ST. MARY'S BEACON

LEONARDTOWN, MD.

THURSDAY MORNING, June 10, 1869.

PERSONAL.—Gov. Bowie has appointed JAMES S. DOWSE, of this place, *aide-de-camp* upon his personal staff with the rank of Colonel. Indulging the hope that His Excellency's duties will not require him to lead us into any dangerous place—like that at Monterey, for instance, —we accept the position to which we have been appointed with pride and pleasure and return our grateful thanks for the compliment.

Sickness during last week prevented the preparation of several local and other notices, which we had intended to publish in our issue of the 3d. We offer this in explanation of the non-appearance of these items in our columns of that date.

CIRCUIT COURT.—The June Term of our Circuit Court commenced on Monday last, His Honor, Judge Ford, presiding. The call of the Appearance Docket was commenced, and continued until 12 o'clock, when the call of the Recognizance Docket began, and, upon parties charged with offences or held to testify answering, were respited to September Term and peace recognizances renewed, etc. The call of the Appearance Docket was then concluded and the peremptory call of the Trial Docket commenced.

On Tuesday the call of the Trial Docket was concluded, judgments being given in plain and uncontested cases, and other cases disposed of for the Term by continuance or otherwise. Judge Magruder arrived in the afternoon, and held Court to a late hour, hearing arguments of counsel in Equity cases.

On yesterday, both Judges Ford and Magruder were on the bench. Cases on the Trial Docket, which had been passed on account of the absence of counsel or for other cause, were called and disposed of. The opinion of his Honor, Judge Magruder, in the case of Forbes vs. Franklin was read and filed, and orders filed in several other cases in equity, among others, the case of Thomas W. Morgan's real estate. Court adjourned yesterday evening.

PEACHES.—We neglected to acknowledge in our last issue the receipt from Col. Plowden, of Bushwood, of specimens of his growing Hale's Early variety of peach. The specimens sent were attached to the stems—some half dozen in number—and showed a larger growth and greater profiteness than we had seen up to the time they were presented us.

We notice that, at a recent meeting of the peach growers of the Eastern Shore Peninsula, including Delaware, convened at Dover, the statement was made that over two millions of bushels of peaches would be shipped from that section by rail alone this season to market. This quantity is so grossly in excess of all previous yearly peach results, that we think there must either be some typographical error in the estimate or else a willful intention to mislead. Certain it is, no previous peach statistics in that quarter justify any such statement, and we learn from a gentleman of the highest character for veracity who very recently visited the counties of Worcester and Wicomico in this State and the peach region of Delaware, that he saw nothing, although giving special attention to the subject, to authorize a belief that even an average crop would be realized this year in the localities named. Without, then, personal observation is at fault and the newspapers of the peninsula have all been lying, the Dover estimate of the present peach prospect is grossly exaggerated. The truth is, there has been at least a partial failure of the peach crop everywhere in the Middle States and in many localities a total one. The effects upon the peach interest of such untruthful statements as the one under notice has been greatly injurious. We are informed by a gentleman who made the inquiry that the packers of Baltimore and New York, under the pretext or impression that an overflowing peach crop was pending, are offering only a $1 a box (containing a bushel) and 40 cents a basket (containing about 3 pecks) for the earliest peaches that may be brought into market.

THE COMMISSION BUSINESS.—The Messrs. GOLDEN, of Washington, formerly from our section of the State, have in successful operation, the largest river commission business in Washington, which they conduct in connection with their extensive Grocery. During the fishing season they were the agents for the sale of the greater portion of shipments of fish from the lower Potomac, and we believe gave entire satisfaction. They have now a large granary for the reception of cereal shipments; good protection for stock from inclement weather; in fact, are fully prepared to care for, attend to, and sell all shipments made them in the best manner.—Besides being energetic business men, they are known to be reliable and responsible. We cheerfully commend their advertisement to the perusal of our readers.

(Correspondence of the Beacon.)

Point Lookout,
June 8th, 1869.

So, you are going to be sued, Mr. Editor, and I (your innocent) am going to be cased! Now that's just what comes of letting one's feelings get the better of you, but I'll like to know how I, or any man with a circulating medium under his vest *could* look on the oblivion of those Lakes without a hilarious uprising of sentimental effusion, a parting cadence o'er an obliterated name. Couldn't do it, sir! but I'll tell you what I *will* do: I'll swop with you; for I'd rather any day get into a suit than have one kicked off me.

