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Another Leaf from California.

Extract from a letter written by an Eastern man to a gentleman in Lewisburg, dated

AMIDORE CREEK Cal., Aug. 4, '50.

Dear Friend H.:—After a journey of 18000 miles across the water, our company have dissolved, and I have only one partner now, a young man from Bristol, Ct. We came here about the middle of May, and about six weeks of the time since have done very well, digging about a hundred ounces, but are now out of a place to make anything, and cannot tell where we shall make the next strike. There are plenty of chances to make a quarter of an ounce per day, but that wont pay. It is of no use for a man to come to the mines unless he can make at least one half an ounce per day, for it is the hardest kind of work, and but a small proportion of the miners are getting decent pay. The fact is, if we had been here a year sooner we might have had a pretty handsome little pile by this time, for there has been an immense quantity of gold taken out of this creek, so much that there is but little left, in fact the whole place has been dug up, and turned upside down. We were so fortunate, however, as to find one little spot, which had not been dug, where we worked for six weeks, and averaged over $100 a piece per week, clear of all expenses. The most we ever dug was a little short of six ounces; and the best week's work that we have done was 22½ ounces; making $30,00 per day, apiece. But I do not expect to get another chance equal to that.

I have been on the North and South Forks of the American river, the Cosumne and Dry Creek, but the diggings are no better than here. A half ounce per day is considered good digging, and hundreds are glad to get half that. I have also seen men from the Feather and Yuba rivers, and their accounts are even more discouraging; multitudes have gone up there who are not able to make enough to pay their expenses, and multitudes more, (poor, deluded mortals,) are constantly coming in with high hopes of making their fortunes in a few months, but it is my candid opinion that nine-tenths of them will have less money when they return home than when they left. In short, the mines are full, crowded, and running over with diggers; where there is one chance to make any thing, there are five men to jump into it, and the one who "strikes a vein" is a lucky man. Now and then a man makes his thousands in a short time, but such cases are very rare; you might as well buy lottery tickets with the expectation of making a fortune as to come out here to dig with that expectation. Indeed it is a complete lottery, and a thousand blanks to one prize.

You tell me you have a touch of the gold fever; well, I advise you to cure yourself as soon as possible. If my letter does not break up the fever, just go to work for a month at ditching in the stoniest swamp you can find, where the water will be about half way up to your knees, and every night after a hard day's work come home and cook your supper over a little fire on the ground, and then go to bed without any bed to go to except a blanket; then get up before sunrise, get your breakfast as best you can, and off to work again. Follow these directions in some bye place, away from all civilized society (except perhaps a few workmen like yourself,) with no parents or friends to care for you, no sisters to smile upon you as you return from your daily toil, and no female society whatever to add to your enjoyment, and then the gold fever comes to trouble you, I don't know but you might as well come to California, and I am sure the fever will turn soon after your arrival. I should be glad to see you here if I thought you would do well to come; if you come here with the intention of digging gold, you will be sorry, you may depend upon it. It is my opinion that after this year, 3 or 4 dollars per day in the mines will be good wages, and before I will dig for that, and undergo the privations and hardships attendant on a life in this country at the present time, I will return home and work for $1,50 per day where I can have some enjoyment as I go along.

New diggings are occasionally discovered, but in all such cases hundreds stand ready to occupy them. A new lead was discovered about six weeks ago on Ranchorce creek, 1½ miles from Amidore. They have to dig from 12 to 25 feet deep, and in some of the holes they have done first rate, and in others they have worked for weeks without getting a particle of gold. My partner and myself have a claim there, but have not commenced digging it yet. We shall wait a few days to see how the holes adjoining us turn out. It will take about a week's digging to find out whether there is any gold there or not; if we find it, we are lucky, if not, we must vamose and try a new place. I see by the papers from the States, that they tell about as many large stories as ever and thereby induce thousands to leave a profitable business at home, to make their fortunes, as they suppose in California, but when they get here, they will sing a different song, and the words will be, "Oh! carry me back," &c.

