THE INDEPENDENT.

AT SEA.

Worn voyagers, who watch for land
Across the endless waste of sea,
Who gaze before and on each hand,
Why look ye not to what ye flee?

The stars, by which the sailors steer,
Not always rise before the prow;
Though forward nought but clouds appear,
Behind they may be breaking now.

What though we may not turn again
To shores of childhood that we leave,
Are those old signs we followed vain?
Can guides so oft found true deceive?

Oh, sail we to the south or north,
Oh, sail we to the east or west,
The port from which we first put forth
In our heart's home, is our life's best!

Old London Churches.

[London Telegraph July 5th.]

It might be permissible briefly to glance at the history of some of the old churches which—so archæologists think, at least—have been so ruthlessly pulled down. St. Mary Somerset, which was anciently spelled "Summer's Hith," probably from its contiguity to a "hith" or wharf, the owner of which bore the name of Summer, was dedicated to the Virgin. Of the ancient structure, which was destroyed in the great fire, little is known, save that it was in existence at the beginning of the reign of Edward III. The church lately demolished by the orders of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners was built under the directions of Sir Christopher Wren. The church tower was entirely independent of the body of the church. A bishop of Hereford bearing the somewhat militant name of "Ironsides" was buried in the chancel. St. Dionis Blackchurch, which has been hopelessly demolished, but the site of which is still to be disposed of, was dedicated to Dionysius the Areopagite, who was baptized by St. Paul, and was afterward beheaded in France, where he is known and reverenced as St. Denis. His church in London was called "Blackchurch," from the circumstance that a church dedicated to St. Gabriel anciently stood right in front of St. Dionis, in the roadway of Fenchurch street. St. Dionis Blackchurch dated from the thirteenth century, and it was burned in 1666. In 1674 it was rebuilt, with the exception of the tower, by Sir Christopher Wren. Ten years afterward the tower was added, the designs being again furnished by the illustrious architect of St. Paul's. St. Benet's, Gracechurch street, was also one of Sir Christopher's churches. According to Stow, its title had nothing to do with Grace, and its proper name was Grass Church, because the herb market was held opposite its western door. The parish books of St. Benet's, or Benedict's, have not, it is to be presumed, been sold with the materials of the church as old rubish. Those old tomes contain some curious entries; one, for example, at the accession of Mary in 1553, "Payde to a plasterer for washing swte and defacing such Scriptures as in the tyme of King Edward VI. were written about the church and walls; and payde the paynters for making the Roode, with Mary and John;" and five years later, at the accession of Elizabeth, "Payde to the carpenter for pulling down the Roode, with Mary and John, four shilings and two pence." The tower of the varnished St. Benet's, with its cupola and spire, was 140 feet high. St. Mildred's had also been destroyed in the fire, and rebuilt by Wren, when it was united with the parish of St. Mary's Colechurch, an ancient incumbent of which had been Peter of Colechurch, one of the builders of old London Bridge. St. Martin's, or Othowich, was a fourteenth century building, in the pointed style. It escaped the conflagration in 1666, but was seriously injured by a fire which took place in 1765, and it was wholly rebuilt in 1795 by Mr. Cockerell. Here was a very fine picture of the "Resurrection," by a famous French painter, Hyppolyte Rigaud. This picture, it is to be hoped has been preserved. St. Antholin, formerly in Budge-row, at the corner of Sise lane, where now is Queen Victoria street, was of ancient foundation, being mentioned in the twelfth century. It was burnt in the fire, and rebuilt in 1684 by Wren. The interior had an oval dome, supported by eight columns and the carpentery of the roof was regarded as a superb specimen of Sir Christopher's constructive skill. The tower was one hundred and fifty-four feet high. Another of Wren's churches was the now demolished St. Michael's, Queenhithe, built in 1677. It was chiefly remarkable for its spire, 135 feet high, surmounted by a gilt vane in the shape of a ship in full sail. The hull, it is said, was large enough to contain a bushel of grain. Queenhithe had been known for centuries as a place where corn was landed. All Hallows, Bread street, was also one of Wren's churches, and was built in 1680. In its predecessor, destroyed in the fire, John Milton was baptized, but alas! even so long as 20 years ago the Sunday congregations at All Hallows, Bread street, had sunk to the deplorable average of nine—and the site was so very valuable! All Hallows Staining, in Mark lane, escaped the great fire, but was frequently altered and repaired, and of the building which has now disappeared only the tower and portion of the west wall were ancient. It was, nevertheless, historically, a most interesting church. Here, in 1554, after her liberation from the Tower, the Princess Elizabeth performed her devotions, and tradition says that the future "good Queen Bess," having said her prayers, afterwards dined on pork and peas pudding at the King's Head in Fenchurch street.

