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 ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 ELLICOTT CITY.

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 March 9, 1874.

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OFFICE—Two Doors West of Leishman's Store.
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Practices in the Courts of Baltimore City and Howard and adjoining Counties.
 Can be found at the Court House in Elicott City, on the First and Third Tuesday of every month.
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DR. SAMUEL A. KEENE,
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 Having permanently located himself at Elicott 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.
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 (Graduate of Baltimore College of Dental Surgery).

Having bought out the good will of Dr. E. C. Crabbe, I tender my professional services to his patrons and the public generally at the office formerly occupied by him.

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 THREE DOORS BELOW LEISHMAN'S STORE.
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 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 \$1000 to \$10,000.
 June 24, 1874.

ELLICOTT CITY TIMES.

VOL. IX.

ELLICOTT CITY, Md., SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1878.

NO. 10.

HE DIDN'T SELL.

BY PHARMAS MIX.

"I believe I'll sell the farm, Jane Ann, and buy a house in town; Jones made an offer yesterday—he'll pay the money down."

He said he wasn't anxious, but he had the cash to spare. And reminded me that nowadays cash sales are very rare.

The farm ain't worth much, anyway, the soil is mighty thin, and the crops it yields are hardly worth the putting of them in;

Besides, that pesky railroad that they're putting through this way will cut the old place in two—Jones told me so to-day.

I ain't scared of work, you know—my daddy ain't said,

"There ain't a single lazy hair in Nchemiah's head."

There wasn't no lazy hairs, I know, in that old head of his. For he did the work of three hired men in spite of rheumatiz.

No, no, I'm not afraid of work—of that I don't complain—I've tried to work with willin' hands in sunshine and in rain;

And I've always wore a cheerful face, except at times, maybe.

When them giddy, head-strong steers o' mine would "haw" when I yelled "gee!"

Perhaps it may be sinful for a mortal to find fault With toiling hard both day and night, if he only makes his salt,

But I've thought while cradlin' rain-lodged oats on the side-hill over there,

That my cross was most too heavy for a small-boned man to bear.

It's allus been my custom when a-plowin' stumpy soil To hum some good, old-fashioned hymn—it sorter eased my toil;

But I tell you what 'twas pretty hard to smother words of sin

When'er a springy root 'ud break and whack me on the shin.

I mention these 'ere things, Jane Ann, because I'd like to lead

A peaceful, blameless kind o' life, from all temptations freed,

But as long as Hessian flies exist and tater-bugs abound

There'll be some talk profanity at times a doatin' 'round.

So now if you're agreed, Jane Ann, I'll sell the farm to Jones—

He'll find that what he lacks in soil is well made up in stones—

And we'll move into the town next week—what's that you're sayin', wife—

You'll never leave the good old place as long as you have life?

Well, there it goes again, I vum! Go on and have your say—

Your bound to wear the breeches—in a figurative way;

But you'll find I'll have my way this time, old girl, as well as you,

So if you're bound to stay right here, by granee—
 "I'll stay too!"

Some Reminiscences of Bulwer.

Bulwer had his town residence first at the "Albany," a fashionable house in Piccadilly, and then in Charles Street, Berkeley Square; and it was at the latter house that he resumed dramatic composition, after an interval of history writing and the production of "Ernest Maltravers." It is interesting, by the way, that the chambers in the Albany which he but recently left had been occupied before him by Lord Byron and then by Lord Althorp, afterward Earl Spencer.

One evening Macready was dining in Charles Street, and deploring the dearth of good plays. He was in despair for a sensation which would be town-talk; nothing lately had succeeded. Turning to Sir Edward, the great manager exclaimed, "Oh, for another play like the 'Honey-moon!'" Bulwer said nothing; but next morning set dogtightly to work, and in ten days he called on Macready, and put the manuscript of "The Lady of Lyons" into his hands, saying that it was not a purchasable commodity, but a free gift. It was brought out, and satisfied Macready's most eager yearnings. On the first night of the representation, Bulwer, who was then in Parliament, happened to be down for a speech in the House on the ballot; and, at the same time that the sentimental eloquence of Claude Melnotte was thrilling the fashionable multitude at Drury Lane, his creator was holding the Commons spell-bound with one of the richest examples of his always lofty and brilliant oratory. "The Lady of Lyons" was then anonymous; no one, except Macready knew that Bulwer wrote it. As the latter, having achieved a dazzling forensic triumph was going out of the House, he met a literary colleague who had just come from the theatre, where he asked about the new play. "Oh, it's very well—for that sort of thing," Bulwer went on to Drury Lane, which he reached just to see the final act, and witness the enthusiastic furor with which it was received. The curtain descended amid a perfect storm of applause, but cries for the author were not responded to. Bulwer was in Lady Blessington's box, placidly observing the scene with an assumed air of supercilious indifference.