Perhaps by this time you begin to think that I wish myself back, but that is not the case; I wish I had been here one year sooner; however, I think I am in time to make a little, but not a very heavy pile. If I were at home now, with my present knowledge of the country, I would stay there, for, let a man start from home now, he will not get here soon enough to make anything this year, and after this year I would not give much for his chance at mining. I would advise none of my friends to come to this country, unless they come to make it their home for life; if they wish to emigrate to a new country, I have no doubt that California is about as good a place as any other, but the idea of making a fortune in a few months, is foolishness.

We are so fortunate as to have a house to live in this summer, instead of camping out in the open air; and a stylish one it is, too. It contains a front room, kitchen, and bed room, but lacks partitions between them; the style of it is very similar to some houses that I put up at while traveling in Pennsylvania. It was built by some men who stayed here last winter and left in the spring. I think I shall understand housekeeping first-rate by the time I get ready to go home, for I have to practise it in all its branches, from cooking to rocking the cradle. The principal machine for washing gold, is the simple cradle; it seems to be preferable to any other; the hundreds of heavy machines brought from the States are not worth a cent. I have frequently been amused to think of the many ingenious contrivances for washing gold, got up by men who never saw a gold mine, and who know no more about it than they do of mountains in the moon; a man cannot form any correct idea of the business except by actual experience. A great many come out here with the expectation of just walking about, and picking up their pockets full with little or no labor, but when they find that they have got to work hard too, and also pay California prices for provisions, &c, they turn upon the heel and draw a line for home in disgust. It is the most laborious work I ever followed, and none but those who are willing to work hard, can make anything.

We have plenty of neighbors about here, in the shape of Indians; they somewhat resemble the human species, but not much. They are the most low, degraded, contemptible, thieving set of whelps that I ever saw. I have been the sufferer by them to the amount of thirteen ounces of gold, and my partner seven ounces. We were at work about a mile and a half from home, and while we were gone they came into the house and broke open a box which contained it, and helped themselves to all they wanted. This was on Saturday, July 27; they also took several other articles, such as matches, thread, powder, my bullet pouch and bullets, several tin boxes, &c. We have not been able to get any trace of them since; we can not tell which of them did it; all the evidence I will ask is to see one of the lost articles in their possession, and then if they don't get what they can't buy at the store, I am very much mistaken. There is not much fun in digging gold to lose in this way; if a man once digs it, it is well earned; but if they get any more of mine, they will be pretty smart.

I am happy to inform you that I am growing "fat, ragged and saucy." My health never was better than at present. This is a great blessing indeed, and I have cause to be very thankful for it. There is a store close by us where we can buy provisions at the following "low prices." Flour $18 per cwt.; pork, and pickled salmon, 35 cts per lb.; salt beef and potatoes, 20 cts; mackerel and beans, 25 cts; ham, 50 cts.; fresh beef, 25 cts.; butter, $1,25; cheese, $1,00; brown sugar, 50 cts.; raisins, 75 cts.; tea $1,50; coffee, 50 cts.; molasses $3,50 per gallon; vinegar $2; pickles $3,50, and other things in proportion. It is about 50 miles to Sacramento city, and the freight on everything from there costs 10 cents per lb. I am told that potatoes were worth $1 per lb. last winter, but when I first came here they were down to 50 cts.

It sometimes seems rather lonely here, and I long for the time to arrive when I shall again be among my friends in my native land. There is nothing here at present to render life happy, except the hope of acquiring something for the future. It is nothing but dig, dig, dig all day, and cook your food at night; no society except a few men; no church to attend on the Sabbath; and, what is very important you will allow, no pretty girls with whom to spend a pleasant Sunday evening.

