



## NEW GOODS

AT REDUCED PRICES.

**NAUDAIN & BROTHER,**  
are opening a fresh stock of  
**FALL AND WINTER GOODS,**

PURCHASED since the fall in many kinds of the same. Being bought for cash, and from first hands, principally—hence we avoid the second profit of the jobber and intend giving the advantage to our liberal friends.  
Our stock consists of Merinos, blk. col'd Alpaca, Wool Poplins, Wool de Laines, Good assortment of Prints, Cotton and Wool Flannels, 1, 12, 24 Bleach'd and Bro. Muslin, Balmoral Skirts, Shawls and Hoods, Ladies Vests, Gents Knit Shirts and Drawers, White and Col'd Blankets.

**HATS AND CAPS, DRUGGETS, CARPET AND OIL CLOTHS, Painted Window Shades, GLOVES, HOSIERY, AND FANCY GOODS.**

In fact, anything kept in a first class country store. We call particular attention to our fine stock of **Over-Coatings, Cloths & Cassimeres,** which we make a Specialty.

Receiving from the Manufacturers, Ladies' Misses, and Children's Shoes, Gents sewed and pegged, double upper and sole, Gait Boots, Men's heavy, winter Boots & Shoes, that we have made of the best material; and guarantee satisfaction.

**MACKERIE, SHAD, AND HERRING**  
Always on Hand.

**THOMPSON'S GLOVE-FITTING CORSETS**  
GENTS ARCTIC OVERSHOES,  
**MENS BUCK GAUNTLETT'S**  
GLOVES, MITTS.

**A Stock of Dried Fruit Consisting of**  
**LAYER RAISINS,**  
NEW DRIED CURRANTS,  
NEW DRIED CITRON, DRIED APPLES.

Also an extra article of  
**Buckwheat Flour.**  
Liberal discount for cash, and show Goods with pleasure.

**NAUDAIN & BRO.**  
Dec. 12-17 Middletown.

## HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

**D. L. DUNNING'S**  
**VARIETY STORE,**  
MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE.  
Consisting in part of

Books, of every description,  
Photograph Albums,  
Work Boxes, Fancy Boxes,  
Writing Desks, Ladies' Satchels, Pocket Books, Port Folios, Purse,  
Portmonies, Segar Cases, Picture Frames, Back Gammon Boards, and Games of all kinds.  
Pocket Knives, Scissors, Sleeve Buttons, Studs, Breast Pins, Finger Rings, Neck Ties, Meerschaum Pipes, Paper Collars, Perfumery, &c.

Dec. 12-17

**WM. N. BRICE,**  
WHOLESALE COMMISSION MERCHANT AND  
PRODUCE DEALER,  
No. 18, Central Market, Delaware  
Avenue, above Race Street.  
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

PARTICULAR attention paid to the sale of **GRAIN AND LIVE STOCK.** All orders promptly attended to. Consignments respectfully solicited.

**REFERENCES.**  
Hon. D. C. Blackiston, Kent Co., Md.  
Franklin Dyer, Esq. " "  
W. A. Brice, Esq. " "  
Wm. Lockwood, Cecil Co. " "  
J. G. Griffith, " " "  
F. T. Perry, Odessa, Del.  
Harry Clayton, Middletown,  
Dec. 5, 1868-17

## HARNESS MAKING.

THE undersigned having commenced Harness making at

**ODESSA, DEL.**  
It prepared to furnish every article in his line on the most reasonable terms.  
His experience in city and country justifies his promise that

**ALL HIS WORK WILL BE OF THE BEST QUALITY.**

And gives him confidence to solicit a share of the public patronage.

His Shop is on Main Street, in the house formerly occupied by Joseph Tawney.

**WM. T. GALLAHER.**  
April 25-17

**JOHN FULLMER,**  
Manufacturer of and Dealer in  
**BOOTS AND SHOES,**  
No. 408 Market Street,  
WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.

