

ROSEBURG REVIEW.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1885

Correct Terminology.

In view of the confusion that now exists in the use of the words "tornado" and "cyclone," the attention of the public is requested to the following brief description of the characteristics of these very distinct kinds of storms, in order to attain, if possible, the desirable end of a uniform terminology:

CYCLONE.—A name suggested by Piddington in East India, about forty years ago, to apply to the violent storms of the Bay of Bengal and other tropical regions; synonymous with "typhoon" of the China Seas and "hurricane" of the West Indies. A broad storm, from 100 to 500 miles in diameter, characterized by a broad disc, from which heavy rain falls; with spiral inward blowing winds of destructive violence near the centre, but with a calm space (ten or fifteen miles in diameter) at the centre itself, known as the "eye of the storm." The barometer always records a low atmospheric pressure near the storm-centre. Cyclones have a progressive motion, not directly visible, but apparent in the passing changes of the weather that they bring. The broad storms, often of but moderate violence, accompanied by a heavy wide-spreading sheet of cloud with rain or snow, bring warm weather in their front half and cold in their rear, which frequently covers a considerable number of our states at once, exhibiting nearly all the physical peculiarities of cyclones although this name is not generally applied to them by all meteorologists. In our country such cyclonic storms never leave a narrow path of destructive action along the track of their central passage, but they are rather beneficial than otherwise, as they bring the greater share of our rains. As a whole these cyclonic storms travel across the country, from west to east, at a rate of twenty-five to thirty miles an hour, the same storm often endures for a week and its path may be followed for several thousand miles.

TORNADOES.—Are very violent local storms, which appear, from records made by the numerous volunteer tornado reporters in co-operation with the Signal service, to be generated only in certain parts of the broad, relatively harmless cyclonic storm. Tornadoes are marked by their well-known whirling funnel cloud, and by their narrow path of destruction, within which few structures can withstand their violence. They are, therefore, very local. They advance at a rate of twenty-five to thirty miles an hour, corresponding to the progression of the great cyclonic storm within which they are generated, and a single tornado seldom endures more than an hour or two. A number of tornadoes frequently occur on the same day in adjacent states, they are commonly associated with thunder storms and with gales or squalls of violent straight-line winds. The name "tornado" has been used as here indicated since the early part of this century in this country and in Europe. Its replacement by "cyclone" is very recent and should be avoided in order to prevent confusion.

It is desired to give this matter as general publicity as possible so as to gain, in the coming tornado season, a use of the words "tornado" and "cyclone" that shall correspond with their original and technical meanings, and with their terminology of meteorologists throughout the world.

The Signal Service reports never apply the word "cyclone" to our western "tornadoes" and it is hoped that the press of the United States will follow the usage of the Service.

W. B. HAZEN.

[The above was handed us by Mr. Nanry, our Signal Officer at this place.]

NIOARAUGIAN TREATY.

This treaty has been defeated in Congress, and we are sorry it is so. No treaty made by the United States with any people or government for a long time would have been productive of so much good to our country as that Nicaraguan treaty could have been. We are also surprised to find men, whom we thought would have been the very last to vote against such a measure, fighting that treaty to the teeth. We fear that Riddleberger was right when he said "The American people could not now construct a narrow gauge rail road, or dig a water ditch without the consent of England." We think it a mistake to pander to all the whims that our mother country requires at our hands. She is becoming too exacting, and the sooner we indicate that fact to her, the better. And we lost a splendid opportunity to do so when we failed to speak out on the treaty above mentioned.

Mardi Gras festivities at New Orleans have begun. Old "Rex" came and received the keys of the city.

A Letter.

The following lines were written to Mr. Voltaire Gurney, by Clarke Melville, who is now, we are sorry to say, in the Oregon Penitentiary, and many believing that the lines contain true poetic merit, we are asked to publish the same. While there is some material defect in this piece, and want of consecutive unity of thought, yet it is touched with pathos and some excellent practical hints:

DEAR GURNEY: To-night I'm afeared of a steed of doubtful demerit and dud diction speed, Ho's spavined, of eases, and rickety and d doubt With these lambling lines I'm asking your standing out— A sorry old creature, you rightly may guess, But I love him, my Peggie's never the less. Ten years have rolled by with their frosts and their snows. Their summers of pleasures and winters of woes, Since I, in discouragement, leaped from the height Of his back, and I saw him no more till to night. When I recall him, and he in response to my call Came to me all bridled and saddled and all In good trim for a canter o'er roads rough and long, To the region of Fancy, the "Realm of Song." So we're off, he and I, o'er the fields bare and brown, Thro' the gloom of the forest and glare of the town, But instead of his feet keeping time to my rhyme, I find my song to his step keeping time And when, in that kingdom of laurels and bays Where a few gather wreaths, tho' some find bouquets I kneel at the altar where Fame stands to crown The victor, and give to the vanquished—a frown, I'll be more than content if I miss the disgrace Of seeing her majesty scowl in my face. Then I'll recall him, and he in response to my call Came to me all bridled and saddled and all In good trim for a canter o'er roads rough and long, To the region of Fancy, the "Realm of Song." So we're off, he and I, o'er the fields bare and brown, Thro' the gloom of the forest and glare of the town, But instead of his feet keeping time to my rhyme, I find my song to his step keeping time And when, in that kingdom of laurels and bays Where a few gather wreaths, tho' some find bouquets I kneel at the altar where Fame stands to crown The victor, and give to the vanquished—a frown, I'll be more than content if I miss the disgrace Of seeing her majesty scowl in my face.