While speaking of the Indians, I meant to have told you a little about their dress, &c. They live now principally by digging a little gold, and begging their provisions of the whites; their dress varies according to the amount of gold they have; some wear a shirt and nothing else; some nothing but a jacket; some a straw hat and pants; some dress pretty decent, and others do not dress at all. It is their custom, whenever they buy any new article of dress, to put it right on over the old ones. They wear all their clothes at once; sometimes we see them with 4 or 5 shirts on, or 3 pair of pants; and if they have an overcoat, they will wear it, no matter how hot the weather is. But the squaws—O! gimblets! don't talk about "handsome Indian girls," it is enough to make a man sea sick to look at them, a dirty, lousy, filthy set as ever I set eyes on, but they all wear some kind of dress, and since the store has been started here, they have somewhat improved in this respect; yet it is no uncommon thing to see them with no clothing except a small blanket or piece of cloth tied round their waist. Before I left home I had heard and read so much about handsome squaws, that I did not know but I might fall in love with some of them, but that with me is now an obsolete idea.

Autumn Leaves.

Sister, hear ye not the rustling
Of the sere leaves as they fall?
Teach they not—thus drooping, dying—
A lesson worth the heed of all?
Nature preaching, ever teaching,
A lesson worth the heed of all.

Once these leaves were fresh and verdant,
Warmed by sunshine into birth;
Now chilled by nipping blasts of autumn,
They drop unto their mother earth.
For wise reason, but a season!
They drop unto their mother earth.

Some linger still, but yellow, faded,
No more with green the boughs adorn;
No shelter yield where erst they shaded;
Reft of their kindred, lone, forlorn.
Lifeless seeming, listless gleaming,
Reft of their kindred, lone, forlorn.

So, though thou'rt now arrayed in satin,
And pearls are glistening in thy hair;
Anon thou'lt need a warmer garment—
Grey hairs instead of pearls thou it wear;
Weeds arraying, grief betraying;
Grey hairs instead of pearls thou'lt wear.

Then, sister let us muse and ponder
On these leaves from nature's page;
And prepare, while yet in season,
For a pure and happy age;
Undespairing, be preparing
For a pure and happy age.

I would not damp thy smile of gladness,
Or cast a shadow o'er thy youth;
But ever shun the paths of folly,
Cleave to virtue and to truth;
Self-denying, faith relying,
Cleave to virtue and to truth.

For neither youth, nor health nor beauty,
Can from Time's stern clutches save;
But all must drop, like leaves of autumn,
To the cold and silent grave:
Aye we're dropping, never stopping,
To the cold and silent grave.

Susan Pinkerton.

Autobiography of John Adams.

We have been permitted, through the indulgence of the publishers of this important work, to lay before our readers several extracts from it of engrossing interest, but none will be read with more pleasure than the following. It is taken from the Diary, and written in Mr. Adams' thirty-ninth year.—[N. Y. Evening Post.

"Appointment of Colonel Washington as Commander-in-Chief of the Colonial Army.

"This measure of imbecility, the second petition to the King, embarrassed every exertion of Congress; it occasioned motions and debates without end, for appointing committees to draw up a declaration of the causes, motives, and objects of taking arms, with a view to obtain decisive declarations against independence, &c. In the mean time the New England army investing Boston, the New England Legislatures, Congresses, and Conventions, and the whole body of the People, were left without munitions of war, without arms, clothing, pay, or even countenance and encouragement. Every post brought me letters from my friends, Dr. Winthrop, Dr. Cooper, General James Warren, and sometimes from General Ward and his aids, and General Heath and many others, urging in pathetic terms the impossibility of keeping their men together without the assistance of Congress. I was daily urging all these things; but we were embarrassed with more than one difficulty, not only with the party in favor of the petition to the King, and the party who were jealous of independence, but a third party, which was a Southern party against a Northern, and a jealousy against a New England army under the command of a New England general. Whether this jealousy was sincere, or whether it was mere pride and a haughty ambition of furnishing a Southern general to command the Northern army, I can not say. But the intention was very visible to me, that Col. Washington was their object, and so many of our staunchest men were in the plan that we could carry nothing without conceding to it.

