PIANOS,
MELODEONS,
AND MUSIC,
System Adopted—Prices
Greatly Reduced.
WATERS, No. 333 BROAD-
EW YORK, agent for the best
D NEW YORK INSTRUMENTS.
assortment of Pianos, Melode-
Instruments and Musical Mer-
ll kinds, in the United States.—
en different Manufactories, com-
of every variety of style, from
t and substantial 6½ octaves; in
sewood Cases, from 150 to $200;
e most elegant finish, up to ONE
DOLLARS. No House in the
mpete with the above in the num-
nd celebrity of its instruments,
extremely low prices at which they
WATERS' MODERN IM-
IANOS, with or without Iron
sing, in their improvements of
nd action, a length of scale, pow-
ss of tone equal to the Grand
with the beauty and durability
f the Square Piano. They are
nced by the Press and by the first
ers to be equal to those of any
ctirer. They are built of the
t thoroughly seasoned materials
ed to stand the action of every
ment guaranteed to give satisfac-
ase-money refunded. SECOND-
, at great bargains, constantly in
rom 30 to $140.
WATERS' MELODEONS, su-
ments in tone, touch and durabil-
(toned the equal temperament.)
all other styles and makes. Pri-
, $75, $100, $125, $140; double
double Reeds and two banks of
Less a liberal discount. Clergy-
rches, an extra discount.
Guitars, Brown's Harps, Flutes,
cordeons, Violins, and Musical
f all kinds, at lower prices than
ffered to the public. A large dis-
achers and Schools. The trade
he most liberal terms.
One of the largest and best se-
gues of Music now published,
any of the choice and most pop-
he day, and will be sold at one
the regular prices.
by mail to all parts of the coun-
. Particular and personal atten-
all orders received by mail. Sat-
anteed in every instance. Pianos
ns for rent, and rent allowed on
Pianos and Melodeons for sale on
ments. Second-hand Pianos ta-
nge for new. General and select
d schedule of prices forwarded to
he country by mail.
inducements offered to Agents,
f the country, to sell the Horace
os, Melodeons and Catalogue of
[July 29, 1858.

AMILY JOURNAL,
EEKLY NEWSPAPER,
Literature, News, Romance, Science
and Art.
ILLIAMS, } Editors & Proprietors.
MOORE, }
l-known fact that the South is
stentirely dependent on the North
madal literature. It is to be seen
Southern States cannot support a
al of its own. The parties un-
is new enterprise are determined
ffort or expense to produce a pa-
all effect this purpose, and deserve
e support of the reading public.
r, it is hoped, will arouse the
ormant literary condition of our
city, develop its inactive talent;
our own doors a vehicle for the
f thought, interchange of ideas,
rting of new items of information.
LY JOURNAL will contain Original
tches of Travel, Biographical Es-
mary of News, domestic and for-
ws of Books, Dramatic and Musi-
s, Reports of Popular Lectures,
neral information as will make it
uest in every family. The pro-
determined that their journal shall
none in the variety, interest and
contents; in its literary excellence
oral tone. Politics and Sectarian-
ost rigidly excluded.
attention paid to "answers to
nts," a talented gentleman having
ly engaged for that purpose.
ents have already been made with
ed corps of American contribu-
egotiations are still in progress
ntimately secure the best talent
ry. It is intended that the litera-
this journal shall be chiefly origi-
ropriation from foreign sources,
owledment, in the newspapers of
lready too frequent. Should any
lected on account of its superior
redit will be invariably given
lue.
s, invariably in advance.
one year, $2
" " 7
" " 15
es, - - - - FOUR CENTS.
the country making up clubs will
ess WILLIAMS & MOORE,
Baltimore, Md.

