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TIT FOR TAT.

FROM THE PERSIAN.

I met a maid on yon hill-side,
And she was fair to see—
"Give me a kiss, fair maid," I cried;
"Give me a gift," said she.
"A gift within a purse I have
The purse is in a pack;
The purse in keeping lieth safe,
On my good charger's back.
And my good charger cometh not,
While on the hill I roam;
He lieth in his stall, I wot—
My charger is at home."
"And yet thou'lt have a kiss, good sir;
My lips would give it thee,
But they are locked full fast, good sir—
My mother has the key;
And my good mother is not here,
While on the hill I roam;
Just as your trusty steed, good sir,
My mother is at home."

A Visit at Mr. Webster's.

From Lady Emilyne Stuart Worley's "Travels in the United States in 1849-50."

We have been much charmed with our visit to Green Harbor, Marshfield, the beautiful domain of Mr. Webster. It is a charming and particularly enjoyable place, almost close to the sea. The beach here is something marvelous, eight miles in breadth, and of splendid, hard, floor-like sand, and when this is covered by the rolling Atlantic, the waves all but come up to the neighboring green, grassy fields. Very high tides cover them. This house is very prettily fitted up. It strikes me as being partly in the English and partly in the French style, exceedingly comfortable, and with a number of remarkably pretty drawing-rooms opening into one another, which always is a judicious arrangement I think; it makes a party agreeable and informal. There are a variety of pictures and busts by American artists, and some of them are exceedingly good. There is a picture in the chief drawing-room of Mr. Webster's gallant son, who was killed in the Mexican war. The two greatest of America's statesmen each lost a son in that war, Mr. Clay and Mr. Webster. There is also a fine picture of Mr. Webster himself, which, however, though a masterly painting, does not do justice to the distinguished original. It was executed some years ago; but I really think it is not so handsome as the great statesman is now, with his Olympus-like brow, on which are throned such divinities of thought, and with that wonderful countenance of might and majesty. The dining-room here is a charming apartment, with all its windows opening to the ground, looking on the garden; and it is deliciously cool, protected from the sun by the overshadowing masses of foliage of the most magnificent weeping (American) elms. These colossal trees stand just before the house, and are pre-eminently beautiful; they seem to unite in their own gigantic persons the exquisite and exceeding grace of the weeping willow, with the strength and grandeur of the towering elm. I was told a curious fact last night. Every where, through the length and breadth of the States, the sycamore trees this year are blighted and dying. The walls of the dining-room are adorned chiefly with English engravings, among which there is one of my father. My bed-room is profusely decorated with prints of different English country houses and castles. The utmost good taste and refinement are perceptible in the arrangements of the house, and a most enchanting place of residence it is. All the domesticities of the house are colored persons, which is very seldom indeed the case in this part of the United States. Mr. Webster tells me he considers them the best possible servants, much attached, contented, and grateful, and he added, he would "fearlessly trust them with untold gold." They certainly must be good ones to judge by the exquisite neatness and order of every thing in the establishment. Mr. Webster's farm here consists of one thousand five hundred acres; he has a hundred head of cattle. Mr. F. Webster has been a good deal in India, and he was mentioning the other evening that he was struck, in several of the English schools in that country, by the tone of some political lessons that were taught there. For instance, with regard to freedom and representation of the people, &c.; the natives were forcibly reminded of their own unrepresented state, by quotations bearing on the subject—the United States being instanced as an example of almost universal suffrage; Great Britain itself of a less extensive elective franchise; France, of whatever France was then; and Hindostan especially pointed out as having nothing of the kind, as if they really wished to make the poor Hindoos discontented with their present state. To be sure they might as well go to Persia and Turkey for their examples. Mr. F. Webster seemed to think the Hindoos were beginning a little to turn their thoughts to such political subjects. While we were at dinner a day or two ago, a new guest, who had arrived rather late from New York, walked in, being announced as a general. He was a very military-looking man, indeed, with a formidable pair of mustaches. Some turn in the conversation reminding me of the Mexican war, I asked if General — had served in Mexico. Mr. — laughed and

ELLCOTT CITY TIMES.

