The American Union
PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT DENTON, MD., BY
JOHN H. EMERSON.
Terms:
$1,50 per annum, invariably in advance.
No subscription received for less than 6 months.
The UNION circulates among farmers, mechanics and business men generally.
Postmasters are requested to notify us of a failure to take the paper from their office

The American Union.

VOL. XVI. · DENTON, MD., THURSDAY AUG. 5, 1875. NO. 3.

Rates of Advertising.
Advertisements conspicuously inserted at the following rates:

1 square (8 lines)	3 insertions		$1.00
1 "	1 month		1.50
1 "	3 "		2.50
1 "	6 "		5.00
1 "	12 "		10.00
¼ column, one year,			15.00
½ " " "			30 00
1 " " "			60.00

☞ All advertisements collectable on first insertion.

Poetry.

WISHING.

BY WEBSTER WASHBURN.

Of all amusements for the mind,
From logic down to fishing,
There isn't one that you can find
So very cheap as. "wishing,"
A very choice diversion, too,
If we but rightly use it,
And not as we are apt to do,
Pervert it, and abuse it.

I wish—common wish indeed—
My purse was somewhat fatter,
That I might cheer the child of need,
And not my pride to flatter;
That I might make expression reel,
As only gold can make it,
And break the Tyrant's rod of steel,
As only gold can break it.

I wish that Sympathy and Love,
And every human passion,
That had its origin above,
Would come and keep in fashion;
That Scorn and Jealousy, and Hate,
And every base emotion,
Were buried fifty fathom deep,
Beneath the waves of Ocean.

I wish that friends were always true,
And motives always pure;
I wish the good were not so few,
I wish the bad were fewer:
I wish the parsons ne'er forgot,
To heed their pious teaching;
I wish that practicing was not
So different from preaching.

I wish that modest mirth might be
Appraised with truth and candor;
I wish that innocense were free
From treachery and slander;
I wish that men their vows would mind;
That women ne'er were rovers;
I wish that wives were always kind,
And husbands always lovers.

I wish—in fine—that joy and mirth,
And every good ideal,
May come erewhile throughout the earth,
To be the glorious Real;
Till God shall every creature bless
With his supremest blessing,
And hope be lost in happiness,
And Wishing in Possessing!

From the Baltimore County Union.

SELLING HER SOUL;

OR

WAS HE RESPONSIBLE.

BY R. B. LEWIS.

'Is this your firm, unalterable decision?'

The words came from this great, grtong man as though wrung from him in bitterest agony.

'It is, Arthur. I don't deny that I love you, for I do, as much as my fickle nature is capable of loving anyone; but I cannot be your wife. I take back the promise I gave you some months ago, and you are free. You know how poor you are and likely to be for years to come, and I cannot bear the thought of poverty. I must have silks and sattins, laces and diamonds, and live in sumptuous style, with plenty of servants to anticipate my lightest wish.—All these Mr. Fenwick can give me, and I mean to accept him when he asks me as I know he intends to do to-morrow night.—These words came from the lips of a beautiful girl seated by the side of the man, and her tone of voice showed that no persuasion would alter her decision. To gaze into the face of Stella Denton one would have imagined naught but purity, goodness and truth. Scarce a woman, with a face and form rivaling the Venus de Medici, it is not to be wondered that hosts of the sterner sex had cast their naked hearts at her feet, but all proclaimed her heartless until Arthur Lake, with his honest manliness, offered her the strength of his unbounded love, and then for a time, the deeper nature of the beautiful coquette owned allegiance and she felt that there was such a thing as true happiness upon earth. But the blissful ecstacy of the impassioned lover was but short lived.

A wealthy suitor, more than twice her years, presented himself, and bowed at the shrine of this proud, imperious beauty.—Poor Arthur saw the ground gradually slipping from beneath his feet, and finally, unable longer to endure the torturing suspense he asked her where her encouragement of this millionaire was to end. Her reply struck like a poisoned dagger into his vitals. 'In my marrying him.' This was the woman for whom Arthur Lake would have esteemed the world well lost, and now he was to lose her.

