JOHN W. BAUGHMAN,
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER OF THE
REPUBLICAN CITIZEN.
Office in Court Street, midway between Patrick & Church Sts., (West side.)

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

THE CITIZEN is published every FRIDAY MORNING, at TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE; if not paid within the year, TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS will be received for less than six months, and no paper discontinued until ALL ARREARAGES ARE PAID, unless at the option of the Editor.

The Republican Citizen.

VOL. 45. FREDERICK, FRIDAY MORNING, AUGUST 3, 1866. NO. 19.

RATES OF ADVERTISING
IN THE
REPUBLICAN CITIZEN.

ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding 8 square, will be inserted ONE TIME for ONE DOLLAR and TWENTY-FIVE CENTS, longer ones in the same proportion. Unless an advertiser states the number of times he wishes his advertisement to appear it will be continued UNTIL FORBID, and charged for accordingly.

JOB PRINTING,

Such as Books, Hand Bills, Posting Bills, Labels, Blanks, Cards, &c., executed with accuracy and at the shortest notice.

☞ our friends throughout the country will please give us a call—we will always endeavor to render satisfaction in every respect.

Professional.

E. LOUIS LOWE,
(Formerly of Maryland.)
Counsellor-at-Law,
No. 56 Wall Street, and 59 Pine Street,
NEW YORK.
June22

Wm. P. Maulsby & Wm. P. Maulsby, Jr.
Attorneys-at-Law,
And SOLICITORS in CHANCERY.
One of them can be always found in their office in Frederick City, Md.
ma16 U A

GEORGE A. HANSON,
Attorney at Law,
FREDERICK CITY, MD.
OFFICE IN EAST CHURCH STREET corner of Middle Alley, at the residence of his father.
dec 15 1865—tf

JOSEPH M. PALMER
AND
JAMES W. PEARRE,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
OFFICE on the corner of Court and Second Streets, near the Court House, Frederick City, Md.
[oct. 13, 1865.—1y.

WILLIAM J. ROSS,
AND
CHARLES W. ROSS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
And Solicitors in Chancery.
OFFICE on Record Street, in the rear of the Court House.
aug25—tf

JOHN RITCHIE,
Attorney-at-Law,
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
Frederick City, Md,
Has removed his office three doors north in Court street.
april20 2m pd.

Dr. H. W. DORSEY,
HAVING located in New Market, offers his professional services to its citizens and those in the vicinity. Residence, East end of town, nearly opposite to Mr. Johnzy Barber's.
may11 6m E U

NOTICE.
DR. C. R. WARE, having determined to make his future home in Buckeystown, respectly offers his professional services to the citizens of that place and surrounding country. He will, when not professionally engaged, be found at the office formerly occupied by Dr. Meade, and afterwards by Dr. Thomas, on Monocacy st.
jan. 26.

Dr. A. Y. McCORMICK,
OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of Frederick and vicinity. He hopes to be able to merit a share of the public patronage. Office No. 58 West Patrick St., nearly opposite F. T. Rhode's City Bakery where he can be found at all times unless professionally engaged.
April6.—

DR. EDWARD NELSON,
DENTIST.
OFFICE on Market Street, between Church and Patrick Streets, directly opposite the Frederick-Town Saving's Institution.
[aug25

DR. LLOYD T. MACGILL
DENTIST,
No. 14, South Market St.,
FREDERICK CITY, MD.
mar16

NOTICE:
THE undersigned has associated himself with Geo. F. Webster, Esq., as Real Estate Broker but will also still continue to attend promptly to all claims placed in his hands for collection.
WORTHINGTON R. JOHNSON,
No. 1 West Patrick st., Frederick.
may11

SURVEYING.
THE undersigned announces that he will give his attention to Land Surveying in any portion of this county. From long experience he hopes to be enabled to execute faithfully all business entrusted to him. Can be found at all times at the law office of Jno A. Lynch, Frederick city.
A. FEARHAKE, Jr.
may18 6m.

NATIONAL EXPRESS
AND
TRANSPORTATION COMPANY.
THIS Company proposes to do a general FREIGHTING BUSINESS, to and from all the principal cities, towns and villages throughout the United States.
The tariff of charges is based upon fair business principles, yielding a reasonable profit to the Company without being oppressive to the public. Upon this basis it confidently presents its claims for a fair share of patronage, relying upon its large capital and the character of its officers and agents for that public confidence essential to success.
☞ Office No. 7, South Market Street, Frederick, Md.
feb16tf
M. BROMETT, Agent.

