

ST. MARY'S BEACON

LEONARDTOWN, MD. THURSDAY MORNING MAY 20, 1869.

LAW PARADE.—Our village presented quite an interesting and attractive appearance on Monday last, by the parade through the streets of Capt. Gough and Riley's companies—cavalry and infantry respectively. There was quite a large turnout of both companies; and both were the recipients of many high compliments from the spectators for their close attention, soldierly bearing and the precision with which the different evolutions were executed.

The inspection disclosed the very gratifying fact that the men were not only soldiers in appearance and drill, but in knowing how to take care of their arms; which was satisfactory in every respect.

The infantry, we noticed, were drilled entirely in the new (Upton's) tactics, which has been adopted by the State; which for some reasons, we do not like as much as Hardee's, though we think in very many particulars it has the advantage over the latter.

We learn from Major Crane that his command is shortly to have bridges, saddles, etc., issued to them—the knowledge of which fact, we doubt not, will infuse new life into his men.

An election for Brigadier General of the 2nd Brigade, 3rd Division, M. N. G.—which Brigade embraces the different organizations in this and the adjoining counties—will be held in Baltimore city on the 30th of the present month. Col. Frank A. Bond, of Anne Arundel county, commanding the 3rd cavalry, we understand to be the only candidate for the position, and a braver or more gallant officer the Brigade could not have.

SCHOOL ITEMS.—The trustees of the male school in our village elected on Monday last HAZAY FOND, Esq., teacher of said school in place of Mr. D. C. Hammett who had previously resigned on account of ill-health.

Indisposition prevented us from attending the Spring examination in the public schools of our neighborhood on Thursday last, but we are pleased to report upon the authority of the examiners that the pupils developed a steady advancement in the different branches of their studies as compared with their Winter examination.

We regret to learn that Dr. Bunting, the efficient Secretary and Treasurer of the School Board, while recently visiting one of the schools of his section, was thrown from his horse and, though not seriously injured, has since been incapacitated from attending to active business. In reply to inquiries, we give it as our opinion that the School Board will not be prepared to pay off teachers for the Spring session until about the middle of June.—Due notice will be given as soon as the money is reported to be in the hands of the State Treasurer for distribution.

REST AND SMUT.—These monosyllables make long faces and short passes among our agricultural friends at this season, sometimes, and farmers are as sensitive to these watchwords, during the ensuing five weeks, as some old men are to the presence of a cereal barometer in their boot, during the approach of a storm.

We therefore call attention to a mode of arresting these pests by the use of "The Persicator," as advertised in this paper, under the auspices of one of the oldest and most respectable houses in Baltimore. Hon. S. T. Earle, of Queen Anne county, Hon. R. T. Biggs and Dr. David Stewart of Delaware, are referred to as having used it with entire success.

RADICAL RULE.—The infamous character of Radical rule is nowhere more apparent than in Tennessee. Men hold life, liberty and property in that locality, subject to the will of a despot. As to elections and the elective franchise, they are farces. Under the law passed by the Brownlow Legislature, the Governor appoints a register for each county in the State, and no citizen can vote without a certificate of qualification of his register. The only exception is in favor of those who have voted in certain elections held prior to the passage of the franchise law. Outside of this, every applicant for a certificate must prove by two witnesses known to the register to have been ever loyal in sentiments and conduct to the government, and the applicant must take a similar oath. After this the register grants the certificate or not, as he pleases. The Governor can then declare the entire registration void, and appoint a new register and require a new registration; or he can, without proof, or even the form of a political trial, declare any number, or all the votes cast in an election, fraudulent, and thus elect either candidate, or he can call the election void, and appoint a new register. This power extends from the lowest to the highest office.—And this act of the Legislature has been declared by the Supreme Court of the State to be in accordance with the Constitution of the United States; but the judges so deciding were all appointees of the Governor, and Senator, formerly Speaker of the Senate, is now ex-officio Governor of the State. As the Radicals

lay great stress upon that provision of the Constitution which declares "the United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government," it would be well for them to take notice of Tennessee at the present time. Her form of government is certainly not republican, as the founders of our government and the framers of the Constitution understood that word; but it is run upon the Brownlow, Sumner and Coffey principle, and that suits the Radicals better than the system laid down by Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and those great and good men who administered the government according to the old ideas.

COMMUNICATED.

