The Republican Citizen.

Frederick City, Md.

FRIDAY, JUNE 10, 1870.

J. W. Baughman, Editor and Publisher.

MEMORIAL DAY.

Last Saturday was the day set apart by the Confederate Memorial Association of Frederick county for the floral decoration of the graves of the Confederate soldiers and patriots, who lie buried in Mount Olivet Cemetery.

The roads were bad, and the day showery, preventing many of our country friends who had intended to participate in the interesting ceremonials from being present. Indeed, so constantly recurring were the brisk showers of rain, that large numbers of sympathisers in the city were constrained to remain at home. But, notwithstanding the weather was so unpropitious, when the hour arrived, (2½ o'clock P. M.,) some five or six hundred persons had assembled at the entrance to the Cemetery, where, according to the programme, religious exercises were performed, preliminary to the floral decoration of the graves. The ceremonies opened with a dirge, commencing: "When in their lonely beds loved ones are lying"—which was touchingly sung by a choir of ladies, among whom we noticed Mrs. A. L. Eader, Miss Lizzie Campbell, Miss Fannie Haine, and Miss Carrie Kreh—assisted by several very fine male voices. After the dirge, the Rev. M. G. Balthis, of the Methodist Episcopal Church (South), offered up in fervent accents the following

PRAYER.

O God, Thou art very great, Thou art clothed with honor and majesty: Thou coverest Thyself with light as with a garment: Thou ridest upon the wings of the wind.—When we reflect upon the glory of Thy majesty, we are astonished at Thy infinite condescension in noticing creatures so mean, so sinful, and so vile as we are. Lord, what is man that Thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou visitest him? We rejoice that Thy throne is in the Heavens, and that Thy kingdom ruleth over all; that we are under the empire of a Being not only Almighty, but perfectly righteous, and wise, and good; that all things in our world are appointed and arranged by Thee; that Thy providence numbers the hairs of our heads, and that a sparrow falleth not to the ground without our heavenly Father. Hitherto the Lord hath helped us. We bless Thee for personal mercies; mercies both of a temporal and spiritual character. We thank Thee that we have been permitted to meet according to appointment in this place, the city of the dead, to pay a tribute of respect to those of our fellow-citizens, who sleep beneath this furrowed surf—who espoused a cause which they believed to be just, and holy, and righteous, and in defense of which they suffered and died. Like the flower nipped by the untimely blast, scorched by the sun's directer ray, they fell into untimely graves upon the sanguinary battle field, away from home and the ones who loved them well. And now, O God, while we are engaged in this expression of love, of devotion, and of regard—while our hearts weep and the tears unbidden fall upon their grassy mounds, may we, who have escaped so many perils and death itself, learn wisdom from this most solemn and impressive scene. And, while our minds shall often linger over the reminiscences of the past, and our hearts always cling to the memory of the fallen ones of the South, yet, we pray, O God, that such recollections and such love may be so influenced as to assist us to submit to Thy mysterious providence, and so to live, as that feelings of bitterness, of enmity, and of rage shall be banished from all minds. O, God, bless the widows and orphans, the fathers and mothers, the brothers and sisters of these soldiers who are freed from the alarms of war, and who sleep peacefully the the sleep of death. Bless this numerous collection of people; and as they shall plant wreaths of evergreens and flowers upon these graves, may they be reminded of their own mortality. May they seek for the pardon of sin, the sanctification of spirit, a title to heaven, and a meekness for the inheritance of the saints in light with all the ardor and diligence their importance, and the short and precarious season for obtaining them, demands. And when their bodies shall be consigned to that house appointed for all the living, may their souls have an entrance abundantly administered unto them into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. Bless, O Lord, our land and nation—North, South, East and West. We confess that we are not worthy of the least of Thy mercies, and of all that goodness which Thou hast shown us. Sins of every kind and degree have reigned among us—have spread through all ranks, and continued through all the warnings and corrections of Thy providence; and if Thou shouldst deal with us after our sins, or reward us according to our iniquities, we should no longer have a name and place among the nations of the earth. But while to us belongs shame and confusion of face, to Thee, the Lord our God, belong mercies and forgiveness. O give us as a people that repentance which is unto life. O reform our manners and forgive us our sins, and suffer us to plead for a continuation of Thy goodness. On Thee, O God, we depend for our preservation and continuance. And as all events are under thy control, and all hearts at thy command, open, we beseech Thee, a way for the termination of internal strifes, commotions and discords. May the clouds, still dark and threatening, be dispersed. May order again be brought out of confusion. May the sunshine of peace, prosperity, and happiness be experienced and enjoyed. For O, God, we would always deplore the necessity for war, strife, and bitterness. We would weep over their calamities—we would sigh over their triumph. We are now mourning because of their effect. God of peace, wipe away our tears. Cause the triumphs and horrors of war to cease unto the ends of the earth. Return, O Lord, how long, and let it repent Thee concerning Thy servants. O, satisfy us early with Thy mercy that we may rejoice and be glad all our days. Make us glad according to the days wherein Thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil. Let Thy work appear unto Thy servants, and Thy glory unto their children; and let the beauty of the Lord our God rest upon us; and establish Thou the work of our hands—yea, the work of our hands establish Thou it. Our Father who art in Heaven. Hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is done in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. Lead us not into temptation. But deliver us from evil. For Thine is the Kingdom, the Power and the Glory Forever and ever. Amen.

