The Transcript.

CHESTERTOWN, MD.

Saturday Morning, July 26, 1873.

Democratic-Conservative Ticket.

FOR CLERK OF THE CIRCUIT COURT,
DAVID C. BLACKISTON.

FOR REGISTER OF WILLS,
WILLIAM STEVENS.

FOR SHERIFF,
EDWARD PLUMMER.

FOR THE LEGISLATURE,
JESSE K. HINES,
SAMUEL A. MERRITT.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
ROBERT S. GRIFFITH,
JAMES A. ROSEBERRY,
R. BENNETT WILLSON.

MARYLAND POLITICS.

ANNE ARUNDELL COUNTY.

The Democratic conservative convention met on the 6th instant.

For delegates to the State convention the following were elected: Dr. Richard H. Green, Frank A Bond, W. Frank Tucker and John F. Williams.

The present county executive committee, Missrs. J. Revell, M. Bannon, and Dr. E. J. Henkle, was re-elected. and the convention adjourned.

The delegation to the State convention are unanimously in favor of the nomination of Col. Woolford for controller of the State treasury, and James S. Franklin for clerk of the Court of Appeals. There seems to be considerable excitement, particularly in Annapolis, in regard to the legislative ticket, and an opposition ticket is talked of, but what it will amount to remains to be seen.

CECIL COUNTY.

Elkton, Md., August 6th. 1873.—The democratic conservative convention, to nominate delegates from Cecil county to the State convention to meet at Baltimore on the 12th inst., to nominate a candidate for controller of the treasury and a candidate for the clerk of the Court of Appeals, assembled in the courthouse here to-day. Jos. Golibart, Esq., was called to the chair, and Milton Y. Kidd and Clinton McCullough appointed secretaries. The following were elected delegates to the State convention: Hon. Hiram McCullough and Messrs. William Ward, David Scott and A. H. Briscoe; alternates, Messrs. W. F. J. Henry, I. F. Vanarsdale, Andrew Orr and John W. Morgan.

On motion of C. McCullough, Esq., the delegates elected were unanimously instructed to use all honorable means to secure the nomination of Hon. John M. Miller, of Cecil county, for the office of controller of the treasury.

WASHINGTON COUNTY.

Hagerstown, August 6, 1873.—The democratic county convention of Washington county, which met here to-day, elected the following delegates to the State convention: Dr. W. A. Riddlemoser, Augustus Young, Robt. C. Bridges, Alex. Neill and F. D. Herbert, Esqs., and empowered them to fill vacancies.—An effort was made to have the delegation instructed to vote against Woolford for controller, but it failed. The convention was not largely attended and but little interest was manifested.

QUEEN ANNE'S COUNTY.

Centreville, Md., August 5, 1873.—The democratic conservatiue county convention of Queen Anne's county, to-day elec the following delegates to the State Convenion: Col. John R. Emory, Wm. G. Temple, and R. B. Carmichael, Jr.

HARFORD COUNTY.

Belair, Md., August 5, 1873.—The Harford county democratic conservative convention, which met here to-day, elected a delegation to the State Convention in the interest of Woolford for controller it is understood. The delegates are Robert R. Vandiver, Herman Stump, Jr., Wm. M. Elliott and John R. Street.

TALBOT COUNTY.

Easton, Md., Aug. 6, 1873.—The Talbot county convention which met here to-day elected the following delegates to the democratic conservative State convention which meets in Baltimore, Aug. 12th: Dr. A Neal, John V. Lowe and J. V. B. Wright.

☞ Really it seems as if we were having a criminal saturnalia in all parts of the country! Murders, robberies, defalcations, atrocities of all descriptions, disfigure our exchanges in staring headlines. Some one once started a theory that crime is epidemic in hot weather. The open-air life; the heating effect of drink; the irritability at such a season of blood-poisoned veins acting on the whole body, it was argued, brought on a species of madness. Of late, since the dog-days in fact, such a philosopher would find plenty of material to support his theory. In some measure the increase of wickedness is apparent only. For a newspaper this is the dull season. Readable matter of present interest to fill up the gaping columns is scarce. Many journals have, nevertheless, so vitiated their readers' taste, that nothing less than highly spiced food will suffice. This is truer of the Western papers than of the Eastern. Everything must, to such papers, be made the most of, and the calendar of crime becomes suddenly of more than usual importance, and the country is searched for sensational items.