mers, Read This.
The Farmer's Own Paper."
Genesee Farmer.
A MONTHLY JOURNAL OF
TURE AND HORTICULTURE.
Established in 1831.]
SHED FOR TWENTY-EIGHT
RS in one of the finest wheat and
s of America, it has attained an
circulation, and has able and expe-
respondents in every State of the
n the British Provinces.
lume contains Three Hundred and
Pages, and is profusely illustrated
sive wood cuts. It is sent to any
IFTY CENTS A YEAR!
to introduce the Farmer into dis-
it has few readers, we will take
s to the coming half volume (July
er inclusive) at the following rates:
scribers, 25 cents; five copies for $1,
of our beautiful 25-cent book the
ual and Horticultural Directory, pre-
il, to the person getting up the
copies for $1.50, and a Rural An-
id by mail, to the person getting
; sixteen copies for $3, and a Ru-
and an extra copy of the Farmer for
wo for the half volume to the per-
up the club.
offer a liberal list of
CASH PREMIUMS
reater inducement to form clubs.—
ulars will be found in the paper,
ne interested in the culture of the
ed to send for a copy, and, if pleas-
paper, to act as agent. Specimen
free to all applicants. Address
JOSEPH HARRIS,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR,
Rochester, N. Y.
FOR SALE,
HORSE PORTABLE "STEAM
INE," in good running order, with
Circular Saw and fixtures attached.
ral. For particulars address
JOHN W. MARTIN,
NICHOLAS MARTIN, Jr.,
Trappe, Talbot Co., Md.

Cambridge Democrat.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, AGRICULTURE, LITERATURE, RELIGION, SCIENCE, AMUSEMENTS, POLITICS AND ADVERTISING.

Volume 1.5. CAMBRIDGE, MD., WEDNESDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 30, 1859. Number 1.

Cambridge Democrat.

Published every Wednesday Morning.

Office opposite Mr. John Bradshaw's Hotel.

TERMS.—SUBSCRIPTION $1 50 per annum, payable in advance; or $2 within the year, if not paid in advance.

Clubs of Six, one year, ... $ 7 50
" " Twelve, one year, ... 13 50
" " Twenty, one year, ... 20 00

Payable, in each case, in advance. Persons who get up clubs are entitled to a copy, gratis, for one year.

ADVERTISEMENTS of One Square will be inserted three times for $1; and for each subsequent insertion 25 cts. One square, three months, $3; six months, $6; one year, $12. Twelve lines or less make a square.—Fractions of a square to be charged as a square. Yearly advertisements at the rate of $12 for one third of a column; half column, one year, $25; one column, one year, $25. Six months' or yearly advertisements must be paid for quarterly—other advertisements are collectible as soon as the time of publication expires.

☞All communications of a private nature and obituary notices charged for at 50 cts. per square. Simply marriages and deaths inserted gratis.

THOMAS H. HANDY, Jr.,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

SIT DOWN, SAD SOUL.

Sit down, sad soul, and count
The moments flying;
Come—tell the sweet amount
That's lost by sighing!
How many smiles?—a score?
Then laugh, and count no more,
For day is dying.

Lie down, sad soul, and sleep,
And no more measure
The flight of Time, nor weep
The loss of leisure;
But here, by this lone stream,
Lie down with us and dream
Of starry treasure!

We dream; do thou the same.
We love—forever;
We laugh, yet few we shame—
The gentle never.
Stay, then, till Sorrow dies;
Then—hope and happy skies
Are thine forever!

The Young Philosopher.

Mr. Solomon Winthrop was a plain old farmer—an austere, precise man, who did everything by established rules, and could see no reason why people should grasp at things beyond what had been reached by their great grandfathers. He had three children—two boys and a girl. There was Jeremiah, seventeen years old, Samuel fifteen, and Fanny fourteen.

It was a cold winter's day. Samuel was in the kitchen reading a book and so interested was he that he did not notice the entrance of his father. Jerry was in an opposite corner engaged in ciphering out a sum which he had found in his arithmetic.

"Sam," said the father to his youngest boy, "have you worked out that sum yet?"

"No sir," returned the boy hesitatingly.

"Didn't I tell you to stick to your arithmetic till you had done it?" uttered Mr. Winthrop, in a severe tone.

Samuel hang down his head and looked troubled.

"Why havn't you done it?" continued the father.

"I can't do it, sir," tremblingly returned Samuel.

"Can't do it? and why not? look at Jerry, there, with his slate and pencil. He had ciphered further than you have, long before he was old as you are."

"Jerry was always fond of mathematical problems, sir, but I cannot fasten my mind on them. They have no interest for me."

"That's because you don't try to feel an interest in your studies.—What book is that you are reading?"

"It is a work on philosophy, sir."

"A work on fiddle-sticks! Go, put it away this instant, and then get your slate, and don't let me see you away from your arithmetic until you can work out these roots. Do you understand me?"

Samuel made no answer, but silently he put away his philosophy and then he got his slate and sat down in the chimney corner. His nether lip trembled, and his eyes moistened, for he was unhappy. His father had been harsh toward him, and he felt that it was without a cause.

