

| Space. | 1000 | 2000 | 3000 | 4000 | 5000 |
|---------|------|-------|-------|-------|-------|
| 1 inch. | 1.00 | 3.00 | 7.00 | 10.00 | 15.00 |
| 2 " | 2.00 | 5.00 | 12.00 | 18.00 | 25.00 |
| 3 " | 3.00 | 8.00 | 18.00 | 28.00 | 35.00 |
| 4 " | 4.00 | 10.00 | 22.00 | 32.00 | 40.00 |
| 5 " | 5.00 | 12.00 | 25.00 | 35.00 | 45.00 |
| 6 " | 6.00 | 14.00 | 28.00 | 38.00 | 50.00 |
| 7 " | 7.00 | 16.00 | 30.00 | 40.00 | 55.00 |
| 8 " | 8.00 | 18.00 | 32.00 | 42.00 | 60.00 |
| 9 " | 9.00 | 20.00 | 34.00 | 44.00 | 65.00 |

GENERAL DIRECTORY.

STATE.

Governor—C. H. Brodgen, of Wayne.
Lieut. Governor—W. H. Howerton, of Rowan.
Sec. of State—W. H. Howerton, of Rowan.
Treasurer—D. A. Jenkins, of Gaston.
Auditor—John Kelly, of Cumberland.
Supt. Public Instruction—A. B. McIver, of Orange.
Adjutant General—J. C. Gorman, of Wake.
State Geologist—W. C. Kerr, of Mecklenburg.
Attorney General—T. L. Hargrove, of Granville.

COUNTY.

Superior Court Clerk and Probate Judge—W. P. Gurley Sr.
Sheriff—F. W. Bell.
Register of deeds—B. F. King.
Treasurer—John G. Mitchell.
Coroner—Rev. Bryan Lee.
Surveyor—Sol. Cherry Jr.
School Examiners—J. B. Cherry, D. E. Taylor, and Rev. E. Wooten.
Keeper of the Poor House—F. W. Bell.
Commissioners—H. C. Fager, D. L. Cole, Jas. Holder, Cado Mountain, and Wright Cherry.

COURTS.

Superior Court, on the third Monday in April and November.
Probate Court, open every day in the year from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m., Sundays and Holy days excepted.
County Commissioners meet first Monday in every month at the Court House.
U. S. Commissioners—T. W. Skirven, Henry C. Fager.

WINDSOR.

Mayor H. C. Fager.
Commissioners—Moses Gillan, J. T. Bond, Dr. F. Gillan.
Constable—J. R. Moody.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal—Service every second Sunday in each month, by Rev. W. P. Wright, at 11.00 a. m. Night service every fourth Sunday in each month, by Rev. T. M. Simpson.
Episcopal—Service every first and third Sunday in each month, by Rev. E. Wooten, at 10.45 a. m.
Baptist Church—Service every Sunday of each month except the second Sunday, by Rev. E. Wooten.
Baptist Church, (Col.)—Service at Sandy Point, second Sunday in each month, by Rev. Bryant Layton.

STEAMBOAT.

The Bertie leaves Windsor for Plymouth every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 12 m., and returns on the same day.
Mails leave Windsor, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, for all points. Inland Mails for Jackson, via Lewiston, Roxabel and Rich Square, leave every Monday and Thursday at 12 p. m.
Mrs. F. W. Bell, P. M. EXPRESS OFFICE.
Packages can be expressed by the steamer Bertie. E. S. Askew, Agent.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DUNCAN C. WINSTON.

Attorney and Counsellor at Law.
WINDSOR, Bertie Co., N. C.
Attends the Courts of Bertie, Martin, Washington and Chowan Counties, and the Federal Court at Elizabeth City N. C.

DR. HENRY V. DUNSTAN.

Physician and Surgeon.
WINDSOR, Bertie Co., N. C.
OFFERS HIS SERVICES TO THE PUBLIC.
Thankful for the patronage heretofore received. Hopes to merit a continuance of the same.
MAIL OFFICE—One door above North State Hotel.
Residence, Queen Street, at one of which places he may be found at all hours, when not professionally occupied.

P. H. WINSTON, JR.

ATTORNEY AT LAW.
WINDSOR, Bertie County, N. C.
Practices in the Counties of HALIFAX, NORTHAMPTON, MARTIN, WASHINGTON and BERTIE. Also, in the Supreme and Federal Courts of North Carolina.
Prompt Attention given to the Collection of Claims in all parts of North Carolina.

