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The Kent News.

A Family Newspaper: Devoted to Literature, Agriculture, Politics, General News, and Advertising.

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The Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT
CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MD.
Office, Masonic Hall, Court House Green.

Jas. H. Plummer & Wm. B. Usilton,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS per annum, *payable in advance.* If not paid within six months from the time of subscribing Two DOLLARS will be *invariably charged.* No subscriptions received for less than six months.

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Job Printing.—Having added to our Office an extensive assortment of New and Beautiful JOB TYPE, we are prepared to execute every description of Job Printing, at short notice, and on very reasonable terms.

Select Poetry.

When the Great Rebellion's Over.

Climbed the baby on her knee,
With an airy, childish grace;
Prattled in her lovely face,
"When will papa come to me?"
"Papa?" soft the mother cried—
"Papa! ah! the naughty rover!
Sweet, my pet, he'll come to thee
When the great Rebellion's over!"

"Mamma once had rosy cheeks,
Danced and sang a merry tune,
Now she rocks me 'neath the moon,
Sits and sighs but scarcely speaks,"
Sad the smile the mother wore.
"Sweet, mamma has lost her lover,
She will blush and sing no more
'Till the great Rebellion's over!

"Till the hush of peace shall come,
Like a quiet fall of snow,
And the merry troops shall go
Marching back to hearts at home—"
"Papa—home?" the baby lisped,
Balmy-breath'd as summer clover,
"Yes, my darling, home at last,
And the sad Rebellion over!"

Entered at the open door,
While the mother soothed her child
One who neither spoke nor smiled,
Standing on the sunny floor.
Wistful eyes met mournful eyes,
Hope took flight, like airy plover;
Ah! poor heart, thou'lt wait in vain
'Till the great Rebellion's over!

Heart, poor heart! too weak to save,
Vain your tears—your longings vain—
Summer winds and summer rain
Beat already on his grave!
From the flag upon his breast,
(Truer breast it ne'er shall cover!)
From its mould'ring colors, wet
With his blood, shall springs beget
Lily, rose and violet,
And a wealth of purple clover,
With the flag upon his breast,
They have hid away your lover—
Weep not! wail not! let him rest,
Having bravely stood the test,
He shall rank among the best
When the great Rebellion's over.

That Piece of Calico.

I know a "piece of calico"
That has a queenly walk,
Is flushed with all of Beauty's glow,
A sweet, poetic talk;
An eye with all the charms of youth,
Beneath a roguish hat;
And every time I see her—sooth,
My heart thumps—*pit-a-pat!*

I know a "piece of calico"
With sweet, angelic face,
A heart as pure as new-born snow,
Form of symmetric grace;
But every time I meet her smile
I know not what I'm at;
My heart keeps choking me the while
In thumping *pit-a-pat!*

I love that "piece of calico"
Much better than my life;
But, much it puzzles me to know
Who's going to call her—wife;
For when I d say on her I dote,
I get blind as a bat,
My heart comes thumping in my throat
In furious *pit-a-pat!*

WHAT IS A DARLING?—It is a dear little beaming girl who meets one on the doorstep; who flings her fair arms around one's neck, and kisses one with her soul of love; who seizes one's hat, who relieves one of his coat, and hands the tea and toast so prettily; who places her elfish form at the piano, and warbles forth unsolicited such delicious songs; who casts herself at one's footstool, and clasps one's hand, and asks eager unheard of questions, with such bright eyes and flushing face, and on whose light, glossy curls one places one's hand and breathes, "God bless her," as the fairy form departs.

A VERY happy comment on the annihilation of time and space by locomotive means of travel was made by a little girl who had rode fifty miles in a railroad train, then took a coach to her uncle's house, some five miles further, and was asked on her arrival if she came by the cars. "We came a little way in the cars, and then all the rest of the way in a carriage."

THE CHEERFUL live longest in life, and, after it, in our regards. Cheerfulness is the offshoot of goodness. It is a sanitary principle as well to the body as to the mind, and is to both the cause and effect of health.

REBEL OCCUPATION OF FREDERICK.