To this melancholy list of demolished churches would assuredly have been added, but for the strenuous efforts of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, the interesting St. Mary-at-Hill, Eastcheap. This evidence, happily still standing, was built by Wren after the great fire. The Society was unable to save St. Dionis Backchurch; but, in spite of vigorous opposition, they succeeded for a time in rescuing the church of St. Mary-at-Hill from its impending fate. We say for a time, as the clemency extended by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners to the edifice in Eastcheap may prove to have been more in the nature of a respite than a reprieve. In the case of St. Mary, the Committee of the Ancient Buildings Protection Society were materially helped by the city churches and church-yard societies. Owing, however, to the wide-sweeping powers of the Union of Benefices Act, the existence of the remaining churches is being continually threatened, and the greatest vigilance is necessary to enable the society to obtain early information of any proposed demolition, and to prevent a surprise. The Ancient Buildings Protection Society, whose second annual meeting was held on Saturday last, have not failed, in their report, to direct attention to the architectural loss which the metropolis and the country at large would sustain by the continuous disappearance of these interesting, venerable, and in many cases handsome, structures, which give at once rest and gratification to the eye amid the hurry and turmoil of London life. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners, on the other hand, are certainly not expected to concern themselves, in their corporate capacity at least, with archæology or ecclesiology. Reasoning from the patent fact that most of the city churches have small congregations, they have pulled, and are pulling, and will continue to pull down as many churches as they can, selling the sites for as much money as they can get for them, equitably apportioning the charitable endowments of the disestablished churches to neighboring and deserving charities, and making large grants for church building purposes in outlying districts where the potential congregations are large and where the existing church accommodations is insufficient. It is a pity that this system of uprooting old churches and planting new ones in the suburbs cannot be carried on without depriving the City of London of a number of historical landmarks, and offering a cruel outrage to the illustrious memory of Christopher Wren.

All agricultural interests in Louisiana are in a healthy condition, and it is said the farmers were never more prosperous.

Parliamentary Bear Gardens.

The German Parliament appears to have become a veritable bear garden. Bismarck perpetually out of temper, glaring and seeming to threaten any one who ventures to disagree with him; the presiding officer resigning because he cannot allow his dignity to be constantly insulted; the Liberals exasperated and plain spoken to the last degree; and thunder always in the air. Such is the picture daily presented to the tranquil wives and sisters, who bring their knitting into the galleries of the Reichstag, and who look on in vague wonder. Bismarck himself must rub his eyes and stare from time to time. Can these be the representatives of the slow and easy-going German people whom he described in 1866 as incapable of revolution because they had too much good sense? "If our burghers should attempt to build barricades," he said, "their wives would come out and take them home by the ears!" Not so. O man of blood and iron! For they even growl so that your imperious voice is drowned, and worry you by bodily dissenting in a hundred ways from your doctrines. Lasker beards you with impunity, and so do the Socialists, in a manner quite heart-rending.

It is said that the only man in the Reichstag who has been able to preserve his equanimity throughout the recent debates is Herr Von Ludwig, and the reason is that he is deaf as a post. He is a source of perpetual merriment to the House, for he is fond of launching out into the most condemnatory speeches. When the members attempt to blackguard him in their turn he smiles sweetly, for he hears nothing. He is an extremely unparliamentery old party, and only the other day called Herr Richter "that thing of a Richter." Of course it took ten minutes to make him understand that he was censured by the President and that he must sit down.

Bismarck's attitude is exceptionally curious. We have all heard how one day he even so far lost his temper as to allude sneeringly to the clothes worn by the Liberal Deputy, Lasker. This was the signal for a general reproof from all classes of newspapers. Lasker pocketed all the insult for a short time, but he has recently made a furious speech, in which he condemns Bismarck's presumption, his license in language, and adds that the country condemns it.

If the German Parliament is noisy and undignified, what shall the French Assembly be called, after the remarkable scene which occurred in the Chamber of Deputies recently? Let me give you an instance of the manner in which the reactionists behaved. After Paul de Cassagnac had made his speech, and the Under Secretary of State for the Department of Justice was in the tribune, vainly endeavoring to make himself heard above the hoots and yells of the members of the Right, he was finishing his sentence with these words, which M. de Baudry d'Asson happened to catch:

"I say, how it happened that a Republican Government, of which I happened to be a member—"

Here M. de Baudry d'Asson interrupted saying:

"Republican, yes; but liberal, no! anti-liberal!"

The President (Gambetta)—Gentleman a little liberalism for those who are in the tribune addressing the House, I beg of you!

M. de Baudry d'Asson—Show us the example! (Murmurs on the right and left.) I say, Mr. President, we demand that you set us the example.

President Gambetta — Monsieur de Baudry d'Asson, I must beg you to volunteer me any lessons on liberalism; I do not receive them from any one.

M. de Baudry d'Asson—We are in the right!

President Gambetta — Monsieur de Baudry d'Asson, I call you to order!

M. de Baudry d'Asson—Many thanks!

President Gambetta—I call you to order and invite you to remain silent.

M. de Baudry d'Asson—I am proud of a call to order from you!

President Gambetta—I invite M. de Baudry d'Asson to be good enough to recognize the authority of the President, and to take back the words which he just uttered.