Particular Attention Paid to Custom Work

Oct. 17-17

**Middletown Carriage Works.**  
ESTABLISHED IN 1830.

**J. M. COX & BRO. Proprietors.**

WE keep constantly on hand and manufacture to order Carriages of the latest styles and finished in the best manner, as we employ none but first-class workmen and use only the best material.

Repairing executed with neatness and despatch.

All work warranted. Jan 4-17

## Select Poetry.

DECEMBER.

Out in the woods the lonely trees  
Toss and moan in the winter wind,  
For the birds have flown far o'er the seas,  
And they are left behind.

Bare and cold in the twilight dun,  
They pine for the light of summer eves,  
When the golden rays of the setting sun  
Shine through their golden leaves.

Far away o'er the purple hills  
The moon is climbing to the skies,  
And a faint gleam over the water thrills,  
Where her trembling radiance lies.

The flowers are dead and the birds are flown,  
And the wind blows cold from the chilly sea,  
And I think of the days that are dead and gone,  
That will never come back to me.

But the flowers will bloom again in spring,  
And the birds fly home from over the seas,  
And, nestled in sweet green leaves will sing  
All day to the happy trees.

And somewhere, deep in this heart of mine,  
Under the sorrow, and care and pain,  
Waiting for April suns to shine,  
For April clouds to rain.

Lies a little Hope, like a violet,  
Ready to bloom with the other flowers;  
And over the grave of my old regret  
Springs a dream of brighter hours.

## Popular Tales.

### THE BABES IN THE CLOUDS.

A TRUE STORY.

Just ten years ago there suddenly burst upon the Western World, a magnificent stranger from foreign parts. "With all his travelling glories on." It was the great comet of 1858, on the grand tour of the universe.

We remember that comet-summer, not so much for its great astronomical event, as for two singular incidents that more nearly touched our human sympathies, which will glow in poor earthly affairs, even within sight of the most august celestial phenomena.

One pleasant Saturday afternoon during the comet's appearance, an aeronaut, after a prosperous voyage, descended upon a farm in the neighborhood of a large market town in one of the western states. He was soon surrounded by a curious troop of the farmer's family and laborers, all asking eager questions about the voyage and the management of the balloon, that, secured by an anchor and a rope in the hand of the aeronaut, with its car but a foot or two above the ground, was swaying lazily backward and forward in the evening air. It was a good deal out of wind, and was a sleepy and innocent monster in the eyes of the farmer, who, with the owner's permission, led it up to his house, where, as he said, he could hitch it to his fence. But before he thus secured it to his fence, three children, aged respectively ten, eight, and three, begged him to lift them "into that big basket," that they might "sit on those pretty red cushions."

While the attention of the aeronaut was diverted by more curious questions from a neighboring farm, this rash father lifted his darlings one by one into the car. Chubby little Johnny proved the "ounce too much" for the aerial carrier, and brought him to the ground; and then, unluckily, the baby, but the eldest hope of the family was lifted out. The relief was too great for the monster. The volatile creature's spirits rose at once; he jerked his halter out of the farmer's hand, and with a wild bound mounted into the air. Vain was the aeronaut's anchor. It caught a moment in a fence, but it tore away, and was off, dangling uselessly after the runaway balloon, which so swiftly and steadily rose that in a few minutes those two little white faces peering over the edge of the car grew indistinct, and those piteous cries of "papa!" and "mamma!" grew faint and fainter up in the air.

When distance and twilight mists had swallowed up voices and faces, and nothing could be seen but the dark cruel shape sailing triumphantly away with its precious booty, like an aerial privateer, the poor father sank down helpless and speechless; but the mother, frantic with grief, still stretched out yearning arms towards the inexorable heavens, and called wildly up to the unanswering void.

The aeronaut strove to console the wretched parents with assurance that the balloon would descend within thirty miles of the town, and that all might be well with the children, provided it did not come down in the water or deep woods. In the event of its descending in a favorable spot, it was thought that the older child might step out, leaving the younger in the balloon. Then it might again rise and continue its voyage.

