W J Willis

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An Emblem.

I waited for a single flower to blow,
While all about me flowers were running wild;
Gold-hearted kingcups, sunnily that smiled,
And daisies like fresh-fallen flakes of snow,
And rarest violets sweet, whole colonies
Nestled in shady grasses by the brooks,
That sang, for love of them and their sweet looks,
Delicious melodies.

Now are they perished, all the fragile throng,
That held their sweetness up to me in vain,
Only this single blossom doth remain,
For whose unfolding I have waited long,
Thinking, "How rare a bloom these petals clasp!"
And lo! a sickly, dwarfed, and scentless thing,
Mocking my love and its close nourishment,
And withering in my grasp.

O dream! O hope! O promise of long years:
Art thou a flower that I have nurtured so,
Missing the every-day sweet joys that grow
By common pathways; moistened with my tears,
Watched through the dreary and sleepless night,
And all about thy slender rootlets cast
My life like water, but to find at last
A bitterness and blight?

In a Besieged City.

A correspondent who was in Paris during the seige, draws this picture of it:

"A stranger who should be dropped upon the Boulevards, say from a balloon, would not realize he is in the midst of Paris, besieged. He would, if previously acquainted with it, observe a difference in its aspect. He would see shops closed; the large thoroughfares thinly peopled; few omnibuses and hackney-coaches circulating; and five out of six adult males, in almost every variety of military costume; but he would discern no symptons of uneasiness, still less of terror. He would remark motly groups besieging, in long files, the butchers' and the bakers' shops, and the *cantines municipales*, early in the morning, often at mid-day, and in the afternoon; but he would be unable to record any sign of impatience, still less any of rebellion or revolt, even in the poorest neighborhoods. At night he would find the streets, the *cafes*, the *hotels*, the private houses, dimly lighted. He might be surprised to discover that breakfasts and dinners are not easily obtainable; and yet more astounded would he be at the prices charged in the establishments still open and which still manage to furnish these meals. He would certainly resent paying double the price for heavy, lumpy, gray-colored bread, formerly charged for that white compound he had been accustomed to eat; and he might be startled on being informed that no white bread is to be had, because the bakers are prohibited from manufacturing it, and indeed not supplied with the flour of the requisite quality; but he would be the almost only grumbler. From these and many other facts, he would infer that the conditions of life here are abominable; but were he to judge of the actual situation of Paris by the attitude of the population, he would not believe it exposed to the horrors of a siege. He would see people going about their ordinary business, much the same as usual; the *cafes* still thronged; the irrepressible *absinthe*, vermouth, and bitters being imbibed; the everlasting dominoes and cards, chess and backgammon, affording the amusements of the hour; well-dressed ladies promenading; children playing in the meager sunshine—life, in fact, not interrupted in its course, just as if there were no Prussian guns belching death and destruction into our midst, and we were not imprisoned within a double circle of fire and iron. If he crossed the Seine, and visited the southern suburbs, he would meet with evidences of the proximity of an enemy intent upon mischief, in the damage done to our public buildings. He would see big holes pounded in the walls of dwelling-houses, shops made bomb-proof by means of barricades of stones, and earth, and bags of sand, and he would have to gain access to them in a zig-zag; trees rent in twain, and the boulevards thus despoiled of their chief ornament; he would run against whole households emigrating with their goods and chattels; he might, even, be startled by the explosion of a big shell within a few yards of the spot where he is standing; nevertheless he would notice no essential difference in the general attitude of the inhabitants of the bombarded neighborhood as compared with that of the occupants of other quarters, and would have to record the absence of anything like terror, even of fear. Yet, what a lamentable disclosure does the *Journal Officiel* make this morning! Within the period specified, 189 victims—of these, 51 killed, the remainder wounded—of the 51 killed, are 18 children, 45 are women. The area bombarded embraces the entire southern superb of the city. The shells have fallen in every direction, spreading out like a fan from the Prussian batteries, and tending to the conclusion that the object has been to cover as wide a space as possible. It may not be the result of calculation—although the facts are in favor of this conclusion—that the hospitals, schools, churches, and public buildings over which floats the white flag with the red cross, have been the chief objective points of the Prussian shells. Up to the present time, these and the neighborhood in which they are situated have suffered most.

PRESERVING EGGS.—This subject has been so thoroughly discussed at different times, that many persons must have made careful trials, and be able to report their success or failure in the use of diffent recipes. It is much easier to preserve eggs in autumn, to keep until February, than to preserve spring and summer eggs to last through moulting time.