The Frederick *Examiner* publishes an interesting diary of the incidents connected with the Rebel occupation of that city.—We make the following extracts, which will be found quite entertaining:

Saturday, Sept. 6th.—About 10 A. M. Gen. Jackson's command, 15,000 or 18,000 strong, preceded by Gen. Stark, accompanied by Bradley T. Johnson, marched into the city, read Lee's proclamation, and passed through with 22 pieces of artillery to Worman's woods, where they encamped. B. T. Johnson ordered that Gen. Cooper's mansion should be taken for *his* headquarters, but for reasons that have not transpired, did not occupy it.—All that has been written of the squalor, filth and famine of the lousy rebels, falls short of the reality. The beggars besieged every house for food, and we have yet to hear of the first Unionist who refused food to the hungry and begrimed trespassers; our "Secesh" citizens, however, soon turned the cold shoulder upon the "deliverers," who had come upon their thousand fold invitation, and thenceforth kept their doors closed against the unwashed and odoriferous chivalry. At night, a gang of these rascals attacked and sacked the *Examiner* office. The stores of our merchants, loyal and secesh alike, were ransacked for food and clothing, payment invariably being made in Confederate scrip and Southern trash, to their great pecuniary loss.

Sunday, 7th.—Wm. Mahoney, Esq., commissioner of enrollment and draft for this county, was arrested, and the enrollment books destroyed. A rebel officer rode up to a group of ladies in front of the residence of Lawrence J. Brengle, Esq., and tendered them a present of a ring, which, he said, "was made of the ankle-bone of a dead Yankee." The brutal gift was scornfully refused. General Jackson attended worship in the evening at the Evan. Ref. Church, and fell asleep during the service.

Monday, 8th.—Lee's, Johnson's, Philpot's, White's, Heard's and Kilgour's pronunciamentos were published in handbill form. The Rebel professions of friendship and protection were overwhelming, but still the people refused to "rise." Rebel braggadocio assailed every ear, and a few unthinking young men joined their ranks.

Tuesday, 9th.—Recruiting goes on slowly; many, who came to town to join the rebels, thought better of their folly, and returned quietly to their homes. A large American flag was tied to the tails of two cavalry horses, and trailed in the dust through our streets. This shameful exhibition provoked many an imprecation both loud and deep upon the vile traitors, regardless of the rebel dominion. To add to the excitement, two females appeared in an old barouche, the top of which had been broken off, attired in Secesh colors, and making a wanton display of their tory sentiments Their names are said to be Miss Shorb, a daughter of Dr. Shorb, of this county, and Rosa Ford, of Baltimore.

Wednesday, 10th.—Vague rumors began to circulate that the Federal army was on the way to punish Rebel insolence and intrusion; and soon the note of preparation for a rebel exodus was sounded. In departing, the notorious Howell Cobb made a blackguard and incoherent speech to the populace, threatening vengeance for any retribution on Secession sympathizers, and promising to "attend to all d—d Yankees when he returned," saying he would soon be back.

Thursday, 11th.—Rumors of the Federal approach thicken. The Rebels used the Hospital and made it exceedingly *animated* with Jackson's "mite-y host."

Friday, 12th.—"The Federals are coming," passed from mouth to mouth.—Stewart's cavalry *cavorted* about the streets during the morning. At length at about 4 P. M. the banners of the Union could be distinguished approaching the city on the east. At this time the Rebel cavalry turned tail and "skedaddled". As they disappeared, Gen. Burnside and his gallant command entered the city amid the enthusiastic and vociferous greeting of the loyalists. The people were literally frantic with joy, and no conquering hero ever received a more perfect ovation. Thus ended the Rebel occupation of Frederick, on a day (the 12th of September) memorable in the history of Maryland, and dear to every patriot.

Saturday, 13th.—Early in the morning Gen. Hooker advanced and opened fire on the Rebels, driving them over the crest of the Blue Ridge and beyond Middletown. About 10 A. M. Gen. McClellan and his staff rode into town, and if ever any demonstration of an overjoyed people exceeded the reception of Burnside, it was the welcome extended to McClellan. The people wept for joy; the ladies thronged about his horse impeding its progress, and the Chieftain himself was deeply affected at the gratifying proofs of loyalty that surrounded him.

