

CORRESPONDENCE.

"Honest men tell us of our faults. Knaves will not; and fools see neither our faults nor our virtues".

Letter from the Rev. Leo Gaetz.

Henry Vennor Esq.,

DEAR SIR,—I beg you to excuse my seeming discourtesy in not complying with your request sooner. Your card just reached me as I was starting on a trip to the Lower Provinces and during my absence I was too busy doing nothing to write letters or even read the almanac.

The "Weather Bulletin" reaches me in my summer haunt with commendable regularity. Upon the whole I am pleased with it and always interested in its contents. Spending the summer on a farm and watching the progress of different crops, where so much often depends on the weather, the BULLETIN is kept as a sort of reference, as of old, "some believed the things which are spoken and some believed not."

Your general forecast of the summer has been pretty correct. Quite a number of the more particular predictions have not been verified in this locality: but I always take it for granted that Bulletin weather has turned up somewhere, and being of an unselfish nature I have no disposition to monopolize all the July frosts and August storms (especially if the wheat is ready to draw in) on my little plantation.

Reading the "Bulletin" has given me a great admiration of your close observation, and patient noting of details, and if what you are now seeing, "through a glass darkly," prove to be the first fruits of some yet undeveloped science, you will have made a name and fame worthy of your zeal in this matter. Personally, I confess I cannot as yet see much probability of success in issuing any forecasts that will be of advantage to the individual; for if the atmospheric freaks should continue as lawless as they have been of late, the science would require to be worked down to a very fine point to be able to determine what kind of weather would be experienced at a half dozen different localities, in a radius of three or four miles. Of course if the "cycle system" be absolutely reliable, and rain or sunshine occur at precisely the same time and place every three or even three-and-thirty years, each man by keeping a well posted diary, and deeding it with the real estate to which it pertains, in case of death or removal, might serve some good service to himself and posterity, but that there is any law that will make a thunder cloud drench or a frost nip a particular locality at exact intervals is not at all certain from any data that is yet at hand. Of course an interest in the matter will lead us to study the weather, but supposing we knew all about it I yet fail to see the advantage, for if the kind of weather that is on the way suits my particular case I shall know it soon enough, and if not, I shall know it a great deal too soon. But I frankly confess I am in the dark in this matter and anxiously waiting for more light which I sincerely hope you may be able to disseminate. In the mean time send on the "Bulletin," and favorable weather for the root crops and pastures.

Yours sincerely,
LEO GAETZ.

CINCINNATI, O., Sept. 5, 1882.

H. G. Vennor, F. G. S.

In your September Monthly you request questions to be answered.

In reading the article from the *Boston Post* page 12, 1st column, I find these words, "It is a favorite assertion of the aged that the climate of these islands(?) is manifestly diminishing in severity."

Fifty-seven years ago, when I was a boy ten years old, I was repeatedly told by my father, mother and other "old inhabitants" that "Naraganset Bay, from old fort Adams to Canonicut, west of Newport, R. I., was so frozen over that wood was brought over on the ice from the latter place to Newport, and that one person undertook to travel in a cutter from Newport to Providence, but failed when part of the way up.

Since my recollection, fifty-seven years, there has not even been skating on these premises, not even a freezing over of the inner harbor of Newport.

Quest' n. Will you or some "old inhabitant" of Rhode Island tell us how much truth there was in these traditions?

J. A. P.

Will some of our readers kindly answer the question for us.—Ed.

Prof. Henry G. Vennor.

You ask, "Will each of our subscribers ask us one question?"

It has been said that at the beginning of the carboniferous era no air-breathing animal could exist, that the immense coal-forming ferns, absorbing the carbonic acid gas so defiled the atmosphere that first amphibious, and then by degrees, more perfectly developed land animals, up to man, came into existence, the question now is, in your opinion, does that capitation still go on, (equivalent), promising therewith a higher evolution of life?

C. C. BENNETT, M. D.

[Answers to the above communications will appear in next issue.—Ed.]

AMBERLY, P.Q., West Huron, Ont.

