

(Correspondence of the Beacon)

Washington Feb. 15th, 1869.

HEADS I WIN—TAILS YOU LOSE.

The public mind has been greatly exercised by the conduct of the irrepressible Butler on the occasion of the recent counting of the electoral vote at the capitol. A concurrent resolution had been adopted, it seems, that the vote of Georgia should be counted if it did not amount to anything and not counted if it did. When this State, therefore, was called upon to vote, as it had been ascertained beforehand that the vote would not effect the result, it was insisted by one side that the vote should be counted and by Butler and his friends that it should not. This was the ground of contention and for some time it waxed so fierce that honest men began to hope that the "two Houses"—"a plague on both your houses"—would get into a free fight, but they did not. The members only abused each other for a day or so like pickpockets, and then Butler and his opponents agreed to disagree and the vote of Georgia was counted—as it did not affect anything. A great many disgraceful things are occurring every day in Congress, but there is, we think, a peculiar rankness and foulness of resolutely about this "recurrent resolution" and the incidents that followed it that fairly cry the climax. And the resolution is worse than the whole range of legislative experience, on this side of the water or the other, in this or any other civilized age. The men who deal in loaded dice, where it is "heads I win—tails you lose," are doubtless, very low fellows, but we have heard or read that even such as there have been known to blush when detected in their villainies. Not so with Congress. Instead of being ashamed or clop-fallen, as one would expect, it deports itself as if this "concurrent" infamy was nothing worse than a good joke on the Democrats or a piece of innocent fencing at the expense of Georgia. Truly, we have fallen upon strange times and what was once a spade is now a spade no longer.

MILITARY EXERCISES AND DRILL.

In accordance with orders from Battalion Headquarters, Company "C" (Captain Gough), 3rd Md. Cavalry, assembled in our village on Saturday last for the purpose of entering a second Lieutenant, viz: Lieut. Charles E. Gough, deceased. After quite a spirited contest, Orderly Sergeant John F. Combs was declared elected to the position. Lieut. Combs having been notified of his election by the presiding officer, the assembly was sounded, and the men fell in the ranks for drill. For over an hour we watched them, as they went through the different company evolutions, which were done in a manner to reflect credit upon both officers and men, receiving from the spectators loud applause. They were then inspected and, passed in review before Major Crane, who complimented them upon their attention to orders, their soldierly bearing, and their increased efficiency. Concluding with three cheers for the Major, the company was dismissed, all—soldiers and citizens—well pleased with the evening exercises.

DEADLY DROPS FOR OYSTERS.

Commander Hunter Davidson, of the State Police Oyster Force, has given formal notice that dredging for oysters in any river of this State must cease after the 28th instant. This announcement is made in consequence of a recent opinion of the Attorney General on the oyster law and a decision of Judge Wickes that dredging for oysters in any river of the State is unlawful.

THE FRUIT CROP, ETC.

Much apprehension is felt in this section for the fruit crop, the argument being that the prolonged mildness of the weather will force premature budding, thus laying the crop open to the nipping frosts of early Spring. Our farmers have generally seeded their tobacco beds and are at present busy with their fencing operations. The entry is general in regard to the uncertainty of agricultural labor. The wheat crop is decidedly promising.

FAILURE OF THE MAIL.

The mail, due here on Monday night last, did not arrive until the night following. The cause suggested was the swollen condition of the streams on the upper part of the route. If this was the case, the fall of water on Sunday night and Monday morning must have been much heavier on the upper than on the lower portions of the route.

DIDN'T ARRIVE.

The Steamer Coit, Capt. Wilson, which was announced in our last issue to make her initial Spring trip to our waters on Saturday, didn't "come to time." Our authority for making the announcement was a letter from Mr. Wm. A. Fenwick of our town which stated, in effect, that the boat would leave Baltimore for our waters on Friday, the 12th instant.