M. Baudry d'Asson—I do not withdraw them, Mr. President, I maintain them! (Exclamation—The censure.)

President Gambetta—The vote on the censure will be taken.

At this a Deputy inquired if M. de Baudry d'Asson was not entitled to the floor, and that lively gentleman at once demanded it.

President Gambetta—I shall not give the floor to M. de Baudry d'Asson, in accordance with the rule; not even on the vote of the censure, until he has at first recognized the authority of the President.

M. de Baudry d'Asson—I recognize your authority, Mr. President, but not your liberalism nor that of the Left, which daily gives proof of your despotism.

President Gambetta—M. de Baudry-d'Asson, I do not wish this occasion to employ against you all the rigors of ruling.

M. de Baudry d'Asson—You may if you like! (Great disturbance.)

President Gambetta—M. de Baudry d'Asson, I must remind you that your unparliamentary attitude is absolutely unacceptable whatever may be the position of the minority of which you form a part. In the first place it is not possible to despise the right of the ruling, or, secondly, the authority of the President, and in the third place it is forbidden to show disrespect for a decision of the majority of this Assembly. Consequently I submit the censure to a vote.

A vote was taken, and M. de Baudry d'Asson found himself censured. This vote takes away one-quarter of his month's salary as deputy. When the censure was over there was a burst of ironclad laughter from the right.

President Gambetta—Who is the colleague on the right who permits himself to laugh?

Many members rising—everybody!

Paul de Cassagnac—We have the right, I suppose?

President Gambetta—You have not the right to laugh at a decision of the Chamber.

Paul de Cassagnac—Oh, no! that was never heard of before.

President Gambetta—Gentlemen, I invite you to be silent.

M. Haenliens—Now we can't laugh any more.

And so on *ad infinitum*, while the public business waits, and the public, reading its newspaper evenings at the cafe or at home, or between the acts of the theater, says, "Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!"—*Edward King's Paris Letter to the Boston Journal.*

EXPERIMENTS WITH ORANGE WINE.—The constantly extending ravages of the phylloxera have induced the inhabitants of certain wine-growing countries to consider from what fruit might be obtained a product which, by appearance, taste and bouquet, would resemble the juice of the grape. Experiments have been made, and the fact has been established that the liquid extracted from the orange would constitute a reserve on which to fall back. The first trials made showed that the oranges, when they have attained their full development, are unfit for the purpose proposed, and they must be selected, not when they have become quite mature and superabound in the sugary principle, but before they are wholly ripe, and still possess an appreciable amount of citric and mallic acids. At present four different sorts of wine have been obtained from that fruit. One called Imperial and a dry wine are procured in January with the fruit of the season; another, the Mandarin, is furnished by the orange grown in April. Those three sorts have a color pleasing to the eye; are perfectly translucid, have an agreeable flavor, with a tinge of acidity, and an alcoholic richness of about 15 per cent. As to the fourth, sparkling wine prepared by a special process, it possesses a little more than 12 per cent. of alcohol. However, the experiments made hitherto are still too insufficient, and the methods of fabrication too rudimentary for the article to be placed upon the market. Besides, another very important question arises, viz., if every success is obtained in the production, can a sufficient quantity of the fruit be procured to replace the grape, and if so, what will be the relative cost of wine from the vine and the orange? Doubtless, attention once turned in that direction, we shall be provided with some sort of liquor, probably of excellent quality, but we vastly doubt whether the orange or any other fruit can compete with the grape.—*Town and Country Journal.*

How Brutes Sleep.

[New York Sun.]

Half an hour after the last visitor passed out of Barnum's Circus and Menagerie in its recent exhibition, only seven or eight gas jets were burning in the large building. Dr. George O. B. Starr, press agent of the circus and ex-Deputy Coroner of Westchester, took the writer by the hand and led him in tip-toe to one of the monkey cages. Back in the dark corners of the floor were two black clusters. He scratched the cage with his cane, and instantly a dozen whitish spots appeared on the surfaces of each of the clusters. These were the faces of the monkeys. They were held perfectly still for a short time, but when another gas jet was lighted nearer the stage several monkeys broke away from their companions to leap from perch to perch and squeal like bats. Dr. Starr said that the monkeys sometimes roosted like chickens on their perches, but such a peculiarity was not observed in any of the cages. Mr. McClean, a very trustworthy keeper, says they often indulged their propensity for fun by pulling each other's tails and pinching each other at dead of night. Then the whole cage will set up a chatter. Monkeys never snore, but there is always heard a sniffling sound, the premonitory symptoms of consumption, of which they generally die on account of the coldness and changes of a northern climate. In separating into different clusters to sleep each species seeks to keep by itself as much as possible.