"Sam," said Jerry, as soon as their father had gone, "I will do that sum for you."

"No, Jerry," returned the youngest brother, but with a grateful look, "that will be deceiving father. I will try to do the sum, but fear I shall not succeed."

Samuel worked very hard, but all to no purpose. His mind was not on the subject before him. The roots and squares, the bases, hypothenuses and perpendiculars, though comparatively simple in themselves, were to him a mingled mass of incomprehensible things, and the more he tried the more he became perplexed and bothered.

The truth was, his father did not understand him.

Samuel was a bright boy, and uncommonly intelligent for one of his age. Mr. Winthrop was a thorough mathematician—he never yet came across a problem he could not solve, and he desired that his boys should be like him, for he considered that the acme of educational perfection lay in the power of conquering Euclid, and he often expressed his opinion that, were Euclid living then, he could "give the old geometrican a hard tussle." He seemed not to comprehend that different minds were made with different capacities, and what one mind grasped with ease, another, of equal power would fail to comprehend. Hence, because Jeremiah progressed rapidly in his mathematical studies, and could already survey a piece of land of many angles, he imagined that because Samuel made no progress in the same branch, he was idle and careless, and treated him accordingly. He never candidly conversed with his younger son, with a view to ascertain the true bent of his mind, but he had his own standard of the power of all minds, and he pertinaciously adhered to it.

There was another thing that Mr. Winthrop could not see, and that was that Samuel was continually pondering upon such profitable matter as was interesting to him and that he was scarcely ever idle; nor did his father see, either, that if he ever wished his boy to become a mathematician, he was pursuing the very course to prevent such a result. Instead of endeavoring to make the study interesting to the child, he was making it obnoxious.

The dinner hour came and Samuel had not worked out the sum. His father was angry, and obliged the boy to go without his dinner, at the same time telling him that he was an idle, lazy child.

Poor Samuel left the kitchen, and there he sat and cried. At length his mind seemed to pass from the wrong he had suffered at the hand of his parent, and took another turn, and the marks of grief left his face. There was a large fire in the room below his cnamber, so that he was not very cold, and getting up he went to a small closet, and from beneath a lot of old clothes he took forth some long strips of wood and commenced whittling. It was not for mere pastime that he whittled, for he was fashioning some curious affair from those pieces of wood.—He had bits of wire, little scraps of tin plate, pieces of twine, and some dozens of small wheels that he made himself, and he seemed to be working to get them together after some peculiar fashion of his own.

Half the afternoon had thus passed away, when his little sister entered his chamber. She had her apron gathered up in her hand, and after closing the door softly behind her, she approached the spot where her brother sat.

"Here, Sammy—see, I have bro't you something to eat. I know you must be hungry."

As she spoke, she opened her apron and took out four cakes, a piece of pie, and some cheese. The boy was hungry, and he hesitated not to avail himself of his sister's kind offer.—He kissed her as he took the cakes, and thanked her.

"Oh, what a pretty thing that is you are making!" uttered Fanny, as she gazed upon the result of her brother's labor. "Won't you give it to me after it is done?"

"Not this one, sister," returned the boy, with a smile, "but as soon as I get time I will make you one equally as pretty."

Fanny thanked her brother, and shortly afterwards left the room, while the boy went on with his work.

Before long the various materials that had been subject to Samuel's jackknife and pincers had assumed form and comliness, and they were joined and grooved together in a curious manner.

The embryo philosopher set the machine—for it looked very much like a machine—upon the floor, and then stood off and gazed on it. His eye gleamed with a peculiar glow of satisfaction, and he looked proud and happy. While he stood and gazed upon the child of his labors, the door of his chamber opened and his father entered.

"What—are you not studying?" exclaimed Mr. Winthrop, as he noticed the boy standing in the middle of the floor.

Samuel trembled when he heard his father's voice, and turned pale with fear.

"Ha, what is this?" said Mr. Winthrop, as he caught sight of the curious construction on the floor. "This is the secret of your idleness. Now I see how it is you cannot master your studies. You spend your time in making play-houses and fly-pens. I'll see whether you'll learn to attend to your lesson or not. There!"

As the father uttered this common injunction, he placed his foot upon the object of his displeasure. The boy uttered a quick cry, and sprang forward, but too late. The curious construction was crushed to atoms—the labor of long weeks. Looking at the mass of ruins, and then covering his face with his hands he burst into tears.

