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### A TOUCHING STORY.

The following affecting narrative purports to have been given by a father to his son, as a warning derived from his own bitter experience of the sin of grieving and resisting a mother's love and counsel.  
"What agony was visible on my mother's face when she saw that all she said and suffered failed to move. She rose to go home, and I followed at a distance. She spoke no more to me till she reached her own door.  
"It is school time now," said she, "Go my son, and let me once more beseech you to think upon what I have said."  
"I shan't go to school," said I.  
She looked astonished at my boldness; but replied firmly.  
"Certainly you will go, Alfred, I command you."  
"I will not," said I, with a tone of defiance.  
"One of two things you must do Alfred either go to school this morning, or I will lock you in your room, and keep you there till you are ready to promise implicit obedience to my wishes in future."  
"I dare you to do it," said I, "you can't get me up stairs."  
"Then follow me," said she, as she grasped my arm firmly. I raised my foot—oh, my son, hear me—I raised my foot—and kicked her—my sainted mother. How my head reels as the torrent of memory rushes over me! I kicked my mother—a feeble woman—my mother. She staggered back a few steps and leaped against the wall. She did not look at me. I saw her heart beat against her breast. Oh, heavenly father, she cried, "forgive him, he knows not what he does."  
The gardener just then passed the door and seeing my mother pale and almost unable to support herself he stopped she beckoned him in. "Take this boy up stairs and lock him in his room, said she, and turned from me. Looking back as she was entering her room, she gave me such a look—it will forever follow me—it was a look of agony mingled with the intensest love—it was the last unutterable pang of a heart that was broken.  
In a moment I found myself a prisoner in my own room. I thought for a moment I would fling myself from the open window and dash my brains out but I felt afraid to die I was not penitent. At times my heart was subdued, but my stubborn pride rose in an instant, and bade not yield. The pale face of my pale mother haunted me. I flung myself on the bed and fell asleep.  
Just at twilight I heard a footstep approach the door. It was my sister.  
"What may I tell mother from you?" she asked.  
"Nothing," I replied.  
"Oh, Alfred, for my sake, for all our sakes, say that you are sorry; let me tell mother that you are sorry. She longs to forgive you."  
I would not answer I heard her footsteps slowly retreating, and again I flung myself on the bed to pass another wretched and fearful night.  
Another footstep, slower and feebler than my sister's, disturbed me. A voice called me by name. It was my mother's.  
"Alfred, my son are you not sorry for what you have done?"  
I cannot tell what influence operating at that moment made me speak adverse to my feelings. The gentle voice of my mother that thrilled through me, melted the ice from my obdurate heart, and I longed to throw myself on her neck, but I did not. My words gave the lie to my heart, when I said I was not sorry. I heard her withdraw. I heard her groan. I longed to call her back, but I did not.  
I was awakened from my uneasy slumber by hearing my name called loudly, and my sister stood by my bedside.  
"Get up, Alfred. Oh, don't wait a minute. Get up, and come with me. Mother is dying."  
I thought I was just dreaming, got up mechanically and followed my sister. On the bed, pale and cold as marble, lay my mother. She had not uttered a word. She had thrown herself on the bed to rest; arising to go again to me she was seized with a paroxysm of the heart, and borne senseless to her room.  
I cannot tell you my agony as I looked on her, my remorse was so profound, my heart so full of the thought she would never know I believed myself to be her murderer. I fell on the bed beside her. I could not weep. My heart burned in my bosom, my brain was all on fire. My sister threw her arms around me and wept in silence. Suddenly we saw a slight motion of mother's head—her eyes unclosed. She looked at us and moved her lips. I could not un-

derstand her words. "Mother, mother, I shrieked, "say only that you forgive me. She could not say it with her lips, but her hand pressed mine. She smiled upon me, and lifting her thin white hands, she clasped my own with them, and cast her eyes upwards. She moved her lips in prayer, and thus she died. I remained still kneeling by that dear form, till my gentle sister removed me. The joy of my youth had left me forever.  
Boys who spurn a mother's control, who are ashamed to own that they are wrong, who think it manly to resist her authority, or defy her influence, beware! Lay not up for yourselves bitter memories for your future years."

