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The Kent News.

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, POLITICS, GENERAL NEWS, &C.

Vol. 16. CHESTER TOWN, MD., AUGUST 18, 1855. No. 16.

THE KENT NEWS,

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

Devoted to Agriculture, Literature, Politics, and General News.

EDWARD MANSFIELD,

PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

$1.50 payable in advance—$2 at the expiration of the first six months, or $2.50 at the end of the year. To Clubs—5 copies for $6—10 copies for $10. No subscription received for a shorter period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid.

Single papers 5 cents.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

Advertisements not exceeding ten lines will be inserted three times for $1 and 25 cts. for every insertion thereafter—larger ones in proportion. A liberal deduction made to yearly advertisers. Advertisements must have the number of times marked, or they will be published till forbid and charged accordingly.

Special Notices.—All Communications of a personal nature will be charged for at the rates of fifty cents a square for the first insertion, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion.

Obituary notices, when they exceed six lines, will be charged at the rate of fifty cents a square.

Proceedings of public meetings, except those of a religious or charitable nature, will be charged for at the usual rates, those handing them in will be held responsible.

ESTATE OF JOEL G. NEWNAM.

Maryland, Kent County, Orphans' Court, July 31st, 1855.

On the application of Elizabeth Newnam, administrator of Joel G. Newnam, late of Kent county, deceased,

Ordered, That he give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that the same be published once in each week for the space of four successive weeks in the Kent News, printed and published in Kent county.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphans' Court of the county aforesaid, I have hereunto set my hand and the seal of my office affixed, this 31st day of July, 1855.

(SEAL)

Test, JACOB FISHER,
Reg. of Wills for Kent county.

In compliance with the above order this is to give notice that the subscriber of Kent county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, Maryland, letters Testamentary on the personal estate of Joel G. Newnam, deceased, All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber on or before the 5th day of March, 1856, they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under hand this 31st day of July, 1855. Elizabeth Newnam, Adm'x of Sassa. G. Newnam, dec'd.

Aug. 4, 1855. JES: Col. 3d E. District,

LAND.

Maryland, Kent County Orphans' Court, July 31, 1855.

On the application of Thomas Lusby, administrator of Isaac Ryland, late Kent county, dec'd,

Ordered, That he give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that the same be published once in each week for the space of four successive weeks, in the Kent News, printed and published in Kent county.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphan's Court of the county aforesaid, I have hereto set my hand and the seal of office affixed this 31st day of July, 1855.

(SEAL)

Test, JACOB FISHER,
Reg. of Wills for Kent county.

In compliance with the above order, this is to give notice, that the subscriber of Kent county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of Isaac Ryland, late of Kent county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased's estates are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber on or before the 5th day of March, 1856; they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand this 31st day of July, 1855.

THOMAS LUSBY,
Adm'r Isaac Ryland, dec'd.

Aug. 4, 1855.—4t.

ESTATE OF JOHN E. GALE

Maryland; Kent county, Orphans' Court, August 13th, 1855.

On the application of James H. Gale, administrator of John E. Gale, late of Kent county, deceased;

Ordered, That he gives the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against said deceased's estate, and that the same be published once in each week for the space of four successive weeks, in the Kent News, printed and published in Kent county.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphans' Court of the county aforesaid, I have hereto set my hand and the seal of my office affixed this 13th day of August 1855.

(SEAL)

Test, JACOB FISHER,
Reg. of Wills for Kent county.

In compliance with the above order, this is to give notice that the subscribers of Kent county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, Maryland, letters of Administration on the personal estate of John E. Gale, late of Kent county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscribers on or before the 12th day of March, 1856, they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under our hands this 13th day of August 1855.

JAMES H. GALE.
Adm'r John E. Gale, dec'd.

August 11, 1855—4t.

LUMBER YARD.

A FULL and excellent lot of White Pine and Hemlock Boards; Rails, Joists, Studding, &c., &c., &c., now on hand by the subscriber This is a prime lot of lumber, was stacked before being rafted, and will, when dry, be thoroughly seasoned. The white pine Boards and Plank is very superior. It will soon be dry and will be sold on very accommodating terms.