"Aint you ashamed?" said Mr. Winthrop, "a great boy like you, to spend your time in making clap-traps and then cry about it, because I choose that you should attend to your studies. Now go to the barn and help Jerry to shell corn."

The boy was too full of grief to make any explanation, and without a word he left his chamber, but for long days afterwards he was weary and down-hearted.

"Samuel," said Mr. Winthrop, one day, after the spring had opened, "I have seen Mr. Young, and he is willing to take you as an apprentice.—Jerry and I can get along on the farm, and I think that the best thing you can do is to learn the blacksmith's trade. I have given up all hopes of ever making a surveyor out of you, and if you had a farm you would not know how to measure it or lay it out. Jerry will now soon be able to take my place as surveyor, and I have already made arrangements for having him sworn and obtaining his commission. But your trade is a good one, however, and I have no doubt you will be able to make a good living at it."

Mr. Young was a blacksmith in a neighboring town, and he carried on quite an extensive business. Moreover, he had the reputation of being a very fine man. Samuel was delighted with his father's proposal, and when he learned that Mr. Young also carried on quite a large machine shop, he was in ecstacies. His trunk was packed—a good supply of clothes having been provided; and after kissing his mother and sister, and shaking hands with his father and brother, mounted the stage and set off for his new destination.

He found Mr. Young all he could wish, and went into his business with an assiduity that surprised his master.

One evening after Samuel Winthrop had been with his new master six months, the latter came into the shop after all the journeymen had quit work and gone home, and found the youth busily engaged in fitting a piece of iron. There were quite a number of pieces on the bench by his side, and some were curiously riveted together and fixed with springs and slides, while others appeared not yet ready for their destined use.—Mr. Young ascertained what the young workman was up to, and he not only encouraged him in his undertaking, but he stood for half an hour and watched him at his work. Next day Samuel Winthrop was removed from the blacksmith's shop to the machine shop.

Samuel often visited his parents. At the end of two years his father was not a little surprised when Mr. Young informed him that Samuel was the most useful hand in his employ.

Time flew fast. Samuel was twenty-one. Jeremiah had been free almost two years, and was one of the most accurate and trustworthy surveyors in the county

Mr. Winthrop looked upon his eldest son with pride, and often expressed a wish that his other son could have been like him. Samuel had come home to visit his parents, and Mr. Young had come with him.

"Mr. Young," said Mr. Winthrop, after the tea things had been cleared away, "that is a fine factory they have just erected in your town."

"Yes," returned Mr. Young, "there are three of them, and they are doing a very heavy business."

"I understand they have an extensive machine shop connected with the factories. Now if my boy Sam is as good a workman as you say he is, perhaps he might get a first-rate situation there."

Mr Young looked at Samuel and smiled.

"By the way," continued the old farmer, "what is all this noise I see and hear in the paper about those Winthrop looms? They tell me they go ahead of anything that ever was got up before."

"You may ask your son about that," said Mr. Young. "That is some of Samuel's business."

"Eh? What! My son? Some of Sam—"

The old man stopped short and gazed at his son. He was bewildered. It could not be that his son—his idle son—was the inventor of the great power loom that had taken all the manufacturers by surprise.

"What do you mean?" he at length inquired.

"It is simply this, father, that the loom is mine," returned Samuel, with conscious pride. "I have invented it, and taken a patent right, and have already been offered ten thousand dollars for the patent right in two adjoining States. Don't you remember that clap-trap you crushed with your foot, six years ago?"

"Yes," answered the old man, whose eyes were bent to the floor, and over whose mind a new light seemed breaking.

"Well," continued Samuel, "that was almost a patern, though of course I have made much alteration and improvement, and there is room for more."

"And that was what you were studying, when you used to stand and see me weave, and when you fumbled about my bosom so much?" said Mrs. Winthrop

"You are right, mother. Even then I had conceived the idea which I have since carried out."

"And that is why you could not understand my mathematical problems," uttered Mr. Winthrop, as he started from his chair and took the youth by the hand. "Samuel, my son, forgive me for the harshness I have used towards you. I have been blinded, and now see how I have misunderstood you. While I have thought you idle and careless, you were solving a philosophical problem I could never have comprehended. Forgive me, Samuel—I meant well enough, but lacked judgment and discrimination."

Of course the old man had long before been forgiven for his harshness, and his mind was opened to a new lesson in human nature. It was simply this:

Different minds have different capacities, and no mind can ever be driven to love that for which it has no taste. First, seek to understand the natural abilities and dispositions of children, and then, in your management of their education for after life, govern yourself accordingly.—George Combe, the greatest moral philosopher of his day, could hardly reckon in simple addition, and Colburn, the mathematician, could not write out a common place address.