The events of the last week have certainly been more than usually interesting as well as exciting. The surrender of the body of Mrs. Surratt to her family for Christian burial, after the lapse of more than three years, is an event worthy of note. The stain left on the American nation, first by her cold-blooded murder and next by allowing her murderers, Holt, Bingham, Stanton and Hunter to refuse Christian burial to her remains, is one that no time or statement can ever wipe out. Her body has been placed in its final resting-place, but no surer monument could be erected to keep alive in all true and manly hearts the remembrance of her horrible, cold-blooded butchery. Thousands and tens of thousands will visit her grave, who have heretofore denied that privilege while it was guarded by the bayonets of Stanton's soldiers. The first question now asked by those who visit that lonely cemetery will be for the grave of Mrs. Surratt, and as they kneel beside the grave of the martyr, the whole cruel scene of her murder will rush with ten-fold force upon the mind and the late condemned by the conduct of the three accused Military Commission, which has had time only to slumber, will burst into such a blaze as shall never again die out until the perpetrators of that heinous deed shall stand manacled, hand and foot, as she stood, and answer to an offended God for their perjury and cruelty. Let all honorable men, North and South, keep the memory of Mrs. Surratt fresh in their minds and watch, hope and pray. The time will come, the day is not far distant. The vengeance of God is slow but sure in all things and when it does come, sad will be that day and dark the sun that shines upon it.

There was a most spirited time in the House of Representatives last week at the counting of the Electoral vote, perfectly in keeping with the character of two-thirds of the House. Each leading member of Congress tried how much more of a blackguard he could make himself than his fellow blackguards and all seemed to succeed to perfection in the effort. We have many a time witnessed a free fight in Murder Bay and not seen half the blackguardism let off. But, bless you, they did not know they were making blackguards of themselves—they don't even know they are that without making. Such fellows have not the slightest idea what a gentleman is. A man is of no account in the estimation of that party unless he is a first-class rogue and perjurer. The scuffle went so high at one time that it even quenched Ben Wade for the first time in his life—he forgot to blaspheme. Ben's condition was truly frightful. He pounded with his gavel until he got tired—then turned up his eyes in despair and asked, almost crying, of some one near, what am I to do? The fight of words became general—the struggle seemed to be who should stamp, bang his desk, yell, utter cat-calls and make the most noise. Bingham and Butler charged each other—the thief and murderer crossed swords. Bingham let off his some old speech and Ben gave him a most unmerciful dig, which produced roars of laughter. Bingham has but the same old speech. At the conspiracy trials, at the impeachment, in the House, it is just the same old thing. Traitors, constitutions, law, rebellion, the scream of the American eagle, the Stars and Stripes and the power of the people—this is about Bingham's speech. He gives it from head to foot this time—next time from foot to head for variety's sake. When Bingham commenced to let off on Butler, before he had gone five sentences, Ben found the same old speech was coming, and, in the midst of one of Bingham's flourishes, Ben very quietly remarked, loud enough, however, to be heard, "I always did like that speech of Mr. Bingham's." You may judge of the effect.—Bingham gave him an unearthly glare, but it was of no use. Ben hit him a most awful blow—it knocked the breath clean out of him and it will be many a day before he recovers. The galleries were filled to overflowing during the time with all classes of negroes and negro lovers. Opera glasses were as numerous as muskets on a skirmish line and were constantly being levelled at the most noisy and at Wade in his fits of despair. Opera glasses, by-the-way, have, since the influx of the everlasting, become an institution in the galleries of the Senate and House.—When some chap rises to let off a speech, every square inch of him is covered by the opera glasses, as you will see at the opera or ballet when the dancing girls come out to show their well turned ankles. What the object of an opera glass can be to look at a rough-looking individual in a dirty suit of clothes, we are unable to understand.

