NEW PERIODICALS.

The Overland, for October, contains an informing paper on the Seal Islands of Alaska; a second article describing Road-Making in the Tropics by the Darien Survey; an interesting description of San Diego and the Gold Mines; a Mexican sketch called A Pronunciamento; Farming in Pajaro Valley; a returned Californian's first impressions of the East, describing the Atlantic seaboard as seen by the fresh eyes of a fifteen years' resident in California; pen-pictures by an old resident in Tahiti; and a fine account of the waterfall of the Shoshone or Snake River, a branch of the Columbia. This magazine continues to be interesting without the slence upon sectors; two short tales, Mr. Sheds's Courtship, and The Three Pirates, the latter from the German, are all, this month; but there is not one of the descriptive papers which we would like to have displaced by a work of fiction. The *Overland* has acquired a reputation for its peculiar vein of hearty, unconventional book-criticism, and we are going to let our readers see how this fame is won: here is the healthy impulse which is like to set the pale gods of Boston shaking on their thrones:

"EMERSON'S FALSE VIEWS OF PROGRESS.

Emerson has a tendency to an extravagant appreciation of the power of progress, and is often tempted to express himself thus:

"'The wonderful hole upon a piano'gets into a log hut on the frontier. You would think they found it under a pine-tree. With it they found it under a pine-tree. With it come a Latin grammar—and one of those non-reading boys has written a Latin ode to-day. Now let college-men say what they have need! for here is one who, opening the tastes and the books of the pioneer's log cabin, will gather all their laurels in his strong hands."

If Mr. Emerson had been an observer instead of a philosopher; if he had ever studied the matter and not evolved it from his moral consciousness, he would know that the piano-pedal is in the saloon and gambling-houses; that the elegancies and refinements of civilization are brought into barbarism with the first civilized lifers, who are generally vicious; that the proprietor of the "log hut" and the "cow-house" would find he found holding out against pianos and Latin grammars until he is obliged to organize. Romance like this would undoubtedly provoke the applause of lyceum halls in the fastnesses of Brookline (Mass.), or on the savage frontiers of Brooklyn (N. Y.), but a philosopher ought to know that "insight" only "civilization" is "civilization," and that the pioneer is apt to be always the pioneer.

The Overland, altogether, is a shining exposition of Western originality, good sense, and intellect. It is notable, this October, as the only monthly which earns much distinction in the field of poetry: its translation from the German, "The Bleacher's Song," is weird and striking; while the following, with all of Mr. Brett Harte's originalities of expression, is a literary star which we believe our readers, remembering the gleamings in the libile," will thank it worth while to "go for:"

CICELY—(ALKALI STATION.)

Cicely says 'You're a poet: may be. I ain't much on

Poetry.' But I've seen a hundred—and that my girl

Is a poem and a poem—and I know it and you don't.

Poetry!—But a the way some chaps puts up an idea,

But I takes mine 'straight without sugar,' and that's

what I call poetry.

Poetry!—not look round—spoil—work, and sugar

Sugar herself—and yet—I don't know—I'm a fool

Sugar!—not a flavor—nothing—nothing—I'm

Sugar herself—and yet—I don't know—I'm a fool

Poetry!—not a thing in the world—nothing

Poetry (will show —Polly! Polly! Hi! Polly!

Poetry!—that reminds me—I'm—right—that's

Poetry!—Polly! Polly! Polly! Polly! Polly!

Yo' notice Polly—the Lady? A month afore she was

born,

Cicely—old woman—was mostly like and forlorn—

Cut—I've had enough—and that was like—a

Poetry!—Polly! Polly! Polly! Polly! Polly!

Sorrow she was, and restless—and that she couldn't

Stay—and the neighbors women—sixteen miles away—

But I knew—I knew—I knew—I knew—that he would

Come back! Cicely!

And I was right—back he did—lately—and forced in that bit

Of a lady!

One night—the death of Cicely—I'm—I'm with a child and

Widow.

Sorrow—the women women—and that she "couldn't

Stay!"

Sorrow—the women women—sixteen miles away—

But I knew—I knew—I knew—I knew—that he would

Come back! Cicely!

And I was right—back he did—lately—and forced in that bit

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I don't what you call religion—but I just looked up to

the sky—

And—this I know to what I'm thinking, and not to

think I'm

But—I'm—I'm—the road and valley—and that's all—

And—I'm—I'm—I'm—I'm—I'm—I'm—I'm—I'm—I'm—I'm—

Big and yellow and dancing—I seemed to look up to me—

Bigger and yellow and dancing—I seemed to look up to me—

Bigger and yellow and dancing—I seemed to look up to me—

Bigger