

Democrat Matchman

BELLEVILLE, CENTRE COUNTY, PENNA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1860.

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 Office on High Street (old office). Will attend to all professional calls as heretofore, but respectfully offers his services to his friends and the public. Office next door to his residence on Spring street. Oct. 28 '58 f.

DR. J. B. MITCHELL,
 PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
 BELLEVILLE, CENTRE CO., PA.
 Will attend to all professional calls as heretofore, but respectfully offers his services to his friends and the public. Office next door to his residence on Spring street. Oct. 28 '58 f.

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 Customers will find my stock complete and fresh, and all sold at moderate prices.
 Farmers and Dealers on the country are invited to examine my stock.

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 James Hall & Hobbs will attend to my business during my absence in Congress, and will be as efficient by me in the trial of all cases entrusted to them.
 December 15, 1859.

FARE REDUCED.
STATES UNION HOTEL,
 605 & 605 Market Street, above sixth,
 PHILADELPHIA, PA.
 G. W. HINKLEY, Proprietor.
 Fare reduced on 25th day.

Select Poetry.

NOVEMBER.

The days we've so long dreaded,
 The days of frost and snow,
 Of winds that sweep the frozen street,
 And whistle as they go—
 The days of feeble temperament,
 A shill and a blow!
 Of mud and mire and dirtiness,
 Again are "here below!"

We sit and sneeze and cough in rooms
 Insufferably hot,
 And tumble over old accounts
 Were never with a great!
 We peer through the window
 Into our neighbor's 'el,
 We really argue it were best
 To steal his sheep or not!

The vines, frost-bitten, from the nave
 Hang blackening in the rain,
 And trudging drop like silent tears,
 All day the windows stain.
 The leaves are gone, the dead weed-stalks
 Grow black upon the plain,
 And herbs are lowing in the fields
 Where stood the gathered grain.

All day you hear the noisy row
 Upon the hemlock high—
 In flocks about the mountain ash,
 The thrubling robin fly,
 The whistling leaves and yellow, drive
 In mimic whirlwinds by,
 Or on the wet and muddy walks
 In heaps, together lie.

The dripping of the rain is heard,
 Upon the roof all night,
 And dark and heavy clouds obscure
 The early morning's light,
 We gasp and stretch and feel as dull
 As our grand mother's night,
 "Some" older than Methusalem,
 And cross enough to bite!

That summer's gone and gone for good,
 'Tis useless to protest,
 When all the hills that you can see
 In waxy caps are dressed,
 When fogs upon the valley
 From morn till evening rest,
 And in his journey scarce the sun
 Is seen from east to west.

Alas! these days of dumps and of
 Intermittent rains,
 Of overcast and overbores,
 And "potheary" rains—
 Of drops for coughs, and slops for colds,
 From catnip tea to Swaine's,
 Make the effort to survive appear
 A questionable pain!

Miscellaneous.

FRENCH FLOWER FARMS.

There's something calculated to charm even the dullest imagination in the very name of a flower farm, in the very idea of an agriculture limited to bright petals and odoriferous stems, of crops of blossoming buds, and harvests of perfumed bluishings. Such farms exist in Italy, in colder Germany even, where a favored spot of sunny land seems suited to the purpose: nor in England quite without rose farms and lavender farms. But there are more flowers in Provence than in all the rest of Europe. The traveler from Cannes to Grasse, or from Grasse to Draguignan, passes through the centre of a district which it is no poetical exaggeration to call a land of flowers. Sheltered from rude breezes by a range of projecting hills, fully exposed to the southern sun, and in the centre of most delicious part of sweet Provence, this strip of country seems indeed the parterre of Europe. Every breath of summer wind is laden with the fresh scent of myriads of flowers; every field is a garden; every proprietor is a flower grower; the golden age seems to be realized there, and an Arcadia to exist more graceful and unreal than that of the poet. And yet it is not all Arcadia, even there. Spring and summer are anxious seasons. The owner of all these odoriferous treasures is often found a care-worn man, watching the sky and the weather-glass as anxiously as a sea captain in uncertain weather, and growning over the ravages of blight and insects among his acres of blossoms. These blossoms are destined to supply the great distilleries of Grasse, renowned throughout Europe. The word "distillery" has a very allusive ring to it, which is a label on the industry by which Grasse lives and thrives. Let us hasten to say that the distilleries of Grasse aim at pleasing the olfactory sense, not at sopping the palates or stupefying the intellects of mankind.—Grasse distills nothing more hurtful than subtle essences and dainty perfumes. It is a beautiful sight, in good seasons, that floral harvest; the gathering of those snowy mounds of white orange blossoms, with their perfumed breath and maiden purity; the gleaming of those purple violets, those clustering jacinths, those honeyed tub roses. More productive and gorgeous still is the ocean of blossom roses, pink roses, white roses, of every size and variety, which are born to yield their choicest sweets to the cunning alchemy of flowers. All this beauty, industry and prosperity, originated in a very singular way, and owed its commencement to the constancy and attachment of a pair of lovers, and the prompt wit of a humble French peasant.

