

MENTS should be handed in as early as possible on Tuesday evening, to be in time for the same week. This notice is upon all our patrons. [3]

President's Appointments.

As time advances the breach opens and discord increases. A portion of the democratic press that was singing hosannas over the President's inaugural, and the prevalent democratic harmony, generally, are taxing their utmost powers to conjure up abuse. The leading democratic paper in New York, the Post, has changed its tune and pipes on an entirely different key. The Tribune too, of doubtful politics, execrates the appointment of Sickles as altogether unworthy and disgraceful. But the Sun, a democratic neutral, goes into the matter at considerable length. We have room for only a part:

From the Evening Post.

The appointment of Daniel E. Sickles as Secretary of the American Legation to the British Court has occasioned some surprise. It is not to be supposed that the Executive will make no mistakes in bestowing office, but the profligacy of Sickles is so notorious that we do not see any possible room for mistake in regard to it. His personal character is such that the appointment is a serious disgrace to the administration which makes it.

It is said that Governor Marcy was so sensible of the impropriety of the appointment, that he declined giving his signature to the commission of Sickles, which had to be certified by another officer of the State Department. We do not know how the fact is, but shall not be surprised if the rumor should turn out to be true.

From the Tribune.

Mr. Daniel E. Sickles is the new Secretary of Legation to London, selected by Mr. Buchanan and appointed by President Pierce. There is no man in our city to whom we have been more uniformly and bitterly opposed in politics than Mr. S., and we have sometimes been constrained to believe that he would have been a sounder politician had he been a better man. His avowed and gloried in robbery of one of the private dispatch Post Offices of our city last fall, under a personal as well as a party impulse, was an act which ought to have consigned him to the Penitentiary, instead of securing him a good office, as it probably did.

From the New York Sun.

Since we read the official announcement of the "appointments by the President," of Daniel E. Sickles, of New York, to be Secretary of Legation of the United States at London, a new light has broken in upon our mind. We think we now understand what the President meant when he said in his inaugural, "A claim for office is what the people of a republic should never recognize." It is for the President, not the people, to recognize the claim; and we are very certain but few of the people will recognize the potency of the claim of some of the persons President Pierce has appointed. But few recognize the claim of August Belmont to be appointed Charge to Hague, and fewer still will recognize "Dan Sickles'" claim to be Secretary of Legation to London. If the appointment was made at Mr. Buchanan's solicitation, as is represented, we of New York can heartily adopt the language of the noble Scotch dame as she saw Auld Nick dance away as the Executioner, and say:

"We wish ye luck if ye're prae, mair!"

But when we review the proceedings and the acts of President Pierce, we meet with a mass of inconsistency which fully accounts for the fearful dissatisfaction of his party, throughout the Union, but especially in this city and State. We anticipate that this appointment of "Dan Sickles" will create a storm among the rank and file of the N. Y. Democracy, to which the war of the "Shells" is but a truce. How many consciences of possessing claims equivalent to those of "Dan" of Broadway Post Office memory, will rave at the injustice done them!

If August Belmont was awarded a Charge for his liberal contributions to the cause, did not Capt. Rynders merit a full mission for the democratic manner in which he made the duty for the success of Gen. Pierce? And if the ex-Austrian Consul, by becoming surety for Dan Sickles' bond and wine bill at Washington, enabled the latter to "engineer" successfully for the Secretaryship to the London Legation, what does not the Hon. Mike Walsh deserve for attending the inauguration on his own hook, and getting gloriously "high" on his own money?

A JUVENILE SPECTATOR.—A small specimen of humanity, scarcely as high as the counter, came into one of the stores on Main street, a few days ago, and after taking a survey of the room and the contents thereof, he interrogated a clerk in the following style:

"See yer Mister, do you take a three cent piece for a five cents here?"

"Ji," said the clerk, "it depends upon what you wish to get for it."

The query was soon solved—the boy extending his hand, said: "I guess as how I will take the five cents!"

The clerk not willing to make the exchange, young America vanished instantly—no doubt with the hope of catching a green one next time.

A New Steamboat Burned.

The splendid new steamer of which we have given previous notice, being built at the falls, on the opposite side of the river, under the superintendence of Capt. Lafever, and owned by the "Willamette Falls, Milling and Transportation Company," was, on Thursday night last, burned entirely up, on the stocks. In a few days she would have been ready to go into the water, and we learn the day for launching was set for Monday or Tuesday following.

