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POETRY.

I TRUST IN GOD

AND

TRUST IN THEE.

From the Literary American.

I trust in thee, because I know
That thou dost place thy trust on high;
That wheresoever thou dost go
From out the blue and bending sky
The all-regarding eye of Love
Looks down, well-pleased thy faith to see;
I too have fixed my faith above,
And, trusting God, I trust in thee.

I placed my heart within His care,
And He has placed it now in thine;
He listens to mine earnest prayer,
And thou wilt keep this heart of mine
And thou wilt never love me less,
And never be less kind to me:
I smile, amid my loneliness—
I trust in God—I trust in thee.

I know that if thou could'st forget
To warm my soul with love and light,
Each earthly hope for me would set
In clouds of everlasting night;
And yet I ask no word to tell
That thou dost still remember me;
For, in serenest joy I dwell,
And trust in God—and trust in thee.

The love of soul with soul extends
Far, far, beyond this fading sphere,
And thou and I shall still be friends
When we have done with all things here.
When earthly love shall sink in dust,
Still mind to mind shall wedded be;
Believing this, in God I trust—
Believing this, I trust in thee.

Dark; very dark, the present seems;
It scarce can claim one cheering ray;
But Hope flings forth her rosiest gleams
Where visions of the future stray.
Thing not that loving makes me sad—
Thou art not sad to think of ME;
And I—ah! should I not be glad?
I trust in God—and trust in thee!

THE PRAYER OF LOVE.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF CROMWELL.

MANY persons may remember that in the most pretty of suburban villages, Highgate, there stands a mansion nearly on the brow of the hill, bearing the name of "Cromwell House," one of the many relics remaining of that man, whose usurpation of supreme power wrought more good in England than all the reigns of the Stuarts. This house which was the favorite resort of the Lord General during those hours when he relaxed from the cares of state, has continued, in some degree, an object of curiosity up to the present day; and they who indulge in the observation of relics of the olden time, may find themselves not uninterested in their notice of Cromwell House.

In the largest room of the mansion, in the month of January, 1652, sat three persons, dressed according to the puritanical fashion of the day. A large fire blazed from the antique great adding an air of comfort to their forms, while they discussed the varied topics of the times. But they shall speak for themselves.

"Yea, the Lord of battles did that day grant unto us a crowing victory," said one, whose stern, yet marked and intellectual visage and nose, which had so often excited the ribaldry of the Cavaliers proclaimed the first man of his day—Oliver Cromwell.

"Even so," replied his companion Colonel Jeffrys, to whom he addressed himself.

"But," added the usurper, "he, *'the son of the man,'* hath escaped, and while he yet lives——" The speaker paused. "I fear," quivered on his lips, but he durst not let the words escape in the presence of his adherents.

"Yea!" interrupted Colonel Martin, who until now had continued silent apparently wrapped in a moody reverie, "the malignants are given unto the edge of the sword; they are cut down, root and branch; root and branch are they prepared for the fire!" and the speaker's wild look and wilder manner proclaimed him one of those stern and unyielding bigots who had contributed to hew down the obstacles in the path of their master to supreme power.

Thou seemest possessed with a spirit," said the usurper, regarding with a kind of grim satisfaction the vehement manner of his follower.

"I had a vision," resumed the fanatic, his eyes gleaming almost with the fire of madness, "and a voice came unto me in the watches of the night, and it said, "Smith!" and I said, "Lord, what shall I smite?" and the voice answered me and said, "Smite the slayers of the Lord's people, root and branch, hip and thigh; kill, and spare not!" "

"Yet," replied Colonel Jeffrys, as the other sank down almost exhausted by his vehemence, "methinks enough blood has been poured forth, there is not a cavalier in England durst show his head—not a mouth dare name Charles Stuart with praise. Your prisons are full, and your headsmen satiated."

"Thou art eloquent," said Cromwell.

"At least it is an eloquence which cometh from the heart," was the reply.

"Accursed be they who would protect them," again said Martin. "Ere another week shall have passed, one more shall yet be added to the list—he whom the vain call Sir John Desmond."

"And I say," retorted Jeffrys, "accursed be they who would reject in the shedding of blood. Let them beware, lest by man also shall their blood be shed."

"The wife of him [thou hast named," said Cromwell, "but yesterday sought my presence."

"And thou——"

"Refused her," replied Cromwell, sternly. "Better and braver men than Desmond have fallen; nor must he be spared."