In the year 1800 these Provencal flower farms did not exist: there were not then, as now, in the town of Grasse, a hundred stills, continually producing those delicate scents, which are now sold at a high price in every city of the civilized world. French perfumes were distilled in Paris alone, from the produce of Italian gardens; while the more valuable kinds of essence were drawn from

Italy, and chiefly from Florence, which had been renowned for its perfumes and its poets during the learned sway of the Medici. At this time there dwelt in the village of Mary les Roches, three miles from Grasse, an old man of considerable wealth, doubtful reputation and imperious character, named Jean Baptiste Desormes. Old Desormes owed his doubtful reputation, in part, but in part only, to the manner in which his fortune had been acquired. I am afraid we should be but a little edified by a full account of his early career. His biographer simply mentions that he had been a lackey of the Marquis de Mirepoix, and had been as useful in Paris as "Scapin redoublé." This newer incarnation of the illustrious Scapin had somehow managed to render great services to his employer, or to master enough of his employer's secrets to make him of consequence, for he was suddenly made independent of the Mirepoix estates, in the neighborhood of Grasse. Desormes was not much liked. There were ugly rumors about his early career. He was a severe taskmaster, and laid on the coaxes and the dross, and the other taxes and local exactions which the seigniors of pre-revolutionary France were wont to screw of their tenants with unsparring hand. Yet, somehow, the steward was more popular than the landlord, for the latter was never seen, and the former was proverbially made to bear the burden of sins they were never at part in. If a peasant were flogged, if a poor woman's cow, or a poor man's seed corn were confiscated for some trifling offence or omission, it was always the fault of the steward. The steward was so severe—the marshal's orders were so precise, so unfeeling—the marshal had the heart of a flint. The artful intendant probably perceived the mutterings of the buzzing storm, and was preparing himself a refuge when their fury should sweep over the land. So it came to pass that old Desormes, by dint of cunning hints, threw most of the blame of his acts on the seigneur, and acquired for himself a sort of reputation by painting the Mirepoix of demonic blackness. Yet, somehow or other, grind and screw and screw as Desormes might, very little of the golden stream wrung out of hard pinched toil flowed into the coffers of the lord. The marshal sometimes had to borrow at usurious interest, from Desormes himself, or from a Paris Jew, the gold pieces he staked at ombre or basset, and while the plundered villagers of Mary were cursing monseigneur monseigneur was at the court, with empty pockets, swearing at the rascally intendant who fattened on him! Why was not Desormes dismissed? Ah! there the biographer loses his lucidity, and reverts to rumor and common fame. Rumor declared that Mirepoix was afraid of the steward, who held him in check by a secret. "Common fame said that Desormes kept under lock and key some mysterious letters of his Majesty, the disclosure of which to his Majesty the King, would have opened the gates of the Bastille, and given the governor of that interesting fortress another guest of rank. The great storm burst, and the aristocracy of France had the alternative of death or exile. The old marshal was dead; his widow, whose jointure was formed by the Provencal estates, emigrated and sought safety in Germany. We all know by how summary process the estate of the emigrants were sold—what good bargains were made at the time—how stately chateaux were purchased for less amount than would have paid for the building of their very orange groves and offices—and how broad acres were offered for sale until the market was glutted. Among the buyers, of course, was Citizen Desormes, ex-intendant of the aristocratic Veuve Mirepoix. Justly deprived of his lands for anti-civilism, and escaping from the guillotine to a crust and a garret at Vienna. It was said that Desormes bribed the commissaries of the new republic, and got the farms and woodlands for less than others were willing to give; but such scandals were common at that time, when fortunes were made or overturned in a day. At any rate, Desormes turned republican, saved his neck, and with what he had amassed in his stewardship, bought the Mirepoix estate.