The large throng then repaired to the lowly graves of the noble dead, in a remote part of the Cemetery, to present their fragrant and grateful tributes. Here could be seen stern men, lovely women, and innocent little children—as pure as the flowers they bore in their hands—bending over the humble graves of these unknown heroes, decorating each one of them with the choicest flowers of Spring. It was a touching scene. Silently, tenderly and reverently the offerings were made. And, it is quite possible, that while all were paying this tribute to the heroism and patriotism of the dead, and testifying their devotion to the cause in which they fell, there were many participating in this beautiful ceremony, who believing that "it is a good and a wholesome thought to pray for the dead," offered up a silent and earnest prayer for the repose of their souls.

At the head board of each grave was placed a beautiful boquet, while the whole length of each little mound was literally covered with fresh roses and other bright flowers. The decoration being completed, the crowd returned to the entrance to the Cemetery, to hear the Address of Major H. Kyd Douglas, and the Poem, both of which we publish below. The Address and the Poem are both so excellent and so appropriate to the occasion, that neither can suffer by contrast, in point of merit, with the other. They are heart utterances of two gallant soldiers, who risked their lives on many hard-fought fields in support of the "Lost Cause"—Maj. Douglas as a staff officer of the immortal Stonewall Jackson, and Mr. Crown as a brave private in the command of the gallant Col. Elijah V. White, of Montgomery county.

Major Douglas is a graceful and eloquent speaker. We here present his

ADDRESS.

We devote this day to the memory and service of our dead. Leaving behind us in our offices and business places, the cares and occupations of life, with its troubles, ambitions and vanities, we have come to their graves, to renew for this year, the testimony of our grateful remembrance. With us, who appreciate these ceremonies and the nature of this duty, there is a deep meaning in them—one which has its origin in the best impulses of our nature. Not merely because these graves contain the dead are they thus dedicated and decorated, for that would be but dust paying showy tribute unto dust; but because these, our dead, struggled and fell for a right and a principle, with their faces to the front, and in the display of a heroism and a sacrifice, which both friends and foes honestly, if not equally, admire. There need then be no secrecy nor hesitation in this memorial. We come openly, confidently, proudly, with our offerings of tears and flowers, like the showers and sunshine over us to-day; and if our silent soldiers have any enemies still unappeased, let them come here and learn that true heroism is closely akin to generosity and tenderness. We invoke no hatred that has survived the sound of war. Drums and battles are hushed—your streets no longer resound to the tread of marching feet—no serried lines of blue and grey oppose their defiant fronts—the frightened winds are no longer silenced by the greater noise of carnage—one battle-flag, which twice floated in triumph over yonder fields, now weary and ragged, is furled, and the ranks which defended it are scattered. That mighty contest of attempted Revolution is ended, and for us there remains nothing of it but vast ruin and heaps of dead. Is there not then for us a peculiar meaning in these ceremonies—a peculiar sacredness in yonder graves—and need we care if all the world were here to look upon our offerings? In them is no hatred nor malice; no empty defiance to the living, for that would be a reproach to our dead; no re-opening of healing wounds, nor digging among the dying ashes for sparks of enmity and passion. Love for our dead warriors makes this an occasion for supremest peace. It would be vain to talk of the cause and the contest which brought these people low. Upon them history is making up its verdict. It would be vain to eulogize the heroism and devotion which has made such populous cemeteries throughout our land. The world knows it all and it will pass in song and tradition far down the avenues of centuries to come. But if we can learn any useful lesson here, or catch any inspiration from these graves, that will teach us firmness and fortitude in the defence of political and individual right, then will our annual meetings at these places be of profit to us, make us better citizens and a worthier people. But such lessons cannot be taught in words and speeches.—Each one must learn it for himself, and, as he watches our noble women, and tender children, strewing fairest flowers upon mounds of mould, find out by thought and instinct why they do it.

This offering is no hero-worship in its common form. Within the limits of this beautiful graveyard there are no historic inscriptions, no names of those whose fame and brilliant titles have been painted against the sky for the wonder of mankind. We are not doing reverence to rank and commission. Yet those untitled heroes belonged to the great power of the rebellion. Neither Jackson, nor Stuart, nor Ashby lie beneath your roses. But there are those who followed the Knightly Ashby, rode with the dashing Stuart on his raids by the light of the stars; some who gave an enduring fame to the Maryland Line, and others who helped to give terror to the Stonewall Brigade, and were present in all those battles, in whose bloody streams Jackson was baptized with immortality. We cannot remember their names, nor can we forget their deeds.