"Ah, no," replied the mother, "Jennie would never stir from the car without Johnny in her arms."

The balloon passed directly over the market town, and the children, seeing many people in the streets, stretched out their hands and called loudly for help. But the villagers, though they saw the bright little heads, heard no call.

Amazed at this strange apparition, they might have thought the translated little creatures small angel navigators on some voyage of discovery, some little cherub venture of their own, as heading towards the great cloudlands and purple islands of sunset splendor, they sailed deeper and deeper into the West, and faded away.

Some company they had, the poor little sky-walkers. Something comforted them and allayed their wild terrors—something whispered them that below the night and clouds

was home; that above was God; that wherever they might drift or dash, living or dead, they would still be in His domain and under His care—that though borne away among the stars they could not be lost, for His love would follow them.

When the sunlight all went away and the great comet came blazing out, little Johnny was apprehensive that the comet might come too near their airy craft, and set it on fire with a whisk of its dreadful tail. But when his sister assured him that the fiery dragon was "as much as twenty miles away," and that God wouldn't let him hurt them, he was tranquilized, but soon after said, "I wish he would come a little nearer, so I could warm myself, I'm so cold!"

Then Jennie took off her apron and wrapped it about the child, saying tenderly: "This is all sister has to make you warm, darling, but she'll hug you close in her arms, and we will say our prayers and you shall go to sleep."

"Why, how can I say my prayers before I have my supper?" asked little Johnny.

"Sister hasn't any supper for you, or for herself, but we must pray all the harder," solemnly responded Jennie.

So the two baby-wanderers, alone in the wide heavens, unaided by darkness, immensity and silence, by the presence of the great comet and the millions of unlighted stars, lifted their little clasped-hands and sobbed out their sorrowful "Our Father," and then that quaint little supplementary prayer:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;  
If I should die before I wake,  
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

"There! God heard that, easy; for we are close to him up here," said innocent little Johnny.

Doubtless Divine Love stooped to hear the little ones, and loved them in perfect peace—for soon the younger, sitting on the bottom of the car, with his head leaning against his sister's knee, slept as soundly as though he were lying in his own little bed at home, while the elder watched quietly through the long hours, and the car floated gently on in the still night air, till it began to sway and rock on the fresh morning wind.

Who can imagine that simple little child's thoughts, speculations and wild imaginings, while watching through those hours? She may have feared coming in collision with a meteor—for many were abroad that night, scouts and heralds of the great comet—or perhaps being cast away on some desolate floating island; or more drearily still, floating and floating on, night and day, till they should both die of cold and hunger. Poor babes in the clouds!

At length a happy change, or Providence—we will say Providence—guided the little girl's wandering hand to a cord connected with the valve. Something told her to pull it. At once the balloon began to sink, slowly and gently, as though let down by tender hands; or as though some celestial pilot guided it through the wild currents of air, not letting it drop into a lake or river, lofty wood, or impenetrable swamp, where this strange, unchildlike experience might have been closed by a death of unspeakable horror, but causing it to descend as softly as a bird alights on a spot where human care and pity awaited it.

The sun had not yet risen, but the morning twilight had come, when the little girl, looking over the edge of the car, saw the dear old earth coming nearer—"rising towards them," she said. But when the car stopped, to her great disappointment, it was not on the ground, but caught fast in the topmost branches of a tree. Yet she saw they were near a house whence help might soon come, so she awakened her brother and told him the good news, and together they watched and waited for deliverance, hugging each other for joy and warmth, for they were cold.

Farmer Burton, who lived in a lonely house on the edge of his own private prairie, was a famous sleeper in general, but on this particular occasion he awoke before the dawn, and, although he turned and turned again, he could sleep no more. So at last he said to his good wife, whom he had kindly awakened to inform her of his unaccountable insomnia: "It's no use; I'll get up and dress myself, and have a look at the comet."

