THE HALF MAST FLAG.

As Rowley is famous for pumpkins, and Charlestown for pork, so is Beverly for beans. As current rumor goes, pigs could not course the street there with the impunity they do here. In a vast kiln, the cooking of the pulse for the consumption of this town of Daniels daily goes on, and the pork, which unctuates the otherwise dry mass, is driven in alive and whole.

All this, be it understood, is the assertion of the hogs of Charlestown, the pumpkins of Rowley, the Marble-heads of Marblehead, and other enemies of the ancient town which once formed a part or precinct of Salem No Beverly man will confess the impeachment true in all its counts, though many of them are ready to go their death on beans, as Gov. Hamilton was on his sugar. The vessels from Beverly take out an abundance of the article among their stores, and it is a matter of report that a Beverly vessel once signalized herself in distress for provisions, on coming home. Assistance went down, and it was discovered that nothing was deficient in the harness cask, or meat barrel, there was water enough on board for a month longer, and bread and potatoes sufficient for the same length of time. The only article deficient was—beans! and without them the mariners would not and could not support the fatigue of working their vessel up the harbor.

That, probably, however, may be mere fiction, and, as veracious chroniclers, we are bound to stick to facts. In the fall of 18—, a large number of American vessels were assembled as usual, at Constadt, in Russia; and wherever there is a large number of American vessels in any port, you are pretty sure to find some of them commanded by captains from Cape Cod, and so along shore in Massachusetts; and very likely to find among them Massachusetts boys, a small sprinkling of lads from "Beantown." The youth there are amphibious, and from paddling and living among the docks, are not unfrequently seen with scales on their feet—particularly when they have been catching fish.

Among these American captains at Constadt, there was one thorough blooded "beaner." Ask him the particular characteristic of America, and he would tell you it is the continent on which Beverly is situated. Enquire into farther details, and he would mention New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and some other villages, as also situated in the United States. But Beverly was always uppermost; it was his Jerusalem, to which, after all his wanderings, he "calculates" to return. So do many others; and surely it is no bad place which clings thus to the hearts of its wandering children.

That our captain was roasted like a parched pulse among his countrymen, the reader will easily guess. He bore it all in very good part, without a word of complaint, but looked unutterable things. He retorted upon his friends with soubriquets of their places of nativity; but beans stuck the best, and while all jokes on him told well, none of his told upon others. He was decidedly in a most hopeless minority.

One morning the flag of our Yankee friend's vessel was discovered hanging at half mast.—Other American captains immediately answered the signal, out of respect to their friend, and all the American shipping then in port displayed the same token of mourning. Every body was asking the news, and the occasion of this testimonial; but as nothing disastrous pertaining to the general weal of America was heard of, the conclusion was very naturally reached, that some one on board the Beverly vessel was dead. Several Englishmen, out of general respect to their distant connexion, the Americans, out of courtesy to our friend in particular, hoisted their ensigns at half mast, too, and some of the French vessels followed suit, so that the Constadt mole was pretty generally clad in mourning.

Enquiry soon possessed the captains of the fact that no one on board the Elizabeth was dead, and the last and certain conclusion to which they arrived, was that Capt. L. had got the news of the death of his wife. The fact that he had not made his appearance on shore, strengthened this opinion. Capt. L. was a universal favorite, and it is justice to other ship-masters to say that his misfortunes cast a real gloom over all their faces. They pittied him, and thought of their own wives, children and friends, and each as he thought of the possibility that the next melancholy intelligence from home might be for him, repaired at his earliest convenience, on board Capt. L's vessel to offer condolence.

Sailors may not be always capable of the finish and accuracy of speech which conceal insincerity; but they are honest in their assertions, and pretend to no sympathy when they do not feel it. Capt. L. sat on the locker in his cabin; his elbow rested on a table, and his head on his hand. His grief had as yet found no utterance in words, and the cabin was filling up with visitors. Silence would not have answered, so they began to throw consolation in by random shots.

"It is hard to lose a man's wife," said one, "but we must all die."

That did not seem to hit the Captain's grief and another tried.

"I felt the loss of my child three years ago, but Heaven has been kind, and sent me another."

The wound was not yet probed.