It is very pleasant and sweet to die for one's country, when that country remembers and records the sacrifice. When an honered hero dies, the earth resounds as when a great oak falls in the forest. The lightning flashes the intelligence throughout the land, and his name is repeated and preserved in the baptism of children. Death itself seems swallowed up in glory and the reward of his labors is great and freely given. But what bulletin proclaimed the death of any of these? History tells a long story of the battles in which they fought and fell, but you may search the pages of history in vain for their names. In some cases names and bones are alike buried, and as we strew flowers above them, they are unnamed and unknown. Even their absent still sorrowing mothers know not the tribute we are this day paying their sons. Else some hearts that are almost broken would be soothed and comforted by this sympathy and this love.

Heap up the flowers then, and let not this custom wear out by time. Let it return each spring with the flowers renewing its beauty and freshness. Build up a monument among yonder graves and carve upon it the virtues of your modest dead and your own gratitude. Let it rise up in answer to that one just beyond the Potomac, which is waiting to be unveiled in two days more. Let the white shaft pierce the sky that it may speak to all spectators—"strangers tell it throughout the South that we fell here in obedience to her commands." See to it, therefore, friends of the Confederate dead, that such a good work is accomplished. Here on the borders of your own battle field, by the murmur of your Monocoocy, mourning continually for the dead whose blood once stained its waters, and among the tombs and shrubbery of this beautiful cemetery over which once rolled the swell of martial music and the smoke of the not distant conflict; here on the soil of chivalric and generous Maryland, whose gallant sons went hand in hand to fight and fall with these, right here in this fittest of places and over these cherished ashes, let the enduring monument arise and speak to all the nation. Thus give to these dead a tongue and a voice that will speak to present and succeeding generations with a power unknown to living man. It needs no funeral pile to perpetuate their achievements and memory in our hearts, but we would let it stand for posterity with its incriptional evidence of our faith, and on through the ages until its marble will crumble and this nation be in ruins.

Women of the South! all this is of your invention and your handiwork. These ceremonies are not fashioned after the skill of man. No subtle statesman nor shrewd politician suggested them. They are not the dictation of State policy nor professional speculation, nor do they bear the masculine stamp of selfishness and motive. They are the concurring impulses of the mothers, sisters and wives of those sleeping near us, but man is glad to catch the idea and to follow after with hand and brain to execute the promptings of the woman's heart. I wish I knew some grand language, in which to tell what I feel and what these dead soldiers felt, remembering what our glorious women were to us in the days of our trial—Much has been said and sung on both sides of the Atlantic of the valor and endurance of our men, but none can tell and none but ourselves can know the gentle fortitude, the uncomplaining faith and the unselfish patriotism and patience of our women. Do we not remember how they crowned the victor and soothed the vanquished, made brave men braver and good men better. How often in camp we thought of their silent sufferings, of their proud unconquerable spirits, of their burning words of encouragement and faith; of their thousand acts of loving kindness and of their morning and evening prayers, which rose before the Lord of hosts, in columns of fragrant incense. We thought of them as we loved them, as we left them, as we saw them in our dreams, heard their voices amid the din of battle, and were "soothed and sustained by their unfaltering trust." From the bright dawn of our revolution until eternal night settled upon it among the hills of Appomattox, their faith and hope and courage were ever watching over us. They are our leaders in this good work to-day.

Come then, yearly, and gather about yonder graves. Come with tears, those tenderest offerings of humanity, which drop as sacredly to earth as prayers ascend to Heaven, and shed them as freely as these fallen shed their blood.—Come with flowers, fresh, fragrant and newly plucked, and offer them as earth's handsomest tribute to that nobler part of man which does not return to dust. Come with your purest emotions and testify to the fullness of our gratitude and affection. To-morrow this large crowd will be gone and scattered like the legions and banners we so well remember; this Cemetery will be silent and given up to the spirits and ashes of the dead, and the little birds will chant their undisturbed requiem among the tombs. But in the far hereafter, when your tears shall cease to flow, when your flowers shall have withered and disappeared, and the very hearts which now beat with such warm fresh sympathy shall have become emotionless and cold, the lesson of to-day and the example of these ceremonies will remain to teach children and the unborn that their is an earthly reward, after death, which will rest like a crown upon the graves of those who die for their country and principle.

At the conclusion of the Address, Francis Brengle, Esq., read the following Poem, written for the occasion by Mr. John O. Crown, whose fine talent as a poet has long since been appreciated by his intimate friends.

MEMORIAL POEM.

Here they rest, the named and nameless,
They who fought with spirits tameless,
Fought and bled and died to conquer Freedom for their cherish'd land—
Meeting, when in life, the rattle
Of the dreadful, murd'rous battle,
With a courage and devotion unsurpass'd by Spartan band.

