Saint Mary's Beacon.

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ST. MARY'S BEACON

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JAMES S. DOWNS.

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Professional Cards.

THE undersigned, Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Chancery, have, this 3rd day of July, 1866, formed a Copartnership in the practice of their profession, under the name and style of Combs & Downs. They will practice in the County of Saint Mary's and the adjoining Counties, and in the Court of Appeals.

Especial attention will be paid to the collection of claims against individuals, the State, or the Government.

References given, when required. Address Combs & Downs, Leonardtown, P. O., St Mary's County, Maryland.

ROBERT C. COMBS,
JAS. S. DOWNS.

July 5, 1866—ly.

Law Co-Partnership.

THE undersigned have formed a law copartnership under the name of Maddox & Crane. They will practice in the Courts of St. Mary's and the adjoining counties and also in the Court of Appeals.

Especial attention paid to the collection of claims against individuals, the State or the Government. Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to their charge.

Address, Maddox & Crane, Leonardtown St. Mary's county, Md.

G. FRED. MADDOX,
J. PARRAN CRANE,

Dec. 25, 1867—tf.

Law Co-Partnership

The undersigned, Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Chancery, have this 1st day of December, 1869, associated themselves to practice their profession under the name and style of

BLAKISTONE & MORGAN.

They will practice in St. Mary's and the adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals. Special and prompt attention will be paid to the collection of claims. One or both can always be found at their office in Leonard Town. Address, Blakistone & Morgan, Leonard Town P. O., St. Mary's County, Md.

JAMES T. BLAKISTONE,
JOSEPH F. MORGAN,

Dec. 2, 1869—tf.

JAS. H. WILSON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LEONARDTOWN, MD.

Feb 10, 1870—tf.

D. S. BRISCOE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Leonardtown,
St. Mary's Co. Md.

may 9, 1867—tf.

J. F. MATTHEWS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LEONARDTOWN,

Will practice in the Courts of St. Mary's, Charles and Prince George's.
Sept. 12th, 1867—6m.

DANIEL C. HAMMETT,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Leonardtown, St. Mary's County, Maryland
Oct 3, 1867—tf.

Land Agency.

THE undersigned have formed a limited copartnership, as agents for the sale and purchase of Real Estate. Persons having FARMS for sale, or who wish to purchase, will do well to communicate with either of the undersigned.

JOHN H. MILBURN, Jr.,
Great Mills,
St Mary's co., Md.
F P HOLLISTER,
Montrose,
Susquehanna co., Pa.

may 23, 1868—tf.

FRANCIS NEALE. J. H. NEALE

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COMMISSION MERCHANTS

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may 27, 1869—tf.

SEATON HOUSE

Washington City, D. C.,

JOHN H. SEMMES, Props.
G. W. BURKE, Chief Clerk
(Formerly of the National Hotel

April 12, 1867—tf.

DEATH-BED OF DANIEL WEBSTER

Mr. George Ticknor Curtis' Life of Daniel Webster contains the following graphic account of the closing days of the great statesman. Although the leading facts were given at the time, they have never been so effectively grouped as in Mr. Curtis' narrative, and, in the lapse of seventeen years, may be presumed to have been forgotten by many who then read them, while to others they will be entirely new. Mr. Curtis says:

On the 20th of September, 1852, Mr. Webster made his last visit to Boston, for the purpose of consulting his physician, Dr. Jeffries. His friend, Mr. Geo. Ticknor, who saw him on this occasion, thought he looked very ill, and gives the following account of his appearance at a large dinner party given by Mr. T. T. Ward, in honor of Thomas Baring, who was then on a visit to this country.

"There were many guests at the dinner; we were at the desert, and all were more than commonly animated; I was sitting next to Mr. Baring, when Mr. Webster appeared at the door. If a ghost had come among us, it could hardly have startled us more.

"He looked dreadfully, but he had his usual stately air and bearing; and pausing a moment as he entered, as was his wont, a chair was placed for him by Mr. Baring, on the other side from the one on which I sat.