"When a man's mother dies, who has lived only for him, as a boy may say, it is natural and proper to feel bad; and a man must have as little feeling as anchor stock who don't."

The bird did not fall from the bush at this, nor at any other of the sallies of the visiters. At length it was time to go, & one of them stepped forward with his hand, and feeling as awkward as any body would, who was about to make a speech and knew that every body is looking at him.

"Well Capt. L., we know it is not decent nor ship-shape, to perplex and annoy a man with questions, who is in trouble, but we should like, before we go, to have you put it in our power to know how, and for what to feel for you."

Capt. L. slowly arose, with all the marks of deep grief on his countenance.

"Gentlemen," he commenced, and did not have to call their attention twice, "I have indeed met with an afflicting dispensation. That I shall be able to support it I have no doubt, especially as I have the condolence and commiseration of so many friends. Great as is my grief, I will briefly state it. My steward, gentlemen, neglected, until it was too late to provide them for this day's dinner, to inform me that there were on board this vessel, NO BEANS!"

The listeners looked from the speaker to each other in astonishment. The first stared vacantly, then smiled; then laughed; then shouted; and three times three as uproarious cheers, as were ever uttered, rung in the little cabin.

It is unnecessary to say that after this Capt. L. heard no more taunts about the pabulum of the infants and adults of his native town.

THE DUCHESS OF C****,

NOW DUCHESS OF D****.

There lived, about forty years since, an old Duke, whose principality, in the event of his dying without heir, was to revert to the crown of Russia. This old Duke had passed sixty years of his life in a state of constant hostility against the Emperor and the Russian government. He was without children, and saw with despair the moment approach, when his death would be the means of enriching those he so cordially detested.

One day he adopted a sudden resolution. A noble in his neighborhood, his vassal, had a daughter of seventeen, beautiful, full of talent, and well educated. He asked her in marriage; in other words he announced to his vassal he intended to marry his daughter. A refusal was impossible; the proposition was received, as it ought to have been, with submission and respect. The young lady herself, who perhaps had already dreamed of other lovers, was not the less bound to yield to the wishes of her father and her prince.

The ceremony was celebrated without delay. On leaving the church, the old Duke gallantly seized the hand of his young bride, and said:

"Madame, I must have an heir before the end of twelve months. This country is too cold, and does not suit you. Your equipages are ready; you will set off instantly for Italy. My chamberlain, an amiable man, handsomely made, and full of talent, will accompany you. Let me hear from you from time to time, and do not return until you are a mother."

The young Duchess once more submitted, and set off on her journey. She returned at the expiration of a year; the old Duke had an heir.

The cold sky of Russia was not probably more suited to the youthful heir than to his mother; for immediately after the death of *his father*, the old Duke, she fixed herself in France, having made an arrangement with the court of Russia for an exchange of her principality.

Married to a young Duke much in favor, in consequence of his being the nephew of a very powerful personage, she is at the present day the most distinguished ornament of the diplomatic *salons*.

Last Moments of Men of Genius.

Rosseau, when dying, ordered his attendants to place him before the window that he might once more behold his garden, and bid adieu to nature. Roscommon uttered, at the moment he expired, two lines of his own version of *Dies iræ*. Haller died feeling his pulse, and when he felt it almost gone, turning to his brother physician, said, "My friend, the artery ceases to beat," and died. Petrarch was found dead in his library, leaning on a book. Bede died in the act of dictating. Herder closed his career writing an ode to the Deity, his pen on the last line. Walter died repeating some lines of Virgil. Tasso's dying request of Cardinal Cynthia, was indicative of the gloom which haunted him through life. He had one favor, he said, to request of him, which was, that he would collect his works and commit them to the flames, especially his Jerusalem Delivered. Leibnitz was found dead in his chamber with a book in his hand. Clarendon's pen dropped from his fingers when he was seized with the palsy which terminated his life. Chaucer died ballad making. His last production he entitled "A Ballad made by Geoffrey Chaucer on his death bed, in great anguish." Wicherly, when dying, had his young wife brought to his bedside, and having taken her hand, in a very solemn manner said he had but one request to make of her, and that was, that she would never marry an old man again. Keats, a little before he died, when his friend asked how he did, replied in a low voice, "better, my friend, I feel the daisies growing over me."