CHARLES H. WICKES.

July 21, 1855.—tf.

A large and beautiful variety of Fans for sale by

June 9, 1855. W. N. E. Wickes.

POETRY.

HAPPY HOURS.

BY ALICE CAREY.

I feel to-night a sense of bloom,
As if the wild wing of a bird
Some peach tree of the May had stirred
And blossoms blew into my room.

I know the stars are doubly blind
With storm and darkness, yet I see
The yellow violets peep at me
From many covers to my mind.

Like children waking in the night
And peeping from the coverlid,
Wherein their golden heads were hid,
Untimely, looking for the light.

My sweetest friend, my youth has flown,
Yet now as I look back and see
It's vanished joys, they seem to me
But garments of the soul outgrown.

And mates are lost, yet what were they
But travellers to a home divine,
Who tasted with me bread and wine,
Resting a little on the way.

They are but dead to death and sin,
All the gloom that around them lies
Is like the purpling of the skies
Ere the great light of day pours in.

Humble and few to love have I,
But fancy wakes me pictures sweet
Of water pitchers and ripe wheat,
With silvery glimpses of the sky.

That shine, despite this snowy shower
Embittering all the wintry air,
Like bills of birds, brightening where
Thickets of hawthorn are in flower.

So do I feel a sense of bloom,
And the deep joy of happy looks,
Coming like sunshine from the books
That like good neighbors sheer my room.

MISCELLANY.

A Little too Punctual.

A facetious joker who writes under the cognomen of "The Old Un," and who has "tickled us most to death" time and again with his quaint conceits and his inimitable manner of telling a story, gets off the following sketch somewhere, under the title of A Little too Punctual."—Let all who have a taste for the ludicrous read it:

The hour was approaching for the departure of the New Haven steamboat from her berth at New York, and the usual crowd of passengers, and friends of passengers, newsboys, fruit venders, cabmen, and dock loafers, were assembled on and about the boat. We were gazing at the motly group, from the foot of the promenade deck stairs, when our attention was attracted by the singular action of a tall, brown Yankee, in an immense wool hat, chocolate colored coat and pantaloons, and a fancy vest. He stood near the starboard paddlebox, and scrutinized sharply every female who came on board, every now and then consulting an enormous silver bull's eye watch, which he raised from the depths of a capacious fob, by means of a powerful steel chain. After mounting guard in this manner, he dashed furiously down the gang plank and up the wharf, re-appearing on board board almost instantaneously, with a flushed face, expressing the most intense anxiety. This series of operations he performed several times, after which he rushed about the boat wildly, and hopelessly ejaculated:

"What's the time of day? Wonder if my repeater's fast? Whar's the cap'n? Whar's the steward? Whar's the mate? Whar's the boss what owns the ship?"

"What's the matter?" we ventured to asked him, when he stood still for a moment.

"Hain't seen nothing of a gal in a blue sun bonnet, with a white Canton crape shawl (cost fifteen dollars,) pink gown and brown boots, hey, come aboard while I was looking for the cap'n at the pint end of the ship—have ye? hey?"

"No such person has come on board."

"Tormented lightning!" he exclaimed, "she's my wife, married her yesterday. All her trunks and mine aboard, under the pile of baggage as high as a Connecticut steeple. The darned black nigger says he can't hand it out, and I won't leave my baggage, any how. My wife—only think on it—was to have come aboard at half past four, and here it's most five. What's become of her? she can't have eloped. We haint been married long enough for that. You don't think she's been abducted, do ye, mister? Speak! answer! wont ye? O, I'm raving distracted! What are they ringing that bell for? Is the ship afire?"

"It is the signal for departure—the first bell. The second will be rung in four minutes."

"Thunder, you don't say so? Whar's the cap'n?"

"That gentleman in the blue coat."

The Yankee darted to the captain's side. "Cap'n, stop the ship for ten minutes, won't ye?"

"I can't do it sir."

"But ye must, I tell ye. I'll pay ye for it. How much will ye ax?"