DR. W. S. GURLEY,

OFFERS HIS PROFESSIONAL SERVICES in the Practice of Medicine, to his friends and the citizens of Bertie County.
Office on Main Street Windsor over W. P. Gurley's store.
Aug 25 17

JESSE J. YEATES.

Attorney and Counsellor AT LAW.
WILL PRACTICE IN THE COUNTIES of Hertford, Bertie, Gates and Northampton. Also in the Supreme and Federal Courts.
Jy 17

J. L. MITCHELL D. WORTHINGTON

MITCHELL & WORTHINGTON Attorneys at Law.
PRACTICE IN THE COURTS OF BERTIE, HERTFORD, and CHOWAN.
Strict attention given to the collection of claims in any part of North Carolina.
Office Windsor, N. C.
Jy 25 6m

T. A. WILLIAMS & CO.

Wholesale Grocers, AND Commission Merchants,
Nos. 2 & 4 Rannoke Square, CORNER ROANOKE DOCK, Norfolk, Va.
Sep 23 6m

Written for the Albemarle Times.

ANNIE BELLE.

R. LYNDEN COPPER.

"O Annie Belle! she's saintly fair
Nor proud, but meek her look;
In her soft eye, each thought is clear
As pebbles in a brook."

As evening closed I chanced to meet
A lassie lovely, charming, sweet,
Whistling down the village street:
She graceful sat alone!

On Parian brow glowed ringlet hair,
Her jewel'd eye, her cheek was fair,
Whilstruby roses revel'd there!
And soft alike her tone.

Garbed was she in costly lace;
But richer far the light of grace
That beamed from out her soul and face!
It was true beauty there!

Her lip was lit with sunny smile,
That ran in thrillings around
Her cherub-mouth, exempt from guile!
She was exceeding fair!

Within that month, two sets of pearl—
None such e'er seen in blue-ocean world,
Her face was heaven's sweet village girl!
Her look was holy love!

Her little hand was soft as down,
That on the luscious peach is found,
No hand so fair in earth around:
Her mien was as the dove!

Her tender form 'till tongue can tell,
It was complete as some gazelle,
Such was and is sweet Annie Belle:
She was of perfect mould!

Her speech was kind and sparkling bright,
Each step was grace, each motion light,
O she did seem a Heavenly sight:
To such as saw!

Thy arteries, mae, and hurried beat—
Make seeming music for thy feet,
That look so silken and so neat,
And smoothly glide along!

Learnings' genius, are on her brow—
Fast maturing tho' shining now—
None surpassing, I do avow:
Sweet Annie Belle!

Dear Annie Belle, come learn of me
How thy charms shall last long;
How all on earth or upon the sea,
Shall praise thee as thou art!

Be like lamb upon green lawn—
Be like bird who sings at dawn—
Be like him who, lowly born,
Did die for thee!

Love's what's good, be ever kind,
This will make each look divine,
And as a star you'll ever shine
When planets fall above!

Love! love! love! love all in nature here
And when occasion calls, have pity's tear,
And charity: this shall make thee truly dear,
And crown thee queen of beauty!

Annie Belle!
Forever thus O may she be,
Such thro' life, eternity,
Nor evil come, nor cloud appear,
Nor pang of heart, nor pain in eye a tear,
And when this life shall pass away,
And Annie's hours be grand and gay,
A seraph sacred to the sky!

DIAMOND NUPTIALS.

"Arabian Nights" in South America.

Diamonds, Brazil. (See 6th Correspondence of the Albemarle Times.)

The hour is night, and I have just come in a jaded, but before retiring, I propose while yet the facts are vivid in my mind to give you some account of a wedding I attended this evening. It was a wedding, I make bold to say, the like of which was never celebrated on either continent.