THE GOLD OF THE WORLD.—A cubic inch of gold is worth one hundred and forty-six dollars; a cubic foot, two hundred and fifty-two thousand two hundred and eighty-eight dollars; a cubic yard, six millions eight hundred and seventy-six dollars. The quantity of gold now in existence is estimated to be three thousand millions of dollars, which welded in one mass, could be contained in a cube of twenty-three feet.

A TRIBUTE TO GEN. McCLELLAN.

We find the following in the New York Commercial Advertiser, which is so fair and truthful towards General McClellan that we transfer it to our columns:

As to General McClellan, now restored to his rightful position, all we have to say is, God be praised that we have such a man to lead our hosts to war! His appointment at first, and his re-appointment now, are but a just tribute to military genius, to high and noble principle, and to heroic bravery. The shadow has passed away. The vapors of distrust and jealousy have, by the force of circumstances, been swept from the clear sky of his reputation. McClellan is the man whom Providence designated for the crisis. His military education, his experience of practical warfare, his cool, indomitable courage, his deep-seated moral principle, with a modesty and self-possession such as usually characterize great minds, pointed him out as the reliable man to be entrusted with a nation's defence.

The veteran of a hundred battles saw his worth, and cast over his young shoulders his own mantle. Gracefully has he worn it. The judgment of Scott has been authenticated. The young hero has verified his prediction. McClellan has never lost a battle. He has been censured as too slow, as lacking the Napoleonic dash. But where in the history of military men shall we find greater executive energy, a more just appreciation of his own and his enemy's positions, or a quicker readiness to strike when the blow will tell with crushing effect? He is careful of human life. So ought every General to be.—His soldiers know this, and they put their lives freely into his hands. They know that in following his lead, they are following no blind guide. No man, be he soldier or civilian, can once look upon his face and ever after feel anything like distrust. The love of the army for him is a passion. If you ask why, it is because he is a true man, as well as a brave and skillful General.

He combines the highest attribute of humanity with the highest qualities of the soldier. Self is laid on the altar of duty. God and his country are with him. Are not the plainest men able to see this?—Whilst this is the case, distraction must hurl her arrows at him in vain. His name with the army is a tower of strength. The very mention of it is received with thunders of applause. 'What has he done?' is sometimes asked with a sneer. But that question is *now* simply impertinent. The veterans know what he has done.—They remember the seven days fight, the consummate skill which kept eighty thousand men at bay, saved his army, and left thirty thousand dead and wounded on the field. History will do justice to this exploit, scarcely ever equalled—never exceeded in the annals of military achievements.

"THE DELIVERERS."—About nine hundred Rebel prisoners, captured in the recent battles in Western Maryland, passed through Baltimore last Saturday, under an armed escort, on their way to Fort Delaware. The following description of their appearance is given by a Baltimore paper:

"Such a motley collection of human bipeds was never before seen anywhere outside of Dixie. Falstaff's conscripts, so graphically described by Shakspeare, was a fair type of these poor wretches; a body of men of the same number were probably never before gathered together in one mass, in any Christian or civilized country, in which less intellectual endowments were to be found, than was manifested by them. Poverty and destitution, filth and rags, were the predominant characteristics of the whole crew. They truly verified the title given to their class by the negro slaves of the rich planters of the South, who term them the "*poor white trash.*" It was a pitiable, at the same time that it was a disgusting sight; and it was a humiliating thought, that *these* were the *deliverers*—the Southern *chivalry*—which our painted beauties and their would-be aristocratic male fellow-sympathizers with the cotton oligarchs, have been so long praying for, to relieve "Maryland, my Maryland."

Losses at the Battle of Antietam.

A gentleman who participated in burying the dead and attending to the wounded of the battle of Antietam, assures us that in addition to the 2,600 dead rebels buried by our side on that field, on the road near by there are trenches filled with dead rebels, buried by their own comrades in arms. One trench is marked with a stake penciled thus: "Gen. Anderson and 141 others;" another: "Col. Stark and 114 others;" another: "81;" and others of other numbers. Thus, in the space of one-third of a mile are trenches containing 500 bodies of rebels killed in that battle buried by their own companions; so that their whole loss then and there was, indeed, thrse or four fold ours, at least.—*Washington Star.*

A man from Charleston, S. C., says that the six hundred and fifty-two houses burned in the great fire have as yet been replaced by only ten small brick stores.—One-third burned, one-third deserted, and the other third inhabited only by the poorer classes, Charleston is draining the "poisoned chalice" she prepared for the country's ruin.