THE terms of twenty-four Senators expire on the 4th of March.

"Dead Broke."

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* tells this no doubt too common tale:

"Much has been said and written of that terrible passion, which, when once it has coiled itself about the heart of man, brings more misery than all other evils combined, which once taken on is seldom taken off, and which never leaves the soul until it has blackened it and seared it until the moth of hope would find itself strengthened in the pangs of starvation, should it attempt to batter upon it. This by way of a starter. Here is a sad and plaintive story, which we have from the lips of a professional gambler:

"A few mornings ago, our informant, who has gazed upon the dark side of life, until a rainbow, set in beauty in the sky, would have no more merit in his eyes than the feed box of a Conestoga wagon, left his gambling house and went home. The snow was slowly eddying down, filling the uneven street, and spreading a white mantle of charity over the naked deformities of the town. A few squares from his establishment, and in the neighborhood of another 'gilded palace,' sacred to the usuages of King Faro, he saw a well-known frequenter of faro banks, standing under a flickering gas lamp. He held in his hand a printed 'fab,' such as sinful men are wont to record the order of a faro deal, and the wretched man was scanning it with a devotion of a churchman at his rosary. He had been engaged in that occupation for some time, for the snow had drifted about his feet, and was fast obliterating his boots. He was studying the last play in the pale light of the lamp, and, shivering with cold and chill with the dead currents of excitement within him, he muttered in anguish to himself: 'One hour ago I could have slept in the best bed in the Burnett House—now no one knows where I'll sleep? Why didn't I play to break even on the last deal? Dead broke, dead broke.'

"Dead broke, your Majesty. Dead broke, my members of Council and Board of Aldermen. Dead broke, right reverends and wrong reverends of every order. Dead broke, man born with heavenly compassion in your hearts. And breaking dead thus around us every day."

A German Spy.

A correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* says: Paris has been very much astonished to learn that one of its pet heroes, Sergeant Hoff, was in reality a Bavarian lieutenant who was playing the part of a spy. For a long time Hoff was the object of universal admiration. General Trochu conferred the Legion of Honor upon him for having slain over thirty Prussians. General Schmitz gave him an official bulletin, and he was interviewed by journalists. Hoff generally used to go out alone at night, and bring back helmets and muskets in proof of the amount of business he had performed. In looking back at some notes, I find that when that wily gentleman went out with a party he generally advanced alone, and the Prussian post was soon heard scampering off. On the 2d of December Hoff, much to the grief of his comrades, disappeared, and the Government was greatly blamed for having allowed such a valuable man to go into action like a common mortal.

In some quarters it was considered that Hoff should have replaced Trochu. When it was supposed that he had fallen, a subscription was raised for his disconsolated "widow," which was carried to that lady with the greatest respect by four officers (reminding one of Monsieur Malbrook's funeral). To the astonishment of the military deputation, the first exclamation of the bereaved one on seeing men in uniform enter her apartment was, "I didn't know he was a Prussian till the other day." Tableau! Paris can't help laughing at having been outwitted, shrugs its shoulders, and says, "Sommes-nous betes?" According to the Franc-tireurs Hoff has since been caught and executed. I must say that I hope Hoff will live long enough to write his adventures and revisit his disconsolated Delilah.

Rich Without Money.

Many a man is rich without money. Thousands of men with nothing in the pocket, and thousands with not even a pocket, are rich. A man born with a good, sound constitution, a good stomach, a good heart, and good limbs, and a pretty good head-piece, it *rich*. Good bones are better than gold; tough muscles than silver, and nerves that flash fire and carry energy to every function, are better than houses or lands.

It is better than landed estate to have had the right kind of father and mother.

Good breeds and bad breeds exist among men as really as among herds and horses. Education may do much to check evil tendencies, or to develop good ones; but it is a great thing to inherit the right proportion of faculties to start with.

The man is rich who has a good disposition—who is naturally kind, patient, cheerful, hopeful; and who has a flavor of wit and fun in his disposition. The hardest thing to get along with in this life, is a man's own self. A cross, selfish fellow, a desponding and complaining fellow—a timid, care burdened man—these are all born deformed on the inside. Their feet may not limp, but their thoughts do.

THE compositors' cases in the mission printing house in China have each over six thousand compartments for the reception of the numerous letters of the Chinese alphabet. The cases are built in the form of an amphitheatre, and the compositor stands in the middle. Every letter he sets, he selects from the six thousand.

The Merry Laugh.