"Hum!" said he, shrugging his shoulders, "it's very good; very good, indeed—for that sort of thing!"

"It's the first time," said Lady Blessington, as he hurried from the box to the House again, "I have ever seen him jealous!"

Shortly after, Lady Blessington laughed heartily to hear that the cynic of the box was the author of the play.

Speaking of Bulwer's oratory, he arrived at the front rank of parliamentary orators by a process almost as painful as that recorded of Demosthenes with his pebbles, or Charles James Fox with his determination to speak every night until he became a forensic adept. Bulwer was at first halting, confused, awkward; he always spoke with difficulty, and describes himself as having felt wretchedly at the moment he arose to address the House.

Hawthorne, in his "English Note-Book," tells a good anecdote *a propos* of this:

"Bulwer and a certain Dr. — were talking together about public speaking, and the doctor said he feared he should never be a good speaker, he felt so badly before he 'got on his legs.'"

"Do you feel your heart beat," said Bulwer, "when you are going to speak?"

"Yes."

"Does your voice frighten you?"

"Yes."

"Do all your ideas forsake you?"

"Yes."

"Do you wish the floor to open and swallow you?"

"Yes."

"Why, then, you'll make an orator!"

Hawthorne goes on to relate that Canning, on one occasion, just before speaking in the House, asked a friend sitting near him to feel his pulse, which was throbbing intensely. "I know I shall make one of my best speeches," said the future premier, "because I'm in such an awful funk!"

There is no doubt that Bulwer felt the sensations he so vividly described to Dr. —, and that he became a great orator no one who ever heard him, or read one of his magnificent speeches, can doubt. Mr. Dallas, our minister to England under President Buchanan, speaks of him as, after Gladstone, the most eloquent man in the House of Commons; though Bright, Disraeli, and Cobden, were in the House at that time. Another theatrical anecdote of Bulwer is worth producing. Thirty years ago he became intimate with Dickens, and the friendship lasted till death separated them. No one who has ever read Bulwer's speech at the banquet given to Dickens, at Freemasons' Hall, previous to his second and last visit to the United States, will forget the splendor of his eloquence, or the generous testimony he gave to his brother novelist's genius and attractive personal qualities. On one occasion, Dickens was visiting Bulwer at Knebworth Hall with a company of literary and theatrical notabilities, and the host having erected a stage and scenery in one of the spacious apartments, the party engaged in a merry series of private theatricals. The conversation happened, one evening, to turn upon the pecuniary necessities of Leigh Hunt, a veteran in letters and play-writing, and one of the sweetest and most genial of men. Dickens asked if something could not be done to relieve so deserving a person, and proposed that some theatricals should be got up for the purpose. Bulwer at once caught at the idea, and Forster and Jerrold heartily applauded it.

"If you will act yourselves," said the lord of Knebworth, "I will agree to write the play."

Arrangements were at once made; Bulwer produced at short notice a charming little comedy, entitled "Not so Bad as we Seem; or, Many Sides to a Character." The Duke of Devonshire had a temporary theatre constructed at Devonshire House, in Piccadilly, and an audience which included Queen Victoria, Prince Albert, and many royal and noble folk, assembled to witness the play. Dickens took the part of Lord Wilmot, Mark Lemon that of Sir Geoffrey Thorsdike, and Forster that of Mr. Hardman. Bulwer's interest in the drama, like Dickens's, was enthusiastic, and continued to the end of his life. He was one of the most active members of the benevolent "Guild of Art and Literature," where he met on equal terms the leading literary artists, and actors of the day; although a proud man, full of aristocratic feeling and hauteur, he never displayed an undue pride or condescension in his relations with his brethren in art, however little famous.

