The Transcript.

CHESTERTOWN, MD.

Saturday Morning, Aug. 30, 1873.

Democratic-Conservative Ticket.

FOR COMPTROLLER OF THE TREASURY,
LEVIN WOOLFORD.

FOR CLERK OF COURT OF APPEALS,
JAMES S. FRANKLIN.

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.

POLITICAL.

The Democratic and Republican parties of Kent have both had their candidates in the field for some time, and the canvass has now actively commenced. Some persons seem to regard the selection of county officers as a purely local matter, entirely disconnected with politics or political parties. If every individual voter was an intelligent, honest patriot, this might be true. While the facts are that a large proportion of voters are too much engaged in their individual interests to bestow the proper attention to political affairs. A party is the representative of certain principles. To maintain these principles it is necessary, under our form of government, to have numbers, and as numbers are not always actuated by principle, these numbers must be secured in some other way. It is one of the unavoidable evils of popular government. In other words, to secure the principles, the party which represents them, must be sustained, and sustained in all its ramifications. And one of the simplest and at the same time most effectual modes of sustaining a party is, to support the candidates of the party. It is our duty to sustain our government; we may not like all its laws or think them the best, yet we must support and abide by them all the same, if we would sustain our government. We may not like all the candidates of the party; we may not think them, personally, as good as those of our adversaries, yet we must sutain them in the same manner as we do the laws we do not prefer. The indifferent beast who carries us to our journeys end, is preferable to the sleek, high-strung, spirited animal which wrecks our vehicle to atoms by the way. The control of the county government is a source of great strength to a party. It occupies the same relative position that the Federal government does to national politics.

If there be any Democrat or Conservative, then, who inclines to slight any of the candidates of his party, let him pause. If he carries out such a purpose, he just as surely, in so far, stabs his principles and weakens the chances of their pre-eminence; and at the same time strengthens his adversaries. We learn that our Radical politicians are endeavoring to reduce the contest to a purely local and personal matter. Democrats! Conservatives! Beware!

AN UNNATURAL MARRIAGE.—A colored man in Washington, by the name of Henry Johnson, has taken away a young white girl from her residence and married her. The girl is said to be handsome, and of good social position. Her mother, Mrs. Bowlings, has recovered her daughter, and hid her away, and positively refuses to tell where she has put her. The negro husband has put detectives on the search for the girl, but the mother is excited and says she will shoot her daughter rather than let her return. Johnson is a dark yellow man, about 40 years old, and is, we should think, a good deal respected by his color. Effects of Republican teaching and influence.

A DOG SUIT.—The Hon. Caleb Cushing brought a suit in the District Court of Washington against Thomas Kelley, the owner of a dog living near him, claiming $1,000 damage on the first count and $3,000 on the second count.—He set forth that the defendant did wrongfully keep a dog which was used and accustomed to bark continually by day and night, and that on Saturday he did then and there allow the said dog to bark incessantly from early in the day and night following, and thereby hindered and prevented the plaintiff from studying and transacting his lawful business by day, and depriving him of his sleep during the night, so as injuriously to affect his health and the peaceful use of his property, for all of which Mr. Cushing claims $4,000, as aforesaid. The court gave judgment that the nuisance would have to be abated by the removal or killing of the dog, and that Kelley deposit a collateral of $25 to secure the abatement of the nuisance, which sum would be forfeited in case of failure.

It is believed that the farmers of Minnesota may make $5,000,000 extra this year by the care they exercise in securing crops.

THE GREAT FLOOD ON THE LINE OF THE DELAWARE ROAD.

[From the Wil. Commercial of Aug. 22.]