The high contracting parties to the marriage were Malia, only daughter of De Souza Cabral,

of South America, and George Arthur Throckmorton, a native of Kentucky, United States of America, who for the past five years, has been successfully engaged in railroad building in this country, with headquarters at Rio Janeiro. De Souza Cabral is principal owner of nine of the richest diamond mines in South America, and from them, in the aggregate, he derives an annual income of not less than \$20,000,000. His interests in gold mines probably amounts to as much more, and I am cognizant of the fact that last August he sold a one-tenth interest in the celebrated Bahia Mine—of which, until then, he had been the sole proprietor—for \$3,500,000 gold. His diamond interests in South Africa and Siberia he lately estimated under oath (in some legal proceedings before court in Minas Gerais) at the enormous sum of \$50,000,000! He has, beside a great penchant for real estate, and I was but recently informed by one of his agents, a thoroughly trustworthy man, that Cabral's rentals in London and Glasgow alone yield over £150,000 annually. In 1868 he purchased the patent of a machine for making eyelets, from a poor fellow whom he found starving in a garret at Maranhon for such a bagatelle as \$183. To-day the machine is extensively used all over the world, and Cabral draws \$2,500 a day from this source alone. And then, there are his sewing machine royalties that yield him something over \$5,000 a day. The correctness of this last item is vouched for by a friend of mine, who is the manager of the leading sewing-machine company in Brazil. Indeed, it is easy to tell what he is interested in, but hard to think of something that is anything in which he is not. It would be a puzzle to name a leading railroad in South America or England in which he has not a stake. He takes in something over \$1,500,000 a year from his steamship stock, and probably twice as much more from other sources. A cool, clearheaded man of 60, 6 feet high, straight as an arrow, with an eye like an eagle, a judgment as unerring as fate, and a decision as quick as the lightning, with superb nerve, unconquerable boldness, and an apparent incapacity for blundering, De Souza Cabral stands to-day

THE WEALTHIEST MAN ON THE GLOBE.

He was lately asked by an intimate friend, in my presence, if he had any conception of the sum total of his possessions. He thought for a moment, and then quietly replied, "I could not swear that I was not worth—presuming that I could realize on all my property—\$50,000,000,000." He made this astounding exhibit with perfect sang froid, but I must confess that as he spoke I felt something very like pity for him. I could not but think how specially difficult it might be for him to satisfy a creditor who might be the problem of the camel and the needle's eye.

I would not have devoted so much space to the father of the bride of this evening were it not for the fact that otherwise the account that followed of the wedding might be received with incredulity. The bridegroom, young Throckmorton is descended from one of the oldest and wealthiest families of the "blue grass country," as he loves to call it. He came to Brazil with a matter of \$500,000 in his own right, and since has prospered famously, so that to-day he cannot be worth less than \$6,000,000. But a poorittance in comparison with his father-in-law's overwhelming gigantic fortune, but still quite sufficient to relieve him from the imputation of marrying the fair Malia Cabral for money. He met her first a year ago at a ball at Pernambuco, and the result was a case of love at first sight on both their parts, (at least, so "they say"). They make an exceedingly prepossessing couple,—he tall, broad-shouldered, yellow of hair and moustache, and she a tiny, graceful, lovely-faced brunette.

And now if I but had the pen of a ready writer to describe to you in fitting terms the unqualified and immeasurable pomp and circumstance of this wedding at Canton.

Each one of them was furnished with a lock and key of solid gold, was exquisitely carved with Cupids, and hearts, and other designs appropriate to the occasion, and cost \$150. My own invitation lies beside me as I write, and I catch the definite scent of the great Diamond King, at which the wedding took place, is a little over half a mile from Canton, which is, you know, the chief town of the diamond district. I may attempt to describe its significance in another letter; let it suffice to say now that the house is the complete realization of the ideal castles of the regulation English novels, and that the grounds connected with it are the last expression of nature at her loveliest, reinforced by art at its consummate. This evening the place

SEEMED A PARADISE.

Wax candles by the thousand, each caught and held in place by a bronze figure, flooded the rooms within, and the smiles of grounds without, with a soft yet brilliant light. Here and there on the green slopes, or in the rustic bowers, or at the edge of some romantic ravine, large music-boxes, imbedded and completely hidden from view in moss, played a soft and dreamy accompaniment to the voice of the fountains. One hundred music-boxes were employed in the service, and the tunes that were pricked on their cylinders were composed especially for the nuptial night by no less celebrated musician than Liszt. He received a draft of \$25,000 for his wondrous work, and who shall say that he did not earn it? Certainly no one that listened to the music, which was little short of heavenly. The music-boxes were distributed on the morrow among the bridesmaids and other guests of this evening, as unique remembrances of the wedding. Each one of them was imported from Paris, is encased in mosaic, and elaborately finished in gold, silver, and a variety of precious stones. Two hundred boxes cost as many thousand dollars. The drawing-room in which the Kentuckian and his "dark Brazilian bride" were made one flesh had one feature in its adornment which elicited the most fervent expression of delight and amazement from all who were present. I allude to the decorations of the four walls. They were one mass of full blown white camellias from floor to ceiling, and a good sized diamond was inserted in the centre of each to cunningly counterfeited the dew drop. The effect was simply ravishing. "Words and phrases," as Mr. Webster said of eloquence, "may be marshaled in every way, but they cannot express it." Its every suggestion was sweetness, and light, and purity. It is estimated that the adornment of this one room called for an expenditure of not less than

TEN MILLIONS OF DOLLARS.

