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# KENT NEWS.

*Agriculture, Literature, Politics and General News.*

Frustra laborat, qui omnibus placere studet.—"He labours vainly, who endeavours to please every one."

VOL. 7. CHESTER TOWN, MD. SEPTEMBER 26, 1846. NO. 22.



## FALL DRY GOODS.

WE have now on hand a desirable assortment of FALL DRY GOODS, which have been selected in this, and the eastern cities, and which we will sell low for cash, or on the usual terms, to punctual dealers. Country merchants and dealers generally, are invited to call and examine our stock before making their purchases. In our stock will be found the following goods, viz:

Super and extra cloths and cassimeres
Merino, velvet, valencia silk and satin vestings
Pilot and beaver cloths and flushings
Cadet, steel mix'd, blue, drab and brown sattinetts
Kentucky jeans, fulled linseys and kerseys
Plaid and striped linseys and baizes
Jeno cords and buffalo cloths
10, 11, 12 and 13-4 rose and Whitney blankets
Heavy white and colored blankets for negroes
Bl'k, colored and shaded alpacas
Twilled and plain Earlston ginghams
Cashmeres and mouselin de'lains
Linen cambric and linen cambric hdkfs
Brown and white table cloths and napkins
White, red, yellow and green flannels
Brown and white Canton flannels
Hosiery, gloves and suspenders
Silk, lasting and bone buttons
Madrass, Britannia and domestic hdkfs
Silk and col'd bordered linen cambric do
Barcelona and Italian cravats
Gay bindings and galloons
Pins, needles, tapes and bobbins
Lap edgings and nettings
Blanket, mouselin de'lane and cashmere shawls
Splendid Turkeri and Edinburg do
Bed ticks, checks and plaids
Together with a large assortment of prints, and brown and white shirtings and sheetings.

SIMMONS & BROTHER,
corner of High and Gay sts. Balto.
Sept. 19 h, 1846. 3m

## NOTICE.

WAS committed to the jail of Kent Co. on the 29th of August, 1846, a negro man who calls himself Alfred Harris—said negro is about 25 years old, is quite black; has a scar on his left thigh, and a considerable dent or impression on the forepart of his right leg—is about 5 feet, 8 in. high, and has a slight impediment in his speech; had on when committed a check shirt, blue cotton pantaloons, and had also with him an invisible green coat, not much worn, and plaid vest. Says he was born on Federal Hill, in the city of Baltimore, and has been a sailor a part of his life, and has also worked at the brick making business.

The owner of said negro (if he has any) is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take him away, he will otherwise be discharged according to law.

G. W. SPENCER, Sheriff
Kent county, Md.
Sept 12th, 1846. $1 87½ 4w

## Maryland,

KENT COUNTY, TO WIT,

HEREBY CERTIFY that Mrs. Ann E. Sullivan this day gave information to me, the subscriber, a Justice of the Peace of the county aforesaid, that she had taken up as a stray, trespassing on her enclosures, a buffalo HEIFER, of brown color, with a white face—no ear marks—supposed to be about 3 years old.

Given under my hand, this 8th day of September, eighteen hundred and forty six.

WM. S. LASSELL. [SEAL.]

## Notice.

The owner of the above described Heifer is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take her away.

ANN E. SULLIVAN.
September 12th, 1846. 3w*

## A Final Dividend.

BY ORDER of the Orphan's Court of Kent county, a final Dividend on the personal estate of Richard Graves, late of Kent county deceased, will be struck before the Orphan's Court, on Tuesday, the 13th October, 1846. All creditors holding claims or judgments against the said deceased, are hereby notified to file their claims with the Register of Wills, duly proved and passed, on or before that day, as they will otherwise be debarred from any portion of the estate.

WM. GRAVES,
Ex'r Richard Graves, dec'd.
September 12th, 1846. td

## A Final Dividend.

BY ORDER of the Orphan's Court of Kent county, a final Dividend on the personal estate of Phineas H. Jones, late of Kent county, deceased, will be struck before the Orphan's Court, on Tuesday, the 13th October, 1846. All creditors holding claims or judgments against the said deceased, are hereby notified to file their claims with the Register of Wills, duly proved and passed, on or before that day, as they will otherwise be debarred from any portion of the estate.

