

ELLCOTT CITY TIMES,
J. HARWOOD WATKINS,
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ELLCOTT CITY TIMES.

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NO. 27.

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.

Medical.
H. T.
HELMBOLD'S
COMPOUND
FLUID EXTRACT
Buchu.
PHARMACEUTICAL
A SPECIFIC REMEDY FOR ALL
DISEASES
OF THE
BLADDER & KIDNEYS.

For Debility, Loss of Memory, Indisposition to Exertion or Business, Shortness of Breath, Troubled with Thoughts of Disease, Dimness of Vision, Pain in the Back, Chest, and Head, Rush of Blood to the Head, Pale Countenance, and Dry Skin.
If these symptoms are allowed to go on, very frequently Epileptic Fits and Consumption follow. When the constitution becomes affected it requires the aid of an invigorating medicine to strengthen and tone up the system—which

Helmhold's Buchu
DOES IN EVERY CASE.

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU
IS UNEQUALED

By any remedy known. It is prescribed by the most eminent physicians all over the world, in

Rheumatism,
Spermatorrhoea,
Neuralgia,
Nervousness,
Dyspepsia,
Indigestion,
Constipation,
Aches and Pains,

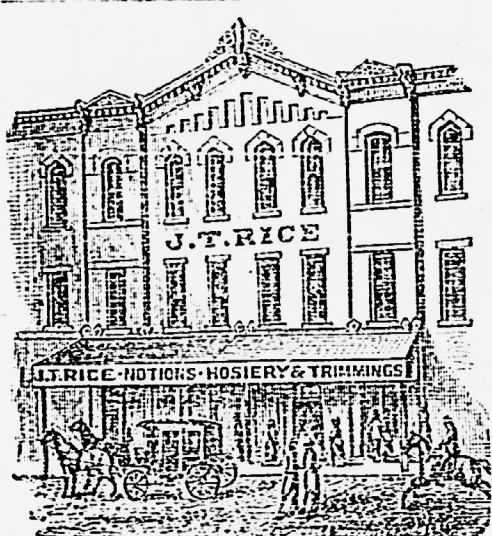
General Debility,
Kidney Diseases,
Liver Complaint,
Nervous Debility,
Epilepsy,
Head Troubles,
Paralysis,
General Ill Health,

Spinal Diseases,
Nervousness,
Deafness,
Doctine,
Lumbago,
Catarrh,
Nervous Complaints,
Female Complaints, &c.

Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Cough, Dizziness, Sour Stomach, Eruptions, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a thousand other painful symptoms are the offspring of Dyspepsia.

"HELMBOLD'S BUCHU"
Invigorates the Stomach.

And stimulates the torpid Liver, Bowels, and Kidneys to healthy action, in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.
A single trial will be quite sufficient to convince the most hesitating of its valuable prop-

Baltimore.

RICE'S.
THE LEADING
NOTION HOUSE IN BALTIMORE.

Largest and Most Select Assortment!
Lowest Prices! Polite Attention!
I Keep A Buyer At All The Auction Sales!
AM DAILY IN RECEIPT OF
Auction and Job Lots
AT ASTONISHINGLY LOW PRICES.
Our Marvellous 5 Cent Canteen.
WONDERFUL! ASTONISHING! MIRACULOUS!
Containing Ladies', Gents' and Children's Hosiery; Linen Handkerchiefs, Rubber Dressing Combs, Tuck Combs, Bandanna Handkerchiefs and thousands of other articles. Every article for 5 cents. Orders by mail enclosing stamps or P. O. order promptly attended to.
JOHN T. RICE,
129 Lexington St., Baltimore, Md.
Mar. 1, '79-ly.

HEINEKAMP
PIANOS,
THE BEST NOW MADE.

Every Instrument Guaranteed for Five Years.
NONE BUT THE
BEST MATERIAL & WORKMANSHIP
—ARE—
USED IN THE CONSTRUCTION
—OF—
THESE INSTRUMENTS.
Parties contemplating the purchase of a Piano will do well to apply
FOR PRICES AND ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE WITH REFERENCES.
ORGANS AND SECOND HAND PIANOS AT ALL PRICES.