"Yet," continued Jeffrys, "our cause is now secure; shall blood continue to flow forever?"

"Thou art grown strangely merciful," replied Cromwell.

"Thou fearest then," said Jeffrys, "lest her groans and supplications might win thee to grant her request?"

"Lead us not into temptation," interposed Colonel Martin, in a deep reverie.

"Thou," continued Jeffrys, unheeding the speaker, as if used to his singular manner, "thou who hast refused so many, feared the tears and touching eloquence of a woman."

"And dost thou not think," said Cromwell, as, with his accustomed felicity, he changed the subject for one less displeasing to him, "dost thou not think that the eloquence which floweth from reason, and is assisted by forethought, is more powerful than that which cometh on the instant, and is the offspring, perchance, of prejudice?"

"Nay," replied Jeffrys.

"And," quickly interrupted Cromwell, "dost thou think that I could so successfully have led my people, had I trusted to the words which sprung on a sudden, and which are not the result of a fixed principle?"

Colonel Jeffrys smiled inwardly, for he well knew that when Cromwell had been most successful, it had been when he trusted to the power of his feelings, and not in any of those more labored discourses with which he was wont occesionally to mystify his auditors; but he answered with more policy than to betray his opinion.

"I believe," was his reply, "that no power of reason, no studied speech, or set praise, could match the eloquence which springs pure and fervent from the bosom of the loving pleading for the beloved.

"And I," returned the other, shortly, "believe as decidedly that thou art wrong."

"What labored oration," pursued Jeffrys, "can surpass David mourning for his son Absalom—"Oh! Absalom, my son, my son! would to God I had died for thee!" "

Would," said Cromwell, abruptly, "would were even in our power to test this thing!"

Suddenly the other arose, and stood up right before the general.

"Pardon my boldness," he said "but your wishes may be granted this hour, nay, this very minute."

"What meanest thou?"

"That this moment waiteth without the wife of him you named but now, come once more to plead for her husband's life."

"And darest thou?" said Cromwell, angrily.

"I would have dared far more," said Colonel Jeffrys, boldly. "She is the wife of one whom in my youth I loved, but who hath been separated from me by the iron nature of the times. *He* loved his king, *I* my country and its deliverer."

There was something in the nature of this speech that won the pleased and silent attention of the hearer, and he continued—

"I could not bear her tears, her agonies, and above all, her earnest despair. She is now without; admit her, and see if her eloquent feeling move not you as it did me; try if her deep grief be not more touching than the voice of the hired advocate."

"Admit her not—trust not to the voice of the charmer!" exclaimed Colonel Martin. Her husband hath drunk deep of the blood of our people; the axe is prepared—let it be glutted with his blood!"

"Peace, my brother, I pray thee, peace," said Cromwell. Thou hast done wrong," he added, turning to Colonel Jeffrys, "but she shall be admitted."

The order was given to the attendants, and, during a pause which made Colonel Jeffrys tremble for his client, Lady Desmond was admitted. By this time, the sun had gone, and the light afforded by the red flame of the fire, which threw its glare fitfully and uncertainly on the inmates of that ancient room, was all that remained to reveal, in Elizabeth Desmond, as she entered, a woman of a sad and stately presence, and one on whom, if the lapse of years had done much, the weight of grief had done more, but neither had power to bow her form, or to quench the fire of an eye which looked mournfully but unqualingly on the group.

"Art thou the wife of the malignant, John Desmond?" said Cromwell, abruptly.

"I am his most unhappy wife."

"What wouldst thou?"

"Pardon for my husband."

"And wherefore should the most inveterate hater of God's people escape righteous doom?"

"I am a poor, unlearned woman," was the reply," unskilled in aught save prayer to my Maker. Weak in all save love for my husband, I can but repeat, pardon, pardon."

"Is it not written said Cromwell, ominously, "The shadder of the blood of God's saints shall surely die?"

"In your hands rests the power of life and death; think, oh, think, upon the blood that has been spilled—how the great and the good have fallen—how, by your word, they have died—and, oh! add not another to the sad and melancholy list."

"Has not thine husband drawn his sword in every town in England?"

"It were vain to deny it."

"Has he not been the most determined of a daring race? When was banner lifted, battle or broil begun, and one of the name of Desmond away from the encounter?—Away!—thou hast dune answer."

"I have dreamed and prayed for this hour," was the earnest reply; "for men say thou art just, though stern. And now that, by the manifest will of God, I stand face to face with thee, I will not yield.—Thou hast a wife who hath lain in thy bosom, lived but on thy smile, and placed her very thoughts before thee. Picture the axe, the headsman, and the gory scaffold. Could she live to see thee thus?"