The crowd still continues to flow into Washington, male and female thieves and office-hunters, some in velvet and some in rags. It is well worth a visit to the City this beautiful weather to see and be seen. It is really a treat to stand at the Metropolitan and see the gaudily dressed men roll along, and, as the boys say, "look at the styles." The dresses are of all shades and colours as well their wearers. Now and then a strong-minded will come tip-

pling along in boots, breeches, coat and cap, the observed of all observers. She is sure to create a sensation. We saw one a day or two since going up the Avenue followed by a crowd of boot-blacks and news-boys. As her boots did not look very clean, the blacks thought her fair game, and the cry, "black your boots Mr. Miss, Madam, Sir" (for the boys seemed puzzled when to call her), coming from twenty throats at once, made a little noise. She turned round suddenly just as we got near her (to our great alarm) her face blazing with passion and addressed her crowd of admirers in a very neat little speech, which must have been very much to the point, for we never saw a crowd of boys disappear as fast in our life. We heard one little nigger ask another as they were moving off, "Boy, what de matter wid dat ar woman—she's flied." The female tent made for a pea-nut stand, bought a pint to refresh herself and when we last saw her she was moving up the street making the pea-nut peels fly right and left.

Most of the strangers now here are engaged in sight seeing. The Medical Museum seems to have more attractions for them than most other places. There is not a day, but some party on the sight-seeing will ask you, "Mister, kin you show me de place where President Lincoln was killed?" It must be no slight disappointment to those who have a taste for the horrible to find that there is not a trace to be found in the building of the assassination of the late President. The building has been so much altered that it would be next to impossible to point out the position of the box where he sat when he was shot. Many, no doubt, go there expecting to see the blood and brains of the President on the floor with wax figures of Lincoln in the very chair he was killed in and Booth standing behind, pistol in hand, firing the fatal shot.

Grant, up to date, is as silent as the grave, or, what is worse, has spoken to no purpose, and that very fact keeps the office-seekers, both Democrat and Radical very much like people with the itch, turning and twisting in every possible position to get relief, but turn as they may the itching goes on and the scratching must be kept up. It is really fun to see the one party all expectation and the other in a state of misery no words can express. There was a report the other day that Grant intended to fill every office with a soldier without regard to politics. If you could have heard them damning the soldiers. As my uncle Toby said, "I could not have had the heart to curse a poor dog so." They found some consolation after a while in the fact that soldiers were beastly, ignorant fellows, some with one leg and one arm, and some with neither, and of course they could not fill offices. We do not think the fun has even yet got a start; just wait a month or so and you do not find a terrible freshet coming down the Potomac, caused by the flow of tears shed in this city, call us no prophet.

Murdoch again begins to-night his old trade of making an ass of himself. The old gump, whose laugh is more like an ass than anything else, had better be at home saying his prayers and reading his Bible, than limping over the country reading unbecome and bad poetry in which there is not one word of truth for the sake of pleasing a set of asses like himself and a few of half crazy women with half a dozen of husbands somewhere round the country.

NOTE.

INFORMATION WANTED.—We published in our last issue a paragraph headed "Body Found," which disclosed the fact that the body of a negro man was discovered a few days ago buried near Smith's Creek, in St. Inigo's district, in this county, under circumstances which induced a belief that a murder had been committed. The paragraph in question was republished in the Daily Gazette and Baltimore county, etc. A negro boy, formerly owned by an intimate friend of mine, disclosed the plot. He was examined before the Court in Baltimore county, but no action, from some cause or other, was taken upon his testimony. By this discovery, he made himself obnoxious to his own color and was frequently warned that the League had taken an oath to murder him whenever an opportunity offered. This negro, a few weeks ago, was confined from his home and when last seen was standing on a wharf in Baltimore in company with a few other negroes. My supposition is that he shipped on some oyster punga as a hand, and as his age corresponds with that of the man spoken of by you, I think it not unlikely that the murdered man was the negro in question. He may be one and the same person. I append a description of his person for purposes of identification: He had small mustache and whiskers, medium height, rather broad and stout, color rather light, small head and high forehead. His former master is anxious to know what has become of him and any information in regard to him will be thankfully received.