In 1800 he was growing old and frail; but by this time the red fever had cooled down, the rule of Napoleon was looming in the future; and M. Desormes, no longer Citizen, was favored upon as the richest man in the arrondissement. He had 30,000 livres of annual revenue, and like a true provincial Frenchman, did not spend a third of his income. No wonder that his daughter, Marie Desormes, had suitors in plenty. Her inheritance was a glittering bait that magnetized the susceptible bachelors of the department. Marie was handsome enough, and good enough, and sprightly enough to have been loved for her own sake. One, and only one, of her many admirers did love her for her own sake—Pierre Lescant, a young farmer of the neighborhood. They had played together as children; Pierre had gathered the daisies and scarlet poppies that Marie wore into crowns and ropes of flowers; Pierre had climbed the tree to shake down the walnuts into his little playmate's apron. But of all the pretenders to pretty Marie's hand, Pierre Lescant, though at once the handsomest, the manliest, the best, was, alas! the poorest; and in a country where there is so inanimate a connection between money making and money catching, Plineus is generally lord of the as-

endant. Everybody respected that old M. Desormes—a choleric, tyrannical old fellow in most relations of life—as many whose early servitude had forced them into a supple obsequiousness foreign to their true natures—would compel Marie to accept the suit of old Colin Legrison, who was lame, squinting and sixty; but who had feathered his nest gloriously when the emigrants' lands were brought to the hammer, and lands were scarce in France. Colin Legrison was the richest of Marie's suitors; Pierre Lescant was the neediest. Colin Legrison hesitated now, curious as he was, to see Desormes die, he had a suspicion that M. Desormes had had some hot tip in his thirty years, but he really loved his daughter, and none the less, perhaps because she was the only object on which his years of affliction, of which even the worst of us are capable, could expend themselves. Desormes had lost his wife years and years ago, when Marie was still an infant. He had no other child. He was always kind to his daughter—that he neither beat nor scolded her, to the wonder of the neighbors, for he was a hard master, and had become a severe landlord, as soon as the mob law of early Jacobinism had sufficiently died out to render unpopularity safe; and his voice, in speaking to Marie, was never the harsh, sarcastic voice which his debtors knew and trembled at. Accordingly, old Desormes shrank from compelling Marie's choice. He took good care to let her know that he would wish her acceptance of the lame, squinting, old Colin Legrison; but he did not absolutely command it. The maiden was not without sense and spirit; she detested Colin, and loved Pierre. To fore her to give up the second, and marry the first, would be difficult, her father thought, but by no means impossible for his daughter; but it could only be effected by severity, by violence—Marie must be broken, not bent. And she might die, and he would be left alone—for young girls' hearts are curious things, and he had known them capable of even such antics as dying, when such cases had occurred—a childless old man in a world that hated him, and who would inherit the gold he had sold his conscience for! All these things old Desormes brooded over, and the result was that he told Marie he hoped she would fancy old Legrison, who had lands and bevers; but if not, why, he must trust some other suitor with a snug fortune would be for thought. The ex-intendant had no dislike to Pierre Lescant; he admired the young man's courage industry and even his honesty, as people often do among qualities quite removed from their own. But Pierre Lescant's farm was a mere patch of land, and he poked up only a sorry living out of his vineyard, and his score or two of olive trees—"Thou shalt never marry a beggar, my girl," the ex-steward would say, striking his stick on the floor. "If Pierre can stow twenty thousand crowns on the wedding day, good! I bestow my blessing, and what is better, I double the money. But, marry a beggar! thou shalt suffer St. Catharine sooner than that!" Now, to *coliffe* St. Catharine, in French parlance, is to be an old maid.

"Ah, Pierre," said the poor girl, with tears in her eyes, as the lovers walked up and down the garden of Pierre's farm, while the old servant, under whose chaparrado, Marie had come, sat knitting in an arbor—"Ah! Pierre, why have you not twenty thousand crowns? Can you not in any way get twenty thousand crowns?"

