

# The Oxford Democrat

TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS IN ADVANCE.

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## Farmers' Department.

"SPEED THE FLOW."

DARIUS FORBES, Editor.

All the arts and sciences pertaining to life, are closely linked together, and are intimately connected with agriculture.—AGRICULTURE.

From the N. Y. Courier and Enquirer.

### Stone Arrow Heads—How Made.

The heads of Indian arrows, spears, javelins, etc., often found in many parts of our continent, have been admired; but the process of forming them has been conjectured. The Hon. Caleb Lyon, on a recent visit to California, met with a party of Shasta Indians, and ascertained that they still used those weapons, which in most tribes have been superseded by rifles, or at least by iron pointed arrows and spears. He found a man who could manufacture them, and saw him at work at all parts of the process. The description which Lyon wrote and communicated to the American Ethnological Society, through Dr. E. H. Davis, we copy below:

The Shasta Indian seated himself upon the floor, and laying the stone anvil upon his knee, which was of compact talose slate, with one blow of his agate chisel he separated the obsidian pebble into two parts, then giving another blow to the fractured side he split off a slab some fourth of an inch in thickness. Holding the piece against the anvil with the thumb and finger of his left hand he commenced a series of continuous blows, every one of which chipped off fragments of the brittle substance. It gradually assumed the required size and shape. After finishing the base of the arrow head, (the whole being only little over an inch in length,) he began striking gentler blows, every one of which he expected would break it into pieces. Yet such was their adroit application, his skill and dexterity, that in little over an hour he produced a perfect obsidian arrow head. I then requested him to carve me one from the remains of a broken porter bottle, which (after two failures,) he succeeded in doing. He gave as a reason for his ill success, he did not understand the grain of the glass. No sculptor ever handled a chisel with greater precision, or more carefully measured the weight and effect of every blow, than this ingenious Indian, for even among them, arrow-making is a distinct trade or profession, but in which few attain excellence. He understood the capacity of the material he wrought, and before striking the first blow, by surveying the pebble, he could judge of its availability as well as the sculptor judge of the perfectness of a block of Parian. In a moment, all that I had read upon this subject, written by learned and speculative antiquarians of the hardening of copper, for the working of flint axes, spears, chisels, and arrow-heads vanished before the simplest, mechanical process. I felt that the world had been better served had they driven the pen less and the plow more.

From Life Illustrated.

### Origin of the Prairies.

Prof. Wilber, State Geologist of Illinois, has recently delivered a series of admirable lectures on his favorite science. We copy from the Genesee Republican the following abstract of his theory on the origin and formation of the prairies:

Prof. Wilber adopts the theory, that at one time—very far back in its history—this vast country formed a portion of the bottom of the ocean—through the eruptions caused by internal heat, together with the labor and activity of those master masons, the coral insects, our continent was raised to its present position above the water. To prove this bold proposition he refers to the many indications of salt water presence, the frequent occurrence of shells which legitimately belong only to animals of the sea—the evidence furnished by the rocks of the labor of the zoophytes, unmistakable in its development; the frequent discovery of the remains of monsters of the sea imbedded in our limestone system, the existence upon our surface of huge boulders, the former appendages of polar shores, drifted far away to the southwest, imbedded in huge frames of ice and dropped down at length upon our continent. The arguments, if not quite conclusive, are eminently suggestive, and should open the eyes of thinking men to the wondrous mysteries buried deep in the earth upon which we so familiarly tread.

The existence of our prairies is accounted for in this wise. The result of the "drift system" was to give to this part of the country a soil of unparalleled fertility, and arising from this, were the very large grasses, which are peculiar to this soil alone, luxuriant, and undisturbed, they grew to a great height, and fairly wave the surface of the earth with a thick, almost impenetrable covering. In the autumn, when this mass of combustible matter was dry, how easy for a shaft of lightning to send a conflagration from one boundary of the country to the other. The sprouting twigs of sturdier growth would perish by the occurrence of these fires, and hence the treeless appearance of the West. To aid the idea, it is claimed that the Indians, when they did arrive, which is supposed to have been long subsequent to the first period mentioned, regularly burned the prairie grasses, for the purpose of driving the game into more circumscribed quarters so that it might fall an easy prey to their arrows, and to lessen the difficulty of traveling.