The next that worthy woman heard from her wakeful spouse was a hasty summons to the door. It seems that no sooner did he step forth from the door of his house than his eyes fell on a strange, portentous shape hanging in a large pear tree about twenty yards distant. He could see no likeness in it to anything earthly, and he had fancied it might be the comet, who having put out his light had gone down there to perch. In his fright and perplexity he did what every wise man would do in a like extremity—he called upon his valiant wife. Reinforced by her, he drew near the tree, cautiously reconnoitering. Surely never pear tree bore such fruit before.

Suddenly there descended from the thing a plaintive, trembling little voice: "Please take us down; we are very cold."

Then a second little voice said: "And hungry too; please take us down."

"Why, who are you? And where are you from?"

The first little voice said: "We are Mr. Harwood's little boy and girl, and we are lost in a balloon."

The second little voice said: "It is us, and we runned away with a balloon. Please take us down."

Dimly comprehending the situation, the

farmer getting hold of a dangling rope, succeeded in pulling down the balloon.

He at first pulled out little Johnny, who ran rapidly a few yards towards the house, then turned round and stood for a few moments curiously surveying the balloon. The faithful little sister was so chilled and exhausted that she had to be carried into the house, where, trembling and sobbing, she told the wonderful story.

Before sunrise a mounted messenger was dispatched to the Harwood house with glad tidings of great joy. He reached it in the afternoon, and a few hours later the children themselves arrived in state, with banners and music, and conveyed in a covered hay wagon and four.

Joy-bells were rung in the neighboring town, and in the farmer's brown house the happiest family on the continent thanked God that night.

### Visit to the Sewers of Paris.

A woman who signs herself E. D. W. is writing her "Experiences in Europe" for the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin. In a late letter she describes as follows, a visit to the celebrated sewers of Paris:

"Yesterday, the fifth of November, was the day appointed by the chief of the sewerage department for our party to enter the subterranean vaults of Paris, so interesting to the readers of *Les Misérables*. The ticket of notification informed us that we must be at the Place de la Madeleine, on the side of Boulevard Malesherbes, at one and a quarter o'clock precisely. Arriving, we found about twenty-four persons assembled around a temporary railing of iron that enclosed the opening to the sewers, two iron doors that lay flat on the pavement just like our covers over the gas and water pipes in the streets of Philadelphia."

The doors opened, a narrow spiral stairway was disclosed, and a ray of light from a lamp far down the dismal entrance rather increased the gloom than any attractions the place might have. However, when the chief, dressed in government uniform, with the title of his office in gilt letters placed conspicuously on his hat, gave the signal, we started, single file, and in a moment were nearly blinded by a glare of light from rows of kerosene lamps in the hands of men who were to conduct us through the sewers. At the foot of about twenty-five steps, two large boats were in waiting for us, and when my sight became manageable, that was at first dazzled by the swinging lights reflected upon the water, the boat rocking as each one stepped on the side, I tried to realize that I was not entering a death barge on the Styx, or a hearse gondola on the Via Mors, or the funeral canal of Venice by night.

Who would imagine a sewer, through which the dish-water of Paris was carried, could be converted into a canal twelve feet broad, a foot-path on either side of solid stone, where two persons could pass each other, a vaulted roof, along which water and gas pipes, two feet in diameter, were conducted, and telegraph wires were held.

From the center of the arch large lamps were suspended every ten or twelve feet. Our party having seated themselves in two boats, there were twenty men in blue bonnets, and wooden sabots ready to seize the ropes when the command "avances," was given. Presently a faint sound of a horn was heard that grew louder as it was caught up and echoed from every angle of the sewers. Our chief gave a shrill whistle, and the men started on a trot. On the sides of the walls small white porcelain plates were inserted bearing in black letters the dates and heights of risings of waters at different periods, some of them considerably above our heads, and suggestive of the horrors escaped by Jean Valjean, at the Place de la Bastille, at the time of the French revolution. The names of the streets under which we passed and the corners of the cross streets were marked, so we could tell exactly our direction. Running down the main sewer of the Rue Royale to the Place de la Concorde, we found—what do you suppose?—a train of cars, waiting for us! Six of the prettiest little cars I ever saw. They consisted of six platforms, about eight feet square, with brass railings, seats cushioned with red leather, no top to the cars; and on each corner of the cars a brass lamp, with grained glass globes, formed a bright and beautiful finish to this fairy-like conveyance.