Dr. Starr said the pelican usually squatted on the floor of his cage like a duck in his coop, but it was found roosting on the edge of a water tank in its cage. Its big webbed toes are furnished with long, sharp, curving claws, and clutched the metal-covered edge with a firm hold. Its beak, nearly a foot in length, rested along its back. When a keeper's hand was thrust wearily between the bars, the long beak, as it seemed, with a single motion moved viciously from its back and struck a bar of the cage against which the hand had rested. After that it stood up on guard, showing its long brown legs, and awkwardly brandishing its beak. The snakes lay motionless, most of them being in a cluster. The ostrich lifted itself from a squatting position on the floor of its cage when the visitors approached, looked out of one eye inquiringly and tetered its long neck up and down, as if it were balancing its body with it on its two ungainly legs. The kangaroo lay a long time without moving. At last, aroused by the conversation of its midnight guests, it suddenly lifted its head, and with its tail gave a thump or two on the side of its cage. Its tail is very long, thick and powerful, and when it is attacked in close quarters it is said to whirl about and use it like a club. After a short time it sat upon its haunches and began to yawn and to scratch its sides with its short forelegs, like a monkey. The front of the mandrill baboon's cage was closed with a kind of horizontal shutter. When this was being removed the creature's paw missed a keeper's hand only by half an inch. It stood on all fours, about three feet high, and glared through the bars with its gray, sunken eyes, throwing a queer expression of cool contempt into its blue cheeks and bright carmine nose. It would occasionally thrust out its chin, decked with a short, sandy beard. It has acquired the pet name of *Drill*, but it is said to be very treacherous, and when it is angry it has been known to put forth strength equal to that of two men. It took a chew of what the keeper said was tobacco, rolled it about in its mouth, and appeared to enjoy it. Dr. Starr said that it could smoke, but that it was not allowed to have matches. The capybara, a kind of hairless South American hog, scrambled up when it heard a noise, and ran to its trough, over which it stood looking expectantly at those who had disturbed it. The little sun-bear was rolled up in a black ball in a corner of its cage, while the first sight of the grizzly in another corner showed it swaying noiselessly to and fro. The striped hyena was roaming about in its cage. A ridge of coarse hair arose along its back when it was disturbed, and it retired to the rear of its cage to glare at its visitors. It kept up a low but unceasing growl. It retains the wild instincts of it ancesters, and the keepers say that this low growl can be heard nearly all night. It howls a prediction of a storm several hours before the storm comes.

Savage hisses were heard from two black leopards before the visitors arrived at their cage. When a neighboring gas jet was lighted their glistening teeth and red tongues came into view. Their ears per lips were drawn back as they crouched on the floor, and their short ears were laid back until it seemed as if there was no room for any brains in their serpent-like skulls. They are the fiercest of all the beasts in the menageries, and so wild that when they are changed to a new cage they will not eat for several days. A large spotted hyena was found growling in the dark and twisting uneasily on his back with his feet in the air. He weighs 250 pounds. He immediately got up and, retiring to the back part of cage, glared menacingly. A wildcat sprang to the rear of its cage, when we approached, and crouched as if for a spring. A moment afterward it sat up, looking as innocent and as unconcerned as a house cat after it had eaten a canary. It killed three of its brothers last summer. A jauger glanced carelessly at the midnight party as they passed its cage, but otherwise affected no disregard for them. Two lions, born in Central Park two years and a half ago, lifted their noxzles from their fresh paws, stretched out in front of them, and showed their fine, large fronts while they blinked lazily at a newly-lighted gas jet. Showmen like lions, on the whole, much better than tigers, because they are not so treacherous; but they say a bad lion is worse than a tiger. The other day, when these two lions were fighting over a bone, Joseph Barret, one of the keepers, entered the cage and took the bone away from both of them. Nevertheless, all lions are dangerous at all times. Before approaching within reach of a lion, a keeper always tries its disposition by coaxing words and by offers to pet it. If it holds its head down to be scratched it is considered to be in a safe mood to handle. The rhinoceros sleeps with a hoarse snore, and resembles a huge, over-fat hog as its body spreads out over the bottom of the cage. The one in Barnum's museum is said to weigh 7900 pounds. All of the frame work of the wagon on which the cage rests is of steel. It is said that it would be the most dangerous animal in the menagerie if it should escape in an angry mood. Though usually very sluggish, it is terribly quick in action when angry, and there is practically no limit to its strength.

The four or five baby elephants stood in a row, fastidiously selecting choice spears of hay with their restless trunks, while Emperor and his huge mates lay sprawled out on their sides, their upper sides being rounded up into formidable mounds of flesh. The effect of the light was to make several of them lurch backward and forward and sideways, and finally sit up on their haunches in their clumsy, broken-jointed fashion. The seal sleeps on its platform and not in the water. The giraffe usually holds its long neck nearly erect, with his legs doubled up under him, like a horse.

Keepers in the menagerie divide their charges into six chases—hay animals, cat animals, monkeys, elephants, birds and fishes. If a keeper of the cat animals is killed, or if he leaves his situation, the management look about for an experienced man to take his place. If they cannot find any, they promote one of the oldest and trustiest hay animal keepers to the vacant position. The cat animal comprises everything of a naturally savage nature, including the lions. The hay animal include deer, giraffes, and the like. In the elephant class are included rhinoceroses and the hippopotami. It requires a particularly steady and trustworthy man to care for the "cats," which can never be handled or changed from cage to cage without precautions, no matter how tame they may seem to be.