THE BOMBAY HOOK RAILROAD.

PROGRESS OF THE WORK AND THE PREPARATIONS FOR OPENING THE GREAT ROUTE.

The Smyrna Times has the following in reference to the Bombay Hook Railroad, and the preparations for the opening of Jay Gould's new route to Washington:

The Bombay Hook railroad is now completed from Smyrna to Bombay Hook, and vigorous work is being made on the pier at that place. This is to be an extensive job. It is to be a "slip," as it is termed, or a pier in two prongs, extending into deep water, between which the steamer is to run to the track. By this means it can lie safely in the dock, and not be disturbed by the heaviest sea. A mud machine is digging out the harbor and a pile driver is placing the piling in position. The piles are from 40 to 60 feet, as the depth of water may require. They, with the other lumber required, 200,000 feet, is furnished by Mr. Adams Mahood, who has the contract. Much of this lumber he furnishes from his large wood tract in Dorchester county, Md. It has been sent by rail to Smyrna landing, from which it is towed out the Creek in barges by Mr. M.'s smart little iron steamer Maggie.

On Monday the Maggie steamed over to Bay Side to meet President Bingham, of the Smyrna and Delaware Bay Railroad, who was to arrive from Long Branch, whither he had been to hold a conference with Mr. Gould. We joined the party on the trip, through invitation of Mr. Mahood. Col. B. arrived at Bay Side a little after 4, (regular schedule time) per New Jersey Southern Railroad, having left Long Branch at 11:30. A run of 40 minutes in the Maggie returned us to Bombay Hook, and from there we "took the Bombay Hook Railroad" to Smyrna—a twenty minutes ride on a tender, over an unballasted road.

From President Bingham we learned the following facts: Three locomotives are being built for the route, one of which, to be called the Jay Gould, will be among the finest engines ever built. It is to be nickle plated, and will run the Long Branch passenger trains. It is nearly completed. Mr. Gould is also having built, at Dunkirk, N. Y., twenty-five passenger and one hundred freight cars. Half of the latter are finished, and are nicely ventilated, for carrying fruit. Some of the passenger cars are to be put on the route when completed, will be magnificent.

Work on the Massey's end is being pushed rapidly, and Mr. Gould desires it finished by September. The Chesapeake terminus will be at "Herring Pond" instead of Rock Hall. This Herring Pond is a most attractive spot, and could be, and perhaps will be, made an attractive resort.

Owing to the delay in getting to work on the pier at Bombay Hook it will be impossible to ship peaches from here this season. Fruit will be carried from Bay Side, however, and parties who have been shipping to Philadelphia by water, it is expected will ship from this point, in many cases.

In a few days President Bingham expects to hold a conference with the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad officers, at Baltimore, with reference to business transactions existing between the two roads.

PIOUS CRIMINALS.

Under the above caption, the Baltimore *Gazette* of Monday last makes some remarks upon the late execution of Nicholson and Hollohan which must address themselves to the reason of every reflecting mind.

The elaborate details of these murder cases from the day of their arrest until covered by the sod including even the daily state of their appetite, and their final ascent to the realms above are nauseating.

The *Gazette* says: Some of the Northern papers treat with bitter sarcasm the pietistic turn that was given to the hanging of Nicholson and Hollohan. We must confess that their strictures on the speeches and prayers made by these murderers are not wholly unjust. Nor was their execution in the presence of six thousand people—two-thirds of whom were women—either a moral or an edifying spectacle. We dare say that these men were sorry for their crime, and especially sorry they could not escape the consequences of it. That one of them, whilst professing to be resigned to his fate, would have eagerly seized any desperate means of escape, even to the shedding of more blood, we have reason to know. Yet he died as it were, but a few days afterwards, in the odor of sanctity and with benedictions on his lips. The prayer of the other, so glowing, so exstatic, so filled with the assurance of a blissful immortality, is a curious contribution to the literature of the gallows. Far be be it from us to say that these men were not deeply repentant, or that the quality of that repentance was marred by the almost unexampled atrocity of the murder they had perpetrated. Yet we cannot believing that the state of spiritual exaltation they manifested had its origin quite as much in the fear of death as in sincere religious conviction. We remember also that this young man who prayed so touchingly on the morning of his execution, murdered the aged woman who had been to him more than a mother, and then sat down, a few hours later, and. with an almost unparallelled coolness, prepared the following obituary of his victim:

On the 2d instant, Mrs. Lampley, the beloved wife of John Lampley, suddenly departed to a better world above, where all pain and suffering cease.