The sewer was narrower here and the wheels of the cars ran on brass rails laid on the edges of the foot-paths. Each car had an iron handle back and front, with a brass cross-piece like those on our horse carriages at home. When the cars started, four men pulling and pushing each down the grade of the Rivoli vault, the long vista of the illuminated vault, the regular clack of the sabots on the stone walk, water splashing into the side entrances either on stone steps to break the force, or inverted arches to prevent splashing of the main canal, the speed of our human locomotives, the expression of delight and wonder on the faces of our party, strongly thrown out by the four foot-lights on each car—all was so strange, and half pleasing, half frightful that, like the rest, I waited to see what the end would be. After trotting a mile and a half we were suddenly landed at a large iron gate, and so intense was the light there that I went back to my first theory, and concluded that we were at the Place de la Bastille. We had arrived at the Place de la Bastille, and the light was the sun of noonday, on the white embankment of the Seine, and opposite the two tall towers of the Palais de Justice, inviting to come and see that we were in a world of reality, that there the beautiful Marie Antoinette suffered the tortures of imprisonment, and from there was released by death alone.

## Wit and Humor.

A Queer Hymn Book.

A good joke is told of a preacher in Nebraska, who had dined with a friend just before afternoon services. As it happened, this friend occasionally luxuriated in a smile of the ardent, and sometimes carried a morocco covered flask in his overcoat pocket.

By mistake, the minister took the friend's overcoat for his own on his departure, and walking into the pulpit began the exercises without doffing the garment, it being rather chilly in the room.

Looking very ministerially over his congregation from behind his spectacles, he began drawing from his pocket, as he supposed his hymn book, with the introductory remark that the congregation would sing from a particular page which he selected beforehand.

The minister held the supposed book up in full sight of the congregation, and attempted to open it sideways, but it was no go.

The situation was realized in a moment, but alas! too late.

His reverence was dumbfounded, the whole scene was made ludicrous by a fellow in the back part of the congregation, who drawled out:

"Say, Mister, can't we all jine in that ar' hymn?"

In New York there is a lad proverbial as being a bad spell. The school that he attends has among its many rules and regulations one that requires the scholars to spell a column in the dictionary, and give the meanings, just as the school opens; well this lad was foot of the class. The next day the first word was admittance.

The lad was walking around sight-seeing, when his eye fell upon a circus bill, which, among other inducements to draw a crowd, had "admittance twenty-five cents—niggers and children half-price." He spelled the word, and recollecting it was in his to-morrow's lesson, learned it "by heart." Next day, strange to say, the head boy missed, and the next, and the next, and so on, until it came to our particular friend, who was in the mean time all excitement with the hope of getting head, being sanguine that he was right. Here's the result:

Teacher.—Boy at the foot spell admittance.

Boy.—Ad-mit-tance, admittance.

Teacher.—Give the definition.

Boy.—Twenty-five cents—niggers and children half-price.

Rockhill & Wilson, at the Great Brown Stone Clothing Hall, 603 and 605, Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, have a poetaster, to sing of the excellence of their clothing; and he sometimes sings of other themes. Remembering that the inner man needs a lining, as well as the outer, a covering, he thinks there is no material better suited to the purpose than buckwheat cakes. Hear him:

**Buckwheat Cakes.**  
Hark! Hark! Hark!  
'Tis a sound of the breakfast bell;  
The tinkle we love so well!  
For it tells of the cake  
Which Biddy bakes,  
Of elegant buckwheat flour.  
And we hurry to eat  
Such a luscious treat,  
Fit for a King to devour.  
The griddle she's greased,  
The cakes are in season—  
They're crisp and they're brown,  
And we swallow them down,  
As fast as they come from the kitchen.  
Oh! happy are we,  
As soon as we see  
The smoking hot buckwheat cakes,  
Right hot from the fire,  
And we truly desire,  
To eat them as fast as she bakes.