I'm fully aware that I am woefully late In cheering November's election, and great Is my shame and disgrace that I've waited so long, Ere weaving the favorite part of my song. I send you a fervent "Thank God!" but you know I cannot about with you, "the Rascals must go" For my freedom might choose to return me the shot By referring with sneers to the "Kettle and Pot." 'Twas a month ere the news found its way to my ears And the bark of my hope in the sea of my fears Was high swamped, but one night as I chanced to look down Through an iron-barred window o'erlooking the town At a suburb where Nature and Art seem to meet And the fields to refuse further way for the street; In a plain sloping down to the edge of a stream Whose crystalline bosom reflected the beam Of the moon, just emerged from a bath in a hay Or any in the East land, that smiled as it lay— Till its ripples smiled out thro' the gold and the mist Like a slumbering babe that the Angels have kissed; I saw such a numerous throng gathered around That their number could never be told, and the sound Of their chanting rolled out on the air of the night Like the slumber that slowly comes after the light Of the faraway lightning, and solemnly dies. In the furthest part of the faraway sky; And cannons were booming and flags floated high, And the rockets pierced the blue arch of the sky, And the stars mellow light and the moon's ruddy rays Were drowned in the red of the bonfire's blaze; While away in the background, the bright river rolled Past the fields, that lay bathed in a shower of gold, And I gazed for I thought a great strife was at hand, And I shuddered as one who doth stealthily peep To the fields, in the wake of a favorite fowl That is not, and, and throwing his arm thro' the brake To discover his nest, puts his hand on a snake; My fears were dispelled in a moment, for there A great crimson banner hung out on the air And on it "All Hail!" after twenty-four years Democracy triumphed! I sank, and the tears Rushed into my eyes and I cried "Well done, Grand soldiers of justice, our victory's won." Next morning the faithful were still at their sport When the civilized lightning flashed in their report Of the counting committee, and gave to the land, From the edge of the lakes to the dark Rio Grande, Gave the world the sweet truth of the proverb which states: All things come at last to the party which waits.

Without an appeal or a prayer to my Xuse, I'll proceed to relate all I know of the news That is floating about in this desolate place, Where one in a life time would scarce see the face Of a breezy old gossip who, blundering down In one's easiest chair, tells the news of the town; The farmers, those heroes of dollar and dime, Are loud in their railing against the hard times, But somewhat at variance, as still, in their views, And some curse the Chinese, while more curse the Jews; April all curse the Democrats—raging because Of the threatened repeal of the "Revenue Law." The "oldest inhabitant" falls to recall Such a terrible winter as this is, for squall After squall blew upon us and hung from their hand A white devastation that grasped all the land. At a held it so close to its breast that the child Destroyed half the cattle in sunny Yamhill. But Spring, the fair spirit of sunshine and showers With her green tresses decked with the fairest of flowers, With her warm kisses soothing the snow to its tomb And her soft touch caressing the fields into bloom Will be with us ere long, and when Spring zephyrs blow, We care not a striver for last winter's snow. Trade is promising; and I am told. An alchemist couldn't turn wheat into gold. And the shilliker least back with an air of content And loan to the granagers at twice "cent per cent." There'll be willing and gnashing of teeth I'm afraid When the pound of flesh mortgages, have to be paid. There's a corner in buckwheat, a blueness in milk. A tightness in linings, a rustle in silk. The German shopkeeper will breathe in one's ear That "Hotten was when the man-y-tent-ly're." And since the foul weather, all over the town Poultry is higher, while feathers are down. (I have yet much to write and my candle burns low And the fire that fills me is only the glow Of the slow dying embers that burned in the past, So I'm forced to invoke the fair goddess at last. Thus we stand by ourselves in prosperity's reign, But we cry unto God in adversity's pain.) Oh! amber-haired maid, with the heaven-blue eyes, Whose throne is the hills under Helles' blue skies, Who gives to your chosen sweet Poesy's Dre, That "Hotten was when the man-y-tent-ly're." Let me drink but to-night from thy delfed rill, Then leave my heart ashen again if you will. I must tell you, my friend, (though 'twill cause you to frown), How the State Legislature has captured the town. They came as a hurricane comes at its word (With multiform dress but a uniform throat).