WANTED.
THE very highest prices paid by the subscriber, for
U. S. Compound Interest Notes, Gold, Silver, etc.
☞ Notes Judgments, Legacies, &c., purchased. Careful attentention given, and advances made upon collections generally
JNO. SIFFORD.
At his old stand, W. Church St., Frederick.
April6.—

Chas. L. Payne,
Saddle, Harness & Collar
MANUFACTURER,
NO. 123,
North Market Street,
One Door South of Joseph Payne's Grocery Store
FREDERICK CITY, MD.
THE SADDLING BUSINESS conducted in all its various branches and good work guaranteed on the most reasonable terms.—
REPAIRING done at the shortest notice.
☞ The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited

NOTICE.
ALL Members of the Frederick Library Associations, who have not yet qualified as such and received Tickets of Membership, can do so by calling upon R. McPherson, Esq, Librarian (with whom all remaining tickets have been left) at the Hall of the Associaton in German Reformed Buildings. Any one desiring to become a member may also do so by applying to the Librarian.
LEWIS M. NIXDORFF, Tresurer.
The Hall has been opened every evening for several weeks already, for the use of Members, and will be found opened every evening hereafter.
jan.19

Choice Poetry.

A CALL FOR DEMOCRACY.

Come, Democrats, rally from mountain and plain,
The tocsin has sounded to battle again;
The foes whom before you have tramped 'neath your foot,
Have sprung from the earth and grasp at your throat.
Prepare for the combat, our cause is the right,
And justice and honor will nerve in the fight;
The Past as a star will gleam over our path,
And give for the future a beacon of faith;
No new fangled notions or secrets we claim,
The principles guiding are ever the same,
Our fathers before us have taught us their weight,
THE WHITE MEN SHALL RULE IN THE COUNCILS OF STATE.

Come, Democrats, rally—for shame! do you dread
A clash with the hydra, or fear ye his tread?
Oppose him undaunted, your courage at length
Will conquer his numbers and loud vaunted strength.
From all let the battle cry loudly be heard
'Till through our vast nation its echo is stirred;
'Till freemen from mountain, and city, and plain,
Rush into our vanguard from Texas to Maine
If even the past has no pride in its glance,
The Future no glory, or fortune, or chance,
Then honor should sway you to something of worth,
To scorn for the foe who would tread you to earth.

Ye backsliding sons, when defeat was at hand,
When the prestige of power was reft from your band,
Who went to the flesh pots your foe had prepared,
Deserting your friends for his tempting reward,
Come back to your mother, come join in her cause,
She moulded your nation and gave it its laws!
For shame! you have bartered your conscience, and owe
A blush for the friendship you've struck with her foe.
Yes, fling out our banner against the blue air,
And gather the friends who once welcomed it there,
We'll prove as in days ere our glory was marred,
The HOPE of the Union, the nation's OLD GUARD!

Let heart burning cease, with the turmoil and strife
That vexes your sections discordant and rife;
The friendship you cherished so nobly of yore
Let mutual interest and danger restore.
Cement the cleft members, rouse up from their sleep
The lethargic masses from valley and steep.
Let the din of your coming like the notes of the blast
Awaken each soul from its fetters of rest.
And so shall the days of our glory return,
Those days ere the darkness had taught us to mourn,
For then our vast party in triumph shall roll,
A Union UNITED, a nation made WHOLE!

An Interesting Story.

The Lady and Robbers.

AN EXCITING STORY.

In a charming village, situated truly in a romantic country, but a considerable distance from the high road, was the place where Baron B——. usually spent the summer. His mansion, built on an eminence, was perfectly adapted to his fortune. It was a spacious building, very elegant within and without, and exhibited a good style of architecture. It was about two hundred paces from the village.

Business obliged the Baron to take a journey of a few days; his wife, who was but twenty years of age, and very beautiful, remained at home. He took with him two of the servants, and two others remained with the Baroness. No violation of the public security had ever been heard of in that part of the country, and as the Baroness did not belong to the timid portion of her sex, the idea of danger was far from entering her mind. The evening after the Baron's departure, as she was stepping into bed she heard an alarming noise in an apartment near her chamber. She called out but received no answer. The confusion and screaming increased every moment. She was at a loss to conceive what was the matter, and hastily putting on her garments went to the door to discover the cause. A horrible spectacle presented itself. Her two servants, half-naked, were extended lifeless upon the floor.

The room was full of strange looking men—the Baroness' chambermaid was kneeling before one of them, and instead of the mercy she implored, she received the fatal stroke. No sooner was the door opened, than two barbarians, with drawn swords, rushed towards it.

What woman, or even man, would not have been struck with terror and given up life and everything as lost?

A loud shriek of despair, a flight of a few paces would probably have been the first acts of many. The Baroness, however, conducted herself in a different manner.

'And you have come at last,' exclaimed she, in a tone of heartfelt joy, and advancing towards her assailants, with a haste that highly astonished them, they lowered their uplifted weapons.

'And you have come at last,' repeated she; 'such visitors as you I have long desired to see.'

'Desired?' muttered one of the assassins; what do you mean by that? but stay, I'll—'

He had already raised his cutlass, but a companion averted his stroke.

'Stay a moment, brother,' said he, 'let us first hear what she would have.'