During the later years of Bulwer's life, he was not much in the public eye, but kept himself for the most part secluded among a circle of a few friends. Domestic troubles—for he had long been separated from his wife, and their disagreements took a public course, for Lady Bulwer on one occasion appeared on the hustings with her husband's opponents—added to the painful affliction of his eyes, by which he suffered for years before his death, seem to have cast a gloom over his life. After being made a peer, he seldom appeared in the House of Lords, and I believe never made an elaborate speech there, although on one occasion he intended to speak on the Irish Church, but gave way, much to the public disappointment, to Earl Grey. He resided in Grosvenor Square, had a marine-villa at Torquay, and was accustomed to spend most of his winters at Nice, for the benefit of his now delicate health. From July to December, he lived at Knebworth, with his only son, the gifted "Owen Meredith," joined him, and where he enjoyed the luxurious life of a wealthy country gentleman, keeping up his literary labors to the last. He was at work upon a new novel—inspired, perhaps, by Disraeli's

venture in "Lothair"—when death overtook him. His friendship with Disraeli existed in all its youthful cordiality up to his death. Bulwer was a man of genial temperament, though this was impaired by the sufferings of later years, and toward strangers his demeanor was often haughty and abrupt. He disliked any intrusion upon his privacy, and resented it gruffly. But his affections were sturdy and faithful, and he had the power of attaching his friends to him in the most zealous devotion.

There is one reminiscence of Bulwer which should not be omitted from any sketch, however imperfect, of the interesting incidents of his career. This was his relation with the beautiful, gifted, unhappy Letitia Landon, best known to fame as the poetess who wrote under the initials "L. E. L." He seems to have been first attracted to this young genius by her poem "The Fate of Ash Ledge," which she dedicated to Miss Siddons; and, soon after making her acquaintance, being then editor of the *New Monthly*, enthusiastically reviewed her first novel, "Romance and Reality." The fact that Miss Landon had portrayed herself in one of the characters of the book did not deter him from giving it eloquent praise.

Bulwer met L. E. L. at Miss Spence's, and ever afterward remained her "constant, sensible, and sincere friend." At first, too, the fascinating little poetess won the good graces of Miss Wheeler, and continued in them for a while after Rosina became Mrs. Bulwer; but the Wharriors mysteriously add that "their friendship was afterward painfully terminated," as if to hint that Mrs. (or Lady) Bulwer was jealous of her husband's paternal fond attentions to L. E. L. The unhappy existence of this pretty little woman sorely needed such a friend as Bulwer seems to have been. She was wayward and wild, and was always hearing of suspicions and slanders which were being whispered against her. At one time she was engaged to Mr. Forster, then a rising young barrister and editor of the *Examiner*, now best known as the bosom friend and biographer of Dickens. The match was broken off because of slanders against her, which Forster did not believe, but which he told her of; this caused her to dissolve the relation. She was afterward most unhappily married to Mr. McLean, Governor of Cape Coast Castle; and her mysterious end, far off in an African colony, is too well known to need repetition.

Bulwer gave her away at the altar, and stood by her in a window at Knebworth, in Piccadilly, on the bright June morning when the young Queen Victoria passed by on her way to be crowned in the historic abbey. That night was to be her last in England; a host of friends, among them Bulwer and Disraeli, met at her house in Hyde Park Street to bid her good-by. The illuminations were alight, the fireworks dazzling and glimmering in honor of the coronation; it seemed like a celebration in honor of the little queen of poetry. Bulwer faltered as, responding to the toast of her health at supper, he called her his "daughter," in allusion to the part he had borne at the marriage ceremony; rushed home with tears in his eyes, shut himself in his cabinet, and wrote persistently till the gray dawn crept through the window-shutters.

When the news of poor L. E. L.'s strange death, which was apparently suicide, reached England, the friends of her youth and young womanhood hastened to raise a subscription, in which he himself headed with a generous amount, to support her widowed, poverty-stricken, and desolate mother. With a trait so generous and heartfelt, we may properly part from the honored author of "My Novel" and of "Richelieu."