I dreamed of angels dear last night,
And this was the song I heard:
Life is too fleet on its arrowy wing,
Love is too sweet and holy a thing,
For ever an angry word.

There is something so inexpressibly revolting in the whole story of this great crime, as to take it out of the category of ordinary murders. It was deliberately planned; it was brutally carried out.—How brutally let Hollohan's confession tell.

We arrived at the house at about 7 o'clock; no one was there but the old lady; she was sitting in her working-chair a sewing; Nicholson entered without knocking; she spoke to him very kindly; I followed; Josh gave me an introduction. * * * We talked a little while when Mrs. Lampley got up and went to the cupboard and took from that a brown paper bag of cakes, telling Nicholson that she had put them up for his little children; that she had intended to send them over to Nicholson's house that morning; then she treated Nicholson and myself to some wine, stating that it was home made; Nicholson stood behind her; I was standing by her side; Josh gave the signal; I grabbed her by the throat; at the same time Nicholson struck her with his fist in the stomach. We then carried her into the other room, and laid her on the carpet; she was dead.

Can any one imagine anything more graphic than this narrative, or more shocking than the contrast between the kindly welcome of the woman, strengthened and intensified by her loving remembrance of Nicholson's children, and the utter depravity of Nicholson and his associate. Yet these men; these marauders of a hospitable and guileless woman—unpitying and remorseless as they showed themselves to have been—have more shocked sincerely Christian people by their ostentatious professions of religion, and by the liberal way in which they declared their love for and showered their forgiveness on everybody, than by the atrocity of the crime for which they suffered. The spectacle of their execution with the incidents attending it, and the confidence expressed by them that their sins were forgiven, and that the scaffold was but the stepping-block to heaven, are things by no means pleasant to contemplate. As the Brooklyn *Eagle* well says:

Murder as a passport to an immortality of bliss is the sure satire which thousands of men and women, glad of a chance to bring religion into discredit, will form in their minds. There is only one right way to deal with murderers doomed to death. Give them all the opportunity to "repent," let them see ministers of their own choosing, etc., but make the repentance private, and the interviews with the ministers private also. And then when the execution comes let it be swiftly and terribly carried out. The convicted owe the law their lives. They do not owe the public, prayers and speeches, and a programme a star actor might almost envy."

Nothing could more forcibly be said, or more timely. There is something radically wrong in our treatment of great criminals, and the sooner we deal with them as they deserve: seclude them, after conviction and sentence, from the public gaze, and execute them privately, in the presence only of the proper authorities, the better it will be for us, and the fewer crimes we shall have to chronicle. —*Baltimore Gazette*.

VAGARIES OF TEMPERANCE LEGISLATION.

The temperance people in Michigan will have to bring out their irons and furnaces again and do some more tinkering. As fast as affairs are patched up in one place they seem to break loose in another, and things keep getting into a mess. The "Civil damages" law over which such pæans have been sung, and which worked so smoothly, is now in need of repair.

Mr. George Ladley, of Saginaw city, gracefully acquiescing in the law, caused to be printed and beautifully framed the following notice:

"On and after the 1st day of August, 1873, no liquor, wine or beer will be sold to any married man without a permit from his wife. GEORGE LADLEY."

The ladies of Saginaw city are so highly pleased with this recognition of their rights that they will not issue permits on any other other saloon, and Mr. Ladley is doing a thriving business to the disgust of his rivals, who are not so wise in their generation.

Contemporaneously with this event, in a neighboring town, Mr. Michael Doyle has caused the arrest of one Michael McGinnis, upon whom he proposes to bring down the law with all its terrors, because Mr. McGinnis had sold Mrs. Doyle liquor without the consent of Mr. Doyle. This action of Mr. Doyle is considered by some an outrageous invasion of woman's rights; it is simply monstrous to compel her to get a permit from a tyrant of a husband before she can get her refreshment. McGinnis, however, quails and pretty soon the following notice is expected to be seen in a neat frame hanging in his saloon:

"No liquor, wine or beer will be sold to any married woman without a permit from her husband.
MICHAEL MCGINNIS."