"Another embarrassment which was never publicly known, and which was carefully concealed by those who knew it—the Massachusetts and other New England delegates were divided. Mr. Hancock and Mr. Cushing hung back; Mr. Paine did not come forward; and even Samuel Adams was irresolute. Mr. Hancock himself had had an ambition to be appointed commander-in-chief.* Whether he tho't an election a compliment due to him, and intended to have the honor of declining it, or whether he would have accepted, I know not. To the compliment he had some pretensions, for, at that time, his exertions, sacrifices, and general merits in the cause of his country, had been incomparably greater than those of Col. Washington. But the delicacy of his health, and his entire want of experience in actual service, though an excellent militia officer, were decisive objections to him in my mind. In canvassing this subject, out of doors, I found, too, that even among the delegates of Virginia there were difficulties. The apostolical reasonings among themselves, which should be greatest, were no less energetic among the saints of the ancient dominion, than they were among us of New England. In several conversations, I found more than one very cool about the appointment of Washington, and particularly Mr. Pendleton was very clear and full against. Full of anxieties concerning these confusions, and apprehending daily that we should hear very distressing news from Boston, I walked with Mr. Samuel Adams in the State House yard for a little exercise and fresh air, before the hour of Congress, and there represented to him the various dangers that surrounded us. He agreed to them all, but said, "What shall we do?" I answered him, that he knew I had taken great pains to get our colleagues to agree upon some plan, that we might be unanimous; but he knew that they would pledge themselves to nothing; but I was determined to take a step which should compel them and all the other members of Congress to declare themselves for or against something. I am determined this morning to make a direct motion that Congress should adopt the army before Boston, and appoint Colonel Washington commander of it." Mr. Adams seemed to think very seriously of it, but said nothing.

"Accordingly, when Congress had assembled, I rose in my place, and, in as short a speech as the subject would admit representing the state of the Colonies, the uncertainty in the minds of the people, their great expectation and anxiety, the distresses of the army, the danger of its dissolution, the difficulty in collecting another, and the probability that the British army would take advantage of our delays, march out of Boston, and spread desolation as far as they could go. I concluded with a motion, in form, that Congress would adopt the army at Cambridge, and appoint a General; that though this was not the proper time to nominate a General, yet as I had reason to believe that this was a point of the greatest difficulty, I had no hesitation to declare that I had but one gentleman in my mind for that important command, and that was a gentleman from Virginia, who was among us, and very well known to all of us, a gentleman whose skill and experience as an officer, whose independent fortune, great talents, and excellent universal character, would command the approbation of all America, and unite the cordial exertions of all the Colonies better than any other person in the Union.

"Mr. Washington, who happened to sit near the door, as soon as he heard me allude to him, from his usual modesty, darted into the library room. Mr. Hancock, who was our President, which gave me an opportunity to observe his countenance while I was speaking on the state of the Colonies, the army at Cambridge, and the enemy—heard me with visible pleasure; but when I came to describe Washington for the commander, I never remarked a more sudden and striking change of countenance. Mortification and resentment were expressed as forcibly as his face could exhibit them. Mr. Samuel Adams seconded the motion, and that did not soften the President's physiogomy at all.† The subject came under debate, and several of the gentlemen declared themselves against the appointment of Mr. Washington, not on account of any personal objection against him, but because the army was all from New England, had a General of their own, appeared to be satisfied with him, and had proved themselves able to imprison the British army in Boston, which was all they expected or desired at that time. Mr. Pendleton of Virginia, Mr. Sherman of Connecticut, was very explicit in declaring their opinion; Mr. Cushing and several others more faintly expressed their opposition and their fears of discontents in the army and in New England. Mr. Paine expressed a great opinion of General Ward and a strong friendship for him, having been his classmate at college, or at least his contemporary; but gave no opinion upon the question. The subject was postponed to a future day. In the mean time, pains were taken out of doors to obtain a unanimity, and the voices were generally so clearly in favor of Washington, that the dissentient members were persuaded to withdraw their opposition, and Mr. Washington was nominated, I believe by Thomas Johnson of Maryland, unanimously elected, and the army adopted.