Very long gloves are fashionable in London.

A Dead Man's Ride.

[St. Louis Globe Democrat.]

A ride with a corpse is by no means pleasant under any circumstances. Drivers of hearses, as a rule, express great abhorrence for their miserable calling, and assert that unpleasant pictures pass through the mind as the silent passenger is taken to his last resting place. A ride of this description is rendered doubly unpleasant when the horses attached to the hearse or dead-wagon are as wild as mustangs, tugging away at the bits continually for freedom enough to enable them to speed away and distance everything on the road. It is not often that a team of this kind is selected for this line of work, for the cortege is expected to move slowly, almost with measured tread, according to the old custom, the reason for which no one has ever been able to ascertain. Sometimes, however, the most docile animals will become frightened and unmanageable, and without any respect for the dead, dash away, scattering fragments of the vehicle in every direction, and carrying consternation into the minds of those who may be witnesses. A ride something like this occurred very recently. A telegram was received at the dispensary stating that a dead negro was in one of the rookeries near the Iron Mountain Depot. Ambulance No. 5, with two spirited bays, was standing idle, and into this Charley and Philip, two of the ambulance drivers, jumped, with instructions to call at the morgue, get a box for the corpse, after obtaining which they were to take it to the potter's field. The corpse was found at the place designated, put into the box and nailed up. The ambulance horses grew restless after the obnoxious load was put into the vehicle, and only a short distance had been traveled when they started out on the go-as-you-please plan, and it required the efforts of both drivers to pull them down to a gait that would not be considered a violation of the ordinance against fast driving. They continued to grow restless, but no further trouble was anticipated. At the corner of Tenth and Market one of the drivers, Philip, left the ambulance and Charley continued the journey. The animals seemed to appreciate at once that the chances for a runaway were much more favorable, and accordingly made a break. Charley saw that he could not rein them in, and the way that ambulance passed up Market was something after the fashion of a contest between two messenger horses on the homestretch, neck-and-neck. The corpse bounced around in the wagon until the lid of the coffin was loosened, and every time the vehicle struck the car-track or run into a rut the dead man would spring up as if to rebuke the driver for his carelessness, and then as quickly sink back out of sight. The way to the grave for him was certainly not smooth. As he passed the City Hall, with the horses doing their best, the body was still in the coffin, but receiving a severe jolting. The team got weary of the run in the vicinity of Fifteenth and Market, and were willing to stop on a very slight pull. Charley drove back to the dispensary, where the coffin was again nailed up and the journey continued for the potter's field.

Fun at Cabinet Meetings.

On Tuesdays and Fridays, says the Washington *Sun*, there are Cabinet meetings. The members of the Cabinet drop in one by one, but they are all on hand by 12 o'clock. Each member brings his portfolio. The President sits at the head of the table, and Secretary Shurz at the foot; on the right, next to the President, is the Secretary of State, next to him the Secretary of War, and beyond him the Postmaster-General. On the left, next to the President, sits the Secretary of the Treasury, and next to him the Secretary of the Navy, and next to the Secretary of the Interior on that side the Attorney-General. After the Cabinet meets it is ten or fifteen minutes before the members get to work. That ten minutes is taken up in greetings and off-hand talk, in which the spirit of fun and humor crops out a good deal. The Cabinet are all men with a sunny, fun-loving side when out of official harness. Judge Key is perhaps the jolliest, though the Attorney General pushes him hard for that distinction. Secretary Thompson is a proverbial lover of a pleasant joke, while Secretary Shurz is hardly equalled in telling one. Secretary McCrary is a good story teller. Secretary Sherman does not indulge in much humor often, but when he does, it is, on account of its unexpected character, the more enjoyable. Secretary Evarts is one of those of the quietly humorous sort. His fund of dry humor and wit is inexhaustible, and though not uproarious is keenly enjoyable.

The President has probably the heartiest Cabinet that any President ever assembled around him. The old bores who keep at them day by day are unmercifully dealt with by the heads of the departments when they assemble. The Attorney-General seems to take a particular delight in joking Secretary Thompson. At a recent Cabinet meeting the Naval Secretary took with him a list of midshipmen who had passed their examinations. The Secretary called attention to them, and said he would like to have their nominations for promotion to ensigns sent to the Senate as soon as possible, "as they were worthy young men who have thoroughly earned their spurs." "Mr. Thompson," interrupted Mr. Devens, "how long since have they been wearing spurs in the navy?" At a latter meeting the Attorney-General announced that there was a story afloat of a character so derogatory to the inland marine Secretary that it ought to be met. "Let's have it!" "It was when he was first made Secretary of the Navy," proceeded Judge Devens willingly. "A committee from the Navy Yard invited him down on a visit of inspection. He was taken through the different shops and works, and finally on board a man-of-war, which was lying at the wharf. After being shown over the different parts of the ship, the Captain stood by one hatchway, and asked the Secretary to look down. Thompson took a look of some length, and then exclaimed: "My goodness! the durned old thing's hollow." The Naval Secretary bore the bantering with equanimity, and remarked that the joke was a good one in its trime, but now had an ancient and fish-like shell.