DEMORIST.—The March Number of that ever-welcome family visitor, DEMORIST'S MAGAZINE, has just appeared in our sanctum, bright, beautiful, and interesting, as an elegant display of the early spring fashions and an entertaining collection of handsomely illustrated tales and sketches can render it, and numberless cuts, descriptions and hints all relative to matters important to the fair sex. This is undoubtedly one of the best, largest, and most useful journals of fashion now issued in this country, whether relative to the household or society, and every woman will find it an earnest, faithful friend. \$3.00 yearly. Publication office, 333 Broadway, New York.

THE SUFFRAGE AMENDMENT.—The proposition which recently passed the Senate for an amendment of the Constitution in regard to suffrage is more comprehensive than that which had previously passed the House. The amendment proposed in the latter body, and which went to Senate, was as follows:

Article 1. Section 1. The right of any citizen of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or any State, by reason of race, color, or previous condition of slavery of any citizen or class of citizens of the United States.

The article touching the same matter passed by the Senate is as follows:

Article 15. No discrimination shall be made in the United States among the citizens of the United States, in the exercise of the elective franchise, or in the right to hold office in any State, on account of race, color, nativity, property, education or creed.

This latter proposition embraces Chinese as well as blacks; it confers the right to hold office as well as to vote, and it forbids the requirement of educational or other qualifications, which, under the House amendment was required. At the same time it gives no relief to Southern white men.

COLOSSAL FORTUNES.—We doubt if any ordinary person can contemplate, without serious misgivings, the announcement that Baron Rothschild, who recently died in Paris, was worth two thousand millions of francs, or four hundred millions of dollars. It was observed at the time that he was a charitable man, and that the poor of Paris deplored his loss deeply. Yet during all the long weary years that he was engaged in amassing that stupendous fortune men and women were starving to death, or committing suicide from want and suffering in that very city of Paris. Who can tell the multitude of unfortunates who, wrecked in fortune by the changes on the Bourse wrought or controlled by this man, have plunged into eternity to escape suffering and reproach? Who can tell how often the leaves of the laborer have been reduced and the poor punished because some of the Rothschild family had run up the stock market? Who can tell how many widows and orphans have had their little all engulfed in the maelstrom of fiscal operations that brought ruin to thousands and fortune to him? Charity. How many millions did he give to the poor? In order to be truly charitable he ought to have devoted about half his fortune to such purposes, for nothing else would have relieved him of the responsibility for the evil he had wrought in seeking to pile up such tremendous hoards. Stephen Girard achieved a colossal fortune in commerce, but he left the bulk of it to educate the orphan children of the poor, and John McDonough, of New Orleans, followed his example. George Peabody has not waited for his death-bed to warn him of his duty. He has given his millions to the poor.

But these are American millionaires, and inspired with the American ideas of the greatest good to the greatest number. How could any one expect such things of men like the Rothschilds? It is related of this one, who died worth four hundred millions of dollars, that when Audubon, the great naturalist, was about to be buried on the grounds of the Bourse, he waited on the millionaire with a letter of introduction, was treated rudely, refused a subscription, ordered to send his book when printed, and when it was so sent was refused his price. It perhaps required such a soul to amass such a fortune.

He could not take his money with him into the next world. In fact, all he carried with him to the grave was a wooden box. But he still contrived to let the evil of his system survive him. For the wealth of the Rothschilds is jealously guarded against division by preventing the children from marrying out of the family. Even to the day of his death he managed to keep those nearest to him ignorant of half his wealth by opening a great number of accounts in false names.