VOL. IX. ELLCOTT CITY, Md., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1878. NO. 39.

old me he was in the militia, and had never smelt powder in his life. What enterprising travelers American ladies sometimes are! My Atlantic crossing performances seem very little in comparison with some of their expeditions. It would not surprise me that any who have ever gone to settle in the far-off portions of the country, and been doomed to undergo such rugged experiences as those described in the American work (by a lady) called "A New Home, Who'll Follow?" should laugh at hardships and discomforts which might reasonably deter less seasoned and experienced travelers; but it must be a very different case with those habituated only to refinements and luxuries. Mr. Webster had told me he had expected for some little time past the arrival of a lady, a relative of his, who had lately left China for the United States, she was to leave her husband in the Celestial flowery land, her intention being, I believe, to see her relatives and friends at home, and then to rejoin him in the course of some months in China. Like the gallant chieftain spoken of before, she arrived late, and during dinner the doors were thrown open and "Mrs. P—, from China," was announced. She came in, and met her relatives and friends as quietly as if she had merely made a "petite promenade de quinze jours" (as the French boasted they should do when they went to besiege Antwerp). She seated herself at table, when a few questions were asked relative to her voyage. "Had you a good passage?" "Very—altogether." "How long?" "About one hundred and three days" (I think this is correct, but I can not answer to a day). "Pleasant companions?" "Very much so, and with books the time passed very agreeably." All this was as quietly discussed as if the passage had been from Dover to Boulogne, and the length of the time of absence a fortnight.

Mr. Webster was good enough to drive me out yesterday, and a most splendid drive we had. At one part, from a rather high eminence, we had a glorious panoramic view; it was really sublime; ocean, forest, hill, valley, promontory, river, field, glade, and hollow, were spread before us; altogether they formed a truly magnificent prospect. One almost seemed to be looking into boundless space. We paused at this spot a little while to admire the beautiful scene. How meet a companion the giant Atlantic seemed for that mighty mind, to some of whose noble sentiments I had just been listening with delight and veneration, and yet how far beyond the widest sweep of ocean, is the endless expanse of the immortal intellect—time-overcoming—creation-compelling!

However, while I was thus up in the clouds, they (consequently determining, I suppose to return my call) suddenly came down upon us, and unmercifully. St. Switinn! what a rain it was! The Atlantic is a beautiful object to look at, but when either he, or some cousin-german above, takes it into his head to act the part of shower-bath-extraordinary to you, it is not so pleasant. My thoughts immediately fled away from ocean, (except the descending one), forest, hill, dale, and all the circumjacent scenery, to centre ignominiously on my bonnet, to say nothing of the tip of my nose, which was drenched and drowned completely in a half second. My val—humble defense against the fury of the elements—accommodated its dripping self to the features of my face, like the black mask of some desperate burglar, driven against it, also, by the wind, that blew a "few," I can assure the reader.

How Mr. Webster contrived to drive, I know not, but drive he did, at a good pace too, for "after us," indeed, was "the deluge;" I could scarcely see him; a wall of water separated us, but over and anon I heard faintly, through the hissing, and splashing, and lashing, and pattering of the big rain, his deep, sonorous voice, recommending me to keep my cloak well about me, which no mortal cloak of any spirit will ever allow you to do at such needful moments—not it! "My kingdom for a pin."

When we arrived at Green Harbor, we found Mrs. Webster very anxious for the rain-beaten wayfarers. She took every kind care of me, and, except a very slight suspicion of a cold, the next morning, I did not suffer any inconvenience. Mr. Webster had complained of not being very well before (I think a slight attack of hay-asthma), but I was glad to meet him soon afterward at dinner, not at all the worse for the tempestuous drive; and for my part, I could most cordially thank him for the glorious panorama he had shown me, and the splendid drive through what seemed almost interminable woods; and (since we had got safely through it), I was not sorry to have witnessed the very excellent imitation of the Flood which had been presented before (and some of it into my astonished eyes. Mr. Webster told me the drive through the woods would have been extended, but for the rain, ten miles!