'But Stella, Oh God, pity me; Stella do you consider the horrible pain you are causing me. Don't you know, I would sacrifice all the blessed gifts of Heaven for you. Can you be blind to such love as this, and will you stand before the alter and swear to love, honor and obey a man for whom you scarcely have respect? Do you not know that my life will be utterly blasted if you leave me, and are you willing to destroy my happiness forever and render yourself miserable for life for the sake of gold?' Thus plead he, loving this cold, calculating woman with a love amounting to idolatry. A cynical smile curved the lips of the girl. Could it be possible that she was insensible to his suffering and the enormity of the act she was about to commit, but her answer was light and flippant enough, and if any emotion there was in her lovely bosom, it pictured not itself in her face, or was betrayed in her voice.

'Arthur I have told you I intended to marry Clarence Fenwick if he asked me, which I am sure he will do to-morrow night. I pity you (how cold the tone), and knowing that you love me better than I ever expected or deserved to be loved, I am fully aware that this confession is causing you untold suffering. I believe nothing I could ask of you to do for me would be too difficult of accomplishment, and I am willing to 'say' to a minister that I will love, honor and obey Mr. Fenwick. But you will get over this. I expect you are 'hard hit' now to find your idol so suddenly shattered, but a few years hence I expect to see you the happy husband of a happy wife, one who has more heart than I, and who will prove a truer and better woman and in the end render your path through life easier than I would, or ever could.—'I tell you Arthur Lake,' she cried, desperately in an excited, intensified manner, 'I cannot be denied in my least desire. I expect to live a life of gilded misery, but I will load myself with all the gorgeous apparel that unbounded wealth can afford, and the outside world shall not know that there is a canker worm eating out my very life. Should you become elevated to sudden wealth and ask me before the altar to wed you, I would leave Clarence Fenwick's side and come to yours, but without that we must live apart. Oh! you may call it selling my soul for gold,—half hysterically—'but,'—recovering herself with a mighty effort—'I care not. I only know I will be rich, and can, if I wish it, flash the Koh-i-noor upon my hand.'

With a voice of utter, despairing sadness Arthur Lake spoke.

'And you care not then, Stella, that you will blight my life, render your own a base hypocrisy, but think you that Mr. Fenwick will not discover why you have married him, and turn from you with loathing at the revelation?'

'He will have no opportunity to reproach me I assure you, for I shall tell him that I love him not, although if he wishes to marry me, I will not withhold my consent.—Then if he is willing to run the risk he can have no one to blame but himself. But Arthur, let us cease this very distasteful conversation. He may not propose to me, after all, and I want you to come and see me and be just as attentive as ever. It will do me good to have you by me sometimes, for you know how frightfully addicted I am to the blues, and you are the only one who can drive them away.'

'Stella, darling, you know I can refuse you nothing. I would to God, I could go away from here and forget you altogether, but no, no, I cannot, I cannot! Life is useless to me without you, and while I have the slenderest thread of hope to keep my head above the waves, I will cling to it.'

'Now that's a real good fellow and spoken like your own generous self. Come let us take a walk and the silent influences of the voiceless stars and gentle moon will make contentment reign again.

Nine men out of ten reading this sketch will say 'what a fool, to allow any woman to so gain the mastery,' and nine women out of ten will look with glowing eyes upon this abandonment of devotion and cry, 'Heaven send me such a lover.' To the former I can only answer, fool or not such was Arthur Lake's nature. If he made a friend it was for life; no matter what evil reports might meet him, no matter how unkind fortune might have been to the recipient of his regard; no matter ever, how treacherous this friend himself might have proved, his heart remained true to its first allegiance. If his friend was slandered, he would ferret it out and sift the charge to the bottom. If found false his regard was strengthened; if true he would say, 'so much more need for me to help him now that he is on the downward road.' If poverty had troden on him with iron heel, his kindest sympathy was given and his manly aid not withheld, and if this friend showed treachery, Arther Lake's charitable soul would appeal for a merciful sentence.—Such was the man who had given up his wealth of love to a woman who had declared that she would sell her own soul for wealth.