No diamond was given the roles of the dew drop that was not white, and perfect "as the bosom of a star."

The entire distance from the Cabral mansion to the nearest railroad station, something less than a quarter of a mile, was literally a way of flowers, not under foot but in graceful arches overhead. Thus a long, snow-white bower, fashioned entirely of roses, was the connecting link between the drawing-room and drawing-room car.

The demand made on Flora for the materials for this picturesque covered way was unprecedented. The flower bill for the wedding—exclusive of the item of hand-bonquets—amounted to \$50,000. But the strangest thing in regard to this bower I have yet to tell. Its floor for the entire length was covered with camel's hair shawls, to my own mind a piece of preposterous, yet wicked extravagance. But the father of the bride declared that, so long as it was his only daughter and only child whose marriage he was celebrating, he would send her out of her home to the steam carriage that was carrying her away from him, over a pavement not likely to be imitated in the future history of marriages in South America. The shawls for this extraordinary purpose were purchased in London, the order being for "the best that can be had for gold," and the cost was the item amounting to the enormous sum of \$508,600. After the bride had entered the train the shawls were gathered up, and to-morrow they will be distributed among the poor of the district.

And now a few words about THE BRIDES PRESENTS.

They were, by actual count, 4,341 in number, and the greater part of them I noticed, took the form of either solid gold or diamonds. The mother's gift was a dinner set of 280 pieces, of solid gold. Each piece bore the monogram of Cabral and Throckmorton in diamonds. The cost of this profusion of matrimonial affection was something over \$4,000,000 in gold. In addition Mme. Cabral gladdened the brides here with 300 yards of point lace; 365 morning gowns, and evening costumes, one for each social division of every day in the year; and to crown all, a certificate of deposit issued by the Bank of England—England being the objective point of the bridal tour—for £1,000,000. Does this last item seem the very epitome of prodigality? It does so until you hear what the father did for his darling, and then it takes a subordinate position. He gave her the deeds of a magnificent town and country-house in all the leading capitals of the world and the more famous watering-places. These many mansions are thoroughly furnished, and in each—a tender reminder of Malia of her maidenhood—there is an apartment that exactly corresponds in furniture and adornments to her own room at her father's house. Not contenting himself with this display of his bounty, Cabral presented her with as fine a steamship, as could be built on the Clyde, with full complement of sails, under contract for 100,000,000 francs, and this splendid milk white Arabian horse, which he gave as a joke—1,000 pounds of caramel a confect for which the bride is said to have a profound liking. But his crowning gift was a necklace, thaleserves to rank among the enumerated.

WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

Sixteen years ago, soon after his birth, he began to collect the diamonds of which he is composed. Whether or wherever he heard of a marvelous stone, he was on hand, in person or agent, and secured it. He had all Europe, Asia, and Africa ransacked in behalf of the proposed necklace, and at the time actually made over to the celebrated Pitt diamond, which cost the Duke of Orleans, according to history, \$675,000, and which Napoleon on one time wore on his sword-hilt. He was baffled in his attempt, however, much to his disappointment, and after ten years of unremitting hunting, he at last got together thirty of the largest and purest diamonds in the world, no one of which was inferior to the Pitt gem. Takit these to Amsterdam, he summoned a best talent in that city, famous for diamond-cutters, and stated what he desired—which was that each one of the thirty stones should have a fantastic facet upon it. Amsterdam, first said that the task was more than herculean,—that it was impossible. But when Cabral stated the stuporous sum he was willing to pay for a fulfillment of his wishes, Amsterdam reconsidered, and contented to do the best. It did its best for five years, day and night, and the result was that week before the wedding, the diamond, cut, carved, set on a golden string, and all ready to embrace the snowy neck of the bride, were placed in the hands of the jubilant Cabral. I happened to be present when Malia first was shown the necklace, a couple of days before she was married. She wore a black at the time, and her father, after bowing the brilliants, that constrained so strongly with the color of the dress, over her head, stepped backed a few paces to notice the effect. Being gazed at the flashing necklace, a minute or so he suddenly broke into loud laugh and cried out merrily, "My dear, on my life you'd do for the

HEAD-LIGHT OF A LOCOMOTIVE.