'Nothing, but what is your pleasure, brave comrades. You are men after my own heart, and neither you nor I will have any reason to repent it, if you listen for two minutes to what I have to say.'

'Speak! Speak!' cried the whole band.

'But, be quick,' replied one of the fiercest, 'for we shall not make much of a ceremony.'

'Nevertheless, I hope you may grant me a hearing. Know, that although I am the wife of the richest man in the country, yet the wife of the meanest beggar cannot be more unhappy than I am. My husband is one of the most jealous and niggardly fellows in the world. I hate him as I hate the devil, and it has long been the fervent wish of my heart to get out of his clutches, and at the same time pay off old scores. All my servants were spies, and that fellow, whose business you have done so completely, was the worst of all. I am scarcely twenty-one, and I flatter myself far from being ugly. If any one of you choose to take me along with you I'll accompany you to the woods or the village ale-house. Nor shall any of you repent having spared my life.—You are in a well stored mansion, but it is impossible that you should be acquainted with all its secret corners; these will I show you, and if I do not make you richer by six thousand dollars, then serve me as you did my chambermaid.'

Robbers of this kind are certainly villians, but nevertheless they are men. The whole inexplicable conduct of the Baroness, added to the more than ordinary beauty of the female, altogether produced a powerful effect on the men whose hands were yet reeking with blood. They all then stepped aside and consulted together in a low tone for a few minutes. The Baroness was then left quite alone, but she betrayed not the slightest wish to escape.

'Let's dispatch her, and the game will be all up.'

She, however, scarcely changed color, for the opposition of another voice did not escape her acute ear. One, who was probably the captain of the banditti, approached her.

He asked her twice or three times whether he might rely on the truth of what she said—whether she actually wished to be released from the tyranny of her husband and to go with them—and, whether she was willing to assign herself to one of them, to himself for instance, the few peaceful days they would enjoy.—Having replied in the affirmative to all these questions—having not only received the warm embrace of the robber, but returned it—for what will not necessity excuse?—He at length said:

'Come along, then, and lead us round. The devil trust you ladies of rank, but we'll venture for once. But let me tell you beforehand, that if you were twice as handsome as you are, the weapon would cleave your skull the moment we see the least disposition to betray us.'

'Then it will be safe enough, and if this were the only condition of my being put to death, I would outlive you all, and even the Wandering Jew himself.'

The Baroness smiled when she pronounced these words, and hastily caught up the nearest lamp, as though she had been as anxious as any of them to collect plunder and be gone, conducted the whole company throughevery apartment, opened every door, every drawer, and every chest, assisted in emptying them and packing up the valuables; looking with the utmost indifference over the mangled bodies, with the familiarity of an old acquaintance to each one of the horrid troop, and willingly aided with her delicate hands in the most laborious occupations.

Plate, money, jewels and other valuables were now collected together, and the captain was giving the order for marching, when his destined bride caught him by the shoulder.

'Did I not tell you,' said she, 'that you should not repent making a friend of me and sparing my life? You may, indeed, have everything in places you find open; but it is a pity that you cannot come at the treasure that is concealed. What! do you suppose that among coffers so full there is no secret place? Look here, and then you will be convinced to the contrary.'

She pointed to a secret spring in the Baron's desk. They pressed upon it and out fell the sum of $1,200.

'Zounds!' cried the leader of the robbers, 'I will treat you for this like a duchess.''

'And, perhaps, better still,' she replied, laughingly, 'when I tell you one thing more. I am well aware you have spies who informed you of the absence of my tyrant, but they did not tell you of the four hundred guilders which he received yesterday.'

'Not a syllable; where are they?'

'O, safe enough! under half a dozen of locks and bolts. You would certainly not have found them and the iron chest had it not been for me. Come along, comrades, we've finished up stairs, and we'll see what's to be seen down below. Come along with me down into the cellar.'

The robbers followed, but not without precaution. At the entrance of the cellar, which was provided with a strong trap door, a man was posted as sentinel.

The Baroness did not take the least notice of this. She conducted the whole troop to the vault at the further extremity of this cellar. She unlocked it and in the corner of this recess stood the chest she had mentioned.

'Here,' said she, giving the captain a bunch of keys, 'there, unlock it, and take what you can, and a wedding gift if you can obtain the consent of your companions as readily as you have gained mine.'

The robber tried one key and then another, but none would fit. He grew impatient, and the Baroness seemed still more so.

'Let me try them,' said she, 'I shall find the way sooner. Indeed, if you don't make haste, the morning may overtake us. Ha! the reason why neither of us could unlock it is because I have the wrong bunch of keys. I'll obtain another.'

She ran up stairs and presently they heard her coming down; but she went slowly, as if out of breath with the haste she had made.

