

COLISEUM HALL.

CONCIERTO DE DESPEDIDA Por AMELIA UBERTI.

El dia 19 de MAYO de 1869, á las 8 de la noche.

- PROGRAMA. Primera Parte: 1. Coro para hombres. 2. Fa tasia variada sobre motivos de la opera Norma...

- Segunda Parte: 7. Aria variada sobre un tema original compuesto y ejecutado por el Sr. Hernandez. 8. a. Romanza Española GASTAMIDE b. The Fishermans.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS No notice can be taken of anonymous communications. Whatever is intended for insertion must be authenticated by the name and address of the writer...

The Standard.

TUESDAY, MAY 18, 1869.

SPECIAL TELEGRAM FOR "STANDARD"

Montevideo, May 17, 6:30 P.M. The French steamer Poitou arrived this day, and brings European dates per La Place from Rio up to the 17th ult.

Nothing politically fresh transpired in Europe.

Spain. Fears of fresh insurrections in favor of Republicanism.

The United States Senators leave the President to use his own discretion in Cuban affairs.

Havre, April 10. Cotton Market—Little or no alteration.

London, April 15. Consols, 93 3/4.

Liverpool, April 11. Middling Orleans quoted at 12 1/2 to 12 3/4.

Rio, May 11. Exchange, 18 1/2 to 18 3/4.

Sovereigns, 130050, with tendency upwards.

Montevideo, 7 p.m. General Osorio arrived, en route for Paraguay.

Camaras now sitting. Things drifting fast towards a national Bank.

Paper declining. Business done at 10 1/2 dis. Weather unsettled and cold.

THE PRESS OF BUENOS AYRES.

It has long been the custom here to hold the Government responsible for all the evils which afflict the nation.—Blow up the Government, is the common cant panacea for all our woes—pitch into Sarmiento—attack Castro, and show up Congress,—are the instructions which we receive daily from indignant subscribers, but it occurs to no one to blow up the newspapers,—and yet with the power which the papers in this city wield, we believe we may safely assert that the newspapers, and not the Government, are to blame for half the abuses which exist.

The influence of the "Tribuna" in this city when properly directed is second to none. Everyone reads that journal; it finds its way into every nook and corner of Buenos Ayres; its editors and proprietors are men of

high position and acknowledged talent. The "Nacional" is the Father of the Press, and boasts of as severe and select a reading public as ourselves.—The "Nacion Argentina" is the acknowledged opposition paper; its chief editor writes with a brilliancy sufficient to support any paper, no matter how badly managed, whilst the columns of the "Nacion" are invariably filled with communicated articles emanating from the first pens of Buenos Ayres. The "Republica" has the advantage of being linked with no party. The success of this young journal is the very best proof of the talent of its editors and the ability of its management. The "Verdad" we suppose may be regarded as a quasi-Provincial Government organ. Mr Cantilo is an excellent painstaking man; he has the ear of the Governor, and can effect much good.

Now, with all these excellent, able, and well-printed newspapers, not to speak of our foreign colleagues, will it be credited the town, country, and nation are tottering under abuses which would not survive a week if the newspaper editors here only did their duty.

Hector Varela and José Maria Gutierrez should both be held responsible to the public for the seven prisoners who escaped from the public prison last week; for if the "Tribuna" and "Nacion Argentina" had occupied their columns with systematically attacking the Government on the subject of the fiasco prison system of Buenos Ayres, these constant escapes of prisoners would not occur. Society, after all, has some claims, and the bird that can sing and won't sing ought to be made to sing. The "Tribuna" and "Nacion" are to blame for the escape of the prisoners. These organs have neglected their duties more than the sentries or turnkeys, who winked at the prisoner's escape—and the editors should be held answerable for the consequences.

The escape of a gang of prisoners from a city prison, guarded night and day by soldiers, &c., is too serious a subject to be passed over in silence; and yet, beyond a local event of five lines, neither of these influential organs has thought fit to advert to the matter. Hector Varela can both speak and write well; he has the advantage over his colleague Gutierrez, having travelled abroad for many years—now we ask, why, instead of two columns of Cosas in Sunday's paper, did he not treat his readers to a thundering philippic on the scandalous state of the prisons of Buenos Ayres. Mr. Gutierrez, who writes for an opposition party, never by any chance stumbles upon any topics where the Government is really vulnerable. What a splendid opportunity for Gutierrez to show up the hollow farce of Government when, even in the very heart of the Capital of the Republic, with the President, Ministers, and Congressmen within a stone's throw of the prison doors, seven convicted felon's escape from their cells in broad daylight; Here is subject matter for an opposition paper, and the public would be a gainer by such well-directed opposition—but no; some nonsense or foolery about the color of Sarmiento's slippers, or Sarmiento's coachman, or Sarmiento's hat, are the dreary subjects for attack. Give up such nonsense, colleague, and join heart and hand with us in attacking real abuses. Your talents will be then properly directed, and your journal supported and read by an independent public.

