Middletown Transcript.

VOL. V. MIDDLETOWN, NEW CASTLE COUNTY, DELAWARE, SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 24, 1872. NO. 25.

'72. SPRING. '72.

Hanson Bros

TOWN HALL,

HAVE NOW IN STORE A FULL AND COMPLETE LINE OF

DRY GOODS,

Foreign and Domestic Dress Fabrics,

SHAWLS AND SQARFS,

WHITE GOODS,

LINENS, EMBROIDERIES AND LACES,

Embracing all the Novelties of the Season.

ALSO, A FULL LINE OF

EARTHENWARE.

QUEENSWARE.

Groceries, Provisions,

BOOTS & SHOES,

And in fact everything usually kept in a

FIRST CLASS RETAIL STORE!!

Prices Low.

April 6th, 1872—3mos.

J. M. COX & BRO.

MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

BUILDERS OF FIRST CLASS WORK ONLY.

A Large and Superior Stock of

CARRIAGES!

now on hand, made expressly for this market, all of which will be disposed of on reasonable terms, and guaranteed to be what it is represented.

Particular attention given to Repairing.

apr 6—6m

FRUIT TREES AND SMALL FRUIT PLANTS

FOR SALE, AT ODESSA NURSERIES, ODESSA, DELAWARE.

PEACH, PEAR, & CHERRY TREES

FOR FALL PLANTING; ALSO.

SMALL FRUIT PLANTS

Of all kinds, and a general assortment of Nursery stock.

sept 23—tf POLK & HYATT.

COAL! COAL!! COAL!!!

JUST received, a cargo of *VERY SUPERIOR COAL.*

Stove	2240 lbs.	$7.00
Nut	2240 lbs.	6.00

All orders will receive prompt attention.

June 17—tf CHAS. T. STRATTON, Odessa, Del.

HILLIARD & McMULKIN,

COMMISSION DEALERS IN

COUNTRY PRODUCE,

Domestic Fruit, &c.

368, 369 and 370,

West Washington Market, New York.

apr 27—3m.

CHEAP

STORE!!

HAS JUST RECEIVED A LARGE AND WELL SELECTED STOCK OF GOODS CONSISTING, IN PART, OF

DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS,

GROCERIES,

BOOTS,

SHOES,

HATS,

CAPS

QUEENSWARE,

WOOD & WILLOW WARE,

EARTHEN & STONE WARE,

FISH, MEATS,

READY-MADE

CLOTHING,

ALSO, AGENT FOR

WANAMAKER & BROWN,

And in fact everything usually kept in a

FIRST-CLASS COUNTRY STORE,

All of which we should be pleased to have you

CALL AND EXAMINE.

NO CHARGE

FOR SHOWING GOODS.

TERMS CASH!!!

J. F. ELIASON,

Cheap Store,

Middletown, Del.

apr 27—tf

500 Dollars

IN

SILVER COIN,

To be given away in

PREMIUMS,

AT

S. R. STEPHENS & CO'S.

CASH STORE,

We are now offering a new stock of

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS,

Of great Variety and Style, at low prices for Cash.

We will also pay to all persons purchasing to the amount of Five Dollars or over, 5 per cent in Silver.

We respectfully invite all cash buyers to give us a call before purchasing, as we keep constantly on hand a large variety of goods.

N. B. Sole owners of the Right for New Castle County, of Hall's Little Washer. Price Five Dollars.

S. R. STEPHENS & CO.

April 27—tf. Middletown, Del.

THE IMPROVED

FLORENCE.

THE BEST SEWING MACHINE MADE.

The only machine that makes four different stitches! The only machine that fastens the ends of seams!

The only machine that will more the work in any direction desired! and the only machine that has a self-adjusting tension. These advantages combined with ease, rapidity and quietness of motion, together with the beauty and quality of its work with recent improvements render it the most desirable, durable and best Family Sewing Machine in the world. Agents wanted in every county.

WILSON & PENNYPACKER, Managers,

apr 27-3mof 1123 Chestnut St Philad'a.

C. MAISEL,

TAILOR, (From Paris),

1321 Chestnut Street,

PHILADELPHIA.

may 21—1y

GREAT NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN NURSERIES.

