

cles, and hollowed by the working of genius, were broad, full and overhanging, like those of Otho in the Roman medals of the empire. An excess of bile mingling with the blood, gave a yellow tint to the skin, which at a distance, looked like a varnish of pale gold on his countenance. His lips still preserved their Grecian outline and steady grace, passing easily from a smile to a menace. His solid, bony chin formed an appropriate base for his features. His nose was but a line, thin and transparent. The paleness of his cheeks gave greater brilliancy to the blue of his eyes. His look was searching, unsteady as a wavering flame; an emblem of inquietude. His forehead seemed to have widened, from the scantiness of his thin black hair, which was falling from the moisture of continual thought. It might be said that his head, naturally small, had increased in size, to give ample scope between his temples for the machinery and combinations of a mind, every thought of which was an empire. The map of the world which seemed to be incrustated on the orb of that reflective head. But it was beginning to yield; and he inclined it often on his breast, while crossing his arms like Frederick the Great, an attitude and gesture which he appeared to affect. Unable any longer to seduce his courtiers and his soldiers by the charm of youth, it was evident he wished to fascinate them by the rough, pensive, and disdainful character of himself—of his model in his latter days. He moulded himself, as it were, into the statue of reflection before his troops, who gave him the nick-name of *Father Thoughtful*. He assumed the *pose* of destiny. Something rough, rude, and savage in his movements revealed his southern and insular origin. The man of the Mediterranean broke out constantly through the Frenchman. His nature, too great and too powerful for the part he had to play, overflowed on all occasions. He bore no resemblance to any of the men around him. Superior and altogether different, he was an offspring of the sun, of the sea, and of the battle-field; out of his element even in his own palace, and a stranger even in his own empire.—*Lamartine*.

**TAXES UPON DRINKING.**—The finance accounts of the British government

show that in the financial year 1860, the tax upon spirits produced £12,600, upon wine £1,104,475, upon and hops £6,191,156, making £19,231 in all. Another £1,000,000 be added for the license duties those who manufacture or sell spirit wine, and beer. On tea, coffee, chocolate, cocoa, and chocolate the taxation the year amounted to £5,993,252. Considerably more than a third of public income was derived from taxation upon beverages.

**NEW DISCOVERIES IN CALIFORNIA.** Almost every day brings to light a new discovery on the Pacific coast until it is fast becoming apparent that the resources of California are bounded in extent and illimitable character. The gold and silver mines of the Pacific slope have excited wonder of the world, and in the production of the precious metals have no rival. Coal of good quality has been found, and the mines rapidly being developed. Iron and copper are claiming attention, and will soon be regarded as the most plentiful and valuable of our own productions in the aid they will lend to domestic manufactures and the arts. We have been shown a letter recently received from the South coast, announcing the discovery at Santa Barbara of an immense store of coal oil, said to be of the highest quality for illuminating and lighting purposes. The writer says a little labour and slight expense spring can be made to yield between 3,000 and 4,000 gallons per day. The liquid is said to possess at least 10 per cent. of coal oil, and from the amount of inflammable gas given off at a temperature it is believed to be peculiarly adapted to the manufacture of gas for street or other illuminating purposes, instead of the ordinary gas now used. It is gratifying to be able to chronicle such discoveries. It shows that while our sister States are plunged in the trials and tribulations of war, California is advancing rapidly in all the elements of progress. A hundred fields are still open to the industrious adventurer, and discovery is fast bringing to light some new source of that most wonderful commodity.—*San Francisco Bulletin*.