Pierre groaned, and struck his forehead—"What chance have I, Marie?" he rejoined—"Your father is as firm as a rock, I know, and I can't blame him, for no one that is rich likes his child to wed with poverty—But what on earth can I do? These few poor acres, that vineyard, those olive trees—I might sell them all, and not get a fifth of the money. Twenty thousand crowns—that sum don't grow on the hedges. Ah! but I wish it did." And Pierre looked quite angrily at his pretty garden, full of blooming flowers of every hue, whose mingled fragrance floated toward him on the balmy air, and the very hedges of which, as is not unusual in the south, were composed of bluish roses. "How I wish, for thy sake, my Marie, that I could coil these flowers into gold!"

Now, it often happens that a word hastily or lightly spoken suffices to give a color and a direction to the entire thoughts of the speaker or the hearer, and perhaps to change his whole career and prospects. "I wish that I could coil these flowers into gold!" Those words of his own haunted Pierre's ear through all the hivelong afternoon; long after Marie had left him, long after the shades of evening had begun to embrace the forests, and the bees were coming back, heavy laden, to the hive, and the rooks were flapping home in sable hue. Still Pierre mused and walked alone, with knitted brow and drooping head. What could he do? He loved Marie so dearly. He knew her parent would never go back from his word, ever permit their union, unless he, Pierre, became a rich man. And how to become rich! He looked round at his scanty possession with a sort of despair. The poor little vineyard, yielding its half dozen cakes of inferior wine; the rushy pastures, where the four cows picked up a scanty living; the olive trees, with their silvery leaves and gnarled roots; what could be conjured out of these beyond a subsistence for himself, and his two day-la-

borers, and the old peasant woman who did the indoor work of the farmhouse? But the flowers! They were bright, and varied, and numerous; for the garden was very large, compared with the size of the property, and Pierre's father had been head gardener at the Chateau de Mirepoix in his youth, and had stocked his own ground, no doubt, with many a slip and shoot of plants rare in France at that time. The garden was renowned for its beauty and fragrance for leagues around; and when a wedding took place, Pierre Lescant was always petitioned to furnish a bouquet for the bride from the treasure of living gems that flourished in his parterre. Pierre could not get the roses and geraniums out of his head; their perfume, their brilliancy seemed to haunt him since his interview with Marie. That evening, as he sat alone and his poor furniture of brown walnut wood, in his white-washed room, he revolved many vague ideas in his head, and sighed as card games seemed to threaten all his card-rattles one after another.

All his hopes, all his wild projects were gilded and sanctified, as it were, by his love for Marie. He would never have longed for money, save as a means of winning her; yet, as he laid his head on the pillow, the words still rang in his ears,—"I wish that I could coil these flowers into gold." And, when, after much tossing and restlessness, the morning sun sank into sleep, he was flower-haunted still. In his dream he saw himself surrounded by the choicest blossoms of his garden, but they looked brighter than before; the dew that spangled them glittered like diamond drops; the fragrance of their mingled breath entranced him, and closed him in like a sweet vapor; their hues were as brilliant as if every rose leaf had been changed into a ruby, every lily into a pearl of the Orient. And, lo! wonder of wonders, the petals expanded, and forth from every blossom peeped a fairy—a fairy with waving wand, and starry wings, and jeweled diadem; and the entrancing strains of a tiny but exquisite music, the music of Elfland, floated in the silent air. Then the fairies mocked and derided him, with small pearls of silver laughter, the blindness of the mortal who would coin flowers into gold, and knew not how; and Pierre winced in his sleep at the laughter and effluence. But the gray and kinder queen of the fairies waved her wand—"He loves," said she; "he is no miser, seeking wealth for himself. Let us befriend him, for Marie's sake." And then every fairy opened its small wing, and every fairy pointed downwards with her wand, and behold! deep in each blossom cup lay heaps of fiery gold piled up, and struggling up from tiny mines and shafts that led far into the dark earth, came endless crowds of little gnomes, bearing gold to the myriad heaps, and the fairies cried in their shrill voice—"Thus may fortune be coined into gold." Then the fragrant mist grew thicker and sweeter still filled Pierre's nostrils, and flowers and gnomes vanished away in a twinkling, and nothing was seen but mist. And Pierre awoke, with the scent of the blossoms overpowering him.