"We both immediately perceived that ether had been administered to him, and his features looked livid, cold, and shrunken, under its effects; still he was cheerful. He talked cheerfully with Mr. Baring, and expressed the hope of seeing him at Marshfield before he left the country. He remained only a few moments. While he was with us all were sad and silent, and, when he rose to go, all rose with him. I think that every one felt that he had little hope of ever looking again upon his imposing form. It was, in fact, the last time he passed a friend's threshold in Boston."

A day or two afterward, Mr. Webster returned to his home at Marshfield, which he was never again to leave alive. Early in October, Dr. James Jackson, of Boston, one of the most eminent of American physicians, went to Marshfield, and after careful examination, decided that Mr. Webster had a mortal disease in some one of the great organs of the abdomen, which probably had been in progress for more than a year. This opinion was concurred in by Dr. Jeffries, and its correctness was confirmed by a *post-mortem* examination which revealed the fact that the principal seat of the disease was in the liver, the disorder being what is medically termed "cirrhosis" of that organ.

It was about this time that the incident occurred which was so characteristic of Mr. Webster, and which has been remembered longer than almost any thing of the same nature that has been told of him. He had an extraordinary fondness for great oxen, and took much pains to possess the choicest breeds. He liked a good horse, and appreciated the fine points of that animal; but he was not a *lover* of the horse. "I am not a aware," says Mr. Curtis, "that he cared any thing for dogs, although, in his most active days of shooting, he may have kept a spaniel or a pointer. But of all the brute creation he loved the ox. Oxen were the pets of his large agricultural tastes; and when he could not see and feed them, he missed one of his greatest pleasures. He had come down one fine morning after a night of pain, and was seated in one of the parlors that overlooked the lawn. There he had a herd of his best oxen driven in front of the windows, that he might look once more into their great gentle eyes, and see them crop the grass."

Porter Wright, who was superintendent of Mr. Webster's farm, gives the following account of the cattle:

"He had one hundred and ten head of cattle, when he had the most. He raised some, but, when he went up into New Hampshire, he'd buy a great many; he'd buy all the handsome oxen he saw—twenty at a time, some years. He was fonder of stock than any other part of a farm. When he had friends with him, he would have some of his finest oxen yoked up and driven to the house that they might see them. That is the way he saw them last from his window. It was not a large lot, but they were his best oxen. He sat there, talking with Mr. Thomas and Mr. Curtis, and looking at his creatures and he enjoyed it; it was his last enjoyment. It was about a week before he died."

On Monday, October 18th, Mr. Curtis went to Marshfield for the purpose of assisting Mr. Webster in the preparation of his will. He found him excessively emaciated and feeble and obviously not likely to live more than a few days.—When the consultation about the will was ended, Mr. Curtis, who, at Mr. Webster's request, was going to Boston, gathered up his papers and walked to the bedside to take leave of the dying statesman. He was lying in an easy posture, without pain or suffering, but with his eyes covered with a napkin to exclude the light. Mr. Curtis spoke to him about a political letter he had lately received relating to the pending presidential election. "My dear friend," was his answer, "I care no more about politics than the jackdaw that sits on the top of St. Paul's. Go down to the library, and read Cowper's 'Jackdaw.'" He then repeated some of the lines:

"Fetch thither a dish of the choicest grain
Or, if you have none, a small handful or twain
Let it be wheaten, plump and prime,
And bring it with you, the next time
Of passing this way. Mark! how he flies
Of food or of frolic, no matter which prize
Or, if he should chance to fall
No; not a single thought for all
Hopes of his footing this time he gains
Off treadles the ball.

"He sees that this great roundabout,
The world, with all its motley route,
Church, army, physic, law,
Its customs and its business,
Is no concern at all of his;
And says—what says he?—Caw!"

He was more ill during that night than he had been previously. Mrs. Baker, his housekeeper, afterward said:

"Tuesday night before he died, I watched with him—he waked suddenly, and said, in a very loud voice. 'I'm dead, I'm dead.' Mrs. Webster ran in and we found that he felt numb—we rubbed him, and he revived; but, after Mrs. Webster had gone again, he called me to him, and said: 'Don't you go to sleep, not a wink for a thousand dollars; take the hartshorn and hold it to my nose every fifteen minutes whether I'm awake or asleep—rub me with spirits, and keep hold of my right hand.' I think he imagined he might die suddenly."