It is here that the defects of the law become apparent, for the people are now aroused to the fact that the husband and wife can drink themselves blind drunk on reciprocal permits. As these menders of public morals have already legislated family authority out of the hands in which nature has placed it, it is thought that they will remedy this lately discovered defect by lodging further permissive authority in the hands of mothers-in-law.—*Balt. American.*

Eighty-eight women will study in Michigan University during the next college year. Nine will take the law course, thirty-seven the medical, and forty-two the academic.

San Francisco has held a baby fair.—As a curiosity, we give a summary of the awards and proceedings:

The prize for the handsomest baby—a carriage—was awarded to Henry T. Bray aged twelve months, a natural blonde.—The handsomest twins were decided by the committee to be Ada Florence and Iva Edna Stevens, born July 13, 1872.—The prize taken was $10, cash. Mlle. Constantine Policen was selected as having the herviest head of hair. Alice Gilberst won the prize for haying the smallest feet and hands. The fattest dark eyed baby for a silver cup, was William Bigelow, aged four months. He nearly lost it by a tie vote. But the votes being shook up in a hat the fates were propipitious, and his name was drawn out first. He turned the scale at something between twenty-eight and twenty-nine pounds. His rival, Alvord Rollin, in the evening was presented with a handsome white carriage. Eugenie Olame, aged six weeks, and weighing two and a quarter pounds in full dress, had no competitor for the $20, cash—the prize for the smallest baby. At a quarter to nine o'clock the manager declared that nominations for the handsomest mother was in order. Thereupon the judges selected four from the hall, and they took their places on the stage. On a vote of the audience, Mrs. Gracie Mestayer, *nee* Riddle, was by a large majority, awarded the prize—a gold medal. The committee now made a tour of the hall, and in a short time selected Mrs. John R. Walsh as the youngest mother, she being not quite fifteen years old. Her infant is two months old. The prize is a gold set.—The oldest mother was then selected in Mrs. Sinclair, aged fifty-six, her infant is ten months old. Prize, a pair of jet bracelets. Out of about six prettily dressed babies, Georges Cuittard was chosen as the best dressed, and immediately took charge of his reward—a large hobby-horse. Miss Anna Reid won a large doll as being the sweetest smiler. And the last prize, a great big, black-haired doll was awarded to Laura Estella Evans, she having got up the biggest cry on the shortest notice.

THE SOURCES OF ILL-HEALTH.

Some years ago a party of pleasure seekers were visiting one of the finest seats in England. It is a unique place, combining as it does the most exquisite scenery of a kind rarely found, in that country at least, except inland, with a glorious Atlantic-washed sea-board. Receding from the ocean are swelling lawns, dotted with magnificent timber, whilst in the gardens those accustomed to southern Europe are astonished to find plants and shurbs flowering in luxuriance, thanks to the Gulf Stream striking the Devonshire coast, which they have hitherto only looked for under sunny southern skies. What a heaven life must be to the owner of such a paradise! was the exclamation which fell from the lips of a visitor. "You would scarcely say so, sir," was the rejoinder of the gray-headed old gardener, "were you to know his lordship." "How so?" "Why he's such a cripple from rheumatic gout that even every mouthful he takes has to be placed in his mouth." It was true enough, and for twenty long years did Lord M. linger out such an existence.

Such cases as these serve very impressively to bring home to us how very little worth having are rank, fortune, a lot cast in pleasant places, even a charming wife, and children all that we can desire—and Lord M. had all these—without freedom from physical pain and discomfort.