The manufacture of crude kerosene oil has been commenced at the new manufactory in Cape Elizabeth, and the refined oil will soon be made there.

From the Working Farmer.

### Tolls on Manures.

We are glad to see that some of our Legislatures are paying attention to this subject, and in the granting charters to railroads, turnpikes, etc., render it obligatory on the parties to charge a lower rate for toll, on fertilizing materials. In England no toll is charged on any turnpike road for a wagon carrying salt or bones to be used as fertilizers, or for any other fertilizing material. All the railroads are compelled to carry fertilizers at a low rate of freight, always as low as coals and salt. In this country ninety-eight per cent. of all the charters are without any such reserve; we have occasionally published this fact to keep the legislators in mind of the necessity for such regulation. Thousands of tons of useless salt have accumulated about the various salt works in the United States, simply because the tolls on public works themselves, dearer being moved for agricultural purposes. Why should not the Erie Canal permit the transport of this salt to be used as manure, without toll? even the canal itself would gain by it, for the increased amount of produce that would as a consequence be transported, would pay a profit. The farmer who pays a dollar for a load of manure will use it, if he has to pay fifty cents toll; but he would not object to pay four times that toll upon the excess of crops it might produce.

**CHAFING UNDER THE COLLAR.** A gentleman who has tried the plan successfully for five years, communicates the annexed method of preventing horses from chafing under the collar. He says he gets a piece of leather and has what he terms a false collar made, which is simply a piece of leather cut in such a shape as to lie, singly, between the shoulders of the horse and the collar. This feeds off all the friction, as the collar slips and moves on the leather, and not on the shoulders of the horse. Chafing is caused by friction, hence, you see, the thing is entirely plausible. Some persons put pads or sheep skins under the collar; these, they say, do as much hurt as good, for they augment the heat. A single piece of leather, without any lining or stuffing, he assures us is better than anything else.

[Boston Journal.]

**NEW KIND OF CATTLE FOOD.** The English beef breeders are always on the lookout for cheap and nutritious food for their stock. They use up everything that they can grow at home, and import millions of tons of different kinds of feed to supply the deficiency. More than 100,000 tons of oil cake are imported annually into the island, the greater part of which is obtained in the United States. The London Farmers' Magazine gives an account of a new species of cattle food which is beginning to be imported in large quantities, and used by the farmers. It is called the "Locust," or locust beans. It is the fruit of the locust tree (*Cerconia Nilgira*) which grows in Spain and South of Europe. It states that in Sicily the quantity gathered amounts to eleven or twelve thousand tons in a year. They have long been used as cattle food in Spain, and are even relied upon by the inhabitants when fresh and ripe, from the sweet pulp they contain. According to a careful analysis these Carole or Locust beans give 65 per cent. of sugar and gum, and about 25 per cent. of nutritious vegetable matter.

[Rural New Yorker.]

In Harper's for August, under the heading of "Legal Wit," is the fine anecdote of that severe Judge Lord Ellenborough, and by a singular omission the story is spoiled. The real anecdote is this: Lord E. was sure to hang every one that deserved it, and it is said some also that he did not. One day at a public dinner, he asked Jeckel if a dish before the latter was "hung beef"—"for so dried or smoked beef was called. Jeckel said he did not know. "Pass it this way," said his Lordship, "and I will try it." "Oh!" said Jeckel, "if your Lordship tries it, it will certainly be hung beef." [Boston Journal.]

**MARKING SHEEP.** I wish to know the best method of marking sheep, so it will last from one shearing to another. S. S. N.