Mr. Curtis returned to Marshfield on Tuesday evening. Besides his immediate family and servant, there were now with Mr. Webster two of his friends to whom he was tenderly attached, Mr. Harvey and Mr. Edward Curtis, his relatives Mr. and Mrs. Paige, his son-in-law Mr Appleton, Mr. LeRoy, a brother of Mrs. Webster, and Miss Downs. The presence of these guests, and of the medical gentlemen who attended him, made a somewhat numerous household, for whose comfort he gave directions from day to day. On Friday morning he gave the last instruction for his will; he sent for Porter Wright, directed the farm work for the day, and gave him money to pay the laborers, and all else due in the neighborhood. And so he went on through the day, with all his great faculties and fancies under the same control that had marked his whole life, seeing, in the intervals when he was free from suffering, all who were in the house; conversing as he always had, but with a gentle and overflowing affection that seemed to grow stronger and stronger, as his bodily powers sank beneath the disease which was wearing away his life.

His cheerfulness and occasional humor were not remarkable. Mrs. Baker says:

'A few days before he died, I went into his room in the morning. There were so many people about him that I hadn't been in for two or three days.—As soon as he saw me he smiled so sweetly, and spoke quite strong: 'Good-morning, my good old friend, I'm glad to see you, I thought you had forgotten me.'

I told him why I had stayed away, and that we felt very lonely down stairs without him. 'Oh! said he, 'Mrs. Baker, perhaps I shall be down stairs among you again, when the wind comes in shore.' I could hardly conceive how he could be so composed with so many people about him. He never showed the least agitation about his condition, or the least reluctance to die.'

He had now become so feeble that he could sit up only for a short time. He was placed in an easy chair, and sat with Dr. Jeffries alone. The good doctor fell asleep for a moment, and Mr. Webster, who thought he was silent from sadness, said: 'Cheer up, doctor; don't be sad—I shall get along.' The doctor answered: 'I was not sad, Mr. Webster; the truth is, I was in the land o' nod.'—'Well,' said Mr. Webster, 'that's all right.'

In the course of that evening, his colored servant, William, who was supporting him with a pillow, fell asleep. Mr. Webster turned to Dr. Jeffries, who was sitting by his bedside, and said, smiling: 'William means to take it out.' Later in the night he directed Sarah, another colored servant, who had been up for two previous nights, to go to bed. She, however, came into the room as late as twelve o'clock, thinking he was asleep. He noticed her, and called out, 'You everlasting Sarah, why are you not in bed?'

On the morning of Saturday, the 23rd, he found himself so much more feeble than he had been, that he proceeded with great deliberation to arrange everything with Dr. Jeffries for the final hour.—They had hitherto exchanged no words that distinctly implied the approach of death. Mr Webster, however, had been watching his own case with singular power of attention, and had been measuring what remained to him of vital force. He had concluded this to be his last day; and, as there was present no other earthly but that of his faithful physician, to be pained by the expression of his thought, he said, with an even voice and perfect calmness. 'Doctor, you have carried me through the night, I think you will get me through to-day. I shall die to-night.' Dr. Jeffries, much moved, said, after a pause, 'You are right, sir.' Mr. Webster then went on: 'I wish you, therefore, to send an express to Boston, for some younger person to be with you. I shall die to-night. You are exhausted, and must be relieved. Who shall it be?'

Dr. Jeffries suggested Dr. J. Mason Warren. Mr. Webster answered instantly, 'Let him be sent for.' Dr. Jeffries then left the room, to write a note to Dr. Warren, and, on returning, he found that Mr. Webster had given complete directions how the note should be sent, who should be the messenger, what horse should be used, what road taken, and where a fresh horse could be procured, and how the messenger was to do his errand on reaching the city. He seemed to go on in a process which was making preparation, for an event that was to happen in an hour or two; and, with his control over himself, and his sufficiency for the needs of the occasion, that no one about him felt is to be necessary in such matters, to do anything but to follow and execute his directions.

In the evening, the will, which had been drawn up by Mr. Curtis, was brought to Mr. Webster to sign. He was then in sitting posture, supported in his bed by pillows.