The perpetrator or perpetrators of this damnable deed are not known. It is, however, from what we have heard, beyond all doubt the work of an incendiary. There are various reports and surmises about it; but we have nothing in our possession to justify us in ascribing it to any particular person or persons. It was done at a late hour in the night, and was only discovered when too late, by several of the workmen who were aroused from their sleep in their tent some six or eight rods distant. The alarm was soon sounded, but by the time assistance arrived it was impossible to save any thing at all; and everything made of wood was consumed, from the stern to the stern. There was nothing saved except the bolts and nails used in putting it together, some of which may be used again. The cylinders and shafts are not damaged, any more than their polished surfaces have been roughened by the heat. The day before the fire occurred there had been some 100 hogsheads of water carried and thrown up to the hull, with the view of tightening up the seams, preparatory to launching it. The boat was all nicely cleaned out and nothing of a combustible nature about it, save a small bundle of oakum and some planed cedar lumber, intended for roofing and siding, which had been stowed below for the purpose of keeping it dry; the weather threatening rain at the time.

This is a serious loss to the company, and a hard stroke at this particular crisis—the rainy season close at hand. The loss cannot fall very far short of \$18,000 or \$20,000 dollars. The boat was a splendid one and of large size. The greatest pains were taken to have every thing of the boat, and the whole boat was put together in the best manner.

The loss falls not only on the company, but it effects the interest of the entire up-country trade. In the event of its running the price of transportation would have been lessened. The merchants above will regret its loss. This is certainly the most wicked act that has yet come to light in Oregon. It is a source of deep regret that there are such men in the country; because there is no security against such villainy. It is the very worst species of crime and more to be dreaded than a pestilence or all the combined horrors of wickedness. It is to be hoped that the incendiary will be found out and punished to the extent of the law. The boat was of fine appearance and well modelled. But the proud and noble looking boat of yesterday is in ashes to-day, and with it sped the hopes and interests of many sufferers. It shows a great many out of employment, who, when we visited the spot, appeared as if weeping over the departure of a lost friend.

FURTHER PARTICULARS.—Since writing the above we learned the fire originated forward of the centre of the boat, where there was not a particle of any thing to burn. The entire hull was completely saturated with water, so that combustible materials must have been carried there to make the fire. The lumber of which mention is made above, was not burned for some time after the fire had been discovered. It was piled in the stern of the boat, and that was the last portion that burned. The perpetrator of the deed has not yet been discovered.

If we should have the good fortune or misfortune to be placed in hostile array against the red men of the forest (who knows but what we will) we shall engage the services of "Timon" to write our deeds (both large and small, and particularly the latter) of heroism. We would do it in order to secure the ability and influence of the best platerer we know of in Oregon. We should not wonder if "Timon" was a student of Gen. Pillow's, the person who rendered himself so notorious during the Mexican war. "Timon" informs the public that he is not more than half done yet. While he gets through there is a young blood not far distant, who had a fisticuff later with a Kanaka, and having overcome him by such terrible odds he is about arranging matters with "Timon" to record the exploit. Who will volunteer to assist the young man in making his bravery public?

The Fire Fly and Peytona are the names of two new steamers plying on the Willamette and Columbia rivers. The former is a steam tug, designed more particularly for towing vessels, etc.

The most modest of Men.

We believe that this title must hereafter be conceded by every historian to the redoubtable Joe Lane, formerly of Indiana, then the "Marion," or as the wage would have it, the "Mary Ann" of the Mexican war, and now of Oregon. This redoubtable knight, on the 14th of May, delivered a speech at Portland, Oregon territory, so painfully self-distrustful, and so timid in the estimate of himself made by the shame-faced orator, that it is quite a torture to our feelings to mention it. "When I got to Washington," said the great Lane—"Gen. Pierce tapped me on the shoulder." "Says Gen. Pierce, 'Dead or alive, I shall go back to Oregon!'" This determination, according to "Mary Ann," quite disturbed the presidential arrangements. "But," mildly remonstrated the President, "the critical position of our foreign relations requires the old experienced statesmen at the head of affairs, and I should be highly gratified if you would remain as one of my constitutional advisers." This appeal however had no effect upon the stern and determined mind of "Mary Ann." "Very good," says the President—"if you must go back there, will you not be so particularly kind as to oblige me by accepting the office of Governor of Oregon?" "Which I did," says Gen. Joe Lane, "and have now the commission in my pocket"—slapping, we have no doubt, at the same time his redoubtable thighs. From all this, the country will see what a loss it has experienced in the rigorous Oregonian determination of the great Lane. How great a Secretary was lost in the governor! For our own part, we are at this moment in a perfect maze of wonder, to understand why Gen. Pierce, when he found that Gen. Lane would not assist him in the impending crisis of our foreign relations, did not at once resign his office, and creep into the farthest corner of Oregon, with the "Mary Ann" Marion of the Mexican War. —New Bedford Mercury.