Notwithstanding the mud dumped into those beautiful sheets of water, things here begin to look as if a person could pass a very pleasant week, or so, and the earnest intention to render it agreeable to visitors this Summer is the busy din of the hammer, the "whoa-up" of teams, plying of rakes, whitewash, &c., putting a face on the place quite as refreshing as you look in a white linen Sunday morning. I could but notice, as I have often done, when returning from up the country the "latter afternoon" where it was hot enough to stew soap out of a darkey's little, how delightfully cool the change was on reaching the "Point," with its soft, delicious wind "breathing God's blessing upon the fainting earth;" and the blue water lying so temptingly for one of its invigorating baths. To be sure 'tis not intended, nor can it be expected, that Saratoga accommodations can be fitted up in so short a time as intervenes before the watering season, but to those who want to enjoy in their quiet way a breeze dry under shady trees, a cool night free from disturbed snore, a bath that will wash the winter crust from smothered pores, and a table redolent with salt water luxuries all ready at the gong stroke of one's stomach, I say come down here where mint, young, and tender, grows at hand, where the moon shines exceedingly in love's dream, and the evening song of the sweet little bull-frogs—that used to live in these *Lakes*, but now live in our well—tingle your ears as pleasantly as the singing in one's head after a night at the "Pines." Apropos of the same, I halted there some days ago, attracted by the singularity of thump, thump, thump—gurgle, gurgle, gurgle, resounding in continuous succession from within, while no vestige of a human could be seen to account for sounds that struck me with mute astonishment. Curiosity couldn't stand it, so I alighted, and went in, when pshaw! 'twas only one room-full rapping away in silence at euchre, while the other room full were drinking their liquor up as silently. And this, sir, was one of those remarkable instances of that social proclivity alluded to in my last, where the euchre follows sit down, shuffle up, and call for a "pint o' the best," just to treat their friends who never play, but *are some* on the drink. The players do get watered around out of that *same* tumbler *sometimes*, and they seem to take to it so kindly, I wonder at their being so liberal with the "critter." These pleasant reunions are the "harmoniest" things too! never *more* than five black eyes winking over the funny time they've had together.

Jogging along up the road I was struck with the mercantile turn of the country, there being no less than 14 stores nearly in sight of one another, some having one barrel on hand, and some a half one, but each had a man stretched out on the counter sound asleep, that he might be fresh, and lively, to wait on customers, or, perhaps, as fly catchers, for they all slept with their mouths open, and flies, you know, love sweet things. All complained of hard times, no business, which led me to suppose they good naturedly kept the shop running to help the Clerk's office in your town. But a more hospitable set of fellows when they do wake up never invited you to "smile" with the gratifying condition of playing, and 9 cases in 10, paying for it afterwards.

Will you please tell me in your next Editorial what a Road Commissioner is elected for in this part of the world? Of course I know its not to keep the roads in order for that is patent to the bones of any traveler, as well to the axles of any buggy, which stands just about as much chance as a bob-tail horse in fly time; but I managed to find an easy turn over some conveniently located mud holes in the road to old St. Inigoe's church.—There it stood as in years past, its time worn walls looking more sombre than ever under the shadow of moss covered trees that had shaded it until they and it, had grown gray. A solemnity always reigns in a country churchyard, and life here, was as still and hushed, as the death-sleep under it. I looked for the tombs of those who years ago had stood there with me but no record could I find of this last tribute of earth, and but one monument seemed to answer for all that was to the memory of Rev. Mr. Cadbury, not a head board marking the graves upon which, as I afterwards found, I had unconsciously walked. Horrible! to consign thus to the cold earth a loved one, with not even a remembrance of the spot to deter the grave digger from crashing into the remains while digging a new one. And this in a Christian burial ground! A Christian community! There is no excuse, none on earth, for such inhuman indifference, for even the wild African is his benighted land, marks the dead with the homage of his remembrance. I turned from that graveyard more shocked than mere words could express, and shudder yet when I think that mother, father, sister, brother, wife, child, are scattered promiscuously, without a mound to cover them, or even a stake to identify the dark, lonely, deserted graves of those who loved you dearly, and would have cared for your remains differently. A shame, my friends, to all there concerned.

