

# The Wilmingtonian.

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Two CENTS.

### Over the Hill.

An open casement where soft winds sigh,  
And, faint with their own rich fragrance, die;  
A glimpse of skies, as soft and deep,  
As the eyes of love, when they smile or weep,  
And by shadowing light and flowing rill,  
A pathway wandering over the hill.

An idle dreamer, with wistful eyes,  
Looking out upon cloud and skies,  
A fair cheek, turned for the wind's caress,  
As, faintly dying, it stays to bless,  
While fancy wanderingly follows still  
The pathway clambering over the hill.

Whence and whither, oh, path of life?  
Questioning heart, when the toil and strife,  
The gleam of hope, or the cloud of care,  
The joy of loving, or love's despair,  
Shall alike have faded and passed away,  
Who shall answer thee? Who can say  
What our future—or good or ill,  
When we have journeyed over the hill.

### The Token of Death.

Within the past two weeks an estimable young lady in this city remarked to her Mother as she arose in the morning that she had had a frightful and terrifying dream during the night.

She had dreamed of her burial robes—the undertaker standing over her and of the open grave; in another week from that time the same undertaker, whom she had seen in her dreams, was in sad reality standing over her performing the last offices to the dead.

A young man called at a newspaper office in Plymouth, England, the day after the bombardment of Alexandria, and asked if the names of any of the Englishmen killed during the day had been received. He said that during the afternoon the mother and wife of a petty officer named Revington serving in Alexandria, had what they regarded as a "token of his death." They were sitting together in their house talking and working when they heard or thought they heard the voice of the absent son and husband say "Mother!" three times. Nothing has been heard about Revington at the newspaper office, but the next day the relatives received a telegram from the admiralty stating that he was shot in the streets of Alexandria while serving on a police duty.

### One Session in the Schools.

There is an increasing disposition among the parents of the children in the Public Schools to induce the educational authorities to shorten the time in which their boys and girls are shut up in the schools.

At the present time there are two sessions—the morning lasting from 9 to 12 o'clock and the afternoon from 2 to 4, and many people are disposed to believe that it would be better for the health of the scholars as well as for their mental brightness if there were but one session a day.

It is the experience of the teachers that during the afternoon session their scholars are languid, listless and pining to get out in the fresh air, and the brighter and sunnier the afternoon, the less attention they pay to their books.

There is not enough heed given in our school system to the physical condition of the children. The one paramount ambition of the school authorities seems to be to cram the craniums of the youth with book knowledge and to give them tasks to work out at home.

There should be less of this. There are too many pale, jaded, worn-out children who are compelled to first overwork their minds with senseless and useless studies and who then are shut up in the school house for two-thirds of the day, and often in gloomy and ill-ventilated buildings. A single session would lighten the burdens of these little minds.

### A Pleasant Evening.

Mr. T. D. Brown, the thoroughly live and energetic manager of the Domestic Sewing Machine Co. on last Tuesday night, gave a grand surprise to the Small Army of Salesmen employed by his Company—these were kindly invited to the Residence of Mr. Brown 901 Jefferson St., and were most graciously entertained.

Mrs. Brown assisted by her accomplished sister Miss Lou Aldrich, gave a delightful variation to the evening's entertainment by choice selections on the Parlor Organ.

Such occasions cement the friendship between employer and employe and also unify business interest—as the clock struck twelve the company retired to their respective homes each one silently vowing Mr. Brown to be the jolliest man on earth.



Hon. CHARLES B. LORE.

We this day present to the readers of The Wilmingtonian the portrait of the Hon. Charles B. Lore our Congressman elect. He was born at Odessa, March 16th 1831. His father, Eldad Lore, was a prominent merchant of that town, and he especially directed the education of his son. Charles attended the ordinary district school until the year 1837 when he entered Middletown Academy, where he was prepared for his College Course.

In the year 1844 he entered Dickinson College, and here by vigorous application to his studies, he soon became regarded as the ablest student of his class. He completed his curriculum of studies with the highest honors that the college could award. Immediately after his graduation, he entered the law office of Judge John K. Findley where, however, he was permitted to remain but for a short time, owing to the death of his brother which necessitated his returning home to take charge of his mother's affairs.

In the year 1859, he resumed the study of law in the office of the late Hon. Daniel M. Bates, and he was admitted to the Bar in 1861; from that time until the present date he has been immediately identified with the prosperity and development of his adopted city.

He has been a trustee of Delaware College for several years; and he was one of the incorporators of the Home for Friendless Children, and is still one of the trustees of that charitable institution.

In the year 1869 Mr. Lore was appointed Attorney General by Governor Saulsbury; and the zeal that he manifested in the cause of good government, made him a terror to evil doers throughout the state. His entire term of office was characterized by a most vigorous prosecution of all malefactors brought to the notice of the Grand Jury.

