

PLACER INTELLIGENCE.

Letter from Feather River.

A young gentleman of the "never-say-die" disposition, has written us, privately, a long letter, from which we make the following extracts. He has been employed on the South Fork of Feather River for the past summer, and with his companions, has amassed sufficient to satisfy the cravings for gold during this year.

SOUTH-FORK, Feather River, Dec. 3, 1849.

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As provisions are alarmingly thinning off and our stock is nearly exhausted, I shall probably pack up and in company with J— move down to the settlements next week. * * *

I would not advise any one to come on Feather River at this time of year, for independent of the scarcity of provisions, the weather is intensely cold, and the winter prospects for miners none the more encouraging on account of frequent falls of snow. I have seen three and four dollars per pound paid for flour, and yesterday a lot damaged by the recent rains, was sold for one dollar per pound. M— returned to camp yesterday bringing with him the hind quarters of a fine deer. He says that most unexpectedly he surprised a herd which scampered up a steep canon side, and one of them mounted an overhanging ledge within rifle range, turning to gaze, from which he brought him with sundry rolls and gyrations to the foot of the hill. This is the first wild meat we have procured since our arrival here.

Early one morning last week we were called out of camp to see a grizzly bear, which had very leisurely, descended from his mountain haunts to the river's side for the purpose of crossing, perhaps, and now stood surveying our camp from the opposite side of the stream. A few shots fired at him caused him to counter-march. These bears are numerous in the hills near our camp.

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We are located at precisely the same grounds occupied by your company sixteen months ago. There is now a large settlement on this (Bidwell's) bar, but the success of its population at gold digging this year has not been of the most flattering nature. About nine miles above this place, are the diggings discovered by the Oregonians on a bar similar to this, and by all accounts there has been some *tall* operations by its settlers. The washings are said to hold out well, and the gold, is generally much coarser than that found at this place, pieces weighing less than a dollar not being frequently met with, while many lumps are taken out which are worth one and two hundred dollars.

You thought the country above Bidwell's far too mountainous to permit of exploration. It has been traversed by large and small parties, and a stream flowing into the South Fork discovered to contain gold. The Indians are becoming every day more tractable, and the same tribe (The Pikies) which threatened you with harm, are our most industrious gold diggers. To-night we expect a party from the rugged lands occupied by the children of the wilderness, bringing in the result of four days work at the *hole* we vacated two weeks since.

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at reasonable rates.

Office on Washington street, Portsmouth Square.

ALTA CALIFORNIA.

E. C. KEMBLE & J. E. DURIVAGE, EDITORS.

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