

# The Middletown Transcript.

MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE, SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 6, 1875.

NO. 10.

VOL. VIII.

## Beach Trees and Plants.

### FRUIT, SHADE, AND ORNAMENTAL TREES FOR SALE,

AT THE DIAMOND STATE NURSERY.

100,000 first-class Peach Trees, including all the leading varieties: Pear, Apple, Cherry, and Quince Trees; Burgundy for shade or ornament; 200,000 Orange Orange Quicks; Gooseberry, Currant, Blackberry, Raspberry, and Strawberry Plants; Asparagus and Rhubarb Roots, for Fall of 1874 and Spring of 1875 planting.

Send for Catalogue and Price List.

Address: JAMES T. SHALLCROSS, Middletown, Del. Oct 31-6mo.

## MIDDLETOWN

### Nursery and Fruit Farm.

A large and varied assortment of

### General Nursery Stock

For Sale at low rates.

### PEACH TREES A SPECIALTY.

E. R. COCHRAN, Middletown, Del.

October 17-19.

## Woodside Nursery.

A CHOICE selection of

### PEACH TREES

of the best family and market varieties.

SMALL FRUIT PLANTS, ORANGE ORANGE PLANTS, ASPARAGUS ROOTS, ETC.

For sale at very low prices. Address: HENRY CLAYTON, Mount Pleasant, Del.

aug 29-19.

## Business Cards.

### FURNITURE.

The undersigned respectfully announces to the citizens of Middletown and vicinity that he has on hand a large and well selected stock of handsome and durable

### Walnut and Other Furniture,

which he will sell very cheap for cash. Buying at wholesale cash rates he feels sure that he can sell as low as the same goods can be bought elsewhere. By buying of him purchasers will be saved the freight on their goods from the city.

He is also prepared to attend to

### Undertaking Work

at short notice, and in a manner excellent by none. Persons wishing Metallic or Wooden Caskets or Cases will find it to their advantage to call on him. He has, also,

### TAYLOR & SON'S

### Celebrated Corset Preserver.

The Corset may be dressed in the finest fabric and not be soiled, (and can be worn at all times) as nothing but dry cold air enters the Corset.

GEORGE W. WILSON,

Practical Cabinet Maker and Undertaker,

Feb 1-12m Middletown Del.

## Oysters! Oysters!

RICES

### Ladies' and Gentlemen's Oyster SALOON,

Connected with the OLD BANK Ice Cream and Confectionery Store.

I would most respectfully inform my patrons and friends, and all who may favor me with a call, that I have fitted up an Oyster Saloon for both ladies and gentlemen, where they can get a good hot Stew, Pan, Fry, or Raw, at short notice. Also, Parties supplied with Oysters in any quantity they may desire.

THE CONFECTIONERY DEPARTMENT

is as usual full of the finest Confectionery.

### FINE CAKES,

such as Fruit, Pound, Lady, Sponge, Cup, Drop, and all kinds of Fancy Cakes for parties, can be obtained, upon short notice. We keep on hand Raisins, Citron, Lemon and Orange Peel, Currants, Figs, Dates, Prunes, and all kinds of Foreign and Domestic Fruits, both green and dried. We shall keep for Christmas a full line of Toys for the young, and presents for Children of a larger growth. Don't forget the place, Rice's Old Bank, and don't purchase anywhere until you have examined my stock.

Nov 7-19. E. B. RICE.

## THOMAS MASSEY, JR.

CLOCK AND WATCH MAKER,

Main Street, next door to National Hotel, Middletown, Delaware.

CLOCKS, Watches, Jewelry, &c. neatly and promptly repaired.

Always on hand and for sale, Clocks, Watches, Plated Ware, Forks, Spoons, Silver Napkin Rings, Silver Thimbles, Salt Sugar and Tea Spoons, Butter Knives, Gold Brooches, Pins, Rings, Bracelets, Silver Buttons, Watch Chains, Watch Keys, Key Rings, Steel Watch Chains, &c.

AGENTS FOR

### DEVINNY'S SPECTACLES.

Dec. 12-19.

## M. E. DICKSON,

No. 34 SOUTH EIGHTH STREET,

PHILADELPHIA.

DEALER IN

### WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

SOLID STERLING

### Silver and Plated Ware

Suitable for Holiday Presents.

N. B.—Fine selection of 18 Kt. Wedding Rings on hand.

Gold, Silver and Steel Spectacles to suit all ages.

Dec. 10-19.

## C. MAISEL,

TAILOR, (From Paris),

1321 Chestnut Street,

PHILADELPHIA.

may 21-19.

## Current Literature.

### Scribner's Monthly for March.

Some one in New York writes as follows of Scribner for March:

"I suppose that after this March number of Major Powell's Colorado papers is published the public will wake up to the extraordinary interest of the series, both in story and illustration, and will be looking up the back numbers."