A pleasant contrast to this depressive view is presented in this little churchyard Sunday mornings, when, gathered from the country round, fair maids, and Sunday-go-meeting bucks are grouped in pleasant converse together, and we forget the neglected dead in the faces of the living; faces, so fresh and natural, in their country bloom; so coy and winning in their shy exclusiveness. The rich organ peals forth its solemn invocation, and all go in, all kneel down in reverence before God's sacred altar, then seat themselves with subdued quietness, and then opening their holy book of prayer, commence inspection of Sarah Jane's June bonnet, Eliza Ann's new grenadine just from Madam Demorest, and oh! these "little loves of flowers," with pink and green streamers in Betsy Snobk's hat—Over turn the leaves, and round go their eyes, 'til not one sprig, one shade of ribbon, nor fold of skirt, no, not even that rio between the thumb and fore finger of Phœbe Thompson's wont-stretch Kids escape their critical peeps over the book, to be talked, and questioned, about after church. But the dear little things do say their prayers, for, you see, they read them a leaf or two ahead, which gives them time for survey until the Priest catches up, then heads down, and all start even again. As for devout attention on my part, or recollection of the sermon, even if it wasn't preached in a foreign tongue, you couldn't fairly expect it of me, now, could *you*, Mr. Editor (?) with all those beaming countenances turned towards heaven—to be looked at; but I didn't like to go all the way home not knowing what I came to hear, the Gospel, so, begging a fair acquaintance to refresh my treacherous memory, by telling it me, I was told it was "pink crape, made of two pieces plaited; the back fin shed with lace; the edge of the brim trimmed with pink flowers and dead-colored leaves." Not surprising I didn't exactly comprehend that Gospel, was it? (Dear little heart! she was thinking about that bonnet, you know.) 'Twouldn't do, sir, for any one hugging his conceit of bachelor immobility to stand in front of that door as they swarm out. No use talking about it my "friend and Spitcher" he would be blasted as irretrievably as the electric current from the ebon cloud of nature the knarled and century-old sentinel of the forest—like it, he would be scared and deserted, and left to stand grimly and blackened alone in the forest of the holy politic, "society"—a blighted cynic for the sunlight of their beauty to glimmer around, and their chilling smile of capricious scorn to gambol at will amid his scathed and withered branches. But let us leave the church after that burst, and for God sake pass that team with a rope harness and tied up tongue, for, independent of the chance of its blocking the road up by a break down, the wheels screech so internally you can't hear in one ear what comes in at the other. You say he is well to do—why in the devil then don't the fellow get a decent harness at least, that wont wear and tear poor horse flesh, besides, the look of the thing?

I suppose church humor bent my steps this afternoon to the Confederate burial ground, and *what* a resting place for the dead! Brave, honest, intelligent gentlemen lie there uncared for, unnamed, save by the loathsome snake that hisses from their sunken graves. Great God! what a profanation in the history of this country has the word *Liberty* become! But a few days ago and the mockery of a pageant was offered throughout this fanatical land to those who had gone to their graves reeking with the blood of slaughtered Liberty; who had trampled under their foreign heels its most sacred trusts; while here, with not even the decencies of civilized observance, he men as pure and true to the hallowed cult of Liberty and Justice, as ever bared breasts in maintenance of right—Liberty! Honor! Honor and Right! it *they* did not fight for these, *who* did? Imported Dutchmen I suppose.

ZAIRE.

[COMMUNICATED.

St. George's,
June 8, 1869.

Mr. Editor.—In your issue of the 27th ult., is a correspondence between Messrs. B. M. Rhodes & Co., and Thos. J. Hall & Co., headed "Tobacco Culture," the object evidently being to draw the attention of farmers to "Rhodes Tobacco Manure" as a superior fertilizer for Tobacco. Now, Mr. Editor, as much as I dislike to appear in print, I do not feel that I would be doing justice to my brother farmers of St. Mary's county if I remained silent, knowing that many of them, like myself, have been frequently humbugged by the purchase of what is so speciously advertised as "Superior Fertilizer" for this, that or the other crop. I therefore make the following statement. In the Spring of 1868, upon the strong recommendation of B. M. Rhodes & Co., I purchased of them four hundred lbs. of their "Tobacco Manure," having previously purchased what I had intended for my tobacco crop of a popular and well tried fertilizer. Mr. Rhodes gave me every assurance that the article sold by him was fully equal to the one previously purchased at a higher price—so I determined to give it a fair trial. I directed my manager to apply two hundred (200) lbs. per acre, the quantity I had applied of the other—but having started in a new hand to scatter the guano, he gave it a much larger dose than was intended and got on fully three hundred lbs. per acre. The crop stood finely and grew off well, but it was soon evident that the Tobacco to which two hundred lbs. of the other manure had been applied was taking the lead, and so it continued up to the time of cutting the crop, when it was twice the size of that to which the Rhodes & Co. Tobacco Manure had been applied. In this letter I do not mean to impugn the veracity of either of the gentlemen alluded to in its beginning—for I know the action of a certain fertilizer upon different soils, depends very much upon the chemical constituents, of said soils, and while B. M. Rhodes & Co.'s Manure may be valuable as a Tobacco grower in Prince George's or Calvert it might greatly disappoint those who use it in St. Mary's, as it most assuredly did