We submit several modes for performing this operation, and S. S. N., with any others, desiring like information may adopt whatever seems good in their sight:

In France sheep are marked with figures in India ink on the under side of the ear, by which number they are registered. The process is a very simple one, easily and rapidly performed. The operator has a set of numbers, three of each, the face of which are small points which will make slight punctures in the skin, when pressed upon it. Suppose the sheep to be marked is No. 721, he sets these figures in a pair of pincers, and then rubs the little prepared ink, vermillion, or indigo, on the smooth skin of the ear, gives it a pinch, rubs it a moment with the finger, and 721 is fixed forever upon that spot. Thus changing figures, with a simple little machine, a sheep can be marked any number from 1 to 999,888,000.

[Rural New Yorker.]

Among the recent contributions of blocks for the Washington Monument is a block of white marble, in which is inserted a curiously carved head, with this inscription beneath—"This head was carved between two and three thousand years ago, by the ancient Egyptians, for their temple erected in honor of Augustus, on the banks of the Nile. Brought from there by J. F. Lennan and presented to the Washington Monument, 1858."

The Sin and Folly of Scolding.

"Fret not thyself to do evil."—Ps. XXXV, 2.

1. IT IS A SIN AGAINST GOD. It is evil and only evil, and that continually. David understood both human nature and the law of God. He says, "Fret not thyself in any wise to do evil." That is, never fret or scold, for it is always a sin. If you cannot speak without fretting or scolding, keep silence.

2. IT DESTROYS AFFECTION. No one ever did, ever can, or ever will love a habitual fretter, fault-finder, or scolder. Husbands, children, wives, relatives, or domestics, have no affection for peevish, fretful fault-finders. Few tears are shed over the graves of such. Persons of high moral principle may tolerate them—may love with them. But they cannot love them more than the sting of nettles, or the noise of mosquitoes. Many a man has been driven to the tavern, and to dissipation, by a peevish, fretful wife. Many a wife has been made miserable by a peevish, fretful husband.

3. IT IS THE BANE OF DOMESTIC HAPPINESS. A fretful, peevish, complaining fault-finder in a family, is like the continual chafing of an inflamed sore. Woe to the man, woman, or child who is exposed to the influence of such a tempter in another. Nineteen-tenths of all domestic trials and unhappinesses spring from this source. Mrs. A. is of this temperament. She wonders her husband is not more fond of her company. That her children give her so much trouble. That domestic life does not like to work for her. That she cannot secure the good will of young people. The truth is, she is peevish and fretful. Children fear her and do not love her. She never gained the affections of a young person, nor never will, till she leaves off fretting.

4. IT DEFEATS THE END OF FAMILY GOVERNMENT. Good family government is the blending authority with affection, so as to secure respect and love. Indeed, it is the great secret of managing young people. Now your fretters may inspire fear, but they always make two faults where they correct one. Scolding at a child, fretting at a child, sneering at a child, taunting a child, treating a child as though it had no feelings, inspires dread and dislike, and fosters those very dispositions from which many of the faults of childhood proceed. Mr. G. and Mrs. F. are of this class. Their children are made to mind; but how? Mrs. F. frets and scolds her children. She is severe enough upon their faults. She seems to watch them in order to find fault. She sneers at them. Treats them as though they had no feelings. She seldom gives them a command without a threat, and a long-running, fault-finding commentary. When she chides, it is not done in a dignified manner. She raises her voice, puts on a cross look, threatens, strikes them, pinches their ears, snaps their heads, etc. The children cry out, "pout, sulk, and poor Mrs. F. has to do her work over pretty often. She will find fault with her husband, because he does not fall in with her ways, or chime with her as she chides.

5. FRETTING AND SCOLDING MAKE HYPOCRISIES. As a fretter never receives confidence and affection, so no one likes to tell them anything disagreeable, and thus procure for themselves a fretting. Now children conceal as much as they can from such persons. They cannot make up their minds to be frank and open-hearted. So husbands conceal from their wives, wives from their husbands. For a man may brave a lion, but he likes not to come in contact with nettles and mosquitoes.