By this time, nearly his whole household were assembled in the room. He asked if Mrs. Webster and his son had seen the will, and if they approved it; both assured him that they fully assented to it. Then he said, 'Let me sign it now.' It was placed before him, and he affixed his signature to it, strongly and clearly written; and, as he returned the pen to Mr. Curtis, he said, looking at him with a peculiar smile, 'Thank God for strength to do a sensible act;' and then immediately, and with great solemnity, raising both his hands he added:—'O God! I thank Thee for all Thy mercies.'

He then looked inquiringly around the room, as if to see that all were there whom he wished to address. As he was manifestly about to say something that ought to be preserved, Mr. Curtis took notes of his words. He spoke in a strong, full voice, that might have been heard over half the house, and with his usual modulation and emphasis; but very slowly, and with an occasional pause. He said:

'My general wish on earth has been to do my Maker's will. I thank Him now for all the mercies that surround me. I thank Him for the means He has given me of doing some little good; for my children—these beloved objects; for my nature and associations. I thank Him that I am to die, if I am, under so many circumstances of love and affection. I thank him for all his care.

'No man, who is not a brute, can say that he is not afraid of death. No man can come back from *that* bourne, no man can comprehend the will or the works of God. That there *is* a God, all must acknowledge. I see Him in all these wondrous works. Himself, how wondrous!

The great mystery is Jesus Christ—the Gospel. What would be the condition of any of us if we had not the hope of immortality? What ground is there to rest upon but the Gospel? There were scattered *hopes* of the immortality of the soul, running down, especially among the Jews. The Jews believed in a spiritual origin of creation. The Romans never reached it; the Greeks never reached it. It is a tradition, if that communication was made to the Jews, by God himself, through Moses and the Fathers. But there is, even to the Jews, no direct assurance of an immortality in heaven. There is, now and then, a scattered intimation, as in Job, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth;' but a proper consideration of *that* does not refer to Jesus Christ at all. But there *were* intimations—crepuscular twilight. But—but—but, thank God, the Gospel of Jesus Christ brought life and immortality to *light—rescued* it—brought it to *light*. There is an admirable discourse on that subject by Dr. Barlow, Preacher to the Inner Temple. I think it is his sixth sermon.

"Well, I don't feel as if I am to fall; I may.'

He now paused for a short time; a drowsiness appeared to come over him, and his eyes were closed. In a moment or two he opened them, and looking eagerly round, he asked: 'Have I—wife, son, doctor, friends, are you all here?—have I, on this occasion, said anything unworthy of Daniel Webster?' 'No, no, dear sir,' was the response from all.

He then began the words of the Lord's Prayer; but, after the first sentence, feeling faint, he cried out, earnestly, 'Hold me up, I do not wish to pray with a fainting voice.' He was instantly raised a little by a movement of the pillows, and then repeated the whole of the prayer, in clear and distinct tones, ending his devotions with these words:

'And now, unto God, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, be praise forever and forever! Peace on earth, and good-will to *men—that* is the happiness, the essence—*good-will towards men.*'

While he had been uttering the little discourse which has just been given, several of the colored servants had gathered at the door of the chamber, to hear the last words of a master who had emancipated more than one of them from slavery, and all of whom loved him with their whole hearts. He did not see them, but he now asked for them.

'Where's Monica and the rest of them? Let me see their faces. Come in here, ye faithful.'

Then, addressing those who stood by the bedside, he said:

'Remember, all, that I remember my three nieces—my brother's two children, my sister's daughter, Mrs. Emily Webster.'

At this moment, Mrs. Webster, in a flood of tears, threw her arms around his neck. He soothed her emotion with a tender firmness, saying, 'My dear wife when you and I were married at the Bowling Green, we knew that we must one day part;' and, having in some degree calmed her agitation, he desired her to go again to her own room, telling her that he would send for her when it should be necessary to take final leave. He was then assisted to lie down, and, an opiate having been administered, he obtained some sleep.