After this ten minutes of boy play before school, the President calls the meeting to order. The regular business is taken up, the Secretary of State leading off with his budget. The discussion is conducted in a conversational way, the meetings generally lasting about two hours.

A BEAR'S FREAKS.—A bear has an appetite very similar to that of a goat. On board the United States man-of-war *Alaska* there is a bear cub which was obtained at Sitka by an ensign, and which is the pet of the ship. It is a very playful and sociable animal, climbs to the maintop when so minded, and roves in freedom throughout every part of the ship. On its first appearance on board it devoured all the soap and candles in sight, and ate two officers' dress suits. They were obliged to lock up the soap in an iron safe to keep it out of reach of the bear, and the ensign who owns the animal is mortgaged for two years' pay for damages to the officers' suits. One of the freaks of the bear was to raid on the barber's shop of the ship and eat all the shaving-soap, shaving-cups and brushes, hair-oil, combs and brushes. By order of the captain a guard is kept over the ship's guns night and day to keep the bear from eating them, the animal having made several attempts in that direction.—*San Francisco Stock Reporter.*

Peru Seen from the Inside.

"There is no other Peru," said Mr. Jacob Wray Mould, "and there is no other Henry Meiggs." According to the account of the New York architect, much of whose work is to be seen in Central Park, who introduced there and in Dr. Bellow's church ("the Beefsteak") the parti-colored style of external ornamentation, and who has been for several years in Peru, the assassination of Gen. Pardo, President of Peru, was as just a deed, as far as Pardo was the victim, as if the inexorable fates has marked out a violent death for him as punishment. "Pardo," said he, "played fast and loose, using all the ability he had as a master of the art of double dealing to annoy Mr. Meiggs, until he dropped into his grave. He was killed by Pardo as certainly as Pardo was stopped afterwards by the bullet of his assassin."

It is pleasing to learn the actual status of Peru in the commercial world from one who has had full opportunity for observing the people and the progress of the country, and who possesses the knowledge and intelligence necessary to form a just opinion of such matters. The accounts received from time to time from that rich but ill managed region are so conflicting and palpably unreliable, that the *viva voce* statements of a gentleman like Mr. Mould are a relief and are exceedingly interesting. He declares that Mr. Meiggs was the life and soul of Peru, and that with his death died the immense progress which the nation was making towards a position among the acknowledged powers of the earth. We know all about that great capitalist's railroad projects, to the accomplishment of which he took all the immense experience which his previous life in California had given him, and which he pursued with an indefatigable industry and a tact which, together, Mr. Mould calls genius. If we permit within the pale of that abused and indefinword the peculiar tact required to amass wealth and to use it and the talent which earned it for the world's good, Henry Meiggs certainly possessed genius.

With regard to the architecture of Peru, in which Mr. Mould was particularly interested, he explains that Mr. Meiggs projected a magnificent drive from Lima to Callao (the port of Lima), seven miles in length, with superb buildings on it, and a park midway. These, Mr. Mould says, would have been worth crossing the Pacific Ocean to see. But this project, like many others which had germinated in the great worker's busy brain, was nipped in the bud by his death, the legal dispute concerning his will preventing his nominal executors from pursuing the line of action marked out by him. He would have imported brick, had he lived, to replace the horrible yellow adobe of the Peruvians, and he would have worked the neighboring black marble quarries if he had had time.

The Decline of Fainting.

Fainting is so common with some persons, particularly women, and the cause of it is so little understood by non-professional people that some knowledge on the subject often proves valuable. Faintness consists in a temporary failure of the activity of the heart, the blood not being properly circulated in consequence. Although it does not reach the head, the sufferer loses all clearness of vision, and, if not prevented, may fall, the fall not infrequently restoring the normal condition. There is no convulsion, and though he—more probably she—can hardly be called conscious, he is not so profoundly unconscious as to be incapable of arousal, as happens in epilepsy. There are all degrees of faintness, from merely feeling faint and looking somewhat pale to positive and complete swooning. In some cases one faint is no sooner cured than another and another succeed, hour after hour, even day after day.

It is scarcely necessary to say that such cases are serious and need prompt treatment. The causes are various. Some persons are so easily affected that they swoon if they cut their finger or see any one bleed. Their defect is over-sensitive nerves and weak muscular fibre. The heart is essentially a muscle, which is feeble in some, strong in others—feeble generally in women and strong in men. Whatever weakens the heart and muscles commonly produces faintness, close, foul air being an active cause. Whatever greatly affects the nerves, such as bad news or the sight of the disagreable or horrible, may induce a swoon; and loss of blood is another and a serious incitement. Sound health, naturally accompanied by firm nerves and muscles, is the preventive of faintness. The majority of vigorous men go through all kinds of severe and painful experience without fainting, while delicate men and many women swoon at trifles. American women, who used to faint continually—in crowds, at scenes of distress—now faint comparatively seldom; and the fact is ascribed to their relinquishment, for the most part, of the habit of lacing, to their increased exercise in the open air, and their better physical condition. Not one American woman faints to-day where, thirty years ago, twenty-five women fainted, and the diminution of the disorder, always the result of direct causes, is an unmistakable evidence, which other things corroborate, of the marked amelioration of the health of the highly organized, extremely sensitive, but flexible and enduring women of our complex race.

