MANHATTANISMS.

REDEMPTION OF A FASHIONABLE CHURCH FROM DEBT.

The Seawanahaka Disaster—A Big-Brained, Big-Hearted Preacher—The Original "Herald" Site—Etc.

NEW YORK, June 30, 1880.

The Seawanahaka disaster really seems to be one in which nobody appears to blame. The boat was believed to be in good condition, and two of her owners, S. L. M. Barlow and Charles A. Dana, were on board, and had every faith in their security. It is very singular that no neglect to provide for the safety of the passengers has as yet been shown. The cause may be that Barlow, being a very prominent lawyer, may have had a dread of suits for damages in the event of accident, and that Dana, being a journalist, had tried to guard against what in his professional capacity he had so often found reason to condemn. At any rate the seeming irresponsibility of any person or persons connected with the vessel is very remarkable. I doubt if the same thing would have proved true of any other boat plying in these waters; for our vessels, of all kinds, are as a rule mismanaged with culpable carelessness.

REV. ROBERT COLLYER,

Of the Church of the Messiah, preached on Sunday the last sermon of his first pastoral year, and has gone to Nantucket for the summer. All that the Trustees and members of the Church hoped for from Collyer's ministrations have been realized. He has, to use a secular phrase, made the church pay, which was the great aim and desire of the congregation, and which, indeed, they did not try to disguise. They had been unfortunate from the start with the Messiah. When it was built, some 16 years ago, and opened by the late Rev. Dr. Samuel Osgood, who had preached in the old edifice in Broadway, opposite Waverly place, he seemed to have lost much of his former popularity. Many of the pews remained unrented, and it was necessary that they should be rented, because the church had cost a good deal of money, and had been, as churches usually are, built on credit. His inability to draw wounded Osgood's self-love, of which he had a plentiful supply, and sorely troubled the Messiahites, who regarded his drawing as part of the implied contract. An unpleasant feeling grew up between congregation and pastor, and the feeling was increased by the pastor's change of theological views. Although he had been for 30 years or more a Unitarian, he suddenly adopted

TRINITARIAN OPINIONS,

And these speedily divided the church. Osgood could do nothing but resign, and he carried a number of the members with him. He did not, however, have another church built for him, as commonly happens, nor was he permanently called to another pulpit. He afterwards embraced Episcopalianism and led a literary life, which he could afford, for his circumstances were independent. The Messiah invited Rev. H. Hepworth of Boston to be its pastor, and he accepted. He proved to be rather showy, though artificial and monotonous, and many people who liked him at first soon grew tired of him. Under the circumstances the pews continued vacant, and to make bad worse Hepworth also underwent an evangelical revolution. He found that his nature demanded something more than Unitarianism, and after causing a sort of schism in the church, and trying, as is alleged, to capture the body, he went out, leaving the society in a worse financial plight than ever. He set up an independent organization called the Church of the Disciples, from which he retired some time ago because the church was so burdened with debt. The Messiah did not know where to turn after Hepworth's departure, and for some months it

TRIED ONE PREACHER AFTER ANOTHER,

Without hitting upon anybody who, in their judgment, would answer. Finally, they summoned Rev. Wm. R. Alger of Boston, well known as a lecturer and author as well as preacher. He is scholarly and has fine talents; but he is pedantic and artificial, and does not wear. He did not wear with his new congregation. After a little while the house was often nearly empty; he was rendered most unhappy, for he is very sensitive, by his want of success, and at the end of his second year retired with the full approval of his parishioners. Again the church cast about for an occupant of its pulpit, and was again perplexed as to choice. They could get plenty of men, of course; but those they could get they did not want. Somebody suggested that they should once more call Rev. Robert Collyer, who had, the year previous, declined a very pressing invitation from the Messiah. He gave the matter much attention, and had nearly decided to quit Chicago, but resolved at last to stay with his old congregation, which was greatly attached to him. The suggestion was acted upon. He was called a second time, and, after viewing the question from all sides, he came. The Messiah had presented every inducement; they had arranged for the liquidation of the debt, so that he could start free; they had promised not to interfere with him in anything. No doubt he had had for years a secret longing for New York, and when he was so sweetly persuaded he could not easily resist. He has succeeded as pastor of the Messiah beyond all anticipations. He has

INSPIRED NEW SPIRIT INTO THE CHURCH;

He has made it a harmonious, energetic, hopeful, enthusiastic body; he has swept away all the old doubt, distrust and lukewarmness; he has established himself as a vital force for liberal thought and active good. Every Sunday the pews are full; strangers are continually going to hear him, and he has grown to be a genuine favorite in society. At many of the celebrations, dinners and festivities he is a prominent speaker, and he always speaks well. Everybody likes him; indeed, nobody could dislike him, for he is a simple, natural, honest, genial, sympathetic, gifted, eloquent man. He has no crotchets, no angles, no offensive egotism. He is big-brained and big-hearted, and if all preachers were so genuine, so human, so reasonable, so sweet-natured as he, they would be differently regarded, and would exercise a better influence than they do now. But Robert Collyer is not orthodox.