**COULDN'T SUBSCRIBE.**—A pair of those entertaining ladies, who seem to carry on so large a business in the way of procuring subscriptions for new works, so sweetly un-get-rid-a-ble, called a short time since at the office of a young lawyer for the purpose of getting him to subscribe.

"Indeed ladies," said he, "the partnership of which I am an humble member has lately been so imprudent as to issue a new work of their own, which, in consequence of the enormous expense, attending its illustration, embellishments, &c. has completely crippled us."

"Then perhaps," replied the fair canvassers, "we could procure you some subscribers. What do you call your work?"  
"Well, we have not fully determined as yet; but I guess I'll let my wife have her own way, and call it after her—Charles Henry."

**A BOY'S COMPOSITION.**—Master Shrimp has favored the public with another composition which bears evidence of merit. He will some day make a logician, if he perseveres:

"Ma is my mother. I am her son. Ma's name is Mrs. Shrimp; she is the wife of Mr. Shrimp, and Mr. Shrimp is her husband. Pa is my father. My name is John George Washington Shrimp. Therefore, pa's name is Shrimp too; and so is ma's."

My ma has a ma. She is my grandma. She is mother-in-law to my pa. My pa says mother-in-laws ought to be vetoed. I like my grandma better than pa does. She brings me ten cent stamps and lozars. She don't bring any to pa. Maybe that's why he don't like her.

A Texan negro was overheard making an honorable apology to another in this wise: "I jes said, Sambo, dat you lied; dat is, I jes said you lied. Den, Jim told me you said you'd kill me, an' I said if you killed me I'd kill you." The explanation was satisfactory.

### Silence of the Arctic Night.

In his new work, "The Open Polar Sea," Dr. Hayes thus describes the fearful solitude and stillness of the Arctic night:

"I have gone out in the Arctic night, and viewed nature under varied aspects. I have rejoiced with her in her strength and communion with her in repose. I have seen the wild burst of her anger, have watched her sportive play, and have beheld her robed in silence. I have walked abroad in darkness when the winds were roaring through the hills and crashing over the plain. I have strolled along the beach when the only sound that broke the stillness was the only dull creaking of ice-tables, as they rose and fell lazily with the tide. I have wandered far out on the frozen sea, and listened to the voice of the icebergs bawling their imprisonment; along the glacier, where forms and falls the avalanche; upon the hill-top, where the drifting snow, coursing over the rocks, sang its plaintive song; and again I have wandered away to some distant valley where all these sounds were hushed, and the air was still and solemn as the tomb."

"And it is here that the Arctic night is most impressive, where its wonders are unloosed to sport and play with the mind's vain imaginings. The heavens above and the earth beneath reveal only an endless and faithless quiet. There is no where around me any evidence of life or motion. I stand alone in the midst of the mighty hills. The tall cliffs climb upward, and are lost in the gray vaults of the skies. The dark cliffs standing against their slopes of white, are the steps of a vast amphitheatre. The mind finding no rest on their bold summits wanders into space. The moon weary with her long vigils, sinks to her repose; the Pleiades no longer breathe their sweet influence. Cassiopea, Andromeda, and Orion, and all the infinite host of unnumbered constellations fail to muse one spark of joy into this dead atmosphere. They have lost their tenderness, and are cold and pulseless. The eyes leave them and returns to the earth, and the trembling ear awaits something that will break the oppressive silence. But no footfall of living thing reaches it, no wild beast howls through the solitude. There is no cry of birds to enliven the scene; no tree among whose branches the wind can sigh and moan. The pulsations of my own heart alone are heard in the great void; and as the blood courses through the sensitive organization of the ear, I am oppressed as with discordant sounds. Silence has ceased to be negative. It has become endowed with positive attributes. I seem to hear and see and feel it. It stands forth as a frightful spectre, filling the mind with overpowering consciousness of universal death—proclaiming the end of all things and heralding the everlasting future. Its presence is unendurable. I spring from the rock upon which I was seated, I plant my feet heavily on the snow to banish its presence and the sound rolls through the night and drives away the phantom. I have seen no expression on the face of nature so filled with terror as the silence of an Arctic night."

