in these rural wanderings, I would be accompanied by an elderly *seant*. Shad, an eager listener to our conversation, or rather to his disquisitions, would make the most ludicrous use afterward of her recollections. In time, my little rooms became a perfect "curiosity-shop" of shells, pebbles, mosses, ferns, and all kinds of stones, to the disgust of my tidy chamber-maid. When other duties or pleasures kept me in-doors, Shad made a point of collecting for me; and such things, considering me omnivorous in my tastes! One evening, as I sat on the piazza, talking to a nervous old lady, my little Topsy walked up, and placed in my hand a carefully-folded paper, looking herself very exultant. "Spec'men," she said. I opened the paper, and there was a live bat, glad enough to be emancipated. Now, I have a terror of bats (always thinking of a vampire); but when the old lady shrieked, and Shad looked so disconcerted, I controlled my nerves. By-the-way, bats do greatly abound in this section, and in the caves they are purely white.

At nine o'clock in the morning the trains loitered an hour for breakfast (and such a breakfast—roses and strawberries, with cream, broiled chicken, fresh eggs, etc.) The Louisville and Nashville trains met, and there was always a pleasurable excitement, for one familiar face at least beamed on us daily.

This was the summer preceding the presidential election that made Mr. Lincoln chief magistrate. There was a vast deal of feeling in Kentucky, and my sympathies were strong.

One dewy, ambrosial morning, with my little "Duchess of Wonderland" and her nurse, I seated myself in the coolest arbor of the beautiful old garden. Roses, and honey-suckles, and the clematis, shielded us from the morning sun, and the morning dew and freshness were an incense from heaven. My little girl lay on a rustic seat, and was fed, in Byronic style, with strawberries. I did read some dreamy volume. I heard footsteps, and before me stood a handsome, courtly old gentleman—no, not old in appearance. He raised his hat and blandly said:

"Do you think I could have a few roses? or would it be petty larceny?"

My answer was:

"I have *carle blanche* here, and will gather you roses and violets too."

This pleasant, genial gentleman took my little girl in his arms, and was evidently touched by her fragile beauty. We talked of many things, and drifted into the presidential campaign.

"How are your sympathies?" asked this charming gentleman.

My enthusiasm in regard to John C. Breckenridge was very intense, and I so expressed myself at length.

"What do you think of Douglas?" he said.

My reply was to the effect that, knowing Mr. Douglas personally, I admired and honored him, but Mr. Breckenridge was the one man whom I should like to see President.

The next question was:

"What do you think of Bell?"

My answer was in the exhausted, emphatic manner of half-informed young women. The burden of my sentiments was this:

"Mr. Bell is the exponent of political principles in which I have no faith, and I consider him personally an unscrupulous man," etc.

A curious smile played around the mouth of my auditor. Footsteps approached. A venerable clergyman of note and merit stood before us. He looked surprised at seeing my companion, and said:

"I was not aware that you knew Mr. Bell." And this was Mr. Bell!

For a moment I was disconcerted, but

Mr. B.—'s hearty, contagious laugh met its response, and how we did laugh, to be sure! He bade me good-by, saying:

"If I am elected President, I shall certainly give you an office, for you are a very brave champion."

So we parted, and never met again. It strikes me curiously now how utterly we ignored, in our conversation, the possibility of Mr. Lincoln's election. I think there was no electoral Lincoln ticket in Kentucky—I may be mistaken.

One lovely summer Saturday I had a telegram from our post-editor—the late George D. Prentice—that he would arrive on the evening train. I communicated the intelligence to my charming hostess and her hospitable husband. Then began our preparations to give a fitting reception to our honored guest. A cool little chamber, white-curtained and draped with all wreathed in flowers—bouquets on chimney-piece and dressing-stand, wreaths on the mirror, and a huge flower-pot in the fireplace, where wood was burnt during the winter days. A very charming nook we made for our beloved editor.

Far and near, as the farmers came in for the daily "mail," the news spread that Prentice was coming, and everybody felt it incumbent on him to contribute his share in doing honor to the expected guest. At 9 P. M., with a shriek and a whistle, the train came thundering up. On the platform the country-people loitered for a glimpse of the editor whose "pen was mightier than the sword" (for these election-times were full of excitement, precedent, too, of tragedy and bloodshed, and in these days the *Louisville Journal* wielded a wondrous influence). Always reticent, averse to being lionized, Prentice made his way swiftly to the little parlor, where we met him. Thence he was conducted, by the delighted colored waiter, to his chamber, to remove the dust of an August day's travel. Here, on a white-covered table, awaited him a goblet of peach-and-honey, crowned with luscious red strawberries, quite enough to tempt the gods. A hasty toilet, and Prentice was ready for supper. A supper at Bell's Tavern—it was a theme fit for poetry, and our poet did justice to it, practically at first, poetical afterward. Broiled chicken, of the right crisp brown; coffee, strong and dark; mellow golden with delicious cream from cows that fed on clover, new-mown hay, and all things fresh and nice; then there were waffles that only a Southern negro can make; rice-cakes, and all those hot, delicious dishes that people persist in calling "indigestible." Prentice, if not a gourmand, was certainly an epicure, and how he did enjoy that supper! We were a quartet party, at a little round table, snowy white in its covering. A vase of roses, and lilies, and crab-apple blossoms (the most dainty and delicious of perfumes), lent their fragrance, and wax-candles shed their softened light. Prentice was brilliant, and after we adjourned to the parlor he wrote an impromptu (I have it yet) as exquisite as any of his printed verses. I don't generally believe in impromptus so called. They often come after sleepless nights and hard-working brains, but this was as fresh and sparkling as a glass of champagne. Before we separated for the night, the next day's programme was arranged. We were slightly Sabbatharian, so there could be no excursions for the morrow—Sunday—but our guest must be presented to the lions of the place—Uncle Jim and Shad. The day, first of all, was to be inaugurated by a morning walk while the dew sparkled on every flower and blade of grass. We were up and out of doors with the matinal singing of the earliest birds, and, as "the early bird catches the worm," so we had our recompense. Such a morning—such a walk! Dewy freshness on every leaf and blossom; the air redolent of a thousand perfumes; the fragrance ascending like incense to the sky! Aurora from the east, all gold and red,