All the way down, the road is difficult and the task laborious, but the traveller is in constant ecstasies of wonder and delight as the views open and change before him. During two months the writer was in the valley he rode over the Mariposa trail many times, and the last occasion the views seemed to him to be more incomparably grand and beautiful than ever. On the right is seen the Bridal Veil Fall, or Po-ho-ho, as the Indians call it, more than nine hundred feet high. Next beyond tower the three peaks of rock known as the Cathedral, or Poo-in-a-Shoo-kah; further away rises Lays, or the Sentinel-Rock, three thousand and forty-three feet high; over that, the great, round, like a giant hood, is Ti-say-ac, the South or Half Dome, four thousand seven hundred and thirty-seven feet high. The farthest height closing in the scene is the mighty, wave-like form of granite, faucially entitled "Cloud's Rest," whose story crests rise ten thousand feet above the floor of the valley, which is four thousand and eighty feet above sea-level. Returning on the left, may be seen the buttress of the North Dome, called Washington Column; and, finally, the left limit of the south gate into the Yosemite, is El Capitan, or Tu-toch-ah-nula, three thousand and three hundred feet high, the most gigantic and impressive single mass of granite, perhaps that is known to man.

The name "Yosemite" was given to this valley in the belief that it was the Indian name for grizzly bear. It was first discovered in the spring of 1851. As early as the spring of 1850, the whites living about Mariposa and mining on the streams that head in the vicinity of the Yosemite, after considerable trouble with the Indians living thereabouts, organized a military company to drive them out of the country. It was soon found that they

The Yosemite.

Yosemite Valley, of which the world has heard so much, is situated on the Merced River, in the southern portion of the county of Mariposa, one hundred and forty miles a little southeast from San Francisco, but nearly two hundred and fifty miles from that city by any of the usually-travelled routes. It is on the western slope of the Sierra Nevada, midway between its eastern and western base, and in the centre of the State, measuring north and south. It is a narrow gorge, about eight miles in length, from a half to a mile in width, and enclosed in frowning granite walls rising with almost unbroken and perpendicular faces to the dizzy height of from three thousand to six thousand feet above the green and quiet vale beneath. From the brows of the precipices in several places spring streams of water, which, in seasons of rains and melting snows, form cataracts of beauty and magnificence surpassing any thing known in mountain scenery.

Travelers from the East visiting the Yosemite usually go to San Francisco, and make their start for the valley from that city, although they return eighty-one miles over the same road to Lodi. This place is merely the junction of what is known as the Visalia Division of the Central Pacific Railroad—a branch road now being built southward over the San Joaquin plains, and finished as far as Merced Station, where the visitor may stop overnight. In the morning he will take the stage, and soon begin climbing among the foot-hills of the Sierras. This grant, and last year was finished to Clark's Ranch, twenty-four miles, by rail, from the valley. Next year it will probably be finished to the valley, whose sacred precincts will then be desecrated by a daily stage.

At Clark's Ranch the traveller over this route usually stops, to visit the famous "Big Trees." Clark's is at an elevation of about four thousand feet, and is in the midst of superbly tree-covered mountains. Thence on to the valley it is a delightful ride, rich with the charm of change and almost endless variety; deep, shadowed pine-forests spread their enticing gloom; beautiful natural meadows bright flowers and running water, and gather additional loveliness from the solemn-looking firs that hedge them in, while now and then the trail crosses some bleak upland waste of coarse granite sand, where, maybe, a few great crumbling boulders lie white and speckle-like. The highest point reached, going into the valley, is a ridge over seven thousand feet, and from several places glimpses may be had of the higher, snow-covered Sierras beyond.

At last, through the trees, the eager traveller sees a strange whiteness—it must be a wall of rock—can that be the first sight of the valley? A few moments, and he rides out to an open space under a group of pines, where there is ample evidence that many feet have trodden the place before him. Even the coolest blood now moves awfully, and dismounting, rushing through the faw yards of intervening manzanita chaparral, reaches Inspiration Point, where he gazes as he looks down into the purple shadows of the valley three thousand feet below him. The guide points out and names the grand features where travellers have filled the expectant imagination during the journey. But there still remains a long, fatiguing seven miles to be accomplished ere the valley is reached.