"The next question was, who should be the second officer. General Lee was nominated and was strenuously urged by many, particularly Mr. Mifflin, who said that General Lee would serve cheerfully under Washington, but considering his rank, character, and experience, could not be expected to serve under any other. That Lee must be *aut secundus aut nullus*. To this I as strenuously objected, that it would be a great deal to expect of General Ward that he should serve under any man, but that under a stranger he ought not to serve. That though I had high opinion of General Lee's learning, general information, and especially of his science and experience in war, I could not advise General Ward to humiliate himself and his country so far as to serve under him. General Ward was elected the second, and Lee the third‡ Gates and Mifflin, I believe, had some appointments, and General Washington took with him Mr. Reed of Philadelphia, a lawyer of some eminence, for his private secretary, and the gentlemen all set off for the camp. They had not proceeded twenty miles from Philadelphia before they met a courier with the news of the battle of Bunker's Hill, the death of General Warren, the slaughter among the British officers and men, as well as among ours, and the burning of Charlestown."

*This will scarcely surprise those who know that Mr. Hancock's prevailing foible was a fondness for official distinction. But the writer never was among those disposed on this account to depreciate the merit of this gentleman's services in the Revolution.

†The emotion was smothered enough by the second day to enable him in writing to Mr. Gerry in Massachusetts, to call Washington a "fine man." But there can be little doubt that neither Hancock nor Ward was ever afterwards cordial towards him. Mr. Adams' letters of the same date will be found elsewhere.—[Austin's Life of Gerry, i, 82.]

‡Mr. Adams was one of the committee of three (Mr. Henry and Mr. Lynch) appointed to wait upon General Lee to inform him of his appointment, and request his answer, whether he would accept the command. They reported immediately his words of acceptance.—[Journals of Congress, June 19th, 1775.]

Early Rising.

Did you but know, when bathed in dew,
How sweet the little violet grew,
Amidst the thorny brake;
How fragrant flow the ambient air,
O'er beds of primroses so fair,
Your pillow you'd forsake.

Paler than the autumnal leaf,
Or the wan hue of pining grief,
The cheek of sloth shall grow;
Nor can cosmetic, wash, or ball,
Nature's own favorite tints recall,
If once you let them go.

From Cumming's Hunting Adventures in South Africa.

A MAN-EATING LION.

FEARFUL TRAGEDY.

On the 29th we arrived at the small village of Bakalahan. The natives told me that elephants were abundant on the opposite side of the river. I accordingly resolved to halt here and hunt, and drew my wagons up on the river's bank, within thirty yards from the water, and about one hundred yards from the native village. Having outspanned, we at once set about making for the cattle a kraal of the worst description of thorn-trees. Of this I had now become very particular, since my severe loss by lions in this month; and my cattle were, at night, secured by a strong kraal, which inclosed my two wagons, the horses being made fast to a trek-tow stretched between the hind wheels of the wagons. I had yet, however, a fearful lesson to learn as to the character of the lion of which I had at one time entertained so little fear; and on this night a horrible tragedy was to be acted in my little lonely camp of so very awful and appaling a nature as to make the blood curdle in our veins. I worked till near sundown at one side of the kraal with Hendric, my first wagon-driver—! cutting down the trees with my axe, and he dragging them to the kraal. When the kraal for the cattle was finished, I turned my attention to making a pot of barley-broth, and lighted a fire between the wagons and the water, close on the river's bank, under a dense grove of shady trees, making no sort of kraal around our sitting place for the evening.