Fast Colors.

We find the following queer story in Lever's new novel, Gerald Fitzgerald:

"Come, I will tell you a story, not for the sake of the incident, but for the sake of the illustration; though even as a story it has its point.—You knew Gustave de Marsay, I think?"

"Le beau Gustave? to be sure I did. Ah! it was upward of forty years ago," sighed he, sorrowfully.

"It could not be less. He has been living in a little Styrian village about that long, seeing and being seen by none. His adventure was this: He was evidently enamored of a very pretty woman whom he met by chance in the street, and discovered afterward to be the wife of a 'dyer,' in the Fue de Marais.—Whether she was disposed to favor his addresses or acted in concert with her husband to punish him, is not very easy to say; the result would incline to the latter supposition. At all events, she gave him a rendezvous, at which he was surprised by the dyer himself—a fellow as strong as a Hercules and of an ungovernable temper.

"He rushed wildly on De Marsay, who defended himself for some time with his rapier; a false thrust, however, broke the weapon, at the hilt, and the dyer springing forward, caught poor Gustave round the body, and actually carried him off over his head, and plunged him neck and heels into an enormous tank filled with dye-stuff. How he escaped drowning—how he issued from the house and ever reached his home, he never was able to tell. It is more than probable the consequences of the calamity absorbed and obliterated all else; for when he awoke next day, he discovered that he was totally changed; his skin from head to foot being dyed a deep blue! It was in vain that he washed and washed, boiled himself in hot baths, or essayed a hundred cleansing remedies, nothing availed in the least; in fact, many thought that he came out only bluer than before. The most learned of the faculty were consulted, the most distinguished chemists—all in vain. At last a dyer was sent for, who in an instant recognized the peculiar tint, and said, 'Ah! there is but one man in Paris has the secret of this color, and he lives in the Rue de Marais.'

"Here was a terrible blow to all hope, and in the discouragement it inflicted three long months were passed, De Marsay growing thin and wretched from fretting, and by his despondency occasioned his friends the deepest solicitude. At length one of his relatives resolved on a bold step. He went direct to the Rue de Marais and demanded to speak with the dyer. It is not very easy to say how he opened a negotiation of such a delicacy; that he did so with consummate tact and skill there can be no doubt, for he so worked on the dyer's compassion by the picture of a poor young follow utterly ruined upon his career, unable to face the world—to meet his regiment—even to appear before the enemy, being blue! that the dyer at once confessed his pity, but at the same time cried out, 'What can I do? there is no getting it off again!'

"'No getting it off again! do you really tell me that?' exclaimed the wretched negotiator.

"'Impossible! that's the patent,' said the other, with an ill-dissembled pride. 'I have spent seven years in the invention. I only hit upon it last October. Its grand merit is that it resists all attempts to efface it.'

"'And do you tell me,' cries the friend in terror, 'that this poor fellow must go down to his grave in that odious—well, I mean no offence—in that unholy tint?'

"'There is but one thing in my power, sir.'

"'Well, what is it, in the name of Mercy? Out with it and name your price.'

"'I can make him a very charming green! un beau vert, Monsieur.'"

Can We Brag?

The world is supposed to progress from century, in almost everything except morality; but how much more can we accomplish now than has been effected in ancient times? Let us see.

Some thousands of years ago, one Noah, who never saw nor heard of a ship in his life, constructed an immense flat-bottomed craft, which, considering the few tools and poor facilities at his command, might well excite the wonder of the present age. He was undoubtedly the greatest ship-carpenter that ever lived.

As to ballooning, where is the æronaut who ever ascended anything near as high as did Elisha, who went up from Mount Carmel, one fine afternoon, and landed upon "the other side of Jordan?"

As a monument of masonry, the Tower of Babel has yet to be excelled; and where is the architect and builder who can produce a more splendid edifice than Solomon's Temple?

Others beside "absquatulators" pride themselves in being fleet of foot; but let them run down three hundred foxes in a fair chase, as did Sampson, and they may well crow.

We have some pretty good "blowers" at the present day, but it is hardly to be supposed that the best of them could have blown down the walls of Jericho with a blast from a ram's horn.

The left-handed Benjamites could sling a stone and hit a hair at the distance of two hundred yards.—Where is the expert marksman who can do better with his rifle?