That we all value health is shown by our familiar inquiry, "How are you?" but notwithstanding this we show ourselves in many respects utterly indifferent about the matter. For instance, to take the point of marriage:

Young Roberson goes to Saratoga and falls in love with that charming Miss Brown. The Robersons are Philadelphians, the Browns live in New England. Roberson's friends' first thought is, ten to one, "has the girl got any money?" Mr. Brown's first query, on the other hand, is, "What has the fellow got to marry on?" Well, these inquiries are satisfactorily answered on both sides, and thus all obstacles are removed. The honeymoon passes apparently satisfactorily, but perhaps not quite so well as it might, did we know all about it. Before long the Robersons complain that Mrs. R. is "always ailing," and gradually it leaks out that her family are "dreadfully unhealthy." "An uncle," it is whispered to Mrs. R., senior, "positively died in a lunatic asylum." There is an elder sister, much suppressed, who, to put it at the mildest, is "decidedly odd," and the second brother is "a very poor creature." Meanwhile an interesting event takes place, and young Roberson finds himself the father of a miserable little wretch of an infant, destined perhaps some quarter of a century hence to be himself the progenitor of an even inferior edition of the race.

Now, does all the money in the world compensate the child so born for the bad constitution his progenitors have given him? Well has it been said that: "The inheritance of a man's descent weighs on him through life like a good or bad fate. How can he escape from his ancestors? Stored up mysteriously in the nature which they transmit to him he inherits not only the organized results of the acquisitions and revolution of generations of men, but he inherits also certain individual peculiarities or proclivities which determine irresistibly the general aim of his career. While he fancies that he is steering himself and determining his course at will his character is his destiny. The laws of hereditary transmission are charged with the destinies of mankind—of the race and of the indivíual."

And yet, in the face of this, we are most of us apt to be perfectly satisfied when darling Toms and Marys marry, provided it be into "a good family," and there's money. Into the family treasury of health it is generally deemed quite unnecessary to look. How many men and women among us could tell a tale of the misery consequent on such neglect if the veil of delicacy were drawn aside. But to put the matter in an even darker and more serious point of view: The observations of intelligent prison surgeons tend more and more to prove that a considerable proportion of criminals are weak-minded or epileptic. One very eminent prison surgeon has lately expressed his conviction that the principal business of prison surgeons must always be with mental defects or disease. He is of opinion that there is among criminals a distinct and incurable criminal class, marked by peculiarly low physical and mental characteristics; that crime is hereditary in the families of criminals belonging to this class; and that this hereditary crime is a disorder of mind having close relations of nature and descent to epilepsy, dipsomania, insanity, and other forms of degeneracy. Yet such persons go on marrying, and as laws at present exist no one can interfere. At this moment thousands in this city are the victims to disease destined to bear fruit in such forms, which they are transmitting to future generations; but although people think and talk so much about the value of health and throw up their hands in horror and despair when they read of "dreadful cases," these same do nothing whatever to endeavor to arrest the maladies which in this greatest of seaports are sapping the constitutions of thousands of men of all classes.

Dreadful indeed is it to reflect that all the care in the world, the best diet, the most able medical advice; in a word all the most faborable adventitious aids, are almost as naught when set against what a man has inherited from a profligate drunken father or grandfather.

Look at that youth of eighteen with his splendid natural muscle, his well-set figure, his clear complexion. Contrast him with the puny, ill-developed scarnecked lad beside him. It is simply that one derives from a healthy stock, the other from a degenerate. Well do such illustrate Horace's "*Est in juvencis virtus.*"

It is a miserable false delicacy which refuses to look steadily in the face, and to discuss this most deplorable of human ills, on the plea that such subjects are out of place in "a family paper." This question must sooner or later assume in New York the importance which it has acquired in the great naval-military marine centres of England. Be it remembered that it is not to such centres as these that the evil is confined. Thence its hideous influence permeates through the land, and consumption, epilepsy, criminal insanity are spread abroad. It is, indeed, high time that this subject should meet with urgent attention here. Is the health of nations to be undermined because a spade must not be called a spade, and people are too refined to consider how they can take means to mitigate for others the miseries they and those belonging to them are enduring?—*World.*

A PRACTICAL JOKER.