All the way down, the road is difficult and the task laborious, but the traveller is in constant ecstasies of wonder and delight as the views open and change before him. During two months the writer was in the valley he rode over the Mariposa trail many times, and the last occasion the views seemed to him to be more incomparably grand and beautiful than ever. On the right is seen the Bridal Veil Fall, or Po-ho-ho, as the Indians call it, more than nine hundred feet high. Next beyond tower the three peaks of rock known as the Cathedral, or Poo-in-a-Shoo-kah; further away rises Lays, or the Sentinel-Rock, three thousand and forty-three feet high; over that, the great, round, like a giant hood, is Ti-say-ac, the South or Half Dome, four thousand seven hundred and thirty-seven feet high. The farthest height closing in the scene is the mighty, wave-like form of granite, faucially entitled "Cloud's Rest," whose story crests rise ten thousand feet above the floor of the valley, which is four thousand and eighty feet above sea-level. Returning on the left, may be seen the buttress of the North Dome, called Washington Column; and, finally, the left limit of the south gate into the Yosemite, is El Capitan, or Tu-toch-ah-nula, three thousand and three hundred feet high, the most gigantic and impressive single mass of granite, perhaps that is known to man.

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had some sort of a stronghold away up among the mountains, and to this they invariably retreated when hard pressed. The character of the place was unknown, but soon wild stories were told of an impenetrable mountain-fastness, exciting the curiosity of the settlers, so that, in the spring of 1851, an expedition was organized under the command of Captain Boling to find the place and drive out the naughty aborigines. Led by a friendly old Indian, the party reached the valley, surprised the hiding braves, and drove them out. This was the first visit by white men to the Yosemite. Next year there was more trouble with the Indians, and a second expedition went out, again driving the offenders before them. They took refuge with the Monos, a powerful tribe among the mountains, quarrelled with them, and by them were almost entirely exterminated, so that now it is said but eight of the Yosemite are alive.

Although wonderful stories were told by those who returned, it was not until four years later (1855) that Mr. J. M. Lynchings gathered a party and made the first regular tourist's visit to the valley. A second party went in the same season, and next year a trail was completed on the old slip a side, and the regular pleasure-travel commenced. This same year (1859), the first house or shanty was put up, on the site of what is now known as Clark's Hotel.

In June, 1854, Congress granted to the State of California, in trust, the Yosemite Valley and the Mariposa grove of "Big Trees," upon condition that the territory thus designated should be set apart "for public use, resort, and recreation." California accepted the trust, appointed commissioners, and hence this magnificent valley, which, without extravagance, we may pronounce the world's wonder, is preserved secure in all its beauty and grandeur for public use.

The valley-bottom is like a floor; the Merced River taking up much room as it wanders from side to side, apparently in no haste to leave. There are broad tracts of natural meadow, radiant in spring-time with a wonderful carpeting of flowers. These meadows are separated by belts of trees, park-like groves of pines and cedars, black-oak and live-oak almost without undergrowth, and through which one may ride unimpeded in all directions. The walls are of granite with an average height of about three thousand feet; in some places nearly vertical, and with very little debris at the base; in others, a pine-covered slope leads up to gigantic towers, spires, or sharp-cut peaks. There are no fewer than five trails over which a beast of burden may climb in or out of the valley; and a man, sure-footed, cool-headed, and strong, may find a dozen places where he could, without real danger, scale those seeming impassable barriers.

The general color of the rocks is monotonous, varying from a bluish-gray to an ochre, that, in full sunlight, is almost creamy in tint.

Anecdote of Joseph Bonaparte.