A NEW TOWN AFFAIR.

The inhabitants of a town in Connecticut, it is said, have voted that, whereas the selling of rum is profitable to the seller and unprofitable to the town, the town will take the business in their own hands. They accordingly appointed a man to sell spirits for them, voted him a salary, ordered the select men to furnish the rum, and directed the agent to register every man who bought the rum, and the quantity bought.

We commend the following to general perusal:

THOUGHTS AFTER ELECTION.

FOR YOUNG WORKINGMEN.

The heats of election time are over, and we think it might be well for us to look about us for something with which to occupy the minds of our restless population. During the long winter evenings our workingmen need something to take the place of the calculations, the arguments, the wagers, and the wordy war about Van Buren and Harrison. We have had our pageants, our beacon-fires, our salutes, and our treats; it is time to sit down to the quiet enjoyments of the season.

And a blessed season it is after all.—Spring, summer, and autumn have each their appropriate delights, and these are mostly enjoyed under the blue heavens and in the balmy air; but winter, cheerful winter, is the time for in-door comforts, the quest of knowledge, and the flow of affection. They may talk of May, but who does not know that the mutual attachments of young hearts put forth their clasping tendrils most lustily between Thanksgiving-day and the return of the Bluebird? Now, when ruddy fires begin to throw their dancing flames over the snug sitting-room—when the piping of the wind tells how close the house is—when Jack Frost drives the rosy children to wanton about the father's knee, or roll half-asleep upon the rug—now is the time when the workingman, who has that best of earthly gifts, a wife and abundance of little olive-branches about his table, learns fully what is meant by the happy syllable, HOME!

The rivals of our home are many and fearful. Among the direst is the drinking place, whether known as porter-house, grog-shop, or tavern. The man who spends his evenings in these stygian fumes soon grovels and wallows away half his civilization. Where ought he to be, but by his own warm fireside, rewarding his wife for the solitary labors and vexations of the day, and receiving on his own part those cheap but invaluable pleasures, which are as much above the delirium and ribaldry of the bar-room as the light of day is above the glimmer of a dipped candle! I am no enemy to tavern-keepers. They are a useful class of men. Their offices of kindness to the stranger and the traveller, ought to be remembered and repaid, but they ought likewise to be freed from the horrible enormities which proceed from their phials of madness and death. The worst effects of ill-conducted taverns are felt not by the wayfaring man, for whose behoof the inn is instituted, but by the throng of villagers and neighbors, who have, or ought to have, homes of their own, who need no tavern, and who resort thither from idleness, from love of excitement, or from beastly appetite.

Go into any town and abide for a few days at one of these marts of alcoholic temptation. Mark the men who, from day to day, enter the ever-open doors. Some are there for hours, some at frequent intervals; some are maudlin by the grate or stove, others are hanging about the porch. You have before you the representatives of the indolence, the loquacity, the unthrift, the mischief-making, and the insolvency of the place. Is there one of them who drives a handsome business? Is there one of them who wears his own earnings on his back? Not one. Is there one of them who is reputed for philanthropy, public spirit, or successful talent in any department? Not one. Is there one of them who enjoys the alertness, the clear spirits, and the rosy hue of health? Not one. That increasing plethora and sluggish growth is not the sign of strength. The cheek is flabby and the hand is soft. That redness of the eyes and nose is not the color of genuine health. That simper and that laugh are not the gayety which irritated the face before the tavern became a shrine.

Ah! if that bar-room could be adjured to testify—if those books, redolent of brandy and spotted with the marks of many a tumbler, could be put to the question—if, after every name, you could read the history of the drunkards who have dropped off one by one—how would the hideous revelation scare the very sot from his swinish indulgence! The spell, however, is not broken, because the true Lethe is ever nigh. The first twinge of conscience is quieted by brandy and water. Hence it is that the tavern-haunter is so often hopeless. He drinks till he feels himself half-ruined—he is wretched—he drinks to drown his wretchedness—he does drown it, and his soul along with it. Oh, hapless youth! before such be *your* fate—break away, by a sudden, an agonizing effort, or you swell the list of victims.