DIAGNOSIS.—We do not propose to say anything new, but merely to bear witness against what Carlyle calls "one of the most crying maladies of these days, and to be testified against, and always to the uttermost withstood," for every observing man will confess the lively, rampant existence of this habit of evil speaking.—Not the foul slanderer's breath alone, but the sly innuendo—the disparaging statement, with insinuation therein—the cruel, hurtful misrepresentation, every man and woman might, with confidence, be appealed to as knowing somewhat of these.

It is not the plague of frogs, but the next one, in which the small dust "on man and beast" is turned to lice, and as there is no distinction made between Israelites and Egyptians in sharing this; so Christians, alike with the ungodly, are to this day infected with this vermin-like speech, which breeds infernally. So, in the morning you should hawk up something "black as a hawk," you need not be surprised at night, to hear that you have hawked up "three black crows."

Then we are writing about a fact, not tangible perhaps; neither is the cholera or yellow-fever, yet terrible pests, nevertheless. Nor is this vice without a personification; it finds its embodiment in the Greek *dia bolos*, and the modern gossip, in the midst of his companions, busy in depicting and blackening the character of others, bears about the same resemblance to his great prototype, as a familiar imp does to the willing servant of sin; but how wide-spread and all-pervading are the devastations of the tongue? Says St. James, "it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison, set on fire of hell." Not infrequently do we find men, who have seemingly perfected themselves in the art of evil speaking—Salmiers, who will rail at God's own appointed, as he did at David. A confusion of tongues was the curse sent on those impious old climbers at the tower of Babel. Would it be less of a scourge in the nineteenth century? Yet, in our religion, politics and literature, how much babbling. We boast of our freedom of speech, alas! that we cannot do as much for its purity. Is not the press of this country notorious, above all others, for its scurrility and low abuse? And are not these virtues (?) carried into private life! Are not the Quakers becoming the most antiquated of people among us?

As there are seasons of the crop, in which the drought and biting frost are doubly dreaded, so the fresh feelings and impulses of early youth, shocked by some low-born slander or vile report—the soul as it were stunted in its after growth—a poisonous suspicion, like some noxious, ineradicable weed or grass, takes possession of its soil; thus interfering with that generous confidence, which makes friendship sweet—or worse still—preparing it for the seeds of restless, bitter misanthropy.

It is not the engraved sentence that perishes, but the marble or brass upon which they are stamped, wastes away—*for words are imperishable*, and once spoken they belong to eternity, as to the judgment and their effects. Thus say we, in the language of the writer first mentioned, "Thou, who wear'st that cunning Heaven-made organ, a tongue, think well of this! Speak not! I passionately entreat thee, till thy thought have silently matured itself—till thou hast other than mad and mad-making sounds to emit."—"Ever to that truth, which but the semblance of falsehood wears."

"A man should bar his lips, which though harmless, he shall not escape reproach."

COMMUNICATED.

A RARE CURIOSITY.

Three weeks ago, one of the gentlemen living on Howard's Wharf, obtained two young foxes before their eyes were open and having a cat with kittens of the same age, it occurred to him to make an experiment. So he gave the kittens away and substituted the foxes. Pass unsuspectingly adopted the young rewards, not seeming to know the difference, giving them suck and showing the same affection as to her own offspring, which is reproached.

QUEST.

(Correspondence of the Beacon.)

Point Lookout, May 18th, 1869.

I wish you could sit by this window, quaffing a little of the salt breeze that comes rolling in with the surf that washes the white pebbles of the sparkle on the beach, and listen to the musical roar of waters gathered from the far off sea. I pledge you my word you'd forget all about politics, agricultural interest, and "such like," and that intended editorial would be, in all probability, unconsciously converted into a poetical effusion, to the delight of your sentimental fair readers, and amusements of your matter-of-fact friends; that is, provided we awakened the delicious forgetfulness of your idle reverie with the suggestive inspiration of a "julp."

Ye gods! the majestic tribute a Byron would have rendered, had he sat just where I do! What a Thanatopsis would he have walked beneath the solemn grandeur of that pine grove with me this morning! While Goldsmith (alas for opportunity!) could have had a "show near Deserated Village of all that hand, without the double of building one from his brain, had he rambled 'mid departed relics, crumbling ruins, over which I mused in silent, profound wonder as to when they were going to clean out, (Gods and all) repair, build up, this *deus-forsak*—the devil! where am I? Why, I've "swinged off" from the pleasant window thoughts, to tell the naked truth, were getting a little too heavy as I got into the woods, and thapsody can't stand seas no more.