How often have the schemes of this dead Rothschild produced embarrassment in the markets of America? How often has he not spread ruin over thousands of our countrymen by means of influences centering in his houses in London and Paris, over which no American could have any control? There have been times when such men were supposed to have rendered great public services by the command of fiscal resources. But the proceeds of France has emanated from governments from dependence on this class by means of his great popular loans, raised by appeal to the whole mass of the people, his influence was about to bubble on which the reputations of men like Rothschild had been resting. In any case, in any country, under any circumstances, so far from benefiting the people in any way, they increase downward tendencies of the poor classes; and all the benevolence the millionaires can achieve by their gifts or bequests will not atone for the misery they inflict upon millions of the human race.—Phyl. A. Amer.

THE GREAT BRITISH QUESTION.—When Mr. John Y. Mason, whose name the French printers would persist in spelling John-Y, arrived at Paris, he was greatly puzzled about Mr. Marey's famous circular, touching the matter of court presentations. When upon his consultation was had about the ablest diplomatist was an American citizen of African descent, and rejected in the plain name of John Diggs.

This colored diplomat had been taken from Philadelphia to Europe as a servant by Mr. Bush, and left abroad by that Envoy Extraordinary. John had turned his attention to a study of diplomacy; and acquiring a knowledge of languages, the distinguished politician sent abroad by our Government seldom possess, and blessed with a common-sense our educated diplomatists are prone to lack, he was eminently successful. He had, above all, a practical knowledge of the intricate and delicate ceremonies connected with court life. These rare accomplishments, combined with his known and unpretending, and the gentleness of this free land of ours, who are taken from the political arena to make a part of the most cultivated, as well as the ablest, class connected with the governments of Europe, generally engaged John to learn them at Liverpool, that they might learn something of their untried and much-bred duties. Among the American diplomatists that distinguished by the accomplished Diggs was my correspondent and good-natured chief, Mr. John Y. Mason. Of course on this delicate and difficult question of clothes John was consulted, and his opinion closed the discussion.

"I'll tell you what it is, Sah," he said, with great deliberation, balancing his tall figure on one leg, while the other pursued his toes lightly to the floor, in a pose worthy a suitor, "I'll tell you what it is. You come here as de Minister, an' de Emperor or Monsieur Drouny de Lhuys 'll be glad to see you if you come in y'r shirt-sleeves. But when de Empress, or Madame Drouny de Lhuys, invites you to de dinner or reception, and puts on de card or uniform, you can do one thing or de other; you can put on de uniform an' go, or you can keep de de uniform and stay at home. It won't do to go dah in y'r shirt-sleeves an' say dat was Mr. Marey's instructions. No, Sah. You can mind Mr. Marey an' stay at home. An' my observations has taught me dat most of dis diplomacy is done at dese entertainments."

"I'll be longer," exclaimed his Excellency, in the vulgar tongue of the Old Dominion, "if de bigger boss 'nt uttered more good sense on de subject than I have heard yet.—Donn Platt, in Harper's Magazine.

LIVE CATTLE WEDDED BY MEASURE.—The only instrument necessary is a measure with feet and inch marks upon it, and just behind the shoulder blades. The length is the distance from the shoulder blades. The superficial feet are obtained by multiplying the girth and length.—The following table contains the rule to ascertain the weight of the animal:

If less than one foot in girth, multiply superficial feet by eight.  
If less than three, and more than one, multiply superficial feet by eleven.  
If less than five, and more than three, multiply superficial feet by sixteen.  
If less than seven, and more than five, multiply superficial feet by twenty-five.  
If less than nine, and more than seven, multiply superficial feet by thirty-three.  
If less than eleven, and more than seven, multiply superficial feet by forty-two.  
Example: Suppose the girth of a bullock to be six feet three inches, length five feet six inches; the superficial area will then be thirty-four, and, in accordance with preceding table, the weight will be seven hundred and eighty-two pounds.  
Example: Suppose a pig to measure in girth two feet and length one foot and one inch. There would then be three and a half feet, which multiplied by eleven, gives thirty-eight and a half pounds as the weight of the animal when dressed. In this way the weight of four quarters can be substantially ascertained during life.

MARRIED.

On the 9th inst., by the Rev. Father Enders, SAMUEL J. MORGAN to Miss CATHERINE A. STEVART.