"I could not do it."

"Cap'n, I'll give you tew dollars," gasped the Yankee.

The captain shook his head.

"I'll give you five dollars and a half—and a half—and a half—and a half!" he kept repeating, dancing about in his agony, like a mad jackass on a hot iron plate.

"The boat starts at five precisely,' said the captain shortly, and turned away.

"Oh, ye stunny hearted heathin," murmured the Yankee, almost bursting into tears. "Partin' man and wife, and we just one day married."

At this moment the huge paddle wheels began to paw the water, and the walking beam descended heavily, shaking the huge fabric to her centre. The hands began to haul in the gang plank: the fasts were already cast loose.

"Leggo that plank!" roared the Yankee, collaring one of the hands. "Drop it like a hot potato, or I'll heave you into the dock."

"Yo! yo!" shouted the men in chorus, as they heaved on the gangway.

"Shut up, you braying donkeys!" yelled the maddened Yankee, "or there'll be an ugly soot of work."

But the plank was got on board, and the boat splashed past the pier. In an instant the Yankee pulled off his coat, flung his hat beside it on the deck, and rushed wildly to the guard.

"Are you drunk or crazy?" cried a passenger, seizing him.

"I'm going to fling myself into the dock and swim ashore!" cried the Yankee. "I musn't leave Sairy Ann alone in New York city. You may divide my baggage among ye—let me go—I can swim!"

He struggled so furiously that the consequences of his rashness might have been fatal, had not a sudden apparition changed his purpose. A very pretty young woman, in a blue bonnet, white Canton crape shawl, pink dress and brown boots, came towards him. The big brown Yankee uttered one stentorian shout of "Sairy Ann," clasped her in his armed in spite of her struggling, and kissed her heartily right before all the passengers.

"Where did you come from?" he inquired.

"From the ladies cabin," answered the bride. You told me half past four. but I thought I would make sure and come at four."

"A little too punctual!" said the Yankee. "But it's all right now. Hello, cap'n, you can go ahead now, I don't care about stopping. Come nigh losing the passage money and the baggage—come nigh getting drowned, Sairy, all along of you—but its all right now. Go ahead steamboat! Rosin up, there, firemen! Darn the expense!"

When the sun set, the loving couple were seen seated on the upper deck, the big brown Yankee's arm encircling the slender waist of the young woman in the blue bonnet and pink dress. We belive they reached their destination safe and sound.—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

BROILED MACKERAL.

The following good story is told of a member of Congress from Ohio:

"The venerable General H. was for several consecutive years returned to Congress; and as the hotels and boarding houses in Washington City in those days were all on a par, or rather below par, the members were in the habit of occupying, year after year, the same rooms.—The table of Gen. H.'s boarding house, (which was kept by a widow lady and her two daughters) was regularly furnished with stereotyped dinner, and at one end of the table always appeared a broiled mackerel. Gen. H., whose seat was near the fish, had gazed so frequently upon it (for it never was touched except by the cook) that he knew it all "by heart."—Now if the distinguished Representative had one peculiar virtue, it was an affectionate desire to make every person and creature happy. In the course of time Congress adjourned, and Gen. H. paid his bill to the widow, and got ready to start for home. The stage stopped at the door; and the old gentleman showing the goodness of his heart, took the widow by by the hand, and pressing it, bade her farewell; then kissing the daughters, said he would like to see them in Ohio, and furnish them with good husbands, &c., but even this was not all. The black boys who stood along the walls were not forgotten, and grinned as he handed each a silver dollar. As he passed around the breakfast table, which was not yet "cleared off," he saw his old friend the mackerel. The tears came into his eye, and raising it by the tail with his thumb and finger, parted with it, saying. "Well good bye, good bye, my old boy, you and I have served a long campaign together but (wiping his eyes) I suppose we shall meet again next winter. Good bye."—The old gentleman rapidly left the house, and jumping into the stage, rattled off, and fortunately for his ears the widow never saw him again."

All the Difference.—"Ah, Sam, so you've been in trouble, eh?" Yes, Jem, yes." "Well, well, adversity tries us, and shows up our better qualities." "Ah but adversity didn't try me; it was an old Baily Judge, and he showed up my worst qualities."