This necklace cost De Souza Cabral stones, cutting, and carving, \$11,000,000. Cabral showed me the stones yesterday so that I am able to give the exact figures. And yet this doing father in naming the cost to me, added that he would willingly have paid what he did twice over rather than to miss his aim, or been unable to give his darling the wedding present he designed for her while yet she was in the cradle. There you have the man in his unbounded expenditure of money to attain his ends, and in his absorbing love for his daughter.

You must not expect from me a description of the ornate and bewitching toilets worn at the wedding—

not even of the bride's rare nuptial. I do not understand such matters, and returing to discourse concerning them likely enough I should call lace gimp, and peasantwaists polonaises. Let me briefly state that, so far as I could judge the great heiress was married in clothes befitting her position. I am indebted to a lady guest for the information that her dress was of point lace, fanned, or rather garlanded, to the waist with strings of seed pearls, with the voluminous train edged with a flageole of gold thickly set with diamonds. Her neck was circled by her father's wonderful offering, besides which there were diamonds banded on her hair and in bracelets on her wrists. She was, I repeat, certainly.

THE MOST BLAZING BEAUTY.

Ever gazed upon.

There was one feature of the wedding arrangements which struck me might better have been omitted entirely, or at least very materially modified, but which, nevertheless, in this mock it made all expenses was quite unbecomingly distributed among the poor of the district.

ROOM AT THE TOP.

To the young men annually making their entrance upon active life, with great ambitions, conscious capacities and high hopes, the prospect, is, in ninety-nine cases in a hundred, most perplexing. They see every avenue to prosperity thronged with their superiors in experience, in social advantages, and in the possession of the elements and conditions of success. Every post is occupied, every office filled, every path crowded. Where shall they find room? It is related of Mr. Webster that when a young lawyer suggested to him that the profession to which he had devoted himself was overcrowded the great man replied:—"Young man, there is always room at the top." Never was a wiser or more suggestive word said. There is undoubtedly always room enough where excellence lives. Mr. Webster was not troubled for lack of room. Mr. Clay and Mr. Calhoun were never crowded. Mr. Evarts, Mr. Cushing, and Mr. O'Connor have plenty of space around them. Mr. Beecher, Dr. Storrs, Dr. Hall, Mr. Phillips Brooks would never know, in their personal experience, that it was hard to obtain a desirable ministerial charge. The profession is not crowded where they are. Dr. Brown-Sequard, Dr. Willard Parker, Dr. Hammond, are not troubled for space for their elbows. When Nelaton died in Paris, he died like Moses on a mountain. When Von Graefe died in Berlin, he had no neighbor at his altitude.

It is well, first, that all young men remember that nothing will do them so much injury as quick and easy success and that nothing will do them so much good as a struggle which teaches them exactly what there is in them, educates them gradually to its use, instructs them in personal economy, drills them into a patient and persistent habit of work, and keeps them at the foot of the ladder until they become strong enough to hold every step they are enabled to gain. The first years of every man's business or professional life are years of education. They are intended to be, in the order of nature and Providence. Doors do not open to a man until he is prepared to enter them. The man without a wedding garment may get in surreptitiously, but he immediately goes out with a flea in his ear. We think it is the experience of most successful men who have watched the course of their lives in retrospect, that whenever they have arrived at a point where they were thoroughly prepared to go up higher, the door to a higher place has swung back of itself, and they have heard the call to enter.

The best men who stand ready to take their places will succeed to their position and its honors and emoluments.

The young men will say that only a few can reach the top. That is true, but it is also true that the further from the bottom one goes, the more scattering the neighborhood. One can fancy for illustration, that every profession and every calling is pyramidal in its living constituency, and that while only one man is at the top, there are several tiers of men below him who have plenty of elbow room, and that it is only at the base that men are so thick that they pick the meat out of one another's teeth to keep them from starving. If a man has no power to get out of the rattle at the bottom then he is self-convinced of having chosen a calling or profession to whose duties he has no adaptation.