I can not describe to you the almost adoration with which Mr. Webster is regarded in New England. The newspapers chronicle his every movement, and constantly contain anecdotes respecting him, and he is invariably treated with the greatest respect by every body, and, in fact, his intellectual greatness seems all

but worshiped. Massachusetts boasts, with a commendable pride and exultation, that he is one of her children. A rather curious anecdote has been going the round of the papers lately. It appears Mr. Webster was at Martha's Vineyard a short time ago, and he drove up to the door of the principal hotel, at Edgartown, the capital, accompanied by some of his family, and attended, as usual, by his colored servants. Now, it must be observed that Mr. Webster has a swarthy, almost South-Spanish complexion, and when he put his head out of the window and inquired for apartments, the keeper of the hotel, casting dismayed glances, first at the domestics of different shades of sable and mahogany, and then at the fine dark face of Mr. Webster, excused himself from providing them with accommodations, declaring he made it a rule never to receive any colored persons. (This in New England, if the tale be true!) The great statesman and his family were about to seek for accommodation elsewhere—thinking the hotel-keeper alluded to his servants—when the magical name of "glorious Dan" becoming known, mine host, penitent and abashed, after profuse apologies, intreated him to honor his house with his presence. "All's well that ends well."

One can not wonder at the American, extreme admiration of the genius and the statesman-like qualities of their distinguished countryman, his glorious and electrifying eloquence, his great powers of ratiocination, his solid judgment, his stores of knowledge, and his large and comprehensive mind—a mind of that real expansion and breadth, which, heaven knows, too few public men can boast of.

The Girls A-Fishing

There's generally about six of them in the bunch, with light dresses on, and they have three poles with as many hooks and lines among them. As soon as they have got to the river they look for a good place to get down on the raft, and the most venturesome one sticks her boot-heels; then she suddenly finds herself at the bottom with both hands in the water, and a feeling that every body in the wide world is looking at her, and she never tells any one how she got there. The other girls, profiting by her example, turn around and go down the bank on their hands and toes backward.

Then they scamper over the rafts until they find a shallow place where they can see the fish and shout: "O! I see one." "Where?" "Oh! my, so he is." "Who's got the bait?" "You lazy thing you're sitting on my pole." "Show me the wretch that stole my bait!"

All the exclamations are gotten off in a tone that sends every fish within three acres square into a galloping hysterics. Then the girls, by superhuman exertion, manage to get a worm on the hook, and "throw in" with a splash like the launching of a wash-tub and await the result. When a silver-fish comes along and nibbles the bait they pull up with a jerk that had an unfortunate fish weighing less than fifteen pounds been on the hook, would have landed it in the neighborhood of three or four miles out in the country. After awhile a feeble-minded sunfish contrives to get fastened on the hook of a timid woman, and she gives vent to her tongue: "Oh! something's got on my hook!" "Pull up you little idiot!" shout five excited voices as their poles and hooks are dropped and they rush to the rescue. The girl with the bite gives a spasmodic jerk, which sends the unfortunate sunny into the air the full length of forty feet of line and he comes down on the nearest curly head with a damp flop that sets the girl to clawing as though there were bunnies in her hair.

"Oh! take it away. Ugh, the nasty thing!" Then they hold up their skirts and gather about the fish as it skips over the logs, one all the time holding the line in both hands, with her foot on the pole, as though she had an evil-disposed goat at the other end. Then they talk over it. "How ever will he get off?" "Ain't it pretty?" "Wonder if it ain't dry?" "Poor thing; let's put it back." "How will we get the hook from it?" "Pick it up," says a girl who backs rapidly out of the circle. "Good gracious, I'm afraid of it. There, it's opening its mouth at me." Just then the sunny wrinkles off the hook and disappears between two logs into the water, and the girls try for another bite.

But the sun comes down and fries the backs of their necks, and they all get cross and scold at the fish like so many magpies. If any unwary chub dares show himself in the water they poke at him with their poles, much to his disgust. Finally they get mad all over and throw their poles away, hunt up the lunch basket, climb up into the woods, where they sit around on the grass and caterpillars, and eat enough of dried beef and rusk and hard boiled eggs to give a wood-horse the night mare; after which they compare notes about their beaux until sundown, when they go home and plant envy in the hearts of all their muslin-clad friends by telling what "just a splendid time" they had.

Parliamentary Phrases.

