

and eight o'clock a.m., for on that day the mercury was actually frozen! yes, frozen solid—clean shrunk into the bulb below the figure 40, and refused to come out again till brought within the influence of artificial heat! It will be readily imagined that as I found some people hard to convince that my thermometer was correct, they might be fully as sceptical regarding my own correctness in stating that the mercury had been frozen, so, to anticipate any doubts on that score, I was no sooner convinced of the frozen state of the mercury than I ran out and brought in two witnesses who could testify to the fact. One of them has been long since dead, but the other is alive and well, and living in the Town of Orangeville. A rather dry customer, one of the village wits, remarked, that "it was a good thing the mercury did freeze, for otherwise there was no telling how cold it might have got."

Now, there are Baldwin apple trees in the Township of Erin, (Erin has a gravelly soil) thriving and bearing crops every year, that were planted long before 1859, proving, in a suitable soil, that apple will bear a greater degree of cold than has generally been supposed, and will sustain without injury a temperature that in more unfavorable circumstances is fatal to much hardier varieties.

I have not, as I said before, during the last eighteen years seen the thermometer more than 22° below zero, and I have not heard, what I frequently used to hear before that time, frame buildings cracking with a report as loud as that of a pistol, which was always considered an infallible indication of a hard frost, and was indeed a practical reliazation of a "cold snap." Perhaps our climate is really moderating. It may be that as the country becomes denuded of its timber the rays of the summer sun beat down upon the naked earth, which thus imbibes a latent heat that in some degree moderates the intensity of the wintry frost. And supposing our climate is thus changing, it will only be doing as other climates are supposed to have done in the times gone by. Strabo, who lived nearly nineteen centuries ago, says that the winters in the middle and north of France (then called Gaul) were so severe that it was not supposed the grape would ripen north of the Cevennes mountains. Notwithstanding which, it is a fact that the Province of Bergundy, which has for hundreds of years produced the finest wines in the world, is not only a long way north of those mountains, but is in about the same latitude as Quebec, and the vineyards are principally in terraces up the sides and on the tops of hills