The brandy-house and home are antagonist powers—deadly foes—irreconcileable rivals. If you wish to embitter a man's home, and break his young wife's heart, introduce him to the bar-room.—Grant all you please of attraction at home, the drinking-place will have more.

Has he a virtuous, sensible, notable, comely, loving wife, and endearing babes? No matter. His leisure hours are not for *them*, but for the loungers at the bar and porch. He will feign business, or anxiety for news, or the expectation of a customer, or any one of a thousand pretexts, to take him and keep him there. There he is at noon and at night, and on the Sabbath. Until habit has steeled him, he sneaks thither. Grown bolder, he becomes a fixture of the establishment. Every drinking-place has its retinue of attendants, known to every passer-by. The tavern-sign is not more familiar than the tavern-suitors. Homeless creatures! each of whom, in some bright or humble sphere, might have been enjoying such innocent delight, around the domestic altar, as could make this world a type of Paradise!

To young men beginning life, especially to newly married men, the counsel is seasonable. REVERENCE THE FIRESIDE.—Admit no rival here. Let your chief joys be shared by her who has forsaken all other hearts and hopes for you; by those who must inherit honor or disgrace from your course of life. Shun the bar-room, and the purlieus of intoxication. It is to thousands the avenue to infamy. Help to rid those industrious men who preside over public houses, and succumb to the sad necessity of leading sober men into drunkenness, and drunkards into despair; help to rid them of this unpleasant part of their office. They protest their grief for these results. You cannot but believe them. Help them to wash their hands of the horrible stain.

Repository and Whig.

An Ex-Counter Jumper's Story.

Once upon a time, when we flourished extensively as a "counter jumper," and wielded a yardstick, we were called upon to exhibit some calicoes, "newest patterns," to an old lady who had in company her daughter, a sweet little country lassie, with the bloom of some sixteen summers upon her cheek, and pure artlessness melting in her heart. A due enlargement upon the merits, and particularly the absence of all gaudiness in the calico, soon decided the old lady to take nine yards thereof. As country people are good customers sometimes, and showing an article never loses a sale, we placed before the ladies a lot of new and very handsome long net-gloves, sure that their curiosity would be pleasantly exercised at the least. The old lady gazed upon them with some attention, but to the daughter they were a matter of the deepest interest. She turned them about every which way, examined the texture, thrust her hand into them, and after several minutes of close examination, she turned to her mother, evidently ready to burst into a full laugh, and holding up the gloves, exclaimed, *"La! mother, did you ever see stockings with two, before!"*

Richmond Transcript.

THE OFFICE SEEKER.

The following extract from a humorous story entitled "The Politician," written by Paulding, is forcibly brought to mind by the unprecedented rage for office that now pervades all parts of the country. It represents a conversation between a member of the Cabinet and a hanger-on for office.

The Secretary was called from his bed one cold winter morning, to attend to business of the "utmost consequence." He found a queer, long-sided man, at least six feet high, with a little apple head, a long queue, and a face, critically round, as rosy as a ripe cherry; and the following conversation ensued.

"Well, my friend, what situation do you wish?"

"Why, any, I'm not very particular, but some how or ether, I think I should like to be a Minister. I don't mean of the Gospel; but one of them Ministers to foreign parts."

"I'm very sorry, very sorry, indeed; there is no vacancy just now. Would not something else suit you?"

"Why-y-y, (answered the apple-headed man,) I would'nt much care if I took a situation in one of the Departments. I would'nt much mind being a Comptroller, Auditor, or some such thing."

"My dear sir, I'm very, very sorry, indeed, but it happens unfortunately, that all these situations are at present filled. Would not you take something else?"

My friend stroked his chin, and seemed struggling to bring down the soarings of his high ambition to the present crisis.—At last he answered:

"Why-y-y y-e-s-s; I don't care if I get a good Collectorship, or Inspectorship, or Surveyorship, or Navy Agency, or any thing of that sort."

"Really, my good sir," (said the Secretary,) "I regret, exceedingly, that not only all these places, but every other place of consequence in the Government, is at present occupied. Pray, sir, think of something else."