The sayings and witticisms of lords and commoners, not exactly *subriguetes* or similes for individuals, have been numerous and varied. Most readers will call to mind some, at any rate, of these flights of ready wit, condensed epigrams of matured experience, suggestive forms of expression. "Every man has his price," was Sir Robert Walpole's mode of expressing his belief that bribery and corruption were almost universal; although his biographer states that the charge was brought, not against all politicians, but against those who made very warm protestations of patriotism. "Airing his vocabulary," was Curran's description of a dull speech made by a dull member. The "Bogum speech" was the best speech ever made by Sheridan, and one of the best ever heard in the House of Commons: it related to the grievances of a Begum, or native princess of India, and was the subject of long study and preparation by him. The "dagger scene" was enacted by Burke. A dagger had been sent from France to Birmingham by the revolutionists, with an order for a large number to be made like it; Burke, having obtained possession of it for a time, drew it from under a cloak, threw it down on the floor of the House of Commons in a somewhat theatrical way, and exhorted his countrymen to "keep French principles from our heads, and French daggers from our hearts;" but it was admitted on all hands that he a little overacted this scene. Lord Chesterfield claimed to have "bled for his country;" for a brother-peer, who had dabbled a little in surgery, one day bled him for a feverish headache; the titled amateur, gratified at his own success, voted as his patient requested in a party-division in the House of Lords. Making "the crown not worth wearing," was the terse description by Chatham of the probable effect of a particular measure. "If the ministers persevere in misleading the king, I will not say that they can alienate the affections of his subjects from his crown, but I will affirm that they will make the crown not worth his wearing."

"Sowing dragons' teeth" had reference to the later and declining years of the Irish Parliament; the English Government proposed to heap new taxes on Ireland, and caused a violent commotion in consequence of the proposal; Mr. Burgh, in the Irish House of Commons said: "England has sown her laws like dragons' teeth, and they have sprung up in armed men." "All government a compromise," has been derided as a mean and tricky apothegm by extreme politicians; but Burke had thought out his subject well when he said: "All government—indeed every common benefit and enjoyment, every virtue, and every prudent act—is founded on compromise and barter: we balance inconveniences, we give and take."

"The people, our sovereign;" it was strange to hear so democratic a toast as this proposed by the Duke of Norfolk at a Whig dinner, at the very time when the French democrats were infusing alarm and dread into the English mind: it cost him the lord-lieutenancy of the West Riding. "Hammer it into them," was Fox's mode of impressing his meaning on the attention of the House, by speeches full of repetitions; but it is believed that he thus claimed credit for a defect which he could not help. A "memory for jokes, and imagination for facts," was a sarcastic hit at the mental characteristics of Mr. Dundas by Sheridan; the wit had jotted this down in his note-book long before, as a capital hit which he would use on any favorable occasion. "A minute-gun speech" was the name given to a speech made by Lord Bute, on account of its pace being so very slow and solemn; and the joke was made more pungent by a remark that "it might be considered as announcing the funeral of his ministry."

"Where law ends, tyranny begins," and "stabbing the constitution," we owe to Chatham; "the wisdom of our ancestors," to Sir William Grant; and "Pluto's tears" to Burke, in allusion to "tears shed by noble lords, not for dying laws, but for their expiring places." One of the finest things said by Wilberforce had relation to Pitt's firmness in resisting the spread of French Jacobinism in England: "He stood between the living and the dead, and the plague was stayed."—*Chambers's Journal.*

Two Germans met in San Francisco recently. After an affectionate greeting the following dialogue ensued: "Ben you said you be arrived?" "Yesterday." "You come dot horn around?" "No." "Oh I see, you come dot Isthmus across?" "No." "Oh! den you come dot land over?" "No." "Den you hef not arrived." "Oh, yes! I hef arrived. I come dot Mexico through."

A lady as a birthday present gave her little son a fishing line, hook and pole. A few hours later she heard him scream, and rushing out discovered that one of her chickens had swallowed the hook. "Don't be uneasy, mamma," said the urchin, "she'll stop chewing when she reaches the pole."

The difference between a man and a woman in buying things is said to be this: A man gives fifty cents for a twenty-five cent thing which he wants, and a woman gives twenty-five cents for a fifty cent thing which she doesn't want.

American Literature.

Nearly a hundred years have elapsed since the citizens of the American States first became an independent nation. Since that time they have been actively employed in commercial speculation, in the acquisition of new territory, in opening up and bringing under cultivation and expansion of country so vast as almost to justify their characteristic boast that Uncle Sam has ample room in his capacious bosom for all creation; and lastly they have passed through an internecine struggle compared with which the struggles of Old-World nations seem petty and insignificant. It is, therefore, scarcely to be wondered at that the development of the peculiar intellectual genius of the Great West should have remained almost entirely in abeyance. But our own magnificent literature was not the growth of a day, nor of a century. We never did anything in the way of letters until we were thrown upon our own resources. Our connection with the Continent of Europe was—fortunately for us—dissevered by the overreaching cupid and short-sightedness of a race of tyrants, and we were left to our own insular devices. The result has been the formation and development of a language which will be spoken, and a literature which will be read and admired, in the dim vistas of futurity. London Bridge and St. Paul's may be destroyed, and may become antiquated relics of a past civilization; but the English language and literature are imperishable.