### SONG OF THE FARMER.

I'm of the band that till the land,  
And draw from earth her store;  
Right happy indeed is the life we lead,  
While our days are passing o'er,  
Many there are in riches, far  
Surpassing the farmer's purse,  
While other pursuits may yield more  
Fruit, yet often produce much worse.  
We envy not the statesman's lot,  
Still clamoring for his class,  
Nor his that fights for glory's right  
At some redoubted past,  
Nor risk have we on boisterous seas,  
Nor fears lest temptations whelm  
All we possess without redress,  
While laboring at the helm.  
The fruitful field its bounteous yield,  
A rich reward for toil,  
Be ours the trade to ply the spade,  
And deeply plough the soil,  
We walk abroad o'er carpet sod,  
And flow'rets kiss our feet,  
Whose odors rise to scent the skies—  
A tribute pure and sweet.  
To all who give the means to live,  
As brother shares with brother;  
And thus fulfil the holy will  
That bids us love each other,  
Oh! life secure from guile and pure,  
To see my heart clings ever,  
With all its might, its fond delight  
To change from thee, no, never.

### THE CONSTABLE'S FIRST LEVY.

In one of the interior counties Tennessee, an illiterate man named Jake Shor; who of law matters, it might truly be said—did not know as much the law allows him—by some chance was elected constable.  
The next day he was met by a neighbor striding like a military officer, with his saddle bag on his arm.  
"Hold on Jake," says he.  
"The wheels of go vernment never stop."  
"Going to make a levy?"  
"Yes, got the document in my saddle bags."  
"You had better look out, the last man in law by not doing his business according to law." Can't cash me, I am up to how it is done, the answered the new made official, proudly never turning his head as he strode along.  
"Let me see," soliloquizes he, "I am to detain for rent attach all the property I can lay hands on."  
When he arrived at the tenement, he found it vacated and no visible means left. "Where—am I to get my mileage—a pillar of the state must have sharp eyes—government expects it."  
After searching about the houses and bushes for some time, he espied an antiquated porker and her little ones.  
"Ahem—I got 'em—I say I'm some— he ejaculated, as he crept slyly around and caught the unsuspecting porker by the hind legs, and according to law, for he had seen a prisoner taken by slapping him on the shoulder while the process was read shouting (as he had heard at court)—Hear ye—Hark ye—Hear ye—I attach you."  
All this time the porker had been up and doing her best licks, but Jake's motto being never give it up so, hung to the forlorn hope like death to a departed colored gentleman.  
The poet thus beautifully describes a similar catastrophe.  
"Jake fell down, and Jill came tumbling after."  
The porker fell—and a wheel of government was suddenly heel over head, making a six feet measure, and fracturing some joints. The porker, owing perhaps, to her having more propellers than the pillar, got under way first, the little ones doing a fair specimen of migrating all the time.  
"Not at very profitable office," groaned Jake, as he surveyed his dilapidated habitation. "But a sworn officer must do his duty, and go according to law."  
He went it strong—it was "up and tuck" for about a quarter he gained, and ended the contest by pouncing like "a duck on a June bug," nabbing the porker by the organs of hearing.  
"Hear ye—Hear ye—Hear ye—I command you to appear at 9 o'clock on Saturday next at Jim Parker's grocery—the porker was going her death on it" in the little matter of brogue Jake looked around for the little ones—not one of which was to be seen) and bring with you that parcel of cursed young pigs for in the eyes of the law you are accountable for em."  
Fall not to appear under pain of the penalty laid down in the Law-books. This led him to a sworn officer, as the law directed.  
As he had, done his duty he looked to the porker to do her best licks, but she was in the appearance of the little ones was in

great a hurry to join them, that they got her her head boistered with the under standing of Jake, and to relate, "a pillar of the State," fall and great was the fall thereof.  
The next day the following was found sticking on a tree:  
NOTICE  
At Jim Parker's Grocery at 9 o'clock on Saturday next I will expose an old sow, and a pair of pigs, more or less—will appear on the Law directed by the Law for rent.