No more fitting or perfect illustration of the terrible force of water, when swollen to a torrent, is to be seen anywhere than along the line of the Chesapeake & Delaware Canal. Wreck and ruin lie strewn in all directions, and the work of years is as completely buried from sight as if some besom of destruction had swept over it, without leaving one stone upon another. Giant embankments, which one would have thought capable of withstanding any amount of water have crumbled and fallen into yawning chasms, or been swallowed up in one common ruin. The solid earth even, as moulded and fashioned by the Creator, is as literally removed and transferred to another location as if the work had been accomplished by great bodies of men with picks and shovels and beasts of burden. The Diamond State was never before called upon to witness such a catastrophe, nor, indeed, do we recall a similar work of destruction in the history of any other State in the Union. The description of the wreck of the storm which we published yesterday, terrible as it was and full of all the particulars then known, fails to convey an adequate conception of the real damage, or of the nature and extent of the destruction which has been wrought. A *Commercial* representative visited the several scenes of the late disaster, yesterday afternoon, and obtained all the facts which it was possible to cull soon after the abatement of the storm.

THE STORM TRACK

Seems to have been confined to a narrow belt, extending not quite so far North as New Castle and South only as far as Townsend it seems to have been the most severe, and property of all kinds within this limit, from bay to bay, has sustained serious damage. About Middletown, not a single dam breast is left standing, and in the country West of this, many are reported to have been involved in the general ruin. But the greatest sufferers by the flood are the Delaware Railroad and the Chesopeake & Delaware Canal Company's. Many persons of intelligence believe the latter to be paralyzed, and seriously intimate that it cannot recover from the loss it has sustained. The P. W. & B. R. R. Co., as operators of the Delaware R. R., have lost heavily, but they are already at work repairing the damage.

THE CRASH AT THE CANAL CROSSING.

The most serious damage to the Delaware R. R. is at the point where it crosses the canal. Here, not only the embankment which was thrown up twenty or thirty feet high, was washed away, but a yawning chasm is left open under it not less than fifteen feet deep. Of this embankment and earth about 400 feet were removed, or all between the brow of the hill which overlooks the canal on the North side, and the railroad bridge. This structure is still standing upon its two central massive stone piers and south abutment, but the north abutment was overturned by the force of the current which swept through the chasm. The bridge is intact, although to the width of the draw it projects over the chasm; but this projection is the draw itself and is balanced upon the draw pier. At this point President Hinckley, Superintendent Kenney, and Assistant Superintendent Smith were present, yesterday, personally superintending the work of repairs, which are being made by a force of about one hundred men. It is proposed to span this chasm with a trestle for the present, and its erection will require several days.

THE CULVERTS BEEOW.

The culverts on both sides the canal between Bear Station and Townsend are badly washed. In most of them the masonry is left standing, and the filling-in over them swept out. All those north of the canal bave been temporarily rebuilt, and construction trains pass them with safety, conveying lumber, &c., to the canal which lumber is loaded in this city and Port Deposit. The breaches in the embankments below the canal are, some of them very serious. The worst, probably, is at Willow Bridge, where 90 feet are said to have been washed out. This bridge is about 2 mile north of Middletown. At Beaston's also this side of Middletown, an embankmer t 10 or 12 ft. high is broken from 20 to 25 feet. The culvert at "Frogpond," near the old Forest Presbyterian burying ground just this side of Middletown was broken.—Below Middletown, the St. Ann's Culvert is gone. This, however is not the one which has already been swept out several times before, this year, but is just this side of that one and vents the same stream. These are the most seriously damaged, but there are other smaller ones, of which we have no definite account. Up to four o'clock yesterday afternoon, the full extent of all the breaches in these culverts was not known.—Gen. Agent Mills, of the Del. R. R., is at work upon the breaches with a force of about 50 men.

THE DAMAGE TO THE CANAL.

The Chesapeake & Delaware Canal is one of the most seriously damaged works of internal improvement which it has ever been our privilege to look upon. Along the whole line serious breaches and washes were made, but the principal points of damage are three in number—at Summit Bridge or the "Deep Cut," at the Railroad Crossing, and at St. Georges. To look upon it at these places the damage seems to be irreparable—at least for this season. Navigation cannot possibly be resumed before cold weather sets in, and we may safely state that no more boats will pass through before next season. The total loss to the canal will exceed $100,000; and if the damaged vessels claim compensation for their losses and delays, as some seem to think they will, the aggregate will be enormously swelled.

SUMMIT BRIDGE.