6. IT DESTROYS ONE'S PEACE OF MIND. The more one frets, the more he may. A fretter will always have enough to fret at, especially if he or she has the bump of order and neatness largely developed. Something will always be out of place. There will always be some dirt somewhere. Others will not eat right, look right, talk right. And fretters are generally so selfish as to have no regard for any one's comfort but their own.

7. IT IS A MARK OF VULGAR DISPOSITION. Some persons have so much gall in their disposition, are so selfish, that they have no regard for the feelings of others. All things must be done to please them. They make their husbands, wives, children, domestics, the conductors by which their spleen and ill-nature are discharged. Woe to the children who are exposed to their influences. It makes them callous and unfeeling; and when they grow up, they pursue the same course.

**WEEDING BEANS WITH SHEEP.** The culture of beans is still pursued to a considerable extent, though less profitable than when the market ruled prices double the average of late years. Some farmers simplify their culture and reduce its expense by feeding them down the weeds with sheep, instead of hoeing them—especially if grassy—turning them on as soon as they need hoeing, and watching carefully to turn off as soon as their work is finished. The sheep should not be very hungry when first turned in, or they will take grass, weeds, and beans together; they will not usually touch the latter while the supply of the former holds out. When the beans get six or eight inches high, they should be cultivated, with the implement so arranged as to throw the dirt under the hill—this will be all that is usually necessary. If the weeds come up again, the sheep may be turned on for a few days, though the beans by this time are generally large enough to cover the ground and keep down all injurious vegetation.

[Country Gentleman.]

What is the difference between a man who keeps dogs, and one who has nine walking-sticks? One owns canines and the other nine canes.

## MISCELLANY.

Translated from the French for The Home Journal.

### DREAM AND REALITY.

At the epoch of the restoration of monarchy in France, two young men from Paris were passing their vacation in one of the charming villages of Morvan on the banks of the Loire. It was the end of October, and for two months with knapsacks on their backs and guns in their hands they had led the life of American trappers; wandering over the mountains in search of game, eating at cock-crowing in the morning the rye bread and bean soup of the farmers, and supping at night in the hut of some wood-cutter upon the hares or partridges which they had succeeded in capturing.

One morning they breakfasted at a little inn on the borders of the lake of Varray one of them said to his companion as he lit his cigar, "Friend Conrad, this hunting is very pleasant, but the month of November is hastening on, and with it will come fog, and with fog rain; and with rain snow and ice. Our dear Morvan—this old nest of wolves and hares—will be no longer tenable. We must return to Paris."

"Return to Paris! resume our books, study, labor,—wear our brains out!" replied Conrad with a sigh. "I know that is my destiny. Thus our families have decided; but friend Tancred, if we had the least particle of sense, we should beg to remain in these mountains. Look at that oak of houses half covered by a thicket of grass and poplar, how pleasant it would be to live dream and die there, our orchards full of fruits, pure wine in our cellar, and good horses in our stable; would it not be better than to mingle in the great ant heap of Paris?"

"Bravo, Conrad," replied the first speaker, ironically. "You will be citing the famous saying of Julius Cæsar next; but for myself, I have no fancy for being first in a village; I prefer to be last in Rome."

"I know your modesty, Tancred; you mean that you would not be sorry to be first everywhere."

"No matter; I repeat that the village is not for me. A fine prospect to pass one's days in the midst of peasants coarse in manner and language! But let us suppose that we pass our days here. You shall be a country notary, and I a justice of the peace. In two years we shall each have upon the arm a strapping farmer's daughter. This excellent wife will bring us each, as a dowry twenty thousand crowns—a great fortune for the place? Before ten years are over our heads, I shall have at my table six sons, arranged regularly according to height, and you six daughters, grouped in the same manner; or if you like, you shall have the six sons and the six daughters. No, no; I will not fasten such a weight on my feet. Remember that the long years of study we have spent must not be thrown away. We have eaten of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, but hitherto, we have only tasted the bitterness of it; the sweets of it are yet to come. There is but one place where they can be found. Say, then with me, to Paris!"