'I've found them,'' cried she at a distance. She was within about three steps of the man placed at the entrance of the cellar, when she made a spring at the wretch, who as much expected a dissolution of the world as such an attack. A single push with all her strength tumbled him down stairs from top to bottom. In a twinkling she closed the trap door, bolted it, and thus had the whole company secured in the cellar. This was the work of a single moment. In the next she flew across the court-yard, and with a candle set fire to a small detached building. The watchman in the neighboring village, perceiving the flames, instantly gave the alarm. In a few minutes the inhabitants were out of their beds, and a crowd of farmers and their servants hastened to the mansion. The Baroness waited for them at the door of the court yard.

'A few of you will be sufficient to put out this fire and prevent it from spreading. But now provide yourselves with arms, which you will find in abundance in my husband's armory. Post yourselves at the avenues of the cellar, and suffer not one of the robbers and murderers shut up in it to escape.'

Her orders were implicitly obeyed, and not one of them escaped the punishment due his crimes.

THE PRUSSIAN NEEDLE GUN.—In the recent battles between the armies of Austria and Prussia, the decided advantages gained by the latter are attributed in great measure to the superiority of the weapon used, called the "needle gun." A correspondent of the "London Times" gives the following description:

The "needle gun," in use in Prussia, is a formidable weapon, described as a converted Enfield on the Snyder system, with improved ammunition devised by the Woolwich Laboratory. This rifle posseses the advantage of being simple, safe, cheap, noncapping and little liable to get out of order. Moreover, it does not require such a reduction of the stock as to destroy the efficiency of a weapon which, for military purposes, is required to act as a pike as well as a firearm

A portion of the upper side of the breech end of the barrel is cut out for the admission of the cartridge. This vacant place is closed, after loading, by a lump of steel, the 'breech-stopper' or 'breech-piece,' which hinges upon one side of the barrel, and forms a false breech, against which the back end of the cartridge rests; the barrel is in fact, shortened to this extent.—A plunger or piston transmit the blow of the hammer through the stopper to the cap of the cartridge, which is withdrawn after firing, by a little instrument which forms part of the stopper.

The cartridge is on the "central fire" system, the chief novelties being the case and bullet. As regards the former the object has been to provide a case which shall uncoil or unwind to a certain extent on the discharge. The bullet is a combination of various constructions, none of them original, but producing together a projectile of sufficiently distinctive character.

It has the general form and appearance of the Enfield rifle bullet, with its hollow base and baked clay plug; it has the cannelures which originally characterized the Tamisier and Minnie bullet, and the wood plug to which Mr. Metford and Mr. Whitworth may lay some claim. The cartridge is perfectly impervious to moisture; it is safe, not liable to lead or foul; it admits of fourteen rounds being fired in a minute, and it shoots from twenty five per cent. better than the service Enfield ammunition.

GEN. BEAUREGARD IN EUROPE—The London correspondent of the New York Times writes: Gen. Beauregard was well received in England, in private circles, but I do not learn that he had the slightest official recognition. But in France it was far otherwise. He was sent for by the Emperor, with whom he had a long and confidential interview at the Tuilleries, after which he conversed with two Ministers of State, M. Rouher and M. Drouyn de Lhuys, and taken in a State carriage to the Legislative Chambers. It is reported also that he has had and declined the offer to take the command of the Roumanian army. The Emperor Napoleon, in those polite attentions to the Confederate general, is carrying out the principle of perfect neutrality to the end, and makes no distinction between Federal and Confederate, except, perhaps, to treat the latter as the conquered party, with a more delicate consideration. To the Emperor, General Beauregard is only a brave and accomplished soldier, of the merits of whose cause he will not pretend to judge. In the same way the Emperors of France and Russia sent congratulations to the Austrians when they beat the Italians, and to the Prussians when they beat the Austrians.

WHAT WRITINGS REQUIRE A STAMP.—1st. Instruments of writing dated before October 1, 1862, do not require a stamp:

2d Those dated between October, 1, 1862, and August 1 1864, may be stamped either before or after use by the court, Register or Recorder.

3d Those dated since August 1, 1864, and not twelve months old, may be stamped before a United States Collector without payment of the penalty of $50.

4th. Those dated after August 1, 1864, and more than twelve months old can be stamped upon the payment of $50.

☞ The Irish have always been noted for their original and characteristic way of saying things. Thackery tells of an Irish woman begging of him, who when she saw him put his hand in his pocket, cried out, "May the blessing of God follow you all your life"—but when he only pulled out his snuff-box, immediately added—"and never overtake you!"

Honors to the Brave Confederate Dead.

The 15th of June was devoted by the mourning people of Charleston, S. C., to paying honors at the graves of the Confederates who fell in defence of that city. The following eloquent orotion was spoken on the occasion:

DR J. L. GIRARDEAU'S ORATION.

We have come, my friends, to this sad spot in obedience to the promptings of a universal and well-nigh irresistible instinct of the human heart. Men of all climes, of all types of civilization, and of all forms of religion, unite in doing honor to the memory of their dead. The philosopher and the savage, the Pagan, the Mahommedan, the Jew, and the christian, are as one in the indulgence of the sentiment which dictates the discharge of those mournful offices, the last which it is compatant to affection to render in behalf of kindred, countrymen and friends.