### THE EARTHQUAKE IN CHILI.

The National Intelligence publishes the following extracts from a letter written by Lieut. J. C. U. S. Navy, to a friend in Washington, dated U. S. N. Astronomical Expedition, Santiago de Chili, April 22d 1851. We have already published an account of the earthquake in Chili, but there is much in the narrative of Lieut. Gaites that is new and very interesting. He says: "You will no doubt be interested to learn that we have escaped, uninjured, the most severe earthquake which has been experienced in Central Chili since that of 1822. It occurred on the morning of the 31st inst., commencing at 6 o'clock mean time with much violence, and after its usual warning noise."  
One of the blind apella to which I have been occasionally subject had left me with a severe headache, and I had not been long asleep when the first strike startled me. It is not easy to collect one's faculties at such a brief summons; and though, by habit, such position was taken, as enabled me to embrace in the same view my little mirror, the pan of water on the washstand, and the opposite roofs, nearly one-half the phenomena had passed before the consciousness was fully restored. In the hope that we may sometime obtain such observations elsewhere as will enable us to determine the velocity with which the earth moves, each one has immediate recourse to his watch, noting the second at which every phase occurs, and subsequently comparing the watch with a chronometer kept in our residence. On this occasion, Lieut. McRae had sprung to the chronometer at once, and escaped from his room with it. For eighteen seconds the motion was a violent tremor of small amplitude, starting the walls and tiles, but breaking nothing, which I can only account for by the rapidity with which the atoms in the surface of the earth were disturbed; for, if one may estimate by bodily sensations, the shaking during these eighteen seconds was certainly as great as on the 6th of December, and yet the effects were nothing like those then produced. As I stood watching the paintings on the paper of the opposite wall pass across the mirror, and the tiles in front dancing like the waves of a cross sea, there was a sudden increase in the violence of the earth storm, and the chamber doors, bolted and locked, were flung wide open, displaying the little parlor filled with dust and rubbish. At this time the shrieks of the people in the street were most distressing, and the roar of the pent up disturbing agent as it moved around most infernal. As the ceiling over head was cracking, and the tiles falling rapidly in the patio, I could only find shelter under the lintel of the outside door; but at the moment of getting there, the wall swung away far enough to show sky over head, at the same time pouring down a mass of rubbish which nearly blinded me.  
The motion was now one of oscillation rapid and abrupt, continuing for twenty five seconds, after which the agitation gradually subsided, and at last measurably ceased. I say measurably, for, like a tensity drawn cord suddenly struck, the vibration of the earth continued for nearly two hours afterward, without any intermission whatever, and we have the recorded times of eighteen separate earthquakes between the great shock and midnight, besides a host of lesser ones, and a similar vibration to that in the morning. Up to this date they have not ceased, there having been on one to five, or six shocks of small violence every day, keeping up the excitement and consternation among all classes of society.  
"On ascending Santa Lucia, immediately it was found that the rocky mass had been broken across between the castle and the observatory, leaving a crevasse which Lieut. McRae traced more than sixty feet. The piers supporting the meridian circle are composed of three blocks, each secured together by hydraulic cement, and set with the same material on a base which rests on the native porphyry. The joint to the upper blocks of the west pier was opened, the block, no doubt, rocked, and the whole pier was probably moved to the south, throwing all the micrometers out of focus. No injury was done to the instrument, none to the equatorial, nor was the clock stopped, though every other in the city was. At the base of a mountain barometer was thrown from the wall and broken, and the mercury poured out of a cup used as a cistern of the standard. (Hassler's construction) upon the surface, was 1/4 inch below its rim. These are the only injuries we have received, though the necessity of moving from the house, on account of its unsafe condition, will entail expense on us individually as well as to the expedition, whose diminishing funds can hardly bear it."  
"In the vicinity the destruction of property has been very great, no house having escaped without rents in walls, loss of parapets, and tiles to very great extent. Every arch in the Cathedral, has been sprung, and the keystones settled, rendering it probable that this immense stone edifice—three hundred and fifty feet long—must be jacked down. None by the central cupola and a portion of the wall of the old palace, have been taken down to keep them from falling suddenly and destroying life, and it is not improbable a number of houses in the vicinity will share the same fate."

covered during day-light, three lives only are reported to have been lost, though the number of those gravely wounded amounts to 20 or 30.