The Hottentots, without any reason, made their fire about fifty yards from mine; they, according to their usual custom, being satisfied with the shelter of a large dense bush. The evening passed away cheerfully. Soon after it was dark we heard elephants breaking the trees in the forest across the river, and once or twice I strode away into darkness some distance from the fireside to stand and listen to them. I little, at that moment, deemed of the imminent peril to which I was exposing my life, nor thought that a blood-thirsty man-eater lion was crouching near, and only watching his opportunity to spring into the kraal, and consign one of us to a most horrible death. About three hours after the sun went down I called my men to come and take their coffee and supper, which was ready for them at my fire; and after supper three of them returned before their comrade to their own fireside, and lay down; these were John Stofolus, Hendric, and Ruyter. In a few minutes an ox came out by the gate of the kraal and walked round the back of it. Hendric got up and drove him in again, and then went back to his fireside and lay down. Hendric and Ruyter lay on one side of the fire under one blanket, and John Stofolus lay on the other. At this moment I was sitting taking some barley-broth; our fire was very small, and the night was pitch-dark and windy. Owing to our proximity to the native village the wood was very scarce, the Bakalahari having burned it all in their fires.

Suddenly the appalling and murderous voice of an angry, blood-thirsty lion burst upon my ear within a few yards of us, followed by the shrieking of the Hottentots. Again and again the murderous roar of attack was repeated. We heard John and Ruyter shriek "The lion! the lion!" still, for a few moments, we thought he was but chasing one of the dogs round the kraal; but, next instant John Stofolus rushed into the midst of us almost speechless with fear and terror, his eyes bursting from their sockets, and shrieked out, "The lion! the lion! He has got Hendric! he dragged him away from the fire beside me. I struck him with the burning brands upon his head, but he would not let go his hold. Hendric is dead! Oh God! Hendric is dead! Let us take the fire and seek." The rest of my people rushed about shrieking and yelling as if they were mad. I was at once angry with them for their folly, and told them that if they did not stand still and keep quiet the lion would have another of us; and that very likely there was a troop of them. I ordered the dogs, which were nearly all fast to be made loose, and the fire to be increased as far as could be. I then shouted Hendric's name, but all was still. I told my men that Hendric was dead, and that a regiment of soldiers could not save him, and, hunting my dogs forward, I had everything brought within the cattle kraal, when we lighted our fire and closed the entrance as well as we could.

My terrified people sat round the fire with guns in their hands till the day broke, still fancying that every moment the lion would return and spring again into the midst of us. When the dogs were first let go, the stupid brutes, as dogs often prove when most required, instead of going at the lion, rushed fiercely on one another, and fought desperately for some minutes. After this they got his wind, and, going at him, disclosed to us his position: they kept up a continued barking until the day dawned, the lion occasionally springing after them and driving them in upon the kraal. The horrible monster lay all night within forty yards of us, consuming the wretched man whom he had chosen for his prey. He had dragged him into a little hollow at the back of the thick brush beside which the fire was kindled, and there he remained till the day dawned, careless of our proximity.

It appeared that when the unfortunate Hendric rose to drive in the ox, the lion had watched him to his fireside, and he had scarcely laid down when the brute sprang upon him and Ruyter (for both lay under one blanket,) with his appalling, murderous roar, and roaring as he lay, grappled him with his fearful claws, and kept biting him on the breast and shoulder, all the while feeling for his neck; having got hold of which, he at once dragged him away backward round the bush into the dense shade.

As the lion lay upon the unfortunate man, he faintly cried, "Help me, help me! Oh God! men, help me!" After which the fearful beast got a hold of his neck, and then all was still, except that his comrades heard the bones of his neck cracking between the teeth of the lion. John Stofolus had lain with his back to the fire on the opposite side, and on hearing the lion he sprang up, and, siezing a large flaming brand, had belabored him on the head with the burning wood; but the brute did not take any notice of him. The Bushman had a narrow escape; he was not altogether scatheless, the lion having inflicted two gashes in his seat with his claws.