Erre many days, however, we expect to enjoy a reality decidedly more acceptable than the romance of such imaginings, for a change in the programme has taken place, Miss Dolphine P. Baker having arrived with the intention of renovating matters as rapidly as Yankee energy and perseverance can effect. The lateness of the season, and the time required to put in complete reception order, will prevent anything like the present fulfillment of ultimate designs; but I believe the principal hotel, with some of the better conditioned cottages, will be fitted up for the accommodation of those who will take things as they find them for the sake of unsurpassed water privileges that can be enjoyed at this long mooted, patriotically struggled for Point of so many, and such rapid, vicissitudes. Even now, axes are being swung, and the "barren" of the barrows parked, darkies en masse, and little pigs waiting their poor little nosey-eyes bored to keep them I suppose from rooting up the refreshing green sward in front. It was a question of "root hog or die" with these graceful little ornaments to the park, so what they'll do now, is unexplained in the last Patent Office Report.

"Verily, the good work has commenced, and the budding of *impertinent* flowers already deck the ornamental garden in process with its gracefully waving, and dandied borders, delightfully shaded by the eaves of two cottages, and circling its extended pleasure strolls far, far—in prospect. Yes, sir! and this blooming array of exotics will lead you to the *Thianatopsis Grove*, through its traversed paths that wind their shaded course under the deep foliage of *broomrape* to the opening Bay, whose waves in gentle ripples those stumps and roots that are to be removed. I must get out of this wood though.

Ah me! how ruthless the march of progress! How futile the purpose of man! Those beautiful *Liters*, "Coma," and "Dunkinson"—whose placid waters have been the theme of such eulogium, and retreat for such coils and snakes; fostered with the bright hopes of perpetuating to endless waterfalls a name distinguished in the annals of Point Lookout, and point within; a name, to have been breathed by an admiring posterity, gazing from its banks, and cussin the "d—d musquitoes"—are to have dumped into their *limpid* *bumuzum* stumps, rubble, shells and all; cut through bank, hand in the vest arm hole, not-with-standing, to the contrary of "any other man."—"Sic transit gloria mundi!"

I wonder if it wouldn't be quite as well while all this is going on to take a stroll up the country to the Post Office, (resting on my way upon the instability of human design) and revive my spirits with a dissertation upon things in general from some of its loungers? Now, a Post Office in a large city like yours is nothing more than a thundering great big paper-and-ink revolver, but a country Post Office—particularly yours—is an institution, Sir, embracing some of the highest social rights, and philanthropic privileges, that this enlightened age confers; fulfilling as it does the charitable precepts of the Bible to clothe the naked, feed the hungry, give drink to the thirsty, heal the sick; and embodying the benefits of intellectual culture in its debates, lectures, readings at the day, and those higher distinctions upon science emanating from its "chair of Philology" which is regularly filled by the man who sits cross-legged on the counter, next to the *plat cap*. The fate, Sir, of countries is here decided; civil, political, and religious liberties, discussed, and adjusted; and mythology treated even unto the rites of Bacchus. Grant, sweating and smoking over the lies of December, should come by there, and take a seat in that corner by the *in measure*, he'd go back with more French Bees, roaring lions, and Eagle clawed snakes in his head, than old Squire Eye could doctor with the Summer rent of office emetic at hand. Yes, Sir! our Post Office is decidedly a *big thing*, and on a ridge at that, and I do pity you people—indeed I do, who can only tap on the window and draw out a letter—with so many in it.

The fact is, very remarkable things in "Loon-town," as my friend Jack calls it, and we are three out of five in on the progressive. Then our social system (3) can't be surprised; for I'd like your name, Sir, any other community where *bull dogs*—yes, your genuine *bull dogs*—are sent at every other house who just only to give warning of a friend's approach? The habits, and customs, too! so regular. Why even the horses are trained to know their places, for you will see the same horses just as regularly take their respective places about 4 p. m., as

their social rendezvous the "Pine," and to leave as promptly at day-break. You might think this would interfere with their days work, but bless you (I) no, not a bit of it; it all depends on education, you know, and them horses are so well trained that they couldn't get one of them to pass their stand not to save you.