There was no movement on the part of her stern judge which might betray his thoughts; but, at least, he interrupted her not and she continued:—

"Thou hast children, and felt the warm soft touch of infancy upon thy lips—hast seen them grow up in love and fondness around thee—at morning and evening have bent before the same altar, prayed the same prayers, knelt before the same God!"

"Woman, thou troublest me!" said Cromwell, who, as is well known, was far from happy in these domestic relations

"I have sons, and they shall honor thee daughters and they shall bless the," pursued Lady Desmond.

"Hath he not shed——"

"Look upon these gray hairs, and on these pale and quivering lips—upon this frail form, bowed with agonizing suspense—and pity, oh, pity me!"

"Away, away!"

"By thine hopes of heaven—by the love thou bearest to thy God—pardon, pardon for my husband!"

"Thou pleadest in vain."

"Then, *by the memory of the blood which flowed at Whitehall*——" She stopped for, she felt that she had said too much; yet the usurper's iron face changed not, but, in the wild gesture of Martin, in the fearful and anxious stare of Jeffrys, she trembled for her suit. The group was worthy a painter.

For a minute Cromwell moved not, spoke not, and even scarcely breathed.—It seemed an age to the agonized pleader. At last he uttered, as though the power of speech had suddenly came to him:—

Woman thy prayer is granted; go in peace!"

Then turning to Colonel Jeffrys, he said:—

"Thou art right; I will see that the prisoner be released. This woman, in her great love hath dared to speak to me of that which might have cost her dear.—Her husband shall be set free; for verily I say unto you, I have not found such great love—no, not in all Israel!"

TIN PEDLARS.

"One day," said the Bay state pedlar, as I was driving along, a fellow with a load of tin came of a by road, and followed right along in my tracks. "Mister," said I "which way are you going?" "Going ahead don't you see!" said he.

"Yes" says I, "I reckon we had better take different roads else only one of us will sell any tin—what say you?"

"Yes we will. You may go ahead and sell all you can and then I'll sell as much again as you"

"Why, will you sell so much cheaper?"

"No I'll get more for every article." Well I don't see how you can do it." Try it and I'll show you. I'll stop here while you drive to that house yonder, and sell all you can. Start on your team a little and then come back for your whip or something you have dropped and you can see how I sell."

"Well," said I, so I drove up to the house and went in, and spoke to the old gentleman, who was reading the newspaper.—"How do you do! said I, but he did not mind anything about me.

"Want to buy any tin pans, pails, cups or anything!"

"No."

"I'll sell cheap, and take almost anything in pay."

"Don't want none."

"But just look at my lot it is the completest you ever saw."

"Don't want to."

"Well I really wish that I could sell you something. Then you really think you can't buy?"

"No, don't want anything."

So I started off. "Whoa, says I; now I'll see what that Connecticut fellow can do. So I walks back to the house. I didn't leave my whip here did I?"

"Hain't seen it." said the old man, keeping on reading advertisements. Then the Connecticut fellow came in—

"How far is it to a tavern?"

"Half a mile," said the old man.

"I'm as dry as a codfish. I'll take some of your water," walking up to the table and taking up a pewter mug. "Oh," said he, "it is cider," making believe he was going to put it down.

"Drink it," said the old man—and he did.

"That't royal cider—you made that for your own use, can't buy such as that; if I had a barrel of that in Boston I'd get five dollars for it. How did you make it?"

"Made it out of apples."

"Did you! Well they must have been extraordinary good ones, every one of them fit to make mince pies of. Got a large orchard, haint you Squire?"

"No."

"First rate, what there is on them—got a snug house here, too—havn't seen many houses I like as well as this, and I've seen a good many in my day. Real snug house," looking around as if hunting a stray fly "how many rooms up stairs?"

"Four and all finished off," said the old woman, who was ironing. On that he turned around and made his talk to her

"Four, and all finished off," and furnished! You are thriving like natur! Got smart girls to fill them up?"

"No, only one."

"Well one good enough—better than three or four ordinary ones—how old is she?"

"Eighteen."

"Eighteen?—she'll be married before long, I reckon! Not many gals like yours live to be old maids."

"I dont think she will be an old maid."

"She looks like you: don't she now! I heard of her—she is as handsome as a picture—what a handsome setting out you will give her."