Arthur Lake endeavored to shake off the deep despondency which pervaded his entire being, and the light, joyous laugh and witty *bon mots* of his companion aided him much in his efforts, so that their moonlight promenade was rather a pleasant one. Upon leaving her for the night, however, the agony fell upon his heart again and clasping her shapely white hand in his he said: 'Stella, this may be the last night of happiness I am ever to know; but whilst hoping, trusting, praying for the best I shall prepare for the worst. The day after to-morrow is Thursday, I will call in the evening at my usual hour. If Mr. Fenwick is to wrest from me the prize I would sacrifice my hopes of a hereafter to win, I must then know, for, as you say, he comes to-morrow night and has appointed a private interview for that purpose in all probability. But darling,—I must call you darling yet,—will you not promise me one thing? If he speaks not the fatal words,—fatal to me, I mean,—will you pledge your sacred word to be mine. Will you then be true to your heart's instincts if this temptation is removed?'

'Arthur,' answered Miss Denton, 'here under the gentle stars, with no one to look upon us but the Omnipotent Almighty whose great love I may outrage ere another sun has run his course, I promise you that if Clarence Fenwick asks me not to be his wife before another month passes, I will be yours whenever you may ask me. This is the third day of May. Let us then make an engagement for the the third of June. If you come to me upon that night and no word has been spoken to bind me to this other man, I will place my hand in yours and go wheresoever you will. As my heart is yours now, so will I give my life into your keeping then. 'Say no more,' as she noticed his depreciating gesture, 'I make it a month, and a month it is to be.'

'Be it so Stella,' he answered sadly 'It only prolongs my suspense, but I think I have the strength to suffer and be silent. But oh! my soul's idol,' with a sudden rush of tenderness, 'you will not refuse me one parting kiss. It may be the last, and I want the fragrance of your sweet lips to linger around me, and give me some consolation when you are dead to me.

The kiss was given with such impassioned fervor as to startle the young girl more than his words had done. Confident as she had been of his love, unfortunately her standard of the capacity of man's heart for loving had been estimated by the regards, or 'expressed regards,' of the popinjays who had been her devoted slaves for a season, and then sought 'field and pastures new,' but this clinging kiss clearly showed her the heart of Arthur Lake laid bare, and then for the first time, she realized how utterly and entirely this man had given up everything for her. Did she change her resolution with the knowledge? No, but firmly crushing down her conscience, she inwardly cried in the spirit of thorough recklessness. 'I will have wealth if it is offered me. I will bring the world to my feet, and if not Arthur Lake's wife, I am sure he will still love me and that will give me some little gleam of happiness. 'I have staked my life upon this cast, and I will win or lose at the hazard of the die.'

The following night Clarence Fenwick the millionaire called, but contrary to expectation spoke no word of love. The next afternoon she was seated by his side behind a handsome pair of bays, and although the ride was through the deep shadows of leafy woods, and along the shores of bubbling streams,—places one would think, best suited to arouse the sentimental impulses of the heart, his lips still were sealed. Was Stella Denton glad or sorry at this reticence upon the part of her rich lover? She scarcely knew herself. She dared not ask herself the question.

That night Arthur Lake called according to promise. The lady could not but observe his shaking hand as he saluted her, and his first words were articulated with a mighty effort at calmness. 'Stella, has Mr. Fenwick spoken?' Her quiet 'No Arthur,' rendered him supremely happy for the evening, and he left her at a late hour in a gayer mood than she had seen him for many days. As he walked along, solacing himself with a fine Havana, he mused thus: 'One day out of thirty gone. She has seen him twice and still my sentence is defered. Perhaps it may not come at all. Why should I court trouble. I will be a philosopher. Stella was as sweet and affectionate as she could be to-night and I don't believe she regrets Fenwick's silence. Oh! may some kind fate keep that silence unbroken twenty-nine days longer. Then I know she will be mine. Her word once given will not be broken. Father in Heaven remove this terrible temptation from her.' The days sped by. Each evening as Arthur Lake sought Miss Denton's side, his first words would be, 'Are you still free Stella?' And her low murmur 'still free,' would come echoing back in sweetest cadence and place the adoring youth in the seventh Heaven of delight.

