Patriot Union.

VOL. 3. HARRISBURG, PA., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1860. NO 67.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Four lines or less constitute half a square. Ten lines or more than four, constitute a square.

Half sq. one day	$0.25	One sq., one day	$0.50
" one week	1.00	" one week	1.25
" one month	2.00	" one month	3.00
" three months	3.00	" three months	5.00
" six months	4.00	" six months	8.00
" one year	5.00	" one year	10.00

☞ Business notices inserted in the LOCAL COLUMN, or before marriages and deaths, FIVE CENTS PER LINE for each insertion fo merchants and others advertising by the year liberal te. ns will be offered.

☞ The number of insertions must be designated on the advertisement.

☞ Marriages and Deaths will be inserted at the same rates as regular advertisements.

Books, Stationery, &c.

SCHOOL BOOKS.—School Directors, Teachers, Parents, Scholars, and others, in want of School Books, School Stationery, &c., will find a complete assortment at E. M. POLLOCK & SON'S BOOK STORE, Market Square, Harrisburg, comprising in part the following—

READERS.—McGuffey's, Parker's, Cobb's. Angell's

SPELLING BOOKS.—McGuffey's, Cobb's, Webster's, Town's, Byerly's. Comby's.

ENGLISH GRAMMARS.—Bullion's, Smith's, Wood bridge's, Mountcith's, Tuthill's, Hart's, Wells'.

HISTORIES.—Grimshaw's, Davenport's, Frost's, Wilson's, Willard's, Goodrich's, Pinnock's, Goldsmith's and Clark's.

ARITHMETICS.—Greenleaf's, Stoddard's, Emerson's, Fike's, Rose's, Colburn's, Smith and Duke's, Davie's.

ALGEBRAS.—Greenleaf's, Davie's, Day's, Ray's, Bridge's.

DICTIONARYS.—Walker's School, Cobb's, Walker, Worcester's Comprehensive, Worcester's Primary, Webster's Primary, Webster's High School, Webster's Quarto, Academe.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHIES.—Comstock's, Parker's, Swift's. The above with a great variety of others can at any time be found at my store. Also, a complete assortment of School Stationery, embracing in the whole a complete outfit for school purposes. Any book not in the store procured at one days notice.

☞ Country Merchants supplied at wholesale rates.

ALMANACS.—John Baer and Son's Almanac for sale at E. M. POLLOCK & SON'S BOOK STORE, Harrisburg.

☞ Wholesale and Retail. myl

JUST RECEIVED AT SCHEFFER'S BOOKSTORE,

ADAMANTINE SLATES

OF VARIOUS SIZES AND PRICES,

Which, for beauty and use, cannot be excelled.

REMEMBER THE PLACE,

SCHEFFER'S BOOKSTORE,

NO. 18 MARKET STREET. mar2

BOOK AUCTION.

BEN F. FRENCH

Will supply his old friends and customers with the following Books at Auction prices:

Pacific Railroad, 10 vols., complete, 4 illustrations $24.

Japan Expedition, 3 vols., complete, illustrated and illuminated, $12.

Emery's Expedition, 2 vols., complete, illustrated illuminated, $10.

Congressional Globe, $1 50 per volume.

Waverly Novels, complete, 12 vols., cloth, $10.

" " " 27 vols., half calf, $54; &c., &c., &c.

All of the above Books I will deliver in Harrisburg free of charge. BEN F. FRENCH,

278 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.

feb8-dtf

NEW BOOKS!

JUST RECEIVED

"SEAL AND SAY," by the author of "Wide, Wide World," "Dollars and Cents," &c.

"HISTORY OF METHODISM," by A. Stevens, LL.D.

For sale at SCHEFFERS' BOOKSTORE,

sp9 No. 18 Marke st.

JUST RECEIVED,

A LARGE AND SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF

RICHLY GILT AND ORNAMENTAL

WINDOW CURTAINS,

PAPER BLINDS,

Of various Designs and Colors, for 3 cents,

TISSUE PAPER AND CUT FLY PAPER,

At [my24] SCHEFFER'S BOOKSTORE.

WALL PAPER! WALL PAPER!!