Here reposes some dear brother—
Here the hope of some fond mother—
Here a husband and a father—all are resting side by side,
And they'll never more awaken,
Though by warring hosts be shaken
All the land, and waves of carnage roll and surge with bloody tide.

Better 'tis their warfare's over—
Better 'tis they're 'neath the cover
That our mother earth so kindly over all her children throws,
Than to feel the desolation,
Hate, and utter degradation
Heap'd upon surviving comrades by their unrelenting foes.

Vainly gave they of the measure
Given them, that priceless treasure,
LIFE, the grandest, noblest off'ring on one's altar-land laid down;
Sad it is this rich libation,
Pour'd out for their cherish'd nation—
Now so prostrate—could not save her from the scourge and thorny crown.

God defend her in this hour!
God defend her from the power
That is leveling its batteries of hate against her form!
Though at ev'ry pore she's bleeding,
Yet no humble, spaniel pleading
Issues from her lips for shelter in this awful midnight storm!

Here they rest, where no denials
Fill their hearts with sharpest trials—
Where the trumpet calls are silent, and where banners never wave—
In a bivouac unbroken,
Where commands are never spoken,
Nor where weary pickets nightly guard the slumbers of the brave.

Up from sorrow's fount are welling
Thrilling mem'ries that are telling
How they parted with home's loved ones, whom they never met again—
How they wall'd their sunny regions
With their breasts, and drove the legions
Of oppression back, ere falling 'mid the war-storm's leaden rain.

Furl'd forever is their banner
Which they rais'd to shield their manor—
Which in triumph oft they planted on the heights all cannon-crown'd;
Never, though, shall fade the glory
That adorns its brief, sad story,
While is heard the Shenandoah and Potomac's music-sound.

Here, then, where they rest so lowly,
With a purpose pure and holy
And to cheer the lonely stricken hearts from whence all hope has fled,
Sadly gathers gentle woman—
Who is more divine than human
In her love—to scatter mem'ry blossoms o'er these gallant dead!

Southern mothers, cease your weeping!
Stranger hands protect your sleeping
Children's far-off resting places, shielding them from rude decay;
Though we cannot heal your sorrow,
You may consolation borrow
From the fragrant floral tribute carpeting your dead to-day.

The exercises were then concluded by a Chant by the Choir: "There is a calm," and benediction by the Rev. Mr. Worrell, when the audience dispersed.

We hope the Memorial Association will take steps to carry out the suggestion of the orator of the day, in regard to the erection of a monument in honor of these Confederate heroes, "who died for their country and principle."

We have been requested by Mr. W. N. Young, chairman of the committee of arrangements, to tender the thanks of the Confederate Memorial Association to the ladies for their earnest cooperation in this labor of remembrance and love.

THE NEGRO CELEBRATION.

Monday last was a lively day in Frederick. The free Americans of African descent—the man and the brother, was in his element and enjoyed himself intensely. Even on Sunday considerable numbers of the fifteenthlies, from afar, had arrived in town, and could be seen escorting the feminines of their race about the streets discussing, no doubt, the anticipated glories of "dis peculiar occasion."—It must be understood that we do not intend to devote much space to "dis peculiar occasion." At an early hour in the morning the magnitude of the "occasion" was announced by the booming of cannon and the rattling of the drum. Squads of the celebrationists could be seen moving about, here and there, from time to time, long before the hour for forming into line—especially was this the case with the members of a local organization wearing a blue sort of uniform, fringed with white lace or cambric, apparently anxious to let it be seen and known that they were "some pumpkins." Finally about 10 o'clock the imposing delegations, numbering from thirty to fifty, from some of the country districts, began to arrive and the city marshals and other resident officials of the fifteenthlies displayed their uniforms and their horsemanship in escorting these country delegations to the position assigned them in the line of the procession. It was now the hour for the arrival of the noon train of cars as well as for the procession to move, and Smith of the Examiner—so partial to *calomel and oil* suffrage—and Col. Black of the Republican,—who although a Pennsylvanian by birth and education has advocated rebel suffrage as well as negro suffrage—could be seen hurrying in their separate carriages to the depot, there to contend, no doubt, for the honor of receiving and escorting to their quarters the expected white and sable orators of the day. In the mean time the procession was in motion. Having formed on East street or Love Lane, the grand procession marched up Patrick street, out South Market, up Jail street, and then down Patrick to Market and out North Market to a grove near Harmony Grove school house on the Emmittsburg turnpike. In the procession were several bands of music, flags, and banners with various devices and inscriptions; the marshals on horse back as well as their prancing steeds were profusely ornamented with wreaths of evergreens and flowers. On one canvass was represented a white radical pursuing a fifteenthly, shouting to the fleeing brother, "hold on you black rascal I want your vote." We could not tell whether the white figure represented secessionist Creswell or secessionist Bond. Then there was a banner which informed all spectators "We vote as we shot." We thought that was presumptious, and at the same time false—as there were not, probably, twenty men in the procession who ever smelt gunpowder in battle, while one of the marshals had been, throughout the war of the rebellion, a body servant of Jeb Stewart. Then there was a banner on which it was stated they "knew their friends and would vote for them," and on another, we were graciously informed, that they bore "malice towards no man;" and on still another they proclaim "peace on earth and good will to man." At the Square there was considerable excitement for several minutes, occasioned by a white man on horseback attempting to take his team and wagon filled with colored folks out of the line of the procession, on the ground that he had hired his wagon only to bring these people to town, and not to be used in parading though the streets. We could not learn the merits of the controversy, but there was apprehension of bloody work, and but for the timely and active exertions of several of the "negro hating democracy" who compelled the owner of the team to retire and allow the procession to proceed, there might have been a riot. Where *then* were the leaders of the negro loving radical party?—safe and snug out of harms way; possibly in some private corner whispering words of poison into the ears of some poor deluded negro for the sake of that *rascal's vote*. Col. Sinn and the two Myers deserve credit, and also the police, for the preservation of peace and order. Yet scallawag white radicals would teach these simple minded negroes to believe that democrats hate them. It is the unprincipled white radicals that democrats despise and not their ignorant dupes and tools.