"To Paris then be it," replied Conrad; "I do not object." Upon which they called their dogs and descended into the valley. The next morning they mounted the diligence—there were no railroads then—and in three days they made their entry into Paris. Each had in his pocket the diploma authorizing him to practice the law, which is generally considered the sure road to fortune. If a young man is provided with this, his relatives are apt to fancy that he has only to present himself before a tribunal, and to plead there, to become celebrated; in reality there is a bitter and wearisome novitiate to be passed. Conrad cast a long look upon his situation, and determined to renounce the honor of appearing at the bar.

"My dear friend," said he to Tancred, "you may become a renowned lawyer if you like, I will not compete with you. I throw my toga to the nettles."

"What do you mean then to become?"

"A painter, an engraver,—an artist of some sort."

"An artist! you will die of hunger, my poor fellow."

"That is an obsolete jest. Artists do not go to the poor-house now-days. Some have houses and chateaux; and if others reside in a garret, the garrets are very well furnished. And what is better, the rich have ceased to exhibit the disdain of former times; millionaires, bankers, diplomats, ministers, priests, poets, are happy to associate with painters, poets, musicians, and sculptors. How many times have modern journals given us such passages as these:—'The fête was magnificent. MM. Lamartine, Rossini, Eugene Delacroix, etc., were present; or, 'Nothing can give any idea of this ball. Among the guests, we remarked Victor Hugo, Decamps, David, etc.' What a figure would a dozen millionaires make without a single artist? And moreover, a stroke of the pencil the pen, the graver, is often, if not fortune at least independence. It is to this I aspire."

"Just as you please. For myself I go to the halls of justice. I shall enter there as a conqueror I foresee."

"I wish it with all my heart; but as in entering upon life we take different paths,—you that of business, bustle and fortune, and I that of quiet study, reverie, the ideal and art—we shall stray far apart from one another, and I fear shall seldom meet. That the bond of our fraternal friendship may not be broken let us agree to give each other one day each year."

"Agreed," replied the lawyer; "but what day?"

"Let us take if you like the anniversary of our return to Paris the thirty-first of October."

"Well, then, dear Conrad in a year from this day we will meet at a place previously agreed upon by letter." They pressed each other's hands warmly, and parted.

It was not without reason that the Greeks, our masters in everything, gave wings to time. A year flies quickly—in Paris, especially; hours, days, weeks and months, and when the sun has completed his tour of the zodiac, we are astonished at the rapidity of its revolution.

On the thirty-first of October, the two friends met as they had promised: the place of rendezvous was a restaurant of the Palais Royal.

"To the table," cried Conrad, "and let us drink a glass to the memories of our childhood, the duration of our friendship, and our dreams of the future!"

"Appropos of the future," asked Tancred "what are your prospects?"

Conrad replied gayly, that as to fortune he was just where he commenced. "In the arts," he added, "the beginnings are long and the difficulties numerous. Success is a caprice which must often rest upon the road; but, if I am not deceived, I see the dawn in the horizon. In two or three years—"

"What! are you talking of two three years hence?" and without leaving his friend time to reply he added, "for myself I have been more fortunate. I have sought business diligently about the prisons. A criminal suit gave me the opportunity of making my debut. On reading my speech on this occasion, some one remarked 'This is a promising young man. You may have learned this from the Gazette des Tribunaux.'"

"Is that all?" demanded Conrad.

"My brother lawyers begin already to treat me with respect. Clients are finding out my office. In three years—good heavens!—in three years I shall have moved the world."

Conrad remarked that the complexion of his friend no longer retained the healthy tint of former days. This discovery troubled him, but fortunately, Tancred was descended from a race of herdsmen, and had inherited a robust constitution.