The next morning, just as the day began to dawn, we heard the lion dragging something up the river side, under cover of the bank. We drove the cattle out of the kraal, and then proceeded to inspect the scene of the night's awful tragedy. In the hollow, where the lion had lain consuming his prey, we found one leg of the unfortunate Hendric, bitten off below the knee, the shoe still on his foot; the grass and bushes were all stained with his blood, and fragments of his pea-coat lay around. Poor Hendric! I knew the fragments of that old coat, and had often marked them hanging in the dense covers where the elephant had charged after my unfortunate after-rider. Hendric was by far the best man I had about my wagons, of a most cheerful disposition, a first-rate wagon-driver, fearless in the field, ever active, willing, and obliging; his loss to us all was very serious. I felt confounded and utterly sick in my heart; I could not remain at the wagons, so I resolved to go after elephants to divert my mind. I had that morning heard them breaking the trees on the opposite side of the river. I accordingly told the natives of the village of my intentions, and having ordered my people to devote the day to fortifying the kraal, started with Piet and Ruyter as my after-riders. It was a very cool day. We crossed the river, and at once took up the fresh spoor of a troop of bull elephants. These bulls unfortunately joined a troop of cows, and when we came on them the dogs attacked the cows, and the bulls were off in a moment, before we could even see them. One remarkably fine old cow charged the dogs. I hunted this cow, and finished her with two shots from the saddle. Being anxious to return to my people before night, I did not attempt to follow the troop. My followers were not a little gratified to see me returning, for terror had taken hold of their minds, and they expected that the lion would return, and, emboldened by the preceding night, would prove still more daring in his attack. The lion would most certainly have returned, but fate had otherwise ordained. My health had been better in the last three days; my fever was leaving me, but I was, of course, still very weak. It would still be two hours before the sun would set, and, feeling refreshed by a little rest, and able for further work, I ordered the steeds to be saddled, and went in search of the lion.

I took John and Carey as after-riders, armed, and a party of the natives followed up the spoor and led the dogs. The lion had dragged the remains of poor Hendric along a native foot path that led up the river path. We found fragments of his coat all along the spoor, and at last the mangled coat itself. About six hundred yards from our camp a dry river's course joined the Limpopo. At this spot was much shade, cover, and heaps of dry reeds and trees deposited by the Limpopo in some great flood. The lion had left the foot-path and entered this secluded spot. I at once felt convinced that we were upon him, and ordered the natives to make loose the dogs. These walked suspiciously forward on the spoor, and next minute began to spring about, barking angrily, with all their hair bristling upon their backs; a crash upon the dry reeds immediately followed—it was the lion bounding away.

Several of the dogs were extremely affaid of him, and kept rushing continually backward and springing aloft to obtain a view. I now pressed forward and urged them on; old Argyll and Bles took up his spoor in gallant style, and led on the other dogs. Then commenced a short but lively and glorious chase, whose conclusion was the only small satisfaction that I could obtain to answer for the horrors of the preceeding evening. The lion held up the river's bank for a short distance, and took away through some wait-a-bit thorn cover, the best he could find, but nevertheless open. Here, in two minutes, the dogs were up with him, and he turned and stood at bay. As I approached, he stood, his horrid head right to me, with open jaws, growling fiercely, his tail waving from side to side.

On beholding him my blood boiled with rage. I wished that I could take him alive and torture him, and, setting my teeth, I dashed my steed forward within thirty yards of him and shouted, "*Your* time is up, old fellow." I halted my horse, and, placing my rifle to my shoulder, waited for a broadside. This the next moment he exposed, when I sent a bullet through his shoulder and dropped him on the spot. He rose, however, again, when I finished him with a second in the breast. The Bakalahari now come up in wonder and delight. I ordered John to cut off his head and forepaws and bring them to the wagons, and, mounting my horse, galloped home, having been absent about fifteen minutes. When the Bakalahari women heard that the man-eater was dead, they all commenced dancing about with joy, calling me *their father*.

CHURCH DESECRATION.—Some apologies for human beings broke into Shingle's Methodist Church, in Chester county, last week, and wantonly destroyed property. Such uncalled for rascality deserves the punishment of the law, and we hope the perpetrators may not go "unwhipt." Men guilty of such acts can't be many degrees, in the scale of humanity above the monkey tribe.—[Pottstown Ledger.

"Monkey tribe," sir? Why, hyenas would be ashamed of them.