President Lincoln and the Chicago Emancipation Committee.

Two weeks ago a committee appointed at a public meeting of Christians of all denominations, held in Chicago on the 7th of Sept., waited upon Mr. Lincoln urging him to issue a proclamation of emancipation similar to that which he has more recently put forth. The President listened attentively to the reading of the memorial, and afterwards replied at length. It will be seen that his views must have undergone a radical change—if indeed changed they are—during the short space that intervened between the interview with this committee and the date of the proclamation. He commenced by saying:

"The subject presented in the memorial is one upon which I have thought much for weeks past, and I may even say for months. I am approached with the most opposite opinions and advice, and that by religious men, who are equally certain that they represent the Divine will. I am sure that either the one or the other class is mistaken in that belief, and perhaps in some respects both. I hope it will not be irreverent for me to say that, if it is probable that God would reveal his will to others on a point so connected with *my* duty, it might be supposed he would reveal it directly to me.

"What *good* would a proclamation of emancipation from me do, especially as we are now situated? I do not want to issue a document that the whole world will see must necessarily be inoperative, like the Pope's bull against the comet. Would *my word* free the slaves, when I cannot even enforce the constitution in the Rebel States? Is there a single court, or magistrate, or individual that would be influenced by it there? And what reason is there to think it would have any greater effect upon the slaves than the late law of Congress, which I approved, and which offers protection and freedom to the slaves of Rebel masters who come within our lines. Yet I cannot learn that the law has caused a single slave to come over to us. And suppose they could be induced, by a proclamation of freedom from me, to throw themselves upon us, *what should we do with them?* How can we feed and care for such a multitude? * * Now then, tell me, if you please, what possible result of good would follow the issuing of such a proclamation as you desire?"

These were the views of Mr. Lincoln, deliberately expressed, a few days prior to the issue of his proclamation, and it is believed by many that he is still of the same opinion. But the immense pressure could be no longer resisted, and he was compelled to yield his better judgment to the persistent appeals of others.

The President's Proclamation.

[From the New York Herald]

The gravity of this proclamation will strike every one. It has been forced upon the nation by the abolitionists of the North and the secessionists of the South.

This proclamation, however, gives the South an opportunity to escape the fate so clearly and emphatically marked out by Mr. Lincoln. It should be her golden opportunity. * * * It is at this time, with victory in our hands, and enormous preparations for crushing out all opposition, that the President issues this important manifesto, and gives the people of the South this chance. It is now the question with them whether or not they are prepared, for the sake of the few miserable leaders of this wicked rebellion, to submit to this overwhelming revolution in their social system. There is the document. There is the time fixed for the return of the rebellious States to the allegiance of the Federal government. No events in the history of the world surpasses the one now presented by the President.

SLAVES IN THE SOUTH.—Should the rebellion continue in its present shape until the 1st of January next, the number of slaves which will on that day be emancipated under the proclamation of the President will be as follows:

Alabama,	435,132
Arkansas,	111,104
Florida,	61,753
Georgia,	462,232
Louisiana,	333,010
Mississippi,	436,696
North Carolina,	331,081
South Carolina,	402,541
Tennessee,	275,784
Texas,	180,682
Eastern Virginia,	375,000
Total, census of 1860,	3,405,015

The natural increase will probably make the aggregate at the present time about 3,500,000.

DEATH FROM A SINGULAR CAUSE.—A few days since a daughter of Mr. Sewell Blood, of Waltham, about four years of age, plucked a tiger lily from the garden and snuffed the pollen from the flower into her head. She was shortly after seized with dizziness and convulsions, from which she died, after excruciating suffering, in four days.—*Boston Post.*

WHO ARE WHOLESALE DEALERS?—The Commissioner of Internal Revenue has decided, upon inquiry, that a person whose occupation is that of a retail dealer, may, under his license, sell by the piece or original package to a consumer; but if he sells by the piece or original package to those who sell again, he is liable to be taxed as a wholesale dealer.

THE WORLD OF LIGHT.