I love to hear a merry laugh,
Out ringing wild and free,
As floats the music of the winds
Across the sunny sea.

The merry laugh goes hand in hand
With happiness and mirth;
And as its silvery-toned command
Joy nestles round each hearth.

The merry laugh bespeaks a heart
With noble feelings warm;
One that will bravely do its part
In sunshine or in storm.

The music of a merry laugh
Sets aged hearts aglow;
The smiles gleam o'er the wrinkled brow
Like sunset on the snow.

Then let the merry laugh ring out
Upon the balmy air,
And let its gladness put to rout
The bold intruder—Care.

The New United States Loan.

The Secretary of the Treasury gives notice that books will be opened on the 6th day of March in this country and in Europe for subscriptions to the national loan under the act approved July 14, 1870, entitled, "An act to authorize the refunding of the national debt," and under the act in amendment thereof, approved January 20, 1871. The places at which subscriptions may be made and the names of the authorized agents of the government will be announced hereafter. The proposed loan comprises three classes of bonds, namely: First, bonds to the amount of $500,000,000, payable in coin, at the pleasure of the United States, after ten years from the date of their issue, and bearing interest, payable quarterly in coin, at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum. Second, bonds to the amount of $300,000,000, payable in coin, at the pleasure of the United States after fifteen years from the date of their issue, and bearing interest payable quarterly in coin, at the rate of 4½ per cent. per annum. Third, bonds to the amount of $700,000,000, payable in coin, at the pleasure of the United States after thirty years from the date of their issue, and bearing interest, payable in coin. at the rete of four per cent. per annum. Subscribers to the loan will have preference in the following order, namely: first, subscribers for equal amounts of each class of bonds; second, subscribers for equal amounts of bonds bearing interest at the rate of 4½ per cent., and of bonds bearing interest at the rate of 5 per cent; third. subscribers for five per cent. bonds. When a subscription is made, the subscriber will be required to deposit two per cent. of the amount thereof, to be accounted for by the Government when the bonds are delivered, and payment may be made either in coin or in bonds of the United States, known as five-twenty bonds, at their par value. The coin received in payment will be applied to the redemption of five-twenty bonds. The bonds will be registered or issued with coupons, as may be desired by the subscribers. Registered bonds will be issued of the denominations of $50, $100, $500 $1,000, $5,000, and $10,000, and coupon bonds of each denomination except the last two. The interest will be payable in the United States, at the office of the Treasurer, or any Assistant-Treasurer or designated depository of the Government. The bonds of the several classes aforesaid and the interest thereon are exempt from the payment of all taxes or dues of the United States as well as from taxation in any form by or under State, municipal, or local authority. After maturity the bonds last issued will be first redeemed by classes and numbers, and may be designated by the Secretary of the Treasury.

The Kind Conductor.

It is a pleasure to say something to the credit of an individual who belongs to that much-abused class of our community, horse-car conductors, whom people like to believe dishonest. On the morning of the Fourth, a little girl riding to Boston tendered to a conductor, for fare, a dingy-looking scrip, of the denomination of twenty-five cents. He took it, looked at it, said, "Counterfeit!" and returned it to her.

Evidently judging by her appearance that it was all she had, he added, "Never mind; let it go till next time."

But the girl was mortified by the circumstance, and, her eyes brimming with tears, she turned her face away. A lady standing near remarked, "Her Fourth of July is spoiled."

The conductor heard her, and, hesitating but a moment, said to the girl, "Let's see that money again."

She handed it to him, and then he took from his pocket the brightest, newest twenty-five cent scrip he could find, and gave it to her in exchange. When he saw her countenance expressing the thanks she could not utter, we have no doubt that he felt amply rewarded, and we will wager quite an amount that his wearisome labors that day were very much lightened by his little act of kindness.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.—A poor little newsboy while attempting to jump from a city car, the other afternoon, fell under the car, and was fearfully mangled. As soon as the child could speak, he called piteously for his mother, and a messenger was sent at once to bring her to him.

When the bereaved woman arrived, she hung over the dying boy in an agony of grief.

"Mother," whispered he, with a painful effort, "I sold four newspapers—and—the money is in my pocket."

With the hand of death upon his brow, the last thought of the suffering child was for the poor, hard-working mother, whose burdens he was striving to lighten when he lost his life.

How did Adam go out of Eden? He was snaked out.

Fancy Ball Costumes.