There is, according to the census of 1860, upwards of 8000 negroes in Frederick county. On Monday there were delegations from Baltimore, from Cumberland, from Hagerstown and other remote points, and yet there were in the procession, men, women and children, only 670 persons by careful counting; 348 horses and 61 vehicles of all descriptions, from a six-horse wagon down to a one-horse carryall. Several delegations from the northern section of the county did not come to town but went direct to the woods where the pic nic was held; when all were assembled on the ground they numbered, we suppose, about twelve hundred. Langston, Myers and other negroes were the orators of the occasion. A small company became so fond of marching and displaying their military tactics that they continued to parade through the streets pretty much all day on Tuesday. But at last we have quiet. It was only here and there that white radicals manifested any interest in the demonstration, and only two were bold enough to join the procession, one of whom was the distinguished Mr. Jas. Hopwood, who no doubt is looking for an office. Let us have peace.

THE XIX CENTURY.—The June number of this excellent Southern magazine has been received, and we have read its pages with increased delight. The ability of its corps of contributors, and the able manner in which it discusses those subjects that have taken a deep hold upon the interest of the American people, ranks this monthly as one of the best published in the United States.—Published at Charleston, S. C., by the XIX Century Publishing Co., at $3.50 a year. Single numbers 35 cents.

VOTERS.

Of the 670 persons in the negro procession on Monday last, we doubt whether there was one hundred and fifty resident male negroes over the age of 21. It would seem from this, that the great majority of those who, by registration, may become voters at the next election in this county, took no part in this idle demonstration. The white radical politicians claim that there are 1,500 negroes in the county whom they can manufacture into voters and control at the ballot box; but, possibly, they will be as much disappointed in the turn out on election day as they were on last Monday. These fussy, showy negroes, who neglect their work, decorate themselves with gorgeous trappings, carry banners and parade through the streets, will find, in the end, that *it don't pay*; that they are the mere tools of designing knaves of the radical faction, and that the honest, industrious, stay-at-home negroes, who do their work and save their money, and keep up a good understanding with the white men who give them employment, have acted and are pursuing the *wiser course*. The unscrupulous scallawag radical considers that he has a bill of sale on the vote of every negro, and expects to drive each one of them to the ballot box with the same right that the butcher does the bullock to the slaughter house. Having got his vote and the profit thereof in the shape of an office, the radical scallawag will care no more for the negro than the butcher does for the dead bullock after he has made his profit off his meat in the market.

Let not negroes suppose, for one moment, that they are ever going to monopolize the offices, or rule the country. It is not that they may get the offices that the republican faction has given them the ballot, but that, by their aid white republicans may keep themselves in place and power; and the sooner they understand this the better. And, negro men who have hands to work and brains to think, should ask themselves whether they are willing to be thus used by designing knaves. But they are a POWER now, in the radical ranks in this county, and in this State, and they will have speedy opportunity of testing the sincerity of radical friendship!—Let them demand a share of the offices, proportionate to their numbers, and see how the demand will be met! They are on a dangerous sea whose hidden reefs and whirlpools may speedily wreck all their hopes and fortunes. Let them, ignorant as they are of the dangers ahead, be sure they accept only skilful and faithful pilots, or it were better a thousand times for them they had never embarked on the sea of politics. If they all get on board the ship "RADICAL" they may all go down at one and the same time.

LOCAL NEWS.

DEPARTURE AND ARRIVAL OF TRAINS.—The following will be the time for the departure of the Passenger Trains from this station, viz:

EASTWARDLY.

