

which it is formed are generally distinguished from the neighboring soil through its whole extent—being composed near and upon the surface principally of a very coarse gravel—altogether different from the soil on either side. It has every appearance of having been formed by some convulsion of nature, causing at first a fissure extending in the direction described—and then by compression having forced the soil from beneath the surface to ooze or rise through the orifice.

I have long expected to see some notice of this interesting natural curiosity in the Newspapers—and should like much to have it examined and described by some competent Geologist and Mineralogist. Speculation upon its features and properties to such a person could not fail to be interesting.

About three years since some persons who had been hunting in the locality, brought home with them small quantities of a bright and glittering dust; soon afterwards it was circulated that a California had been discovered in the “natural causeway”—and numbers of persons from beyond even the boundaries of the Counties, set out for this *Eldorado*. I had the following account from two intelligent persons who had just returned from thence. “We left” said they “Bear River in the morning about sunrise and arrived at the turnpike about noon; we found about two hundred persons present in parties of from three or four to seven—all were provided with implements for digging, and were at work upon the road—we followed suit and commenced digging about halfway between the centre and side; at the depth of three or four feet we came to a light sand mixed with a fine glittering yellow substance; having filled our small bag with it, taken our luncheon and had a smoke, we set out for home. We were then South of Bear River bridge about 12 or 14 miles, and were informed by those we found there that numbers had followed the turnpike to the Westward.” Large quantities of the substance described was sent to Boston and other places for chemical analysis. I have heard that it was pronounced to be *mica*; and thus vanished the golden dreams of many—but the features of this natural curiosity must remain for ever, and I earnestly hope that e'er long it will be visited by some scientific person to describe it as it should be. F.

We next give place to some lines on *SPRING*, more because they are seasonable than for their poetical merit. The ideas are, however, pleasing, and the language occasionally harmonious:

Once more, oh, Spring! we hail thy coming joy
 And boding thought of Summer fresh and fair;
 And where, of late, the blighting snow drift lay,
 Thine earliest gems appear—adorning well
 The tomb of former flowers, and with them bring
 To man the knowledge that he yet may joy—
 As memory speaks, and ever kindly tells,
 That this true emblem of his youth shall cheer
 His life, and cherish hope, while life remains.
 Welcome, the soothing winds, the noiseless dew,
 Which wooeth forth the annual birth which springs
 From nature's bosom; longingly we seek
 Forsaken bowers, whose sighing boughs and twigs
 Smiling betake the emerald robe, and change
 The note of winter, for the pleasing song
 Of new existence when it freedom finds.
 Contrast, how happy, yet how sweetly, chord
 These passive murmurings with the lively shout,
 And tuneful strain of Spring's own choristers;