There is probably no other country on account of the hot dry weather, during summer, where information of the following kind is more wanted. If our farmers will take advantage of the statements made in it they may find it of much profit to them:

TO GET THE MOST OUT OF WHEELS.—I wish to communicate to the public a method by which tires on wheel carriages may be kept tight. I found a wagon some years ago for my own use, and before putting on the tires, I filled the fellos with lard and oil, and the tires have worn out and were never loose. I found a bug for my own use, seven years ago, and the tires are now as tight as when put on. My method of filling the fellos with oil is as follows: I used a long cast iron oil canter, made for the purpose, the oil is brought to a boiling heat, the wheel is placed on a stick, so as to hang in the oil, each fello one hour, for a common fello.

The timber should be dry, as green timber will not receive oil. Care should be taken that the oil be made no hotter than a boiling heat, in order that the timber is not burnt. Timber filled with oil is not susceptible of water, and the timber is more durable. I was amused some time ago when I told a fellow how to keep tire-tight on wheels, by his telling me it was a profitable business to tighten tires; and the wagon maker will say, it is profitable to make and repair wheels—but what will the farmer who supports the wheelwright and smith say? —Southern Planter.

Some of our democratic contemporaries do not look upon the Pacific railroad as coming under the head of internal improvements. They lack the magnanimity to credit the whig party for projecting and fostering this magnificent idea; and have waited until it grew into popularity before they could comprehend its usefulness, or reconcile it with their views of democracy. These contemporaries taking the lead, as in all their proceedings, have waited for the wagon until the whistle could be heard at the one end. Now they seize upon it with the greatest avidity, and land it as a democratic measure. We think the Cleveland Plain Dealer, in the following, speaks without the papers; or else some of the President's supporters have placed him in a wrong position on this subject:

There is no doubt whatever that the Pacific Railroad will be inaugurated as a governmental project under this administration. Either actual appropriations will be made from our own overflowing treasury, or public lands will be donated. The Democracy have now made it a question of their own, and if the Whigs want to get up as a party between the two parties, they must revive some of their cast off hobby horses, or there is no chance for a fight. The business of social, territorial, and commercial progress, has hitherto been exclusively carried on by the Democrats, and they still mean to keep in the van!

The Mountain Herald printed at Yreka, Cal., records marriages, and boasts of banners having been made by the ladies, and presented to the volunteers on going to Rogue river. We see, too, they have hotels out there. If that is not bordering on civilization, we do not know what better evidence can be given. Yes, it sounds to us like the thing itself. We congratulate the Herald-man upon his good fortune—his being so pleasantly situated.

The partial improvement of our streets does very well as far as it goes; but they are still, in places, insufficiently repaired to meet the wants of the winter season.

Our Progress.

Ex-Senator Dickinson, in his oration at Rochester, thus speaks of the progress made by "Uncle Sam and his boys," during the past sixty years:

"Look out upon the vast expanse dedicated to the cause of freedom, stretching as it were from the rising to the setting sun—mark its length of coast, its magnificent harbors upon its mighty oceans—observe its great inland seas, its majestic rivers, its sublime mountain ranges. Look along its glad green valleys, upon its gilded hill tops, upon its sunny slopes. Contemplate its variety of climate, from the stern winters of the north to the land of perpetual flowers and sunshine, and its corresponding variety of productions. See the cattle upon a thousand hills, the fields teeming with abundance, and agriculture, commerce, the mechanic arts, manufactures, and every industrial pursuit rewarded with unexampled success. Hear the worship of its temples vocal with invocations to Heaven. Consider its free and universal system of education, and above all, the moral and social condition of its blessed and happy people. From occupying a narrow belt along the Atlantic slope, they have passed beyond the great cluster of northern lakes to the river which separates liberty from monarchy, and planted towns and cities and happy homes in the lair of beasts of prey. They have climbed the Alleghenies and crossed the Mississippi—have scared the eagle from his crag in the pass of the Rocky Mountains, and now stand upon the golden sands of the Pacific. Their spirit of enterprise is mirrored in the western lakes, and the hum of their busy industry is echoed upon the St. John's, Columbia, and Rio Grande. But our course is onward still, and our country is destined to fruitfully increase development in all that can advance the interests of civil liberty. The restless current of destiny will long expel all other powers from American soil, and an entire continent will be ours to subdue and fertilize—its various races ours to civilize, educate, and absorb, and increased duties will be presented and new triumphs spread out for us to achieve in the cause of human progress. All this has been rendered inevitable by a decree beyond the influence of human agency, and whoever will turn back upon the history of the past, and look forward upon the future, must see that in the fair days of previous advancement, before the close of the present century, this continent will teem with a free population of a hundred million souls."

As Mr. Dickinson will probably be Frank Pierce's successor, these ideas become matter for reflection. They indicate that the next President is a progressive of the Young American school—that he goes the entire awine, that he would seed down with democracy the whole continent, Canada and Nova Scotia inclusive. Dickinson believes that we have a mission to perform, and that that mission can never be completed, till we have ward meetings at Cape Horn, and Fourth of July Celebrations in and about the Arctic ocean. —N. Y. Dutchman.

PARSON BROWNSLOW'S OPINION OF HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.—The redoubtable Parson is out upon Harriet after the following fashion:

This long tongued visionary woman, and calumniator of the South, is now in Europe, where she is being lionized by the hatters of the "African institutions, and the Republics of the world." She is the daughter of old Lyman Beecher, a Presbyterian Minister, and has five brothers who are Ministers of the same Church. Her husband is also a Minister, and at present, we believe, is a Professor in Andover Seminary. They are all Abolitionists, both male and female, and the lying book, styled Uncle Tom's Cabin, is believed to be the joint production of the entire family, manufactured for the occasion, and as a means of raising the wind. Her Ladyship, it is well understood, is the most talented member of old Lyman's family. But merciful God! she presents to the world the most hideous physiognomy ever gazed upon by the eye of man! She is as ugly as Original Sin—an abomination in the eyes of civilized people! A tall, coarse, vulgar looking woman—stop-shouldered, with a long yellow neck, and a long peaked nose—through which she speaks—an abomination in the ears of southern Negroes, who instinctively turn up their flat noses at the idea of using the usual organ to aid the organ of speech. A daguerreotype of her Ladyship which we have seen, sours the stomach of a southern gentleman; but lay aside art and present the reality, and a big black negro is affected with the intensest horror! Pigmented, knock-kneed, with a big foot and a nose, added to her long broad side and flat chest and other personal charms, she may pass through the southern negro kitchens at all times without impressing a rude negro man that he will offer the indignity sometimes offered to white women who travel beyond their proper limits!

Twice the parson has made egregious mistakes; one when he refused to support Gen. Scott, and the other when he penned the above tirade of abuse. We think his remarks undignified, ungenerous and altogether out of place. We have no particular good feeling for Mrs. Stowe, but we think the Parson very far transcends his duties as an editor when he employs such language as is embodied in the above. His whiggery was about as much below par in the last contest, as his ideas are below decency in this instance.

It is said that Judge Flinn is about to lay before the public a profound constitutional argument on the legality of the "Maine Law."

"Tao-Ping-Wang."

The above is the orthography (Anglice) of the name of the gentleman who is leading the "rebel" hosts of the "Celestial" country, in all probability to rule and renown. The old, effete, bungling, barbarian, Manchow dynasty seems to be in full flight before the revolutionist leader and his enthusiastic army. Rumor accredits the insurgent chieftain with an intelligent profession of christianity; and we have already an outline of the principal points of belief, and the general features of the creed, which Tao-Ping-Wang is promulgating upon his victorious career. At present, information is quite vague, as to the actual position of the antagonistic parties. And the relation which European nations, and the American flag, hold to the respective contestants, is in a state of anything but "glorious uncertainty."