The night of the third of June arrived. Of all the days in his whole life this had been the longest to Arthur Lake. He could concentrate his mind upon nothing. He only waited for the night to come to complete the sum of his earthly happiness. He had little doubt what his answer would be for he had seen the object of his adoration the night before and her answer had been the same, 'I am still free, Arthur. To-morrow night I will be yours forever.'

But days must pass and this one did at length, to find him, ere twilight had deepened into darkness, upon the steps of Miss Denton's residence. He rang the bell with a quick, nervous pull and in a moment was ushered into the drawing room. No light was there, but he saw Stella, his Stella now he thought in exultation, seated upon an ottoman near the window and she arose and advanced to meet him. With quick, impulsive steps he was by her side and attempted to clasp her in his arms with a glad cry of 'darling, mine, all mine at last;' but she waved him back with an imperious gesture, and in a low, deep voice, cold and intense, said, 'No; I am the promised bride of Clarence Fenwick. This afternoon he laid his heart and fortune at my feet. We will be married on the twenty-fifth.'

Transfixed in horror stood the young man. So motionless and white was he you might have thought him an image carved from marble. What passed through his tumultuous, tempest-tossed brain God and the angels only will ever know. His eyes were fixed upon the false being before him with an expression of the most abject despair.—Slowly he raised his hand, and extending his arm to its full length, he uttered in a voice so hoarse and unnatural that one might have imagined it to come from the body of a corpse, these terrible words:—"Stella Denton, you have murdered my soul. Hereafter it is dead and my body soon will follow, for the hour that makes you Clarence Fenwick's wife will see me a dead mass of human flesh at your feet.—Good-bye, and may God forgive you.'—Gloomily he turned and advanced toward the door. His head moved not to either side, his eyes even seemed unmovable in their sockets, and he moved like one in a dream. He came to the terminus of the highway, but still on he went, out into the open country, over fences, hedges and ditches, never minding or heeding his soiled and dampened feet, his torn and bleeding hands, nor the snapping of the numerous curs that crowded around his heels and attempted to dispute his passage. Mile after mile he traversed thus showing no sign of fatigue, until reaching a steep hill, his senses seemed to return to him and he sat down to rest and think. Could he think? Had he not heard enough, but a short time ago, to make the power of thought a damnable gift? "No! no!" he shrieked in agony and raising his bloodshot eyes to Heaven, "Great God, who art all powerful, take away my capacity to think.—Blot out the past from me forever.' And thus he sat thinking and yet not thinking. Poor Arthur Lake. He had come with his heart full of love and hope and found his idol only an idol of clay. The blow had been so awfully sudden and he had been so illy prepared for it.

The gray of the morning admonished him that he must return to the city whose tall spires he could just see in the dim distance. With sluggished step he traversed the way back and reaching his home crawled wearily up to his room. No sleep for his eyes—none was needed. His soul, indeed, seemed to have left his body so utterly spiritless was he.

Stella Denton, as he turned to leave her on the disclosure of the fatal news, had not thought he would depart so unceremoniously. She fully expected his return and waited every minute expecting to hear his familiar step ring upon the sidewalk. But she waited in vain. "Well, if he is going off in that way he can go," she said, pettishly; "but I am sure he will come around soon and ask my pardon, and beg to be at least retained as my friend. He loves me too well I know to give me up entirely, and as for his killing himself—which was what I suppose he meant when he said that "the hour which saw me Clarence Fenwick's wife would see him dead at my feet"—men don't kill themselves for love now-a-days. Poor Arthur, he does love me so devotedly, and oh! why is he not rich? We could be so happy together if he could only give me the luxuries I want. Well, well, too late to repine now. Fortunately Mr. Fenwick is not of a jealous disposition and I can have Arthur come to see me real often after my marriage.—There is no harm in Platonic love, and I know he respects me too highly to think of offering an insult."