The grand mistake that young men make, during the first ten years of their business and professional life, is in idly waiting for their chance. They seem to forget, or they do not know, that during those ten years they enjoy the only leisure they will ever have. After ten years, in the natural course of things they will be absorbingly busy. There will then be no time for reading, culture, and study. If they do not become thoroughly grounded in the principles and practical details of their profession during those years; if they do not store their minds with useful knowledge; if they do not pursue habits of reading and observation, and social intercourse, which result in culture, the question whether they will ever rise to occupy a place where there is room enough for them will be decided in the negative. The young physicians and young lawyers who sit idly in their offices, and smoke and lounge away the time "waiting for something to turn up," are by that course fastening themselves for life to the low stratum, where their struggle for a bare livelihood is to be perpetual. The first ten years are golden years, that should be filled with systematic reading and observation. Everything that tends to professional and personal excellence should be an object of daily pursuit. To such men the doors of success open of themselves at last. Work seeks the best hands, as naturally as water runs down hill; and it never seeks the hands of a tripler, or of one whose only recommendation for work is that he needs it. Young men do not know very much any way, and the time always comes to those who become worthy, when they look back with wonder upon their early good opinion of their acquirements and themselves.

There is another point that ought not to be overlooked in the treatment of this subject. Young men look about them and see a great measure of worldly success awarded to men without principle. They see the trickster crowned with public honors, they see the swindler rolling in wealth, they see the sharp man, the overreaching man, the unprincipled man, the liar, the demagogue, the time-server, the trim-

mer, the scoundrel who cunningly manages, though constantly disobeying moral law and trampling upon social courtesy, to keep himself out of the clutches of the legal police, parrying off the prizes of wealth and place. All this is a demoralizing puzzle and a fearful temptation; and multitudes of young men are not strong enough to stand before it. They ought to understand that in this wicked world there is a great deal of room where there is integrity. Great trusts may be sought by scoundrels, but great trusts never seek them; and perfect integrity is a premium even among scoundrels. There are some trusts that they will never confer on each other. There are occasions when they need the services of true men, and they do not find them in shoals and in the mud, but alone and in pure water.

In the realm of eminent acquirements and eminent integrity there is always room enough. Let no young man of industry and perfect honesty despair because his profession or calling is crowded. Let him always remember that there is room enough at the top, and that the question whether he is ever to reach the top, or rise above the crowd at the base of the pyramid, will be decided by the way in which he improves the first ten years of his active life in securing to himself a thorough knowledge of his profession, and a sound moral and intellectual culture.

NAPOLÉON.

Among the many endowments of Napoleon, those of the warrior and commander-in-chief are certainly the most incontestable. His right government in using properly the most different localities—a consequence of the innate topographical capacity, bestowed on him by nature, and fortified by repeated practice; his rational and well-calculated attacks; his calmness and presence of mind in time of danger, all these eminent qualities are fully proved, by the continual successes of his career, by his repeated achievements, and attested by those he conquered. There is as much partiality as truth, in ascribing his victories only, either to the number of men, or to his carelessness in sacrificing them. The first was not always the case in his battles, and with the last his opponents, in more than one battle, deserved to be more reproached than he. The fertility of his mind, in extensive, far-reaching, grand projects, is also as undeniable, although doubted, and greatly by many. The intended conquest of Egypt, the attempted oppression of Russia, and his chief, great aim, to be attained by the combination of both, viz: the humiliation of their result, and not to be caused by their failure, among the number of adventurous speculations. The means employed for their attainment were not at all inadequate to the purpose, and adjusted as much to the success as those, by far inferior means, with which one Alexander subdued Asia, to the banks of the Indus. This circumspicacious man that is judged by the means he employed, and by the sufficiency of those used, but the upright and great man, is only to be judged by his aim. France had indeed all that she could justly wish for, after the conclusion of the treaties of Lunéville and Amiens. Her frontiers towards Germany were those prescribed by nature. She reigned in Italy after the foundation of the Cisalpine republic. In her interior she wanted nothing but what she enjoyed—peace and tranquility.