Since I've "got on the horse," I might as well jog along back to the point from whence I started, which, by the way, is going to have a bell put up on the Light House to ring the alarm when people fall through the wharf, as also, to warn vessels off the reef lately formed by the shedding of soft-shells; they are so abundant here that you can actually put your hand into the water and pick them up as fast as you get hold of them.

But I must hold this up for a stroll over to the "Big Hotel" to see what's going on. Alas! what desecration! "Uncle Thad" last Summer's *footing horse* has been converted into a ball-room! Little did that sable divine dream as the *spirit* moved him to exhortation, that those halls baptized with spiritual oblation would be thus profaned! I hope, however, that the *prog shop* which is about taking in its sign, will be turned over to him as a place of worship the odors from which inspire him to renewed efforts in theology. Well, I must close the window, until some, fate, or eventual circumstance will enable me to compare dots in the pages of Point Lookout surroundings.

LIFE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS, with a Secret History of the Southern Confederacy, gathered "behind the scenes in Richmond," by EDWARD A. POLLARD, author of "The Lost Cause," etc. Published by the NATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY, 26 South Seventh Street, Phila.

THE AUTHOR'S ANNOUNCEMENT.

I have long meditated writing the life of Jefferson Davis, and divulging in this work a mass of curious and extraordinary information which I have possessed concerning the private and interior history of his government in Richmond. It was a most remarkable singularity of the Southern Confederacy, that, though holding out to the world the forms of republican government, it was as closely veiled in its operations, as secret and reclusive, as the most absolute and arrogant despotism; thus many things happened behind that curtain which Mr. Davis so studiously spread before his government, of which the world has yet no knowledge, and of which even people living in Richmond, and in the shadow of that government, have had only the faintest perception, or, at best, a despatched and imperfect revelation.

The writer may say, without vanity or self-assertion, that he is peculiarly fitted to do this biography of Jefferson Davis. He was near him during the whole war; he had occasion to study his character assiduously, and to pursue him in his administration with a curious and critical industry; and his opportunities as a journalist in Richmond enabled him to learn much of the veiled mysteries and inner scenes of the weak and anomalous government of the Southern Confederacy. The writer thus obtained much of the secret and unwritten history of the Confederacy, involving Mr. Davis, information which, for obvious causes, he could not give to the newspaper press, and which, since the war, he has not yet published in any of his memoirs, for peculiar and impressive reasons.

The fact is, the writer has been for a long time persuaded by friends, standing near him, that the Confederate president to withhold the work he now contemplates, as it was thought it might be used against Mr. Davis on his expected trial, or might inflame against him a fatal prejudice. For this reason alone the writer has for a long time deferred the publication he has now determined upon, and he may claim that in this he has shown an extreme and punctilious regard for Mr. Davis' safety. But he can no longer defer to this solicitude for Mr. Davis; it has become a mere punctilio, since there is no longer any reasonable expectation that the ex-president will ever be brought to trial, or be disturbed in the foreign land in which he is reported to have descended to the company of his trade and present necessities. At least, it is not unreasonable that the writer should longer weigh a calculation so tenuous and remote against a debt severely due to history.

Jefferson Davis should have an acute and truthful biographer—one who would do something more than echo the shallow clamors and interested opinions of the day. Whatever the estimate of his person, he performed a great part in history; and his character, mixed, angular, abundant in surprises, full of surprises and apparent inconsistencies, is precisely that which affords the most interesting and vivid subjects for biography. The writer is conscious of attempting a high and difficult task—an extraordinary work.—He comes to it not only with ample literary preparation, but with an unusual animation. He has been accused of personal hostility to Mr. Davis; and is to-day, perhaps, in all his literary capacities, most truly known to the country as an opponent of the Confederate chief. He repels the accusation of any prejudice in the very front of his work; he is able and willing to do exact justice to Mr. Davis; and if he ever attacked him, it was through supreme devotion to a great cause and from a just resentment towards the man who miswielded and wrecked it.