But Arthur Lake did not come. The days rolled by and the wedding preparations were going on with an added vigor as each revolution of the earth brought the time of Stella Denton's maidenhood to a close, but still he came not, nor sent one word or line. Finally the twenty-fifth of June came clear and cloudless. The hour for the wedding had been fixed at twelve, a reception until two, and then a departure for Northern scenes by the next train.

About nine o'clock a small boy called at the Denton mansion and handed the servant a small packet "for Miss Stella," he said, and departed before the inquisitive domestic could ask one question to gratify her curiosity. The packet, with many a turn and twist and peeping in at the ends to get a glimpse of the contents, was finally delivered by its custodian into Miss Denton's hands, who was preparing herself for the sacrifice." The superscription caught her eyes and with an exclamation of delight, "a present from Arthur, dear old fellow,' she hastily cut the strings and exposed the interior to view. An exclamation of terror escaped her, for beneath her gaze lay the glittering body of a serpent, so life-like with its diamond eyes and curved form that but for its diminutive size, it might have been thought a living reptile. But this was not all, for in its distended jaws it held the tiny miniature of a human heart and little flecks of blood were flowing down on either side. Stella Denton's terror quickly changed to anger after the first burst.—"How mean of Arthur to do a thing like that. I never thought him capable of revenge. Ah! what is this, a letter, too?' as her eyes caught sight of a folded piece of paper at the bottom of the box; "we will see what he has to say.' Hastily unfolding the note she read:

JUNE 24th, 10 P. M.

"This is my last night upon earth, and it is by your cruelty, Stella Denton, that I am going before my Maker unprepared. Do I not fear the result? No! I worshipped an image made of earth and now I must abide by the result. I told you upon that night when you stood before me and spoke the words which killed my soul, that upon your marriage day, aye, at the very hour when you should be sweeping in triumph from the altar, exulting in the wealth you had gained, that I would lie before you a deadened thing. To accomplish my object I have procured a subtle poison, so fatal and instantaneous in its effects that it is no sooner swallowed than life is extinct. At twelve to-morrow you will look upon the wreck of a man and can contemplate at your leisure the ruin you have wrought. Farewell!

ARTHUR LAKE."

"Pshaw! He will not dare to do such a thing,' she exclaimed. "This is only meant to frighten me and I will take no further account of it. Arthur must have changed greatly of late to be so vindictive, and she went on with her wedding preparations, endeavoring to drown the remembrance of the terrible import of this letter by keeping her hands busy.

The great clock up in the steeple chimed out the hour of twelve, and Clarence Fenwick and Stella Denton stood before the altar. The minister had raised his priestly hands on high and pronounced the words "whom God hath joined together let no man put assunder,' (what a bitter mockery it seemed to echo in the soul of the new made bride,) and she turned half fainting leaning heavily upon the arm of her husband, and slowly advanced down the aisle.

Scarce half the distance had been traversed when a man darted from behind the large pillar at the side and confronted the pair. A maniacal light shown in his eyes and he raised both hands aloft with a threatning gesture. "Stella Denton,' he shrieked, "behold your work. You have just now sworn to a base lie and taken from me all that would have made life sweet. 'Farewell forever!' and he quickly passed to his mouth a vial containing a dark liquid, and draining it to the dregs dropped a quivering mass upon the floor.

A piercing, agonizing scream echoed through the vaulted archways of that stately church, and Stella Fenwick wrested her arm free from that of her husband and threw herself upon the body of her lover in a deathly swoon.

Tenderly they raised her up and applied restoratives but for a long time without result. At length she opened her eyes and gazed around her vacantly. Then glancing down at the inanimate form of her lover she spoke sadly, sweetly; "Poor, dear Arthur, we are both dead now, and I am so happy. You are all mine to love now, Arthur. You will never leave me here,' and as her distressed husband endeavoring to draw her away, she gazed at him stonily and put him aside. "No! no! I cannot go with you, Authur wants me. Don't you hear him calling me? He loved me so well, and I'll never leave him any more. I was going to marry some one for the wealth he would give me, but that is all past. Oh! what a hideous dream that was. But I am so happy now—nothing can part us. The bride of scarce an hour was a raving maniac.