Wm. Heinekamp,
373 W. BALTIMORE ST.,
BALTIMORE, Md.
Feb. 1, '79-ly.

REDUCTION IN PRICES OF SHIRTS.

E. S. GOLDSMITH'S ANNOUNCEMENT!
This day I have reduced the price of my
SHIRTS
From \$36 per Dozen
To \$30 per Dozen.
To \$24 per Dozen.
To \$20 per Dozen.
These are my best SHIRTS, and are equal to the very best made in New York or Europe. I will add still the elegant Finish and Style I have always put on my Shirts. The material will be, as heretofore, the very highest cost. My Superior Workmanship has always been one of my best references.

SHIRTS
ALSO MADE TO ORDER AT
\$1.50, \$2 and \$2.25 Each.
I reduce the prices to meet the requirements of the times, and the reduction means to largely increase my business, and to give to gentlemen my superior SHIRT at prices that will strike them as very reasonable.
It is generally known that the Shirts I make are equal to the best in the world in point of fit, style, workmanship and wear.

My Future Motto, as in the Past:
Entire Satisfaction Guaranteed in every particular in all my orders for
SHIRTS.

E. S. Goldsmith,
Fashionable Shirt Maker & Furnisher
S. E. Corner Balto. & Charles Sts

Baltimore.
STOVES,
PLOW CASTINGS, &C.
The subscribers having purchased the Foundry, PATTERNS, STOCK, &C. of the late Armstrong & Co., combining same with their well known long established business, are prepared to furnish at
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
for lower prices than ever, a superior stock of STOVES, FURNACES, RANGES, &C., &C. Also their popular
FIRE-PLACE HEATERS
which have never as yet been equalled.
Thankful for past favors, we hope by strict attention to the wants of the public to merit a continuance of same.
B. C. HIBB & SON,
Warehouse and Salseroom 39 and 41 Light Street, Baltimore, Md.
Foundry—Port Deposit, Md.
May 31, '79-7m.

THEODORE MOTTU,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
Seasoned Lumber,
Shingles, Laths, Fencing, Palings, Shelving,
DRESSED FLOORING,
READY-MADE SASH, DOORS, &C.
126 Pennsylvania Ave.
BALTIMORE.

Dec. 22, '77-ly.
THOMAS A. AGNEW & CO.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
GROCERS,
DEALERS IN
TEAS, LIQUORS, FLOUR,
BACON, FEED,
COUNTRY PRODUCE, Etc.
293 W. PRATT ST.,
(S. E. Corner Eutaw Street.)
Baltimore, Md.

MISS NELLIE CLARK,
FASHIONABLE MILLINER,
Fancy Goods, Ribbons, Flowers, Crepe, &c.
HATS TRIMMED AND UNTRIMMED.
VELVETS, SILKS, FEATHERS, &C.
72 Lexington St., near Charles,
BALTIMORE, Md.
MOURNING GOODS A SPECIALTY
Feb. 15, '79-ly.

EDWARD NORRIS,
Baker and Confectioner.

KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND
FRESH BREAD, MARYLAND BISCUITS,
PIES AND CAKES,
Together with a good assortment of Confectionery, Fruit, &c.
Weddings and Parties furnished at Short Notice.

All the famous brands of Flour from the Patapsco Mills for sale at Mill Prices.
Jan. 1, '78-ly.

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

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

JAMES I. 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. 16, '78-ly.

