negroes or add a few acres here or there to his landed possessions, the natural increase of negroes being of itself a very considerable means of acquiring wealth. The course that was pursued between merchant and planter was based on property, very much the same as that between the merchant and all persons of fair credit, who preferred to give their notes to paying their debts in cash. Annual arrangements were the rule. The banks discounted good paper to run ninety days; at the end of the time they required interest paid and then renewed the paper, and so on indefinitely. They were happy in thus running credits to planters for years and compounding the interest every ninety days. Of course they paid out their own notes (promises to pay), and, as in fact a very large part of these notes never came back for redemption, they made a prosperous business.

SENEX, JR.

III.

Why may we not before getting into matters of more consequence refer to the "*morus multicaulis* craze"? The *multicaulis* is a variety of the white mulberry, and its leaves were, in days that are gone, presumably are now, especially esteemed as food for the silkworm. The enthusiasm of its culture did not raise the hopes nor its collapse produce the dire consequences of the "tulip craze," the "South Sea Bubble," and others that have come down to us through the corridors of time, and in the early days of 1840 it had nearly run its rather brief course. At that time the numerous advertisements offering and belauding it had about ceased to appear, and those who were to realize fortunes from the manufacture of silk had well-nigh ceased to mourn over their departed hopes. Still, the *morus multicaulis* was to be found, probably, in some of the lots around town, and it had hardly disappeared from the upland field connected with the rice farm of Mr. James S. Green, near Kidder's mill, in which a few acres had been devoted to its cultivation.

One of the most important of our industries is truck farming. Many persons engage in it of course solely with a view to disposing of their product in this city, but others raise vegetables and small fruits almost exclusively, if not entirely, for early shipment to Northern markets. Among the latter are Chinese truckmen, who raise vegetables hardly considered edible with us, and ship them directly to factors of their own race, doubtless in

Philadelphia or New York. But in or about 1840 it was not so. Very many persons had around their residences sufficient ground for patches of vegetables, green peas, cucumbers, roasting-ears, and the like, and so many a town lot was really a half-acre farm. In the nature of things, as the town grew, or rather as the town had grown, fresh vegetables became a felt want. When the time and the necessity came into conjunction Mr. John Barnes appeared on the scene. At the old London corner, where Solomon now has his store, in market hours Mr. Barnes could always be found with vegetables in their season, always the best, too, of their kind. His farm was located quite beyond the limits, even beyond "Dry Pond," though it would be reckoned in that precinct. It comprised what now is the square bounded by Queen and Seventh and Wooster and Eighth Streets, about five acres. On this little plot of bald sand-hill land, by indefatigable industry and practical skill, Mr. Barnes managed to support himself and family, not forgetting to give them at least a good solid English education. Here were raised the first cabbages ever produced on soil hereabout. In fact, until Mr. Barnes introduced them it was not supposed that they could be headed around here. And watermelons—there is no adjective available to describe them. They were always to be expected on the Fourth of July, and Barnes's watermelons and the *Gladiator* or the *Wilmington* or whatever line boat went on the annual excursion were part and parcel of the celebration of the day. At the time of which we write Mr. Martindale raised watermelons also and furnished buttermilk, and it was a time of delight to the average boy on a hot summer day when the old white-covered cart, drawn by the clay-bank mare, the whole directed by old Aunt Sally Martindale, would be seen coming around old Jack Green's corner townward. Mr. Barnes died of yellow fever on November 14, 1862, aged sixty. To meet increasing demand, the truck gardening in and around Wilmington was developed, of course. Dr. James F. McRee, having retired from practice, found at Hilton both pleasure and profit in this kind of farming. F. B. Agnostini afterwards went into it on the Little Bridge Road near San Souci Plantation. Mr. Christopher A. Dudley engaged in it at Summerville, below Greenfield, and John Gafford a mile or two beyond Jump-and-Run Branch. And we must not forget old Dr. J. Tognio, who leased a part of Love Grove Plantation, on Smith's Creek, a Frenchman of some attainments, we believe, in a literary way,