He then, after some hesitation, asked for a clerkship, and finally the place of messenger to one of the public offices.—Finding no vacancy here, he seemed in vast perplexity, and looked all around the room, fixing his eye at length on me, and measuring my height from head to foot. At last, putting on one of the drollest looks that ever adorned the face of man, he said:

"Mister, you and I seem to be built pretty much alike, *have'nt you some* OLD CLOTHES *you can spare?*"

QUEER ESTATE FOR A PREACHER TO LEAVE.

A preacher who recently died up in the Red River country, is said by some of the papers, to have left the following singular effects: a bible, two dollars, a bowie knife, a psalm book, a pack of cards somewhat used, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress nearly new, a pocket flask or "tickler," a collection of sacred music, a quarter nag, with saddle and bridle, a pair of pistols, and a copy of Hoyle's Games. Queer fellows some of those preachers of the far southwest.

MR. ELDRIDGE.

There are seventeen indictments against this man, and the Philadelphia Spirit inquires:—"If it take three years to try him on one, how long will it take to try him on all?"

The Mississippi is very high and still rising.

LIST OF POST OFFICES AND POST MASTERS OF THE STATE OF MISSISSIPPI.

Adams County.

Natchez, (c. h.)	Woodson Wren.
Washington,	John F. Harper.
Kingston,	Hiram Fowlie.
Palestine,	Waterman T. Hewett.

Amite County.

Liberty, (c. h.)	Stephen R. Dunn.
Centreville,	Reuben Greenaway.
Tabern,	James M. Gallant.
Smithdale,	John G. Kimbrow.
Rosehill,	Henry Hunt.

Attala County.

Kosciusko, (c. h.)	William E. Smith.
Talova,	Francis A. Ross.
Pinson,	Absalom Nash.

Bolivar County.

Victoria,	Wm. M. Davidson.

Carroll County.

Carrollton, (c. h.)	Osman E. Kimbrough.
Spiver's Hills,	Robert M. Spiver.
Sharpsburg,	James W. Eskridge.
Middleton,	A. S. S. Newton.
Smith's Mills,	Angus McMillan.

Chickasaw County.

Houston, (c. h.)	James Langdon.

Clarke County.

Quitman, (c. h.)	Roland R. Crosby.
Chinkapin,	Jesse Stancill.

Choctaw County.

Greensborough, (c. h.)	John Shaw.
Louisville,	Henry F. Brown.
Stewart's,	Benjamin Stewart.
Hebronville,	John B. Duncan.
Bellfontaine, (special.)	Thomas Hogg.

Claiborne County.

Port Gibson, (c. h.)	———
Grand Gulf,	Henry Bannerwarth.
Oakland College,	John Chamberlain.
Rocky Springs,	Amos Randall.
Willow Springs,	Absalom H. Bolin.

Copiah County.

Gallatin, (c. h.)	George M. Brown.
Georgetown,	David C. Dickson.
Mount Washington,	Hansen S. Harrington.
Copiah Creek,	Enlergh P. Howell.
Pine Bluff,	Stephen Tatum.
Kennedy's Store,	Benjamin Weeks.
Reid's Store,	George W. Reid.

Coahoma County.—None.

Covington County.

Williamsburg, (c. h.)	Isaac Burkhalter.
Mount Carmel,	Angus McLaughlin.
Jayneville,	Henry Strong.

De Soto County.

Hernando, (c. h.)	Lawrence W. Evans.
Snowhill,	George E. Williams.
Estate,	Patrick N. Taylor.

Franklin County.

Meadville, (c. h.)	John P. Stewart.
McCall's Creek,	Joel Parker.
Hamburg,	Stephen L. Gaines.

Greene County.

Leakesville, (c. h.)	David F. McInnis.
Leaf River,	Marcus Hardy.
No Mouse,	John McInnis.
McLeods,	Norman McLeod.

Hancock County.

Shieldsborough, (c. h.)	John B. Toulmin.
Pearlington,	Elisha Beauvais.
Habelchitto,	George A. Morrell.
Logtown,	George Bolen.
Pass Christian,	Findley B. Hilton.
Mississippi City,	Collin J. Moffett.

Hinds County.