If, however, the interests of society demand the immediate arrest of the editors of the "Tribuna" and "Nacion" for winking at an abuse which is a disgrace to Buenos Ayres, so also victimised trade and commerce inexorably call for the most condign punishment on the editors of the "Republica," "Nacional," and "Verdad" for so utterly neglecting their duties as editors that the whole camp is ruined, estancieros beggared, and commerce all but destroyed. The influence of these journals has been prostrated to the uses of party purposes, and the editors have winked at the outrage inflicted on the farmer, the merchant, and the shepherd by the tyranny of the Buenos Ayres Custom-house.

Merino wool, the best that Buenos Ayres can produce, has no higher price in the Antwerp market than 1.17 equal to \$35 mpc per arroba here, whilst the tax man at the Custom-house of this city values the wool at \$50, for the purpose of levying the eight per cent export tax on the article; thus, in fact, although the law only prescribes eight per cent export tax on wools, which the ruined staple is unable to bear, farmers have virtually to pay 16 per cent; and who's to blame? Not the Government, for they want all they can get; not the Custom-house officer, whose duty it is to obey his instructions. Stand forward, Messrs. Piñero, Bilbao, and Cantilo; the unjustifiable Custom-house shaves has been winked at by your journals, and you, and you only, should be held responsible. Will any one pretend to say that, if the "Nacional," "Republica," and "Verdad," this great abuse, called attention to this great abuse, that it would still be tolerated? The public, in supporting these organs, has placed a trust in the respective editors, which has been shamefully violated; and it is our unpleasant duty to point

to the guilty parties. With the verdict of our public in our favor, we come forward now to accuse our colleagues of their utter and total dereliction of duty: A foreign organ, published in a foreign tongue, can effect little good in blowing up a Government which never will understand English; we may write and write for years on such matters, but it does not suit the Government people to understand English; and, although President Sarmiento can speak English, and read English, and write English fluently, and Governor Castro has positively a Scotch brogue, still in such matters as unfair valuations and escape of prisoners, they must be addressed in their vernacular. To remedy these abuses we must now attack the press. There is nothing else for it: Hector Varela and José Maria Gutierrez should be held responsible for the escaped prisoners, whilst Cantilo, Bilbao, and Piñero should be made to feel the real consequences of their neglect, and compelled to refund to the ruined sheepfarmers the extra tax which has been levied on their wools, owing to the scandalous culpability of these journalists.

The Press of Buenos Ayres, after all, may be said to amount to nothing in its influence as regards the material interests of the country; we have new newspapers every day, new editors, and new writers, but our colleagues seem to be all tarred with the same brush—politics, and nothing but politics. No wonder that the River Plate is going down, down, down.

"STANDARD" ABROAD.

AN EXCURSION TO LAKE MINI.

2nd day—Arroyo Veja to the River Cebollati. May 1st—En route at 5 o'clock; the moon is going down, and the first rays of morning struggle faintly with a thick fog that envelopes hill and dale. To day is the anniversary of the "Standard," and my comrades greet it with a hip, hip, hurrah! Another troop of cattle passed us, near the Azotea de Piris. Sunrise. Behold the Santa Lucia river, which we ford at Paso Roldan; two of our party have a refreshing bath in the Santa Lucia. Ascending the next slope, we descry the Sierra de Minas; we are now in the department of that name, one of the wildest, most lawless, and least populated districts in the country. At the estancia de Muñoz there is one of those wayside crosses so suggestive of gloomy thoughts to the traveller. Another herd of cattle, about 1,500 head, for the saladeros.

7-15—We have made 5 leagues, and change horses at the Posta del Soldado; the post house looks well at a distance, the house being 'altos,' with an 'ombú' close by. In a 'ramada' used as a kitchen, we find the whole family sitting in squalid laziness around some embers taking mate; we cross the Arroyo del Soldado at 8 o'clock, and enter on open camps: to the right is the estancia of Don José Ramos, where Medina had a skirmish with Flores in the war of 1863; Flores was routed, but took to the adjacent Sierra de Minas, and defied the aged Blanco veteran to pursue him. The town of Minas lies three or four leagues south; there are ostriches hereabouts.