"Yes I've got five pair of linen sheets and four coverlids, that I made for her this summer. I mean, if she ever does get married that she shall have as good a setting out as any body.',

"So I would, and you are able to do it. Now I think of it, I've got a few first rate things that I mean to carry home to somebody, you guess who.(winking) I've been offered more than they are worth, but would not sell them—but I've a mind to let you have them for that girl of yours. I don't know though that I can let them go Betsy will expect them."

So the old woman put on her specs, and went out with him to his wagon. He dug to the bottom and hauled out some pans and pails just like those on top. Here they are, I keep them stowed away out of sight—the genuine Lafayette tin, come from France. The more you use them the brighter they grow they never need scouring."

"What is the price of these common ones?" said she, pointing to some just like those he had in his hand.

"Five shillings, and there are ten—the Lafayette tin cost nine and sixpense; but for that pretty girl's sake, that looks so much like you, they say, I'll let you have a few for seventeen shillings."

So he went on talking, untill he sold her more than five dollars worth of til ware not nigh as good as mine, at good deal higher prices.

When he started on says he, "how much did you sell!"

"None."

"Ah, you didn't come from Connecticut?"

"No, I did not," says I; and then in a low voice, and I don't want to if they all lie as you do!"

A GOOD HIT FOR A YOUTH.

An old chap in Connecticut, who was, one of the most niggardly men known in that part of the country, carried on the blacksmithing business very extensively, and as it is generally the case in that State boarded all of his hands. And to show he envied the men and boys what they eat he would have a bowl of bean soup served up for himself to cool, while tha. for the hands was served up in a large pan boiling hot.

This old fellow, had an apprentice who was so unlucky as to get his fingers burnt quite frequently among the hot irons in the shop. One day the old man scolded him severely for being so careless.

"How can I tell," said the boy, "if the iron is hot, unless it is red?"

"Spit on it, and if it doesn't hiss, it wont burn," replied the old boss.

In a day or two after, the old man sent the boy to see if his soup was cool. The boy went in and spit in the bowl: of course the soup did not hiss. He went back and told the boss his soup was cool.

"Dinner!" cried he

All hands were soon at the table, and the old man having seated himself at the head, forthwith took a large spoonful of the boiling hot soup in his mouth.

"Good heavens!" cried he in the greatest rage, "what did you tell me that lie for, you young rascal?"

"I didn't lie," said the boy, very innocently. "You told me I should spit on a thing to find if it was hot; so I spit in the bowl, and as it didn't hiss, I thought it must be cold!"

Judge of the effect on the jours. That boy never afterwards wanted friends among the journeymen.

EXECUTION OF EPES.—We have mentioned the execution on Friday last, at Binwiddie, Va., of William Danbridge Epes, for the murder of Francis Adolphus Muir, in February, 1846. The Petersburg Republican says:

The prisoner mounted the cart, and in a clear audible voice, indicating no signs of emotion, made the following remarks:

'Gentlemen it was not my object to have anything to say on the present occasion, but as it may do good, I have determined to say something. I have been charged with many crimes. I have been charged with the murder of a hog drover—I have been charged with the murder of my mother-in-law—I have been charged with the murder of my son—and I have been charged with the murder of my own servant.—but gentlemen all these charges are false—all false. Would to God I could say as much of that other charge! But of that I am guilty. I murdered Francis Adolphus Muir. *I murdered him.* He fell by my hand. I have regretted the act ever since it was committed—it has been before my eyes ever since. I have the gratification to state that I believe he is in heaven; and I trust I may meet him there. In his dying moments he said he hoped to meet me there. I hope I shall meet him there, and I believe I will meet him there, for I trust in God's promises.

"Gentlemen—I have seen better days and many of you know it. But when the temper is aroused, we know not what we may do. I hope that my fate may be a warning for you to shun my example I leave this world at peace with all mankind. I feel that I am at peace with my God. I trust to meet you all in heaven."

While the preliminaries were arranging, the criminal displayed the same fortitude that he had shown throughout the trial, and at the pronunciation of the sentence. While the banbage was being tied over his eyes, he muttered, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," and he died without scarcely a struggle.

After the expiration of an hour, the body was cut down, when the neck was found to have been broken. The body was laid in a coffin furnished by the relatives of the deceased, and on the next day removed to the residence of his brother in Nottaway county.