100,000 Prime Peach Trees,

All budded on stock grown from natural seed. The above stock embraces some new and desirable varieties that cannot be obtained elsewhere this season.

300,000 Apple Trees,

Standard and Dwarf, two and three years old largely of early variety and Southern winter or keeping apples. Fruit growers would do well to turn their attention to the cultivating of early Apples. The early varieties grow and fruit well anywhere on the Peninsula; bear young and command high prices in the market. All who plant peach orchards should not fail to plant the ground with early apples at 34 feet apart with peaches between, each way—37 apple and 113 peach trees to the acre. Peach trees alone at 20 feet each way 109 per acre. Before the peach trees are one half done the apples are in profitable bearing; the apples will last about 50 years. In 1871 when the Hale's Early peaches sold in New York for from $1 50 to $3.00 per crate, the early apples sold readily at same time for $3.00 to $5.00 per crate; the apples producing three times as many crates per acre as the peaches. When the peach orchard is done and gone the planter has the ground occupied with a good and profitable orchard, which in most cases will outlive the planter. I have a large stock of standard and Dwarf Pears, Early Richmond and other Cherries, Gooseberries, Currants, Herstine and other Raspberries, Blackberries in variety, Strawberries in variety, Conovers Collossal and Imperial Asparagus, Evergreen and Deciduous Trees, Shrubbery, Roses etc., suitable for farms and yards, Cemetries, &c. Hot-house plants—can furnish all kinds of trees and plants usually found in any first class establishment. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention—write for catalogue. Hiram Deal, Esq. is my authorized agent at Middletown, Del., All orders left with him will receive prompt attention.

RANDOLPH PETERS,

June 1—6m. Wilmington, Del.

TO THE

Peach Growers

OF THE PENINSULA.

YOU can now have your Peach Trees budded to order, in such varieties as you desire. I am prepared, by a new method of cultivation, to bud to order, during the month of June, Peach Trees for next Fall and Spring planting. The superior location of my Nursery enables me, by this new mode, to furnish trees of good size and with better roots than those from any other Nursery.

In addition to the varieties that are cultivated by the nurserymen, I imported from Mr. Rivers, the great Orchardist, near London, three new varieties—Early Beatrice, Early Louise, and Early Rivers. These Peaches have all been fruited in my orchard, and ripen in the order in which they are named, beginning about the 20th of June. They are hardy, and bear transportation as well as Troth's Early. Last season I shipped a few crates to New York, and will have this year a very considerable quantity; quite enough to demonstrate their value to the Peach Growers of this Peninsula, whose patronage I respectfully solicit, as I feel assured that my trees will give entire satisfaction.

Col. EDWARD WILKINS, of Riverside, Kent Co. Md., has planted this season 5000 trees from my Nursery, and I confidently refer to him as to the quality of my trees.

For particulars please address

SAM'L. G. BILYEU,

Littleton, North Carolina.

June 8—3w.

CARRIAGES,

CARRIAGES

GREAT inducements are offered to persons wanting good carriages at

AEXANDER & SON'S

Carriage Works,

DELAWARE CITY, DEL.

They wish to inform their old customers and the public generally that they have on hand and make to order

CARRIAGES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

and warranted to be of the best quality, which they offer at reasonable prices.

May 18—y

NEW JERSEY CHEMICAL CO.

AMMONIATED

SUPER-PHOSPHATE.

The NEW JERSEY CHEMICAL COMPANY having purchased the Chemical Works late of Potts & Klett, are now manufacturing Ammoniated Super-Phosphate of Lime fully equal in quality and condition to the Rhodes Super-Phosphate, formerly made by Potts & Klett, which has heretofore given such general satisfaction.

We are now prepared to furnish consumers and dealers with the above Super-Phosphate and shall be glad to supply our old customers and others.

We also beg to call your attention to the

"ORCHIA GUANO."

This Guano we receive direct from the Orchilla Island. Wherever it has been fairly tried it is pronounced one of the best and cheapest fertilizers in the market.