9-20—Change horses at Puntas del Soldado, four leagues from the last post, and get some broth for breakfast. The view from this table land is very fine. At half-past ten we cross the Casupá, and the next slope gives us a view of the Cuchilla Grande, or great mountain range that traverses the Banda Oriental; we are now getting into the 'Sierras'; the country becomes wild, rocky, and uninhabited: two more wayside crosses occur as we approach the Arroyo de Espuelitas, close to which is an old dwelling called the Tapera de la Boyada.

11-30—Change horses at Posta Laureles, four leagues from the last post, and get some broth for breakfast. The view from this table land is very fine. At half-past ten we cross the Casupá, and the next slope gives us a view of the Cuchilla Grande, or great mountain range that traverses the Banda Oriental; we are now getting into the 'Sierras'; the country becomes wild, rocky, and uninhabited: two more wayside crosses occur as we approach the Arroyo de Espuelitas, close to which is an old dwelling called the Tapera de la Boyada.

2 p.m.—The first dwelling we meet is the establishment of Larcochea, an industrious Basque, who keeps a post house, general store, and inn; this is seven leagues from Posta Laureles, and goes by the name of Barriga Negra, on the Arroyo Polanco; the house is fortified, and nearly one hundred years old; we get an excellent dinner, and start again at three o'clock. A mile further is the finca estancia of a Frenchman, M. Bonvet, son-in-law to M. Duplessis; there are three square leagues of land, stocked with 16,000 sheep, and the proprietor has expended over \$8,000 sterling in importing prize rams from Germany; the estancia and 'galpones' are spacious and well built, but the place has suffered greatly from sheep stealing. M. Bonvet began the establishment in

1863; he resides in Montevideo, and the estancia is managed by one of his countrymen. The next house on the road is near the Malo, and belongs to an Italian. 4-15—Las Talas, 3 leagues, change horses: this is on the estancia of Don Juan Miguel Martinez, a vast tract of uninhabited country, separated by a wide valley from the estancia of Dr. Vidral, formerly President of the Republic. Deer and ostriches. By sunset we get a view of the woods that skirt the Cebollati. Youder is the spot where Carabajal, five years ago, surprised Dionisio and his men sleeping; we cross the river Cebollati without difficulty, and halt for the night at the comfortable wayside inn of Juan Pedro Corvo, which is reckoned 50 leagues from the capital.

INDUSTRIAL PROSPECTS.

I have read with great interest the articles which have lately appeared in your paper on the industrial prospects of this country, and although agreeing with you in the aggregate as to the lamentable condition of the farming interests, the chief, if not the only, source of wealth to this province, yet differing with you as to some of the causes of this prostration, and the means to be applied to its relief, I would beg to obtrude a few remarks, which are dictated by the experience and observation acquired during a residence of several years in the camp. These remarks may not be of importance to themselves, but if they should have the effect of directing the minds of wiser men to this all important subject, and in so doing suggest the means by which relief may be given to a very important industry, my object will have been attained.

Everybody must have observed how all branches of business have of late fallen off—the importing houses complain that they cannot make sales, their goods are accumulating in deposit and recoveries are extremely hard, and the same story is now repeated through the various grades of commercial society.

It is not my present purpose to follow out the connection between the distressed sheepfarmer, through the pulpero and tendero, the almacenero and registro, to the importing house. Any one who gives a moment of thought to the subject will say that it is the natural consequence of 'epidemia' and low prices of produce under which the sheepfarmer has now been suffering for some years, and to overtrading during a period of fictitious prosperity; nor is it my intention to write a dissertation on the unwieldiness of the Federal system of government in a vast and thinly populated country like this, nor on the relative disproportion here of what Buckle in his "History of Civilization" distinguishes as the labouring and non-labouring, or in other words, the producing and the consuming classes—nor yet on the gradual growth of luxury and extravagance, both social and administrative, from that simple and unostentatious period before the Crimean war gave the first impulse to the estancia business, and when American cane bottomed chairs formed the staple furniture of the best drawing-rooms, with whitewashed walls and Indian matting for carpet, up to the present time.

These are questions of political economy which I will leave for more able pens than mine, and I will endeavour to confine myself to what immediately concerns the matter in hand—viz., the means by which sheepfarming and agriculture can be carried on so as to meet the low prices caused by over-production.