### The Islands of Pyramid Lake, Utah.

A gentleman who has visited Pyramid Lake, and explored several of its islands at the season of laying and incubation for the myriads of gulls, ducks, pelicans, and other waterfowl that swarm upon its water, states that at that time the larger islands are literally white with eggs. In walking from the shore toward the centre of the islands it is impossible to proceed fifty feet without stepping upon some of the eggs, so thickly are they strewn over the ground. The fowls inhabiting the islands are described as being exceedingly tame; they hover and flutter upon the ground about the intruder upon their breeding ground, or circle and stream about his head, and with but little show of fear. This absence of fear of man is doubtless to be attributed to the fact that until lately that "feathered biped," man, has never been seen by them upon their islands. Owing to certain superstitious notions held by them in regard to the lake, the Indians have never, in the memory of their oldest chief, visited any of the islands. Even were they with the fear of monsters in the lake and upon the islands, they have no boats or canoes, and know nothing even of that rudiment of nautical arts—raft navigation.

Among the islands of the lake are two small, rocky ones, near to each other, and at no great distance from the shore from the fact that they are alive with rattlesnakes. Huge and lazy old patriarchs of the islands, with long strings of rattles upon their tails, bask in the shade of almost every stone, while younger and more active members of the tribe glide about in all directions, and the intruder upon these islands of snakes is often treated to a serenade by a dozen sets of rattles of various degrees of power and shades of tone. Of course neither whites or Indians would care to tarry long on these islands, nor to cultivate more than a passing acquaintance with their musical inhabitants.

It is supposed that the reason of these two islands being so completely alive and crawling with snakes, is that a few having gotten on their shores by some accident, and finding convenient dens in the rocks, they have ever since fed and fattened upon the eggs and unfledged young of the brooding water fowl, and have gone on increasing and multiplying, with nothing to decrease or disturb them.

### Improvements in Delaware.

Rev. J. H. Lightburn, of Dover, writes to the St. Michael's "Come" as follows:

The importance of railroads to the growth and development of a country meets with the fullest demonstration in those towns, and that part of the country in Delaware, which lie on and are contiguous to the railroad which passes through the State. I will give a brief sketch of the growth of some of the towns, and the development and enhanced value of the lands lying upon and near the Delaware railroad. This sketch shall be mostly from personal observation.

In 1851 I visited, what was then known as the village of Middletown. It consisted of a few small houses. A village in England is distinguished from a town by the want of a market. Whether Middletown could boast of so important an institution as a market-house then, I am not able to say, but this I do know, that the houses composing the village were indeed "few and far between." Middletown is now one of the most thriving towns south of Wilmington. Its long rows of neat, and substantially built houses, and the enterprise and wide-awake spirit of its business men, cannot fail to arrest attention, and command respect. The land surrounding Middletown, which could have been bought for \$151 for a mere nominal price, is now some of the richest, best cultivated, most productive and valuable land in the State. It abounds in peach orchards, and all kinds of fruits, and is one of the most beautiful districts of country to be seen anywhere. In 1833, 2800 acres of land near here sold for \$2600. This tract is now divided into six farms. Mr. Fennimore who owns one of these farms, netted in two consecutive years' crop of peaches \$48,000. Mr. James V. Moore sold recently a farm of 150 acres, about three miles from Middletown, for \$30,000, and the purchaser was offered an advance of \$2,000 a short time after. Mr. Reybold's peach-orchard is said in the last three years to have netted about \$300,000. Most of these lands, before the railroad was projected, were regarded poor, were overgrown with sassafras bushes, and were sold at mere nominal prices.

Two and a half miles south of Dover is the village of Wyoming. The village has almost entirely been built up in the last three years. It contains 40 or 50 houses; one of the largest