BREACH OF PROMISE CASE.—Miss Mary Ann Law recovered the sum of $500, by a suit in Juniatta county, against Mr. Thomas Laughlin, for breach of promise. She had previously been awarded $625 by arbitrators, from whose decision the defendant appealed to the court, with the result before stated.—*Mifflin (N. Y) Sentinel.*

A LATH MACHINE, in operation at Cleveland takes the green log and whittles out 120 pieces of lath per minute. It supplies, them at $1,25 per thousand.



CHESTER TOWN, MD.

Saturday, December 30, 1848.

OUR PAPER.—As it is Christmas week, and our Editors, Printers and Devils, all feel the effects of it, will be a sufficient apology for the small quantity of reading matter in the NEWS, we will endeavor to do better hereafter.

SNOW.—Oh! Winter has come upon us in good earnest this week—we have had three snow storms, Wednesday, Friday and to-day, the ground now is covered to the depth of 6 or 7 inches. These are trying times to the poor many of whom have no wood and we expect but little to eat. Let those who can spare something give to the poor! Look them out, and see that they have enough to keep them comfortable, this cold and disagreeable weather.

THE CARRIER'S ADDRESS.—We would inform our subscribers that the carrier of the News, will be around on Monday next with his address. He is an attentive and industrious youth and worthy of the liberality of his patrons.

Correspondence of the Kent News.

From Washington.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 26, '48.

Christmas—The Weather—Panama Rail Road Bill—Recession to the State of Maryland of a portion of the District—Memorial of the Messengers bearing the Electoral vote of the States to the Capitol—Calhoun and Clayton, &c.

MR EDITOR,—

Merry, joyous, glorious Chrismas is being fully appreciated by our citizens here. The churches of this city, such as were open, were generally well filled. I am told notwithstanding the weather was unpropitious I suppose the majority of the discourses delivered were uncommonly good, the one I heard was so at any rate. I again heard of the Saviour of mankind who though rich and wanting *nothing*, "become poor, that we through his poverty might become rich." A Saviour and God of all coming to earth and inhabiting (not a rich, unearthly mansion, let down from Heaven for him,) but a stable. A Saviour and Redeemer whose mother was a carpenter's wife, whose most loved companions were the poor and among whose apostles were common fishermen; all teaching us our duty to the *poor*, and the propriety of humility, and kindness to those who are not possessed of so large a portion of this worlds goods; and the Christian duty of seeing to the comforts of the poor in our midst while we rejoice in celebrating the birth of Him who was the special friend and companion of the poor," &c.

The weather still continues unseasonable. It is entirely too mild for health at this time. We now and then have a little chilly air, and a sprinkle of rain, and a cloud or so, but no *cold* weather. It has been bright to-day, and it bids fair to be so to-morrow. The bewitching locks and gaudy dresses of the ladies on Penn. Avenue this afternoon (and on previous pleasant evenings), you must know, greatly attracted your bachelor correspondent's attention. It surely does one good and makes the heart better to look into the face of a sweet ingenious female. I have felt moved by *generous* impulses towards some of these sweet creatures that abound here, on several such occasions.

The Panama Rail-road Bill still interests the Senate. It is a great measure and I hope it will pass Congress The draining of the Everglades of Florida, by which 3,000,000 acres of rich sugar-growing land may be brought into market, is also still under discussion, and is of as great importance as the other. Mr. Westcott is unfortunate in his position upon the Bill, but it is Locofoco like. He wants his State to drain these lands, and then possess them as indemnity for the labor. All of this grows out of his opposition to Internal Improvements by the General Government. His colleague, Mr. Yulee, takes a different view of the case, and is in favor of this thing being done by the General Government—he is right. Florida would then certainly be more greatly benefitted by it, without involving itself in uncertain speculation.

This slave question, or Abolition question, is drawing matters to an exciting stage. Giddings and Palfrey are a disgrace to the House. On the other extreme of folly is Mr. Calhoun and his followers.—Though personally a fine man, Mr. Calhoun is an artful and dangerous politician, and his efforts are now directed to the overthrow and confusion of the whig party just in the same way *his* ultraism has helped to fix the fate of the loco organization. The Southern caucases, without distinction of party, held in the Senate Chamber the other evening, was an uncalled for thing, and Calhoun was at the bottom of it. I hope the Whigs will be on their guard.—Where is the use of addressing the South upon this question? On the floor of Congress is the place to meet these abolition agitators, and not to trouble the people with what have no power beyond their Representatives in that way to remedy.