They passed the rest of the day very gayly. After dinner they took a turn in the Bois de Boulogne. At eleven o'clock Conrad said:—"I will not detain you any longer my dear friend; a grasp of the hand, and we separate to meet in a year."

We ask permission to leap over two or three anniversaries at once. It would be too monotonous to repeat the details of similar meetings. In 1830, the thirtieth of October, Conrad wrote two lines to his friend:—"It is to-morrow; do not forget our annual rendezvous."

Conrad with his generous heart had been concerned in all the preparations, both far and near for the Revolution of July. There breathed among the artists at this period a noble monomania for freedom and reform. When the Revolution broke out, he ran to arms with the students and populace, and risked his life twenty times. Tancred on the contrary, following the path of prudence, did not leave his office; but when the combat was over, he pronounced a funeral discourse over the bodies of the slain, and for this he was made Knight of the legion of Honor.

In breakfasting Tancred was eager to show his friend this mark of distinction attached to button-hole of his black coat.

"It will add much to your reputation," said Conrad.

Reputation is nothing without money. This bit of red ribbon will not only place me on a par with all the celebrities of the bar, but will henceforth rain at my door. But you incorrigible dreamer, have you nothing pleasant to tell me."

"Oh, yes. I am going to be married."

"To a large dowry?"

"To a young girl, who is very pretty, very well-educated, and of excellent character. I love her, and I have reason to believe that she loves me. That is better than a great dowry."

Tancred shrugged his shoulders. "Unfortunately friend! are you really in earnest? In the nineteenth century, at twenty-six years of age, you will marry a woman without a dowry!"

Conrad cut short his sarcasms. "Do not be troubled about me," he said. "In the first place I can work; and in the second place we shall be contented with but little."

"Each one to his taste; but my dear friend confidence for confidence. I, too am about to be married."

"Is the lady pretty?"

"She will bring me on the wedding day three hundred thousand francs."

"Has she intellect?"

"Independently of her dowry, she has great expectations."

"You do not understand me. Do you love her, and does she love you? that is the main thing."

"Unfortunately friend," said Conrad, laughing in his turn.

They separated a little less gaily than usual but agreed to meet as usual the next year.

On the thirty-first of the next October, Conrad met his friend, radiant with joy.

"You seem very happy," said Tancred.

"Yes, I have been very successful of late, and have just bought me a small country house near St. Germain en-Laye."

"How much is it worth?"

"Thirty thousand francs."

The sardonic smile of the lawyer began to re-appear. "Thirty thousand francs! Good heavens, of what sort of clay are you kneaded? Why, I have five hundred thousand francs, and consider myself poor."

"That is possible; one may have five hundred thousand francs and yet be poor."

"One must be a wide-awake dreamer like you to be astonished at that. In our modern society, five hundred thousand francs, my poor friend is nothing, or almost nothing. But happily I shall not stop there; in a little while I shall have double that sum. The next year I hope to become chief counsellor of the Parliament of Paris; and then before twelve months I shall have a million."

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As the weather was rainy, they separated early.

"Au revoir," said Conrad.

"Au revoir, and be little wiser," replied the lawyer.

All that Tancred had predicted was realized. He was elected by his brethren *laureat*—a distinguished honor, which ought to have sufficed for any public man; but riches were especially the end at which he aimed. He performed prodigies of labor. No peace, no truce, no fets, no dinners—he must become a millionaire; and he became one.

On the day appointed, Conrad, who had arrived first at the rendezvous, was struck by the change in his friend. A premature baldness gave his head the appearance of a green spectacle protected the eyes, formerly so brilliant. His hollow cheeks were imprinted with that sickly paleness given to wax figures. When the artist presented his hand in his own he could almost imagine he was grasping the fingers of a marble statue. He did not, however betray his surprise. As soon as they were seated at the table, he raised his glass till it caught the rays of the sun, and said, "To the mountains of Morvan!"

The lawyer did not appear to understand him. "I have my million, Conrad," he said.