* * * * * * *

In the asylum at H—— the visitor can see confined a beautiful woman—beautiful even though the light of sanity shows not in her eyes. The physicians have long since pronounced her incurable, although at first glance an ordinary observer would detect nothing unusual. It is only when she opens her mouth to speak that the fearful truth is apparent. At times she is violent and then her shrieks of "I sold my soul for gold,' resound with awful distinctness. Uniformly, however, she is mild and gentle, and when one in passing shows her some attention she will advance and take his hand and say in sad, low tones, "How came you here, are you dead, too? So are Arthur and I dead. We died loving each other, oh! so well. Dear Arthur, he will never leave me now, he is with me always. This is he,' addressing an imaginary object by her side; "see, is he not worthy of a woman's love. Dear, dear Arthur.'

Gentle reader, has this story a moral? If so, ere you draw the curtain, pause and contemplate it.

Power of Memory.

A little negro girl living in a distant city has a truly wonderful memory. It is said that a gentleman who had read aloud in her presence accidently heard her repeat word for word what he had read from the paper, though twenty-four hours had intervened. After this he tested her memory frequently and has found her capable of repeating thirty or forty lines from a book after hearing it read over once. Her intellect in other respects does not seem at all above, if equal to the average. Such instances of memory are not very unusual.—Mary Somerville tells of an idiot in Edinburg who never failed to repeat a sermon, word for word, after attending the kirk each Sunday, saying: "Here the minister coughed; here he drank water,' &c. She also tells of another whom she met in the Highlands, who knew the Bible so perfectly if he was asked where such a verse was to be found he told without hesitation, and repeated the chapter.—We remember, also, to have read of a man in New York who could read one side of the New York *Herald*, and then repeat it word for word, advertisements and all.

THE PALACE HOTEL, now nearing completion in San Francisco, is the largest hotel structure in the world. It covers 96,-250 square feet of ground and is seven stories high; 24,661,000 bricks were used in its walls, 3,000 tons of cast and wrought iron, 4,561,524 feet of lumber and timber. It contains 1060 windows, 377 of which are bay windows; 926 rooms, none of less size than 16x16 feet, and 388 bath rooms. It contains over three miles of halls; there are five passenger elevators, and seven grand stairways; there are 4540 doors, 900 gas burners, and thirty-two miles of gas and water pipe. It requires 50,000 yards, or 28 miles of carpet. It can accommodate 1200 guests, besides 360 servants and employees. And, best of all, there is not a dark or windowless room in the house.—It has been decided to run a length of heavy plate glass, sixteen inches high, along the top of the balusters and balustrades, as a precaution against accidents by children sliding down the balusters or climbing the balustrades. This plate glass will reflect the gas jets, and at night the interior courts will present a dazzling scene.

Young Men of Genius.

Alexander of Macedon, extended his power over Greece, conquered Egypt, rebuilt Alexandria, overrun all Asia, and died at 33 years of age.

Hannibal was but 25, when, after the fall of his father, Hamilcar, and Asdrubal, his successor, he was chosen commander-in-chief of the Carthagenian army. At 27 he captured Saguntum from the Romans. Before he was 34, he carried his arms from Africa into Italy, conquered Publius Scipio, on the banks of Ticinus, routed Sempronius near the Trebia, defeated Flaminius on his approach to the Appenines, laid waste the whole country, defeated Fabius Maximus and Varro, marched into Capua, and at the age of 36, was thundering at the gates of Rome.