The lot of Napoleon was the highest that ever fell to mortal man. Whatever he might have been blamed for as done in the rashness of youth, appeared only at a distance, or was forgotten; his station was of such kind, that he could do without the state, but the state could not do without him. The latter feared to lose him, but he might resign without fear. Yet nowhere has that maxims, that man does everything for his idea, and nothing for its reality, confirmed itself more strongly, than in the mode of proceeding adopted and followed by Napoleon, since the above mentioned period. Careless about the peace and the lives of millions, and heedless of the lessons and warnings of history, so diligently studied by him, and yet so neglected, he paid only homage to the idea of becoming all-powerful, and pursued it with such an over-violent passion, that he lost the esteem and regard of mankind, in the same proportion as such an idea annihilated in him all regard for them. There is no doubt that those astonishing undertakings which exhausted and terrified the whole world for a number of years and those injustices which confused and disturbed it, are to be considered as the consequence of the most unnatural pride, and most destructive and baneful ambition; yet it must be admitted that besides Napoleon, perhaps no man ever existed, during whose life so many circumstances united to create and foster such a high degree of pride, ambition, and love of power.

A farmer whose crib was full of corn, was accustomed to pray that the wants of the poor and needy might be supplied; but when any one in needy circumstances asked for a little of his corn, he said he had none to spare. One day, after hearing his father pray for the poor and needy, his little son said to him:

"Father, I wish I had your corn."

"Why, my son, what could you do with it? asked the father."

The child replied, "I would answer your prayers!"

A Tennessee funeral was delayed for half an hour to allow a horse trade. Business before pleasure was the motto.

mer, the scoundrel who cunningly manages, though constantly disobeying moral law and trampling upon social courtesy, to keep himself out of the clutches of the legal police, parrying off the prizes of wealth and place. All this is a demoralizing puzzle and a fearful temptation; and multitudes of young men are not strong enough to stand before it. They ought to understand that in this wicked world there is a great deal of room where there is integrity. Great trusts may be sought by scoundrels, but great trusts never seek them; and perfect integrity is a premium even among scoundrels. There are some trusts that they will never confer on each other. There are occasions when they need the services of true men, and they do not find them in shoals and in the mud, but alone and in pure water.

In the realm of eminent acquirements and eminent integrity there is always room enough. Let no young man of industry and perfect honesty despair because his profession or calling is crowded. Let him always remember that there is room enough at the top, and that the question whether he is ever to reach the top, or rise above the crowd at the base of the pyramid, will be decided by the way in which he improves the first ten years of his active life in securing to himself a thorough knowledge of his profession, and a sound moral and intellectual culture.

It is well, first, that all young men remember that nothing will do them so much injury as quick and easy success and that nothing will do them so much good as a struggle which teaches them exactly what there is in them, educates them gradually to its use, instructs them in personal economy, drills them into a patient and persistent habit of work, and keeps them at the foot of the ladder until they become strong enough to hold every step they are enabled to gain. The first years of every man's business or professional life are years of education. They are intended to be, in the order of nature and Providence. Doors do not open to a man until he is prepared to enter them. The man without a wedding garment may get in surreptitiously, but he immediately goes out with a flea in his ear. We think it is the experience of most successful men who have watched the course of their lives in retrospect, that whenever they have arrived at a point where they were thoroughly prepared to go up higher, the door to a higher place has swung back of itself, and they have heard the call to enter.

The best men who stand ready to take their places will succeed to their position and its honors and emoluments.

The young men will say that only a few can reach the top. That is true, but it is also true that the further from the bottom one goes, the more scattering the neighborhood. One can fancy for illustration, that every profession and every calling is pyramidal in its living constituency, and that while only one man is at the top, there are several tiers of men below him who have plenty of elbow room, and that it is only at the base that men are so thick that they pick the meat out of one another's teeth to keep them from starving. If a man has no power to get out of the rattle at the bottom then he is self-convinced of having chosen a calling or profession to whose duties he has no adaptation.

The grand mistake that young men make, during the first ten years of their business and professional life, is in idly waiting for their chance. They seem to forget, or they do not know, that during those ten years they enjoy the only leisure they will ever have. After ten years, in the natural course of things they will be absorbingly busy. There will then be no time for reading, culture, and study. If they do not become thoroughly grounded in the principles and practical details of their profession during those years; if they do not store their minds with useful knowledge; if they do not pursue habits of reading and observation, and social intercourse, which result in culture, the question whether they will ever rise to occupy a place where there is room enough for them will be decided in the negative. The young physicians and young lawyers who sit idly in their offices, and smoke and lounge away the time "waiting for something to turn up," are by that course fastening themselves for life to the low stratum, where their struggle for a bare livelihood is to be perpetual. The first ten years are golden years, that should be filled with systematic reading and observation. Everything that