Dr. J. Mason Warren had now arrived, and came to the bedside as soon as Mr. Webster was again awake. Mr. Webster turned to him, held out his hand, and answered the questions which he asked, which were few, from the fear of disturbing him. It was now about eight o'clock. Dr. Warren observed, in a written account of the case:

"Judging simply from the symptoms, I should in any other case, have said that life could not have been prolonged half an hour. His great tenacity to life, and the very gradual modes in which the vital organs gave way, were remarkable—such as I do not remember to have witnessed in any other case. . . . In about half an hour after I entered the room, and after a short interval of rest, he suddenly reached out his hand, and begged me to lift him up in the bed, which with assistance, was at once done; when, without any great effort, a large mass of blood was ejected from his stomach. He almost at once exclaimed, after this, 'I feel as if I were going to sink right away; am I dying?' We assured him that he was only faint, administered a little stimulous, which soon restored the circulation."

After this, he desired that his friends, who had left him with the physicians and the attendants that he might, if possible, again sleep, should come to him, one by one, for the last words of leave-taking that he wished to say to each; and, one by one, all went successively to receive from him words of affection and consolation, uttered with his accustomed equanimity and with singular appropriateness to each case. This being done, he addressed himself, with all the strength of his great faculties, to the effort of obtaining a clear perception of the moment when he should be entering the confines of another world. He seemed to have an intense desire for a consciousness of the act of dying. "From this time," says Dr. Warren, "he fell into a kind of doze, arousing occasionally in a state of great exertion, demanding something to relieve him, saying, 'Give me *life*, give me *life*'—evidently feeling as if he might fall into a state in which he should be unable to realize the passage from life to death. He also asked me, once or twice, 'Am I alive, or am I dead?' and proposed other questions to the same effect." On one of these occasions, Dr. Jeffries repeated to him the text of Scripture—"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me." "Yes," he said, "thy rod—thy staff—but the *fact*, the *fact* I want;" for he was not certain whether the words that had been repeated to him were intended as an intimation that he was already in the dark valley.—On another occasion he asked whether it were likely that the vomiting, from which he had suffered, would return before death; and, when told that it was improbable, he asked, "Then *what* shall you do?" On being told that he would be supported by stimulants, and made as easy as possible by opiates, he inquired if the stimulant should not be given then. He was answered that it would not be given immediately, and he replied, "When you give it me, I shall know that I may drop off at once." Satisfied that he would thus have a final warning of the approach of death, he said, "I will then put myself in a position to obtain a little repose;" and the repose came.

The whole household were now again in the room, calmly awaiting the moment when he would be released from pain.—All were quiet and composed, save poor old Monica. She, in the ignorance and affection of her nature, for some time moved about incessantly, in much agitation, going frequently to the bedside, looking at her master, holding up their hands, muttering bits of prayers to herself, and taking little notice of the people about her. Once or twice, however, she addressed herself to Dr. Warren, and demanded, "Isn't he going to die?" or "Why don't he die?" or, "You don't think he'll live to morning?" apparently laboring under the idea that the doctor had an agency in prolonging his sufferings.

It was past midnight, when, awaking from one of the slumbers that he had at intervals, he seemed not to know whether he had not already passed from his earthly existence. He made a strong effort to ascertain what the consciousness that he could still perceive actually was, and then uttered those well-known words, "I still live!" as if he had satisfied himself of the fact that he was striving to know. They were his last coherent utterance. A good deal later, he said something in which the word "poetry" was distinctly heard. His son immediately repeated to him one of the stanzas of Gray's Elegy. He heard it and smiled.

After this, respiration became more difficult, and at length it went on with perceptible intervals. All was now hushed within the chamber and to those who stood waiting there were but three sounds in Nature: the sighing of the autumn wind in the trees, the slow ticking of the clock in the hall below, and the deep breathing of their dying friend. Moments seemed hours, and Mr. Curtis says: "Still the measured beat of time fell painfully distinct upon our ears; still the gentle moaning of the wind mingled with the only sound that arose within the room; for there were no sobs of women, no movements of men. So grand, and yet so calm and simple, had been his approach to the moment when we must know that he was with us no more, that he had lifted us into a composure which, but for his great example, we could not have felt. At twenty-three minutes before three o'clock, his breathing ceased; the features settled into a superb repose, and Dr. J. Mason Warren, who had kept his finger waiting for the pulse to stand still, quietly closed the eyes, and said, in a low tone, breaking the silence, pronounced the single word "Dead." The eyes were then closed, the remains were removed from the position in which death came and those who had been appointed to watch and watch, slowly and mournfully walked away."