Scipio Africanus was scarcely 16 when he took an active part in the battle of Canoe, and saved the life of his father. The wreck of the Roman cavalry chose him for their leader, and he conducted them back to the capitol. Soon after he was 20, he was appointed pro-consul of Spain, where he took New Carthage by storm. He soon after defeated successfully, Asdrubal, (Hannibal's brother,) Mago, and Hanno; crossed into Africa, negotiating with Syphax, the Massasyliat King, returned to Spain, quelled the insurrection there, drove the Carthagenians wholly from the Peninsula, returned to Rome, devised the diversion against the Carthagenians by carrying the war into Africa, was appointed pro-consul of Africa, crossed thither, destroyed the army of Syphax, compelled the return of Hannibal, and defeated Asdrubal a second time.

Charlemagne, was crowned King of the Franks before he was 24. At the age of 28 he had conquered Aquitania, and at the age of 29 he had made himself master of the whole German and French empires.

Charles the XII, of Sweden, was declared of age by the States, and succeeded his father at the age of 15. At 18 he headed the expedition against the Danes, whom he checked; and with a fourth of their number, he cut to pieces the Russian army, commanded by the Czar Peter, at Narva—crossed the Dwina, gained a victory over the Saxon's and carried his arms into Poland; at 21 he conquered Poland, and dictated to her a new sovereign; at 24 he subdued Saxony; at 27 he was conducting his victorious troops into the heart of Russia, when a severe wound prevented his taking command in person, and resulted in his overthrow and subsequent treacherous captivity in Turkey.

Lafayette was a Major General in the American army at 19, was but 20 when he was wounded at Brandywine; but 22 when he raised supplies for his army on his own credit, at Baltimore, and but 23 when raised commander in chief of the National Guards of France.

Napoleon was an officer of artillery at 17. At 24 he successfully commanded the artillery at the siege of Toulon. His splendid and victorious campaign in Italy was performed at the age of 27. During the next year, when he was about 28, he gained battle after battle over the Austrians in Italy, conquered Mantua, carried the war into Austria, ravaged the Tyrol, concluded an advantageous peace, took possession of Milan and the Venetian Republic, revolutionized Genoa, and formed the Cisalpine Republic. At the age of 29 he received the command of the army against Egypt, scattered the clouds of Mameluke cavalry, mastered Alexandria, Aboukir, and Cairo, and wrested the land of the Pharoahs and Ptolemics from the proud descendents of the prophet. At the age of 30 he fell among the Parisians like a thunderbolt, overthrew the directorial government; dispersed the council of five hundred, and was proclaimed First Consul. At the age of 21 he crossed the Alps with an army, and destroyed the Austrians by a blow at Marengo. At 33 he established the Code of Napoleon; in the same year he was elected consul for life by the people. At 34 he was crowned Emperor of the French nation.

William Pitt, the first Earl of Chatham, was 27 years of age, when, as a member of Parliament, he waged the war of a giant against the corruption of Sir Robert Walpole.

The younger Pitt was scarcely 20, when with masterly power he grappled with the veterans of Parliament, in favor of America. At 22 he was called to the high and responsible trust of Chancellor of the Exchequer, and at the same time he came forth in his might on the affairs of the East Indies. At 25 he was First Lord of the Treasury.

George Washington was only 27 years of age when he covered the retreat of the British at Braddock's defeat, and the same year appointed commander-in-chief of all the Virginia forces.

Alexander Hamilton was a Lieutenant Colonel in the Revolution and aid to Washington at the age of 20. At 25 member of Congress from New York; at 30, he was one of the ablest members of the convention that formed the Constitution of the United States. At 31 he was a member of the New York Convention, and joint author of the great work entitled the "Federalist." At 32 he was Secretary of the United States, and arranged the financial branch of Government upon so perfect a plan that no great improvement has ever been made upon it by his successors.

Thomas Jefferson, at 26 was a leading member of the Colonial Legislature in Virginia Convention. At 32 a member of Congress, and at 33 he drafted the Declaration of Independence.

Milton, at the age of 20, had written his finest miscellaneous poems, and the most beautiful of his monodies.

Byron finished nearly all the vast poetic treasures of his genius before his 34th year and died at 37.