It is a coincidence of note that at the very moment christianity, toleration and enlarged political liberty seems about to animate and develop the humanity of the Chinese, and to bring them into association with the rest of the world, the Emperor of Russia should be engaged in a nefarious attempt to extend his despotic policy in Europe. Russia and China have a common frontier on the southern Siberian boundary. And the aggressive policy of Russia, with the former acquisitions she has made in northern Asia, impart the assurance that with accessions of power elsewhere, the Mongolian territory would, in due time, have attracted the rapacity of the Czar.

It is certain that if the time had fully come, in which the policy of Russia could conveniently contemplate further aggression in this quarter, the Manchow dynasty could have offered no opposition to them. And with how much plausibility, Russia might have ventured upon such action in northern China, we may infer from the gentle remonstrances of the nations of the earth, against the action of the British in the opium contest. Any manœuvre of a more powerful nation, that could have thrown open the Chinese territory to the curiosity and commercial enterprise of the world, would have been resisted with peculiar demonstrations of loquacious reproach. Should the insurgents of the day prove successful, Russia is anticipated for ever. A liberal policy, on the part of the new dynasty, whatever political character it may nominally assume, will unite the whole civilized world in defence of China, against all aggression.

It is a coincidence not less agreeable to us, that contemporaneously with this great movement in China, the United States of America display in all the array of their republican institutions, under their auriferous banner of California, broad and free upon the Pacific coast. A natural fellowship is already begun. Familiar associations exist between the two coasts, such as China has never known before. And although the English have enjoyed almost a monopoly of influence throughout a long cessation of years, yet the reciprocities of personal intercourse have developed themselves first and most favorably with the American people.

A despatch received at Liverpool, from London, just before the sailing of the Africa, announces that the Chinese rebels had captured Amoy, on the 19th of May, after a severe fight. They are said to be most friendly to foreigners, and protected the factories and British consulate. They profess a desire to trade in all articles except opium. Any decisive success on the part of the rebels in the North, it is supposed, would apparently cause a gradual rise, and lead to a convulsion of the empire. An attempt to retake Amoy had failed. Amoy is a commercial city and seaport on an island of the same name, 320 miles E. N. E. of Canton; it contains 250,000 inhabitants, and was well fortified with works erected during the war with England.

Canton was quiet. Trade going on as usual. Teas were coming down from the interior. Business transactions were, however, small. Goods of all kinds were cheap. Freights were expected to be high for first teas. At Shanghai business was trifling. Teas were expected to rule high. —Baltimore Sun.

CAUSE WAR CLAIMS.—The following treasury drafts have been received at the office of the secretary of the territory, at Salem, viz:

Benjamin F. Nichols, \$70.50; M. M. McCarver, 30; Silas G. Pugh, 179.50; Thomas Warriner, 300.53; G. Crabtree, assignee of Harvey Shelton, 117.60; George Crabtree, assignee of William Crabtree, 118.50; E. Hartless, 243.33; John W. Burch, 128.20; John Keizer, 173.72; Isaac Cook, 118.70; Samuel Parker, 6.43; Jesse D. Walling, 8.90; John Taylor, 25.05; Archibald Rader, 244; the legal representatives of Samuel B. Hall, dec., 75.00; the legal representatives of Chas. Matt, dec., 374.75; Charles Craft, 34.50; George W. Howell, 120; Thos. Coff, 165.13; Wm. P. Breeding, 116.13; Samuel Clark, 247.14; Wm. H. Bradford, 221.20; Nathaniel D. Jack, 380; Hamilton Campbell, assignee of Samuel Fields, 275.50; Francis Writman, 100; Jesse Dodson, 188.50; Jesse H. Caton, 117.85; Amory Holbrook, ass. of Wm. Darst, 116; J. G. Baker, 45; Martin Wright, 231.39; the legal representatives of Cornelius Gilliam, dec., 597.83; Joseph Holman, ass. of James Force, 272.17; Abner P. Floyd, 231.08; Peim G. Northrup, 299; Richard Jenkins, 115.

Horace Grooley, of the Tribune, and the Messrs. Walbridge, of New York, were in Brighton, near Pittsburg, recently. It is said they purchased the whole place, with the exception of a few houses owned by residents, for the sum of \$250,000. It is their design to manufacture extensively.

For the Oregon Spectator.

