

Caesars and *circenses*, that the noon of human prosperity has declined with the sun of the Orbs Romanus—the noon of the brightest day, at least, since it cannot be denied that the night of the Middle Ages has given way to something like a new morning.

Southern Europe is now what Africa was twelve hundred years ago, a region of fading oases and rapidly growing deserts. Southern Italy has begun to generate her own siroccos. Greece contains hardly a square mile that would be recognized by a resurrected contemporary of Xenophon. The coasts of Spain are lined with embryo deserts, in Valencia, where the Roman cavalry found their richest pastures, the traveler and his horse must now often eat a pinch of drift-sand with every breath of air. The strangest result of this metamorphosis is perhaps the change in the winter climate. The cool and clear, and occasionally ringing cold winter of Northern Texas might give one a good idea of what that season used to be in ancient Italy. In the time of the elder Pliny the freezing of the Tiber seemed to have been a phenomenon of almost yearly occurrence. Columelle speaks of frozen lakes and springs, the "snowy summit" of Mount Soracte, a hill of very moderate elevation, is mentioned by several poets, and in the dialogues of Plato. Socrates is bantered about his ultra heroism in the campaign against Corcyra, where he walked barefooted in the snow while his comrades were shivering in their tents. The latter day winters of the Mediterranean coast lands are warm and wet, snow falls only on the higher mountain ranges, and melts fast enough to fill the ravines with continuous torrents. The Emperor Julian, who passed six years in France, mentions in his "Misopogon," that the valley of the Seine at that time was almost entirely exempt from inundations. "Quails aestate, talis esse solet hyeme," he adds, in speaking of a river whose level varies now more than thirty feet!

(CONCLUDED IN OCTOBER BULLETIN.)

### Disappearance of the Sardine Change of Climate, &c.

The disappearance of the sardine from its usual haunts along the Vendean coast of France has been attended by a remarkable change of climate. The sardines suddenly disappeared in 1879, and have not reappeared since in any considerable numbers. This species of fishery furnished occupation for some 15,000 Vendeans and Bretons, and 3,000 boats, and the annual catch was valued at about \$3,000,000. This is as great a calamity to the fishermen as the ravages of the phylloxera to the grape growers of France.

The disappearance of the fish was coincident with a change of climate. The winter on the Breton coast, writes Consul Gifford, is generally characterized by a low barometer and frequent rains. Since 1879, however, it rarely rained on the coast, and the high barometer pressure has been almost incessant. The storms have passed to the north, and the southwest wind, laden with moisture and bringing frequent rain, has given place to a dry wind from the northeast. This change has been attended with lower temperature. The average winter temperature for this part of the coast of France has hitherto been about 45°. But since 1879 the winters have been marked by extreme rigor, with thick fog shutting out the sun, but little rainfall and high barometer.

This decided change of climate and the disappearance of the fish are attributed by M. Blovier, President of the Maine et Loire Industrial Society, to a displacement of the Gulf stream, one branch of which has ordinarily washed the coast of the Bay of Biscay, rendering the climate moist and warm. The sardine follows the warm current, and has simply fol-

lowed the new path made for it by the change in the current of the Gulf stream.

That this is not a permanent change, however, may be inferred from the theory that it is due to the accumulation of immense masses of ice in Baffin's Bay, which obstructs the flow of the Arctic current, the cold waters of which off the banks of Newfoundland deflect the Gulf stream toward the shores of Europe. When these masses of ice break up and disappear the Gulf stream will resume its old course, and the sardines return to their old grounds, so to speak.

Meantime it is to be noticed that there are just as many sardines in the market as ever, and they bear the names of the French houses famous for preparing them as an article of food. That is even more of a mystery than the change in the course of the Gulf stream and the loss of a sardine fishing business worth \$3,000,000 a year.

### An Iceberg Several Hundred Feet in Length.

It is uncommonly refreshing just now to read of icebergs and consequently cool weather on the Atlantic. The Dutch steamer *Jasen* arrived at Watson's Stores, Brooklyn, early yesterday after a long voyage. Captain Hinlopen said to a reporter: "We were sixteen days out, or about forty-eight hours beyond our usual time. We encountered several severe gales after we left the Channel, and up to ten days ago the steamship was delayed by a series of heavy gales, almost as rough as during the winter. Last Sunday an enormous iceberg was seen floating on the water three miles to starboard of our course. The berg was indeed a glacial mountain. The top was covered with snow and seemed to tower

FULLY 150 FEET ABOVE

the water, while its glistening sides were several hundred feet in length. The iceberg was lying in lat. 45-18, long. 47-20. We did not meet any more of them, although the water for miles around us was very cold. As we neared the Newfoundland Banks, the air became very thick and foggy, and the watches were doubled, as we feared a collision with some iceberg or abandoned vessels which often float about the ocean for weeks after the crews desert them. Early last week one of the sailors saw a

LOT OF WINE CASKS

floating end upward in the water. I counted ten of them, and from their construction I think they once belonged to some Spanish vessel, and were washed overboard during a storm. Foggy weather was experienced all the way from the Banks till we arrived off Sandy Hook."