Let the South meet the *moderate* and *sensible* of the North upon some mutually magnanimous and just ground of compromise, and throw the ultraists, *either* aside—it can be done. The re cession Bill of Mr. Flourney, re-ceding to our State so much of the District of Columbia as possible without interfering with the public buildings will pass. The *insolent* resolution offered in the House the other day, which passed that body, instructing the Committee on the District of Columbia to bring in a bill to abolish the dealing in slaves in the Dist. of Columbia will light up the fires of angry and ungentlemanly disputation when it is introduced. Messrs. Giddings, Palfrey & Co., compose the Magazine and Messrs. Calhoun is the locofoco that will ignite it. All extremes are ridiculous and hateful. The war has now begun.

A memorial was presented to the House the other day, by the Messengers bearing the electoral votes of the States to the Capitol, which prayed a reduction upon the rates of mileage granted members of Congress, as "a necessary measure of retrenchment and reform," they having proved by investigation that money could be saved by 12 cts. a mile which the messengers receive, and which was reduced to that by 90 cts. the mile by the present Congress at its last session, as regarded the messengers mileage, and it was hoped that some such spirit would be shown in the reduction of their own mileage. The memorial was forcible and just, but was voted down, as might have been expected!

Messrs. Clayton, of Del. and Calhoun of S. C., though differing widely in politics agree in the possession of refined sense and gentlemany bearing, and are on the best terms of social intercourse. I was amused the other day at a remark of Mr. Calhoun's to Mr. Clayton as they come out of the Senate chamber, together: "Mr. Calhoun would ask the honorable senator from Del. Del. if he was *very* fond of the "blue hen chickens?" Mr. Clayton replied, "I was *very* fond of them and would like to treat the Hon. Senator from South Carolina to some of them." They made quite merry over it.

I am compelled to cut this letter short to get it in the mail in time: A more complete one next week.

A happy New Year to you and your readers.

Truly, Yours, &c.

OBSERVER.

[From the N. Y. Adv.]

California gold—arrival of Don Jose D'Alvear, the first Discoverer of the gold mines—interesting developments.

Don Jose D'Alvear, the celebrated Spanish Geologist, whose famous treatise on the "Age of the Earth" must be known to many of our readers, has *just arrived* at New York, from the Gold Regions of California, by way of Panama, Chagres and New Orleans, bringing with him a large amount of Gold ore, estimated to be worth more than a million of dollars, the result of his labors, by the aid of a large body of Indians, long before the existence of the Gold mines became known to the residents of California generally. Signor D'Alvear went out to California nearly two years, ago, in consequence of certain information which he had received of the geological character of that country, with the firm belief that vast mines of precious metals would be revealed there, upon careful investigation. He was encouraged to this enterprise, also, by his confidence in the powers of a certain Magnetic instrument which he had invented, called the, "Goldometer," by whose aid he expected to be directed at once to the "Gold Placers," if any such existed. Nor were his expectations disappointed. His scientific calculations proved to be founded in truth and profound wisdom, and his new instrument, the "Goldometer," fulfilled to the highest hopes. In less than two months after reaching California, he struck upon one of the richest gold mines in that country, upon an obscure branch of the Sacramento river, in a gorge of hills extremely rocky and difficult of access, and seldom visited by the native Californians. Disguising his object under the pretence of purely scientific research, he obtained the aid of some fifteen or twenty simple and faithful Indians, and steadily pursued his task, collecting often more than $10.0 worth of gold in a single day, which he concealed in a deep ravine, without exciting any suspicion whatever, until after the discovery of gold at Capt. Sutter's Mills, when the mountains were ransacked by gold seekers, and Signor D'Alvear's "gold placer," richest in all California, was beset with greedy adventurers. It is now found that the real mines or sources of the gold, lie in the gorges of the mountains, and not in the beds or sands of the rivers.

Don Jose D'Alvear was, beyond all question, the first and real discoverer of the gold mines of California; and he deserves the more credit for this, as his discovery was based upon profound scientific calculation, and was not the result of accident. The evidence of these facts, which he possesses, in the shape of well attested documents, from persons high in authority in California, place the matter beyond all doubt.

Signor D'Alvear now visits the United States, where he was for several years a resident, for the purpose of disposing of his gold, and investing it in safe and improving property, and also for the purpose of obtaining the necessary apparatus and material for constructing his new instrument, the "Goldometer," which is now in great demand in California, but the means of constructing them was not to be obtained. Previous to leaving California he sold his own instrument, a very imperfect one, for $3,000, while they can, in reality, be made for less than $20. The person who purchased it confidently ex-