Winchester Accom'n for Balt. at	7.25 A.M.
Fast Line will leave for Balt. at	8.15 A.M.
Mail Train for Baltimore at	2.00 P.M.
Express Train leaves for Balt. at	6.00 P.M.

WESTWARDLY.

Mail Train leave for Wheeling at	11.00 A.M.
Fast Line leave for Wheeling at	7.15 P.M.
Winchester Accom'n Train leave for Winchester at	6.00 P.M.

PRESIDENT OF THE CANAL.—It will be seen from the proceedings of the Board of Public Works and the representatives of the interests of the District of Columbia and the State of Virginia and private stockholders in the Chesapeak and Ohio Canal, published in another column, that the Hon. J. C. Clark, of Balto county, has been elected President of this great public work, at a salary of $10,000 per annum. The Presidency of the Canal, at the old salary could be no temptation for Mr. Clark; for his business capacities have heretofore, in various positions, commanded much larger salaries. While his personal friends rejoice at the very considerable salary which has been conceded, as an inducement to devote his entire time to the management of the Canal, they cannot but be solicitous for his success in establishing such reforms and promoting such increase in the trade of this great work, as will convince all parties that the pay is not inadequate to the services rendered.

A MUTE.—We understand that his Honor, Mayor Ebert, on the night of the 2nd instant, committed to the city prison a mute, a youth of about 18 years of age, respectably clad, and seemingly intelligent; and who has doubtlessly wandered from his friends or guardians, who will no doubt be happy to learn his whereabouts and be glad to reclaim him. The Mayor could learn nothing of his name, lineage, &c., from the fact that he could not communicate with him. Baltimore papers please copy.

HUGH MCALEER, JR., East Patrick street, is now receiving and opening one of the largest stocks and finest assortments of Groceries, Liquors, &c., ever offered in this market, to which he especially desires to call the attention of Country Merchants, who will be supplied at wholesale city prices, carriage added. Farmers who wish to purchase their harvest supplies at lowest rates would do well to give him a call. See advertisement.

BASE BALL.—At a meeting of the Mutual B. B. Club, held on the 3rd instant, the following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing three months: Jos. F. Eisenhauer, president; E. M. Reilly, vice president; Thomas Buesing, treasurer; M. B. Scholl, secretary; John Hobbs, C. Robertson and Geo. Schroeder, directors. The Club is ready to receive challenges from any part of the county or State.

DIVIDEND.—The President and Directors of the Frederick County National Bank have declared a dividend of four per cent. on the capital stock of said Bank for the last six months ending June 7th; also an extra dividend of two per cent., clear of U. S. taxes, payable on and after Monday next. Six per cent. on six months investment evidences able financiering on the part of the officers of this Bank.

PATENT GRANTED.—We notice among the list of patents, lately granted, one was issued to Mr. F. W. Pampel, of this city, for a threshing machine and separator, said to be the most complete machine of the kind ever invented.

SALE OF TOWN PROPERTY.—On Saturday last Ezra Minnick, Auct., sold at Public Sale, on account of C. V. S. Levy, Esq. Mortgagee of Dr. Thomas Springer, deceased, the House and Lot lately occupied by said deceased, in this town, to Dr. E. Bowlus, for $790.—*Valley Register.*

SALE OF REAL ESTATE.—Levi Vanfossen, Auctioneer, sold at Public Sale, on Satuday last, the real estate of the late F. S. Jones, deceased, as follows: The Store property, with the frame dwelling attached, to Henry Gaither, for $3,500; the Brick Dwelling to Henry Swope, for $2,700; the farm of 108 acres, to J. Dorsey Jones, at $42 per acre; five building lots 50x300 feet, and 20 feet back of each lot for right of way, to Thomas G. Maynard, for $805; School House and Lot, to Henry Baker, for $345; a one acre Lot to Job and Sweadner, for $212.50; two acres to Dr. T. W. Simpson, for $100; one acre to George Gaither, for $150; two lots to George Gaither, for $116.88; Wood Lot of over 10 acres, in Piney Hill, to John A. Colleberry, at $12 per acre; Wood Lot of over 17 acres, J. D. Jones, at $37.75 per acre. The whole amounting to $13,554,51.

TURNPIKE OFFICERS.—A meeting of the stockholders of the Liberty and Frederick Turnpike Company was held on the 6th inst., at Ceresville, when the following directors were elected for the ensuing year: Capt. Henry Baker, E. A. Shriner, Jacob Diller, Samuel Nusbaum, of A., and Samuel Hoke. The following gentlemem were elected officers for the ensuing year: President, E. A. Shriner; Treasurer, Capt. Henry Baker; Secretary, Jacob Diller.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE.—To-morrow, the 11th inst., at 1 o'clock p. m., John Smith, of M., Mortgagee, will sell at Smith's hotel, in Woodsboro', 73½ acres and 5 perches of land, improved with dwelling, barn, and other outbuildings, situated about 2 miles east of Woodsboro'. See advertisement.