Mozart, the German musician, completed all his noble compositions before he was 34, and died at 35.

Raphael, the illustrious painter, by his incomparable works, had acquired the appellation of the "Divine Raphael" long before he arrived at the age of 34.

Pope wrote many of his poems by the time he was 16. At 20 his essay on Criticism. At 21, the Rape of Lock, and at 24, his great work, the Translation of the Illiad.

Sir Isaac Newton had mastered the highest elements of mathematics and analytical method of Descartes before he was 20, had discovered the new method of infinite series of fluxions, and his new theory of light and colors. At 25 he discovered the principles of the reflecting telescope, the laws of gravitation and the planetary system.—At 30 he occupied the mathematical chair of Cambridge.

A Warning Against the Pursuit of Office-Seeking by Young Men.

The Hon. Albert G. Brown, of Mississippi, recently wrote a letter to a young friend, wherein he laments that he ever made a political speech or held an office.—Ex-Governor Brown was for thirty-three years, previous to 1865, continually in high official and political station, and would therefore, seem to have had as extensive and favorable an experience as any of his contemporaries and associats. We quote as follows:

True, as you say, I held many offices.—Indeed, I may say that I never knew defeat in any of my aspirations; and it is just because I had success which people call wonderful that I feel competent to administer a word of "caution' to young men of this generation. My young friend do not be deceived by the glitter of office. I am now past my three score years, and am fast traveling into the ten. I have almost held every office in the gift of the people, and I can truly say with the preacher, "it is all vanity and vexation of spirit.'

Looking back over a long, and I hope not unsuccessful life, I can say with a clear conscience, my greatest regret is that I ever made a political speech or held an office.

There is a fascination in office which beguiles men, but be assured, my young friends, it is the fascination of a serpent, or, to change the figure, it is the *ignus fatus* which coaxes you on to inevitable ruin.

I speak of that which I do know. If my young friends will be governed by advice I have this to say, after all my success as a public man, now when my head is blossoming for the grave, I feel that it would have been better for me if I had followed the occupation of my father, and been a farmer.

The mechanic arts are all honorable.—To be a blacksmith, a carpenter, or an artisan of any sort, is no discredit to any man. Better than be a jack-leg lawyer, a quack doctor, a counter-hopper, or, worse still, a seeker after office.

Of all pursuits in life that of a farmer is the most respectable. It may have its trials and its disappointments; so do all others. The mechanic may lose the wages of his labor, the professional man his fees, the editor may weep over his delinquent subscribers, but the honest, industrious farmer is morally certain of a fair return for his labor.

True, "Paul may plant and Appollos water, but God must give the increase.'—But where is the faithful cultivator of the soil, God's heritage to man, who ever yet suffered for bread?

Allow me again to caution my young friends against the beguiling influence of office, and to advise them most earnestly to stick to mother earth.

A New Way to Be Beautiful.

Master Frank was in a Brown study.

He had been taken up stairs into the drawing-room to see his new aunt—that is to say, the wife of his Uncle William who had recently married; and this was the first visit after the wedding tour.

Master Erank had behaved with great propriety during the interview, but had gone away so grave and thoughtful that his nurse was little disturbed by such an unusual state of affairs.

"Why, Frank what are you thinking about?' said she; "don't you like your new auntie?'

"Not much,' replied the matter-of-fact Frank.

"And why not, Frankie?'

"Because she is not pretty, like mamma.

"Oh, but my dear, you ought not to dislike your auntie for that. I'm sure your auntie was very good to you, and it is better to be good than pretty any day.'

"Is it?' asked Frank wonderingly.

"Certainly, dearie, for one may be pretty outside and ugly inside—one may have a pretty face and an ugly temper.'

(The worthy old party, you will observe, was rather awkward in her modest expression.)

"Well, but,' said Frank, slowly—well, but—is auntie pretty inside, do you think? Because——'

Here Frankie stopped.

"Of course she is, dear, but because what?'

"Why, because——' and here an intelligent look darted into the boy's blue sweet eyes, "because—*why don't they turn her inside out then?*