There is probably no man in the state of Delaware more extensively, and at the same time, more favorably known than Mr. Lore. He is spoken of by his colleagues at the bar, as a most courteous gentleman, charitable, humane and exemplary in all of his relations.

His candidacy has not developed in him a lawning sympathy for a subservient familiarity, that is common to the average candidate; but he has maintained a commendable naturalness throughout the entire canvass. It is a well known fact that the Congressional Nomination was a spontaneous and unanimous offering to Mr. Lore—and he was thus honored solely on account of his high professional character and of his exalted moral worth.

Mr. Lore is pre-eminently a man of the people and his unparalleled popularity, was fully attested on last Tuesday.

There is probably not another man in the state of Delaware who has such a strong personal following—and who has such a positive hold on the affections of our people as Delaware's next Congressman.

Whether upon the street—in his office—or in the retire of his domestic circle—we find him the same genial, noble-hearted and whole-souled man.

Delaware may well be proud of such a son, for he is the fortunate possessor of all of those grand and enabling characteristics that go to make the perfect man.

The fitness of Mr. Lore for the honored and responsible position in the National Hall of Congress, has never been questioned—his friends claim, and all political opponents admit that Mr. Lore is the ablest, the cleanest handed and the clearest headed man that has ever been selected in Delaware for the honored and honorable position of Representative to Congress.

His literary attainments, his indefatigable industry, his fluency and his brilliancy as a speaker—and his moral worth pointed to him as the one pre-eminently qualified to represent Delaware at Washington—and his ability as a Parliamentarian, his keen perceptive power, his strong convictions of duty and his distinguished ability, designate him as the next Speaker of the House of Representatives.

"Who am I?" pompously asked Richard Harrington in his recent speech in the Opera House in this city. In the language of the late Mr. Giltman "it will go thundering down the ages" that Richard was the mill stone around the neck of the Republican Party.

All Delawareans will rejoice at the result of last Tuesday for it makes it not only possible but highly probable that Delaware will not only be honored with the Speakership of the next House of Representatives but that also the Hon. Thomas F. Payard will in the near future be the President of the United States. Surely the work of last Tuesday was glory enough for one day.

Before making your purchases read carefully our advertising columns—we advertise none but those who have a reputation for honest dealing.

At the fair now being held in the Lecture room of the Grand Opera House, by the Grand Army of the Republic, there is a miniature working model of a Locomotive and tender, perfect in every detail.

It was built by Chief Engineer J. Madison Case of the United States Rev. Marine, and demonstrates the principles of steam as perfectly as a large engine. This model is to be disposed of at the fair by chance to some lucky winner, for the benefit of the organization.

WHO STRUCK BILLY PATTERSON?  
Referred to the late Richard Harrington.

Richard's Lamentation.  
"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these, it might have been.

If the foresight of the Republicans had been as acute as their binoculars, Fisher and Harrington would have remained in their well merited's utility.

### Eggs as Food.

Eggs, at average prices, are among the cheapest and most nutritious articles of diet. Like milk, an egg is a complete food itself, containing everything necessary for the development of a perfect animal, as is manifest from the fact that a chick is formed from it. It seems a mystery how muscles, bones, feathers and everything that a chicken requires for its perfect development are made from the yolk and white of an egg; but such is the fact, and it shows how complete a food an egg is. It is also easily digested if not damaged in cooking. Indeed, there is no more concentrated and nourishing food than eggs. The albumen, oil and saline matter, are, as a milk, in the right proportion for sustaining animal life. Two or three boiled eggs, with the addition of a slice or two of toast, will make a breakfast sufficient for a man, and good enough for a king.

According to Dr. Edward Smith, in his treatise on "Food," an egg weighing an ounce and three-quarters contains 120 grains of carbon, and seventeen and three-quarters grains of nitrogen, or 15.25 per cent. of carbon and two per cent. of nitrogen. The value of one pound of eggs, as food for sustaining the active forces of the body, is to the value of one pound of lean beef, as 1884 to 900. As a flesh producer, one pound of eggs is about equal to one pound of beef.

A hen may be considered to consume one bushel of corn yearly, and to lay ten dozen or fifteen pounds of eggs. That is to say that three and one-tenth pounds of chemistry corn will produce, when fed to a hen, five-sixths of a pound of eggs, but five-sixths of a pound of eggs requires about five pounds of corn for its production. Taking into account the nutriment in each and the comparative prices of the two on an average, the pork is about three times as costly a food as the eggs, while it is certainly less healthful.

Never betray a confidence. Never leave home with unkind words. Never laugh at the misfortunes of others. Never fail to be punctual at the time appointed. Never make yourself the hero of your own story. Never fail to give a polite answer to a civil question. Never question a child or servant about family matters. Never fail, if a man, to be civil and polite to women. Never refer to a gift you have made or a favor you have rendered. Never associate with bad company; have good company or none. Never, when traveling abroad, be over-bountiful of your own country. Never punish your child for a fault to which you are addicted yourself. Never appear to notice a scar, deformity, or defect on any one. Never divulge a secret given to you in friendly intercourse, even should such friendship be afterward broken.