To the Editor of the Kent News:

Dear Sir:—I would thank you to publish the following letter of Mr. Barringer, the American Minister in 1852 at the Court of Madrid. It will show a conspicuous and instructive instance of the inconsistency and recklessness of Mr. Kenneth Rayner of North Carolina. It is almost cruelty to speak of this Leader of the Know Nothing party, now that his proud State has cast him off in the midst of his hopes. now that in the words of Harry Percy, he may exclaim before his victors—

"They have robbed me of my youth:
I better brook the loss of brittle life
Than the proud titles they have won of me;
They wound my thoughts worse than their swords my flesh.
Oh! I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of Death
Lies on my tongue."

Mr. Ellis, to whom Mr. Barringer's letter is addressed, is the gentleman who took Mr. Kenneth Rayner's statement, and furbished it up on the last fourth of July, in his Know Nothing oration at the city of Washington.

I find by your last paper, that you have conceded to me my true position at the political meeting in this place, on the 17th of last July, as well as the position which I took in my letter of the 28th of the same month. For this acknowledgement, please to accept my thanks, also, my sincere wishes for your temporal and spiritual felicity.

I have tasted the "dessert" contained in the dishes, which you have placed on General Washington's table. If I could postpone the jant which I am about to take for several days, I would add to this *Hotchpot*, a seasoning which might excite the appetite of old Epicurus himself. If I return before it spoils, you may receive a little sauce just to give it a sweeter flavor. You have chosen your "dessert" from the table of Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Lafayette, Jackson, Vanburen, Harrison, and Webster. These were eminent men, and they never countenanced the proscriptive principles of Know Nothingism. You have presented extracts from their writings upon *collateral* issues, and you have perverted their meaning.—This can be easily proved to the satisfaction of the most skeptical, and it is the strongest evidence, I have yet seen, of the pitable shifts resorted to by a party, which has arrayed itself against the wisest Constitution ever offered to a free, intelligent, and magnanimous people.

Respectfully,
R. W. RINGGOLD.

Saratoga, July 23, 1855.

Dear Sir: I did not receive till last evening your note of the 13th inst., addressed to me at Baltimore, and covering your card to the public, in which reference is made to a conversation between the Nuncio of thh Pope at Madrid and myself about the appointment of Mr. Campbell as a member of the present cabinet at Washington. If I had sooner seen or heard of the contents of your card, I should have deemed it my duty to reply at once to that portion of it which refers to myself and to this matter.

You are mistaken as to the purport of the remarks made to me by the representative of the Pope at Madrid. It was not that he knew beforehand that Mr. Campbell would be appointed, and as a member of the Catholic church, or that he knew any thing about it before the appointment was actually made. What I have said, and what I repeat, is, that before I had any certain news of the formation of the cabinet, and while its constitution was still in doubt, and the subject of conjecture in the public mind at Madrid, he told me that Mr. Campbell was appointed, and that he was a Catholic; which was the first information I had of either fact.

I did not at all suppose that he had any previous knowledge of an intention to appoint this gentleman to office, or that he knew, or had any reason to believe, it was done in pursuance of any bargain or intrigue to this effect on the part of any persons whatever.

The inference I made was, that the appointment of a Catholic to this high office being naturally a cause of much interest and satisfaction to the church of that faith especial pains had been taken in some quarter to communicate the earliest intelligence of that fact to the leading members of the Catholic priesthood.

It is proper to add that, having seen in a Raleigh paper a brief, and what appeared to be an imperfect, report of the speech recently made in Washington by the Hon. Kenneth Rayner, in which there occurred a similar statement, though somewhat different in detail from that contained in your card, and in which my name was quoted as authority, I took the earliest opportunity, on the 6th inst., to write him a note for the purpose of correcting the erroneous impressions which might so readily be made on the public mind, however unintentional, from such a reference to a casual conversation in social intercourse, without a written statement of the facts.

I am, very truly, yours, &c.,
D. M. BARRINGER.