SAM'L E. BRISCOE,
Adm'r. Phineas H. Jones, dec'd.
September 12th, 1846. td

*LINEN CAMBRIC HDKFS.*

Large stock, just opened and for sale low by T. W. ELIASON.
August 8th, 1846.



## THE KENT NEWS,

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
DEVOTED TO
AGRICULTURE, POLITICS AND GENERAL NEWS.

**Terms:**

$2.50, payable at the end of the first six months.
☞For PROSPECTUS, see fourth page.

## THE PRAIRIE ON FIRE.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

The following ballad is founded, in part, upon a thrilling story of the West, related by Mr. Cooper, the novelist.

The shades of evening closed around
The boundless prairies of the west,
As, grouped in sadness on the ground,
A band of pilgrims leaned to rest
Upon the tangled weeds were laid
The mother and her youngest born,
Who slept, while others watch'd and pray'd,
And thus the weary night went on.

Thick darkness shrouded earth and sky,
When on the whispering winds there came
The Teton's wild and thrilling cry,
And heaven was pierced with shafts of flame!
The sun seem'd rising through the haze,
But with an aspect dread and dire!
The very air appear'd to blaze!—
Oh, God! the prairie was on fire!

Around the centre of the plain
A belt of flame retreat denied,
And like a furnace glow'd the train
That wall'd them in on every side!
And onward roll'd the torrent wild!
Wreaths of dense smoke obscured the sky!
The mother knelt and pressed her child,
And all—save one—shrieked out, "we die!"

"Not so!" he cried—"help—clear the sedge—
Strip bare a circle to the land!"
That done, he hastened to the edge,
And grasped a rifle in his hand:
Dried weeds he held beside the pan,
Which kindled, at a flash, the mass!
"Now fire fight fire!" he said, as ran
The forked flames among the grass!

On three sides now the torrent flew,
But on the fourth no more it raved:
Then large and broad the circle grew,
And thus the pilgrim band were saved.
The flames receded far and wide—
The mother had not pray'd in vain—
God had the Teton's arts defied!
His scythe of fire had swept the plain!


## Tavern & other Houses in Chester Town

*TO BE RENTED FOR THE NEXT YEAR.*

The Tavern on High street, now occupied by Mr. A. Roeder.

Also, the Tailor's Shop (near the Tavern) now occupied by Mr. S. P. Carroll.

Also, the Dwelling on Church alley, now occupied by Mr. Elliott.

Also, the Office on Queen street, formerly occupied by Dr T G Wroth.

Also, the White House on Fish street, formerly occupied by Mr J L Ringgold—large enough for *two small* families.

Also, the two adjoining Dwellings, on Calvert street, which formerly belonged to Ira F Younger.

And also, the two small Dwellings on High street, situate between the dwellings of Capt R Baker and Mr T W Eliason.

The terms will be moderate. Apply to
JOS WICKES.
Chester Town, Sept. 5th, 1846.

## TO RENT,

*FOR THE ENSUING YEAR.*

THAT part of the DWELLING HOUSE which was occupied the last year by Mrs. Elizabeth Hurtt.

ALSO, the large frame SHOP, on Queen st. in the occupancy of Mr. B. B. Evans.

ALSO, the SHOE SHOP on the Front street, occupied by Mr. J. J. Elliott.

ALSO, the small DWELLING, on Queen street, occupied by Samuel Perkins.

ALSO, the brick and frame DWELLING in the upper part of Chester Town occupied by Mr. Thos. Lee, and Mr. A. Usilton.

GEORGE WICKES, Agent.
Chester Town, August 29th, 1846 4w

## TO RENT,

FOR the next year the Dwelling House on Front street now occupied by W. H. Blackiston, Esq. Apply to
W. B. WILMER, Jr.
Chester Town, Aug. 15, 1846. tf

## FAMILY FLOUR.

Extra super and white wheat Family Flour—for sale low by
T W ELIASON.
August 1st, 1846

## For Sale,

20,000 Bricks and Bats Apply to
A W SPARKS
Aug 15, 1846 tf

*CIDER VINEGAR WANTED.*

T. W. ELIASON wishes to buy 6 or 8 barrels of strong Cider Vinegar.
July 18th, 1846.


## IN AT THE DEATH.

*A ROCKY MOUNTAIN SKETCH.*

BY SOLITAIRE.