JUSTICE.

COMMITTED TO JAIL.—A man giving his name as John L. Lee, and who claims to be from South Carolina, was arrested on the 31st of May, ult., by officer Fowler and committed to Jail by Mr. Justice Morgan a few days ago charged with stealing a horse from Rev. Mr. McKenny, stealing an overcoat and saddle from James Harding, and stealing a silver watch and pocket book containing money from William Spalding.

LONGEVITY.—There is an absurd idea, current among "outside barbarians," that our county is hopelessly given over to various malarious diseases which assault human life in the beginning, tenaciously adhere to it up to the age of puberty and finally wither it away long before its time. An absurd idea, we repeat, for an attendance at church, mill or muster in this latitude will show, we are confident, a heavier percentage of grey heads than can be found in the same number of population in any other section of the State.—Why,—but our purpose is not to write a treatise upon the health of our county, but simply to uncover the following mortuary facts communicated by a reliable correspondent. Died, recently, in the neighborhood of St. Joseph's church in St. Mary's county, Mary Curtis, negress, aged 103 years, and Reuben Boad, negro, aged 106 years:

In addition to this, the same correspondent informs us, that there are now living in his section, a negro woman, Ally Holt, over a hundred years old, and a negro man, Jim, (formerly belonging to Col. Heard) aged 98 or 99. It will be remarked, that these cases of longevity all occur in the same neighborhood.

A BIG CATCH.—A big catch—our maiden lady readers will please not anticipate—a big catch was made in the waters of our bay last week and the catch in question was a rock fish weighing ten pounds avoirdupois and the fortunate angler, our friend, Emerson of Washington, D. C., as clever a fellow, bye-the-bye, as ever eat oysters or loved a good cigar.—The amateur fisherman was, of course, in ecstacies, and the feat stands a good chance of being celebrated the whole length and breadth of the national metropolis, the boast being that the catch was caught with an ordinary perch hook and that the older fishermen in the same boat caught on the occasion nothing very much beyond the dimensions of ordinary minnows.

CROPS.—The corn crop has been pretty generally planted throughout our county, has come up well, and, considering the number of cold snaps we have had since it was pitched, is growing offinely. Tobacco planting is nearly concluded. The plants are standing well and we have as yet heard very little complaint of the worm. The wheat prospect is exceedingly promising. The cold weather of the past week has been very favorable and many crops are considered out of danger from the rust. Harvesting will generally commence the 1st of next week.

WASHINGTON ELECTION.—The municipal election in Washington on Monday last resulted in favor of the radicals by an average majority of 4400. 14500 votes were cast. Large bands of negroes from Maryland and Virginia "voted early and voted often," and much rioting prevailed. The bulk of the conservative voters gallantly staid at home and are now dreadfully indignant that the negroes have carried the city.

MILITARY ELECTION.—Col. Frank A. Bond, of Anne Arundel county, commanding the 3rd Regiment, M. N. G. Cavalry, has been elected by the commanding officers of Regiments and Batalions within his Brigade District—embracing this and the adjoining counties—Brigadier General to command the 2nd Brigade, 3rd Division, Maryland National Guard.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.—To His Excellency, Governor Bowie, we are indebted for "A Descriptive List of the Burial Places of the Remains of Confederate Soldiers who fell in the battles of Antietam, South Mountain, Monocacy, and other points in Washington and Frederick counties in the State of Maryland."

HAIL STORM.—The Hail Storm in our county on Sunday week last, though limited in its swathe and of short duration, was exceedingly violent and proved very distructive to crops in certain localities. The chief extent of damage was the Patuxent section of our county.

THE STATE ARTILLERY.—Gov. Bowie was notified by the authorities at Washington, one day last week, that the guns for the artillery organizations of the State are ready and subject to his order.