### TALK IS CHEAP.

This may be a vulgar retort, certainly it is homely, but at once apt and true. It is the easiest thing in the world for most of us, to exhort and advise, but to practice, and perform quite a different task. Henry Ward Beecher receiving 20,000 a year, has leisure to study and invent plans by which to enable the workman to live in opulence on one dollar per day. Seneca wrote eloquently in the praise of poverty, on a table of gold, with £2000 out at usury. Dick Steele expatiated largely on the beauty of temperance, when sober. Young eager for a life of fame and honor, finding his aims frustrated, retired to the clergy, and contented himself by satirizing the very things he had been unable to obtain.

For example—see fable of Fox and Grapes.

And in our own later day we are still encouraging this tendency. If Mrs. Brown had Mrs. Jones' income, she is sure she could manage matters better, while Mr. Smith is confident he would make a much efficient director than his more favored neighbor Green—, and so on to the end of the chapter. Each one of us, as rule, could accomplish so much more than our friends, were we placed in similar positions. But when we find ourselves indulging in this wicked and ugly practice, it would profit us to reflect upon the title of this warning, and do not let us fit it to our neighbors, our friends, our acquaintances &c, but instead sit right down and see it there is not a Cinderella in our house that the slipper will fit.

### DEMOCRATIC OPPORTUNITIES—DEMOCRATIC RESPONSIBILITIES.

If the Democratic Party is wise it will comport itself as the custodian of the honesty and the integrity of this state.

It is worthy of the trust in it reposed the Coming Legislature will devote its attention to the remedying of existing evils—and to the enactments of those statutes that will conserve the public peace and that will tend to the advancement of the material interests of this State;—but, before the smoke of the late political contest had cleared away we hear well defined whisperings of a Metropolitan Police force for the city of Wilmington. We are speaking for the better element of the Party when we say to Kent and Sussex hands off! of Wilmington.

While last Tuesday demonstrated the inefficiency of the present Mayor to preserve peace and protect the lives of this people yet "we had rather endure the present evils than to fly to those which we know not of."

Local Self Government has been claimed as the corner stone of Democracy all through the years—Home Government has been demanded as the inalienable right of the American Citizen, yet in the face of this well defined Democratic principle, men are so drunken with recent party successes that they ignore the fundamental traditions of their party and hug to their bosoms a theory that has ever been at variance with their principles and with their teachings.

We beg of the enthusiastic Partisan not to be deceived by the results of last Tuesday—it was not a Democratic triumph, *ipse se*, but it was a spontaneous Memorial tribute to the murdered Garfield; when his "Accidency" inherited the Presidency he took especial delight in making himself obnoxious to all of Mr. Garfield's friends.

He reversed the policy of his honored predecessor—he our aged paper opinion by rewarding with office those who M.igned the Memory of the late President and the followers of Mr. Garfield rose *en masse* to rebuke Chester A. Arthur for his defiance of public sentiment. This was one of the potential factors that entered into the late contest—and it was one of the leading causes of the overwhelming Anti-Administration Majorities. We again repeat that the result of last Tuesday must not be construed into a partisan triumph.

If the Democratic party shows itself true to the interests of the people, it will continue in the confidence of the people, but if it is untrue to itself and recent to its trust then the people will put upon it their condemnation.

Above all things we do not want any special political legislation for Wilmington—we hope that the Party will rise to the full measure of its grand opportunities and meet every reasonable expectation of the people.

### A Boom to the Rear for the Old Grant Dynasty!

On Last Tuesday Delaware gave 1900 majority against Fisher, Harrington and Arthur—Pennsylvania showed by a majority of 35,000 her condemnation of Cameron and Arthur—But in New York where Stalwartism first saw the light of day and where the imperious Conkling sought to blight whosoever would not do his bidding—in this apparently impregnable Stalwart stronghold Bossism, as exemplified by "Mc Too," Conkling and Arthur was sat down upon to the tune of 209,000.

The lesson taught last Tuesday and the one to be remembered by Politicians all through the ages is:

"Though the Mills of the Gods grind slowly,  
Yet they grind exceeding small."

The African Race needs more one to tell them that they cannot afford to run through our streets on Election day like unchained Demons.

"By their deeds shall ye know them" and a few more outbreaks on the part of the colored people as was witnessed last Tuesday will not only demonstrate the want of wisdom that elevated them to the rights of citizenship, but it will also be used as a powerful argument by both parties to curtail their privileges of suffrage. We have heard many unfavorable comments on the African Race by Staunch Republicans this past few days than ever before since the right of voting was granted to them. That Race wants to bearken very speedily to the counsel of wise and judicious leaders.

F. T. B.