On a bright June morning while seated in camp on a lofty ridge near the Colorado river, in which, with two companions, I was engaged in trapping beaver, I descried, far down on the plains, an object moving which I knew to be a buffalo, although in appearance, from the distance which lay between it and the spot upon which I stood, it looked no larger than a common sized dog. I had but a few moments before returned from a five mile tramp, after an unsuccessful examination of our traps; and, though tired, I resolved, if possible, to have a taste of buffalo, for this was the first we had seen during a month's sojourn among the hills—the herds seldom travelling so high up. Acting upon this resolution I straightway put on my wet moccasins, which I had, a few moments previous, hung upon rods near our fire.

The Indians so infested our neighborhood that we never mooved from camp but with extreme caution; so after concluding my necessary preparations for a start, I took a general survey from a neighboring peak. Without, however, discovering signs of an enemy. I counselled my companions, before I parted with them, to keep watch of my progress, and in the event of their discovering Indians, to inform me of the fact by waving their handkerchiefs, and pointing in the direction in which they were seen. Having concluded all preliminary arrangements, I descended into the valley, rifle in hand and knife in belt, with my ear opened to hostile sounds, and my arm nerved to vigorous defence. After a tedious travel over broken ways, and through deep and dark ravines, I reached the valley, and struck out from the timber, in order to gain a view of Nell's Peak, near where our camp was situated. Another reason for avoiding the covert was the fact of its always being the red man's lurking place.

In about two hours' travel I came near the solitary buffalo, quietly feeding upon a slope near the edge of a deep ravine, through which the Drip, a small tributary of the Colorado, winds. I now edged into the timber, and having gained a closer position discovered my prey to be a large bull which, I judged from his timid manner of feeding, had been separated from the herd by an attack of Indians, and having gained the entrance to the valley, had pursued his way to this quiet spot. Car fully approaching him, I gained a favorable stand on his left, and posing my trusty rifle fired. With a snort of pain, he backed several paces, and fell upon his haunches. Loading again, I advanced to despatch him, when, with a roar of pain, and with a sudden bound, he approached to within a few paces of where I stood. Having but an instant to spare, I hastily raised my rifle and pulled trigger, when, to my horror, the piece missed fire, even while the infuriated animal was so near that his breath, mingled with his blood, was blown upon my person.

Time for thought there was none. I could not regain the timber, so dropping my rifle, I made for the ravine. The rifle was a moment's diversion in my favor, for the beast paused to smell the death dealing weapon, but the next instant with blood shot eyes he madly rushed towards me.—I looked into the ravine, and the glance revealed to me a perpendicular precipice of a hundred feet, with the stream fretting and boiling, dark as ink, at the bottom! To leap across it was impossible—to plunge down was not to be thought of but as an act of despair, and alternative there appeared none. To thus have to come to a hurried decision, with peril on every side, the chances were ten to one that the worst horn of the dilemma would be chosen.—The sequel will show.

A small projection of about three feet long by one wide, upon which grew a few scrubby bushes, presented itself at about ten feet distance from the edge of the ravine, and, without a second thought, I held a moment by the edge of the precipice, and dropped upon this small shelf, which shook and quivered from the concussion of my leap, until I fancied I could feel it sliding from its place! The thought was horrible, and I shut my eyes in a partial swoon, expecting the next moment to be dashed into the bubbling current below; but after waiting a reasonable time, and no concussion occurring, I opened them, and now my heart grew sick again at the peril of my position, from which there appeared no prospect of escape.

I had spent but a moment in this contemplation—and just then thoughts were speeding rapidly through my brain—when the infuriate bull, his eyes like balls of fire, and the red current of life spouting from his nostrils, appeared above me, on the very brink, his fore hoofs pushing the earth at the edge upon my head, while from his mouth he deluged me with a flood of sanguine hue. My position was horrible—most horrible. He pawed the earth and fiercely shook his mane as if in exultation that his destroyer was about to be destroyed, and then the deep heaving of his mighty chest would again deluge me with its torrent of lava, which fell hot as a shower from Etna, and dyeing me like some victim for a heathen sacrifice.