In times of heavy rains, this locality has always been more or less trouble to the Canal company. It is here that the deep cut is made, and down the lofty declivities rolls sand and debris which finds lodgment in the bottom of the canal.—But it has never undergone such a disaster as befel it night before last. Whole trees were washed down into it, and the filling up was so great that only about three feet of water is in the canal at this point. A tug was caught among the floating debris, and by a land slide, or in some other way, turned upon its side.—But the damage here is trifling, when contrasted with the sad appearance of things at

THE RAILROAD BRIDGE.

For about a quarter of a mile at this point, under and on both sides of the railroad bridge, not only the canal but the entire marsh land through which it is built is covered beneath one bed of yellow sand, which was washed away from the mainland on the north side.—The line of the canal is still traceable, and in some places the piling along the towpath lift their heads above the mantle earth, but everywhere, covering an area of several acres, the valley of the canal presents much the appearance of a newly plowed field of sand upon which the rains and floods had descended. Here and there ponds of water dot the surface, and the natural flow of the stream of the feeder meanders through a new channel, but all the water in the canal and in the creek are displaced and served to augment the torrent which was so prolific of disaster further down. That such an area of solid earth should be swept away seems almost impossible, but under a proper understanding of the nature and extent of the feeder, and the peculiar manner in which it overrun its dam breast, the matter is easily enough comprehended.

THE FEEDER TO THE CANAL.

The storage capacity of the feeder was immense. It covered an area of about 800 acres. But it is not, as some suppose, built after the fashion of a city reservoir, walled and bricked up; it is more in the nature of a mill pond. This feeder was about a mile in length and a quarter of a mile in width at its widest part, while in depth it was from fifteen to twenty feet. Its storage capacity was, therefore, immense. Supplied as it was, by a stream whose natural flow was at all times abundant the customary amount of water contained in it, should it escape its confinement, could not but work serious consequences; but swollen as it was and surging and swaying as it did on the night of the disaster, it is a wonder that greater damage was not occasioned. When the waters broke through the dam breast, instead of following the natural course of the stream they swayed to the eastward, and soon cut a channel through the solid earth which gradually widened and widened and grew deeper and deeper until a great yawning chasm was opened. In its capacious maw a portion of two cornfields, the railroad embankment, ties and rail, trees, fences, and everything upon the surface, were swallowed up. The earth was opened to within a few feet of a dwelling occupied by a Mr. Cann we believe,

THE DAMAGE AT ST. GEORGES.

At St. Georges the scene is truly awe-inspiring for here the most serious consequences of the flood are to be seen. The town itself has suffered but little, but in the meadows around and between it, for the town is built up on both sides of the canal, wreck and ruin are widespread.—Sail vessels and canal boats are lying high and dry where the receding waters left them, and here and there are piles of debris, from the wrecks, and cargoes, scattered upon the mainland. In the bottoms the escaped waters were still standing several feet deep at 6 o'clock, last evening, and about on their surface flitted little batteaus, conveying the curious that they might the better survey the scene. St. Georges is a Mecca now, where all the people from the surrounding country, and even from the cities, are flocking to witness this unparallelled spectacle. It rises both in aspect and importance above the ordinary, and the many pilgrimages are not to be wondered at when once the place has been visited.

A TERRIBLE HOUR.

It was about 9 o'clock when the flood from the broken feeder was precipitated upon the town of St. Georges. Its approach is said to have been heard above the storm for some time before its fury was felt, sounding like the rushing of many waters—a metaphor which in this instance was a dread reality. On and on it came, drawing nearer and nearer, and gathering increased velocity as it rolled, until it finally broke over the canal banks flooding the meadows and the lower parts of the town. By this time many of the vessels moored along the sides of the canal had broken loose from their moorings and were swept through the breaches in the canal banks, or over them, out upon the sea which was surging within the banks of the creek as it moved onward towards the Delaware. These vessels floated mercilessly at the disposal of the torrent, and in their rapid twistings and turnings were driven into one another, staving in their sides and ends, and producing consternation and fear on all hands. One vessel was capsized, and in her rigging to-day she bears large quantities of tangled grass and other floating things. She has since uprighted some what, and is now lying on the meadow at an inclination of about 45 degrees.