It was early morning, the sun was streaming on his face, the dew was drying away—the early perfumes of the rose garden came through the open window of his room—Now, whether the dream suggested the recollection of long forgotten remarks that his father had sometimes made, whether the recollection of such remarks was the true origin of the dream, I do not pretend to say at any rate, Pierre, with an anxious but hopeful face, trudged through the fields toward the town of Grasse. In Grasse there dwelt an old Italian druggist and herbalist, who had a mean bare shop, and picked up a little mean living by his traffic in simples and concoctions. He was a native of Florence, and had a reputation for learning; but few customers were attracted by the studied aliphator above the door, and the dusty shop and jars, and bottles and the long lean figure of the maestro himself, and his suit of rusty black. In short, he was just such an apothecary as Romeo selected for the purveyor of the deadly draught, and in his half empty shop did Pierre Lescant, another luckless lover, repair, but not for poison. Long was the conversation between the young provincial farmer and the old druggist, and it ended in the latter's benevolent Pierre homewards, with a glass of unusual excitement on his lean brown face.

The apothecary spent hours in Pierre Lescant's garden, going from flower to flower, sniffing, ogling, and even tasting petals, and pollen, and stamens, gazing at the buds through a horn-mounted magnifying glass, and chuckling the while in a strange gloomy manner. The neighbors, who had some suspicion that the gaunt stranger in sable was a wizard, stared and wondered. More heartily did they wonder, a little later, when Pierre was seen shifting his fences, end, day after day, enlarging his garden. Now he took in a slip of vineyard, now a corner of his fields; anon he went off to the forest with his men, to search for fine black mould; and next day he was busy grafting, sowing, cutting and transplanting among his flower gardens. That was odd enough; but when, instead of stocking the ground with pulse yotherbs, Pierre actually began to cultivate flowers with tender solicitude and skill on every spare inch of earth, the whole neighborhood was up in arms. He was peated with good advice. Let him grub up all those

useless flower stocks, and grow honest leeks and garlic, if he wished to be thought a man of sense. Pierre was firm. His friends said he was obstinate, foolish, mad; very likely bewitched by that lean Italian wizard from the town, who is now always to be seen coming up and whispering to Pierre and who was after no good, doubtless. The neighbors were quite angry with Pierre; old and young predicted his ruin, old Desormes pronounced him an idiot. Marie alone encouraged her lover, shared his hopes, prayed for his success, and cheered him as only a faithful woman can cheer a struggling man. That was a good year for the olives, and a decent vintage, and Pierre managed to rub on, neither saving nor spending more than he could afford.

The short winter passed, spring and summer came on. The flowers were more glorious and plentiful than ever in Pierre's now very extended garden. The old Italian chuckled as he marked them. Then came a great gathering of blossoms, and Marie came to help in the picking of the flowers, and the old Italian rubbed his bony hands with exultation. Anon, his furnace was noted to be strangely active; he was perpetually at work brewing, simmering, and distilling. The lean Italian was a man of skill; he succeeded in producing—thanks to the rare flowers in Pierre's garden—essences and perfumes equal to the daintiest Florence could afford. It was an era of ultra nationality. Josephine, then the adored wife of the first Consul, was asked by a deputy of the South, a patron of the druggist's to accept the dedication of the new discovery. Josephine consented. Paris followed suit. Giacomo Frantilli and Pierre Lescant sold their whole stock at a high rate. All the flowers in Pierre's garden would not, multiplied tenfold, have supplied the demand that sprang up with mushroom rapidity. Pierre threw all the land he had into the compass of his garden fence, he bought more land; he reared more flowers. The fairies had spoken truth; flowers were, indeed, by a delicate alchemy, transmuted into gold, and soon it was difficult, in the portly, well fed Italian, clad in glossy black, to recognize the rusty scarecrow of other days. And Pierre and Marie's share of the joy and success was the purest and the fullest. Before the end of the second summer the walls rung, and the girls of the village strewed flowers in the path of Marie, as garlanded with flowers herself, blushing proud radiant, she passed along on her husband's arm, from the chapel to her home a happy bride. Old Desormes had been won over; success, with strength of mind and will, the old ex-steward could appreciate at their full value; and although the prescribed sum of twenty thousand crowns was not yet realized, Pierre was on the highway to fortune. He had in truth, founded a new industry, the most profitable, and not the least profitable in France. Around his garden there gradually sprang up other gardens, and flowers and seeds were bought in Italy and other stills than those of old Grasse dropped fragrant essences, and the odors of Grasse extended daily. There was enough for all; and Pierre, who had set the example, was now the idol of the district, and the oracle of those who had once prophesied his next table ruin and impoverishment. At the present day, though the flower farms are many the descendants of Marie Desormes and Pierre Lescant are the most considerable proprietors in the arrondissement. It is not always, perhaps, that invention, industry, and resolution reap, in no fair a field, so solid a reward.