We are here as mourners to-day.—We have repaired to this burial ground to mingle the tears of a common sorrow, and to pay that tribute of respect to our deceased soldiers which was previously prevented by the hindrance of war. The act which we are assembled to perform is suggested not by acrimony toward the living, but by affection for the dead. Simply retrospective in its character, it has no covert political complexion, and no latent and insidious reference to the future. It affords, it is true, not only an expression of our grief over the ashes of our departed heroes, but of our admiration of their character and our love for their memories and their names; but there is no noble and generous spirit, even among those who were victors in the great and sanguinary struggle through which we have passed, that would refuse us the consolation of dropping a tear, and of laying a chaplet of cypress upon the graves of our dead.

We are here as mourners, not only for our unutterable losses, but also as representatives of the disconsolate kindred of many of those who here sleep in death, debarred by distance from participating with us in these sad rites; of fathers and mothers who sent forth their sons, with their benedictions, to see them no more on earth; of wives and sisters, who slowly and reluctantly, unwound their arms of affection from the necks of husbands and brothers, whose faces they were destined never more to look upon in this little world; of little orphaned children, who clung to their departing sires, and all unconscious of the dread significance of the insignia of war, toyed with their glittering sword chains, and smiled at the nodding of their plumes. Alas their fond visions of the soldier's return to gladden his home were doomed never to be realized; and now, in place of the joyous greetings of a father, a husband, a brother, a son, is the voiceless silence of a grief that casts its daily shadow over the desolated family circle, and which naught but the divine consolation of religion can assuage. Whether they were right or wrong in the prosecution of the contest which cost them their lives, the men whose sunken graves we repair, and whose memories we honor, died for us. We can never, never forget that they were sacrificial victims on the altar which we helped to rear, and that their blood was poured out like water in defence of principles which we avowed, and which we counseled and exhorted them to maintain to the last extremity. For that cause which we, as well as they, regarded as the exponent of constitutional liberty, and which, during its protracted and agonizing struggle for existence, we loved with a passionate intensity which no words can express—for that cause these men encountered every hardship, underwent every privation, and freely sacrificed their lives.—For it they forsook the sweet felicities of home, and bade a last farewell to those whom they held dearer than life itself. Encouraged by the blessings of those whose hearts broke at their own exhortations to them to go forward in the path of duty, attended by the sanctions of religion and the prayers of the pious, and stimulated by the applause of a whole people, they went forth cheerfully and exultingly, to the endurance of trials to which even the sorrowful annals of warfare can scarcely furnish a parallel.

Engaged in a conflict with one of the greatest powers of the world, whose voice is heard with respect by the occupants of European thrones, excommunicated from the fellowship and sympathy of the human race, engirdled with a wall of fire and barred from intercourse with the rest of mankind, sustained by resources at home which were barely adequate to the supply of their most pressing necessities, yet conceiving that they were struggling to uphold the great principles of civil and religious liberty, for which their fathers before them had bled, they manfully endured every trial, and heroically confronted every peril. They were scantily fed, they were poorly clad, they were inefficiently armed; yet amid the snows of Virginia winters, amid the deadly malaria of Carolina swamps, amid the bleak winds that sweep our ocean shore, amid the burning heats of Mississippi, amid the bayous and wilds of the far West, in labors and watchings, in hunger, nakedness and cold, in the dreary trenches, on the exausting march, and on the red field of carnage and of death, they attested their fidelity to a cause which was common to them and to us. Who of us in this concourse which has spontaneously poured forth, not with a triumphal procession—with floating banners and clashing cymbals, but as a community of stricken mourners—who of us can forget the little worn out handful of heroes that on this day four years ago, stood an immovable breastwork before this city, and met and broke the thunder cloud which burst upon them in fury with that morning's earliest light?

Who of us can forget the gallant men who fell amid a tempest of fire, and a hail of iron, at Wagner and at Sumpter? Who of us can forget those who saturated with their blood the fields of James' Island, John's Island, Pocotaligo, and Coosawhatchie? Noble old city! poor as she is, she is rich in such memories as these! Torn, afflicted, impoverished she may be but none can wrest from her the inheritance of that immortal legacy which was bequeathed her by her dying sons. The crown has fallen from her queenly brow, and she sits in dust and ashes, but there are still left her in her dead and living children, costly and glittering jewels which blaze upon her bosom, and are pressed with ineffable fondness to her breast. Our brethern fought, and bled, and died, as vicarious sufferers on our behalf. Our profoundest gratitue is, therefore, due them; and every generous emotion of our natures impels us to do what we can, consistently with our present relations and duties, to honor their memories and to consecrate their names.—Their spirits have passed from us, but their graves are with us; and, although we may not lay upon them the laurel garlands of the victor, we would reverently place upon them the tokens of our undying gratitude, and our quenchless love.