Raymond, (c. h.)	C. B. Magee.
Baldwin,	John Morrison.
Clinton,	George M. Gray.
Cooperville, (special.)	John S. C. Cooper.
Jackson,	Howell Hobbs.
Meridian Springs,	Thomas K. Green.
Auburn,	John M. Morrison.
Amsterdam,	Theodore Laughter.
Newtown,	Henry Hooper.
Orange,	Orion Osborn.
Bridgeport,	Pulaski Dudley.
Utica,	Wm. W. Floyd.
Brownsville,	Henry Hardy.
Spring Ridge, (special.)	Henry J. Holmes.
Somerville,	Julius Jackson.

Holmes County.

Lexington, (c. h.)	Augustus W. Ayres.
Tchula,	William F. Shandoney.
Franklin,	A. M. Mayo.
Lockhart's Store,	Thomas Lockhart.
Wheeling,	Frederick Jones.

Itawamba County.

Fulton, (c. h.)	John Thomason.
Van Buren,	W. S. C. Walker.

Jackson County.

Jackson, (c. h.)	Samuel Davis.

Jasper County.

Paulding, (c. h.)	S. R. Adams.
Garlandsville,	James E. Watts.

Jefferson County.

Fayette, (c. h.)	William McFee.
Malcolm,	Malcolm Gilchrist.
Rodney,	Woodford Wood.
Church Hill,	Joseph W. Thompson.

Jones County.

Ellisville, (c. h.)	John Conway.
Boqueloma,	David N. Carlile.

Kemper County.

DeKalb,	William W. Barker.
Wahalock,	Mathias D. Conoklin.
Pleasant Springs,	Charles M. Johnson.
Rocky Mount,	Eliza Odom.
Blackwater,	Jacob K. Brown.
Hallifax,	Wm. S. Norris.

Lauderdale County.

Marion, (c. h.)	Lewis Smith.
Daleville,	Cleveland Kobbs.
Mingo Hooma,	Thomas H. Davis.

Lawrence County.

Monticello, c. h.	Edward Englehard.
Stockhaven,	Samuel Jayne.

Leake County.

Dantzigg, c. h.	Uriah R. Robbert.
Hopahka,	James Lorky.
Harpersville,	Henry Harper.
Thomastown,	D. Skinner.
Centre Grove,	John W. Lindsey.

Lafayette County.

Oxford, c. h.	James E. Sheppard.
Wyatt,	Andrew Patterson.
Ragsdale's Stand,	Gabriel B. Ragsdale.
Eaton, special,	William Hayes.
Cypress Creek,	Lewis T. Wynn.
Milton,	John M. Green.
Clear Creek,	James Brown.
Coonersville,	James McKinney.

Lowndes County.

Columbus, c. h.	Joseph Blair.
Cedar Creek,	Alex. E. Deaning.
Plymouth,	Philip Edmonson.
Border Spring,	Winchester Dunton.
Caledonia,	Robert Dowdle.
Nashville,	Franklin A. Lowry.
Colbert,	Calvin McCracken.

Madison County.

Canton, c. h.	James Priestley.
Beattie's Bluff,	Joseph H. Gwaltney.
Livingston,	Thomas J Humphries.
Madisonville,	James R. Russell.
Mount Olympus,	Charles S. Green.
Vernon,	David B. Crawford.
Dosk's Store,	Peter Ragsdale.
Oakhoma,	David Ford.
Camden,	Theodore Baker.
Sharon,	George Hicks.

Marion County.

Columbus,	James Atkinson.
Pardeville,	William M. Rankin.
Orangeburg,	[illegible]

Monroe County.

Athens, c. h.	[illegible]
Cotton Gin Port,	[illegible]
Hamilton,	[illegible]
Quincy,	[illegible]
Wolf's Tan Yard,	[illegible]

Marshall County.

Holly Springs, c. h.	[illegible]
Waterford,	[illegible]
North Mount Pleasant,	[illegible]
Oak Ridge, special,	[illegible]
Hudsonville, special,	[illegible]
Chulahoma,	[illegible]
Lamar,	[illegible]

No. Co.

Pontotoc, c. h.	[illegible]
Cross,	[illegible]
Pinckney,	[illegible]

Neshoba

Philadelphia, c. h.	[illegible]
Herbert,	[illegible]
Dixon,	[illegible]
Pearl Valley,	[illegible]

Natchez County.