A more splendid feat has seldom been described so modestly and well, by the hero himself. In fact the public seem to be looking up the back numbers of this volume of Scribner already, for the publishers are reprinting some, and expect to be compelled to reprint all the issues since the beginning of the volume in November."

Dr. Holland's "Story of Sevenoaks" may have something to do with this unusual demand. This reaches its third installment in the March number, and the villain of the play is taken from the quiet of Sevenoaks to the more turbid and congenial atmosphere of the metropolis, where it seems likely that he will run a course not altogether unprecedented in the history of successful "vulgarians."

Jules Verne's story has disappointed a good many people, who did not know it was written for young people. The Editors by the way, have taken it in hand, and are "condensing it" into much more than its original interest. Jules Verne condenses much better than Emerson.

Speaking of condensation, Mr. Stedman has had to do a little of that in his "Victorian Poets," the last of which interesting series appears in the March Scribner. Stedman's opinion of Scribner will astonish many persons whose knowledge of this author is like a celebrated old lady's knowledge of Johnson's Dictionary.

"How the Opera of 'Dante' was written" is not an essay, as some will suppose; it is a story which contains a suggestion to which we beg leave to call Verdi's attention.

"Airy Lillies" is a fair sample of what may be called an occasion story, and certainly throws a good deal of light upon a rather obscure topic.

In this number we have one of the promised papers by Albert Rhodes, who this time gives an entertaining illustrated sketch of the famous fabulist La Fontaine.

"Some Old Letters" are continued, and besides their own interest, are remarkable as being accompanied by a hitherto unpublished portrait of Sir Walter Scott, by the artist Newton, once well known in America and England.

Dr. Robinson says some bright things here about Dr. Leonard Bacon and his book, under the title of "New England and her Church."

Among the contributions is another R. H. D. sketch, "The Poetess of Clap City"—you remember the lady, do you not? and the poetry is supplied by Samuel W. Duffield, J. G. Saxe, H. E. Warner, C. F. Bates, G. P. Lathrop, and Joaquim Miller.

The most noticeable features in the Editorial departments are Dr. Holland's papers on Criticism, and Preaching; a summing up of the "Sex in Education" controversy, and a "new departure" in the "Etchings" department, which is much longer and more varied than ever before.

## Something for the Children.

One of the greatest pleasures which St. Nicholas brings to its readers, is certainly the monthly chapters of Miss Alcott's story. This time we catch a delightful glimpse of the "Eight Cousins" at home and in the very midst of the confusion and riot produced by the return of their sailor-uncle.

In Mr. Trowbridge's serial the Young Surveyor is completely astonished by finding his stolen horse when and where he does. If ever there was an ingenious horse-thief, the fellow who captured "Snowfoot" was his equal.

Almost all boys and girls like narratives of wars and battles, and they will find a story of this sort in the poem called "The War of the Rats and Mice," which is every bit as thrilling in its way as the deeds of any favorite hero from Richard Coeur-de-Lion to Jack the Giant-Killer. The illustrations by Stephens are admirable: one of them a true "battle-piece," representing a tournament both exciting and novel.

As for the rest of the number, we have several excellent stories by Frank R. Stockton, Annie La Forge and others, sketches of travel and science with illustrations, an article by W. H. Rideing on the Naval Academy at Annapolis, and—besides other good things—the irrepressible Jack-in-the-Pulpit, whose fun and jokes are always full of wisdom.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE for March more than maintains its supremacy. The principal talent engraving represents a little Italian shepherd, asleep in the woods, with one of his own sheep watching over him, and is the most cunning picture imaginable. The double-size colored steel fashion plate is of rare beauty, the ladies pretty, the dresses the very latest, the whole unrivalled. As to the literary contents they get better and better. No other lady's book has such a brilliant corps of contributors as "Peterson." Take it all in all, it is, as the publisher claims, the best for its money in the world. If you have not already subscribed for 1875, do so at once. The price is but two dollars a year, postage free. Specimens sent, gratis, if written for, to persons wishing to get up clubs. Address, Charles J. Peterson, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

At Woolford, Vermont, a farmer put the following notice in his field: "If any man's or woman's cows or calves get in these here oats, his or her tail will be cut off, as the case may be. I am a Christian man and pay my taxes."

The best law—the golden rule.

## Select Poetry.

### BETSEY AND I ARE OUT.

A FARM BALLAD. BY WILL M. CARLETON.

Draw up the papers, lawyer, and make 'em good and stout;

For things at home are cross-ways, and Betsey and I are out.

We who have worked together so long as man and wife,

Must pull in single harness the rest of our natural life.

"What is the matter?" say you? I swan it's hard to tell;

Most of the years behind us we've passed by very well;

I have no other woman—she has no other man,

Only we've lived together as long as ever we can.

So I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked with me;

So we've agreed together that we can't never agree;

Not that we've caught each other in any terrible githerin;

We've been a githerin' this for years, a little at a time.

There was a stock of temper we both had, for a start;

Although we never suspected 'twould take us two apart;

I had my various failings, bred in the flesh and bone,

And Betsey, like all good women, had a temper of her own.