The story is taken partly from tradition, and partly from an old history of the department of which Grasse is the *chef-lieu*, and which I found, covered with dust, in an old public library of a French town. It illustrates a chapter of the past little known probably, even to the French themselves, and which I do not think has ever been alluded to in an English work. "But it will repay any one who would diverge from the great road, in the months of May and June, to take a peep at the variegated glories of a Provence flower farm."

The South Carolina Declaration of Independence.

[From the Washington Constitution]
 A Citizen of South Carolina has sent us the following as one of the proposed forms of declaration of independence to be submitted to the Convention which is to meet on the 17th proximo:
PROPOSED DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.
 When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature, and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect for the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.
 We hold these truths to be self-evident; that all men are created wholly unequal, morally, physically and mentally, yet they are all equally entitled, under every civilized government, to the full protection of their lives, persons, and property, for which protection governments are solely instituted among men, deriving their just powers solely from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government be- comes destructive to these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and, accordingly, all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer while ills are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of the Southern States of this Union, and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their present system of Federal Government. The history of the present Northern States is a history of repeated injuries, insults and usurpations, all having a direct object in the establishment of an absolute tyranny over the Southern States. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world:
 1st. The Northern States of this Union have for many long years warred against our peculiar institution of slavery, invaginated by the dictates of a relentless fanaticism, which declares that institution to be a moral sin which we hold to be a Divine institution, established by God himself in the following decree enunciated by Moses on Mt. Sinai: "Both thy bondmen and bondmaids which thou shalt have shall be of the heathen that are around about you; of them shall ye buy bondmen and bondmaids, moreover, of the children of the strangers that sojourn among you; of them shall ye buy, and they shall be your possession; ye shall take them as an inheritance for your children after you, to inherit them for a possession; they shall be your bondmen forever." And we further hold that this Divinely established institution was always sanctioned by our Saviour and his Apostles.
 2nd. A large number of the Northern States have nullified the Constitution of the present Union by passing laws to prevent the fulfillment of that Constitution, which declares that fugitive slaves shall be delivered up to their owners; the principle of which fugitive slave law has the express and sacred sanction of St. Paul the Apostle.
 3rd. The Northern States of this Union have declared that the people of the Southern States shall not emigrate with their property into the Territories, which rightfully belong to them equally with the North; and that the people of the South shall not have their property protected by the Federal Government when such protection is (as above declared) the sole object and end of all governments.
 4th. Those Northern States have, by a relentless and unscrupulous majority, constantly imposed heavy taxes, not simply without, but directly against our representation and our consent in the general Congress by levying onerous and excessive duties upon goods imported in return for, and purchased by our cotton, rice, and tobacco, in order to protect and encourage their own manufactures, and in order to expend vast sums at the North in improving and fortifying their own harbors, towns, and cities, at the evident and direct expense of the products and labor of the South.
 5th. Those Northern States have elected by an overwhelming sectional vote a President and Vice President, both from their own section of country, in direct opposition to our wishes and our protests, neither of whom has received one single vote from our section, and whose express creed is that there is an irrepressible conflict against slavery, which can never cease until slavery is extinguished.
 We have, for long years, in vain appealed to their sense of justice and common right; we have conjured them by the ties of our common kindred to disavow and abandon these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt and destroy our connections and our Union. But they have been deaf to the voice of justice, of honor, and of consonancy.—We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity which denounces our separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind—enemies in war; in peace, friends.
 We, therefore, the representatives of the people of the State of South Carolina, in Convention assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the World for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of the good people of this State, solemnly publish and declare that the State of South Carolina is, and of right ought to be, a free and independent State; and that all political connection between it and the Northern States is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that as a free and independent State we have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and do all other acts and things which an independent State may of right do. And, for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.
 The immortal Raphael painted the sun flag, and made no doubt an excellent likeness. Many a lady paints her own face, and makes no likeness at all.