And the terrified townsmen abandoned their goods And fled with their wives and their babes to the woods, They silenced the Courts and they scared the police They turned into turmoil the place, and the peace They've so greatly endeavored and caused with a fret That the State may call out the militiamen yet. (That one hears strange stories, we all must agree, But I tell you the tale as they told it to me.)

Before closing I deem it my duty to send My regret at the sorrowful state of our friend. But I am not startled at all at the news, For he never had sought but a man's views; In pure stupid folly he ne'er was surpassed, And what's always been cracked must be broken at last. I send you a garland of all the sweet flowers That grow in the garden of Love's fairest bowers For yourself? No, not all; you must give a few sprigs Of the rarest and sweetest to loyal old Briggs And his wife. (Mrs. Briggs to the world she may be But as long as I live she'll be Maggie to me.) Good night; give my love to your husband and your wife To "Sissy" and to Elkin, and know that my life, However degraded I seem to you now, With the red brand of luxury burned on my brow Must be purer and better, more happy, more bright For knowing such friendship as yours is—Good night. CLARKE MELVILLE.

THE LEGISLATURE.

The legislature that has just adjourned has in some points been the most remarkable that ever met in the history of the State. At the beginning there was evidently a desire to do some good, substantial work, but first from one reason and then another, important measures were lost sight of, and the work of the legislature has been little or nothing. The prejudice against Portland was permitted to go too far. We do not believe but that there is great cause for the objections urged against Portland by the interior, but this should prompt us only to simple justice, not to persecution. In the senatorial contest, looking at it from the fair impartial standpoint of a historian, we can come to but one conclusion, namely, that it was race prejudice and jealousy of Portland that defeated Mr. Hirsch. To the Democracy of course, there can be no feeling of regret at the discomfiture of the opposition, but the petty reason that have led to their defeat should not be passed by, as party discipline in our own ranks is demanded, and party treachery of the Republicans may give us a temporary advantage, but we should not let our victories over a decided majority elate us for so forth we but sow the dragon's teeth of discord in our own ranks.

Now we have just this word to say here, that since our country offers an asylum to all nations of the earth, and all high-born races coming here and acquiring citizenship and conducting themselves as becomes American citizens, ostracism and proscription should not be known among us, and it is vital in any man or body of men to make a distinction where there is no difference in ability, social standing, or moral worth. It is possible that those that were born in the tents of Shem are equal to the children of Japheth. We will at some near future time write up the different bills that have become laws—as soon in fact as we receive the printed copies.

Coquille City Notes.

We were startled to read in the Plaindealer that the wreck of the Sol Thomas was to be sent to South Bend. That is, we believe, in Indiana. It is generally conceded that the Oregon Southern Improvement Company will run a railroad to the Coquille river this season to secure timber for their mill at Empire.

A company has been formed, and articles of incorporation filed, the object of which is to bring two creeks into Coquille City for the purpose of supplying the town with good, fresh water and also to utilize the waste water for manufacturing purposes.

Peter Catton was shot at some six times near Coquille City by the Myrtle Point constable on Sunday last. He was running from the officers who were causing his detention for a fine and costs which he was subjected to for building a small head on Alvy Lea.

So far this winter we have not seen a particle of snow with one exception, and that melted as fast as it fell. The grass is half knee high and as tender and green as at any time in the summer. Stock of all kinds are as fat as butter, notwithstanding the fact that they have not been fed a tite this winter.

For some time parties have been killing deer and elk on Sixes river for their hides. It has been no uncommon thing to find carcasses of from one to three dozen elk and deer in a radius of a few acres. A couple of boys have just been tried for the offence, but were released as there was not sufficient evidence to convict. A strict watch will hereafter be kept.

Widesawke Druggists.

Dr. S. Hamilton is always alive to his business, and spares no pains to secure the best of every article in his line. He has secured the agency for the celebrated Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. The only certain cure known for Consumption, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma, Hay Fever, Bronchitis, or any affection of the Throat and Lungs. Sold on a positive guarantee. Trial Bottles free. Regular size \$1.00.

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One Bottle instead of a Dozen. "And it took only one bottle to do it," said a gentleman, speaking of Parker's Hair Balsam. I had a run of fever, and when I got well of that my hair began to fall out so fast as to alarm me. I really didn't know what to do, until one day a friend said, 'Try Parker's Hair Balsam.' That was some months ago. What surprised me was the fact that one bottle was enough. I expected to use up a dozen." Clean, highly perfumed, not oily, not a dye. Restores original color.

THE REV. GEO. H. FRAYER, of Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE." WHY WILL YOU cough when Shiloh's Cure will give immediate relief. Price 10 cts. 50 cts. and \$1.

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Voltaire Gurney, LOOKING GLASS, OREGON.

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NOTICE. To the Lovers of Good Horses: I will sell my Celebrated Stallion, Modoc Chief at Oakland, Saturday, April 4th, 1885 at the highest bidder, on 12 months time, with approved surety. Come one, Come all. Here is a chance for a bargain. Ica F. Rice, Sec.

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