SEEING OURSELVES.—A man is ordinarily said to be young, even in this country, where we live preternaturally fast, up to 35 or 40, to be middle-aged from 40 to 50, and not to be positively old, if he be of sound health and well preserved, until he shall have reached 60 or thereabout. This estimate of years would indicate the normal age of man to be 100 (as Buffon declares it should be), though his average age is scarcely 50, and 60 is much beyond it. What reason is there, then, for speaking of 35 to 40 as young and 40 to 50 as middle-age? None, unless we consider that we begin practical and useful existence, as we really do, with the attainment of our legal majority; and, as a rule, people have very little life—30 to 35 years—after that. It is common to speak of men, especially in public positions, of sixty, as in their prime. A few appear to be so, notably in Europe; but they are not actually, since, at seventy-five, the public distrusts them merely from their age. The great majority of men are buried and forgotten before they have gained three-score, and he who is in his prime then in a seeming sense is as exceptional as he who lives to ninety or ninety-five. We all like to delude ourselves in respect to life. When our neighbor is sixty he appears to be very old. When we are of that age, we are not young, to be sure; but we feel as young, we say, as ever. In fact, we are in our prime. While we can creep around and are in possession of our faculties, we insist that we are not very old; but our friends, Smith and Brown, will not a year more than we, if the truth were known, make themselves ridiculous by trying to appear young.

A NAUGHTY MAN AND A NICE GIRL.—A friend of mine, coming from New York lately, was a fellow-passenger with a Yankee who never by any chance, except when he was eating or sleeping, had a cigar out of his mouth. "I have seen a good many smokers," said my friend to this individual, "but never saw such an incurable chimney as you are." "Yes," was the reply; "I am fond of my Havana. I can't live without my Havana, and I have left instructions that one is to be put into my coffin when I die." "And," interjected another Yankee of the party, "I guess you won't have to go far for a light, anyhow." This anecdote being repeated in the presence of two specimens of the rising generation, one evidently enjoyed it, but the other looked very solemn indeed. When they got together out of the room, she of the serious turn of mind said to her companion, "That was a very naughty tale your uncle told. I know that there are all sorts of nice things in Heaven, but I am sure there are no cigar lights there." A right-minded child, that.

Iron rails are $5 a ton higher now than last year at this time—steel rails $3 and pig iron $1 to $3.

THE IRISH LANGUAGE.—In a paper recently read before the Statistical Society, Mr. Ravenstein states that the Celtic portion of the population of the British Isles makes a total of nearly 2,200,000 souls, of whom nearly one-half are Welsh. Further, we are told that in 1851 there were few Irish counties in which the old language had altogether died out; the localities in which Irish was then spoken makes a total area of nearly 10,000 square miles, with a population not far under 1,500,000, of whom 69.3 per cent. spoke Irish, while in 1871 the Irish area had sunk below 6000 square miles, with a population under 600,000, of whom about 63 per cent., or considerably less than 400,000 spoke Irish only. Lastly, it appears that probably not 5000 persons throughout Ireland were then able to read an Irish book, and not a single Irish newspaper was being published. This contrasts strongly with the state of things among the Welsh, who print over thirty newspapers and periodicals of various kinds, while the Welsh in America have several flourishing newspapers and hold *eisteddfods* without number in the country of their adoption. We have no statistics of the Celtic element in North America, though it is well known to be considerable, but so far as concerns the Irish portion of it, there would be no great error in supposing that the Irish language loses ground among the emigrants much faster than among those left behind in Ireland.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

PORTLAND, August 4, 1879.

Legal tenders in Portland—Par.

Silver coin in Portland—The banks quote: 1 per cent. discount to par.

Coin Exchange on New York, 1 per cent. premium.

Coin exchange on San Francisco, par to ¼ % prem.

Telegraphic Transfers on New York, 1 per cent. premium.

BY TELEGRAPH.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 4.—Currency, par buying, par selling.

Silver, 99¾ buying, 99⅞ selling.

Trade Dollars, no more quotation; none in market for sale.

NEW YORK, Aug. 4.—Gold at 11 A. M. not quoted.

Silver Bullion, 1,000 fine, per fine ounce, 11.

U. S. Bonds, 5s of '81, 2¾; 4s, 2⅞; 4½s 6⅞. Closed, 5s, 2⅞; 4½s, 6; 4s, 1⅞.

In shipping there is nothing new to report.