THE ORIGINAL "HERALD" SITE.

Very few persons who pass the northwest corner of Nassau and Wall streets, where they are now reconstructing the marble building, remember, if they ever knew, that it is the site of the original *Herald* office. From the basement of 20 Wall street, forty-five years ago the 6th of last month, was issued the first number of the *Herald* by James Gordon Bennett, who had only $500 of cash capital, but any amount of energy, enterprise, industry and understanding of the public need. He was then the sole editor, and his editorial desk consisted of a board supported on two empty barrels. His attempt was sublime in its audacity, for he entered into direct competition with a number of rich, well-organized and prosperous journals. He was then about 37 years old; had been engaged in divers newspapers, and had not prospered in any of them. Everything seemed against him; but he had faith in himself; he had fresh, original ideas; he felt that the people wanted and would sustain a real newspaper, which they never had had. He was the pioneer of the new order of journalism; he began a new era; he was the first in point of time and ability of modern journalists. He had had ample experience in Albany, New York and Washington; had closely studied manners, politics and society, and from his various unlucky ventures had learned wisdom. He had been reporter, correspondent, assistant editor, editor-in-chief and proprietor: and now he was to be all these in one little ugly sheet, destined to

LEAD THE WORLD

In regard to news. When the *Herald* was started there were seven large morning papers called sixpenny sheets, the *Gazette and General Advertiser, Mercantile Advertiser and New York Advocate, Daily Advertiser, Morning Courier and Enquirer, Journal of Commerce*, the *Times* (not the present *Times*, but another sheet of the the same name published by Holland, Langford & Davis) and the *Business Reporter and Merchants' and Mechanics' Advertiser*. There were also four sixpenny evening papers and four small daily penny papers. Of the whole fifteen only four are now alive, and the four combined have not the revenue of the *Herald*. How fast time moves; what great changes it works! The small, dingy sheet of forty-five years ago has become an enormous property, yielding to the son of the original proprietor from $400,000 to $500,000 a year, and performing some of the grandest journalistic feats ever known. The elder Bennett consecrated his life to the *Herald*, and the consecration produced golden fruit. The *Herald* revolutionized the journalistic world, making its first great hit by giving a full account of the great New York fire December 16, 1835. Such a thing had never been attempted or dreamed of before here or anywhere. It took the town and country by surprise; it laid the foundations of the *Herald*; it made the superb superstructure possible.

VARIETIES.

During this tropical heat many prominent club men are giving formal elaborate dinners at the hotels of Long Branch and Coney Island, instead of at the club houses, as heretofore. It is a great improvement in regard to comfort. Nobody can enjoy the most delectable feast in town with the mercury at 95 and 100°. A certain degree of coolness is preferable to the choicest viands.

The elevated railways will unquestionably soon adopt five cents as the regular fare at all hours on their roads, notwithstanding that they have just declined to do so. They will find it to their interest. When they have reduced the rate the Third avenue and Sixth avenue car lines will be virtually out of business,

Noah Brooks, an ex-Californian, has just had a handsome offer from a London publisher to issue in book-form in England his very clever story for boys, the "Fairport Nine," now running in the *St. Nicholas*. He has accepted the offer, and is adding some new chapters. Brooks is still one of the editorial writers on the *Times*.

Moses Coit Tyler, of Ann Arbor University, is now in town, ransacking the libraries for material for the third volume of his excellent work on American Literature, pretty certain to become a standard.

Fifth avenue has become so very noisy from incessant rolling of carriages and other vehicles that many of its denizens are removing to upper Madison avenue, destined to be the favorite residence street of the city. The noise of New York is its bane; it grows every year more intolerable.

Bronson Howard, the American dramatist, has just returned to England, where he is engaged upon several new plays. The success of his "Hurricanes" and "Banker's Daughter" over there have been extraordinary, and given him much reputation.

CHAUBERT.

FRESH FEMININITIES.

Ex-Queen Isabella of Spain is expected to make a long visit to London at an early day.

The widow of ex-President Fillmore will pass the summer at Gettysburg Springs, in Pennsylvania.

Sarah Bernhardt on one Saturday recently played twice and rehearsed once, during which she changed her toilet nineteen times.

The young Princess Victoria and future Empress of Germany obstinately refuses to have her photographs taken for public display.

A Macon (Ga.) lady went to the post-office, bought a stamp, asked a boy to stick out his tongue, moistened the stamp on it and posted her letter.

An old woman in New York predicts that a tidal wave ten feet high will sweep over Coney Island on the 22d of July. Make your arrangements accordingly.

Mrs. James Brander, an eminent English teacher, has been appointed by the British Government to the high position of inspectress of schools for Madras.

Miss Sidney Paul Gill, author of the widely-known and popular hymn. "I Want to be an Angel," was buried in Philadelphia on Wednesday last. She is what she wanted to be.

"Goodness!" said a Parisian, when the bill for the expenses of his wife's funeral—a little bill of 6,000 francs—was handed to him, "I had almost rather that she had not died."