And before proceeding further, let me say a few words on behalf of that much abused class, the shepherds, or puesteros, whom you indirectly accuse of being partly the cause of the decline of sheepfarming.

I would make a distinction between the true shepherd or small sheepowner and that rather large class of amateur shepherds composed of gentlemen's sons who have never done any work in their lives, and of every grade of society down to runaway sailors.

I also premise that my remarks apply to this province exclusively. In the Banda Oriental I am told that owing to the stony nature of the soil, and the natural shelter afforded by the montes, &c., sheep give much less trouble than here where the ground is soft and easily converted into mud, rendering it almost impossible to shut the flocks into the corrales for six months in the year, and where for the same reason foot rot is very prevalent and the sheep's hoofs have to be constantly pared and looked to.

The life of a shepherd bears a strong resemblance to that of a sailor—in fine weather he has little to do, but yet day and night he must be constantly on the watch; he must sleep, if not with one eye open, at least with his ears open and be ready to get up at any hour, and in any weather, if the sheep are disturbed or leava the rodes. An artizan or a saladero peon no doubt works harder for a certain number of hours in the day, but then he is well paid, well fed, and can get a good night's rest to prepare him for the labour of the following day—those who are so ready to abuse the shepherds are generally those who pass eight or ten hours out of the twenty-

four in comfortable beds, about six hours at their work and the rest in enjoying themselves—they forget that the poor shepherd is so badly paid that he can scarcely afford himself the luxury of biscuits or tea, and as for dress he is lucky if he has a change for a wet day, that whilst they are in their comfortable beds listening to the storm without, the shepherd has to be on with his flock, and that very often he has to be two or three days and nights, consecutively with his flock, without being able to take off his wet clothes, and if he is a single man it not unfrequently happens that everything, even the 'leña,' is so damp that he is unable to cook his food; then in the summer when his work is lightest he has to be out with his sheep before five o'clock in the morning, so that they may feed before the heat of the day obliges them to 'siestar' and if he has to draw water for them he has not much time to spare. It is not to be wondered at if the native peons are lazy and of wandering habits; who would not be so if, when by dint of work and perseverance he had got together a few animals and household gods, he was liable to be torn from his home at the caprice of some Comandante or even Capitán, and sent to the frontier, very often without an hour's notice to enable him to arrange for the protection of his family and goods, the Comandantes as a rule have to supply a given number of men, and as the 'maneros y trabajadores' are much easier to lay their hands on than the 'matrosos,' they are pretty certain to have more than their share of frontier duty. Until this obnoxious system is abolished, and the Guardia Nacional replaced by troops of the line on the frontier, no improvement can be looked for in the social condition or habits of the 'gaucho,' or if this cannot yet be accomplished, I ask why is it that the poor 'paisano' alone is obliged to render this service to his country? Why are not the wealthier classes also compelled to go to the frontier or to pay for 'personeros?' Why are not all classes subjected to a general conscription, so that everyone might know when his hour of duty was coming and make his arrangements accordingly? This is a most important question and deserving the attention of Government in preference to any other.

Sheepfarming, as everyone knows, is at present at a very low ebb; the landowner may still make a living out of it, and by buying flocks of sheep when they are at a low price, and making up troops for the saladeros, can even make money; but for this he must have a disposable capital. The majority of sheepowners, however, who rent land at the present ridiculously high figures are literally as a body in a state of bankruptcy. Most of them owe money either in town or to the camp pulperos; many of these debts have been going on since the epidemic of 1864, and have been gradually increasing, until, I firmly believe that if all the sheepfarmers were sold up to-day, four-fifths of them would not be able to pay their debts. A good many men who, a few years ago, were thriving and independent farmers, have already been sold up by the pulperos, who generally take advantage of the moment when sheep are at their lowest to enforce execution; and many more must follow their fate, and enter as peons where before they were patrons. The consequence of this is that the sheep are now passing from the hands of the small farmers to those of the pulperos and landowners; and as those are anxious to realise, they send what they can to the graserías—consequently, not only the capones, but the best ewes also, are sent to the vats. The effect of this wholesale slaughtering, coupled with the neglect of the flocks, consequent on the depression of the business, and the insufficient supply of good rams, which farmers can no longer pay for, will be that there will be a check to the increase for some time, and a serious falling off in the quality of the wool.