CRISFIELD, MD., AUG. 20, 1873.

Editor Transcript—A recent visitor to our town writing to the Lockport Journal, speaks of Crisfield as an oasis in the desert of life. He says: "We hear no "swearing, see no fighting, no drunken-"ness, no police station or need of any, "and while we are compelled to get our "drinking water fifteen miles distant "from Crisfield, there is no *whiskey* to be "had in the town; the business of the "people is catching oysters in the winter "and *bottoming chairs in the summer*, and "every man loves his neighbor as him-"self." Now, if all this were fact, Crisfield would indeed be a bright spot in a *desert*, and could rightly lay claim to that perfection which no other town on the peninsula has yet *experienced;* a freedom from excessive vices and habits that degrade and brutalize mankind so far that they become lower than the brute, with no other desire than to satisfy their own vicious natures and contaminate all who are brought in contact with them. We differ in opinion with the gentleman from Lockport, as his stay among us was so short that he had no time for a general observation. If he had counted the number of dram shops he would have been satisfied at once that there were some here who drank more whiskey than water. And if he should ask what was done with them when they laid aside manhood and took upon themselves the nature of beasts, we should have shown him our model *Lock Up*, and introduced him to our gentlemanly Bailiff. He would have admitted at once that our lock up would defy the shrewdness of a Sheppard or the strength of a young Samson to overcome. But the gentleman is right when he speaks of the kindness and sincerity of the people, of the balmy breezes, healthy climate, delicious bivalves, fresh fish in abundance, picturesque scenery that will outshine many of our ocean resorts, and four excellent hotels which try to outvie each other in killing with kindness and dainty fare all who favor them with their patronage.

The drought has been so protracted on the main that it was thought at one time that the crops would all fail; but the copious and refreshing rains of late have not only given new life to the parched and dying vegetation, but have caused joy and gladness to spring up in all hearts.

As we expect but little business in the summer we will not speak of it at this time.

While the poor every where desire to shun the cold blasts of winter, *we* await its coming with pleasure. 'Tis our harvest-time, and in a few weeks Crisfield will be all business and bustle. Vessels of all sizes will, as by magic, appear at our wharves, giving employment to hundreds and thousands, old and young. Then the echo of mirth, song and laughter will issue from each packing house, convincing all what a dull place Crisfield would be if summer lasted all the year. So you see while winter is a dread to many it is a blessing to some.

Our folks are anxious to get through summer as speedily as possible. Those who have tired of home comforts are rusticating abroad, others are drumming up trade, some are courting, while many are engaged from early morn to dusk of evening at *croquette*, developing their muscle that they may be more able to tussel with King Neptune in all his rage. What will become of those who fail to take part in this most interesting game, *time will tell*,

The balance of the folks have gone to camp meetings, which are so numerous in Somerset that the lovers of this old time-honored custom are continually on the move.

Death has visited us again, and taken Mr. Wm. A. Kennerly, a most enterprising gentleman and public benefactor to Crisfield. His loss will long be felt, and perhaps never again replaced. Again we are reminded of the shortness of life and frailty of human nature.

In no county in the State will one hear less of politics than in Somerset, and while there are over a Baker's dozen aspiring to the choicest offices in the gift of the people there is no proscription in regard to principle or right of suffrage. We are always ready to discuss the oyster question but seldom ready to expatiate upon the merits or demerits of this or that candidate.

Our proposed academy has fallen to the ground, that is, we are to have one in the distant future; and like many of the proposed county railroads, every owner of an acre or two of land desires that the said railroad shall intersect his most valuable property, and as Mr. B. cannot be accommodated unless disencumboding Mr. C., why of course Mr. B. should have his way to the exclusion of rail roads, academies and all other modern *improvements*.

I desire to state before closing this, I fear, most tedious letter, that Mr. C. Marshall, late of the Crisfield Leader, has pitched his editorial tent at Onancock, Va., this being the only and first paper published on the Eastern Shore of Virginia, and from the large field of labor and nine-column sheet we bespeak for the *Eastern Virginian* long life and abundant success.

Yours, &c., SHELLS.