Just received, our Spring Stock of WALL PAPER, BORDERS, FIRE SCREENS, &c., &c. It is the largest and best selected assortment in the city, ranging in price from six (6) cents up to one dollar and a quarter ($1.25.)

As we purchase very low for cash, we are prepared to sell at as low rates, if not lower, than can be had elsewhere. If purchasers will call and examine, we feel confident that we can please them in respect to price and quality. E. M POLLOCK & SON,

sp3 Below Jones' House, Market Square.

LETTER, CAP, NOTE PAPERS, Pens, Holders, Pencils, Envelopes, Sealing Wax, of the best quality, at low prices, direct from the manufactories, at

mar30 SCHEFFER'S CHEAP BOOKSTORE

LAW BOOKS! LAW BOOKS!!—A general assortment of LAW BOOKS, all the State Reports and Standard Elementary Works, with many of the old English Reports, *scarce and rare*, together with a large assortment of second-hand Law Books, at very low prices, *at the one price Bookstore of*

E. M. POLLOCK & SON,

my8 Market Square, Harrisburg.

Miscellaneous.

AN ARRIVAL OF

NEW GOODS

APPROPRIATE TO THE SEASON!

SILK FANS! LINEN FANS!! PAPER FANS!!!

ANOTHER AND SPLENDID LOT OF

SPLICED FISHING RODS!

Trout Flies, Gut and Hair Snoods, Grass Lines, Silk and Hair Plaited Lines, and a general assortment of

FISHING TACKLE!

A GREAT VARIETY OF

WALKING CANES!

Which we will sell as cheap as the cheapest!

Silver Head Canes! Loaded Canes! Sword Canes! Hickory Canes! Fancy Canes!

KELLER'S DRUG AND FANCY STORE,

NO. 91 MARKET STREET,

South side, one door east of Fourth street je9.

B. J. HARRIS,

WORKER IN TIN, SHEET IRON, AND METALLIC ROOFING,

Second Street, below Chestnut, HARRISBURG, PA.

Is prepared to fill orders for any article in his branch of business; and if not on hand, he will make to order on short notice.

METALLIC ROOFING, of Tin or Galvanized Iron, constantly on hand.

Also, Tin and Sheet-Iron Ware, Spouting, &c.

He hopes, by strict attention to the wants of his customers, to merit and receive a generous share of public patronage.

☞ Every promise strictly fulfilled.

B. J. HARRIS,

jan7-d1y] Second Street, below Chestnut.

FISH!! FISH!!!

MACKEREL, (Nos. 1, 2 and 3.)

SALMON, (very superior.)

SHAD, (Mess and very fine.)

HERRING, (extra large.)

COD FISH.

SMOKED HERRING, (extra Digby.)

SCOTCH HERRING.

SARDINES AND ANCHOVIES.

Of the above we have Mackerel in whole, half, quarter and eighth bbls. Herring in whole and half bbls.

The entire lot new—DIRECT FROM THE FISHERIES, and will sell them at the lowest market rates.

sep14 WM. DOCK, JR., & CO.

FAMILY BIBLES, from 1$ to $10, strong and handsomely bound, printed on good paper, with elegant clear new type, sold at

mch31 SCHEFFER'S Cheap Bookstore.

CRANBERRIES!!!—A SPLENDID LOT just received by

oct10 WM. DOCK, JR., & CO.

FOR a superior and cheap TABLE or SALAD OIL go to

KELLER'S DRUG STORE.

THE Fruit Growers' Handbook—by WARING—wholesale and retail at

mch31 SCHEFFER'S Bookstore.

SPERM CANDLES.—A large supply just received by

sep18 WM. DOCK, JR., & CO.

IF you are in want of a Dentifrice go to KELLER'S, 91, Market st.

Livery Stables.

CITY LIVERY STABLES,

BLACKBERRY ALLEY,

IN THE REAR OF HERR'S HOTEL.

The undersigned has re-commenced the *LIVERY BUSINESS* in his NEW AND SPACIOUS STABLES, located as above, with a large and varied stock of

HORSES, CARRIAGES AND OMNIBUSES,

Which he will hire at moderate rates.