To Vespasian Ellis, Esq.,
Washington City.

☞"You are a little bear, madam." "Sir?" "About the shoulders, I mean."

A Plain Spoken Irishman.

Mr. J. Crawford, Editor of the Protestant American, published at Aberdeen, Miss., is an Irishman by birth, an accomplished scholar and eloquent writer. He took strong ground a few weeks ago, in favor of the American party, and having been violently denounced for this by the editor of the Florence (Ala.) Gazette, he has made a response, from which we have taken these paragraphs. Many foreign born citizens might read them with profit and edification:

You charge against us that we conduct a Know Nothing journal. Did it ever strike you, sir, as possible, that the principles we advocate in this paper, and which you fear will arouse the indignation of your readers, are the principles we held *many years before the Know Nothings had an existence?*—that we have not gone to them, but that they have come to us?—that from the circumstance of our foreign birth we knew the force and necessity of one great vital doctrine of the American party long before circumstances forced it upon their attention so strongly that they cannot avoid it—they must meet it and crush it or be crushed by it.

It would be of considerable advantage to you, sir, if, relinquishing your present Quixotic battle against the American party, you would go and see for yourself what Popery is, *where she has the power*. You are now "running a muck" with all the fury of an exasperated Thug against Know Nothing newspapers—suppose you wipe your dripping brow and let your panting system cool and get a little information on the subject of *Popery with power in her hands*. It will teach you charity for the opinions of those you oppose. It will give you time to practice your native politeness; and you may cease to call us *serf, slave, sycophant*, because we choose to set our face "like a flint" against the system which enslaves not the bodies but worse, infinitely worse, the souls and minds, the hopes, the fears of its votaries.

But let us look at the charge. What is the crime? I, an Irish Protestant, and found acting with a party whose leading object is to abolish the temporal power of Popery, am therefore crusading against my own countrymen! Shade of common sense—what ails the man? Did you expect me, sir, to aid, either with my pen or voice, a system which hunted my fathers to the dungeon and the gibbet; which gave them the rack for argument; which placed on their legs the iron boot and drove in wedge after wedge, till the marrow overran this Popish argument(!); which, huddling women and children into a house, applied the torch, and caught them, as they ran madly out, on the heads of their iron pikes. With what party, pray, should I be? Just where I am, sir, with the American party, because it has raised its mighty arm and sworn by Him that liveth for ever and ever, that such scenes shall never be enacted on American soil.

What is my crime? That at a time when half a million Roman Catholics—the blind tools of designing foreign priests—are pouring annually upon our shores, I an Irish Protestant, when the press is at my disposal, should cry "There is danger—protect yourselves while you can. I knew them, where they burned Bibles, they murdered heretics, they set the law of the land at defiance, and would obey no law but the law of the church." This is my crime! This is my only crime!—And for this I am called *slave, sycophant, abject*. And by whom? An American Protestant!! A man whose ancestors perled all for *"freedom to worship God!"* How long will that freedom last, when Popery becomes, numerically, supreme? NOT AN HOUR. How often would you, in Florence, visit the Methodist chapel, if the Pope could prevent it, (and he is only waiting numerical strength) Ah, sir, there would be no chapel there—the thunders of the Vatican would raze it "from turret to foundation stone" just as soon as it had subjects enough to carry out its behests.

A Roland for an Oliver."—The Chicago Press furnishes the following amusing illustration of 'a Roland for an Oliver':

A friend of Governor Reeder's having invited him to resign for the sake of peace and the President, the Governor replied, "If President Pierce thinks *resignation* a sovereign remedy for *embarrassments*, it is about time he was trying it himself!"

A Stickler for Rules.—We are acquainted with a printer who is so enthusiastic in his business, that he never sits down to dinner without insisting on seeing a *proof of the pudding.—Diogenes.*

☞"You're in liquor," as the phial remarked when the snake was put into alcohol.

"Good spirits preserve me!" said the snake to the phial.

☞If a man marry a shrew, are we to suppose he is *shrewd?* Not as we knows on! but if a man marry a fortune, he is *fortunate.*

THE SYMPATHISING WOMAN.