It would be as idle as it would be uncandid to deny that in performing this office in memory of our dead, we offer a silent protest which, however feeble and useless it may appear, is still solemnly rendered against the judgment which would consign them to infamy as the perpetrators of unnatural and monstrous crimes. Let others say what they may, it is not in our natures to regard as criminals those whom we revered as our fathers, husbands, brothers, and sons, and who freely yielded up their lives for principles which we deemed worthy even of such a sacrifice. We would be guilty of grossest inconsistency with ourselves, and of deepest injustice to them, did we refuse to do them such honor as it is possible in our circumstances to pay. We cannot frame our speech to pronounce aught but blessings upon their names; and palsied would be our tongues should they ever be schooled to utter a syllable of reproach upon their memories. Were it so that we were required to do it, our answer would be, by God's help we cannot. Better, far better, in that case, would it be for us to say of our dead countrymen, as the great Roman poet makes his heroes exclaim of his, "Happy, thrice happy they, to whom it was allotted to die before the faces of the fathers," and to look forward to the hope of sharing their graves as the last, the only consolation that would be left us.

The world, which has misunderstood us in the past, and which misunderstands us now, may withhold from the soldiers of an ill-starred country the meed of praise for the performance of heroic deeds. It is ours—we cannot help it—it is ours to repeat their names with affectionate veneration—to cherish them in our hearts, and to hold them in everlasting remembrance as the symbols of every quality which we are wont to honor as noble, brave and true. The great and good Jackson never could have been a leader of conspirators, outlaws and banditti. His life—it was one of those bright and glorious visions, which once beheld are never forgotton, a picture of truth, purity and sublime virtue, which stamped itself at once and forever upon the hearts of mankind;—his death—as serene and peaceful as the evening scene which closes in upon some day of mighty conflict; the life and death of such a man cannot but redeem from reproach the principles to which they were devoted, and shed a hallowing lustre upon even a defeated cause, which now, but for such luminous illustrations, would in the judgment of the world, go down into the night of a perpetual oblivion.

Nor were there wanting many kindred spirits of lower rank and lesser note. Hundreds, officers and private soldiers, developed the lofty spirit of self sacrifice, the noblest, the sublimest, the most god-like trait which can adorn and dignify our poor human nature.—A gallant and beloved young officer from this city, when dying of a wound, in a distant State, said to me, "Tell my dear parents I do not repent of fighting for my country." Brave, gentle, affectionate messmate and friend! He sleeps, not upon the soil of his cherished Carolina, but the bosom of Virginia, reddened with the gore of heroes softly pillows his head in his last unbroken repose. Said a private soldier to me, while he was lying in a hospital in prospect of death: "Sir, I may die, but if I had forty lives I would give them for such a cause as this." Said another to me, after he had contracted a severe and dangerous disease in consequence of doing picket duty, in freezing weather, without an overcoat or a blanket to cover him: "I have suffered much, but I woule rather die, than give up the cause I have been fighting for." Sacred to us must be the memory of such heroes!

But I must forbear. The emotions which thrill us at such recollections are too deep, too tender to find expression in language. We cannot give utterance to the feelings which oppress us, and yet, like an inward fountain of fire, they would fain burn for themselves a vent.

It has pleased an all-wise Providence to deny success to a cause in which the blood of our brethern was spilt.—We would reverently and submissively bow to the decision of His sovereign will. We would remit the whole case to His wisdom and mercy, and quietly and patiently await its ultimate developements. We have no quarrel with the providence of God. We would obediently accept the situation which He allots us, and would endeavor honorably to meet the obligations and discharge the duties which it implies. We are not insensible to the sanctity of oaths, and trust we may have grace to conform to every requirement of conscience, probity and honor.

But while thus in sincerity we feel and speak, justice to the dead and fidelity to the truth alike compel us to say that we cannot ignore the fact that the mere presence or absence of success does not, of itself, determine the question of the righteousness or unrighteousness of principles. We cannot close our eyes to the great lesson which starts out from the pages of history—that causes, which, while struggling for existence, were branded with the stigma which attached only to crime, have been rescued from contempt and glorified in the eyes of men by the mere accident of victory, and that others, which, while in the ascendant, were attended with acclamations of applause, have, by a reverse of fortune, experienced an opposite fate. Such was the lesson written upon the great struggles for the maintenance of constitutional law in the history of the English people; such was the lesson impressed, as in letters of light, upon the face of the American Revolution. Nor can the argument, from the apparent favor or frown of Providence, be deemed conclusive as to character of principles, since the Church of God herself has sometimes been subjected to persecutions which drenched her in blood, and brought her to the very verge of extinction. Right is right, and wrong is wrong, whatever may be the accidental circumstances which accompany them; and it is an ineradicable faith of the human heart, which else would be but the sepulchre of hope, that truth and right, though, like the setting sun, they may sink beneath a horizon of darkness and an ocean of storms, may at last re-appear in the morning glory of an unclouded day.