"I suspected it," cried the artist. "No would be more rejoiced than I, if with so much more money you had not so much less youth." Then softening his voice, he said:—"My Tancred you are killing yourself. For the sake of being rich, you are bringing on yourself a premature old age. You allow yourself no time for sleep, or food or diversion. I see threads of silver already in your hair; crow's feet are around your eyes; you never smile. Listen, Tancred; I have just enlarged my house at St. Germain. I have a garden and a little park a fine black cow which gives us the sweetest milk, a beautiful prospect—some nice wine in my cellar; you are worth your million now; throw your black robe to the winds and come with me; in six months you will become once more as you were when we entered Paris ten years ago."

"Bah!" said Tancred; "I admire you and your idols! What has put it into your head that I am sick? I am thought the least robust among my lawyers. Quit my practice, go drink milk! It would be a bad time for it, since the million that I had wished for a year ago, will not suffice now."

"How is that?" asked Conrad, in astonishment.

"It is very simple. I have two children—a son and daughter. There must be a fortune for the son, and a dowry for the daughter, and I must keep something for myself; so I am forced to labor yet."

"What will you do, then, with your million?"

"Pshaw! what is an apple cut in quarters? I must go to work. In three years there will be a million for my children, and a million for myself, and then I intend to rest."

Seeing that it was all determined, Conrad made no reply; but when they parted he said to himself that their meeting would henceforth be more difficult. He was not deceived. A few days before the thirty-first of October, he received a note from his friend begging him to defer their anniversary. He said he was overwhelmed with work, which was only too true. "We shall see at the commencement of winter," he added. Winter passed, and the two other seasons followed, but still no Tancred. The thirty-first of October returned. A letter was brought to Conrad. "I know what it contains," he said. Tancred wrote that, in addition to his other labors, he was seeking to be elected deputy, which obliged him to defer their meeting. "It is all over," said Conrad. "There will be no more thirty-first of October."

Twelve months passed, and this time, on the day appointed, Tancred alighted from his carriage. He was now decidedly an important personage. Elected deputy, and also, for the second time, *laureat* of his order, he occupied a distinguished position. He was one of fifteen or twenty men who at this time concentrated upon themselves the public attention.

"You will soon become a Minister of State," said the artist, when they were seated.

"Ah! I prefer my office to a portfolio. It brings me in, at the very least, two hundred thousand francs a year."

"What! are you still thinking of money?"

"And why should I not think of it? It is the nerve of modern society. I have changed, or rather enlarged, my plans: two millions are not enough; I must have three—once each of my children, another for myself. With my resources, and the interest of my two millions, it will be but an affair of three years—a mere trifle."

"Three years a trifle," murmured the artist; "three years, when no one is sure of a morrow."

A year and a half after this, Conrad was walking in the garden of the Tuilleries when

he saw his friend approaching. He was pale and attenuated, and walked with apparent difficulty—now and then leaning against the trees for support.

"I have come out to get the sun," he said to Conrad. The artist put his friend's arm in his own. "I have my three millions now," remarked the lawyer. He added that his health was somewhat shattered by his labors, and his physician had recommended him to pass the winter in Italy. We know what a voyage to Italy means when one is sick.

Six months after this promenade, a letter with a black seal announced to Conrad that Tancred had died at Pisa of congestion of the brain.

Eight years have passed since this event. The man of the world—the practical man—the realist—has now six feet of earth in the cemetery of *Père la Chaise*, where he sleeps his last sleep. The other—the dreamer—the visionary—always gay, always healthy—has retired to his little estate at St. Germain, where, not long since, he related to us this history.