The persons present when he died were, Mrs. Webster, Mr. and Mrs Fletcher Webster, Mr. and Mrs. Paige, Mr. S. A. Appleton, Mr. LeRoy, Miss Downs, Mr. Harvey, Mr. E Curtis, Mr. G. T. Curtis, Mr. Zantsinger (of the State Department), Dr. Jeffries, Dr. Warren, Mr. C. H. Thomas, and Mr. Weston; together with many of the servants.

☞ A Pennsylvania bachelor thus gets after a lovely woman. I impeach her in the name of the great whale of the ocean, whose bones have been torn asunder to enable her to keep straight, I impeach her in the name of the peacock, whose strut, without his permission, she has stealthily and without honor assumed. I impeach her in the name of the horse, whose tail she has perverted from its use to the making of wavy tresses to decorate the back of the head and neck. I impeach her in the name of the kangaroo, whose beautiful figure she, in taking the Grecian Bend, has brought into ill-favor and disrepute.

☞ It is related of Queen Elizabeth that, seeing a certain baronet in her garden one day, she looked out the window and addressed him in Italian to this effect: "What does a man think of when he thinks of nothing?" The baronet, who had not received those substantial marks of royal favor which he had been led to expect, paused for a moment, and then blurted out: "Madame, he thinks of a woman's promise." The queen was completely nonplussed, and was heard to retort: "Well, Sir Edward, I must not confute you. Anger makes men witty, but it keeps them poor."

☞ There is said to be carried off from the soil nine pounds of lime in twenty-five bushels of wheat, nine pounds in fifty bushels of oats, and fifteen pounds in thirty-eight bushels of barley. There are thirty-five pounds of lime in two tons of clover, one hundred and forty pounds in twenty-five tons of turnips, and two hundred and seventy pounds in nine tons of potatoes. Some soils contain an abundance of lime for a thousand years, while other soils require an occasional application of lime as a fertilizer.

☞ The Longmans, publishers, of London, make the important literary announcement of a new novel in May, by the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli. It is twenty-three years since the ex-Premier abandoned novel-writing for an undivided allegiance to politics, his last effusion being "Tancred, or the New Crusade." Much interest will be excited in literary circles by the promise of the work, and not a little curiosity to know to what extent it will be influenced by the wider experiences and more mature powers of the distinguished author.

☞ Thomas Carlyle, the Dry-as-dust of English literary fame, has recently been the subject of a controversy among theologians as to whether he was a Pantheist. One of the controversialists appealed to the iconoclast himself, in order to get the authority of his own statement. He asked direct: "Are you a Pan-theist?" Carlyle replied: "No, never was; nor a Pot-theist either. For the rest, never mind these poor people. So far as they don't mean well, the damage is all their own."

☞ A young member in the Legislature who rose to deliver his sentiments on the bill to abolish capital punishment, with a dignified serenity of countenance commenced with:—'Mr. Speaker, the generality of mankind in general are disposed to exercise oppression on the generality of mankind in general.' Just at this point, one who sat immediately behind him pulled him by the coat tail and cried, 'Stop, stop, I say, you are coming out of the same hole you just went in at.'

☞ Soon after the death of the poet Wordsworth, a man met a farmer of the neighborhood and said to him: "You have had a great loss." "What loss?" "Why, you have lost the great poet."—"O, ay," said the farmer, "he is dead, but I have no doubt the wife will carry on the business, and make it as profitable as ever it was."

☞ A girl of the period, belonging to a Paris theatre, gave a supper to a few gentlemen the other evening. Her mamma was present, half-guest, half-servant. One of the gentlemen was telling a story; he stopped on a sudden, and said, "I beg your pardon, the conclusion is scarcely fit for ladies' ears." "You hear, mamma?" said the girl of the period. "Leave the room a minute; you can come in again, by-and-by."

☞ Among the gifts to a bride was a broom with the following: "Of this trifling gift accept from me, it's use I would commend; in machine use the brushy part, in storms the other end."