On our last page will be found the advertisement of the South Eastern Railway. This Company offers to the public the best routes to Boston and other New England cities, and to Portland and Old Orchard Beach. The line to Boston runs via Newport, Wells River, Concord, Nashua and Lowell, and the train service is unsurpassed. Elegant parlor cars are run on day trains and Pullman palace sleeping cars on night trains. The route to Portland runs through the very heart of the White Mountains, passing through the famous White Mountain Notch, and the scenery on the line is unsurpassed in America. It has become the favorite route from Montreal to the seaside. Trains leave Bonaventure station at 9 a.m., and run through by daylight and without change, having palace drawing-room car attached, and arrives at Portland at 8.30 p.m., and at Old Orchard Beach at 9 p.m. Intending tourists should investigate the merits of the South Eastern routes before starting out, and we feel sure that they will be well repaid by a trip over this line.

### Mosquitoes in the Arctic Region.

[From the Land of the North Wind.]

The one bitter drop in our cup of joy was the monstrous but inseparable curse of Arctic summer life—the mosquito. He abounded, flourished, luxuriated, surpassed himself, out-mosquitoed himself on the Kuloi river. We were at his mercy, our veils, gauntlets, handkerchiefs, flapper, all were a vanity and vexation. To kill was wanton, for to destroy sufficient was impossible. We had foreseen all this, and had even thought of taking, among other things, a woodpecker from home with us to protect our faces while we slept, but one woodpecker would have been a solemn mockery, we should have wanted a fresh woodpecker every five minutes.

I suppose these were the historical flies sent to punish the disobedient, obstinate Egyptians; they came forth in order, and after three grievous plagues—the corruption of the waters, the multitude of frogs and swarms of lice—had entirely failed. We are becoming connoisseurs in mosquitoes, we watch them traverse our veils like figures on slides in a magic lantern. There is a yellow striped vampire mosquito, with a triple fang to his proboscis, there is the brown humpbacked or camel mosquito, with legs of gossamer, who appears to our vindictive eyes to be from two to three inches in length, finally, there is the scorpion mosquito, very searching and business like. We dislike him greatly, for he wastes no time. We know now that leather is a hollow delusion, and armor plated gauntlets are alone of avail. Sometimes a mosquito comes and kills himself by squeezing between our finger and thumb, sometimes by flying against my flapper.

There are moments, but so rare and delicious that I almost tremble to describe them, when we find a mosquito who has anchored himself by the proboscis in our gloves—and we watch the expression of baffled hatred in his countenance with which he watches the approach of the avenging finger. O the peaceful, blissful enjoyment of that moment! Sometimes we watch him in his anxious, hurried efforts to pierce the glove—he knows that time is all he needs—standing upon his fore legs with his hind legs flourishing in the air while he bores away diligently through the thick leather in his wicked thirst for blood. Sometimes in our frenzy we ensnare a mosquito and get up a trample on his head. We ask ourselves in hours past endurance why the laws of nature should be reversed, and man, the lord of creation, become the prey of savage creatures. We have formed a grave, if impious, resolution, we will take a mosquito by stratagem, pinion him, and with the help of a burning glass offer him in sacrifice to the Midnight Sun.

The Cyclone makes Manitoba one of its fields of visitation, whether frequent or otherwise can only be known to settlers by waiting to see. At all events Snowflake Township, in the southern part of the Province, was lately struck by the dread visitor, leaving at least one home in ruins, and the husband and father dead. Recent cyclones in the United States have caused discussion of methods of escape for the inhabitants of plains liable to their destructive fury, such as strongly covered cellars, etc. Some automatic alarm of the approach of severe storms, which could be heard for a mile or two, might be devised—something like the whistling or bell buoys used to warn mariners off a dangerous coast.

Trust men and they will be true to you, treat them greatly, and they will show themselves greatly.—Emerson.

Give not reins to your inflamed passions, take time and a little delay; impetuosity manages all things badly.—Statius.