The blood, the precious priceless blood of our brethren may seem to us to have been drunk up by the earth in vain—but whatever of truth, whatever of right, whatever of lofty principle there was for which they contended and for which they died, may, in another day, in some golden age, sung by poets, sages and prophets, come forth in the resurrection of buried principles and live to bless mankind, when the bones of its confessors and martyrs shall have mouldered into dust.

Ladies of the Memorial Association, the suggestion of this affecting ceremony originated in your delicate and loving sympathies. Never did you, never can you, forget that the name of women was sacred to the Southern soldier's heart. It is no wonder, that as he lived for your defence, he should die with your blessing. Your hands industriously wrought to supply his wants while he lived, your hands softly ministered to him while lying on the pallet of suffering and of death—it is but fitting that the same hands should gently place upon his last resting place the touching memorials of a people's gratitude and love. No thunder of cannon, or roll of drums, nor blast of trumpets is heard above the graves of our dead, but as long as they shall be surrounded by kneeling mothers and daughters, sisters and wives, who shall bedew them with their tears, they will not be wanting in the noblest and truest honors which the human heart can pay.

The Choir then sung the following ode by Henry Timrod, the Poet Laureate of the South:

ODE.

Sleep sweetly in your humble graves,
Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause,
Though yet no marble column craves,
The pilgrim here to pause.

In seeds of laurals in the earth,
The blossoms of your fame is blown;
And, somewhere, waiting for its birth,
The shaft is in the stone.

Meanwhile, behold the tardy years
Which keep in trust your storied tombs,
Behold your sisters bring their tears,
And these memorial blooms,

Small tributes! but your shades will smile
More proudly on these wreaths to-day
Than when some cannon-moulded pile
Shall overlook this bay.

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!
There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies
By mourning beauty crowned.

☞ Never read or sew with any light from the window or a lamp falling directly upon the eyes. Millions have lost their good eyesight from non-observance of this simple rule. It is founded onscientific principles which we will not take room to explain at length.—The light direct upon the eyes contracts their pupils, so that not enough rays are admitted from the printed pages or fabrics sewed, to make them plain. Light from the window or lamp should fall *over the shoulder*, usually over the left one as it will not then be obstructed by the right hand in sewing. Another advantage, and a great one, is that when facing the light, one naturally inclines forward to protect the eyes. This cramps the chest and lungs and it is injurious to the health; but with the light from the side, or over the shoulder, inclines to sit in a much more upright and healthful position. Every one who follows this suggestion, will find it conduce to comfort, health, and good vision.

JOHNSON STATE CENTRAL COMMITTEE IN SESSION.—The Johnson State Central Committee was in session in this city yesterday. We have been informed that every District in the State was fully represented. Their meeting had reference to the adoption of measures whereby the Johnson element of the State should be properly represented in the Philadelphia Convention on the 14th of August. At this writing we have not learned as to the mode by which that representation shall be secured. That that element will be represented in that Convention is absolutely certain. The present office holders who want to hold their offices will find it to their interests to move in the matter at once.—*Ohio Statesman, of he 13th ullo.*

YOUR OWN GOOD NAME.—Some one says to young men, don't rely upon friends. Don't rely upon the good name of your ancestors. Thousands have spent the prime of life in the vain hope of receiving help from those whom they call friends; and thousands have starved because they had a rich father. Rely upon the good name which is made by your own exertions; and know that better than the best friend you can have, is an unquestionable reputation united with decision of character.

☞ How to remove stumps A correspondent to the *Rural Register*, states that Mr. John Barnes, of Baltimore, removed a troublesome stump from near his house in the following manner:—"Last fall, with an inch augur, he bored a hole in the centre of the stump, ten inches deep, and into it put about a half a pound of of vitriol, and corked the whole up tight. This spring the whole stump and roots extending through all their ramifications, were so rotten that they were easily eradicated." If true, the above would be a cheap method removing stumps. The sulphuric acid can be bought for about five cents per pound.

☞ Six free bathing houses have been established in Boston at the expense of the city, and are now largely patronized by both sexes. Five of the baths are floating structures, moored to the wharves or bridges near which they are located, rising and falling with the water. All are provided with dressing rooms and all the conveniences needed by experienced and amateur swimmers.—During the first five days the baths were visited by over eleven thousand persons.

☞ The New York Tribune's Washington letter says that Mr. Randell recently said to Mr. Ward of N. York, that the matter of appointments had got to be fought out between Congress and the President and gave notice that Postmasters who do not support the President's policy were to be removed.

Murder in Prince George's County.