Amongst the various suggestions made for improving the value of our staple is washing; and one writer recommends washing with hot water. He forgets that the country is almost destitute of running water and fuel, and that in the summer the dust is so easily raised by the lightest wind that the sheep would probably get dirty again before they are shorn. No, this could not be done except in very favored localities. But, admitting its practicability, for the sake of argument, then how are we to get rid of the 'carrotilla,' which is more prejudicial than the grouse or dirt?—this, as every one knows, is the seed of the yellow clover, and is to be found all over the camp. To eradicate the plant is impossible, and, unless some easy and inexpensive chemical process is discovered by which the seeds and other vegetable matter can be destroyed without prejudice to the staple, I do not think it will pay to wash our wool; on the contrary, my experience and that of many of my friends goes to show that our efforts to improve the condition of our wool were never met by a corresponding advance on the part of the buyers, and that those whose sheep were not so well looked after, and whose wool was consequently heavier, got a better money return per sheep. My opinion is, that we shall never be able to compete with

Australia, New Zealand, or even the Banda Oriental, as a fine wool-growing country; simply because, not having shade for our sheep in the summer as they have, our wool gets burnt at the points, and having carretillas all over the country, which they have not, we can never compete with them as regards condition. But, if we cannot compete with the Banda Oriental in wool-growing, we can at any rate produce fatter sheep than there. I am told that eight to ten pounds of grease per sheep is a high average yield in the saladeros of the Banda Oriental, whereas here, sixteen pounds is a low average—twenty to twenty-five pounds are frequently obtained, and I have known a large troop of picked capones in the camp yield an average of thirty-four pounds.

My advice then to sheepfarmers is, not to try for the unattainable; leave off breeding small-carassed sheep exclusively for wool, and cultivate a larger breed, which will yield more grease, even though to the detriment of the quality of the wool, as the difference of weight will more than compensate for any reduction in price; and let them as an auxiliary also combine dairy-farming; it will always pay them for their trouble; there is at present a very large demand at remunerative rates for butter and cheese for home consumption, and I see no earthly reason why we should not compete with England, France, and Switzerland, in supplying the Brazils and other South American countries with these commodities. The farmers of Tucuman can already do so, why should not we?

I think that if sheepfarmers would adopt these suggestions, assisted by reduced rents and taxes, they would still be able to weather the storm. W. [To be continued.]

AGRICULTURE IN SAN ANTONIO DE ARECO.

San Antonio de Areco, April 7, 1869. On the 23rd of October last year, I told you the means I had adopted for sowing my wheat crop last winter, and promised to let you know how the harvest resulted, a promise I am now about to redeem. Perhaps I should first refer to what I said to you about sowing it.

That sown on the 7th, 8th, and 9th of June, thin as it appeared at first, had to be sown again; it flowered to such an extent as to cover the entire field, but all the stalks did not produce ears, and those that did did not ripen at the same time. This crop being thin and allowed to run amongst the shrubs, was free from thistles, it was easily cleaned, which could not be done with that which was sown thick. That sown on the 9th, with No. 2 drill, also grew so thickly that it gave us a great deal of trouble to cut; the machine could not cut through it, and at every eight or ten yards had to be stopped; and, although I have not been able to ascertain the exact result as regards quantity, I don't think it was much better than that sown with No. 25 and a small drill. As regards that sown with Nos. 25 and 19, although it looked well in the beginning, it flowered to such an extent that those who saw it declared it to be too thick, the majority of the stalks having forty buds; but, like those already mentioned, they did not all give ears, or ripen at the same time. At the end of November it began to flower, and shortly afterwards the grain was formed. On December 8 I went over the ground and examined attentively the condition of the plants—I found the stalks very unequal: one of marianopolis barley which I found showed 18 ears, others in pulp, others fructifying, 14 in flower, and 12 without any sign of flowering; 12 of the flowers showed no signs of ears. I did not select these samples, but pulled them as I went along. Seeing such a difference, I asked myself how can the wheat possibly ripen at the same time? Part of it will be ripe while the remainder is unripe. It appears to me that it will be difficult to decide on a day on which to begin reaping. I flattered myself with the hope of a good harvest. The hail storm of the 1st November, that did such damage in the neighbourhood, injured my wheat to but a slight extent; 'hizoceca' and locusts did me little harm, and so harvest time (the end of the month) approached. Of the four classes of wheat which I had sown, the white ripened first; it flowered to an average extent, but not so much as the others. At the end of December, when reaping had commenced on the coast, and on other parts nearer the river and city, my wheat was still green; the white was the only one beginning to change colour. I had asked Mr. Coffin to sell me whatever reaping machine he thought the best. He recommended me Brinkerhoff's, assuring me that it could cut three squares a day. This was just what I wanted, as I had thirty-three squares to reap, and I wished to finish all in ten or fifteen days; knowing that once the wheat is ripe unless it is immediately cut, every breath of wind and every movement it makes