Tennyson is reported to have likened women to flowers, for the reason that they never shut up until they go to sleep. Let nobody be angry, however. It is merely poetic license.

What is a girl without a bang?—[Danielson Sentinel. A most miserable, heart-broken, crestfallen creature, upon whom the sympathy of the world should be most willingly showered.

Some ladies have such magnificent complexions that it really seems as if the manufacturers of cosmetics are entitled to more than a passing word of praise.—[Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.

Mrs. Fletcher Webster of Marshfield is building a fine residence on the spot where the old home was burned. The old elm which Webster valued so highly still stands, though badly affected by the fire.

Mrs. William Grammell of Providence, daughter of R. H. Ives, is said to be the wealthiest married woman in America, and Miss Catharine L. Wolfe of New York is the wealthiest unmarried one.

Miss Annie Louise Carey intends to spend the summer in Switzerland, among the mountains, in which she hopes to regain the robust health of which the exacting work of a long professional season has robbed.

There is a rumor that Soldene will return to this country. She is an engaging lady—a trifle wide in the mouth—one who has enjoyed the favor of all the crowned heads of Europe and half the bald heads of America.

ALONG A SLOPE OF GRASS.

Along a slope of grass she came;
And as she walked, a virgin shame
Lit up her face's snow with flame.

Full slight and small she was, and bent
Her lithe neck shyly, as she went,
In some childlike bewilderment.

Gold was the color of her hair;
The color of her eyes was fair;
The sun shone on her everywhere.

O fair she was as hawthorne flowers!
It seemed the flush of the spring hours
Lay on her cheeks, and summer showers

Had bathed her in a sweet content,
A virginal faint ravishment
Of peace; for with her came a scent

Of flowers plucked with a childish hand
In some forgotten fairyland,
Where all arow the sweet years stand.

And all the creatures of the wood
Crept from their leafy solitude,
And wondering around her stood.

The fawns came to her unafraid,
And on her hand their muzzles laid;
And fluttering birds flew down and staid.

—[John Payne's New Poems.

Pool is getting to be more played than billiards.

FROM THE BAY.

HOW THE FOURTH WAS CELEBRATED IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Kearny Street on Saturday Afternoon—A Receipt—Women at Matinees—Curiosity About Actresses.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 7, 1880.

The Fourth is dead and gone, and explosive patriotism died away in little rumbles somewhere next day. "If I were the bonanza," remarked an old soldier in his enthusiasm, "I would hire a thousand men and one more to see that they were kept busy setting off fireworks on the Fourth of July." With everybody "if" seems about the biggest word in the English language, and no one thousand men were hired to make a noise here on the ever-glorious day. But plenty of noise was made, though—so much that many stole away to country retreats to be rid of it, and then again plenty and plenty came in from the country to see and hear. For me, I love a crowd, the excitement that thrills the multitude, the eager, rapid tread of feet and the hum of jostling voices, and on Monday I had it all. Besides the procession, the street was one throng of people. Sitting in a window commanding the full length of Kearny street, the sight was an imposing one—the pompous military, the Orders with full insignia, the shining carriages, the prancing horses, the glistening brass instruments of the bands, the waving banners, all moving in slow accord, made my heart beat and the blood leap to my cheeks. An arch,

A GRAND AND CURIOUS ARCH,

Spanned Market street, which looked with its fort and stone gateway as though it had slipped out from the quaintness of old history, and yet a close inspection, also, revealed that its granite wall was painted canvas, its cannon stovepipe, and its cannon balls Chinese bombs. During the day I saw three sights with babies at which I wondered not a little. A handsomely-dressed woman sat in a large plate-glass show-window on Market street, in full view of hundreds. Now to see a mother nursing her baby, cooing over it, and "loving" it with her arms while its little hand wanders toward her cheek and its eyes, filled with the liquid baby love, look up to her, is as tender and pretty a picture as could be presented. But this woman had unbared her dress from waist to throat and to the gaze of the ever-changing crowd she boldly, let me say thoughtlessly, exposed an expanse of billowy breast that might easily have done duty for several pairs of twins. Her hands were clasped about her infant, and her eyes were fixed afar as though no idea of the impropriety of the deed had ever crossed her mind. I have never seen a woman in San Francisco till this one who nursed her child immodestly. Then I stopped to gaze in horror at a heedless young couple gaping open-mouthed at the sights. When I say "open-mouthed" allow the grain of salt, for I mean they seemed exceedingly interested. The husband chivalrously carried the baby, a sturdy little creature with flushed cheeks, who was sound asleep, tired out with the excitement of the day. Its head had fallen back over its father's arm so far that it seemed to me a gurgle must escape from the little throat as the feet below tramped heavily along. Its throat was