IN consequence of a number of advertisements coming in just before going to press with our paper, we were unable to publish an account of the mowing machine match, which came off on Wednesday last. We shall notice it next week.

Chesapeake and Ohio Canal.

ANNAPOLIS, June 6, 1870.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Co. was held to-day at 2 P. M.

Present, the State of Maryland, by the Governer, Comptroller and Treasurer, constituting the Board of Public Works.

The United States and Georgetown were represented by Colonel James G. Berrett.

The State of Virginia by Jno. P. Poe.

The private stockholders by George S. Brown and Albert Ritchie, Esqs.

The annual report of the President and Directors was read and referred to a committee consisting of Treasurer Merryman, Colonel Berrett and George S. Brown.

The election of President and Directors was then gone into, resulting in the election, by the vote of the State of Maryland, of the following ticket, viz:

PRESIDENT—James C. Clark.

DIRECTORS—George S. Brown, Gilmor Meredith, Baltimore city; William Dodge, Washington county; Dr. Wm. S. McPherson, Frederick county; Isaac Young, Montgomery county; Col. Jas. G. Berrett, Washington city.

When the vote of Virginia was called for, Mr. John P. Poe stated that, as the tickets of President and Directors were made up without any deference to the wishes of Virginia, as officially communicated by the Board of Public Works of Maryland, he could not support it, but as her vote was powerless to alter the result, he felt it his duty to cast a blank ballot for her.

On motion of Mr. Merryman, the salary of the President was raised from $2,500 to $10,000 per annum, and on motion of George S. Brown, the per diem heretofore paid to the Directors was abolished, and their actual expenses only to be allowed.

At the meeting of the Board of Public Works, prior to the meeting of the stockholders, Governor Bowie filed a protest in writing against the appointment as director of any agent of a coal company which had an unadjusted controversy or negotiation with the Canal Company concerning the basin at Cumberland.

This refers to Mr. Gilmor Meredith, who, however, was elected by the votes of Messrs. Merryman and Woolford.

In fixing the salary of President at $10,000, it was stated, in answer to inquiries made, that the offices of Paymaster and Superintendent and Engineer, whose salaries amount together to $3,900, are to be abolished and the duties of these offices to be discharged by the President; and also that two division superintendents are to be displaced. So that the expenses of the new administration, even with the increase of salary to the President, will be no larger than at present. The diminution of the number of superintendents, it will be seen, has already been recommended in the report of Mr. Gordon who estimates a considerable reduction to be effected in this and other ways, without dispensing with the services of an engineer, amounting to 11,438.

It is somewhat doubtful whether the canal can be conducted without the services of an experienced engineer. Experience rather goes to prove the contrary.

The President elect, it is presumed, will qualify at once.—*Balt. Gazette.*

The Living Machine.

Injure the main spring of a watch and every portion of the works become disordered. The human stomach is to the human system what that elastic piece of metal is to a chronometer. It influences the action of the other organs, and controls, to a certain extent, the whole living machine. The comparison may be carried further: for as the weakness or other imperfections of the main spring is indicated on the face of the timepiece, so also is the weakness or other disorder of the stomach betrayed by the face of the invalid. The complexion is sallow or faded, the eyes are deficient in lustre and intelligence, and there is a worn, anxious expression in the whole countenance which tell as plainly as written words could do, that the *great non-vishing organ* whose office it is to minister to the wants of the body, and to sustain and renew all its parts, is not performing its duty. It requires renovating and regulating, and to accomplish this end Hostetter's Stomach Bitters may be truly said to be *the one thing needful*. The broken main spring of a watch may be replaced by a new one, but the stomach can only be repaired and strengthened, and this is one of the objects of the famous vegetable restorative which for eighteen years has been waging a successful contest with dyspepsia in all climates. As a specific for indigestion it stands alone. When the resources of the pharmacopoia have been exhausted, without, at best, doing more than mitigating the complaint, a course of this wholesome and palatable, yet powerful, stomachic effects a perfect and permanent cure. In all cases of dyspepsia the liver is more or less disordered, and upon this important gland, as well as upon the stomach and bowels, the Bitters act with singular distinctness, regulating and reinvigorating every secretive and assimilating organ on which bodily and mental health depend.

OVER $6,000

Singer Sewing Machines

SOLD WITHIN THE PAST YEAR.

This is without a paralell in the history of the business. These Machines can be seen at the Dry Goods Store of Eldridge & Landis, 34 West Patrick Street, Frederick, Md. Machines will be left at the houses of parties who contemplate buying, and if not satisfactory in every particular, *no sale*. Machines sold by paying in monthly or weekly instalments. A lot of second-hand Machines of various makes, on hand and for sale cheap.

may27 S. C. CROWN, Agent, 34 W. Patrick Street.

Marriages.

In Baltimore, on April 19th, at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, by Rev. Father Abbott, Mr. J. J. CRAMER, of Hagerstown, Md., to Miss MATTIE S. JACOBS, formerly of Frederick county.