Those who suppose that they will find in the work of the writer a declamation against Mr. Davis—a mere amplitude of rhetoric, or an excess of passion—will be disappointed. The writer designs to give facts—many of them new, and all of them capable of distinct and impressive evidence. He proposes to address himself to the serious and inevitable historical question: Who was responsible for the failure of the Southern Confederacy? and on this issue he will insist on asserting that rule, familiar to the world, that those who assume power are responsible for its discharge according to the exact measure of their assumption, and that responsibility in any great cause is not to be squandered through subordinate. To do this, indeed, would be to scatter

and enfeeble all the lessons of history; to render impossible its unity of narrative, and to nullify its philosophic responsibility must rest somewhere in history; it naturally and inevitably ascends; and in regarding Mr. Davis as the prime cause of the failure of the South in the late war, the author has but simply recognized and admitted to the great law of logic in historical composition—that, in political affairs, where a certain result is clearly not an accident or misadventure, but must have come from a well-defined cause, that cause ultimately and inevitably rests in the head of the government.

As the author has said in another historical work, "Jefferson Davis cannot escape the epigram that has been applied to every public ruler since the world began. However he may be plastered with 'glittering generalities'; however paltry publications may consult the passions of the hour; however newspapers made up of dish-water and the paste-pot may depreciate the vigorous inquiries of history, and counsel the suppression of unpalatable facts, however partisans may dress their leaders in garish colors and the brilliant and exaggerated uniform of a class, the question comes at last:—How are those failures of the Confederacy which are accounted errors and misadventures to be ascribed, if not to the folly of rulers? Mr. Davis was supreme in his administration, and singularly unembarrassed in directing and controlling public affairs.—There was no question of disconnected authority for the major part of his administration he had a servile Congress, a Cabinet of dummies, and a people devoted to his person."

In these circumstances, the responsibility of the South is well defined, and almost exclusive. But it is not necessary to insist upon this rigidity of construction. The author has simply sought to place Mr. Davis in his true logical position as president of the Southern Confederacy.—He has not been content to rest on secondary causes, or disposed to enter the province of hypothesis and over-refinement; and he has done nothing more than apply to Mr. Davis, four years of presidential life the same rule of responsibility that is familiar in all history, and has been applied to every administration of public affairs in the annals of America.

It is thus that the author, with no design to discriminate personally against him, yet feels impelled by the reasonable logic of history to make him, as it were a head and centre of responsibility in the late war, and to gather around him the causes of the failure of the Southern Confederacy. He risks himself upon the facts of his work, not upon its ingenuity. He designs a severe narrative, and challenges the naked application to it of the common rules of logic. It has already been said that Mr. Davis has determined to reply to this work; if so, he is welcomed to the task, and is challenged to the combat. He shall have facts to oppose; and in such conspicuous, stern and unrelenting contest, the world will decide who falls, who retreats, or who coerces himself with defeat.

Finally, the writer, careless as he is, in the just sense of history, of the person of Mr. Davis, and disclaiming whatever criticisms may grow out of personal feelings, is yet sensible that he has undertaken war, and to gather around him the causes of the failure of the Southern Confederacy. He risks himself upon the facts of his work, not upon its ingenuity. He designs a severe narrative, and challenges the naked application to it of the common rules of logic. It has already been said that Mr. Davis has determined to reply to this work; if so, he is welcomed to the task, and is challenged to the combat. He shall have facts to oppose; and in such conspicuous, stern and unrelenting contest, the world will decide who falls, who retreats, or who coerces himself with defeat.

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EDWARD A. POLLARD.

The book will be sold only by subscription; an agent is desired in every county. See advertisement of agents wanted in another column.

(From the Port Tobacco Times.)

Cesar sends—Health to the "Titans" and desires to state, for the information of those magnificent specimens of the *genus homo*, that if no provision was made for the reception of that splendid cortege at Port Tobacco the blame is to be attributed to inclement skies.

Who could have expected in an hour so rude, an irruption of the "Titans," who rejoiced in *sublimis*, but never delighted in the water. Their control stops with the shore, and to scatter around them an inward and spiritual character, thanks to the liquid marks of the Adjutant's bounty.

The ruthless floods descended and paid no respect for pomatum, starch and blacking, put in requisition by the young sons of chivalry for this important occasion. But notwithstanding, nevertheless, when the next morning revealed their uncomfortable appearance, they could only tread in the mud and look through the misty air storm of their beams. Some remains of their pristine splendor elicited the compliments of Charles' fairest daughters and the flattering eulogy of Captain Cox on their martial bearing. But if the "Titans" did not ascend to Heaven they at least brought angels down. For when was it, in what age or country, when partial beauty did not accord to valour, and the most generous and tender-hearted young ladies sympathize with discomforted knights?