ED. SPECTATOR.—Sir, a few days ago the writer's attention was called, by a friend, to your paper containing a letter copied from the Baltimore Sun, purporting to have been written "by a clergyman residing down at Oak Point." Although he does not reside down at Oak Point, yet he hesitates not to own said letter as his, for a man should always own his own deeds—if wrong, to be set right—if right, to be justified in the light of truth. It might, however, be proper in justice to himself to add that the letter was written to a friend, as a narrative, in part of his own experience, designed for individual gratification and not intended for publication, as a boast of his labor, nor as a disparagement of the good people of this adopted Territory. If the writer had calculated it for publication he would have employed words and style in some respect different. But even under existing circumstances, he is not prepared consistently with his views of truth, to recall the statements made in said letter, nor to shrink from the gaze of public scrutiny if fair and just inquiry be made for the actual facts. As his attention has been directed to two or three points, he would by your permission, briefly say:

First, that since his arrival, he has been charged five dollars for traveling from Hunter to St. Helens, a distance which he understood to be ten miles, but has since learned that it is fifteen.

Second, he was informed prior to writing that letter that no charge less than five dollars was made for steamboat traveling on the Columbia river.

Third, in proof of the comparative failure of preachers in this country to receive a sufficient and disciplinary support, the writer appeals to the records of the last session of the Oregon annual Conference of the M. E. Church.

Fourth, the writer has never been charged for traveling on the "Lot Whitcomb," but sometimes, her trips not coinciding with his appointments he is not able to avail himself of that privilege, hence the remark, "who sometimes very kindly grants me free passage to my appointments." Without fear of offending any he might venture the opinion that there are many causes operating to prevent preachers in this country from receiving their allowance. And some of these may be found in the preachers themselves, some in the people, and many in circumstances over which neither the people nor preachers have control. G. M. Hixson.

St. Helens, Oct. 4, 1883.

THE GAINES CASE.—For a considerable time past, this celebrated and obstinately contested case has remained dormant, and the nature of the latest decision upon the points at issue was such as to lead most persons to believe that a termination had virtually been reached. According to a statement in one of our exchanges, this is not so. The case is about to appear again upon the tapis, attracting renewed attention.

Mrs. Gaines is, or has lately been, in New York city, with a new and important witness, Gen. Villard, of S. America, said to be a gentleman of unblemished character, having a personal knowledge of the principal fact necessary for Mrs. Gaines to prove, which, we suppose, must mean the fact of the marriage, although this point is not stated. He is said to have come voluntarily to the United States to substantiate Mrs. Gaines' claim, on learning the difficulty existing. In the devotion of a long life of untiring exertion and steady and unwavering perseverance to the prosecution of her claim to the inheritance of her father's property, Mrs. Gaines has evinced the possession of qualities of mind almost heroic. Under difficulties of all sorts, and with impediments of almost every description which ingenuity could invent or accident bring about, she has never failed in her course, adhering firmly to her demands, and now, when advanced in years, and her cause left almost hopeless, she still remains the same persevering claimant. The history of her case possesses all the interest of a romance.

PURCHASE OF MOUNT VERNON.—The Boston Post publishes a correspondence between Mr. Isaac F. Shepard, of that city, and Hon. Edward Everett and Hon. Abbott Lawrence, relative to the purchase of Mount Vernon estate. Mr. Shepard proposes to raise a fund of \$350,000 by public subscriptions of one dollar each, to purchase the property, support a superintendent, &c. Messrs. Everett and Lawrence think the proposition well worthy of consideration, but say they "the subject is one, in inference to which the country at large will regard with some jealousy the prominent action of individuals." A gentleman at Columbus, Ohio, pledges himself, through the National Intelligencer, to be one of two hundred persons to raise \$1,000 each to make the purchase on behalf of the people of the United States.

STEAM POWER ON FARMS.—The Marquis of Tweeddale has succeeded perfectly in working plows by steam power. The distinguished English Agriculturist, Mr. Mechoe, in a late article, says: "There can be no doubt but that very shortly every agriculturist must use steam power if he is to stand his ground in the race of agricultural competition. The want of it is already felt, if not seen, by those who have not the means or inclination to use it. The time is approaching when a steam engine on a farm will be as common as the drill or threshing machine, although, like them, it has to pass through the ordeal of disbelief, doubt, and prejudice." A committee of the Royal Agricultural Society give the most extraordinary accounts of the rapid introduction of steam locomotive engines during the last three months.

The weather-wise say no more of