The greatest sufferer I have heard of this week is Mr. W. He lost his corn blue to a negro of his own. Some one for a few dollars. Was not there any hint of his name, or some one who saw it? He was a gentleman and a lawyer, and he told Judge Battle yesterday that he would return home without the slightest evidence of his son having been lost. But his companion that he had not the value of one cent of spoils and certainly he has since made a great effort to recover it. He was much distressed at the thought of his son's absence. He was feeling anxious about his bacon which has been under ground too long. Could I have foreseen it? Griffith have left it in the smoke house. When no one has offence to look just now a report is in that Burt Davis is at the creek. Few things went away that yesterday said Mr. Wright. He was on the street. His property coin was by no means so much as reported. And the slave boy, they gave to one old negro all of his silo corn and after receiving it, he has only the corn and watch and bed recovered everything else.