STRETCHED OUT SO LONG

And so cruelly that it looked like the necks of the poultry that hang by restaurant doors, painfully suggestive of having been wrung. I could have screamed out after that heedless young couple, but before I could screw my courage to the sticking point, they were gone; but that poor little throat stays yet in my memory. Going a block further my attention was attracted to a long trailing mass of tucks and embroidery, flowing over a dark costume, and following it upward, my eye came upon a little, little baby, surely not more than six weeks old. The mother held it carelessly upon her arm, its back almost unsupported, while she laughed with her companion and viewed the procession. Upon its shoulders it carried a thin but heavily embroidered flannel shawl, and its little head—how I pitied its little head!—went bobbing and wobbling about with a lace cap on it. "That woman," said an elderly lady near me indignantly, "ought to be passed upon and condemned by Nathaniel Hunter's prevention-of-cruelty-to-children society," and we both turned and watched and watched the poor little head going wobblety-wob till the mother turned the corner. But there were many happy sights; but the happiest one I saw was a woman whose first grand holiday it was in I don't know how many years. There are so many women shut off by expanse of country from advantages and pleasures of city life. Do they have an idea of how many women, living in the city, there are who never go to a theater? who never hear any music or spend an evening out? who have no knowledge of Kearny street when it puts on its Saturday afternoon? who never go to church, or meet people, or find time to read the papers? Well, there are hundreds and hundreds devoted to nothing but dust-brush, mop and oven, and one of these I met down town on Monday. "I never had such a good time in my life," she said solemnly. "I've bought a new bonnet and some little curls; I went to the restaurant and had fried oysters, ice-cream and raspberries for lunch; and I'm bound to go to the matinee this afternoon. I ain't been in a theater for years," she went on wistfully, "but now I'm in for it. I'm going to see

THE WHOLE ELEPHANT

To-day." She makes the best biscuit I ever tasted, and this is her receipt—"pattern," she calls it: Mash two boiled potatoes and add two spoonfuls brown sugar and soften with boiling water. When tepid add small teacup yeast and when light three ounces melted butter, one pint milk, a little salt and flour sufficient for a stiff sponge. When risen, knead and let it rise again, then make into biscuits; let them stand half an hour, and at last bake in a quick oven. They are splendid, but I notice it makes a heap of difference as to what person follows a receipt, whether the result is satisfactory. Some folks make the best kind of everything by taking enough of this, a pinch of that, and about right of something else, while others can only turn things out half nice by religiously conforming to the plainest and most tempting directions. I heard a gentleman make a remark the other day whose severity—merited, perhaps—made me shrink for a moment. "I never knew," said he, "what hogs women could be till I went to some of the matinees. They push, crowd, elbow, trample to get in, bulldoze the ushers, and finally sit down in seats that have been reserved and then refuse to relinquish them unless they are given others just as good. I have lately several times seen women in reserved seats who had to be persuaded by policemen to give them up, and they were well-dressed women, too." I shuddered as he drew the picture, but I couldn't say it was a false one. I can only say that these women were exceptions.

UNWOMANLY CURIOSITY.

I wonder if any one really knows how many women there are who forget politeness in their curiosity about actresses? If you can imagine it, they are "in love" with the face, the manner, the voice, the feet and the glamour over all which makes them long to meet in private life the creature who inspires their admiration. An actress of my acquaintance, an adored of the populace in some characters, receives notes frequently from those of her own sex, and bouquets and boxes of choice candies are not unknown, while at different times women, utter strangers, have called upon her and brought their children, simply to have seen her close at hand, to have talked with her, and one woman asked for a lock of her hair, or a ribbon she had worn, while another actually kissed her fingers. She is vain enough to half enjoy such foolish attentions, but I can imagine the utter contempt in which they would be held by some others. Miss Neilson is the reigning star just now, and surely she is the most beautiful woman I ever saw, though the lower part of her face seems somehow to belie the loveliness of her eyes, and the dainty and delicate smallness of her head. Her mouth does not please, but all the same she is a passionate, delicious dream when she plays Juliet. They say actresses feel the passions they depict, and I have seen Miss Neilson shed real tears; if so, with what emotions must their existence be borne, what griefs must they suffer, what love, joys, experience, what angers know! Certainly Lillian Adelaide Neilson is the most artistic woman we ever have had here. At the funeral of Mrs. Palmer, the so-called Gipsy Queen, which took place some time since at St. John's Episcopal Church, Oakland, in the coffin was the most artistic draping of a shawl—it could have been arranged upon no shoulder of a fashionable lady with greater effect. It was a beautiful and costly shawl to begin with, and then here you caught a glimpse of embroidery, then it was lost to appear again a little higher up, and then again it was lost to view. She was a very large woman, but she had a small and beautifully turned hand which seemed also posed to best advantage. Her funeral was attended by a large concourse of people who seemed to hold deceased in greatest respect. There were no few representatives of the Romany Rye, and gypsy looks from out dark eyes flashed the token of gypsy birth from many a seat in the church.

KATE HEATH.

MECHANICAL NOTES.