"Jennie June," writes: As this is the month for fancy dress balls, it may be useful to indicate a few costumes which generally excite attention and admiration. A "Dolly Varden" dress consists of a short, quilted silk or satin petticoat, over which a bright, rosebud chintz skirt is looped up all the way round. High-heeled black morocco shoes, with rosettes and buckles, clocked stocking; low body of chintz, cut in a deep point and laced up, sleeves of the same, shaped in the elbow with wide lace frills; long, black lace mittens and small lace *coiffure* or cap, laid flat at the top of the head and adorned with long ribbons, which float upn each side.

The "Zouave" costume is very new, and very jaunty. It consists of a velvet jacket, cut with five short, square basques, a reverse collar, faced with white silk and cuffs, also turned up with white, and discovering a lace frill which falls over the band, the waist is white, with scarlet buttons, but is worn loose and open, ruffle or *jabot* of lace worn beneath. The petticoat is very short, and is of white serge, trimmed with three bands of scarlet cashmere, stitched on with white silk, in the embroider stitch. A short upper skirt of white serge is looped upon either side in a large plait, and a Roman scarf, white, scarlet and green, is folded around the waist, and tied upon the right side. Full Zouave trousers, coming two inches below the skirt, and to the top of the Polish boot, and a white felt torquet with scarlet plumes, completes the costume.

"Winter," wears several short skirts of frosted tartane, looped up with frosted primroes, snowdrops and holly. The sleeves are short, the body low, and trimmed with white flowers, crystal fringe and swan's down on the neck. Long gloves rimmed at the top with swan's down, white satin boots trimmed with swan's own, pure crystal ornaments, white wig, with long curls, flowers and crysals arranged in them to match the dres.

A "Haymaker," in a short skirt of buff linen, a white linen chemise, of which the top and sleeves alone are visible, black velvet braces, an apron of white linen, trimmed with black velvet, and wide-brimmed hat of velvet decorated with daise and field flowers.

The dress o a "Milkmaid" is simple and pretty. It consists of a striped black and white skirt, low boddice of scarlet merino with short basque, above which is seen the top of a white linen chemisette. A large black cross suspended from a black velvet ribbon, and high Breton cap of starched cambric, ornamented with a black velvet bow.

The "Village Bride," appears in a short, white muslin dress, trimmed with numerous narrow ruffles. A white muslin apron, trimmed with three rows of narrow satin ribbon of varied colors; a square muslin boddice, ornamented with three rows of ribbon to match, stripped stockings, black kid shoes, and a little muslin cap, with a rosette composed of narrow satin ribbon in three colors.

"Mary, Queen of Scots," has the advantage of being a striking and always intelligible dress. Seebach dressed it according to the description given by Sir Walter Scott, in the "Abbot;" A trained robe of black velvet with a small ruff open in front. On her head a small black cap of lace (of the pointed shape, hollowed in at the sides, which is so well known), and upon her shoulders a long transparent veil of white muslin, which could be easily drawn at pleasure over her face and person. A cross of gold hung upon her neck, and a rosary of ebony and gold was suspended from her girdle.

"Morning Star," wears a white tulle dress with Grecian tunic of gold tissue, bordered with long golden fringe. A gold belt clasps the waist, and a bandeau confines the fair flowing hair, set directly over the forehead with a diamond star. The dress should be plain but long, simply hemmed, and worn over two other skirts of tulle and one thin muslin, to look soft and flowing.

"Evening Star," wears a black tulle skirt, sprinkled with silver stars. Body low, with a row of silver stars above the waist, but under the arms On the head a diadem formed of silver stars, and attached to this a long flowing black tulle veil enveloping the entire figure and spangled with stars.

"Summer," appears in a charming dress of green tulle made with skirts garlanded with roses. The blonde hair (it must be blonde) is worn flowing over the shoulders, and crowned with roses. Upon her arm she carries a basket of flowers.

A "Spanish" dress consists of a short dress of yellow satin, trimmed with two lace flounces, laid on flat. Black velvet boddice, with slashed basques, and long tight sleeves. White muslin chemisette, long black lace veil, arranged over a high comb, and with a rosebud upon one side; black and gold fan.

SOME HUSBANDS, it must be admitted, are exceedingly moderate in their little indignations. Thus, on the trial in San Francisco, of Oliver Dale, for enticing away the wife of one J. A. Bergner, the injured husband, being upon the stand, testified as follows: "I came in [at] times and found his (Dale's) arms around my wife's neck, kissing her, and using endearing language to her; I did not wish to lay hands on him, but I did not think it quite proper."