"Villages to the westward of us were even more severely injured. Lampa and Renosa, closely by, and Cornejo, and San Rencos, on the road to Valparaiso, have suffered lamentably. Of their populations, amounting to 35,000 souls, principally poor, full one-third having been thrown out of their dwellings, and still look panic struck on the ruins. At Valparaiso, too, the loss has been severe—forty odd houses in the Alameda have been totally destroyed, while the injury to property is estimated at from a quarter of a million to two millions of dollars. South of the river Maipo, and north of the province of Santiago, the strokes, though not so violent, were of little violence, except in isolated localities, which it would lengthen this letter too much to tell you of. From the sea we have only two reports. One by the captain of a ship, who was twenty miles west of Valparaiso, and was sure he had struck on an unknown rock, until, after arrival, the time convinced him that it must have been an earthquake; and the other by the crew of a vessel thirty miles north of the same port, who heard noises like the discharges of guns in a naval engagement, but felt no shock."  
"The instrument for measuring the direction and comparative violence of earthquakes brought with us having failed to record any of those previously occurring in December last, I caused a pendulum nine feet ten inches long to be made, with its lead ball, and some fine silver wire suspending the pendulum from a tripod. A common needle is inserted in a cork at the bottom of the ball, which just touches a sheet of glazed paper marked with concentric circles and the points of the compass."

FREE NEGROES ON FREE SOIL.—On Saturday evening last, officers Snyder and Putnam, aided by a posse, made a descent upon the house of Herman Nash, who keeps a sort of boarding house on the banks of the Lehigh, for the entertainment of colored folks. They succeeded in arresting 21 of both sexes, and all ages, including the proprietor of the house and his lady. Some of the party had helped themselves to a sheep-belonging to one of the neighbors, which was slaughtered and made quite a feast for the hungry darkies who had been fed on nothing but cold victuals for some time—and a scarcity of that. They were taken before Esquire Buck, and sentenced to 30 hours imprisonment in the old Jail, except Mr. Nash and his family, who were committed to answer the charge of keeping a disorderly house. All the others were discharged on Monday morning, with directions to leave the house in two hours, under penalty of being recommitted for thirty days.

We never saw a more pitiable sight than those blacks presented, when they were out of the prison into the street. Their bodies were covered with filthy rags, one woman had an infant in her arms, some of the children were shoeless and stockingless and in this condition they stood in front of the Jail, not knowing what to do or where to go to. They presented a very fair illustration, in wretchedness and poverty, of the ability of the negro race to provide for themselves and families when left to enjoy their freedom! The negro population of this region has rapidly increased within the last few months, and unless some measures are taken by the Legislature to rid us of the growing evil, our entire State will be over-run with hordes of blacks, who will become a perfect curse and insupportable nuisance. It is better to act on the preventive now, than on the defensive hereafter.

### PEARLS.

Be calm and steady, nothing grows under a moving barrow.  
It is more difficult to conceal the sensation we have, than to feign those we have not.  
Vain glory is a stimulus that pleasingly tinctures our hearts, and finally tears it.  
Virtue forgives injury, even as the angelical tree perfumes the hatchet that fell it.  
Talent without merit has been said to be like a fiddle without a fiddlestick.  
Be grateful for small benefits; it shows that you esteem men's minds—not their trash.  
Prosperity is not just scale; adversity is the only true balance to weigh a friend.  
A YANKEE MOVE.—A New York paper says a strapping Yankee having got out of employ in that big city, hit upon a plan by which to raise the wind. He is a painter by trade and goes with his pot and brush to a house and enquires who lives there, and at what time he will be home to dinner.  
Having found out, he stations himself at the door just about the time he expects the owner out from dinner and commences painting the rafters around the footstep. The astonished proprietor comes out and finds a man painting his rafters.  
"Who gave you authority to paint this?"  
"Nobody," says the Yankee; "but you see Squirt, I was coming a long and kinder thought that I'd look it up the better painted. Don't you think so?"  
The proprietor sets a little wrathly but the Yankee takes it very cool, and keeps on his work painting.  
"It will never do," says the proprietor, "to let it go so, half painted."  
"I'll finish it cheap for you," says the Yankee.  
"Well, mind it a good job." He has been practicing in the neighborhood of Broadway and Varich streets lately.