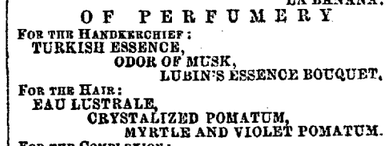
oct13-dly F. R. SWARTZ.

FRANK A. MURRAY

Successor to Wm. Parkhill,

LIVERY & EXCHANGE STABLE

THIRD STREET BELOW MARKET.



HAVING purchased the interest of J. Q. Adams in the establishment, and made large additions to the stock, the undersigned is prepared to accommodate the public with SUPERIOR HORSES for Saddle or Carriage purposes, and with every variety of VEHICLES of the latest and most approved styles, on reasonable terms.

PLEASURE PARTIES will be accommodated with Omnibusses at short notice.

Carriages and Omnibusses, for funeral occasions, will be furnished, accompanied by careful and obliging drivers.

He invites an inspection of his stock, satisfied that it is fully equal to that of any other establishment of the kind in town. FRANK A. MURRAY

BRANCH STABLE

The undersigned has opened a branch of his "Livery and Exchange Stable" in the buildings lately occupied by A. W. Barr, in Fourth street, *opposite* the Bethel, where he is prepared to accommodate the public with Horses and Vehicles, at all times, on reasonable terms. His stock is large and varied, and will recommend itself.

au16-dtf FRANK A. MURRAY.

Miscellaneous.

TAKE NOTICE!

That we have recently added to our already full stock

OF SEGARS

LA NORMATIS, HARI KARI, EL MONO, LA BANANA.

OF PERFUMERY

FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF:

TURKISH ESSENCE, ODOR OF MUSK, LUBIN'S ESSENCE BOUQUET.

FOR THE HAIR:

EAU LUSTRALE, CRYSTALIZED POMATUM, MYRTLE AND VIOLET POMATUM.

FOR THE COMPLEXION:

TALC OF VENICE, ROSE LEAF POWDER, NEW MOWN HAY POWDER, BLANC DE PERLES.

OF SOAPS

BAZIN'S FINEST MOSS ROSE, BENZOIN, UPPER TEN, VIOLET, NEW MOWN HAY, JOCKEY CLUB.

Having the largest stock and best assortment of Toilet Articles, we fancy that we are better able than our competitors to get up a complete Toilet Set at any price desired. Call and see.

Always on hand, a FRESH Stock of *DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS*, &c, consequent of our receiving almost daily additions thereto.

KELLER'S DRUG AND FANCY STORE,

91 Market Street, two doors East of Fourth Street, sep6 South side.

PHOENIX FOUNDRY.

J. J. OSLER. W. F. OSLER.

JOHN J. OSLER & BROTHER,

(SUCCESSORS TO JAMES M. BAY.)

FOUNDERS AND MACHINISTS,

Corner Pennsylvania Railroad and State Street,

HARRISBURG, PA.

MILL GEARING, IRON FENCES, RAILROAD AND CANAL WORK,

AND ALL DESCRIPTIONS OF

IRON CASTINGS

ON HAND OR MADE TO ORDER.

MACHINE WORK AND REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

PATTERNS MADE TO ORDER.

We have a large and complete assortment of Patterns to select from. au22

JUST RECEIVED!

A FULL ASSORTMENT OF

HUMPHREY'S HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS!

TO WHICH WE INVITE THE

ATTENTION OF THE AFFLICTED!

For sale at SCHEFFER'S BOOKSTORE,

ap9 No. 18 Market st

WE OFFER TO

CUSTOMERS

A New Lot of

LADIES' PURSES,

Of Beautiful Styles, substantially made

A Splendid Assortment of

GENTLEMEN'S WALLETS.

A New and Elegant Perfume,

KNIGHTS TEMPLARS' BOQUET,

Put up in Cut Glass Engraved Bottles.

A Complete Assortment of

HANDKERCHIEF PERFUMES,

Of the best Manufacture.

A very Handsome Variety of

POWDER PUFF BOXES.

KELLER'S DRUG STORE,

jy31 91 Market street.

ESTABLISHED IN 1810.

FANCY DYEING ESTABLISHMENT.