Mason, c. h.	[illegible]
Brooklyn, special,	[illegible]
Gholson,	[illegible]
Washingtonville,	[illegible]
Pleasant Plain,	[illegible]
Cockerville,	[illegible]

Octibbeha County.

Starkville, c. h.	[illegible]
Choctaw Agency,	[illegible]
Double Springs,	[illegible]
Sharon,	[illegible]

Perry County.

Augusta, c. h.	[illegible]
Marion,	[illegible]

Pontotoc County.

Pontotoc, c. h.	[illegible]
Fairview,	[illegible]
Chenoba,	[illegible]

Pike County.

Holmesville, c. h.	[illegible]
China Grove,	[illegible]
Silver Creek,	[illegible]

Panola County.

Panola, c. h.	[illegible]
Belmont,	[illegible]
Adamsville,	[illegible]
Pleasantville,	[illegible]
Hope's Cross Roads,	[illegible]

Rankin County.

Brandon, c. h.	[illegible]

Scott County.

Hillsborough, c. h.	[illegible]
Morgantown,	[illegible]

Simpson County.

Westville,	[illegible]

Smith County.

Raleigh, c. h.	[illegible]

Tunica County.

Commerce,	[illegible]

Tippah County.

Ripley, c. h.	[illegible]
Salem,	[illegible]
Spring Hill,	[illegible]
A Durham,	[illegible]
Hickory Flat,	[illegible]
Black's Store,	[illegible]

Tishomingo County.

Jacinto, c. h.	[illegible]
Farmington,	[illegible]
Michell's Store,	[illegible]
Cantonville,	[illegible]
Camellville,	[illegible]
Canyon, special,	[illegible]
Kossuth,	[illegible]

Tallahatchie County.

Tallahatchie, c. h.	[illegible]
Charleston,	[illegible]
Black Oak,	[illegible]

Warren County.

Vicksburg, c. h.	[illegible]
Mount Bayou,	[illegible]
Warrenton,	[illegible]
Bovina,	[illegible]
Milldale,	[illegible]

Washington County.

Princeton, c. h.	[illegible]
Bolivar,	[illegible]

Wayne County.

Winchester, c. h.	[illegible]
Millersville, special,	[illegible]

Wilkinson County.

Woodville, c. h.	[illegible]
Cold Springs,	[illegible]
Fort Adams,	[illegible]
Kullotown,	[illegible]
Mount Pleasant,	[illegible]
Pinckneyville,	[illegible]
Wilkinsonville,	[illegible]

Winston County.

Louisville, c. h.	[illegible]
Deposit,	[illegible]
Faun Springs,	[illegible]
Nanawaubah,	[illegible]

Yalobusha County.

Coffeeville, c. h.	[illegible]
Oakahokatama,	[illegible]
Grenada,	[illegible]
Oakland, special,	[illegible]

Yazoo County.

Benton, c. h.	[illegible]
Satartia,	[illegible]
Charlotteville,	[illegible]
Lincoln,	[illegible]
Yazoo City,	[illegible]

STATE OFFICERS, &c

Government of Mississippi.

A. G. McNutt, Governor at Hill.
Thos. B. Woodward, Secretary of State.
A. B. Saunders, Auditor of Public Accounts.
J. S. Curtis, State Treasurer.
T. F. Collins, Attorney General.

JUDICIARY.

Judges of the High Court of Errors and Appeals.—Wm. L. Sharkey, John F. Trotter, and E. Turner. Clerk, E. Hopkins.

The High Court of Errors and Appeals has no jurisdiction except what properly belongs to a Court of Errors and Appeals; its sessions are holden at the first Monday of January and July at Jackson; being virtually but one session per annum.

Chancellor of State—R. S. Robertson. *Clerk*—R. L. Dixon.

The Superior Court of Chancery has jurisdiction over all matters, pleas and complaints whatsoever, belonging to a court of equity, and holds two sessions annually.

CIRCUIT COURT.

This Court has original jurisdiction in civil cases in which the sum in controversy exceeds $50. For each of the 22 Circuits, a Judge and Attorney are elected quadrennially, from November