Suddenly the struggles of the wounded buffalo appeared to cease—the blood poured from his nostrils an uninterrupted stream—his eye grew dim and its glassy stare was fixed upon mine, while his body for a moment swayed to and fro as if he was about to sink down upon the earth—but dreadful was the thought, and terrible was the certainty, that his huge form was gradually sinking over the edge of the precipice, directly over the scant footing upon which I stood. There was no escape! Every moment made his fall in the ravine more certain, and, at the contemplation of being hurled by this dying mass into the craggy bed of the stream beneath, my blood congealed with terror! Slowly his dark form sunk, and the earth crushing away beneath his bending limbs pattered down upon me, until, with apprehension I had grown mad, when, with a rushing sound like an avalanche, the wounded beast tottered over the verge.

For a moment, as he struck the projection on which I stood, his bulk poised, and the next, frantically grasping his shaggy mane, I was hurled with him to the bottom of the ravine, my slender footing place on the side of the precipice falling around me in a shower. I was stunned for a moment with the shock, but the cold stream bubbling about me soon brought back consciousness, when I found that my antagonist had happily fallen undermost. His form had broken the force of my plunge into the ravine. After washing the stains of victory from my person, I cut out a few streaks as a proof of my being "in at the death," and left his carcass to the wolves, well satisfied with my share of *that game!*

## A RARE DEVICE.

The tariff of 1842 was repealed because it was declared to be oppressively high, and now we find the Treasury Department engaged in an effort to prove that the recent act of Congress is *more protective* than the odious "black tariff" itself. It is true it requires some ingenious twisting of facts to make out such a result, yet to accomplish it rates are assumed which every business man's experience will contradict.

We think it likely the seamstresses of the cities, who now get but ninepence for making a shirt, will soon understand the difference to their branch. The Whig tariff imposes 50 per cent., the Locofoco but thirty on ready-made clothing. On hats and bonnets (large numbers of which are manufactured in this country) the duty is reduced from 35 to 30 per cent. Brandy was $1 per gallon, equal to 134 per cent; it is now to be but 100. Other spirits were taxed as high as 644 per cent; they are now put at 200. Here are proofs of regard for the poor.

Special regard for the farmer, about whose interest we heard so much during the canvass of 1844, is evinced in the fact that, under the Whig tariff, the duty on wheat was 25 cents per bushel, equal to 27½ per cent. By the new tariff the rate is 20 per cent. Wheat flour reduced from 32½ to 20 per cent! Farmers, is this the sort of protection now expected from your Democratic friends?

[*Virginia Free Press.*

A letter written on board one of the United States squadron off Vera Cruz, on the 28th ultimo, says that the steamer in which Santa Anna went from Havana to Vera Cruz was boarded on her arrival off the latter port by the the sloop of war St. Mary's, and subsequently permitted to pass. The same writer says:

"We are now living entirly on 'salt junk,' pork, and beans. A day or two ago a small boat came off from the shore with supplies at the *very moderate war price* as follows: Six very poor chickens, $2 each; two dozen eggs, $2; half a bushel of potatoes, $4. What surprised me most was that any thing of the kind could be had in the neighborhood of Vera Cruz. The city at this time is distressed for every thing but *beef*, which is abundant. Where are some of our active money making young men, that they do not come out here in a small vessel loaded with *knick-knackeries?* All eatables and drinks would find a ready sale in our squadron, as well as in the English, French and Spanish squadrons—in all some fifteen or twenty vessels of war, who would purchase at fair or even large prices. I have been astonished that no one from New Orleans has come here with an assorted cargo."

## A PATRIOT'S FAMILY.

The Boonslick (Missouri) Times states that there is now living in Prairie township, Howard county, one of Harmer's old soldiers, who is yet hearty and active, has twenty two children, seventy grandchildren and 29 great grandchildren—making a total of one hundred and twenty one children, grand children, and great grandchildren. Six of the old man's children are yet single. Fifty five of the number are now living in Prairie township, none of whom are tinctured with modern Democracy or British free trade, and only one in the township who has married a man tinctured with that abominable doctrine."

## DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

The Sunday Mercury mentions an article in the Deutsche Schnellpost from which it would seem that neither Christopher Columbus nor Amerigo Vespucci was the discoverer of the New World, but one Martin Behaim, or as the Portugese call him, Behem, and the Spanish "Benehera," who discovered the lowlands of Brazil, where Pernambuco is now situated, made a chart of that coast, and transferred them to a Globus, from which Columbus stole the idea of a *Western Continent.*

Paredes was a prisoner in the city of Mexico, but not in strict confinement at last accounts, and had asked for his passports, which it is said would be given to him.