DEMANDING THEIR RIGHTS.—It appears that the negroes of Talbot county are tired of being called upon to do the voting for the Republican party, whilst their white brethren are given all the nominations and positions of honor. To give the reader a view of what they are doing in Talbot we copy from the Easton Journal as follows:

"At a meeting of the colored voters of Talbot, held at Graham Hall, Easton, last week, at which Joseph Gray acted as Chairman and Perry W. Basin Secretary, it was resolved that the colored voters "be represented on the Republican Central Committee by two members at the re-organization of the same" on the 26th inst. It was also resolved "that the time has come when we (the colored voters) are entitled to be represented in the nominating Conventions, and that we respectfully ask that we be represented in such Fominating Conventions by at least two members from each election district in the county, that we may heartily endorse the ticket." They refrain, probably for prudential reasons, from asking to be represented with candidates, but their numbers undoubtedly entitle them to several places on the county ticket, and they could easily enforce their demand if they saw fit to do so. With so many of their race in position in the Southern States, their moderation here is remarkable, and shows a wholesome fear of their compeers, who manage things for them."

THE PRESIDENTIAL THIRD TERM

OPINIONS OF FRANCIS P. BLAIR, SR.—GENERAL GRANT'S ABILITY AND MR. LINCOLN'S DESIRE FOR A THIRD TERM—MR. BLAIR'S CONFIDENCE IN THE PEOPLE.

A New York Herald correspondent has had an interview with the venerable Francis P. Blair, Sr., at Silver Springs, Md., on the subject of the tendencies of the United States government, as indicated by the extent the idea has obtained with the republican party to re-elect Gen. Grant to a third term. Mr. Blair said:

I cannot read much, but I have noticed the warm agitation that is going on about a third term for General Grant. It struck me at first the agitation or discussion of the subject was unnecessary, but I don't know it will do any harm.

I have no doubt Grant would like to be President all his life. He has nothing else to do. But things have come to a pretty pass if a man is to be perpetuated in office merely to give him employment. I suppose, too, his party would be glad to keep him in the White House. I read the other day the platform adopted at the Columbus convention, Ohio, on the nomination of the State ticket. I have not seen this many a year so much to gratify me as the tenor of the resolutions adopted on that occasion. They brought back pleasant recollections, and I said to myself, if these principles are adopted by the democracy all over the country, three years hence will find the democratic party perfectly restored and able to give battle to the ruling army of republican politicians. The good old day's of Jefferson's administration were revived in my memory, and it seemed to me the long hidden roots imbedded in his time were sprouting forth. And that leads me to another matter. The republican party, now twelve years in power, has become arrogant. Its basis is not principle. Wealth, corporations, monopolies, banking institutions—yes, the national banking system, speculation and greed for money as well as office are all that are left of that party. It has grown up like a hot-house plant, richly manured, but possessing no inherent vitality. It is a sort of fungi on the body politic of our country.

I never underestimated General Grant. He has a great deal more talent than he gets credit for. He is endowed with that unknown quality called common sense. He is very quick in his perceptions, a good judge of men, as well as horses, looks at circumstances, weighs everything carefully, and when his mind is once confirmed in his deductions he acts as decisively and successfully as any man I ever knew in all my long years experience among public men. He is superior to his party—much better than his party in every respect. Now I do not remember of ever having heard in my journalist days of a third term movement, but I know that Mr. Lincoln wanted a third term. Shortly after his re-election the subject was quietly talked over among his most intimate friends. Mrs. Lincoln relished the idea, spoke of it frequently to those she thought she could confide in, and Mr. Lincoln himself was pleased at the suggestion. Perhaps it had a reasonable basis in his case but we will see. The first term of office had been the most trying a President ever endured. His second term, to which he was assigned in the November election of 1846, promised but little rest. The war was nearly over, and the disorganized seceded States had to be fitted again into the confederation—I mean the federal Union. The suggestion of a third term came happily to Mr. Lincoln, who hoped to enjoy the last four years, with the peaceful honors of his predecessors to crown his retirement to private life. There was something more.