J & W. JONES, No 432 N. Front Street, above Callowhill, Philadelphia, dye *SILKS, WOOLEN AND FANCY GOODS* of every description. Their superior style of Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Garments is widely known. Crape and Merino Shawls dyed the most brilliant or plain colors. Crape and Merino Shawls cleaned to look like new—also, Gentlemen's apparel. Curtains, &c., cleaned or re-dyed.

☞ Call and look at our work before going elsewhere. sep11-d3m

CHOICE SAUCES!

WORCESTERSHIRE, LUCKNOW CHUTNY, CONTINENTAL, SOYER'S SULTANA, ATHENÆUM, LONDON CLUB, SIR ROBERT PEEL, INDIA SOY, READING SAUCE, ENGLISH PEPPER SAUCE.

For sale by WM. DOCK, JR., & CO.

myl0

DYOTTVILLE GLASS WORKS,

PHILADELPHIA,

MANUFACTURE

CARBOYS, DEMIJOHNS,

WINE, PORTER, MINERAL WATER, PICKLE AND *PRESERVE BOTTLES*

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

H. B. & G. W. BENNERS,

oc19-d1y 27 South Front steret, Philadelphia.

INSTRUCTION IN MUSIC.

F. W. WEBER, nephew and taught by the well remembered late F. W. Weber, of Harrisburg, is prepared to give lessons in music upon the PIANO, VIOLINCELLO, VIOLIN and FLUTE. He will give lessons at his residence, corner of Locust street and River alley or at the homes of pupils. au25-d6m

SCHEFFER'S Bookstore is the place to buy Gold Pens—warranted

Livery Stables.

TO THE PUBLIC!

JOHN TILL'S

COAL YARD,

SOUTH SECOND STREET,

BELOW PRATT'S ROLLING MILL,

HARRISBURG, PA.,

Where he has constantly on hand

LYKENS VALLEY BROKEN, EGG, STOVE AND NUT COAL.

ALSO,

WILKESBARRE STEAMBOAT, BROKEN, STOVE AND NUT COAL,

ALL OF THE BEST QUALITY.

It will be delivered to consumers clean, and full weight warranted.

☞ CONSUMERS GIVE ME A CALL FOR YOUR WINTER SUPPLY.

☞ Orders left at my house, in Walnut street, near Fifth; or at Brubaker's, North street; J. L. Speel's, Market Square; Wm. Bostick's, corner of Second and South streets, and John Lingle's, Second and Mulberry streets, will receive prompt attention.

jy13-d6m JOHN TILL.

COAL! COAL!!

ONLY YARD IN TOWN THAT DELIVERS

COAL BY THE

PATENT WEIGH CARTS!

NOW IS THE TIME

For every family to get in their supply of Coal for the winter—weighed at their door by the *Patent Weigh Carts. The accuracy of these Carts no one disputes*, and they never get out of order, as is frequently the case of the Platform Scales; besides, the consumer has the satisfaction of proving the weight of his Coal at his own house.

I have a large supply of Coal on hand, consisting of

S. M. CO.'S LYKENS VALLEY COAL	all sizes,	
LYKENS VALLEY	do	" "
WILKESBARRE	do.	" "
BITUMINOUS BROAD TOP	do.	

All Coal of the best quality mined, and delivered free from all impurities, at the lowest rates, by the boat or car load, single, half or third of tons, and by the bushel.

JAMES M. WHEELER.

Harrisburg, September 24, 1860.—sep25

COAL! COAL!! COAL!!!

NOW IS YOUR TIME

TO GET CLEAN COAL!

FULL WEIGHT AND NOTHING SHORT OF IT!

Thankful to my friends and customers for their liberal patronage, I would inform them and the public generally, that I am fully prepared, on short notice, to supply them with all kinds of

SUPERIOR COAL OF ALL SIZES,

FREE FROM SLATE, AND CAREFULLY SCREENED, AT AS LOW A

FIGURE AS FAIR DEALING WILL AFFORD!

Although my Coal is not weighed in SELF-WEIGHING CARTS, BUT IS WEIGHED ON SCALES ACCURATELY TESTED BY THE SEALER OF WEIGHTS AND MEASURES, and consumers may rest assured that they will be fairly and honestly dealt with. I sell nothing but the very best article, and no mixing.