Quiet prevailed in the city of Mexico, but the papers do not seem to indicate much enthusiasm in favor of Santa Anna.

## AN EXAMPLE FOR THE YOUNG.

The New Haven Palladium states, that among the graduates at Yale College on Friday, was one whose history presents one of those remarkable instances of perseverance under great discouragements, which are now and then met with at every college, though very rarely attended by circumstances of such striking interest as the present. The individual referred to entered the college three years since, and is said to have made his way to it, from a distance of above one hundred miles, on foot, and to have entered on his collegiate course with the sum of just three dollars in hand! He has by his unaided efforts sustained himself to the end of that course, and came off yesterday with distinguished honor. But what is extraordinary in his case is, that he has also found time (while many of his more favored comrades have been wasting their precious hours in city amusements and college iniquities) for cultivating his favorite branch of Electricity, and pushing his mathematical studies beyond the limits of the prescribed college course. As evidence of his progress in severe science, it may be stated that an elaborate paper *on the law of electrical conduction in metals* was published by him in the March number of Dr. Silliman's Journal of Science, which for experimental, mathematical and logical merit, is surpassed by nothing in that department of science which has ever appeared in that work, and which has already elicited from Michael Faraday, the prince of philosophers in Electricity, a compliment of which either of our eminent countrymen Prof. Mouse or Dr. Henry might well be proud. Would it not be a good theme for a Commencement exercise, to inquire why it is so rare that the noble, self supported student carries off the prize of high success, which the lad carefully nurtured at the primary school, and followed through the college course by an affluence of means wholly fails in the race, or at most attains a feeble mediocrity?

## APPEARANCES AFTER DEATH.

When the coffin containing the body of Burns was opened, in 1815, there lay the remains of the great poet, to appearances nearly entire, and retaining various traces of vitality, or, rather exhibiting the features of one who had recently sunk into the sleep of death—the lordly forehead, arched and high, the teeth perfectly firm and white.—The scene was so imposing, that most of the workmen stood bare and uncovered, as did Dr. Gregory at the exhumation of the hero of Bannockburn, and at the same time felt their frames thrilling with some undefinable emotion, as they gazed on the ashes of him whose fame is as wide as the world itself. But the effect was momentary; for, when they proceeded to insert a shell or case below the coffin, the head seperated from the trunk, and the whole body, with the exception of the bones, crumbled into dust.

Lord Nugent, on opening the coffin containing the body of John Hampden, found it perfect, after, a buri l of 200 years; even his features were preserved.

When the body of Gen. Wayne, which had been buried at Erie, Pa., in 1787, was disintered forty years afterwards, the corpse had undergone so lit le change as to be readily recognised by those who were familiar with the General in his lite time. Its perfect preservation was attributed to the character of the soil, in which was agillaceous earth, strongly impregnated with alumine.

## EARTHQUAKE EXPERIENCE.

The most serious earthquake, that ever occurred in New England, was in 1755, and thus described in Hutchinson's History: "It began at Boston a little after four o'clock, in a serene and pleasant night, and continued nearly four and a half minutes. In Boston, about one hundred chimneys were in a manner leveled with the roofs of the houses, and about fifteen hundred shattered and thrown down in part.—In some places, especially in the low and loose ground made by encroachments on the harbor, the streets were almost covered with the bricks that had fallen. The tops of about twelve or fifteen brick buildings were thrown down, from the tops to the eaves of the houses. Many clocks were stopped. The vane of the market house was thrown down. A new vane of one of the churches was bent at the spindle, two or three points of the compass."

## GUSTAVUS III., OF SWEDEN.

When Gustavus the Third, King of Sweden, was in France, he was frequently solicited to visit Dr. Franklin, which he always declined. One of the French Guards, who could use a little freedom with his majesty, begged to know why he denied himself an honor which every crowned head in Europe would be proud embrace?

"No man," said the monarch, "regards the doctor's scientific accomplishments more than I do; but the King, who affects to like an enthusiast for liberty, is a hypocrite. As a philosopher, I love and admire the doctor; but as a politician, I hate him; and nothing shall ever induce me to appear on terms of friendship and personal esteem, with a man whom my habits and situation oblige me to detest."