INDIA-RUBBER HOSE FOR HIGH STEAM PRESSURE.—At a late meeting of the Edinburgh Association of Science and Arts, held recently, a short communication was made by William Firth on the use of india-rubber hose for steam and high-pressure purposes. He exhibited a piece of canvas and rubber hose capable of withstanding a pressure of 4,000 pounds to the square inch, and also several other pieces of canvas and rubber packing, which, he said, were most useful for engineers.

PERFECTION OF MODERN MACHINERY.—The degree of perfection that machinery has reached is shown by the work of the new Indiana State-house. But seven men are building this immense structure, and their progress daily is from seventeen to twenty times greater than that of the large force of workmen employed when the Court-house was built. The cause of this great saving is the little "traveler" now in use at the State-house. These are small engines that run upon the scaffold tracks in all directions, and do work which required fifteen men with the old hand derricks. They also save much time, for a stone that was formerly laid in from two to seven hours, is now placed in position in fifteen minutes, with scarcely any trouble or extra exertion on the part of the workmen.

TUBE-WELLS FOR LARGE SUPPLIES OF WATER.—For the last eight or nine years, the leading breweries at Burton-on-Trent have obtained the bulk of their water supplies from a number of tube-wells connected with one pump. Allsopp & Co. pump 600,000 gallons daily from 30 3-inch wells, and Bass & Co. 500,000 gallons from 25 tubes. Thus, in one town, two breweries are obtaining sufficient water for a town of 40,000 inhabitants. Although some of these Burton wells are within a stone's throw from the Trent, the quality, level and temperature of the water differ from those of the river water. The town of Carmarthen, in Wales, is supplied by 10 2-inch tube-wells. In sandy soils, strainers or filters are used, which prevent sand coming into the tubes. A tube-well was sunk in a very fine sand at Chiselhurst, by pumping up six barrow-loads of sand and replacing it with gravel. One advantage of the gravel filter is its imperishability, and if made sufficiently large, the velocity of the water is not sufficient to bring the grains of sand within the area acted upon by the pump. In rocks and other hard strata the method of sinking tube-wells is similar to that employed in making artesian borings; but the mode of pumping and development of supply are entirely different from the tube-well system. Bored tube-wells can be made through any stratum and to any depth that an ordinary artesian boring can reach. The Lower Grounds, Birmingham, with their ornamental waters, fountains, and extensive gardens, derive their entire water-supply from a single 5-inch well sunk about two hundred feet deep. By means of this well an annual saving of £300 for water-rate is effected. Two tube-wells at West Thurrock yield a daily supply of 220,000 gallons from the chalk.

SELECTING TOOL-STEEL.—Hardness, tenacity, facility of working under the hammer, and of receiving temper, are requisites of good tool steel. The presence or absence of some of these qualities cannot be ascertained except by actual experiment; yet good judgment will enable a man to ascertain, with an approach to accuracy, the quality of steel without subjecting it to the action of fire and water and the hammer. Pure iron contains no carbon, but tool steel contains from 1 to 2 per cent. So small is this amount, that it is not surprising that it requires judgment and experience to select steel in the bar. One of the tests is to apply a drop of nitric acid to the surface of a fresh fracture. It will leave a black stain on good steel, but not on iron or low steel. Another test is to observe the color and texture of a freshly made fracture. This should present a fine grain, with a dull silvery luster, and of uniform color. Poor steel may show a close grain, but it will be mottled in color. But the only sure test is in working the steel. Draw the end of the bar, heated to a cherry red, under the hammer, to a fine point. If it will admit of being so pointed, that is a good indication. Plunge it into the hardening bath while hot, and when chilled, give it a few gentle blows with the hammer. If it is tough and does not fly, but requires some hammering and bending back and forth to break it, that is another good indication. If the fracture shows a fine, even, lively grain, the test is complete and the workman may be satisfied. One of the best tests is to make and temper a cold chisel from the bar. If it stands well the chipping on a casting the steel will make good turning tools. But, after all, the good judgment of the experienced forger is worth more than empirical tests.

CRYSTAL ICE.—A skating surface, called by its inventor "crystal ice," has been laid down in a London skating rink. It consists of a mixture of the carbonate and sulphate of soda. The crystallization of these salts produces a floor which so closely resembles ice, both in appearance and the resistance of its surface, that when it is a little "cut up" the deception is said to be quiet astonishing. It can be skated on with ordinary ice skates. When roughened too much it is smoothed by steaming with an apparatus provided for the purpose.

CHANNEL TUNNEL.—The projectors of the English Channel tunnel, it appears, have by no means abandoned their ambitious enterprise. Late advices indicate that the running of a small experimental drift is about to be commenced. The object of the same is to determine beyond doubt the important question of the existence or absence of crevices in the stratum beneath the channel through which the tunnel will ultimately be bored. It is expected that from four to six years will be required to finish this experimental work.

GENERAL NOTES.

The German army has now a war strength of 2,000,000 of men.

The Pope has sent a valuable work of art to Constantinople as a gift to the Sultan.

Senator Edmunds and Joaquin Miller have gone a-fishing together somewhere up in Canada.