J. D. McGUIRE,

THE FUNERAL OF HOPE.
I have been to the funeral of all my hopes,
And entombed them one by one;
Not a word was said,
Not a tear was shed,
When the mournful task was done.
Slowly and sadly I turned me round,
And sought my silent room;
And there alone,
By the cold hearth-stone,
I wooed the midnight gloom.
And as the night winds' deepening shade
Lowered above my brow,
I wept o'er days,
When manhood's rays
Were brighter far than now.
The dying embers on the hearth
Gave out their flickering light,
As if to say
Thy life shall close in night.
I wept aloud in anguish sore
O'er the blight of prospects fair:
While demons laughed
And eager quaffed
My tears like nectar rare.
Through hell's red halls an echo ran,
An echo loud and long,
As if the horn
I plunged my soul,
In the night of madness strong.
And there within that sparkling glass
I knew the cause to lie;
This all men own
From zone to zone,
Yet millions drink and die.

Anecdotes of Thackeray.
One morning Thackeray knocked at the door of Horace Mayhew's chambers in Regent Street, crying from without: "It's no use, Horry Mayhew; open the door." On entering, he said, cheerfully, "Well, young gentleman, you'll admit an old leg?" When leaving, with his hat in his hand, he remarked: "By-the-by! how stupid!—I was going away without doing part of the business of my visit. You spoke the other day of poor George. Somebody—most unaccountably—has returned me a five-pound note I lent him a long time ago. I didn't expect it. So just hand it to George; and tell him, when his pocket will bear it, to pass it on to some poor fellow of his acquaintance. 'By-By.'" He was gone!
One of his last acts on leaving America after a lecturing tour was to return twenty-five per cent. of the proceeds of one of his lectures to a young speculator who had been a loser by the bargain. While known to hand a gold piece to a waiter with the remark, "My friend, will you do me the favor to accept a sovereign?" he has also been known to say to a visitor who had proffered a card, "Don't leave this bit of paper; it has cost you two cents, and will be just as good for your next call." Evidently aware that money when properly used is a wonderful health restorer, he was found by a friend, who had entered his bed-room in Paris, gravely placing some napoleons in a pill-box, on the lid of which was written: "One to be taken occasionally." When asked to explain, it came out that these strange pills were for an old person who said she was very ill and in distress, and so he had concluded that this was the medicine wanted. "Dr. Thackeray," he remarked, "intends to leave it with her himself. Let us walk out together." To a young literary man, afterward his amanuensis, he wrote thus, on hearing that a loss had befallen him: "I am sincerely sorry to hear of your position, and send the little contribution which came so opportunely from another friend whom I was enabled once to help. When you are well-to-do again, I know you will pay it back; and I dare say somebody else will want the money, which is meanwhile most heartily at your service."

It is interesting to remark the sentiments he entertained toward his great rival, Charles Dickens. Although the latter was more popular as a novelist than he could ever expect to become, he expressed himself in unmistakable terms regarding him. When the conversation turned that way he would remark: "Dickens is making ten thousand a year. He is very angry at me for saying so; but I will say it, for it is true. He doesn't like me. He knows that my books are a protest against his—that if the one set are true, the other must be false. But Dickens is an exception; it is a capital book. It is like a glass of good English ale." When *Dombey and Son* appeared in the familiar paper cover, No. V. contained the episode of the death of little Paul. Thackeray appeared much moved on reading it over, and putting No. V. in his pocket, hastened with it to the editor's room in *Punch* office. Dashing it down on the table in the presence of Mark Lemon, he exclaimed: "There's no writing against such power as this; one has no chance. Read that chapter describing young Paul's death. It is unsurpassed—it is stupendous!" When *Vanity Fair* was at its best, and being published in monthly parts, with a circulation of six thousand a month, Thackeray would remark: "Ah, they talk to me of popularity, with a sale of little more than one-half of ten thousand. Why, look at that lucky fellow Dickens, with Heaven knows how many readers, and certainly not less than thirty thousand buyers."