A DISPATCH from Brussels brings the important report that the Government at Paris had undertaken an obligation to advocate the adoption, by the Constituent Assembly soon to convene at Bordeaux, of the preliminaries of a treaty of peace already agreed upon at Versailes.

A Big Jewel Robbery.

It really would seem as though London jewellers are very foolish people from the ways in which thieves often get the better of them. A case in point, writes our London correspondent, occurred a few days ago. A well-dressed man entered the establishment of Messrs. London & Ryder, who have a remarkably pretty shop in Bond street, where the great jewellers mostly do congregate, and stated that he had lately come into a good deal of money, and requested that goods, which he selected to the amount of $30,000, might be sent to a house he named in a very respectable street, for his wife to select from. Accordingly a clerk was sent with the articles, and on reaching the house was asked to sit down at a table, "Mr. Tyrrell," who had ordered the goods, and the lady being at the other side.

The jeweller pulled out of his bag valuables to the amount of some $10,000, and put them on the table for the customers to examine, but left his bag with the rest under the table with his foot upon it. Presently the lady rose, but the jeweller took no notice of her movements until he found a handkerchief stuffed with chloroform applied to his face. He was then placed in an almost unconscious state on a sofa, with his arms tied behind and threatened with death if he moved. At length he got his hands free, obtained a policeman, and with him searched the house only to find it perfectly deserted.

At eight o'clock in the evening the servant returned, who stated that she had been engaged the previous evening, and had on the day of the robbery been sent off to a distant part of London with a note addressed to a lady, whom she had in vain spent hours in endeavoring to find. It subsequently transpired that "Mr. Tyrrell" had previously visited another eminent jeweller and ordered goods to a large amount. In this case, however, what would appear to most people as an ordinary discretion, had been displayed, and two men, one strong and stalwart, accompanied the valuables. Consequently Mr. Tyrrell appeared and stated that Mrs. Terrill was not at home.

In their haste to get away the sharpers forgot the bag with the greater portion of the jewelry which the jeweller had placed under the table. The robbery is the neatest thing in thefts which has occurred in London for some time.

Horrors of the Texas Frontier.

We know nothing in the records of Indian barbarities (says the Galveston *Civilian*) since the settlement of America, exceeding some of recent occurrence on the Texas frontier, The following are some further details of the recent massacre of a family in Wise county:

In the night the Indians entered the house. Mrs. Paschal sprang from the bed where they were all sleeping, fell on her knees and commenced praying, "Good Indians, spare me my children." They shot her in the mouth, and killed her with knives, shooting the bed full of arrows, the children twisting and writhing in their blood, taking some of them and dashing their brains out against the wall, window, and door facings; killed with their knives and clubs, as thought, all the children. They then shot three arrows deep into the breast of Mrs. Keenan, dragged her on the door shutter they had cut down, cut around the edge of her hair, and tore off her scalp! She was cognizant of all that passed, and lay in that state with the dead and dying all scattered around her.

One of the children had its bowels cut out and its arm with the shoulder severed from the body, with a knife, and the body dashed out into the yard. One of the women slipped an infant between the beds, and another small one was so secreted as to lie very quiet next to the infant. These were the only two that escaped unhurt. One of the little boys, about eight years old, after being severely wounded, jumped out of the window in the midst of the tumult and hid, and after the Indians left he carried water from a lake, about two hundred yards distant, and gave to the wounded all night.

Mrs. Keenan tried to pull the arrows from her breast, and twisted one off. She could not move her baby, and kept her place on the door shutter all night without covering. She lived twelve days. The suffering she endured cannot be expressed. The child that carried the water could be trailed the next day by the blood, was found holding a little infant near the embers next morning, and was crying, saying the Indians had killed ma and little Willie. The same evening the little girl who was nursing died.

IN ADDITION to the annexation to the Dominion of British Columbia and Vancouver's Island, now determined upon, there are whispers of a scheme by which the British West India Islands are to be also brought within the Confederation. For some time past the people of those islands have been agitating for a union among themselves, and the idea has developed into the larger one of the union with Canada. So far very little has been said about the matter in Canada, or in the West Indies either, but the idea has been set afloat; and to those who are accustomed to study the signs of the times, it will not be a matter of much surprise if, before many months have elapsed, the British West India Islands will be seeking for admission into the Canadian Confederation.

The female lecturer said, "Get married, young men, and be quick about it. Don't wait for the millenium for the girls to become angels. You'd look well beside an angel, wouldn't you, you brutes?"

On The Seashore.