Of existing practical Jokers, perhaps the most remarkable is a French musician. If he has not arrived at the proud pinnacle only attained by a Hook, it may be because opportunity is wanting, or such things are hardly regarded in the same innacient light now as they were thirty or forty years ago, and are punishable offenses. By profession a French horn player, whether his Jokes are used as a method of *reclame* or not, we do not care to determine about. As an artist he stands without a rival. On his instrument he possesses an *ampluer*, a pureness of sound, a degree of feeling, a power of executing, which are unsurpassed. He has even accomplished the impossible on this difficult instrument, playing a distinct first and second, or an accompaniment all at the same time. But even the wonderful musical attainments he possesses are subservient to his practical Jokes. Playing every known instrument with wonderful skill, a true Bohemian, he has been known to delight a public fair, followed by an attendent in a cart, in which was a piano and a stock of instruments, and to play on each one in turn, only that instead of receiving money from the crowd be would distribute it after the performance. Of course this brought such a throng that all the booths were deserted, and the business of the fair had to be discontinued until the gratuitous musician was removed. Going to London some years ago, he became such a nuisance that the guardians of peace were only glad when his musical engagements were over, and he left for France. A favorite amusement of his was to leave his lodgings with a dressing-case in his hand, and going to a cab station to select a certain vehicle, getting inside, he would direct cabby to drive to some public square, selecting one of the most thronged in London. Having arrived there he would order a halt, and request the coachman to block the wheels. Inside the cab our practical Joker would take off his coat, put on a rode be chambre, and then proceed to unpack his dressing-case. A small mirror would be hung to the carriage windows, and on the seats would be arranged all the articles necessary for a most luxurious shave. Calmly unconcious of the first two or three little boys, who were watching the operation, some-what amazed at seeing a man's face covered with lather, gazing at them in the most undisturbed manner, this tiny nucleus would very soon form the centre of a crowd. Certainly from the deliberate movements of the gentleman in the cab nothing but the most perfect shave would satisfy him. The assemblage would split their sides at the comical way with which he approached the neighborhood of his nose, when shaving his upper lip, or shriek with horror, fearful that they would witness a suicide, as he would draw his razor across his throat. At last the street would become impassable, and a policemen would enter on the scene, edging his way with difficulty through the crowd, and the matter would end by the arrest of the practical Joker as a disturber of the public peace. Before the magistrate, when condemned to pay a fine, the musician would allege "that London was so dark, so foggy, that he never could see to shave himself, except in the street, and not liking to sit on the curbstone, or on a house step he had thought that a cab, transformed into a dressing room was not only the most ingenious, but a very intelligent way of getting rid of his superfluous beard. "Never at rest, traveling from one part of the continent to another, his chief object in life seemed to be to worry Custom-house officials. Arriving at some particular country, where ideas of free trade were of the most unenlightened character, provided with a quantity of baggage, an inimitable actor, he would pretend to conceal two of them, a huge trunk and a smaller one, from the eyes of the officials, only the more to excite their curiosity. At last the larger trunk would be opened. It would be found to contain thousands of second-hand pantaloon straps, an appendix to trousers now perfectly obsolete. In vain the Custom-house people would cudgel their brains to sovle the mystery. They had to be all bundled out to the very last one, but to their amazement no two straps were found to be alike. They had evidently been packed by hydraulic pressure, for the most frantic efforts on the part of the employees would not put them back again into the trunk. In the meantime, hundreds of passengers were storming at the detention, while the practical Joker calmly looked on at the bother he was causing. But the second and smaller trunk was now to be examined, and the Custom-house people hoped there to find him in default. They ask for the keys. The practical Joker draws bunches of ponderous keys from every pocket; none will fit, until at last, their patience exhausted, the Custom-house officers threaten to burst the trunk open. Then the possessor of this particular trunk calmly asks the angry officer if he is married. "What is that of your business?" is the surly reply. "Only this, that before you open that trunk I would advise you to go home, shake hands with your wife, kiss your little children, write your will, and call at an undertaker's as you come back—there are rattlesnakes in that trunk, I never travel without them. Of course, the man leaves the trunk instantly, and a messenger has to be sent to the head director, who is shrewd enough to be aware that he has to do with some practical Joker. Presently the official returns and asks pompously: "How many snakes have you, sir?" "Only six," is the reply; "Look for yourself." "Oh! only six. The head of the departments says six snakes can pass, but that seven would have had to pay duty. I am also directed to state to you, that if you do not leave this office—pantaloons straps, snakes, and all—in five minutes, you will be forcibly ejected." "And who is to repack my precious straps, a collection unequaled in the history of the world? The law entitles me to all my goods. You took them out, put them back again. The best period of my life is being devoted to finding pairs for those straps. But I am in the cruel grasp of the law, and have no one to defend my rights, save this, my champion; and here the practical Joker uncovers his head, surmonted by a peculiar high hat, from whence appears a snow-white diminutive Bantam cock. The chicken raises himself up from the Joker's head, claps his wings, crows three times, the hat is put on again, the chicken goes to roost on his head, and, having in about fifteen minutes driven the Custom-house people to madness, besides annoying a host of anxious travelers, the practical Joker disappears.