Also, HICKORY, OAK and PINE WOOD always on hand. sep4-d3m GEO. P. WIESTLING.

UP TOWN!

PATENT WEIGH CARTS.

For the convenience of my numerous up town customers, I have established, in connection with my old yard, a Branch Coal Yard opposite North street, in a line with the Pennsylvania canal, having the office formerly occupied by Mr R. Harris, where consumers of Coal in that vicinity and Verbekstown can receive their Coal by the

PATENT WEIGH CARTS,

WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE FOR HAULING,

And in any quantity they may desire, as low as can be purchased *anywhere*.

FIVE THOUSAND TONS COAL ON HAND,

Of LYKENS VALLEY and WILKESBARRE, all sizes.

☞ *Willing to maintain fair prices, but unwilling to be undersold by any parties.*

☞ All Coal forked up and delivered clean and free from all impurities, and the *best* article mined.

Orders received at either Yard will be promptly filled, and all Coal delivered by the *Patent Weigh Carts*.

Coal sold by Boat, Car load, single, half or third of tons, and by the bushel.

JAMES M. WHEELER.

Harrisburg, October 13, 1860.—oct15

Medical.

HELMBOLD'S HELMBOLD'S

HELMBOLD'S HELMBOLD'S

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HELMBOLD'S HELMBOLD'S

HELMBOLD'S HELMBOLD'S

HELMBOLD'S HELMBOLD'S

Extract Buchu, Extract Buchu,

Extract Buchu, Extract Buchu,

Extract Buchu, Extract Buchu,

Extract Buchu, Extract Buchu,

Extract Buchu, Extract Buchu,

Extract Buchu, Extract Buchu,

Extract Buchu, Extract Buchu,

FOR SECRET AND DELICATE DISORDERS.

FOR SECRET AND DELICATE DISORDERS.

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FOR SECRET AND DELICATE DISORDERS.

FOR SECRET AND DELICATE DISORDERS.

FOR SECRET AND DELICATE DISORDERS.

A Positive and Specific Remedy.

A Positive and Specific Remedy.

A Positive and Specific Remedy.

A Positive and Specific Remedy.

A Positive and Specific Remedy.

A Positive and Specific Remedy.

A Positive and Specific Remedy.

FOR DISEASES OF THE

BLADDER, GRAVEL, KIDNEYS, DROPSY,

BLADDER, GRAVEL, KIDNEYS, DROPSY,

BLADDER, GRAVEL, KIDNEYS, DROPSY,

BLADDER, GRAVEL, KIDNEYS, DROPSY,

BLADDER, GRAVEL, KIDNEYS, DROPSY,

BLADDER, GRAVEL, KIDNEYS, DROPSY,

BLADDER, GRAVEL, KIDNEYS, DROPSY,

ORGANIC WEAKNESS,

ORGANIC WEAKNESS,

ORGANIC WEAKNESS,

ORGANIC WEAKNESS,

ORGANIC WEAKNESS,

ORGANIC WEAKNESS,

And all Diseases of Sexual Organs,

And all Diseases of Sexual Organs,

And all Diseases of Sexual Organs,

And all Diseases of Sexual Organs,

And all Diseases of Sexual Organs,

And all Diseases of Sexual Organs,

ARISING FROM

Excesses, Exposures, and Imprudencies in Life.

Excesses, Exposures, and Imprudencies in Life.

Excesses, Exposure, and Imprudencies in Life.

Excesses, Exposures, and Imprudencies in Life.

Excesses, Exposures, and Imprudencies in Life.

Excesses, Exposures, and Imprudencies in Life.

From whatever cause originating, and whether existing in

MALE OR FEMALE.

Females, take no more Pills! They are of no avail for Complaints incident to the sex. Use

EXTRACT BUCHU.

Helmbold's Extract Buchu is a Medicine which is perfectly pleasant in its

TASTE AND ODOR,

But immediate in its action, giving Health and Vigor to the Frame, Bloom to the Pallid Cheek, and restoring the patient to a perfect state of

HEALTH AND PURITY.