## ABSENCE OF MIND.

An absent minded gentleman on the common, yesterday, while killing time by throwing a stick into the frog pond for his dog to jump in for, and fetch out, inadvertently plunged in himself, and came swimming to the shore with the stick between his teeth, to the great amusement of the spectators.—*Boston Bee.*

## GEORGE D PRENTICE.

Mr. Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, left this city yesterday on his return home. He has been for several months at Biloxi, undergoing the hydropathic treatment for a paralysis which has nearly destroyed the use of his hands and which threatened to extend to the arms and body. With this singular affection he has been plagued for several years, and we are sorry to learn that he did not derive as much relief from the remedies he has lately adopted as he had expected. He has not abandoned the hope of recovery, but designs adhering to hydropathic prescriptions after he gets to Kentucky. We wish him a safe journey, and we are quite sure that all who know him will rejoice at any improvement his health may receive from this or any other treatment.—*N. O. Pic.*

## THE FRIENDLESS.

It is strange and sad that society does afford no stay, no support, to those who are left alone in the wide world, nay, nay, more, that to be so left seems in a great degree to sever the bond between us and society. He must have some friends. Let him apply to them, we are apt to say, whenever one of these solitary ones comes before us, whether it is advice, assistance or defence that is needed. "He must have some friends." It is a phrase in constant use, and in our own hearts we go on to say, if he has not, he must have lost them by his own fault, and yet how many events may deprive a man, and much more frequently a woman, of the only friends he or she possessed?

## A GOOD ANSWER.

A correspondent of the Boston Atlas tells the following anecdote of Gen. Joseph Chandler, of Augusta, Main, who presided at a meeting of the Independent Democrats in that town a few days ago:

A Locofoco who had more impudence than brains (a very usual occurrence) asked General Chandler if "he was going over to the Federalists." He said, in reply "that, in olden times, the test of Democracy was the disposition to encourage home industry, the *wearing of home made apparel, the protection of home labor*, and these were called Tories who, were for procuring articles of clothing and manufactures from British work-shops."

## RANDOLPH'S "JOHN."

We are told by the Lynchburg Virginian that John, the well known and faithful servant of the late John Randolph, who, with the emancipated slaves of his master, went to Ohio, and were there treated by the citizens in a manner of which our readers have been apprized, has returned to Charlotte with the intention of petitioning the legislature to allow him to remain in the commonwealth. He says, they have no feeling for colored people in Ohio, and, if the Legislature refuse to grant his petition, he will submit to the penalty of remaining and be sold as a slave—prefering this to enjoying freedom in a free state.

## GOOD FOR HIM.

At one of our fashionable watering places, recently happened a self-important foreigner, who, upon hearing the dinner bell ring at half past three o'clock, exclaimed, "Is it possible you dine at this early hour in this country? Why I have not been used to dining till seven or eight o'clock in London."

"Our *second table* folks dine very late here also," was the reply of a Yankee present.

## VOLCANIC SYMPTOMS IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Deerfield, an insulated village between Portsmouth and Concord, has experienced during the last twelve years occasional reports or explosions in the ground, apparently of a volcanic or gaseous nature.—Within a week there have been twenty, so severe as to throw down stone walls, jar the buildings, and alarm the people.

## VARIETY.

"How much, sir, do you make it that I weigh?"

"According to the scales, you weigh just one hundred and forty."

"Wrong, sir, it must be wrong; I weigh considerably more than that."

"Very well, (turning on his heel) you can have your own *way!*"

### A POSER.

One day last week a man living in Carlton, was indignantly complaining that his knife had been stolen, till at last one of his neighbors whose garden had been robbed a short time previous, said to him—"Hold your tongue, old boy, I found your knife amongst my cabbages; how came it there?" The fellow was struck dumb.

"Sambo," said a southern gentleman to his black servant, "I want you to clear up the things in the garret to-day, and scrub it out."

"Can't do it, massa, no how," said Sambo.

"Can't do it?" asked the gentleman, "why can't you do it?"

"Caze, massa, I'se posed to *high duties.*"

### MEDICAL ADVICE.

"Doctor," said an affectionate mother, "my child, who is three years old, is very fond of peaches. How many would it be safe to give him in the course of the day?"

"Is he in good health?"

"Perfect?"

"Oh, then, I suppose you might give him ten or a dozen fine large ones before breakfast, and—after that, as many more as he can eat?"