The first thing I remember whereon we disagreed,

Was something concerning heaven—a difference in our creed.

We argued the thing at breakfast—we argued the thing at tea—

And the more we argued the more we disagreed.

And the next that I remember was when we lost a cow;

She'd kicked the bucket, certain, the question was only—How?

I held my own opinion, and Betsey another had;

And when we were done a talkin', we both of us was mad.

And the next that I remember, it started in a joke;

But for a full week it lasted, and neither of us spoke.

And the next was when I scolded because she broke a bowl;

And she said I was mean and stingy, and hadn't any soul.

And so that bowl kept pourin' discussions in our cup;

And so that blamed cow-critter was always a comin' up;

And so that heaven we argued no nearer to us got;

But it gave us a taste of smuthin' a thousand times as hot.

And so the thing kept workin', and all the selfsame way;

Always somethin' to argue, and somethin' sharp to say.

And down on us come the neighbors, a couple dozen strong,

And lent their kindest service for to help the thing along.

And there has been days together—and many a weary week—

We was both of us cross and spunky, and both too proud to speak.

And I have been thinkin' and thinkin', the whole of the winter and fall,

If I can't live kind with a woman, why, then I won't at all.

And so I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked with me;

And we have agreed together that we can't never agree;

And what is hers shall be hers, and what is mine shall be mine;

And I'll put it in the agreement, and take it to her to sign.

Write on the paper, lawyer—the very first paragraph—

Of all the farm and live-stock, that she shall have her half;

For she has helped to earn it, through many a weary day,

And it's nothin' more than justice that Betsey has her pay.

Give her the house and homestead; a man can thrive and roam,

But women are skerry critters, unless they have a home.

And I have always determined, and never failed to say,

That Betsey never should want a home, if I was taken away.

There is a little hard money that's drawing tolerable pay;

A couple of hundred dollars laid by for a rainy day;

Safe in the hands of good men, and easy to get at;

Put in another clause, there, and give her half of that.

Yes, I see you smile, sir, at my givin' her so much;

Yes, divorce is cheap, sir, but I take no stock in such;

True and fair I married her, when she was blithe and young;

And Betsey was always good to me, except with her tongue.

Once when I was young as you, and not so smart, perhaps,

For me she mitted a lawyer, and several other chaps;

And all of 'em was flustered, and fairly taken down.

And I for a time was counted the luckiest man in town.

Once, when I had a fever—I won't forget it soon—

I was hot as a baked turkey and crazy as a loon—

Never an hour went by me when she was out of sight;

She nursed me true and tender, and stuck to me day and night.

And if ever a house was tidy, and ever a kitchen clean,

Her house and kitchen was tidy as any I ever seen;

And I don't complain of Betsey or any of her acts,

Exceptin' when we've quarreled and told each other facts.

So draw up the paper, lawyer; and I'll go home to-night,

And read the agreement to her and see if it's all right;

And then in the mornin' I'll sell to a tradin' man I know—

And kiss the child that was left to us, and out in the world I'll go.

And one thing put in the papers; that first to me didn't occur:

That when I am dead at last she bring me back to her;

And lay me under the maples I planted years ago,

When she and I was happy, before we quarreled so.

And when she dies, I wish that she would be laid by me.

And lyin' together in silence, perhaps we will agree;

And if ever we meet in heaven, I wouldn't think it queer

If we loved each other the better because we have quarreled here.

### HOW BETSEY AND I MADE UP.

A FARM BALLAD. BY WILL M. CARLETON.

Give us your hand, Mr. Lawyer: how do you do your day?

You drew up that paper—I s'pose you want your pay.

Don't cut down your figures; make it an X or a V;

For that 'ere written agreement was just the makin' of me.

Goin' home that evenin' I tell you I was blue,

Thinkin' of all my troubles, and what I was goin' to do;

And if my horses hadn't been the steadiest team alive,

They'd 've tipped me over, certain, for I couldn't see where to drive.

No—for I was laborin' under a heavy load;

No—for I was travelin' an entirely different road;

For I was a-travin' over the path of our lives again,

And seen' where we missed the way, and where we might have been.

And many a corner we'd turned that just to a quarrel led;

When I ought to 've held my temper, and driven straight ahead;

And the more I thought it over the more these memories came.

And the more I struck the opinion that I was the most to blame.

And things I had long forgotten kept risin' in my mind,

Of little matters betwixt us, where Betsey was good and kind;

And these things they flashed all through me, as you know things sometimes will

When a feller's alone in the darkness, and every thing is still.

"But," says I, "we're too far along to take another track,

And when I put my hand to the plow I do not oft turn back;

And so that heaven we argued no nearer to us got;

But it gave us a taste of smuthin' a thousand times as hot.

And so the thing kept workin', and all the selfsame way;

Always somethin' to argue, and somethin' sharp to say.

And down on us come the neighbors, a couple dozen strong,

And lent their kindest service for to help the thing along.

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