

# GRIMSHAW'S MESSENGER.

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.

Wilmington, April 1, 1858.

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## OUR STATE.

It becomes our duty, as faithful monitors of the people, as editor of a newspaper, to lay before our readers a few facts which seem to have a bearing on the development of the resources of our State.

Delaware ought to command an emigration of twenty thousand souls during the next five years. This, compared with Western emigration, is a mere trifle; yet it would add materially to the wealth of our State. Plant five thousand industrious, enterprising, thrifty German farmers in Kent and Sussex counties, and the "wilderness will blossom as the rose." We have set our figures low—fifty thousand might be added to the population, and the increase would scarcely be noted, except by the development of our agricultural resources. The interest of our State is not in the perpetuation of Slavery, neither is it benefited by manufacturing an undue fan-keism, or, if you please, long-facism, in passing law after law upon the subject of Negroes. We do not belong to that class which expends its energy on the "colored brethren"; we are willing that, as a Christian community, this portion of our people should be fairly, kindly and justly dealt with; we are unwilling, however, that the interests and welfare of all the white inhabitants should be neglected in order that the Legislature should devote its time, at the people's expense, to the enactment of laws solely for the benefit of that very small minority of our community, the slaveholders. We say look to the white man—the poor, uneducated white man of our little State; protect him, elevate him, pass laws to keep him from running to the devil and you will do some good.

Our positions are, first—Delaware needs to educate her people. Second—Delaware needs a large increase of population. Third—Delaware must establish a better system of Agriculture. No advance has been made in our system of schools except in the city of Wilmington. Our people do not understand, nor do they appreciate a Common School System of Education. Most of the schools we have visited are mere shams, useless humbugs—dirty, ill arranged, uncomfortable shanties—first rate for pig-pens, very poor for school purposes. We will not, in this article, argue the question of Education, or present our readers any statistics of Crime and Pauperism, to show how these two are the grim attendants of Ignorance. We desire, at this time, to suggest that means should be taken to draw the attention of German and English Agricultural Emigrants to our State. We know that our position as a Slave State is a draw-back—that emigrants are opposed, as is shown by the history of the South and West, to emigrating to a Slave State. It can be demonstrated, however, that we have only the name, and that in a few years Slavery will exist on the statute book rather than in the home or field. In one hundred in Sussex county, in a population of seven hundred voters, only thirty-three persons are interested in Slavery, owning only one hundred and thirteen slaves. It is clear that this need be no draw-back to the emigration of white agriculturists.

The great mistake in Delaware is that we cling to the old custom of owning large tracts of land. A man may farm twenty thousand acres of land, and farm them well; he would require, however, as large a capital as that of the most extensive Machine Shop. Men in Delaware who own five hundred, and one thousand acres of land, are, in most cases, poor men. Year after year has passed away, yet we do not notice that the productions of our farms are increasing as they should; nor do we

see the swamps drained by private enterprise and out of private resources; many acres lie, unproductive, in timber. We hold that timber land cannot pay to be retained as timber land, where land lies at the very door of three of the best markets in the world, with land in New Castle county selling at one hundred dollars an acre. The interest will soon consume the profits. We do not see comfortable barns and well arranged cattle sheds; we see a board shanty that will hold one or two tons of hay, and a shivering, half-fed horse; our cattle sheds are roofed with corn-stalks, and our corn-cribs, with the broad firmament itself.

Let the farmer who has five hundred acres of land, sell four hundred of them, at any price; give time for the purchase money, provided each purchaser will erect a house, plant an orchard, drain a field and build a barn. These works will employ mechanics and laborers, and the products of the land will be consumed on the spot. Your hundred acres you retain will, in three years, be more valuable and more productive than your original five hundred.

We must repeat our words, we need a great influx of agricultural labor and capital, or Delaware will be blotted out of existence as a sovereign State—"And I only an eye to tell the tale," will be the mournful cry of some wretch in the forests of Su-sux.

## PROGRESS.

The word which heads our article is in the mouth of every one. It is frequently misapplied, yet is very significant. Let us understand it to mean a step forward and let us, while stepping forward, glance back and trace Progress in one of the Arts. Which shall we choose? Ah! a stately carriage rolls along—we will choose the Art of Coach Making. Our reader laughs and says, why Coach Making has no history, no antecedents, no progress.—Turn over the pages of a pictorial history, or visit a museum and examine the medallions of the antiquary, and you will find that Coach Making has a history, and a most interesting one, also.