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

If you go to call on a young lady, and she crochets diligently all the evening, and only says [illegible] to you as you go away about nine or a quarter past, without touching any of the topics of conversation, [illegible] Don't make a business of courting anybody very extensively without you want to go in for keeps, and by all means avoid Sunday evenings. There is something in the Sunday evening air decidedly opposing, and it is just as natural for lovers and girls to get together and court Sunday evenings, as it is for a hen to set. Many a promising youth, in the full vigor of manhood, has been dragged into premature matrimonial decay by an innocent Sunday evening call.

If you are invited to a "sociable" or fair, make yourself sick by smoking your big brother's pipe and stay at home and when you are called upon to suffer do it with alacrity, and think how happy you are compared to the miserable victims who are decoyed into attending.

Don't court but one girl at a time.—The most harrowing sight I know of to a sensitive mind is to see a young man full of Christian fortitude and a noble ambition, trying to court two girls at once.

Don't drift into matrimony, unless you want to get wrecked; and don't marry a poor girl unless she has money.

If you are calling on a young lady, and the old folks go out of the room about nine o'clock with a solemn air, you can make up your mind there's a conspiracy afloat. Don't show any symptoms of fear, but tell the young lady you were sitting up last night with a friend of yours who has the smallpox, and think you will go home and get a little sleep.

Don't imagine it looks smart to lounge around billiard halls, smoke cheap cigars at a high price, and swallow slops at twenty cents a glass. It would show more talent on your part to retire into the nearest graveyard and study last year's almanac.

And don't imagine you are a hardened bummer just because your father lets you carry a night-key. Some young man will go to a band concert on the Common, smoke a cinnamon cigar, and go home thoroughly convinced that they have made a heavy night of it, and ought to be looked after.

If you ask a young lady to marry you, and she says she would rather be excused, don't excuse her.

Don't marry for money. If you are engaged to a young lady who has a fortune, tell her that you won't marry her unless she gives it all away to the poor, and goes to making vests. Money is sure to bring unhappiness.

I never knew of a single instance where it didn't bring barrels of unhappiness, and I have seen strong men weep hysterically because they had seven dollars ahead.

If you want to be considered anybody, learn to chew tobacco immediately. It looks so cultivated and refined to see a young man pull out a tin canister of tobacco and make a cesspool of his mouth.

Don't get into debt unless you can find some one who is willing to trust you, and then don't.

Don't stay at your present situation all your life because your grand-mother says that "a rolling stone gathers no moss."—I knew several very aged and respectable stones who have stuck in one place all their lives, and who haven't got moss enough to make a small saucer of blanc monge.

If you are engaged to a young lady, don't make a great many presents unless it's a pretty sure thing, for if any thing happens, she is sure to return your presents. A friend of mine lately received by express three pair of decayed corsets, a lot of initial note-paper, a faded bouquet, and a broken heart, and he is now looking for another girl of the same size.

Please don't get married in church, and have it described in half a column of daily news. It is the cheapest sort of notoriety.

See if you can't go courting without tumbling your shirt bosom. If courting was a criminal offence, I have seen evidence enough on a young man's shirt bosom to hang him.

Remember that ignorance and conceit go hand in hand, and that "cheek and impudence are twin brothers."

Young men now-a-days are hardly worth bringing up, and, as near as I can find out, they seem to be governed by about the following rules:

It is better to receive a small salary and be constantly in debt, than to earn a large salary by doing something that isn't genteel.

It is more blessed to invite yourself to dinner with a friend, than run the risk of having to invite him.

If a friend asks me to stop over night with him and take breakfast, it is my duty to stop several nights and eat several breakfasts to show him that I appreciated his kindness.

One old friend from whom you can borrow money is worth a dozen new ones who are doubtful.

If a friend is smoking a cigar, it is my solemn duty to ask him if he has the mate to it.

The first principle to be observed in buying cigars is to buy odd ones, then I can truthfully say that I have no mate. If I can't wear kid gloves and diamond studs, why need I drag out a miserable existence in a world where all is dreary blank?

If some young men had died when they were children, they would have been an ornament to their sex.