VARNALL & TRIMBLE,

SOLE WHOLESALE AGENTS,

147 South Front Street,

Mar 16—3ms 3f Philadelphia.

CUCUMBER PUMPS!

J. B. PENIMORE & CO.

Middletown, Del.

apr 27—6mos Agency.

Original Poetry.

For the Middletown Transcript.

To the Odessa Bard.

Oh! could I know where that "Love's bower,"
So "cool and shady," calm and sweet,
Is nestled, how, this very hour,
I'd fly with timid, eager feet.

My heart, like Noah's wandering dove,
So long in quest of its dear mate,
Would yield its wealth of garnered love,
Nor ever feel so desolate.

Its wild, tumultuous throbbings o'er,
Its longing, sighing, vague unrest,
The blissful knowledge evermore,
Is leaned upon a faithful breast.

And eyes whose language mute reveals,
Should read the depths of love in mine,
While dreamy silence, magic spell,
Should question of its Valentine.

The morning's golden beams would fall,
The fragrant eve pass listless by,
And yet the tale unfinished all,
Of Love's divinest mystery.

How lighting up this weary world,
Of sin and sorrow, care and grief,
Balm for all ills, crown of all joys,
The only blest and sure relief.

From Heaven it came, oh, "rarest boon"
To mortals given, sweet bliss 'tis mine!
Delicious knowledge, now possest,
I've *found my long sought Valentine!*

INCOGNITO.

Popular Miscellany.

For the Middletown Transcript.

FATHER AND SON; Or, A Night's Adventure.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.]

The wedding of Mademoiselle de Vildac took place yesterday; and as a neighbor I had to be present. You know Monsieur de Vildac; his face always wears a sinister expression. I noticed him at the feast. Instead of sympathizing with his daughter and son-in-law, their enjoyment seemed distasteful to him. At bed-time I was taken to a chamber under the great tower. I had scarcely gone to sleep, when I was awakened by a noise overhead. I listened, and heard chains dragged down stairs. The door opened; the chains sounded heavier. I heard a sepulchral voice murmuring "Ah, a long time since I have warmed myself." I own that I was scared. I drew my sword, peeping through the curtains. By the glimmer of the fire, I saw an old man in rags, with an unshorn beard. He put his hands over the embers. They suddenly blazed, at which he turned, and then gazed wildly on one of the boards. He seemed in great distress, threw himself on his knees, beating the ground. I could only hear "O my God!" My curtains moved. He cried "Is anybody here?" I replied, and inquired "Who are you?" He was choked by tears, but afterwards said in a calm voice "The most miserable of wretches—sit down by me and soothe my sorrows." In my pity for the poor old man, my fears were forgotten. I sat down, and felt hot tears on my hand, which he took in his. "This is so kind," said he, "and now tell me what means all these disturbances in the castle to-day." When I told him of the wedding, he raised both hands, exclaiming: "Vildac has a daughter, and she is married! God, make her happy and keep her heart free from crime! Know who I am: I am the father of cruel Vildac; but dare I complain?"

"What!" cried I, "de Vildac your son and keeps you in chains and you not speak and proclaim it?" "Oh," replied he, "it is the fruit of sordid interest. He is deaf to the cries of nature, and to get my possessions he has loaded me with these chains. One day he visited a friend, surrounded by his servants and taking the rents of his estate. A longing for his own patrimony seized him. A fortnight after, three masked men carried me off, took away all I had, and shut me up in this tower. I know not how the news of my death spread, but I heard the bells ringing, and hymns chanting, in hopeless anguish. I vainly asked of those who brought me bread, the permission to speak to my son. They regarded me as a criminal thrown into the tower to perish. It is about 20 years. When my food was brought this morning, I noticed the door was not fastened, and I waited till night to come out. A few more steps of liberty are something."

"No," cried I, "you shall quit this dungeon; I will set you free. All is hushed in silence."

"Alas!" said he, after a moment's silence, "solitude has changed me. I am used to this; what could I do in the great world? Your feeling touches me, but I have few days to live. Shall I disgrace my son? Shall I cover my grandchild with infamy? I would so gladly hold her to my heart!"