SOMNAMBULISM CURED.—Professor Pollizzari, of Florence, has hit upon a cure for somnambulism. It simply consists in winding once or twice round one's leg, on going to bed, a thin flexible copper wire, long enough to reach the floor. Eighteen somnambulists treated in this way have been either permanently or temporarily cured. The Gazetta Medica, of Venice, which reports the fact, says that copper wire is known to dissipate magnetic somnambulism, and that this circumstance led the professor to have recourse to this strange remedy.

An Irishman once said to another, "And ye have taken the teetotal pledge, have ye?" "Indade I have, and I'm not ashamed of it,ither." "Sure and didn't Paul tell Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach's sake?" "So he did; but my name is not Timothy, and there is nothing the matter with my stomach."

THE POET BRYANT.—In December, 1867, Mr. Bryant responded in a beautiful letter, to an invitation of the alumni of Williams College, to read a poem at their annual meeting. The brief and charming epistle, declining, is poetical in its sympathy, and expresses with pathos, not the decline of powers of mind yet vigorous, but a conscientious distrust of reaching that perfection of poetical excellence which his admirers might expect from his previous compositions. Here is the letter, more valuable than many occasional verses:

"You ask me for a few lines of verse to be read at your annual festival of the alumni of Williams College. I am ever ill at occasional verses. Such as it is, my vein is not of that sort. I find it difficult to satisfy myself. Besides, it is the December of life with me. I try to keep a few flowers in pots—mere reminiscences of a more genial season, which is now with the things of the past. If I can have a carnation or two for Christmas I think myself fortunate. You write as if I had nothing to do in fulfilling your request but to go out and gather, under the hedges and by the brooks, a bouquet of flowers that spring spontaneously, and throw them upon your table. If I were to try, what would you say if it proved to be only a little bundle of dead stalks and withered leaves, which my dim sight had mistaken for fresh green sprays and blossoms? So I must excuse myself as well as I can, and content myself with wishing a very pleasant evening to the foster-children of Old Williams who meet on New-Year's day, and all manner of prosperity and honor to the excellent institution of learning in which they were nurtured."

The Louisville Courier Journal has the following good thing:—Just in front of Lithgow's foundry reclines a stately iron cast of a magnificently large greyhound. The cast is so well executed that, at any time but daytime, it might easily be mistaken for a genuine dog, susceptible of strychnine or any other municipal legislation palatable to the unmuzzled scions of a persecuted species. This dog the two conservators happened to come upon the other night, when one of them, pursuant to the published proclamation of the Police commissioners, gently threw a piece of poisoned meat toward the reclining figure. But the dog stirred not an inch. Even his ears hung motionless, and his sharp snout pointed persistently in one direction. Another piece of meat was thrown him. Again he lay motionless. Another and another followed, but he never once stirred. "Dog on it, it that don't beat my" remarked one of the M. P.'s. He's lost his appetite, or he wouldn't lay there in that way." "Try him again: he'll come to it," hopefully responded the other. And then another piece of meat was thrown, and yet another, but the dog remained immovable.—Pretty soon the M. P.'s went up a little closer. The dog did not stir. A little closer yet, and their hands were upon him. "Boys, he's cold!" ejaculated No. 1. "H—ll, we've sold this time," responded No. 2; "throw the d—d thing round. Let's go, partner. Mum's the word." And the dog was left. The strychnine hadn't worked.

THE NEW YORK WOMAN'S CLUB.—Rather more than a year ago a number of the literary ladies of New York sent in a proposition to the committee of the Delmonico dinner, that ladies should be present on the occasion as well as gentlemen.—The request was not acceded to, and a lady named Mrs. Croly was thereupon "stimulated to the formation of a representative woman's club." She called a meeting at her own house, at which were present Mrs. C. B. Wilbour, Mme. Botta, Mrs. Henry M. Field, Mrs. Ottarson, and Miss Kate Field. Others joined afterwards joined, among whom was "Fanny Fern," (Mrs. Fanny Fern Parton).—Various minor difficulties were encountered at the commencement with regard to the appointment of officers, and the selection of a name. With regard to the latter object, "Mrs. Croly saw in a botanical dictionary the word "Sorosis," which signifies aggregation, growth, perfection; as the result of such aggregation, 'Sorosis,' a rich fruit, growing out of many flowers;" and, after the proposing and trying of other appellations, "Sorosis" is the name adopted by the woman's club.