The Georgia Citizen publishes the following insinuation. We leave it for the reader to judge of the probability of its truth.

If we were called upon to describe Mrs. Dobbs, we should without hesitation, call her a very sympathising woman. Nobody was troubled with any malady she had'nt suffered. "She knew all about it by experience, and could sympathize with them from the bottom of her heart."

Bob Turner was a wag, and when one day he saw Mrs. Dobbs coming along the road towards his house, he knew that, in the absence of his wife he should be called upon to entertain her, he resolved to play a little on the good woman's abundant store of sympathy.

Hastily procuring a blanket, he wrapped himself up in it, and threw himself upon a sofa, hard by.

"Why, good gracious! Mr. Turner, are you sick?" asked Mrs. Dobbs, as she saw his position.

"Oh, dreadfully," groaned the imaginary invalid.

"What's the matter?"

"O, a great many things. First and foremost, I've got the congestion of the brain."

"That's dreadful," sighed Mrs. Dobbs. "I came pretty near dying of it ten years come next spring. What else?"

"Dropsy," again groaned Bob.

"There I can sympathize with you. I was troubled with it, but I finally got over it."

"Neuralgia," continued Bob.

"Nobody can tell, Mr. Turner, what I've suffered from neuralga. It's an awful complaint."

"Then, again," said Bob, "I'm very much distressed by an inflammation on the bowels."

"If you've got that I pity you, for three years steady, I was afflicted with it, and I don't think I've fully recovered yet."

"Rheumatism," added Bob

"Yes, that's pretty likely to go along with neuralga. It did with me."

"Toothache," suggested Bob.

"There have been times, Mr. Turner," said the sympathising woman, "when I thought I should have gone distracted with the toothache."

"Then," said Bob, who, having temporally ran out of his medical terms, resorted to a scientific name; "I am very much afraid that I have got the *techyasaurus*."

"I shouldn't be at all surprised," said the ever-ready Mrs. Dobb; "I had it when I was young."

Though it was with great difficulty that he could resist laughing, Bob continued—

"I am suffering a good deal from a sprained ancle."

"Then, you can sympathise with me, Mr. Turner, I sprained mine when I was coming along."

"But that isn't the worst of it."

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Dobbs, with curiosity.

"I wouldn't tell any one but you, Mrs. Dobbs, but the fact is"—here Bob groaned—"I am afraid, and the doctor agrees with me, that my reason is affected—that in short, I'm a little crazy."

Bob took breath and wondered what Mrs. Dobbs would say to that.

"Oh, Mr. Turner, is it possible," exclaimed the lady, "It's horrible! I know it is. I frequently have spells of being out of my head myself!"

Bob could stand it no longer; he burst into a roar of laughter, which Mrs. Dobbs taking for a precursor of a violent paroxysm of insanity, she was led to take a hurried leave.

"Popping the Question," which has heretofore proved such a 'teaser' to bashful youths in the pursuit of matrimony under difficulties, is likely, after a while to be rendered as easy as rolling off a log.

A few nights back a sma'l party of ladies and gentlemen were laughing over the supposed awkwardness attending a declaration of love, when a gentleman remarked that if he ever offered himself he would do it in a collected and business like manner.

"For instance," he continued, addressing himself to a lady presen. "I would say, Miss S——, I have been two years looking for a wife. I am in the receipt of about a thousand dollars a year from my business, which is daily on the increase. Of all the ladies of my acquaintance, I admire you the most, indeed I love you and would gladly make you my wife."

"You flatter me by your preference," good humoredly replied Miss S——, to the astonishment of all present; "I refer you to my father."

"Bravo!" exclaimed the gentlemen.—"Well I declare," said the ladies in a chorus. The lady and gentleman, good reader, were married soon after.

Wasn't that a modest way of 'coming to the point,' and a lady-like method of taking a man at his word.

☞A young lady found one day reading a novel, was asked by a gentlemen how she liked the style? Reviewing the incidents in her memory, she replied, "The style? the style?—oh, sir, I am not come to that yet."