If the man who multiplied the widow's oil; some two or three thousand years since, was now living, he could annihilate Nantucket and retire with an independent fortune in less than six months.

That wagon-road through the Red Sea ought to knock aside every obstacle that stands in the way of the Pacific Railroad.

"Why don't you put on a clean shirt?" said a swell the other day to his companion, "then the girls will smile on you as they do on me."—"Everybody can't afford to wear a clean shirt every day as you can," was the reply. "Why not?" asked white colar. "Because," said soiled colar, "every boy's mother isn't a washerwoman." "You don't mean to say my mother is a washerwoman?" said white colar, very indignantly; soiled colar, "what else, when I called for you the other day your mother said you were in bed waiting for her to wash your shirt?"

SCRIPTURE INJUNCTION.—Brother Aminidab, a stiff Quaker, on receiving from a "worldly man" a blow on the face, turned the other cheek, to which a similar salute was applied. "Friend," said Aminidab, "Scripture injunction being now satisfied, I will proceed to administer to thee a little wholesome correction;" and he did.

Full of Inventions.

A friend, who has been something of a nautical man in his day, relates the following incident, which occurred while prosecuting a voyage in the ship Chalcedon, of Salem:

"A few years ago, while sailing along the coast of Brazil, in moderate weather the chief mate of our vessel made a kite for the purpose of pleasing the boys who were passengers on board the ship. It was flying finely, with a liberal scope of twine, attached to the mizzen mast head, much to the amusement of the juveniles, when an English ship came in sight. She hoisted her colors and altered her course to intercept us.—When near enough, we both hove to, the Englishman sending his boat, manned with four men and the chief mate. On reaching the deck, the first officer asked for some tobacco, but it was apparent to every one that he was sent on board for another purpose. After pacing the deck nervously for a few moments, he mustered sufficient courage to call the captain one side, and inquired 'what we had flying over the stern?' 'Only a kite to please the children,' was the reply. 'Our skipper sent me on board.' said the mate, 'thinking it was a sort of machine to get the longitude; you Yankees are so *full of Inventions.*'"—*Boston Transcript.*

Genius and Labor.

Alexander Hamilton once said to an intimate friend. "Men give me some credit for genius. All the genius that I have lies just in this:—When I have a subject in hand, I study it profoundly. Day and night it is before me. I explore it in all its bearings. My mind becomes pervaded with it. Then the effort which I make is what the people are pleased to call the fruits of genius. It is the fruit of labor and thought.

Mr. Webster once replied to a gentleman who pressed him to speak on a subject of great importance: "The subject interests me deeply, but I have not time." "There sir," pointing to a huge pile of letters on the table, "Is a pile of unanswered letters to which I must reply before the close of the session, (which was then three days off.) I have not time to master the subject so as to do it justice."

"But Mr. Webster, a few words from you would do much to awaken public attention to it."

"If there be such weight in my words as you represent, it is because I do not allow myself to speak on any subject till I have imbued my mind with it."

Demosthenes was once urged to speak on a great and sudden emergency. "I am not prepared," said he, and obstinately refused.

The law of labor is equally binding on genius and mediocrity.

TWO SHARPS.—An old man picked up half a dollar in the street. "Old man, that's mine," said a keen-looking rascal. "Did yours have a hole in it?" asked the old gentleman.—"Yes," replied the other, smartly. "Then it is not thine," rejoined the old gentleman, "thee must learn to be a little sharper next time."

A Scotch parson praying after a flowery young brother had preached, said: "Oh, Lord, bless thy young servant; and with thy great wisdom prick him with thy Spirit, and let the wind out of him."

A boy was asked one day what made him so dirty, and his reply was: "I am made, so they tell me, of the dust of the ground, and I reckon it's just working out."

At an evening party, a gentleman carving a chicken, asked a lady what part she preferred. "I will take a foot handle," she said.

Mrs. Brown says her husband is such a blunderer that he can't even try on a new boot without putting his foot into it.

"I presume you won't charge anything for just *re-member-ing* me," said a one legged sailor to a wooden-leg mannfacturer.

A man who had been married twice to ladies both named Catherin, advised his friends against taking dupli-Kates.

If you would lay up a treasure of glory in heaven, lay up a treasure of grace in your heart.

There is no wealth like that which comes by honest labor and warrantable industry.

Undutiful children make wretched parents.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc6044_1_63-0405.jpg