shells it, and after the first few days it all becomes scattered. The machine being ready, I began on the 31st December with about twelve men. We had scarcely got twenty yards when the sheaf-binder broke. In order not to lose time, I set the men to work with the sickle. When the binder was mended we set to work again, but it smashed hopelessly; but while I sent to Arco for a new one, I placed a man on the machine to do duty for the binder. Not till the 2nd did we finish the white with the sickle, although it was only 8 10ths of a square. On the 4th of January we brought it to the barn, on the 5th it was threshed, and we covered it with thick sailcloth, as there was a storm blowing.

During the night it rained heavily, and on the 8th we returned to work. We dried what was wet, and winnowed it, but could not finish. On the nights of the 9th and 10th it rained, on the 11th the threshing floor was damp, and on the 12th we finished the first lot.

The machine kept on reaping whenever the weather permitted, but every day some mishap occurred. On the 5th the binder worked well for a few hours but towards evening it broke; we tried to mend it, but could not; we had to send for another new one; in the meantime we had to fall back on the same man for binding, in order not to delay the reaping, and so we went on till the end of February, having to stop work for some hours every day to repair the machine. I will not tire you by an account of 'contretremps' of the weeks following these first few days; it will be sufficient to say that I worked constantly without losing an hour of fine weather, reaping, binding, threshing and winnowing; but the first 15 days, the time when the chief work has to be done, if a good result is to be had, were passed in securing a small plot of eight-tenths of a square, and the wheat which had not before been scattered, became so in the transport to the threshing floors, and at last seeing how little the corn already threshed produced, I left the last 3 or 10 squares uncut, as it would not pay the expenses to reap it.

I reaped and threshed about 26 squares, which gave me about 105 fanegas, which bears out my opinion that after the first few days from the ripening of the grain, it scatters and barely pays the expense of reaping.

For this reason it is necessary to have everything ready for reaping, threshing, and winnowing all you have sown, within fifteen days, and without depreciating the advantage of threshing with mares, I think it much better to use a machine. Threshing with mares, you must bring the grain to a barn, the floor of which has been previously hardened. I had two, but for four kinds of wheat this was not enough, as I had to leave one kind in the stacks until the other was finished. Even, if I had no more than one class of wheat, I cannot throw so much grain in a single heap working with a machine. The wheat might be brought to the reaping-machine according as it was cut, or sheafs might be made in the stubble, and the machine brought to each, and after finishing them, pass on to the rest, and so on. This might be done with a good machine, but not with Brinkerhoff's, whose workmanship, if it is all similar to the machine sold me by Coffin, I can in no ways recommend as being good for threshing. I might have been able to have an average crop, if I had not, in consequence of the weather, to wait so often for the drying of the threshing floors. I have written to England, France, and the States, for information as to where I can get the best threshing machine, and I hope with its assistance to do better next year.

Very sincerely yours, L. DE CHAPEAUBOUGE. EDITOR'S TABLE. The Saturno came up from Montevideo on Sunday morning. There is no change in the aspect of affairs; paper still looking downwards, and business paralysed. The Upper House met on Saturday at 1 o'clock p.m.: twenty-three Senators were present. The minutes of the last sitting having been read, and the petition of Colonel Palacios referred to the Committee on Military Affairs, the House passed to the order of the day, which comprised the discussion of a bill enacting that: "during the sitting of the Chambers, any bill that had only received the assent of one Chamber, the consent of the other House remaining pending, should be considered as thrown out." After a short debate, in which Senators Arauz, Frias, Navarro, Piñero, and others took part, the bill was approved of, and the House rose at 2 p.m.

In our remarks in Sunday's issue on the discussion of the Contribucion Directa tax in the Provincial Chambers, we erroneously stated that it had been fixed at four per cent, instead of four per mil. Notwithstanding the change in the weather on Sunday, the usual crowd of pleasure seekers availed themselves of the different railways and places of amusement to an average extent. The theatres were all full in the evening and at the Colon, Faust continues to draw good houses. The thermometer

stands at 60° at present, and is expected to rise to 70° to-morrow.

The weather is becoming more settled, and the wind is blowing from the north-east.

The market is quiet, and prices are generally low.