☞ The Albany Argus says: "We are told that in the era now closed the Democratic party has achieved no general successes. Yes, but the longer the experience of the people with the Imperial grabbers who now control the Government, the greater will be their disgust. And the time will inevitably come when they will be overthrown. Present issues have not been sharply defined heretofore. While the Democracy have always occupied their present standpoint, the Republican party has had advantages of which it is now deprived. The time has been anticipated from the first, when the issues growing out of the questions of slavery, war and reconstruction would be settled, and the people would divide upon the principles which existed prior to those unfortunate sectional disturbances. The convictions of a large portion of the Republican party are with the Democracy upon all the vital issues of the present. The Democracy have, then, but to press these convictions home upon the consciences of the people, to secure in the end that popular verdict which is due the right. The great needs of the country can only be met by the Democracy. They are untrammeled, and based upon the principles necessary to secure these grand results."

TAX COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Tax Payers of the Third Election District of Kent county, that I have received my books for the present year, and am now prepared and desirous to receipt for taxes for 1873.

WM. HEPBRON,
Coll. of 3d Dist.

July 26, 1873—tf.

BALTIMORE GRAIN MARKET

WHITE WHEAT—$1.40@1.70.
RED WHEAT—$1.40@1.65.
WHITE CORN—72@76.
YELLOW CORN—57@59 cents.
OATS—40@44 cents.

DIED,

GARRETT.—Departed this life August the 6th, near Church Hill of consumption MARY E. wife of R. H. GARRETT age about 37 years. She leaves a husband, four children and many friends to mourn her loss.

New Advertisements.

For Rent for 1874, a Farm.

A working man with a small family, and means sufficient to thoroughly cultivate an improved place, wanted. Young man preferred. Stock and implements for sale. For rent also, a good Dwelling House and appurtenances at Hanesville.

Apply to E. A. VANNORT, M.D.
Aug. 9, 1873—tf. Hanesville, Md.

A GRAND FISH FEAST

Will be given in the Grove at Rees' Wharf, on *Wednesday, the 13th day of August*, 1873, to last the entire day, to which the public generally are invited. Breakfast, Dinner and Supper will be prepared on the ground. A Band of Music will be in attendance, to enliven the occasion. It is the aim of the Executive Committee and the Lodge generally to make this entertainment agreeable and pleasant to all who may favor us with their patronage. Proceeds for the benefit of Chesapeake Lodge Knights of Pythias, to aid in procuring uniforms for the Lodge. By order of the

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.
Aug. 9, 1873—1t.

PUBLIC SALE
OF
VALUABLE TOWN PROPERTY

BY VIRTUE of a Power of Attorney from sundry heirs of Samuel W. Canady, deceased, the undersigned will expose to Public Sale, at the Voshell House, in Chestertown, on

TUESDAY,
The 26th day of August,
1873, commencing at 11 o'clock, A. M.,

ALL THE REAL ESTATE

of the said Samuel W. Canady, situate in Chestertown, consisting of Dwellings, and some valuable business stands.

No. 1. The Dwelling and Store Room

on the North East side of High street, now in the tenancy of Capt. J. H. and W. C. A. Thompson. This is a two-story and attic frame building, combining a comfortable residence and one of the best stands up town for business. There is a first-class garden attached to the premises.

No. 2. The Restaurant Property

on Cross street, below Bordley's Corner, now occupied by John Armstrong. This is a two-story and attic frame house, and a most excellent stand for Restaurant or any mechanical business for which the building is suited.

No. 3. The Two-story

and attic frame house adjoining the above, now in the occupancy of Henry Harris, colored.

No. 4. The one-story

and attic frame dwelling, with garden attached, adjoining the above, now occupied by A. J. Willing.

Nos. 5, 6, and 7.

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Nos. 8 & 9. Two one-story & attic

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