### Betsy Baker's Bonnet.

The collection in the rooms of the Rhode Island Society for the encouragement of Domestic Industry, has received an interesting addition—a bonnet braided by Mrs. Betsy Baker, in exact imitation, braid, shape and trimming, of the first straw bonnet ever braided in this country. Sixty-one years ago when this venerable lady was a blooming maiden, she determined to have a straw bonnet! Not knowing any other way to get it than to braid it herself, Miss Betsy Metcalf, that was her maiden name, saw an imported Dunstable straw bonnet in Col. Whipple's store, and being a true Yankee girl, she set herself to work to imitate it. The interesting memoir upon straw braiding, contributed by Judge Staples to the last volume of the transactions of the Domestic Society, shows how she succeeded. With no instruction, without the opportunity of unbraiding a specimen of the work to see how it was done, she persevered till she made a bonnet that was the envy of the other girls. Thence sprang a business which to-day employs 10,000 people, and turns out 6,000,000 bonnets and hats annually, in the single State of Massachusetts.

The public attention was first directed to the subject, and to the service which one young lady's ingenuity had rendered to the community, by the memoir of Judge Staples, the Secretary of the Society. Her portrait, painted by Lincoln, and presented to the Society by Gov. Dyer, hangs upon the wall of the Secretary's office. A few days since she presented to the Society a fac simile of the first bonnet that she braided, and it will be preserved as a memorial of a most interesting incident, connected with a large and important branch of domestic production. The bonnet it may be supposed, differs materially from those now in use. For the information of our fair readers, we may state that the fashion in 1798 was decidedly larger than the prevalent one to-day, and that the new bonnet after the old style of which we speak, would not fail to create a sensation on Westminister street. If they doubt it, let one of them try it. We dare say it might be borrowed for the experiment. [Providence Journal.]

A LEGAL ANECDOTE. Elisha Williams, formerly of Alexandria County, was somewhat noted for his eloquence and power of moving a jury. On one occasion he made a plea which produced a marked effect upon the jury and upon the Court. His legal opponent was a mere pettifogger, but shrewd, and it so happened on the occasion, succeeded in laying out the eminent counsellor. When Mr. Williams had closed his eloquent appeal, the pettifogger arose and said:

"Gentlemen of the Jury and your Honors: I should despair of the triumph of my client in this case, after the eloquent appeal of the learned counsel, but for the fact that common law is common sense. No man could like better the piece which the learned gentleman has spoke, than what I like the piece. He spoke it good. I've heard him give it four times afore—once at Schodack, in a burglary case; once at Kiskadee, on a suspicion of 'sleaziness'; once at Foughkeepsie, in a murder case; and the next time at Kalkas, about the man who was watched counterfeiting. Well, he always spoke it good, but this time he's really beat himself. But what does it all amount to, gentlemen of the jury? That is the question, and you can answer it as well as I can, and better, too."

And so they did, and quickly by a verdict for the pettifogger's client.

VICTORIA BRIDGE. In an interesting article on the Victoria Bridge, the Montreal Gazette gives the following facts:

"We learn that tube No. 1, which is 210 feet long, shows a contraction and expansion of one-tenth of an inch to every variation of 8 degrees of the thermometer, the greatest movement observed being 3 1/4 inches, owing to the influence of temperature between 120° and —36°. Both ends of the central tube are fixed on rollers which move as the contracts and expands with the variations of the temperature, it being always in motion. The other spans have two sets of rollers to three piers. We believe that the heaviest trains will not make any visible deflection. The bridge is two miles long from end to end. One single coat of paint covers 30 acres space."

Chief Justice Taney of the U. S. Supreme Court is in his eighty-third year of his age. His eight associates in the Court with one single exception, are all three-score years and ten, some of them considerably exceed that number.







**STRAYED**, or stolen from the enclosure of the subscriber, in Summer, on the 15th of May last, a two-year-old steer, of a red color, with a white spot on the right side, near the flank, with a notch in the right ear.

Whoever will give information where the steer may be found, shall be suitably rewarded.

**OLIVER BONNEY.**

Summer, July 20, 1859. 26

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**Patty! Putty!!**

**A FULLSUPPLY** just received at the  
**SOUTH PAINTS PAINTSTORE.**