Very great excitement has prevailed in this county for several days past, as well as in the neighboring sections of Virginia and the District of Columbia, growing out of the horrible murder of William Lyles, Esq., at his residence in this county, and the subsequent arrest of the supposed criminals. More less of the details have already found their way into the city papers, and these accounts need not be reproduced: and we shall probably better gratify our readers by giving a brief and accurate statement of the affair drawn from the sources best qualified to speak on the subject.

The "Auburn" Estate of Mr. Lyles is situated on the south bank of Piscataway Creek, near its junction with the Potomac, and nearly opposite Fort Washington. It was formerly improved by an elegant brick mansion which was destroyed by fire early in the war. For this arson several of Mr. Lyles's old negroes were indicted, but escaped from jail before trial—among them one of the parties now implicated in the present murder. Since the fire, Mr. Lyles and his wife have lived in a small cabin, originally built as a servants' quarter, consisting of one room only on the first floor, entered by two doors, opposite each other, in front and rear.

On the night of Saturday, the 4th inst., after Mr. and Mrs. Lyles had retired, there was loud knocking at the rear door, when Mr. Lyles demanded what was wanted, &c. In reply the parties stated that they were travelers, from the neighborhood of Port Tobacco, and supposing the house to be occupied by colored persons, they had called to ask for lodging and to get directions as to obtaining employment. Mr. Lyles directed them to another "quarter near by, where they could remain for the night, and said that in the morning he would see what could be done for them. Supposing them to have so acted, Mr. and Mrs. Lyles fell a-leep. Sometime afterwards, the door was suddenly burst in by main force, and the four negroes rushed in, firing toward the beds they entered. Mrs. Lyles immediately aroused, and not finding Mr. Lyles in bed, and supposing he had escaped, unlocked the front door and went out endeavoring to secure herself. She was overtaken by the ruffians and brought back. Being asked where her husband was, she replied she knew not. They then demanded to know where were the money and the keys, and not being satisfied on these points, required a light to be furnished. Mrs. Lyles, still under the impression that her husband had got out and wishing another chance to escape, offered to go to the kitchen and light a lamp. They refused this, but did allow a small servant girl to go, who brought a lamp which was extinguished when near the door. They then took hold of Mrs. Lyles and made her go to the kitchen, when another light was procured and a return made to the dwelling—Mrs. L. meanwhile failing, by various signs, to make the girl understand her wish that she should run off and give an alarm.

Mrs. L. was then forced to stand at the door, one of the negroes guarding her with a pistol which he presented, while the others proceeded with their search. They were about to leave, when the key to the secretary was accidently discovered, and they proceeded to examine it, and obtained from $1200 to $1500 in Virginia currency, an amount of greenbacks not exactly known, upwards of $200 in gold, and a quantity of silver coin, of various denominations. They also appropriated some bed-clothing, wearing apparel, a new clock and several other articles.—While they were all thus busily occupied, Mrs. L escaped again unobserved and secured a position behind a large walnut tree near the house. Presently the murderers left with their booty in the direction of the river, and Mrs. Lyles, by changing her position so as to keep always behind the tree as they passed, eluded further harm. She then proceeded through the darkness to the cabin of a colored man some distance off, where she sank helpless at the door. The man perceived that her garments were covered with blood; and caring properly for her, immediately ran to the nearest neighbors to give the alarm.

When several gentlemen arrived at the house, they found the dead body of Mr. Lyles lying on the floor, in a narrow space between one side of the bed and the secretary. Under his body was a pistol of his own, which usually lay upon a shelf near the bed. He had no other wound than a pistol shot which entered about the right cheek bone, and proceeded upward through the brain.—As no word nor groan was ever uttered by him, he was of course struck by the first fires of the party as they entered; when it is supposed the shock left him still strength enough to leap convulsively from bed and clutch his pistol, but only to sink with it helplessly to the floor, and before his wife had opportunity to observe him or could realize the situation. The position in which he fell did not render the body liable to be observed by a person standing in the room. The chamber presented a frightful spectacle, the floor and bed being covered with blood and the furniture giving evidence of the robbery. Mrs. L., in jumping from the bed and over the place where her husband had lain, got herself and her garments almost covered with his blood, and without being aware of the fact.

Mr. Lyles was nearly fifty-eight years of age, of fine personal presence and in vigorous health. He was widely known and highly respected, and possessed many of the qualities that procure and preserve friendship and esteem. His high position in the community has, of course, greatly added to the indignation at his foul murder.—His remains were buried on Monday in the grave-yard of the Parish Church, in presence of a large attendence of neighbors and friends.—*Prince Georgian.*

☞ Lift up the sash, and let in that artist, Oxygen. He will cover the cheeks of your child with roses. Teach your child the fact that pure soft water is the best drink; that a bed of straw is the best couch; that bread and milk is the best diet; that farmer's fare is the best fare; and that ladies fair should prefer that fare to the dainty fare which destroys the fair complexion of the fairest of the fair.

☞ Pride is as cruel a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy. When you have bought one fine thing you must buy ten-more that your appearance may be of a piece. It is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.