OBITUARY.

As mourned the companions of Jephtha's daughter, so will her companions bewail the loss of the gentle ANNE GARNER. But more than is said of the renowned Glendide Captain's daughter, they who merely knew Mrs. ANNE GARNER, BOSTON, will mourn for her. There are, who more than mourn, rise with some unuttered air ringing through their minds. It may be merry, it may be sad. But now, as each morning returns, all air will be displaced by the ringing of the sweet and plaintive air.

"Thou wilt come no more, gentle Annie!"

And as each anniversary returns, calmer but still sad, will ring the sad refrain, "Never hear thy gentle voice again!" I know ANNE GARNER, not intimately; just enough to be an impartial judge in childhood, girlhood and womanhood; and not a promise given by the two former states but was more than fulfilled by the last. The daughter of the late Wm. H. Garner, who in early manhood ranked with the most distinguished of persons, and to the last, for his urbanity and gentlemanly bearing, it was no wonder that she was what she was. Born the heir of wealth, she looked for the haughty and the attendant airs that are wont to wait on riches, and only found yourself disappointed in this. Lovely, gentle, polite, amiable, she was as a prize-fighter that many a eloquent and gallant heart strove to win. And all worthy was he that won the prize to wear it. But ere he had more than begun to enjoy the prize, the flower withered and died on his breast. If condolence to the bereaved were audio e, the wounds were

healed. But like Rachel weeping for her children, the bereaved will refuse to be comforted by cauldling friends, and only find it in a Christian resignation to the will of Providence, exclaiming with the pious Psalmist: "I know, O Lord, that thy judgments are right, and that thou art very faithful; forasmuch as thou hast caused me to be troubled."

OBITUARY.

Departed this life on the 23rd ult. at Onedale, the residence of her son-in-law George H. Morgan, Mrs. DOROTHY BROWN, widow of Major Frederick Schwartz Brown, late of Madison Parish, La., in the 68th year of her age.

The deceased lady was a native of Al-France—and in company of her father, Christopher Frederick Rabier emigrated to the United States in 1819, and soon after her arrival at New Orleans, was married to Major S. Brown, whom she survived many years. During the first years of her married life, she experienced the hardships and vicissitudes incident to a frontier life, and in the course of time, was visited with the greatest calamity that can befall a parent—the death of all her children.

She was a woman of great strength of mind, energy, and perseverance, and a tender benevolence of an extraordinary kind, exhibited great fortitude and patient endurance. Her sensibilities and affections were warm and lasting, and any sentiment or action tainted with untruth or injustice, she ever held in abhorrence and contempt. Her kind offices were not confined to the narrow circle of her home and friends, but were, with open heart and hand, extended to the needy and unfortunate.

JOHN F. FENWICK, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Sale

of REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a writ of Fieri Facias, issued out of the Circuit Court for St. Mary's county, at the suit of Thomas H. Fowler, executor of the will of the late John T. Pusey, administrator of the estate of John T. Pusey, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of Clement C. Thompson, M. H. Herriman, Jonathan Hayden, Jr., and Thomas H. Fowler, survivors of J. R. Farr, in and to the following real estate, to-wit:

One tract or parcel of land called

LOCUST GROVE,

or by whatsoever name the same may be known or called, containing

285 acres,

more or less.

This land is located in the 4th election district of St. Mary's county.

And I hereby give notice, that on

Tuesday, the 16th of March,

1869,

at the Court House door in Leonardtown, between the hours of 1 and 4 o'clock, p. m. I will expose to public auction the above described real estate, so seized and taken in execution, to the highest bidder for cash—to satisfy said debt, interest and costs due and to become due thereon.

JOHN F. FENWICK, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Sale

of Personal and REAL PROPERTY.