Miss Annie Arthur, a sister of the Vice-Presidential nominee, is the teacher of a district school a few miles from Le Sueur, Minn.

Hiram College, Ohio—the college of which General Garfield was once President, and of which he is now a Trustee—has 200 students.

W. J. Florence, the actor, and the Duke of Beaufort are fishing for salmon in the Restigouche river, Canada, and are having much piscatorial sport.

During the past winter there were at the twenty German universities 20,172 students. The University of Berlin had the largest number—3,608. The philosophical departments attracted the largest number—8,624.

Monsignor Capel has been made a bankrupt. He is described as of Cedar Villas, now of Scarsdale Lodge, Kensington, clerk in holy orders. At the first meeting a statement of affairs was produced showing the total debts unsecured, £7,295; debts fully secured, £18,556; and assets nil.

Three hundred and eighty-five girls applied for the Oxford senior examination this season, and 353 for the junior examinations. In addition to the ordinary examination of boys and girls, another examination for young ladies over eighteen years old began at the same time, thirty-five offering themselves for the preliminary examination.

There was an elephant that had been trained to play the piano with its trunk in a show. One day a new piano was brought for it, but no sooner had the elephant touched the keys than it burst into a flood of tears. "What ails you, Kiouni?" asked its keeper. The poor beast could only point to the ivory keys. Alas! they were made of the tusks of his mother.

The Governor of the remote Russian province of Orenburg reports that the cold of last winter has caused such frightful havoc among flocks and herds that a famine is imminent. The crops, too, have suffered, and corn has risen 500 and hay 400 per cent. In the district of Parlograd 1,000 camels, 61,000 cows and oxen, 26,000 horses, and 51,000 sheep perished. It has been the same throughout Turkestan.

The New York *Sun* beats the Sweet Singer of Michigan all to pieces in poetry. Here is one of its verses on the obelisk:

From sands Egyptian the Obeliscus,
Through waves promiscus, is on her way.
What pious rapture and exultation,
Likewise elation, in my bosom play.

The building of the Eddystone lighthouse is now making rapid progress, and the work achieved this year already exceeds that done last year. Two-thirds of the solid base of the structure is now brought up to within three feet of high-water mark during the spring tides, and the work will shortly be less dependent on tides and weather.

It seems almost incredible that an elephant has 40,000 muscles in his trunk, but after a man has experienced an elephant's gentle twist about his system and been thrown the whole length of a menagerie tent through the candy-stand into the lemonade-tub he will be willing to take oath that there are at least one million and a half muscles in that interesting animal's front tail.

Purchasers have at last been found for the large house built by Albert Grant in the Kensington road, London. A committee, acting for an intended new club, which is to consist chiefly of subscribers to Hurlingham, the Orleans and other existing bodies, have agreed to give £195,000 for the property. The sum of £100,000 is to be paid at once, as caution money, and this is already in hand.

The preliminary workings for the tunnel uniting England and France have had the most satisfactory results. The promoters have sunk their shaft to the stratum in which they propose to bore the tunnel, and are now going to sink another shaft and lower all the machinery for the bore. In eighteen months they expect to have reached two kilometers, about two and a quarter miles, under the channel, and in three or four years to have completed the task.

HAIL.—It has hitherto been supposed that the report of the Bombay *Gazette*, quoted in London *Nature*, of a hail-storm occurring last March at Dharwar, during which hailstones fell that measured nine or ten inches in circumference, was the most remarkable case on record. It has since appeared, however, on the authority of the Iowa Weather Service *Bulletin*, that during the month of April, 1880, thunderstorms occurred in that State, during which hailstones fell measuring twelve inches in circumference.

SAN FRANCISCO MARKET REVIEW.

[REPORTED FOR THE SACRAMENTO RECORD-UNION.]

SAN FRANCISCO, July 8, 1880.

The week in which the Fourth of July comes is never a good business week, except among retailers. Business has, however, shown no declination not to be expected. The freight market is dull, still crop prospects, according to latest returns, show up far better than the most sanguine anticipated after the depressed feeling consequent upon the north-wind damage. The *Herald* on this subject says: "It is now very generally believed that we will have not less than 700,000 to 800,000 short tons of grain for export in the year now before us. Farmers show no anxiety to sell or to contract ahead for their wheat; spot price, $1 50 ⅌ ctl. We have 13,000 tons disengaged in port, and to arrive the next six months 168,800 tons, against 161,000 tons same date last year, and 223,000 registered tons July 1, 1878." Spot freights for grain are nominal at £2 15s for wooden hulls, and £2 17s 6d asked. The domestic produce market shows well. Wheat rates at $1 50 ⅌ ctl, but there is little offered at that. Barley is but little offered, and for corn and oats there is small demand. Hops promise finely. Cheese is in demand. Butter is plentiful. In the money market there is a better feeling steadily growing. Transactions have not been heavy during the week, we having had practically two holidays out of it and a consequent general rest from business.

GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

BAGS AND BAGGING—Wheat Bags are said to be in better shape now than for some time. The contracts by the Cashmere have all been settled. The Hongkong steamer, just in, brings the equivalent of 1,460,000 Wheat Bags. The price to-day is strong at 10c@10¼c; Wool Bags, 50c@55c; Potato Gunnies, 14c apiece; Hop Cloth, 13½@14½c per yard.

BOOTS AND SHOES—There is nothing of interest under this head. Prices remain unchanged.

BREAD—Assorted Crackers, 10c@12c; Boston and similar kinds, 8c; Soda, 7@6c; Pilot Bread, 4c to 4½c; Ship Bread, 3½c ⅌ lb.

BRICK—English Bath, 37½@40c ⅌ doz; English Fire, $2 50@35; Californ a hard-burnt descriptions, $7@10 ⅌ thousand.

CANDLES—Following are quotations for Eastern brands in round lots: Grant's Stearic A 1d, 14-oz, 14c; Gross & Co.'s Adamantine, 14 oz, 13@14c; Harkness' Patent Wax, 19c; Mitchell's Adamantine, 17c for 14 oz and 18c for 16 oz; Proctor & Gamble's Stearic Acid, 14 oz, 17c; Hope's, 16@14c for the two styles; Schaeffer's Stearic Acid, 14 oz, 15c, and 12 oz Star, 10c; U. S. Candle Company's 11 oz, 10c; Werk's Stearic Acid, 17½@18c for 16 oz and 16c for 14 oz; W. H. Woods & Co.'s Shield, 14@14½c, and Polar Wax, 16@16½c, both full weight; Woods & Conihan's 12 oz, 10@10½c; Paraffine, 20@21½c; Sperm, 25@30c.

CASE GOODS—Following are approximate quotations: Eastern Oysters, $1 50@2 50 ⅌ dozen 1-lb cans; Clams, $2 50@2 75; Lobsters, $2 50@3; Turkey and Chicken, $3 50@4; Eastern Green Corn, $2@2 25; Eastern Green Peas, $2@2 25.

CEMENT—Lawrenceville and other Eastern brands, $2@2 5; Portland (foreign), $4@4 25; Santa Cruz Lime, $1 25@1 50 ⅌ bbl.

COFFEE—The stock here is large, and from 10,000 to 15,000 bags Central America n could probably be spared. It is said that shipments overland are free. The best Guatemala cannot be quoted at over 15c in straight lots from importers, and some good Guatemala has been sold within a week at 14½c.

COAL—We quote: Australian, English and Scotch, $6 25@7 50; West Hartley, $7 50@8; Eastern, from ship's side, is selling at $9@11 for Anthracite and $12@13 for Cumberland; domestic Pacific coast descriptions are selling from wharf at $4@7; British Columbia, $6@8 50 ⅌ ton.

CHICORY—We quote California at 5½@6c; German, 6½@7c ⅌ lb.

DRUGS—Bi-Carb Soda, 4½@5c; Caustic Soda, 5½c; Soda Ash, 2½@3c; Sal Soda, 1.80@1.90c for domestic and 2c for English.

DRY GOODS—Brown Drills 30-inch goods, are jobbing at 8½@9½c; Brown Sheetings, 36-inch, 8½@9½c; Brown Shirtings, 30-inch, 6½@8½c; Apron and Furniture Check, 16@20c; bleached and colored Cambrics, 6@7c; heavy Denims, 23-inch, 14@22c; Cotton Flannel, 8½@12½c for light, and 14½@25c for heavy; Hickory Stripes, 13½@14½c; Prints, 7c; Kentucky Jeans, 19@35c ⅌ yard.

FISH—Pacific Codfish are selling to the trade at 4c in 50-lb boxes, 4½c for selected in 100-lb cases and 5c for boneless; Eastern Codfish, $7@7½c ⅌ lb; Oregon Canned Salmon is nominal at $1 15 bid and $1 25 asked; Smoked Herring, 65@70c for Eastern and 45@50c for Puget Sound; Dutch Herring, $1 75@1 90 ⅌ keg; Mark rel, $1 65@1 75 for No. 1 in 15-lb kits and $3 5 for Mess in 15-lb kits.

LEATHER—California Sole, 23@33c; Harness, 32@40c; Skirting 32@37½c; Calf Skins, 70c@$1 10 ⅌ lb; Waxed Upper, 13@22c ⅌ foot; Bridle, $4@7 ⅌ side; Kip Skins, $35@60 ⅌ dozen.

LUMBER—Following are the wholesale rates: Redwood, $14 for rough, and $24 for surfaced; Rustic, $24; Oregon Pine in a rough state, $17@21 ⅌ M ft; Laths, $3 50; Shingles, $1 75; Redwood Shakes, $8 50 ⅌ 1,000; Redwood Posts, $10 ⅌ 100.

MALT LIQUORS—Lea ing brands of English Ale and Porter are selling at $3 75@3 75 for quarts, and $3@4 for 2 dozen pints.

MATCHES—Metropolitan Block are jobbing at $1 75@1 80; Eastern Parlor $ 75 ⅌ gross.