like a child; it is so good, so simple, and so honest; and my little girl wrote it—every word of it."
Beneath his "modestly grand" manner, his seeming cynicism and bitterness, he bore a very tender and loving heart. In a letter written in 1851, and quoted in James Hannay's sketch, he expresses himself thus: "I hate Juvenal," he says, "mean I think him a truculent fellow; I love Horace better than you do, rate Churchill much lower; and as Swift, you haven't made me alter opinion. I admire, or rather admit, power as much as you do; but I don't mire that kind of power so much as I fifteen years ago, or twenty, shall we *lose in a higher intellectual exercise hatred*; and when you get one or two of those young ones who write so pliantly about, you'll come over to the of the kind ways, I think, rather than cruel ones." The pathetic sadness visible in much that he wrote sprung partly from temperament, and partly from his private calamities. Loss of fortune was not the only cause. When a young man in Paris he married; and after enjoying domestic happiness for several years wife caught a fever, from which she never afterward sufficiently recovered to be able to be with her husband and children. She was henceforth intrusted the care of a kind family, where every comfort and attention was secured for The lines in the ballad of the "Bois baissé" are supposed to refer to this time of domestic felicity:
"Ah me! how quick the days are flitting
I mind me of a time that's gone,
When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,
In this same place—but not alone.
A fair young form was nestled near me,
A dear, dear face looked fondly up,
And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me,
There's no one now to share my cup."
In dictating to his amanuensis during the composition of the lectures on "Four Georges," he would light a candle, place the room for a few minutes, then resume his work with increased cheerfulness, changing his position frequently, so that he was sometimes tugging, standing, walking, or lying on his back. His conversation was always clear and distinct, and his words and thoughts were so well weighed that the progress of writing was but seldom checked. He dictated with calm deliberation, showed no visible feeling even when had a humorous point. His whole career was one of unremitting industry; he wrote slowly, and, like George Eliot, gave forth his thoughts in a perfect form that he rarely required to touch his work. His handwriting neat and plain, often very minute; he led to the remark that if all trades failed he would earn sixpences by writing Lord's Prayer and the Creed in the of one. Unlike many men of less talent he looked upon calligraphy as one of the fine arts. When at the height of fame he was satisfied when he wrote pages a day, generally working during the day, seldom at night. An idea which would only be slightly developed in some of his shorter stories he treasured up and expanded in some of his larger works.
While Alfred Tennyson, the future Laureate, received the gold medal Cambridge given by the Chancellor of University for the best English poem, subject being "Timbuctoo," we have Thackeray satirizing the subject in a humorous paper called "The Snob." Here are a few lines from his clever skit on prize poem:
"There stalks the tiger—there the lion roars
Who sometimes eats the luckless blackamo
All that he leaves of them the monster thro
To jackals, vultures, dogs, cats, kites & crows."
His hunger thus the forest monarch glut
And then lies down 'neath trees called co
nuts."
The personal appearance of Thackeray has been frequently described. His nose through an early accident, was misshapen; it was broad at the bridge, and stubby at the end. He was near-sighted and his hair at forty was already gray but massy and abundant; his keen kindly eyes twinkled sometimes through and sometimes over his spectacles. A friend remarked that what he "should call the predominant expression of countenance was courage—a readiness to face the world on its own terms." Like Dickens, he took no regular walk exercise, and being regardless of the of health, suffered in consequence. In reply to one who asked him if he had received the best medical advice, his reply was: "What is the use of advice you don't follow it! They tell me not to drink, and I do drink. They tell me to smoke, and I do smoke. They tell me not to eat, and I do eat. In short, every thing that I am desired not to do, and therefore what am I to expect? And so one morning he was found lying like Dr. Chalmers, in the sleep of death with his arms beneath his head, and of his violent attacks he was mourned by his mother, who formed his household public beyond, which had been seen through his admirab

The End of Bonapartism.
The death of Napoleon-Eugene-Louis-Jean-Joseph, ex-Prince Imperial of France, and only son of the late Emperor, had some peculiar features about it. In the British operations against the Zulus, in which he was engaged, he had been sent forward with a reconnoitering party, consisting of

A miracle has been wrought in the Southern seas. A botanist, named Signor Rotura who has made a special study of South American flora, has invented a process of suspending animation in animals indefinitely and of restoring it at pleasure. In connection with Mr. James Grant, who has been a member on one of the head-lands, he has been

The Frozen Trance.
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