An incompletely reconstructed Southerner moved to Vermont lately, and soon afterward his family was increased by the addition of a native Vermonter. His oldest son, a boy of four years, was at first delighted with his little brother, and after a few weeks began to tire of his crying, and got a little jealous from fancied neglect. One day he climbed up into his father's lap, and asked him, "Papa, which do you like best, me or baby?" The father, thinking to please the little prattler, answered that he liked him best.—After a serious thought, the shrewd youth said: "Pa, I know you like me the best." "Why?" asked the father. "It's because I'm a Southern man, and baby is a d—d Yankee."

DOMESTIC SCENE.—"Pretty time of night, Mr. M———, for you to come—pretty time, 3 o' clock in the morning; you, a respectable man in the community, and the father of a family." "Tis't three—its only one; I heard it strike; City Council always sits till one o' clock." "My soul! Mr. M———, you're drunk—as true as I'm alive, you're drunk—It's three in the morning." "I say Mrs. M———, it's one. I heard it strike one as I came around the corner, twice three times." His spouse could say no more, so she retired.

LONG AND SHORT DAYS.—The farther any country lies north the longer are its days in winter. At Berlin and London, the longest day has sixteen hours and a half; at Stockholm it has eighteen hours; and shortest five hours; at Fornac, in Finland, the longest day has twenty-one hours and a half; Wanberlous, in Norway, the day lasts from the 21st of May to the 22d of July; and at Spitsbergen the longest day is three months and a half.

DIED.

At the residence of his son, in this district, on Friday night last, after a lingering illness, SAMUEL SPALDING, aged about 64 years. May he rest in peace.

At the residence of the parents in the Factory district, on the 4th inst., infant daughter of J. M. and Eliza O. Milburn, aged 4 weeks.

MORGAGEE'S SALE
of valuable
REAL ESTATE.

BY authority of a Deed Trust from James A. Bates and wife to Thomas O. Spencer, dated the 3rd day of June, 1867, and recorded in Liber J. A. C. No. 2, folios 293 and 294, one of the land records of Saint Mary's county, the undersigned will sell at public auction at the Court House door in Leonardtown, on

Tuesday, the 6th day of July, 1869,

all that tract of valuable real estate, lying in Saint Mary's county, called and known as

PART CEDAR POINT,

containing

215 acres,

more or less, and also

100 acres

of wood land, adjoining the lands of the late Mrs Precilla Farlow and James C. Milburn—containing in the aggregate

315 acres,

more or less.

This farm is eligibly located, within two miles of the Mill Stone Landing, on the Patuxent river, and is improved by a large and comfortable

DWELLING HOUSE,
BARN,
STABLES,

and other buildings necessary to a country residence. The land is in a high state of cultivation, and has upon it fine Peach and Apple Orchards.

TERMS OF SALE,

as prescribed by the Deed of Trust. One half cash on the day of sale, and the balance, a credit of one and two years in equal instalments, with interest from day of sale.

THOS O SPENCER,
Mortgagee.
MADDOX & CRANE,
Attorneys

June 10, 1869—ts.

NOTICE.

MRS. JAMES J FORBES, FORMERLY of St Mary's county, has taken Rooms, No. 11, South Howard street, Baltimore, and is prepared to receive PERMANENT and TRANSIENT BOARDERS, and she will be pleased to have her friends in Charles and St Mary's counties, and elsewhere call upon her when they visit the city.

Mr. JAMES J FORBES also has established himself at 153 South Charles street in the same city, where he may be found at all convenient times, by his numerous friends, who can be accommodated with the best of CIGARS, *wholesale and retail*. He flatters himself that they will not pass him by.

June 10, 1869—3w.

CONFIRMATION NOTICE.

Penn and Mitchell
& others,
vs.
Samuel Blair
& others.

In the Circuit Court for St Mary's County, sitting as a Court of Equity.
No. 582 N E.

ORDERED, this 2nd day of June, 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 1st Monday of July 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 1st Monday of July.

JNO A CAMALIER, Clk.
True copy—Test:
JNO A CAMALIER, Clk.

may 13, 1869—5w.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscribers have obtained from the Orphans' Court of St Mary's county, Md., letters of administration on the personal estate of William H Guy, late of said county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the proper vouchers thereof, to the subscribers, on or before the 1st day of Feb. 1870; otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of the said estate. Given under our hands this 10th day of June, 1869.

WM H GUY,
J F ABELL,
Administrators.