Standing in the midst of our darkness, in a world where there is so much misery; where we see so few things with any degree of clearness, we may learn to prize more the descriptions of that world to which we go—the declarations respecting heaven which the Bible so appropriately closes: "And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it and the Lamb is the light thereof. And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it—and there shall be no more curse; but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and his servants shall serve him. And they need no candle, neither the light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light."

What a glorious career is before the Christian! All his darkness shall yet be dissipated; all that is now obscure shall be made light. Destined to live forever and ever; capable of an eternal progression in knowledge; advancing to a world where all is light; soon to be ushered into the splendors of shat eternal abode where there is no night, we may well submit for a little time to the mysteries which hang over the Divine dealings, and with exulting feelings look onward. In a little time—a few weeks or days—by a removal to a higher sphere of being, we shall doubtless have made a progress in true knowledge, compared with which all that we have gained since we left our cradles is a nameless trifle; and then all that there is to be known in the character of our Maker and the principles of his moral government—all that is to be enjoyed in a world of glory without a tear—all that is beatific in the friendship of God the Father, of the ascended Redeemer, of the Sacred Spirit, and of the angels—all that is blessed and pure in the goodly fellowship of the apostles and martyrs—and all that is rapturous in reunion with the spirits of those we loved on earth, and the friendship of the "just made perfect" is before us.

Let it be dark then a little longer; let the storm a little longer beat around me, and the waves arise, let even the heavens be overcast, so that I can see neither sun nor star, I will neither murmur nor complain; for I see the light burn clearly that stands on the shores of eternity; and that invites and guides me there.

What is the Hardest Mode to Die?

To be shot dead is one of the easiest modes of terminating life; yet, rapid as it is, the body has leisure to feel and reflect. On the first attempt by one of the frantic adherents of Spain to assassinate William, Prince of Orange, who led in the revolt of the Netherlands, the balls passed through the bones of the face and brought him to the ground. In the instant that perceded stupefaction, he was able to frame the notion that the ceiling of the room had fallen and crushed him. The cannon shot which plunged into the brain of Charles the Twelfth, did not prevent him from seizing his sword by the hilt. The idea of an attack, and the necessity for defense, was pressed on him by a blow which we should have supposed too tremendous to leave an interval for thought. But it by no means follows that the inflicting of fatal violence is accomplished by a pang.—From what is known of the first effect of a gun-shot wound, it is probable that the impression is rather stunning than acute. Unless death be immediate, the pain is as varied as the nature of the injuries, and these are past counting up. But there is nothing singular in the dying sensation, though Lord Byrom remarked the physiological peculiarity that the expression is invariably that of languor, while in death from a stab, the countenance reflects the natural character of gentleness or ferocity to the death. Some of these cases are of interest to show with what slight disturbance life may go on under a mortal wound till it finally comes to a sudden stop. A foot soldier at Waterloo, pierced by a musket ball in the hip, begged water of a trooper, who chanced to possess a canteen of beer. The wounded man drank—returned his heartiest thanks, mentioned that his regiment was nearly exterminated, and having proceeded a dozen yards on his way to the rear, fell to the earth, and with one convulsive movement of his limbs concluded his career. "Yet his voice," says the trooper who tells the story, "gave scarcely the smallest sign of weakness." Capt. Basil Hall, who, in his early youth was present at the battle of Carumma, has singled out from the confusion which consigns to oblivion the woes and gallantry of war, another instance, extremely similar, which occurred on that occasion. An old officer, who was shot in the head, arrived faint and pale at the temporary hospital, and begged the surgeon to look at his wound which was pronounced mortal. "Indeed, I feared so," he responded with impeded utterance, "and I should like to live a little longer were it possible." He laid his sword upon a stone at his side "as gently," says Hall, "as if its steel had been turned to glass, and almost immediately sank dead upon the turf."

MODEL CERTIFICATE.—"Dear Doctor, I will be one hundred and seventy-five years old next October. For ninety-four years I have been an invalid, unable to move except when stirred with a lever. But a year ago I heard of the Granicular Syrup. I bought a bottle, smelt the cork, and found myself a new man. I can now run twelve miles in a half hour, and throw nineteen somersets without stopping."

