

was telling you about the man in the tree, would you believe it, after all the trouble of getting a jury of six, and swearing in a Coroner, it turned out to be only a man of shavings! so all chance of a funeral was up. Come to look round, there was a big sign found on the tree about County officers, "Injustice," "Beware," etc. Well, the effegy hung in the tree two or three days, and one night was burned all up with brimstone and fire—an awful warnin to the said hombrey of what he will come to, if he don't repent and be a little more easy on the boys that sell whisky and groceries.

Now for the weddings. Our Mary, as every body call'd her, was led up (as a lamb to the slaughter,) to the hyrcenial halter last Sunday evening, and has departed this town—may her shadow never be less. We had hardly got over the news of her marriage, (for they kept it very still,) when what should we hear but Jeems and the widow went down the County to take a ride, and come back man and wife. There is one left—that's me—and I don't mean to be no man's wife. No, not I—till he has got his pile, and is willin' to go back to Pike with me, for this country ain't nothin' compared to that. But as my paper is used up, no more at present.

Yours,

MATILDY.

BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.—We have been informed that a benevolent society has been organized in this place on the "Borriboola Gba" order. The precise object of the organization has not fully transpired as yet, though we have been assured that the chief object sought to be accomplished is the establishment of a "Mission" among the Indians on McCloud River. It is thought that in the course of a few months, through the exertions of the society and the benevolence of the citizens, sufficient funds will be raised to place a pious tract in the hands, and a red flannel shirt on the back, of every little unenlightened Digger Indian now scouring those mountainous regions in search of fresh worms and young clover. Success to the enterprise.