We have before us a work in which is depicted the patterns or models of ancient and modern vehicles. In this we trace the development of the magnificent coach from the rude cart. Here we find pictures of the carriages of the Ancient Egyptians and Romans, as well as those of the more modern and less civilized nations of South America. We contrast these with patterns of most elegant and graceful vehicles of all names and sizes now used by refined nations.

If Queen Elizabeth's stately carriage was offered for sale, no one would buy it for an ox cart. The boys would shout after a lady traversing our streets in such a lumbering concern.

Within our own recollection, much change, and not only much change, but much progress has been made in the Art of Carriage Making. The carriages of the present day combine lightness with strength, elegance with durability, and gracefulness with comfort. As with other mechanical arts, much has been gained by a division of labor. We have our body maker and our wheel maker, our trimmer, our painter and our decorator—the latter of whom must be a tasteful and skillful artist.

We are induced to make these remarks by a visit to the extensive Coach Factory of our friend, Mr. Henry Pretschner. His factory is situated on the corner of Fourth and Walnut streets, in this city.

The lot is one hundred and twenty by one hundred and forty feet. Mr. Pretschner has erected upon it one brick building one hundred by forty feet, four stories in height, and an additional shop sixty feet long by twenty-four feet wide, three stories high. Mr. Pretschner's establishment is the largest within the limits of the city of Wilmington. He turns out at present two hundred carriages a year, and in good times, with a full complement of hands, he can make three hundred.—His vehicles are sent to all the Southern States.

His ware room is a curiosity shop, or rather a place where art can be studied. He makes the most delicate, spider-like, fairy-formed sulkey and trotting wagon—the doctor's close buggy, or the stiff top Jersey wagon—the dog wagon and the bouche—the family coach and the rock-away. Mr. Pretschner is a skillful artist and accomplished mechanic. His work is perfectly reliable and equal in all respects to that of any manufacturer in the United States.

As we mentioned in our last, in speaking of Education and Legislative action thereon, that there were "no Schools in Milford." We meant—and so the editor of the *Penninsular News* ought to have understood, from the context—Public, Free or Common Schools. We re-echo, that the largest town in Delaware—a most thriving and prosperous, as well as handsome town—has no public school open at this time, supported by TAX. As for the unkind fling about our being the "progressive superintendent of public schools," we have only to say that, while we have devoted a large share of our time to the cause of Education, during the last ten years, without fee or compensation, but at considerable expense to myself, the State of Delaware never will offer sufficient compensation, or salary, to a superintendent to secure the services of Dr. Grimshaw. For full information on the subject of the \$3,000 spent in Milford on public schools—over the left—we refer our readers to our Report to the last Legislature, as well as to that of the Auditor. In those he will find the figures. We are obliged to our friend for his nomination.

A TOWN PURCHASED BY ONE MAN.—The village of Lowville, Monongahela county, Va., was purchased a few days since by Jonathan McKeek. The purchase included a very valuable mill property, storehouse, and several dwellings, together with a well improved farm of about seventy five acres. The sum paid was \$10,000 cash.—*Exchange.*

What a commentary on the value of property and prosperity of any region of country! We ask, why such property sold at such a rate! We ask Senator Hammond whether he could purchase such a property in New Castle county for that price? We ask, where, in the North, such an estate would be sold for a mere song? We shall have more to say on this subject in our next paper.

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For sale, wholesale and retail, at Porter's, Roberts' and Cheeseman's book stores, and at the maker's, No. 161 Market street.

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A great many of our people are continually complaining of not being able to write well. This may, in a great measure, be attributed to the pen, ink, or paper, or perhaps to all. If you have bad paper, ink and pens, you cannot write well. In order to remedy this defect, call on J. B. Porter, 115 Market street, and get some of "his pens," a quantity of good writing, letter or note paper, (of which he always has a great variety on hand) and a bottle of good ink. Paper of every variety, J. B. Porter's Bank Pens, J. B. Porter's 351 School Pen, and J. B. Porter's 303 ultra fine pens, are the best in the market.

Remember, J. B. Porter's 115 Market street, above 4th.

## THE GIRL'S DELIGHT.

This beautiful and amusing little toy consists of a series of paper dolls, two sets of furniture, and a paper house. Every one thinks this the best thing for amusing children that has ever been offered to the public. For sale, wholesale and retail, by J. B. Porter, 115 Market street.

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For particulars, see Circulars, which will be sent by mail on application to the Principals.