MR. LINCOLN'S AMBITION

was to see if he could not execute the duties of his office without the aid of Mr. Seward or Mr. Stanton. They engrossed all the authority, dictated what should be done, (though Mr. Lincoln only regarded their views as far as he thought proper,) and, in fact, constituted themselves the executors of the government. It became a serious question, you must know, with Mr. Lincoln, whether the stability of the American government actually depended upon these two men, and he wanted to test that point. He thought a nation that could stand the vigorous onslaught of half her people, survive the blow and resume her wonted tranquility, was not wholly dependent on the heads of the State and War Department, and it was Mr. Lincoln's purpose to eliminate them and call about him advisers, and not dictators.

Grant's is just the opposite, and there, perhaps is the danger your people in New York have apprehended. I declare the subject is more important than I at first supposed. Perhaps there is danger in the ambition of a man who thinks he has become a necessity, and that is what I begin to understand is one object of the discussion. Is it? So long as the people are immersed in business and are content with the course of things they will get used to most any encroachment on our civil rights. It is so long since the democracy had a voice in the administration of affairs that I do not wonder its enemies sometimes say it is dead. What is there to give life to a party if it depends upon money and office-holders, or greed for gain and power? It takes expectation to make excitement, to arouse the masses to united effort. As I told you in the first part of our conversation, I have great confidence in the restoration of the old democratic principles. I think I see evidence of dissatisfaction cropping out in the republican party that is fatal to a third term for Grant, if his party is rash enough to put him again in nomination. There are thousands quite as anxious to hold office as those now provided for, and that is an element of weakness in any party long in power. There will certainly be antagonism.

SELFISHNESS IS SUPERIOR TO PATRIOTISM,

and, though the Greeley movement did not succeed, within the next three years there will be such a falling off from the republican ranks as to make the defeat of that party certain. Grant will have no inducements to hold out for his reelection. Those in office will expect to be retained, and if there is not enough vitality in the fortunate officials to exact that promise, then, indeed, may it be said our country is governed by one man. But I have confidence in the people more than in the politicians.

FARMER'S GRANGES.

The farmers are getting their eyes open, and away goes fealty to party. No, sir. The party that has organized Credit Mobiliers to rob the people, granted away our public domain, given exclusive privileges to moneyed corporations, built up an aristocracy of bankers, that legislates for capital exclusively, will yet hear the voice of these accusers West and South. Have not these gigantic corporations grown up under the fostering aid of a republican Congress? No doubt about it. And are not these the object of the agriculturists' condemnation? That is the way I read the newspapers. The laboring classes must see the oppression brought upon them by class legislation, for that is just what it is, and I think I hear the knell of the republican party in their organization. If democracy does not, as a party, beat your Cæsarism and third term movement, the tillers of soil, the toilers of the country, will do it. You will have to excuse me from any further effort this evening. I will always be glad to see you and may be able a little while hence to suggest something of interest to the Herald.

I bade the venerable journalist good evening thanking him heartily for the reception extended your correspondent.

THE MARYLAND AND DELAWARE SHIP CANAL PROJECT.

The following communication, from the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, will doubtless interest all inquirers after the progress of this incipient enterprise:

THE BALTIMORE SHIP CANAL.

Editor of Philadelphia Inquirer: Having read an article in your paper of the 9th inst., headed "The Baltimore Ship Canal," I felt the necessity of saying a few words in reference to the subject, and, if possible, correcting some erroneous impressions now in the public mind as to the feasibility of the project. A doubt is expressed in the article mentioned about the canal ever becoming a reality. It well says, "Theories of a grand project, which if it ever succeeds." There is just the trouble:—If it succeeds. It is a question of much importance to the city of Baltimore; but in all the speaking of and writing about the project for a through water course between the two bays for the benefit of Baltimore and as an outlet for its ever increasing commerce as well as for the tonnage of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad seeking a market at the eastward, it never appears to have entered the brain of any one, or, at least, has not been given to the public through the press, that there is now a water route across the State of Maryland and Delaware, a work of magnitude and great importance, not in length, but in its capacity to pass through large class vessels and steamers from bay to bay. I allude to the Chesapeake and Delaware canal, making a water route between the city of Baltimore and Philadelphia only a few miles farther than the present rail route between these cities.—I wish this article to speak upon the subject, as it is now discussed in Maryland and Delaware and mentioned in your valuable paper.