Well aware that patriotism gets hungry and has to eat, thirstily and it has to drink, the citizens, in conformity with the dictates of a christian philanthropy and their ancient hospitality, when apprized of the presence of their distinguished guests, hastened to tender the fat things in the kitchen, to which "Titans" appetites paid willing tribute.

I am happy to add, when they had taken leave, they made the best of their way to St. Mary's, where, relieved of the terrors of a disastrous campaign, they arrived in safety with heads and hearts unbroken and minus only the Major.

The Coliseum at Rome, built by Vespasian, held 100,000 spectators.

OBITUARY.

Died, at the residence of their parents, in Choptico district, February the 19th, JOSEPH CHAPMAN, aged 1 year, 4 months and 5 days, and again on the 11th of March, FANNIE LEE, aged 2 years, 6 months and 24 days, children of R. Chapman and Bettie St. Clair.

"Suff' little children, for come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." Death has again entered the family circle and seized upon two of its most precious treasures and borne them away to the celestial realms on high, there, to unite with that angel throng in prayers to the Supreme God for the loved ones of earth, that they may be all reunited in Heaven.

Weep not thou stricken parents, but be comforted with the assurance that the loved and lost ones are now in Heaven sitting at the right hand of their Almighty Father.

Grive not for thy little darlings whom God has taken from this vale of sorrow and woe to his beautiful home on high, where temptation and trouble shall never assail them. The death of thy little ones should teach you how vain and transitory are the things of this world, and that you should rejoice that they have left this sad unfeeling world for a brighter and a better one, and has but gone to await your coming. Soon you too will follow them to be reunited in that refuge, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

No more will be seen on earth their dear smiling faces and loving ways which made their presence a sunbeam in your home and a blessing to your hearts. Never again will you hear their childish prattle on this earth.

Surely your hearts have been sorely tried—but when you think of that blissful home to which they have been transplanted, all your sorrows will be banished and your solicitude for their future happiness be put to rest.

For God has said, "of such is the kingdom of Heaven." "Gently, very gently, steal— O'er my dear distant cry— Hark! the angels voices calling, Calling from their home on high— Calling for another jewel. For the best angel— Calling for another flower. To deck the throne of God! They were too pure for this cold earth— Too beautiful to stay— So the angels came from Heaven, And bore your children away." DONATEL.

OBITUARY.

Died, at the residence of her father, Z. Lathrum, near St. Clement's Bay, April the 26th, of measles, after a short illness, ANN ELIZABETH LATHRUM, in the 20th year of her age.

Again we have to record the death of a favorite daughter, a beloved sister and a sincere friend. Of a mild and gentle disposition, true and unaffected piety, she was a meek and a sincere member of the Catholic Church. "In the midst of life we are in death." Oh! never were warnings more wordily soberly verified. But a few short days ago, she was in the midst of life, buoyant with health and hope.—She was the pride of her father, the joy of her mother, and the beloved companion of her sister and brother, and now her body lies buried in the cold and silent grave in old St. Joseph's Church yard, but her beautiful spirit has flown, let us hope, to the arms of her Saviour, there to enjoy the sweets of celestial bliss forever more.

"THE PERSICATOR," OR PEACH MANURE.

SOLUBLE PHOSPHATE OF POTASH.

The exterminator of RUST, SPORES and INSECTS that infest CORN and WHEAT. The "Top-dressing" for GRASS and CLOVER.

For TOBACCO and CORN it affords the most concentrated form of SOLUBLE PHOSPHATES AND POTASH.

The food which forms the mineral part of the plant, so well known to all intelligent planters, furnishing the very elements that are removed with every crop, and are deficient in cultivated soils, both in EUROPE and AMERICA, and in all farm manures.

CHEAPER THAN WOOD ASHES. Supplying the peculiar elements of the PEACH. ORCHARDS manured with the "PERSICATOR" bore last year abundantly and "Hundreds of Thousands of Trees" in the same neighborhood, not thus manured, that did not yield a single Peach.

DISEASED TREES, with yellow leaves, under the influence of the "PERSICATOR" produced a dark green foliage in a few weeks. CORN stands "to a hill," even in the midst of other hills, injured by the insect, that were not manured by it.