METALS—The feature of interest is the rapid advance in Pig Tin last week, noted on the 3d. The jobbing price to-day is nominally 30c, but lots to arrive within a week are offered at 19c, which is lower than the invoice rate prior to the late sprint. All other descriptions are dull and nominal. Tin Plate is noted at $3@9 ⅌ box; Pig Iron, $23@35 ⅌ ton; Bar Iron, 4@5c; Cast Steel, 14@15c; Pig Lead, 4½@5c; Yellow Metal, 28@30c ⅌ lb.

NAILS—Are dull at $4 75 ⅌ keg for jobbing lots from store.

OIL—California Castor, 97½c for No. 1 and 92½c for No. 2, and California Linseed at 83c for boiled and 80c for raw; China Nut, 66c; Petroleum, 110 degrees, 15@25c; high test Petroleum, 3 @3½c ⅌ gal. The last number of the "Commercial Herald" notes receipts and sales of 5,000 cases Eastern brands of Petroleum, ex ship, from 13 to 15c. Referring to the new enterprise of the Pacific Coast Oil Company, the same paper says: On or about July 15th this company proposes to furnish the wholesale trade exclusively with the finest Petroleum, comprising 175 degrees fire test Headlight Oil, 150 degrees fire test Illuminating Oil, all strictly water-white; 300 degrees fire test Mineral Illuminating Oil, 24 degrees gravity Paraffine Machinery Oil, 19 degrees gravity heavy Lubricating Oil, refined Paraffine Wax, and all grades of Naphthas.

PAINTS—Various brands of White Lead sell at 6½@13c ⅌ lb.

PAPER—California Straw Wrapping, 75c, 80c and $1 ⅌ ream for the three styles.

POWDER—California Blasting, $3 25 ⅌ keg; Giant, 50c for No. 2 and 75c for No. 1; Vulcan Blasting, 75c for No. 1, 50c for No. 2 and 35c ⅌ lb for No. 3, with the usual discount as to quantity.

QUICKSILVER—The Hongkong steamer on the 3d took 2,950 flasks, purchased at low figures. The legal difficulties surrounding one of the principal producing mines will probably cut full production for a time. The current rate is 35½@37c ⅌ lb.

RICE—Hawaiian Table, 6c; No. 1 China, 6@6½c; Mixed China, 5½@5½c ⅌ lb. The Hongkong steamer brought 700,000 lbs.

SALT—Coarse lots of Liverpool fine are quoted at $17@18; Carmen Island, $14 for coarse and $20@22 for fine; California, $6 50@14 for coarse and $14@22 ⅌ ton for fine.

SOAP—Castile is firm at 9@10c; White Castile, 11@11½c; local makes of Pale and Chemical Olive, 4½@6c; fancy kinds, 7@8c ⅌ lb; Washing Powders, $12@15 ⅌ gross.

SPICES—Cassia, 18@19c; Pepper, 13½@15c; Mace, 95c@$1; California Mustard, $1 50; French do, $2 25@2 50; English do, $3; Ground Pepper, $1.

SPIRITS—California pure, $1 17½ for No. 2, and $1 25 for No. 1.

STARCH—The market is well supplied with Eastern, and the various brands and grades are quoted at 6@10c.

SUGAR—American Refinery prices have been advanced since June 19th: Circle A Crushed, Fine Crushed and Cube, 11½c; Powdered, 11⅛c; fancy extra do, 12½c; Granulated, 11⅛c for dry and 10½c for moist; Golden C and Extra Dorado C, 9½c; extra Golden C, 9½c; Mariposa C, 9½c; half bbls and 100-lb boxes, ⅛c more; small boxes, ¼c more. No orders received for less than 25 bbls.

SYRUP—Bbls, 62½c; half bbls, 65c; kegs, 70c; 1-gallon tins, 90c; Hawaiian Molasses, 25@30c ⅌ gallon.

TEA—Importers note good medium grades of Japan at 32½@ 5c. The imports by the steamer just in are the largest this season. Dealers affirm the Teas cannot be landed here at current market rates in this city.

TOBACCO—Plug's jobbing at 45@70c, according to brand; Smoking, 30c@$1 15; Connecticut Leaf, 15@22c ⅌ lb.

WHISKY—We quote high proof, $1 37½@1 50; low proof, $1 75@2 50; various brands of Bourbon, $2 25@5 50 ⅌ gall, according to age.

WINE—French Claret, $52 50@57 50 ⅌ cask; Champagne, $ 60@32 ⅌ basket; California bulk descriptions are quoted as follows: Angelica, $1 05@1 25; Claret, 50@75c; Port, $1@3 50; Sherry, $1 1 @1 25; White, 45@$1 50 ⅌ gall.

WOODENWARE—Pails are in moderate demand at $3 25@4 ⅌ dozen for painted and varnished; Tubs, $3 25@6 ⅌ nest of 3 to 8 tubs; Zinc Washboards, $4; Sieves, $3 50@4 50