"No," said I, stopping him, "slavery has enfeebled you. I will be your strength. You shall have a home and a support with me."

"Never will I leave," returned he. "You must not reveal my secret. I am, myself, a monster. I am expiating crime. Do you see those blood-stains on the wall. It is my fathers blood, and I murdered him. How he stretched out to me those arms! I see them still, begging for mercy. Oh, what an image!"

He threw himself with violence to the ground, seized with convulsions, and tearing his hair. After some time of silence, we heard a sound, or thought so, and the dawn appeared. He arose.

"You are filled with horror," said he; "now fly—adieu," and he disappeared.

I remained motionless awhile, overwhelmed with terror. I could neither see de Vildac nor live at my home, and am going to live at a distant place, far from my own castle. Oh, my dear friend, how can such monsters exist!

This took place early in the present century, in a French Province, but the real names have been carefully disguised in the public prints. G.

For the Middletown Transcript.

Muphity--a Singular Dog.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.]

A gentleman had a dog, Muphity, of which he was very fond. One day he went on horseback to get a large sum of money due to him, Muphity being at his side This animal watched him carefully, saw him count his money again and again, with the closest attention, tie it up in a bag, and then mount his horse as if he were greatly pleased.

Muphity sympathized, jumped up and down, leaped on his master and tried to congratulate him. On the way home, he stopped and alighted, fastened his horse to a tree and passed behind a hedge. But he remembered the bag of gold and that it might be seized by the first traveller; so he carried it to a bush close by, where he lingered awhile, then went on his way, and thought no more of his money.

Muphity, who had narrowly watched his movements, following step by step, perceived his absence of mind. He ran to the bag, trying to drag, or lift, it along with his teeth. Then returning, he clawed the clothes of his master, to hinder him from getting on his horse. He barked, he bit him, but no attention was paid it, only he was roughly thrust aside.

Muphity was astonished that his advice was not taken He threw himself in front of the horse to stop his going, and bit him five or six times.

Just then the master began to fear he was mad. With some people suspicions are quickly resolved into certainties. There is a stream in sight. Muphity, though all out of breath, refuses to drink, when he comes to it, but goes on barking and biting. "It is certain," cried the master, "my poor dog has gone mad—he must be shot, he might kill some of us; but he has been so faithful—yet I must." He loaded, pulled the trigger, looking the other way. As the dog fell, he fixed his eye reproachfully on his master, who turned homeward with a shudder, the image of Muphity following. Suddenly the idea of his bag of money returned to him, and he recollected where he left it. The truth flashed over him and he hastened back, observing blood-stains on the road. Under the bush he found Muphity, who had managed to drag himself there, with his dying breath, watching over what he knew to be precious to his master. G.

For the Middletown Transcript.

Origin of the Chess-Board.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.]

A mighty Prince once reigned in India. While young he was of so imperious a temper as to endanger both his people and himself. It was pointed out to him that the affection, the love of his subjects was the only bond of union; but he put to death, the persons suggesting it.

A Philosoper, desirous to aid the young King and save his own life at the same time, invented the Chess-Board, where the king though so powerful, depends on his subjects for self defence as well as for gaining victories.

The King, being quick of understanding made the application to himself, and so altered his course as to win back his subjects. He warmly thanked the Philosopher, and promised any reward that he might name. He asked to have as many grains of sand as there are squares on the chess-board, *constantly doubled sixty-four times.* The King carelessly agreed to it, but to his amazement, found the amount so large that neither all his treasures nor his vast empire could meet the demand.

The Philosopher took this occasion to impress on his mind, the necessity of a King's keeping always on his guard with those who surround him, or else his noblest intentions would be liable to become his snare and final ruin. G.

For the Middletown Transcript

Measure for Measure.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.]

A traveler related once with all seriousness in a company, that he had seen in his travels different curiosities, many of which had never as yet been mentioned by any author. One of these wonders was according to his assertion, a cabbage plant which had grown so large and high that fifty armed riders might have been able to station themselves under a single leaf of it, and perform their evolutions. One of the company not deeming this exaggeration worthy of any confutation, said to him with the greatest self-command and coolness, that he, too, had traveled and been as far as Japan, where he had seen to his astonishment, more than three hundred copper-smiths working on a great kettle, and that on the same there had been at work five hundred men to polish it. What did they wish to do with this enormous kettle, asked the traveler. They wished to cook the cabbage of which you have just related, was the prompt reply. E. S.

