

Poet's Corner.

OFF TO CALIFORNIA!!!

A NEW SONG.

AIR.—*Yankee Doodle.*

Now's the time to change your clime,
 Give up work and tasking;
 All who choose be rich as Jews,
 Even without asking,
California's precious earth
 Turns the new world frantic;
 Sell your traps, and take a berth,
 Across the wild Atlantic.
 Every one who digs and delves,
 All whose arms are brawny,
 Take a pick and help yourselves—
 Off to Californy!

Yankee Doodle all agog;
 With the golden mania,
 Debts no longer prove a clog—
 Happy Pennsylvania!
 Those who about stocks and loans
 Kicked up such an old dust
 Live to see the very stones
 Come down with the gold dust.
 Every one who digs and delves
 Join the Indians Tawney,
 Take a pick and help yourselves
 In happy Californy.

Gold is got in pan or pot,
 Soup-tureen or ladle.
 Basket, Bird-cage, and what not,
 Even to a cradle!
Eldorado's found at last,
Surba sed virorum,
 Loose their daggled heads as fast
 As Raleigh did before 'em.
 Choose your able-bodied men,
 Workmen bold and brawny;
 Give them picks and spades, and then—
 Off to Californy.

How this flush of gold will end,
 We have statements ample;
 Perhaps a few sacks they will send,
 Only for a sample,
 But we hope this golden move,
 Really, is all true, sirs,
 Else will *Yankee Doodle* prove
 A *Yankee Doodle* doo, sirs.
 So, let every one go dig and delve,
 Wear their hands quite boney;
 Take a pick and help themselves,
 Off in Californy!

THE VACANT CHAIR.

You have all heard of Cheviot mountains. If you have not, they are a rough, rugged, majestic chain of hills, which a poet might term the Roman wall of nature; crowned with snow, belted with storms, surrounded by pastures and fruitful fields, and still dividing the northern portion of Great Britain from the southern. With their proud summits piercing the clouds, and their dark rocky declivities frowning upon the glens below, they appear symbolical of the wild and untameable spirits of the Borderers who once inhabited their sides. We say, you have all heard of the Cheviots, and know them to be very high hills, like a huge clasp riveting England and Scotland together; but we are not aware that you may have heard of Marchlaw, an old gray-looking farm-house, substantial as a modern fortress, recently, and, for aught we know to the contrary, still inhabited by Peter Elliot, the proprietor of some five hundred surrounding acres. The boundaries of Peter's farm, indeed, were defined neither by fields, hedges, nor stone walls. A wooden stake here, and a stone there, at considerable distances from each other, were the general landmarks; but neither Peter nor his neighbours considered a few acres worth quarrelling about; and their sheep frequently visited each other's pastures in a friendly way, harmoniously sharing a family dinner, in the same spirit as their masters made themselves free at each other's tables.

Peter was placed in very unpleasant circumstances, owing to the situation of Marchlaw House, which, unfortunately, was built immediately across the "ideal line," dividing the two kingdoms; and his misfortune was, that, being born within it, he knew not whether he was an Englishman or a Scotchman. He could trace his ancestral line no farther back than his great-grandfather, who, it appeared from the family Bible, had, together with his grandfather and father, claimed Marchlaw as their birth-place. They, however, were not involved in the same perplexities as their descendant. The parlour was distinctly acknowledged to be in Scotland, and two-thirds of the kitchen were as certainly allowed to be in England; his three ancestors were born in the room over the parlour, and, therefore, were Scotchmen beyond question; but Peter, unluckily, being brought into the world before the death of his grandfather, his parents occupied a room immediately over the debateable boundary line which crossed the kitchen. The room, though scarcely eight feet square, was evidently situated between the two countries; but, no one being able to ascertain what portion belonged to each, Peter, after many arguments and altercations upon the subject, was driven to the disagreeable alternative of confessing he knew not what countryman he was. What rendered the confession the more painful was, it was Peter's highest ambition to be thought a Scotchman. All his arable land lay on the Scotch side; his mother was collaterally related to the Stuarts; and few families were more ancient or respectable than the Elliots. Peter's speech, indeed, betrayed him to be a walking partition between the two kingdoms, a living representation of the Union; for in one word he pronounced the letter *r* with the broad, masculine sound of the North Briton, and in the next with the liquid *urr* of the Northumbrians.

Peter, or, if you prefer it, Peter Elliot, Esquire, of