June 10, 1869—4w.

For the State Legislature.

R JOHNSON COLTON is recommended to the voters of St Mary's county as a candidate for a seat in the lower branch of the General Assembly of Maryland and will be earnestly supported by the voters of the county, particularly by the young men of Leonardtown District.

June 10, 1869.

For the Legislature.

If Col. THEOPHILUS HARRISON, of Charlotte Hall District, will consent to serve the people in the lower branch of the General Assembly of Maryland, he will receive at the ensuing Fall election a general support from the Factory District.

June 10, 1869.

The only Washington City
Grocery and
Commission Advertisement.

R. A. COLDEN & BRO.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

GROCERS

AND

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Nos. 34 and 36 F street South, corner 10th and F sts. near the Potomac River.

HAVING erected a large three-story brick on the site of our old stand, we now have every convenience for the storage of grain and other shipments. We have also upon the premises every convenience for the care of cattle, sheep, and other live stock.—We are not, in future, compelled to sell at the boat, on the arrival of shipments, at whatever may be offered by one or two purchasers who are ever present to take advantage of any necessities. If the offers are not fair and at market quotations, we take shipments to our premises and visit dealers, thus, as we believe, securing to shippers the best market prices. Our commission is at the usual rates.

In connection with our commission business, we have a large supply of the

Finest Groceries

which we guarantee to sell at Baltimore prices. Also, a large assortment of every variety of

Wines and Liquors,

at the lowest possible rates.

Remember the place and firm.

R. A. COLDEN & BRO.,
Corner of 10th and F street south
near the Potomac river.

June 10, 1869—3f.

NOTICE.

OFFICE OF ASSESSOR
OF INTERNAL REVENUE,
Fifth District Maryland,
Sandy Spring, Montgomery Co.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the annual list of valuations and enumerations of the Income Tax of 1868, and License Tax, and the Tax on all articles enumerated in the Excise Law of the United States, for 1869; made and taken by the Assistant Assessors for the Fifth Collection District, may be examined by all persons interested at my office, at SANDY SPRING, from the

28th day of May, to the 18th of June, 1869,

when and where the undersigned will attend to receiving and determining all appeals relative to any erroneous or excessive valuations, assessments or enumerations, by the Assistant Assessors, returned in said list.

All appeals must be in writing, specifying the particular cause, matter, or thing, respecting which a decision is requested, and shall moreover, state the ground or principle of error complained of.

B. RUSH ROBERTS,
Assessor.

Sandy Spring, May 24th, 1869.

June 3, 1869—3t.

CONFIRMATION NOTICE.

Zephaniah Nelson
& others,
vs.
Joseph Guy, Wife
& others.

In the Circuit Court for St Mary's county, sitting as a Court of Equity.
No 197 N E.

ORDERED, this 27th 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 4th 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 4th Monday of June.

JNO A CAMALIER, Clk.
True copy—Test:
JNO A CAMALIER, Clk.

June 3, 1869—3w.

For the House of Delegates.

The friends of JOHN PARSONS respectfully submit his claims to the voters of St Mary's county for the position of Delegate to the next General Assembly of Maryland. Mr. Parsons is a man of sound practical mind, great energy of character and much business experience; and, if he will consent to become a candidate, he will be warmly supported by the

PEOPLE.

June 3rd, 1869.

DISSOLUTION.

THE Co-partnership heretofore existing between John C Herbert and William F Leach, under the firm and style of Herbert & Leach, has been dissolved by mutual consent. All persons indebted to the late firm are hereby requested to come forward and settle by cash, draft or note, without delay. Either member of the late firm is authorized to settle the business of the firm.

JOHN C HERBERT,
WM F LEACH.

I WILL continue the mercantile business at the old stand and solicit a continuance of the liberal patronage extended to the old firm

WM F LEACH.

June 7, 1869—3w.

For County Commissioner.

At the solicitation of many friends and neighbors, I have consented to become a candidate for *COUNTY COMMISSIONER*, at the ensuing Fall election. As a large tax-payer, I begin to feel the necessity for retrenchment in the management of our county affairs; and I pledge the people, if elected, to exercise the strictest economy, consistent with JUSTICE, in the discharge of my official duty.

JER. HERBERT.

June 3, 1869.

For County Commissioner.

We respectfully submit GEORGE T. PURROUGHS to the consideration of the voters of the county as a suitable person to County Commissioner.

MANY VOTERS.

May 13, 1869.