A correspondent of the *Times*, writing from Northern New York, gives some interesting incidents connected with Joseph Bonaparte's residence in America. He owned a large tract of territory on the borders of the Wilderness, whither he used to repair during the summers between 1820 and 1830 for sport, and the people in that vicinity still entertain visitors with reminiscences of his hunting excursions. Here is an anecdote which the correspondent vouches for as authentic: On one of his journeys from tide water to his northern retreat, the count (the ex-king was known as the Count de Surville) and his retinue stopped for breakfast at a wayside inn on the Mohawk kept by a thrifty Dutchman. The land lord knew who his guests were, and bestowed himself to furnish good entertainment. The meal over, as the party was about to proceed, the count's secretary brought him the report that the extravagant charge of one hundred and twenty dollars was made. The items were demanded, and, after putting down a round price for everything provided both for men and horses, the items footed only fifty dollars. The Dutchman was in a quandary. Like some other and later landlords, he intended to graduate his charges by the abilities of his guest to pay; and, knowing that the guest could not pay, he was not the host to abate any thing. While he puzzled over the bill, the count again called impatiently from his carriage for the items. The landlord desperately scored down a few words, and sent the bill back by the secretary. The count glanced at it, and found that under the charges, amounting to fifty dollars the following had been added, "A dam fess, seventy five dollars." His sides shook with laughter as he read it; and he said to his secretary, in French, "The fellow deserves that, and more, for his wit and impudence. Give him five hundred dollars."

—Discerning child (who has heard some remarks by papa)—"Are you our new nurse?" Nurse—"Yes, dear." Child—"Well, then, I am one of those boys who can only be managed by kindness; so you had better get some sponge cake and oranges at once."

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Handbills, Circulars, Bill-Heads, Legal
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Did He Tell a Lie?

A good story is told of a ship owner of Liverpool, which will bear repeating. Our merchant was a Quaker, and prided himself on his honesty. He would not have told a downright falsehood to save the value of his best ship. Jacob suffered one of his ships to set sail from Calcutta for home without any insurance upon either vessel or cargo. At length he became uneasy. He was confident his ship had encountered bad weather, and he feared for her safety. In this strait he went to his friend Isaac. He called him friend, though we are under the impression that Isaac was one of the children of Israel.

"Friend Isaac," he said, "I would like for thee to insure my ship which is at sea. I should have done it before, but have carelessly neglected it. If thee canst have the policy signed, all ready for delivery, at three o'clock in the afternoon of the morning, I will send and get it, and send thee the money in full."

Isaac did not seem to be anxious to insure the ship, but upon being assured that no unfavorable intelligence had been heard from her he said he would have the policy made out, to take effect on and after three o'clock of the following day, and to cover the ship and cargo from the date of her leaving India.

Early on the following morning Jacob received a message by the hand of a captain just arrived, to the effect that his ship was stranded and her cargo lost. This was very unfortunate. Should Friend Isaac happen to hear the news before the policy was made out, he would not make it at all; or, if it was made and not signed, he would not sign it. What should he do? He wanted to act honestly. It would not be right to let Isaac go and make out that policy under such circumstances. Finally he hit upon a plan. He summoned his confidential clerk, and sent him with this message:

"Tell friend Isaac that I have heard from my ship, and if the policy is not signed he need not sign it."

The clock was close upon the stroke of three when the clerk arrived. Friend Jacob's message was delivered. The ship had been heard from, and if the policy was not yet signed, he need not sign it.

"I think I am in season to save it," the clerk said.

"No, sir," answered Isaac, promptly and emphatically. Now, in truth, the policy of insurance had not been signed, for the insurer had been in doubt; but when he heard the message he judged at once that the ship was safe, and that Jacob sought to save the heavy item of premium he had agreed to pay.

"No, sir," he said, "you are not in time. It is past three o'clock. The policy is signed. I will go and get it. He shipped out and hastily finished and signed the policy, and, having dried the ink, he brought it to the clerk, demanding in return the sum which had been agreed upon. The money was paid and the policy was taken home to Friend Jacob, who received it very gladly.

The end we can readily imagine; and it is not difficult to judge which of the two felt most sore over the matter.

Tight Boots.

I had on new shoes. They were number seven when I started, but were no more than five now and still diminishing. I walked two hours in those shoes after that before we reached home. Doubtless I could have the reader's sympathy for the aching. Many people have never had the headache or the toothache, and I am one of those myself; but everybody has worn tight shoes for two or three hours, and known the luxury of taking