### ONE GLASS TOO MUCH, OR, THE WIFE'S NIGHTCAP.

Mr. J., who doesn't live more than a mile from the post office in this city, met some "Northern friends with Southern principles," the other evening, and in extending to them the "hospitalities" of the "Greenwood City," visited so many of our glibly eloquent and "Marble Hall," imbuing spiritual consolation as they journeyed, that when he left them at their hotel at the midnight hour, he felt, decidedly felt, that he had "a brick in his hat." Now, he has a wife, an amiable, accomplished and beautiful lady, who loves him decidedly, and finds but one fault with him! That is his too frequent visits to the palace where those "bricks" are obtained.  
After leaving his friends, Mr. J. paused a moment, took his bearings, and having shaped a course, on the principle that continual angles meet, made sail for home. In due course of time, he arrived there, and was not very much astounded, but rather frightened to find his worthy lady sitting up for him. She always does. She smiled when he came in. "That also, she always does," says a friend of Mr. J., "she said, 'you staid out so late, that I feared you had been sick.'"  
"Hic—aint sick wife wife—but don't you think I'm a little tight?"  
"A very little, perhaps, my dear—but that is nothing—you have so many friends, you say, you must join them in a glass once in a while!"  
"Wife, you're too good—the truth is I'm d—d drunk!"  
"Oh, no indeed, my dear—I'm sure that even another glass wouldn't hurt you. Now suppose you take a glass of Scotch ale with me, just as a nightcap, dear!"  
"You are too kind my dear, by half I know I'm drunk!"  
"Oh, no; only a julep too much, love; that's all!"  
"Yes; juleps; M'Masters makes such stiff ones!"  
"Well; take a glass of ale at any rate; it can't hurt you, dear; I want one before I retire!"  
The lady hastened to open a bottle, and as she placed two tumblers before her on the side-board, she put in a powerful emetic. Filling the glasses with the foaming ale, she handed one to her husband.  
Suspicion came cloudily upon his mind. She never before had been so kind when he was drunk. He looked at the glass, raised it to his lips, then hesitated.  
"Dear, w-won't you just taste mine, to make it sweet—sweeter!" said he.  
"Certainly, love!" replied the lady, taking a mouthful, which she was careful not to swallow.  
Suspicion vanished, and so did the ale, emetic and all, down the throat of the satisfied husband. After spitting out the taste, the lady finished her glass, but seemed in no hurry to retire. She fixed a foot-stub of water before an easy chair, as if she intended to bathe her beautiful little feet therein. But small as were those feet, there was not water enough in the tub to cover them; the husband began to feel, and he wanted to retire.  
"Wait only a few minutes, dear," said his loving spouse; "I want to read the news in this afternoon's Delta. I found it in your pocket."  
A few minutes more elapsed, and then—  
"and then—oh ye gods and Dan o' the lake, what a time! The husband was placed in the easy chair." He began to understand why the tub was there, he soon learned what ailed him. Suffice it to say, that when he arose from that chair, the brick had left his hat. It hasn't been there since. He says he'll never drink another julep, he can't bear Scotch ale, but he is death on lemonade! He loves his wife better than ever.  
Reader, this is a truthful story. Profit by its moral. [Delta.]

### SOMETHING OF A GAIN.

Sitting upon the Hudson River Race Course, watching the great fleet of steamers vieing with each other in splendor and speed, listening to comments upon each, we have been reminded of the satisfaction afforded to a group of kindred conversers by an old Quaker once upon Long Island Sound.  
"Do you think this boat gained on the other, Mr. Broadbrim, within the last sixty miles?"  
"How much, should you think Mr. Broadbrim, brim! eagerly asked the group.  
"I may be mistaken; but I should say—about an inch!"  
"A young lady met Mr. B. B. Hastings, daughter of Mr. Hastings, of Jamaica, Va., while on a visit at the house of a friend in Loudonberry, was shot by a boy under very distressing circumstances. The boy took up the gun and snapped it once or twice without effect. He then, playfully pointing it at the girl, said 'I'll shoot you,' and snapping it again, the whole charge lodged in her forehead."

### METHODIST CHURCH CASE.

The argument in the great Methodist church case in New York has closed. The court reserved for consideration, hinting very sensibly to the counsel engaged on both sides, however, that they had better amicably adjudicate the case between themselves.  
"You can't think," says a lady writing to an editor, "how much good the deaths and marriages do me. If you knew how I love deaths and marriages, you would have them in every paper. The eloquent and murders are most satisfactory. Yes, crowd the married ones as close together, that it seems as if you could feel their happiness even in your eyes."