Maryland has passed an act to construct a canal (not a ship canal) across the peninsula to the Delaware State line. Delaware has also granted a charter, under certain restrictions and conditions for a ship canal to be made across her portion of territory to the Maryland state line. Each of these charters give privileges widely differing in value to those most interested. The foregoing statement is a lengthy prelude to my text, which is this: Why these charters to construct a costly work across the two states, when there is already one in existence only a few miles north of and parallel to the proposed route. The present canal cost, in its construction nearly $4,000,000, and if one-third only of the amount required to construct the proposed canal was used in the enlargement of the present one, as good and efficient a ship canal would be had, and the saving of many millions of capital. Now, if any one will but examine the map of the peninsula, he will see that from Baltimore to the western end of the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal the distance is fifty-six miles; the canal itself is fourteen miles in length, and from, Delaware City, eastern end of the canal, to the capes, fifty miles, making one hundred and twenty miles in all, and the time of passage of steamers, fourteen hours.—This time includes the "four miles an hour" travel on the line of canal.

By the proposed route—though I believe there are two thought of—from Baltimore to the headwaters of the Sassafras river, distance fifty miles, across the States to a point ten miles south of the present canal on the Delaware, twenty miles; and from thence to the capes forty miles; total distance by proposed route, one hundred and ten miles, ten miles less than by the present one. No time, however is gained, because of the increased mileage on the new cutting of six miles. In fact, there is nothing gained, but much to be lost—millions of capital. Will any one invest in such a project, with a rival parallel to, and only a few miles from it? Hardly. There is another route spoken of, that from the headwaters of the Choptank river, Maryland, over to Cape Henlopen, a distance of some forty miles, artificial navigation; but this is such a visionary project that it must fail, if for no other reason than for want of the funds necessary to construct such a work. Fearing that I have tired your patience I will close.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

BALTIMORE GRAIN MARKET

WHITE WHEAT—$1.35@1.80.
RED WHEAT—$1.57@1 78.
WHITE CORN—65@70.
YELLOW CORN—58.
OATS—44@47 cents.

POSTS, POSTS, POSTS.

THE subscriber has for sale on his premises, near Chester River Bridge, a lot of prime *CEDAR AND LOCUST POSTS*, either split or in the but.

CHARLES W. CLEMENTS,
Queen Anne's county.

Aug. 30, 1873—3t*

FOR SALE,

A VERY DESIRABLE BUILDING LOT in Chestertown, near the residence of Mr. W. F. Massey.

Apply to E. F. PERKINS.
Aug. 30, 1873—3t.

Temperance Harvest Home.

An all-day meeting will be held in Baker's camp-meeting woods TUESDAY, the 9th of September, 1873. Rev. P. Coombe and other prominent speakers will be present and address the meeting. Local Option and other subjects will be fully discussed. Come prepared to stay all day. Seats will be provided.

Rev. P. Coombe will preach twice in Chestertown on the 7th of September, and lecture on the evenings of the 8th, 10th and 11th. Aug, 23—3t.

Take Notice! Money Wanted!!

WE, the undersigned, would remind our customers that we owe money and are in want of funds to pay our bills, and hope all indebted to us will take due notice, remember old promises, and pay up at once. We have acted our part, and we hope and expect our customers to do theirs. Respectfully,

CHAPMAN & LAMBERT.
Aug. 23, 1873—tf.

FERTILIZERS

At Manufacturers' Prices.

J. J. Turner & Co.'s
EXCELSIOR.

J. J. Turner & Co.'s
AMMONIATED SUPER PHOSPHATE.

Whann's Raw Bone Super Phosphate.

Bower's Complete Manure.

PATAPSCO GUANO.

WHITELOCK'S VEGETATOR.

Rhodes' Super Phosphate.

Fish Guano.

Different Grades of Pure and Adulterated
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ORCHILLA GUANO.

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