The United States are now luxuriating in the enjoyment of great, and to all appearance permanent, peace and prosperity. The great events of the last few years have stirred the minds of the people to their innermost depths. The acquisition of the almighty dollar is no longer the exclusive, nor even the primary, object of every man, woman, and child in the republic. Their intellectual seed is beginning to germinate, and the first upshoots already give out unmistakable indications of a prolific harvest. The laborers are neither less nor indolent, and are constantly on the increase.

We would by no means be misunderstood as asserting that any very great progress has been made in the establishment of a purely American literature, even yet; but we think we are justified in saying that there has been a commencement. The poems of Walt Whitman, and, in an inferior degree, the poems and sketches of Mark Twain, Joaquin Miller, and Bret Harte, according to the best judgment we are able to form, furnish abundant evidence to the careful reader that a time has arrived when our transatlantic friends are about to cast off their literary allegiance, and when an adherence to English precedents, both as respects turn of thought and method of expression, is beginning to be at a discount among the rising literary names of the Great Republic. And, so far from feeling aggrieved at this manly self-assertion on their part, it surely behooves us to commend their laudable ambition to give them due credit for their patriotic spirit. It must, moreover, be borne in mind that whatever is a gain to them, will be a gain to us. We both speak and write the same language. The mother-tongue taught in the schools and academies of the one, is precisely the same mother-tongue taught in the colleges and universities of the other. As Mr. Trollope observes, in the entertaining and discriminating work in which he has embodied the convictions resulting from his six months' sojourn from the West: "An American separates himself from England in politics, and perhaps in affection; but he cannot separate himself from England in mental culture." This is as true as it is well expressed; and if, as we believe will be in the case, America shall ere long succeed in building up an independent literary reputation for herself, we in England cannot fail to reap a benefit therefrom. And this is no more than just. She has had the benefit of our five centuries of experience, and, if there is a probability of our shortly being placed in a position to make reprisals, let us bid them "God speed" in their labor, and be unfeignedly thankful.—*Temple Bar.*

The Spectator thinks that George Eliot is the only woman of our time whose writings would be remembered for the humor alone, and quotes such sentences as these: "A maggot must be born if the rotten cheese to like it." "If you could make a pudding wif' thinking o' the batter, it 'ud be easy getting dinner." "It's poor eating when the flavor o' the meat lies i' the cruet." "There's folks as make bad butter, and trusten to the salt t' hide it." Or this, in condemnation of the habit of perpetually praising the dead: "It's but little good you'll do a-watering last year's crop." Or this: "I know the way o' wives; they set on one to abuse their husbands, and then they turn round on one and praise 'em as if they wanted to sell 'em." "If old Harry's a mind to do a bit o' kindness for a holiday, like, who's got any thing against it?" "As for age, what that's worth depends on the quality o' the liquor." This is the shrewdness of insight, not the shrewdness which comes of observation, like this description of a Scotch gardener, perhaps the very best description of that kind of concocted efficiency ever put into words: "You're mighty fond o' Craig; but, for my part, I think he's welly like a cock as thinks the sun's rose o' purpose to hear him crow."

A Frenchman thinks the English language very tough. "Dare is look out," he says, "which is to put out your head and see; and look out, which is to haul in your head, not for to see—just contrain."

One fly in five minutes will take twenty-seven years' accumulations of Christianity out of a man. We have no desire to discourage the ministry, but this is a fact which can be backed up by figures.

Sharks are numerous along the Atlantic coast just now, says the *Detroit Free Press*, and it is really appalling to see the wild struggles of an old maid as a lobster reaches out for her heel.

A Ceylonese Story.

Long ago, a king—or, as some say, a very wealthy man, but it does not matter which, though a king sounds better—had an only child, a daughter, the heiress of all his wealth, who could not, or would not speak. He tried all means to cure her, but in vain. At last he sent forth a proclamation that whoever, being of fitting degree, could restore speech to his daughter, should marry her and eventually be lord of all his father's wealth. Many tried, but all failed. At last a prince who had a magical gift, that of causing things inanimate to talk with him, came forward, and was admitted to the hall where the princess was. He spoke to her, and tried to induce her to speak, but answer he got none!