In the General Merchandise market trade continues dull with little improvement looked for within this month. Values are unchanged except in Dry Goods which continue to appreciate.

In the Produce market there is absolutely nothing doing, caused by the absence of stocks. With the commencement of another week under free receipts we except to chronicle large movements in Wheat, but as it now is, quotations are entirely nominal.

Home Produce Market.

The following quotations represent the wholesale rates from producers or first hands.

FLOUR—Quotable in jobbing lots at: Standard brands, $4 75@5 00 best country brands, $4 00@4 75; superfine, $3@3 75.

WOOL—Valley, 15@21c; Umpqua, 22@23; Eastern Oregon, 14@17c. Very choice of Valley, Umpqua and Eastern Oregon command an advance on these quotations.

WHEAT—$1 27½@1 37½ for average; milling $1 60@1 65 Walla Walla from $2@5 cts less.

POTATOES—Quotable at 90c@$1 00 per 100 lbs, as to development and quality.

MIDDLINGS—Jobbing at feed, $20@25; fine, $25@27½ ₩ ton.

BRAN—Jobbing at per ton, $15.

OATS—Feed, per cental, $1 20@$1 25, choice a shade higher.

BACON—Sides, 8@9c; hams, 10@12c; shoulders, 6@7c.

HAY—Timothy baled, buying at $10@12 per ton; weak.

LARD—In kegs or pails, new in tins, 9@10c.

BUTTER—We quote choice dairy at 25c; good fresh roll, 20@22½c; ordinary, 15@18c, whether brine or solid; common, 17½@15c; market steady; California fresh roll, 22½@25.

GREEN FRUITS—Apples, none; Limes, $1@1 50 per box; Oranges, $2 50@4 per 100.

DRIED FRUITS—Apples, sun dried, 4@5c; machine dried, 6@8c. Pears, machine dried, 7@8c. Plums, machine dried, 15@18c; pitted, 10@12c; with Pits, no sale

EGGS—25 cts per dozen.

POULTRY—Hens and roosters, $4@5; chickens $2 75@3 50.

CHEESE—Oregon, 10@12½c; California, 10@15c.

HOGS—Dressed 5 cts.; on foot 4 cts.

BEEF—Live weight 2½@3½ cts. for good to choice.

SHEEP—Live weight 2½@3½ cts.

HIDES—Quotable at 13½@14½c for all over 16lb, one-third.

off for under that, also one-third off for culls.

ALLOW—Quotable at 2@2½c.

General Merchandise.

RICE—Market quotes at China mixed 5⅞@6c; Japan, 6⅞@7½; Sandwich Island, 7½@7¾.

COFFEE—Gilmore Mocha, 19½@17½c; Java, 25c; Rio, none; Guatemala, 16½@17c.

TEAS—We quote Japan in flowered boxes, 35@40c; Large leaved Gunpowder, 50@60c; paper, 30@37½c.

SUGARS—Sandwich Island, 7¼@8c; Golden Coffee, in bbls 9½c, hf bbls 8½c; Crushed bbls 10½c, hf bbls 10½c; Pulverized bbls 11c, hf bbls 11½c; Granulated bbls 10c, hf bbls 10½c.

SYRUPS—Quotable at47½c in bbls, 50c in hfs and 55c in kegs.

SARDINES—Qr boxes, $1 90; hf boxes, $2 ⅞@3

YEAST POWDER—Donnelly, 1doz3oz ₩ gross; Dooley 20@28oz ₩ gross; Preston & Merrill, 24c ₩ gross.

WINES—Sherry, foreign in blk, ₩c 50@55; in cs, $7@9 Sherry, domestic in blk, $1 50@2 50; in cs, $4 50@6.

Port, foreign in blk, $2 50@7; in cs, $7@9.

Port, domestic in blk, $1 50@2; in cs, $4 50@6.

Angelica, domestic in blk, $1 50@2 50; in cs, $4 50@6.

Muscatel, domestic in blk, $1 75@2 50.

Reisling, domestic in blk, $1 50@2.

Sonoma White, domestic in blk, $1@1 25 in $4@5.

Claret, foreign in blk, $1 50@2; in cs, $4 50@6.

Claret, domestic in blk, 75c; in cs, $3@4.

CANDLES—Emery, 12½c; Pork a Shovel, 15c; Harkness 20c; Grass, 16c; wax, 21c

SPIRITS AND MALT LIQUORS—The following are the prices current of certain brands of whiskies and beer: J. H. Cutter, old Bourbon whisky, manufactured by C. P. Moorman & Co, Kentucky, $3 25@7; M. M. Marshall, Kentucky, $5; Other brands, $1 50@2 75.

OILS—Ordinary brands of coal, 25c; high grades, Downer & Co, 35@40c; boiled linseed, 90c; raw linseed, 80c; pure lard, $1 00@1 10; ewtor, $1 25@1 50; turpentine, 60@65c

The Markets.

FIRST DISPATCH.

CHICAGO, Aug. 2.—Wheat—86⅞