By virtue of a writ of Fieri Facias, issued out of the Circuit Court for St. Mary's county, at the suit of the State of Maryland, at the instance and for the use of John T. Pusey, administrator of the estate of John T. Pusey, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of Clement C. Thompson, M. H. Herriman, Jonathan Hayden, Jr., and Thomas H. Fowler, survivors of J. R. Farr, in and to the following real estate, to-wit:

One tract or parcel of land called

PT. WOTLEY'S ADDITION,

or by whatsoever name the same may be known or called, containing

87 acres,

more or less.

This land is located in the 14th election district of St. Mary's county.

And I hereby give notice, that on

Tuesday, the 16th of March,

1869,

at the Court House door in Leonardtown, between the hours of 12 o'clock, m. and 4 o'clock, p. m. I will expose to public auction the above described real estate, so seized and taken in execution, to the highest bidder for cash—to satisfy said debt, interest and costs due and to become due thereon.

JOHN F. FENWICK, Sheriff.

Trustee's Sale

of REAL ESTATE.

THE undersigned, as Trustee, will sell at public auction by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for St. Mary's county in Equity, passed December 18th, 1868, in Leonardtown at the Court House door, on

Tuesday, the 16th of March,

1869,

between the hours of 12 o'clock, m. and 4 o'clock, p. m., all that tract of land called and known by the name of

ST. JOHN'S,

containing about

200 acres,

being all the real estate of which the late Wm J. Heard died seized and possessed.

Said land lies on St. Jerome's creek, in St. Inigo's District. The buildings are in good order and comfortable. The land is very good and will compare with the finest in the county, and is highly improved.

TERMS OF SALE.

One half cash on the day of sale, or on the ratification thereof, the balance payable at one year and eighteen months in two equal installments, the deferred payments to be secured by the bonds of the purchaser with security to be approved by the Trustee.

JOS H KEY, Trustee.

Feb 18, 1869—ts.

CONFIRMATION NOTICE

M. Wessenden & Joseph Freedman

Joseph Freedman

In the Circuit Court for St. Mary's county, sitting as a Court of Equity.

No. 120 N. E.

ORDERED, this 11th day of Feb, 1869, that the Auditor's Report, filed in this cause, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 22nd day of March next; provided a copy of this order be published in the St. Mary's Beacon, once a week for three successive weeks prior to the said 22nd Monday of March.

JNO A CAMALIER, CLK. True copy—Test. JNO A CAMALIER, CLK. Feb 18, 1869—2w.

Sheriff's Sale of valuable REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a writ of Fieri Facias, issued out of the Circuit Court for St. Mary's county, at the suit of Edward Flater against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of Francis J. Stone, and to be executed all the right, title, interest, claim and demand, at law and in equity, of the said Francis J. Stone, in and to the following property, to-wit:

A tract or parcel of land called

PT. BLOOMSBURY,

or by whatsoever name the same may be known or called, containing

500 acres,

more or less.

This land is located in the 3rd election district of St. Mary's county.

And I hereby give notice, that on

Tuesday, the 16th of March,

1869,

at the Court House door in Leonardtown, between the hours of 1 and 4 o'clock, p. m. I will expose to public auction the above described real estate, so seized and taken in execution, to the highest bidder for cash—to satisfy said debt, interest and costs due and to become due thereon.

JOHN F. FENWICK, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Sale

of REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a writ of Fieri Facias, issued out of the Circuit Court for St. Mary's county, at the suit of Thomas H. Fowler, executor of the will of the late John T. Pusey, administrator of the estate of John T. Pusey, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of Thompson D. Hayden and Aloysius Hayden, and to be directed, I have seized and taken in execution all the right, title, interest, claim and demand, at law and in equity, of the said Thompson D. Hayden and Aloysius Hayden, in and to the following property, to-wit:

A tract or parcel of land called

LOCUST GROVE,

or by whatsoever name the same may be known or called, containing

285 acres,

more or less.

This land is located in the 4th election district of St. Mary's county.

And I hereby give notice, that on

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Trustee's Sale

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