Now, a lamp was hanging in the hall, and to it the prince good humoredly addressed himself. "Lamp," said he, "I will tell you a story."
"Say on," replied the lamp.
"Well," went on the prince, "four travelers—a carpenter, a painter, a cloth-merchant, and a jeweller—set out on a journey. By-and-by they came to a rest-house, halted there, and prepared their food. The keeper of the rest-house had laid on the floor a log of wood, very suitable for carving. The carpenter, seeing this, pulled out his carving-gear, and carved the log into the shape of a woman, life-size, and exquisitely beautiful. The painter next took his brushes and colors, and painted the figure till it shone as brilliantly fair as a goddess. Then the cloth-merchant opened his packages, chose the finest silks and embroidered robes, and dressed the figure in his choicest bravery. The jeweller took gems, ear-rings, necklaces, and bangles, and all such things, and bedecked the figure with them. Last of all, the figure was endowed with life. I do not take on me to explain how that came about, but it was the fact!"

"No more do I," said the lamp; "but, pray, go on. I hate digressions!"
"When," continued the prince, "that exquisitely beautiful being burst into life, all the four fell violently in love with her, and each wished to make her his wife."
"Why, I shaped that matchless figure," said the carpenter.
"And I bestowed on her that blooming complexion," retorted the painter.
"And I robed her," exclaimed the merchant.
"But what are your choicest robes to the costly gems which were my gift? A woman is of little account without jewels!" cried the jeweller.

"Thus they went on clamoring and disputing. Now, O lamp! who was to be declared the rightful owner?"
First the lamp said one and then another, giving reasons—and whatever the lamp said, the prince contradicted. The dispute waxed hot and furious, but seemed never to come nearer to an end.
The princess heard all the dispute, and held her peace a long time. At last she could bear to keep silent no longer. So she cried: "You are both silly! The true owner was none of the four, but the keeper of the rest-house, for to him the wood she was made of belonged!"
"Ah! yes," said the prince, "you are in the right, my princess! And now, that you have spoken, let me claim my reward and take you for my wife!" So they went before the king, who was enchanted with the cure; and they were married straightway and lived happy ever afterward—at least, it is said, the princess never gave her husband any cause, after marriage, to reproach her for too persistently holding her peace!

—Pope Pius was worth \$32,000,000 when he died. Huh! No wonder. It was easy enough for him to get rich, he had such a clean monopoly; the only pope in the business in all the wide world.—*Honey.*

—About as lively a picture of misery as there is in existence is the face of a man who sits at the foot of a long table when a dish of the first green corn of the season is being passed down.

—Country life, fresh air and bathing are all very well but if you want to cleanse your system thoroughly use a few bottles of Dr. Bull's Blood Mixture.

—Tennyson and Victor Hugo are friends and mutual admirers. They send each other flattering letters.
—Youngman, in beginning a courtship be sure you don't write, and then go ahead.

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Oct. 3, '69-4f.

DR. JOHN M. E. ROGERS,
(LATE OF BALTIMORE).
Having located at Clarksville for the practice of medicine, respectfully offers his professional services to the community.
May 18, '78-4f.

DR. RICHARD C. HAMMOND
Offers his professional services to the public. OFFICE—At Pine Orchard, Frederick Turnpike, Howard County.
March 16, '78-4f.

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 LEISHEAR'S STORE.
April 21, '77-1y.

JAMES L. MATTHEWS,
AGENT FOR THE MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF ANNE ARUNDEL AND HOWARD COUNTIES.
OFFICE—One door west of T. H. Hunt's Store, Ellicott City.
Feb. 16, '78-4f.

WILLIAM B. PETER,
NOTARY PUBLIC, Real Estate and Collection Agency, and GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY,
ELLCOTT CITY, MD.
Estates attended to; Rents and Bills Collected; Money procured on Securities. Purchases and Sales of City and Country Property effected. Property Leased. Money Invested in Ground Rents, Mortgages, &c., &c., &c. Free of Charge. All kinds of Property Insured at lowest Rates.

MONEY TO LOAN, at low rates, on first class Securities, in sums from \$1,000 to \$10,000. June 24, '74-4f.