Helmbold's Extract Buchu is prepared according to Pharmacy and Chemistry, and is prescribed and used by

THE MOST EMINENT PHYSICIANS.

Delay no longer. Procure the remedy at once.

Price $1 per bottle, or six for $5.

Depot 104 South Tenth street, Philadelphia.

BEWARE OF UNPRINCIPLED DEALERS

Trying to palm off their own or other articles of BUCHU on the reputation attained by

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU,

The Original and only Genuine.

We desire to run on the

MERIT OF OUR ARTICLE!

Their's is worthless—sold at much lower rates and commissions, consequently paying a much better profit.

WE DEFY COMPETITION!

Ask for

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU.

Take no other.

Sold by JOHN WYETH, Druggist, corner of Market and Second streets, Harrisburg,

AND ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

no14 d&w3m.

The Patriot & Union.

SATURDAY MORNING, NOV. 17, 1860.

FRENCH FLOWER FARMS.

There is 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 odorous stamins, of crops of blushing buds, and harvest of perfumed blossoms. Such farms exist in Italy, in colder Germany even, where a favored spot of sunny land seems suited to the purpose; nor is England quite without rose farms and lavender farms. But there are more flower farms in Provence than in all the rest of Europe.—The traveler from Cannes to Grasse, or from Grasse to Draguigan, 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 poets. And yet it is not *all* Arcadia, even there. Spring and summer are anxious seasons. The owner of all these odorous 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 groaning 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 fiery alcoholic ring in it, which is a libel on the industry by which Grasse lives and thrives. Let me hasten to say that the distilleries of Grasse aim at pleasing the olfactory sense, not at scorching the palates or stupefying the intellects of mankind. Grasse distils 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 gleaning of those purple violets, those clustering jasmines, those honeyed tube roses. More productive and gorgeous still is the ocean of crimson 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 an 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 poisons during the learned sway of the Medici. At this time there dwelt in the village of Mery les Roches, three miles from Grasse, an old man of considerable wealth, doubtful repute and imperious character, named Jean Baptiste Desormes. Old Desormes owed his doubtful repute, 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 biographers simply mention that he had been a lackey of the Marechal de Mirepoix, and had been as useful in Paris as "*Scapin redivivus.*" This newer impersonation 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 *intendant* 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 *corvees* and the *dimes*, and the other taxes and local exactions which the seigneurs of pre-revolutionary France were wont to screw out of their tenants with unsparing hand. Yet, somehow, the steward was more popular than the landlord, for the latter was never seen, and the absent are proverbially made to bear the burden of sins they were never art or part in. If a peasant were flogged or imprisoned, 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 M. le Marechal. The marshal 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 brewing storm, and was preparing himself a refuge when its 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 consideration by painting M. de Mirepoix of demoniac blackness. Yet, somehow or other, grind 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 marechal 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 Mery 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 recurs to rumor and common fame. Rumor declared that M. de Mirepoix was afraid of his steward, who held him in check by a secret. Common fame said that Desormes kept under lock and key some mysterious letters of M. le Merechal, the disclosure of which to his Majesty the King, would have opened the gates of the Bastile, 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 marechal 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 estates of the emigrants were sold—what good bargains were made at the time—how stately chateaux were purchased for a less amount than would have paid for the building of their very orangeries 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 *aristocrate* Veuve Mirepoix, justly deprived of his lands for anticivism, and escaping from the guillotine to a crust and a garret at Vienna. It was said that Desormes bribed the *commissaires* 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 half 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 fawned upon as the richest man in the arondissement. 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 wove 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 intimate a connection between money-making and match-making, Plutus is generally lord of the ascendant.