Make Home Pleasant.

O ye fathers and mothers who have sons and daughters growing up around you, do ye ever think of your responsibility in this regard—your responsibility for keeping alive the home sentiment in the hearts of your children? Within the limit of your means, remember that the obligations rests upon you to make their home the pleasantest place upon this rolling earth, to make the word "home" to them the synonym of "happiness." I would not have you import the vices of the outside world into your homes for any purpose; but I would have you go to the utmost verge of what is moral to provide at home those things which entice young and growing persons away from home. And let me assure you that you had better spend your money in doing this than in ostentation or luxury, and far, far better to spend it thus than to amass a fortune for your children to squander in the future. And not only as regards amusements, but also comfort and refinement—for children have a keen appreciation of these things—this is much the best policy. Don't send your boy to school in ill-fitting garments—collar all awry and chafing his neck, button missing, and shoes down at the heel. Don't make a warehouse or a clothes-press of his bedroom. Don't feed him on sour bread and tough meat and burnt coffee. Don't let noise and dissension and misrule spoil the hours he spends at home. Don't do any of these things if you can possibly avoid it; especially don't do them for the purpose of laying up money for his future use. The richest legacy you can leave him is a lifelong, inextinguishable and fragrant recollection of his home, when time and death have forever dissolved the enchantment.

When Greek Meets Greek,

A Hartford friend tells a good story of one of our most distinguished citizens:

Col. Samul Colt was in his life time disposed sometimes to be rather pompous. When he was building dwelling houses for the workmen employed in his great pistol factory, he one day encountered a boy picking up chips on his grounds.

"What are you doing here?" he asked, gruffly.

"Picking up chips, sir," replied the youngster, evidently unawed by the great presence.

"Perhaps," exclaimed the Colonel, drawing himself up with swelling dignity, "you don't know who I am. I'm Col. Samuel Colt, and live in that big house up yonder."

The boy straightened up and swelled out and answered: "Perhaps you don't know who I am. I'm Patrick Murphy, and I live in that little shanty down yonder," pointing in the direction.

"Sonny," said the Colonel, blandly, patting the boy on the head, "go on and pick up all the chips you want, and when you get out come back for more.—*American Publisher.*

The world we live in is doomed, and the fashion of it. Mr. John Fiske, of Harvard University, has determined for us upon an old theory, but as become the latitude of New England, more dogmatically than usual. Thus we are told that the earth each year adds to itself some one hundred and fifty billion meteoric particles. It is also losing part of its molar motion of rotation. It is further being retarded by radiation. The consequence of this will be that, at last, the earth will strike the sun with tremendous force. The heat generated by such a collision will produce a temperature of nearly fifty millions degrees centigrade. Disintegration will immediately follow, and then the whole solid mass of our unfortunate planet, together with everything upon it, animate and inanimate, large or small, fat or lean, will be "dissipated into a nebula." Decidedly an unpleasant out-look, but it is consoling to know that Mr. Fiske allows us some millions of years to make up our minds to the lamentable fate predicted for us.

Lawyers who badger witnesses upon the stand often get sharply cut, and among the numerous stories told at the expense of the members of the bar there is none better than one that occurred at the session of a court recently held in a western city. A prominent lawyer had an old farmer upon the stand whom he undertook to brow-beat, and for an hour labored hard to confuse and frighten him by his merciless style of cross questioning. The lawyer had a large bald head that by a stretch of imagination might be thought to resemble a pumpkin, and wore a huge standing shirt collar. During his laborious badgering of the old farmer one side of the said high collar wilted and lay down on the lawyer's coat. As the witness was released, he stepped toward his tormentor and said, aloud enough for the court and jury to hear: "See here, Squire, if you don't put up your sideboard you'll lose that pumpkin off the top of the load." Smiles were audible about that time.