"IMPORTANT IF TRUE."—The New York Herald, noted for its "sensation" stories, publishes the following among its Washington dispatches:

I am informed by a gentleman high in the confidence of the administration, that the President has had in contemplation for some time, and will shortly issue, another highly important proclamation. It may therefore be expected at any moment. It will proclaim the State of Florida at once to be under the jurisdiction of the Federal government, inviting, at the same time, all free laborers from the North and West, white and black, to settle in said State for the purpose of cultivating cotton. The President will guarantee them ample protection by both the army and navy. The State constitution is to be set aside for the present, and the State reduced to a territorial condition, and governed accordingly. It is said that this is only initiating a policy which is to be largely adopted hereafter if it should prove successful. The President hopes by this means to make ample provision for the cultivation of cotton not only for our domestic wants, but to supply foreign governments, thereby obviating the necessity for intervention.

THE HIGHEST BALLOON ASCENSION.—Mr. Glaisher, the celebrated scientific savan, and Mr. Coxwell, the daring aeronaut at London, recently ascended in a balloon to the almost incredible height of six miles. The observations of the former will prove most valuable to science, but both gentlemen had a narrow escape from destruction. Mr. Glaisher became totally insensible at about the fifth mile, but Mr. Coxwell went on until his hands were frozen, and he was just able to pull the cord attached to the valve with his mouth, and thus cause the balloon to descend. Mr. Glaisher says there is no more to be learned, and that certain death must ensue if an attempt is made to reach a greater height.

CURIOUS EFFECTS OF CAMOMILE.—A decoction of the leaves of common camomile will destroy all species of insect, and nothing contributes so much to the health of a garden as a number of camomile plants dispersed through it. No greenhouse or hothouse should ever be without it, in a green or dried state; either the stalks or the flowers will answer. It is a singular fact that, if a plant is drooping and apparently dying, in nine cases out of ten it will recover, if you plant camomile near it.

IGNORANCE IS BLISS.—A private letter from a gentleman on a gunboat, on the Mississippi river, to his sister in this city, gives an amusing account of an interview with a lumberman up the Yazoo river who had never heard of the troubles about secession, and received his first intimation that war was raging from our force on the gunboat. He had been in the gum swamps for two years. When he met our gunboats and heard of the war he was much astonished, as may well be supposed. He was on his way, at the time, to Vicksburg, to secure a market for his lumber.—*Rochester Express.*

GENTLEMEN AND THEIR DEBTS.—The late Rev. Dr. Sutton, Vicar, of Sheffield, once said to the late Mr. Peech, a veterinary surgeon, "Mr. Peech, how is it you have never called upon me for your account?" "Oh," said Mr. Peech, "I never ask a *gentleman* for money." "Indeed," said the Vicar, "then how do you get on if he don't pay?" "Why," replied Mr. Peech, "after a certain time I conclude that he is *not* a gentleman, and then I ask him."

AN Englishman and a Yankee being in a promiscuous company, the latter was so much struck with some bold air sang by the former, that he asked the name of it.

'Oh, nothing but the tune the old cow died on,' was the response.

The Yankee struck up Yankee Doodle.

'What is that?' asked his companion.

'That is the tune the old bull died on!' was the very prompt reply. No more questions were asked.

A PIOUS old deacon, who, with all his piety, sometimes feared lest he should not reach Heaven at last, sitting at dinner one day and exhibiting a piece of steak on the end of his fork, "I wish," says he, "that I was as sure of Heaven as I am of eating that piece of beef." "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," said Sam, the deacon's young scamp of a son, as he knocked it upon the floor, and the family dog quickly swallowed it.

SHAKERS.—A man who had won a fat turkey at a raffle, and whose pious wife was very inquisitive about his method of obtaining the poultry, satisfied her scruples at last by the remark that "the Shakers gave it to him."

"I AM afraid you will come to want," said an old lady to a young man. "*I have* come to want already," said he; "I want your *daughter!*" The old lady opened her eyes in astonishment and sneezed.

"BILL, spell cat, rat, hat, bat, fat, with only one letter for each word."

"It can't be did."

"Just look here then: C 80 cat, R 80 rat, H 80 hat, B 80 bat, F 80 fat."

A mathematician being asked by a stout fellow, "If two pigs weigh twenty pound, how much will a large hog weigh?" replied, "Jump into the scales, and I will tell you immediately."