### ELIZABETH EKRAMOONAHY—FATHER.

On Wednesday night last [says the Leicester Ireland; Express] Mr. Patrick J. — of S —, in the county of Kildare, was awakened by a person's singing near his bedroom window, and on opening the casement heard, to his great surprise, the following ditty:  
"The stars are smiling sweet, love,  
The birds chirp in each bower;  
And the holy light of the moon shines bright  
On every tree and flower;  
Then Eliza are you waken?  
Or do you hear me speakin'?"  
For the love of you, Lisa dear,  
Then why don't you speak, my dear?  
Or are you a stick or a stone,  
And so bright and so drowsy,  
Just like Diana of old,  
Widout mindin' your darlint, o'clock!  
The last wild accent had scarcely died away, when Mr. J. — called out, "who's there?" "It's me, sir," replied a small pleasing voice, which he immediately recognized as that of master Tommy Curran, a precocious youth of the neighborhood. "What are you doing there, Tommy?" "Oh, sir, my mother is unwell, and has been ordered to get some of the herb—what d'ye call it?" "Oh it grows on the garden wall there, shure, sir, and must be pulled after cock-crow and afore the sun shines on it, or it'll have no virtue, they say, sir—so she sint me for it at this unseasonable hour; but although I didn't like the business ever and above well, yet shure I couldn't refuse her; and thinkin' I might as well sing grief as cry it, I began to lift up that taste of a rhomanos to keep mesself company. Good night, sir." "Good night, Tommy." Mr. J. — went to bed again, and when he arose in the morning found that his daughter had eluded out with the aforesaid master Tommy. A servant girl, named Kitty Foy, acknowledged she was in the whole secret, and instrumen al in carrying on the affair—that Miss Eliza had taken with her £14, which belonged to her mother, and had gone to Cork with master Tommy Curran, with the intention of starting to America. The parties have managed so far to escape detection by the metropolitan and Cork police. Miss Eliza is turned of thirteen; Master Tommy is going on fifteen; and Miss Kitty Foy, through whose instrumentality this foolish, unthinking pair have been thus prematurely

### "LAUNCHED UPON LIFE'S STORMY SEA."

has not yet attained her sixteenth year. America's boys and girls must look to their laurels, or the "ould country" will beat them in precocity.

### "ALMS, SIR, ALMS!"

Who is it that can tell when and where alms are justly deserved? Who are they that beg in our streets, affliction and want, or are they beggars by profession? do these creatures look as though they were starving, while they are so sleek and fat! and if they are in actual want, why are they so? Is it possible for that being to suffer for the want of food who is able and willing to work, especially if he has a disposition to perform bodily labor? Surley not. There is, in this land of plenty, enough for all who seek it, and to spare. There are ten thousand ways of obtaining a living by active exertion and enterprise. None who are blessed with health need despair. A wide field is open before them, and waits only to be tilled, when sickness overtakes a poor plodding mortal, and friends are all dead and gone, the rustic arm is ever ready to shelter, cloth, and feed him. In this country, an asylum is freely offered to the lame and halt, the outcast and the pauper. All are provided for by the generosity of the masses, and the son of man, in this land of free and equal rights, always "hath a place to lay his head," even when he sweth no "vine and fig tree," such being the case, beggars are only a nuisance and a pest. To give is charitable, but to bestow charity when it is needless, is to encourage laziness to the robing of a generous pocket. We are full of sympathy for mortals all, but street beggars are impostors, deserving kicks instead of alms.

### "COME DOWN FROM THAT BUILDING, YOU RASCAL, AND I'LL KNOCK YOUR HEAD OFF!"

"You will, will you?"  
"Yes, you scoundrel, I will."  
"Then I guess upon the whole—I shan't come down!"  
A young gentleman asked a young lady one day, "what's the thought of the marriage state in general?" Not knowing, can't tell, was the reply, but if you and I were to put our heads together, I could soon give you a definite answer.

### RICHARD B. GOOCH, ESQ., LONG THE EDITOR OF THE SOUTHERN PAPER DIED AT RICHMOND, VA. A FEW WEEKS AGO.

The cockney that went after woodcock with a yaller gun, and a double-barrel red dog, has not been heard of since the telegraph left for Bullockmythery. His friends are in despair, and so are his creditors.

### FATHER, SAID A ROGUEISH BOY, I HOPE YOU WON'T BUY ANY MORE GUNPOWDER FOR ME FOR ANOTHER. WHY NOT, SONNY?"

"Because every time she drinks it, she blows me up."

### LEARN SNAKE.

A flock of two hundred sheep became frightened, while crossing a ferry boat near Wallsville, Ohio, last week and they were all drowned.