An out-at-elbow poet, who, by some freak of fortune came into possession of a five dollar bill, called to a lad and said: "Johnny, my boy, take this William and get it changed." "What do you mean by calling it William?" inquired the wondering lad. "Why, Johnny," replied the poet, "I am not sufficiently familiar with it to take the liberty of calling it bill."

The Farmer.

[From the Country Gentleman.]

Depletion of Soils.

After the careful study of the subject many years the writer estimated the loss of fertility in one hundred million acres of land in the United States in consequence of defective husbandry and improper tillage, as equal to an average loss of ten dollars per acre—being an aggregate of one thousand million of dollars. This was in a report made to Congress in 1860, from the Agricultural Department.

Since that time the undersigned has investigated the turned out old fields and agriculture of the Southern States patiently, if not thoroughly, over twenty years, and he feels confident that there are two hundred million acres (about half in old fields and half under fence) in the Union, which are depleted to the extent at least of ten dollars per acre, on a fair average. In other words, our landed estate is really poorer than nature made it by two thousand million dollars. If we cease to do this evil in the future, and learn to do well, this damage may soon be repaired; but if we continue to follow the bad example of Persia from the days of her greatest agricultural development, when she fed and clothed vast armies to conquer the world, besides feeding and clothing all the working farmers and mechanics of home, we too in the future shall die by hundreds of thousands from starvation, precisely as the Persians have died within a year.

God is no respecter of persons; He punishes nations in this world for their sins, for they have no public souls to assist in the next.

The natural laws that govern the fruitfulness of all tilled ground, meadows and pastures, are the same everywhere. Let us study them. Why did the Incas of Peru decree that death should be the punishment of any one who should kill one of the guano birds, whether it was on land or water? Because a great moral principle rests on the *necessity* of feeding the soil that feeds mankind. In the absence of this stern necessity, no such decree would have been published or respected. Are our Christian consciences less enlightened, or less obedient to the laws of the Divinity that made us and the ground we cultivate, than the heathen consciences of the aborigines of this continent?

It strikes me that we disgrace our moral not less than our intellectual culture as a nation of reading and educated farmers. A nation may know its duty and do it not. What then? It must suffer the wrath of Him who made the universe.

D. Lee.

The Cost of Poor Stock.

Probably, few farmers think, says the American Agriculturist, of what it costs to keep a poor cow or a land-pike hog. They readily understand that a good cow, or a hog that will dress 200 lbs. at ten months old, is profitable stock to keep, but the fact that this gain is really the amount of loss on the poor stock, is rarely considered. If a cow yields 200 lbs. of butter in a year which brings $60, and another yields 75 lbs which brings $22.50, the loss on the poor cow is just $37.50. The fact is, it would be a more profitable operation to give her away than to keep her, for she does not pay for her feed. The dairy business of this country is not on a satisfactory footing by any means, and solely on account of the multitude of poor cows, which are kept year after year. This is a matter which should be looked after by the County Agricultural Societies. Every one of these associations should introduce improved stock, by means of thorough-bred male animals, into their localities. It is a good work to elevate the ideas of farmers, and to foster a taste for improvements, but to the great majority of their clients the possession of such stock, or the use of it, is quite unattainable on account of want of necessary means. By making this a special branch of their operations, the usefulness of these societies would be much increased, and their importance greatly enhanced.—*Farmer's Home Journal.*

Save Your Own Clover Seed.

We have just been informed, says the Franklin *Patriot*, that one of the largest and most enterprising farmers of this county, last year, saved enough clover seed for his own sowing, sold enough to pay for all the dry goods used in his family, and received $25 in cash in addition. This is the way in which he did it. He put a wire bottom in a trough in which he fed his stock—the wire being two or three inches above the close bottom of the trough. The stock in pulling the clover hay from the racks would scatter the seeds almost pure through the wire into the receptacle below.

How easy and simple a way to save hundreds of dollars, now annually sent out of the country. This can be done also by making close floors in your barn lofts. This will be somewhat more expensive, but it will pay for itself in one season.

The value of farms in Delaware, according to the last census report, was $46,722,870. The value of orchard products for the year ending June 30, 1870, was $1,226,603. Sussex county raises the most corn.