On the 22nd ulto., by Rev. L. A. Mann, HENDERSON T. CASTLE to Miss ELIZABETH E. YOUNG, all of Middletown Valley.

On the 26th ultimo, by Rev. F. S. Cassaday, LITTLETON B. WESSELS, of this city, to Miss BELLE H. ARMSTRONG, of Baltimore.

On the 1st instant, at Mt. St. Mary's Church, near Emmittsburg, by Rev. Father Watterson, Dr. F. E. CHATARD, Jr., of Baltimore, to JOSEPHINE, daughter of the late Wm. Miles, of Hayland, Emmittsburg.

On the 26th ult., at Jefferson, by Rev. S. M. Hartsock, WM. SPARROW to Miss WILHELMINA SHAWEN, both of that place.

On the 25th of May, at Springfield, Ohio, by Rev. S. A. Brewster, GEORGE C. SMITH, of this city, to OLIVE E. RHODERICK, of the former city.

Deaths.

On the 29th ult., in Middletown Valley, SAMUEL E. REEDER, son of Daniel Reeder, aged 4 years and 26 days.

On the 29th of April, near Boonsboro', WILLIAM ALVEY, son of Charles and Amanda Nikirk, aged 2 months and 29 days.

On the morning of the 27th ult., at Walkersville, Md., MAGGIE, wife of Dr. S. S. Maynard, and daughter of Mr. John Fulton, aged 25 years and 6 months.

On the 3rd inst., SOPHIA, widow of the late Hy. Mantz, in the 67th year of her age.

In this city on the 24th of May, of Consumption, Mrs. SARAH MARIAN PEARRE, wife of Jones W. Pearre, Esq., aged 29 years and 7 months.

Baltimore Markets.

Howard Street Flour	$5 00a5 2
City Mills do	5 12a6 25
Greenfield Family Flour	6 00a9 50
Rye Flour	5 00a5 12
Corn Meal	2 25a5 50
White Wheat per bushel	1 35a1 45
Red do do	1 31a1 35
White Corn do	1 16a1 18
Yellow do do	1 07a1 09
Oats do do	00a58
Rye do do	1 16a1 17
Whiskey per gallon in barrels	1 07a1 08

WANTED.

A good Cook and House Servant. Must come well recommended. Good wages will be given. Apply at the

je10 CITIZEN OFFICE.

To the Voters of Frederick County.

I announce myself as a candidate for the Sheriffalty, and respectfully solicit your support at the coming election in 1871.

je10 3t JOHN H. DETRICH.

$50 Reward!

Stolen from the subscriber on Friday night, June 3rd, a

BLACK MARE,

five years old, about fifteen hands high, white spot in the forehead, and one hind foot white, and moves in a pace. The above reward will be paid by me for her recovery.

ISAAC S. REICH,
je10 3t Frederick, Md.

HOWARD HOUSE.

Howard Street, (between Fayette and Baltimore,)

BALTIMORE, MD.

DAN'L WILDE & SON, Prop'rs.

BOARD $2.50 per day. [je10

Dividend.

THE Frederick County National Bank, has declared a dividend of

FOUR PER CENT.

on the Capital Stock of said Bank, for the ensuing six months, ending June 7th, 1870; also, and extra dividend of TWO PER CENT, clear of U. S. Taxes, and payable on and after Monday, June 13th, 1870.

PERRY B. MCCLEERY, Cashier.

je10 4t

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, CITY HALL, Frederick, June 8th, 1870.

PROPERTY-HOLDERS in Frederick city are hereby notified to remove the grass in their gutters and along their sidewalks, without delay, otherwise I shall be under the disagreeable necessity of enforcing the ordinance in such case made and provided, against all delinquents, without respect to persons. VALERIUS EBERT,

je10 3t Mayor.

NO. 3558 EQUITY.

Samuel Burrall, on Petition. } In the Circuit Court for Frederick County, sitting in Equity.

MAY TERM, 1870.

ORDERED this 9th day of June, 1870, that on the 1st day of July, next, the Court will proceed to act upon the Auditor's report this day filed in the above case, unless cause to the contrary be shown before said day; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Frederick county, for two successive weeks prior to said day.

CHARLES MANTZ, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Frederick county.

True copy—Test:

je10 2t CHARLES MANTZ, Clerk.

FARM FOR RENT.

The subscriber offers for rent his farm, situated three miles from Frederick on the Manor road, near Fleagers Mill, containing about

146 *ACRES,*

all under good cultivation. There is a good

HOUSE AND BARN,

and proper out-buildings; good ORCHARD and a Spring of good water at the door.—Possession given on the first of October or April next. Mr. Lewis living on the place will show it to any one wishing to see the premises. Apply to

JACOB LEWIS.
je10 4t Living near Frederick.

TRUSTEE'S SALE

BY virtue of