No LIME should be applied to land without its co-operation, as its influence is largely increased *in time*, and, when slacked with it, other advantages result in the economical use of the Potash. For sale by WM. CRICHTON & SON, Agents and Patentees, Bowly's Wharf, Baltimore, Md.

May 20, 1869—1m.

For County Commissioner. GEORGE MATTINGLEY is respectfully recommended to the voters of St. Mary's county as a candidate for County Commissioner and will receive a earnest support from CHOPTICO DISTRICT. May 20, 1869.

RUST AND SMUT IN WHEAT AND OATS.

THE CAUSTIC POTASH PHOSPHATE CALLED "PERSICATOR."

A fine, dusty powder, sown as plaster, it reaches every plant and destroys the spores of these pests—Rust, Smut and Insects everywhere. One bushel will save an acre of wheat, and pay seven-fold as a permanent manure thereafter. Try only one barrel, leaving the rest of the field unmanured by the Persicator for comparison. Price \$3 per barrel. For trial only. Send for a Circular to WM. CRICHTON & SON, Wood street, Bowly's Wharf, Baltimore. May 20, 1869—1m.

PERRY & BROTHER,

Extensive Dealers in all kinds of DRY GOODS, of the best quality, for general family use.

RICH SHAWLS, CLOAKS, SILKS AND EMBROIDERIES.

ONE PRICE ONLY, Marked in Plain Figures. Washington City, D. C. Perry Building, AUGUSTUS E. PERRY, THOS. J. PERRY, Penna. Av. & 9th st. Established 1840.

Carpets, Curtains, Oil Cloths, Mattings, Rugs, &c—Upper Floors. All orders receive prompt and careful attention. May 20, 1869—3m.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE Secret History OF THE CONFEDERACY.

THE astonishing revelations and startling disclosures, made in this work, are creating the most intense desire in the minds of the people to obtain it.—The secret political intrigues, &c., of Davis and other Confederate leaders, with the *Hidden Mysteries* from "Behind the Scenes in Richmond," are thoroughly explained. Send for Circulars and see our terms, and a full description of the work. ADDRESS: NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Pa. May 20, 1869—4w.

NOTICE.

THE Lord willing, the first quarterly meeting for St. Mary's Circuit, M. E. Church, South, will be held in the Grove near G. W. J. Backler's on SATURDAY and SUNDAY, May 22nd and 23rd. The P. E. Rev. J. S. Martin, D.D., will be present. Preaching on Sunday at 10 o'clock, a. m., and 3 p. m. The members of the quarterly Conference are requested to meet at Mr. Backler's house, Saturday morning, at 10 o'clock. J. S. MARTIN, P. E. I. G. MARTIN, P. C. May 20, 1869—1t.

CONFIRMATION NOTICE.

Nathan Webb & Jefferson Shultz James L. Biscoe, Walter S. Biscoe & others. In the Circuit Court for St. Mary's County, sitting as a Court of Equity. No. 85 N. E.

ORDERED, this 18th day of May, 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 3rd Monday of June 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 3rd Monday of June. JNO A CAMALIER, CLK. Truecopy—Test: JNO A CAMALIER, CLK. May 18, 1869—3w.

For County Commissioner.

W. S. LYON will consent to be a candidate for County Commissioner, he will receive the vote of CHOPTICO. May 20, 1869.

For County Commissioner.

We respectfully submit J. J. REDMOND to the voters of the County as a suitable person for County Commissioner. MANY FRIENDS. May 20, 1869.

DENTISTRY.

DR. PAGE EDMUNDS, DENTIST, having permanently located at Leonardtown, respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of St. Mary's, and if persons desire to have their teeth of the adjoining counties.

In answer to the many letters of enquiry in regard to my prices, I herewith subjoin a list of them. For plugging tooth with gold, lowest price, \$ 3 00 For plugging tooth with silver, 2 00 Removing tartar, 3 00 For inserting teeth, the price will be governed by the material they are based upon. Extracting tooth, \$1 00 In performing a large amount of work in a family, of course, deductions will be made. May 13, 1869—1t.

For the Legislature.

Having served the county faithfully and honestly in the low or branch of the last Legislature of Maryland, and respectfully recommend JEFFERSON SON D LAKER to the people for the same position at the ensuing Fall election. CHOPTICO DISTRICT. May 13, 1869.

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By Mrs. John Saunders, at 2 o'clock, Thursd

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