

of the gold question. This harbour (one of the finest in the world) is about in latitude 38° ; the Sacramento flows southward along the basin or valley to this point; while the San Joaquin flows northward to the same meeting place—the two rivers having numerous tributaries which drain the Rocky Mountain region. The San Joaquin and its feeders have been found to yield gold, to a point about one degree south of San Francisco; but the Sacramento and its tributaries, north of the harbour, form the gold region proper. Here we find the American River, Bear River, Yubah River, Feather River, Butte River, Antelope Creek, Mill Creek, Deer Creek, Chico Creek—all flowing into the Sacramento, and all yielding precious returns to the gold-seekers.

Such is the region whither emigrants have for four years been wandering. It is remarkable that the political relations between the United States and Mexico had shortly before given Upper California to the former nation; and that other negotiations with England had given to the latter a more restricted possession of territory on the Pacific coast than had before been claimed; so that the United States, by these two political causes, and by the Californian discoveries, became suddenly possessed of gold mines, which she is earnestly endeavouring to bring under the operation of a system.

Would we know how *El Dorado* presents itself to the view of an overland traveller to California, we may take Mr. Kelly's recent 'Excursion to California,' as an informant. This gold-seeker left Liverpool per steamer, landed at New York, travelled by rail to Albany on the Hudson, thence by rail to Buffalo on Lake Erie, crossed Upper Canada by coach to Detroit, thence by rail and by wagon to the southern point of Lake Michigan, then on by steam conveyance through a canal to the Illinois and Mississippi Rivers. Arrived at St. Louis, the "Queen of the West," he steamed four hundred miles up the Missouri to Independence; and then, with a large party, made a wagon journey of two thousand miles to the gold region—over wide prairies, rapid rivers, rugged crags, snowy peaks, through the Mormon settlement at the Great Salt Lake, and through perils enough to wear the heart out of any but a determined man. After these two thousand miles of wagon travelling, which occupied a hundred and two days, the weary adventurers suddenly "encountered some Chilians on the banks of a little stream, all but dried up, looking for what we came thousands of miles in quest of. It is scarcely necessary to state that we halted to noon (the "noon" is the mid-day rest in those regions) in their neighbourhood, to have our long day-dream interpreted, and see with mortal eyes the process of picking and washing gold from the common clay. The operations just there happened to be on a limited scale; nevertheless, little as it was, it appeared marvellous to us to see pailsful of mud and dirt gathered, and, after a very short and simple species of washing, to find in the bottom of the basins a deposit of the veritable stuff itself; after which the doubts and fears, which, like the misty vapours of a summer's morning, hovered and floated over our brilliant expectations, rolled away and vanished as the golden sun became revealed. It was now no longer an exaggerated fiction about the treasures of California." A few miles onward they came to some "dry diggings," where miners dig in the dry soil, picking out particles of gold from amongst the clay without the agency of water. "Of course it must be plentiful, and in good sized grains, when the eye can detect them mixed with the red clay; and much that is in mere dust must necessarily escape in the first instance; but in the wet season many of them (the diggers) wash the heaps over that they had dry-picked before, and with very great success. I sat for half an hour by the side of a digger, watching how he