SIR—I am pleased to see that the August Bulletin contains no almanac. This, I believe to be a step in the right direction, and I hope you will now have done with particularizing and dates entirely. It affords me no small measure of satisfaction to see your remarks on *Bulletin* under the heading "never give up." Your renown for weather wisdom is great but it will still be greater if "you never give up." Your predictions for the month have been closely fulfilled in this section and Ontario generally.

Believe me, yours truly,
RALPH BULGLASS, JR.

[The above correspondent has contributed monthly, valuable records from his station of observation.—Ed.]

AMBERLY, Ont., Huron Co.

August. Rain fell on 19 days.
Thunder Storms on 8 days
No. of cool days, 14.
Frost occurred on the 18th and 19th.

R. B.

Mr. Ida, Ark., Sept. 1, 1882.

August.
Highest temp. during month, 92°
Lowest " " " 54°
Mean " " " 72½°
Total rain fall " " 5.40 in.
No. of rainy days " " 10
Cloudy days " " 13

Thunder Storms on 2nd, 6th, 11th, 15th and 23rd.

NOTE.—Lowest mean temperature for August in past eleven years, and unusual rain fall.

OBSERVER, Sig. Station.

Vennor and the Saint.

This time Vennor "has struck it rich," as they say in mining parlance. He has secured the inside track of the weather, given us a book replete with valuable information, and allowed the St. Jacob people the control of it. A. Vogeler & Co., Baltimore, Md., will send a copy to any address upon receipt of 10c.

Old Prob's Bureau.

Old Prob one day sat up in his shop,
Pouring the rain out drop by drop,
Boiling and freezing and stirring it 'p
Into mist, rain and snow,
Bottling sunshine for Winter use,
Tying up winds that were getting loose,
Sending out clouds for a little cruise
Across the sky to go.

And when all things were arranged . . . his mind.
For a change of scene he felt inclined.
So shutting his workshop door behind
He descended the creaking stair,
And spoke to his housekeeper down below,
At her favourite window setting to sew,
To have an eye to the shop, you know,
While he was taking the air.

"I've fixed the weather at cold and clear,
And there is nothing to do, my dear,
And if any one calls at the office here
Just say for a walk I've gone."
Then he went striding to the North,
Like that Satanic chap of little worth,
To visit his snug little farm on the earth
And see how things went on.

Said the housekeeper then in a musing way,
"Now I must begin without delay—
That dreadful shop for many a day
Has wanted my broom and mop."
She quickly mounted the narrow stair,
And looked about with a business air:
Cobwebs and dust were everywhere
From floor to window top.

"Now, the very first thing to do, no doubt,
Is to move the furniture all about,
And dust every piece both in and out,
And here I'll begin the job."
She turned to a corner where, wide and tall
Stood a huge big bureau against the wall,
With many a drawer, and cupboard and hole,
And many a brazen knob.

'Twas a piece of furniture known to fame,
But the woman had never heard its name,
At it she went without fear or shame,
And pulled the knob of the bureau.
Out came a blast that chilled her nose,
The end of her mop to an icicle froze—
Frost on the window spreads and grows,
And the mercury drops to zero.

She opened a drawer and something white
Came out like a flock of birds in flight;
She neither could see nor hear from fright,
As the snow grew thicker and deeper.
She tried another and there flew
All kinds of winds that ever blew;
"O, gracious me! what a hullabaloo!"
Cried poor old Prob's housekeeper

Now, just at that hour of that same day,
The northwest corner of U. S. A.
Right under the workshop corner lay,
In winter sunshine glowing.
The people started in great surprise,
They looked at each other; they looked at the skies
They shook their heads; they rubbed their eyes;
But still it kept on snowing.

At last every drawer she opened wide
Hoping for sunshine somewhere inside,
And then—she suddenly turned to hide,
For she heard the master coming.
She jumped through the window, she didn't care,
It she never lighted, nor when nor where,
While Prob stumped slowly up the stair,
An air from "Pinafore" humming.

And oh! the scene that met his eye!
He laid his cap and mittens by,
Stopped not to question how, or why,
Nor if, nor but, nor whether;
And he's busy yet, both day and night,
Making the bureau sound and tight;
And till he gets that shop set right
We can't get pleasant weather.

One who is never busy can never rest, for
rest implies relief from previous labor.