The flowing tide creeps up the pebbly beach,
Bright with the colors of the sunset sky;
While I, reclining just beyond their reach,
Watch each succeeding billow break and die.

From the deep bosom of the ocean rolled
Each bears its secret to the listening shore;
And when the muttered tale is quickly told,
They steal away and come again no more.

A different mystery must each reveal;
Some dark and ominous, a tale relate
Of horrors, that the solemn depth conceal,
Where some good ship was hurled by cruel fate.

Some tell of joyous mermaids as they play
Amid the rocks far down beneath the waves;
And others whisper, as they steal away,
Of countless treasures hid in crystal caves.

Then swiftly gliding back to come no more,
But wander off to sign to other lands.
Each bears an empty seashell from the shore,
And leaves a glistening pebble on the sands.

Thus from the shores of Time may we behold,
As creep the waves from out the restless sea,
The years and days of life, like billows, rolled
From the broad ocean of Eternity.

Thus break the hours before us as we wait
For the dark wave of death that slowly nears;
Some bear a solemn prophecy of fate,
And some, more kindly, wash away our fears,

Facts and Fancies.

The celebrated hanging tower of Pisa, Italy, threatens to fall entirely.

The recent flood in Rome was the most disastrous since the year 1530.

The Iowans have invented a machine that turns out 100,000 matches a minute.

The United States last year produced ninety million gallons of molasses—ten million less than the year before.

There was recently on exibition at Binghampton, New York, a turkey that turned the scales at fifty pounds.

The combined capital of the Rothschilds' banking houses in London, Paris, Frankfort, and Vienna, is $300,000,000.

Round dances are said to be going out of favor in England, the more dignified square dances resuming their sway.

Oil of peppermint is used in China as a local anæsthetic, not only in neuralgia, but also in gout, with remarkable good results.

Two hundred and fifty thousand bales, of cotton, or more, will be lost this year for want of laborers to gather the crop.

The annual consumption of sugar in the United States exceeds 500,000 tons, or 1,000,000,000 pounds, with a constant and steady increase.

A Wisconsin paper states that "because Kenney had the best of the argument before a debating society, he was stabbed eleven times with a jacknife."

An Illinois man and his wife have separated, agreeing that she shall have all the property, but shall pay all his debts except borrowed money and liquor bills.

During the year 1870 iron has been laid on 476¾ miles of new railway in addition to which 328 miles have been gradded and made ready for the iron, in Pennsylvania.

A wife, the applicant for a divorce in San Francisco, admitted, on cross-examination, that she struck her husband with a stick of wood, and that this act resulted in a quarrel.

Henry Ward Beecher recently said that an inheritance of more than $10,000 or $15,000 to a child would more likely prove a curse than a blessing.

To make a little boy's trowsers last—When you make a suit of clothes for him, finish the coat first, and by so doing you will make his trowsers last. It is the only way the thing can be done.

The New Orleans *Times* remarks: "About a year ago the St. Charles Street Railroad Company lost a mule by decrepitude and old age. Since that time all the cars have been going to the funeral."

The population of Colorado has fallen off very materially since 1861, owing to the migration of the miners to other States. It was reported to be 60,000 in 1861; but according to the recent census, is 30,906.

A correspondent writes that the Congregational church in his town has just put in a new furnace, and thrown out their comfortable but unfashionable stoves. Now the clergyman preaches in his overcoat, and some of his hearers provide themselves with buffalo robes to keep themselves warm during service. A thin congregation and much grumbling is the result.

A California Pier.

The Central Pacific Railroad has erected at Oakland, on the east side of San Francisco Bay, a wharf, 11,000 feet long, running out to a depth of 24 feet at low tide, and of 31 feet at high tide, having twelve railroad tracks upon its last 1,000 feet, a wide carriage way, a passenger depot and railroad offices, warehouses, and outside storage for 40,000 tons of grain or other merchandise, and three large docks, one of which affords ample space for five of the largest steamers or clippers afloat. The extreme end of the main wharf is only three miles from the foot of Second street, where freight is landed in San Francisco, and is less than two and a half miles from the foot of Pacific street, where passengers are set down. The piles used, where the water deepens, are 65 feet long, and are 42 to 54 inches in circumference. The main wharf is 800 feet wide at the extreme or Western end, and on it are pens for 500 cattle, two immense warehouses (one 50x500, another 50x600), with the passenger depot, 75x305 in size.

THE Sutro Tunnel is in 1,800 feet and has struck a large body of water.

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