Everybody expected that old M. Desormes—a choleric, tyrannical old fellow in most relations of life, as are many whose early servitude has forced them into a supple obsequiousness foreign to their true natures—would compel Marie to accept the suit of old Colin Legrisson, who was lame, squinting and sixty; but who had feathered his nest gloriously when the emigrants' lands were brought to the hammer, and louis were scarce in France. Colin Legrisson was the richest of Marie's admirers; Pierre Lescant was the neediest. Could M. Desormes hesitate? Now, curiously enough, M. Desormes *did* hesitate. That unscrupulous, grasping man had one soft spot in his flinty heart; he really loved his daughter, and none the less, perhaps, because she was the only object on which those yearnings of affection, 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 is, he never 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 lame, squinting, old Colin Legrisson; but he did not absolutely command it. The maiden was not without sense and spirit; she detested Colin and loved Pierre. To force her to give up the second, and marry the first, would be difficult, her father thought, but by no means impossible for his iron will; 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 *betises* as dying, when such cases had occurred—a childless old man in a world that hated him; and who, O 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 Legrisson, who had lands and beeves; but if not, why, he must trust some other *soupirant* with a snug fortune would be forthcoming. The ex-intendant had no dislike to Pierre Lescant; he admired the young man's courage, industry and even his honesty, as people often admire qualities quite removed from their own. But Pierre Lescant's farm was only a mere patch of land, and he picked up only a scanty living out of his little 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 show twenty thousand crowns *tournois* on the wedding day, good! I bestow my blessing, and, what is better, I double the money. But, marry a beggar! thou shalt coiffer St. Catharine sooner than that!" Now, to *coiffer St. Catharine*, in French parlance, is to die 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 chaperonage Marie had come, sat knitting in an arbor—"Ah! Pierre, why have you not twenty thousand crowns? Cannot you in any way get twenty thousand crowns?"

Pierre groaned, and struck his forehead. "What chance have I, Marie?" he rejoined.—"Your father is 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 does not 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 towards him on the balmy air, and the very hedges of which, as is not unusual in the South, were composed of blush roses. "How I wish, for thy sake, my Marie, that I could coin 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 coin those flowers into gold!" Those words of his own haunted Pierre's ear through all the livelong afternoon; long after Marie had left him, long after the shades of evening had begun to embrown the forests, and the bees were coming back, heavy laden, to the hive, and the rooks were flapping home in sable line. 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, never permit their union, unless he, Pierre, became a rich man. And how to become rich! He looked round at his scanty possessions with a sort of despair. The poor little vineyard, yielding its half-dozen casks of inferior wine; the rushy pasture, where the four cows picked up a scanty living; the olive trees, with their silvery leaves and gnarled roots; what could he conjure out of these beyond a subsistence for himself and his two day laborers, and the old peasant woman who did the in-door work of the farm house? 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 treasures of living gems that flourished in his parterres. 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 amid his poor furniture of brown walnut wood, in his white washed room, he revolved many vague ideas in his head, and sighed as common sense seemed to overrun all his card-castles one after another.

All his hopes, all his wild projects were gilded and sanctioned, 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 coin these flowers into gold." And when, after much tossing and restlessness, the young man 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 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 tiny but exquisite music, the music of Elfland floated in the scent-ladened air. Then the fairies mocked and derided, with small peals of silvery 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 elfin scorn. But the graver and kinder queen of the fairies waved her wand.—"He loves," she said; "he is no miser, seeking wealth for itself. Let us befriend him, for Marie's sake." And then every flower opened still wider, and every fairy pointed downward with her wand, and, behold! deep in each blossomed cup lay heaps of fairy 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 add to the myriad heaps; and the fairies cried in their shrill voices:—"Thus may flowers be coined into gold!" Then the fragrant mist grew thicker and sweeter, till fairies, flowers, gold, and gnomes vanished away in it, 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 the room. Now, whether the dream suggested the recollection of long-forgotten remarks that his father had sometimes made, or 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 towards the town of Grasse. In Grasse there dwelt and old Italian druggist and herbalist who had a mean bare shop, and picked up but a mean bare living by his traffic in simples and confections. He was a native of Florence, and had a reputation for learning; but few customers were attracted by the stuffed alligator over 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 to his half empty shop did Pierre Lescant, another luckless lover, repair, but not for poison. Long was the conversation between the young Provencal farmer and the old druggist, and it ended in the latter's accompanying Pierre homewards, with a gleam 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 petal and pollen, and stamen, gazing at the buds through a horn-mounted magnifying glass, and chuckling the while in a strange ghostly way. 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, and 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 flowerbeds. He was enlarging his already ample garden. That was odd enough; but when, instead of stocking the ground with pulse and potherbs, 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 pelted 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 was 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