

GENERAL REMARKS ON THE WEATHER OF 1876,
WITH NOTES ON THE PROBABILITIES FOR THE
WINTER, SPRING AND SUMMER OF 1877.

The past summer (1876) was a hot one. No one will deny this; and that the amount of rain was very much below the average, when compared with previous years, is an undisputed fact. But it has not been an exceptionable summer. There have been many others like it placed on record, and, to use the expression I have heard from many of our Canadian farmers, it was "a real old-fashioned summer, but a *little* on the warm side." What I now purpose doing is, first, to recall to our memories this 1876 warm summer; second, to find out and picture another like it, and to note the character of winter which followed it; and lastly, to suggest what in all probability will be the distinguishing features of our winter and spring of 1877.

THE SPRING, SUMMER AND AUTUMN OF 1876.

"What a backward spring!" "How cold and fall-like!" "More like fall than spring weather!" Such were the exclamations which greeted us on every side during the *moving* days of last May; which continued past the middle to the end of the month, and extended even through the opening ten days of June. Yes! it was a backward spring, "real Vennorish weather," as the *Witness* called it, and while all growled, no one thought kindly of the "old probs," who, as early as the 12th of October, 1875, had taken the trouble to publish his letter warning the public of Canada as to what they might expect "in the time to come," and in which this "late and backward spring" was faithfully depicted. Not until the 10th of June did regular warm summer weather set in. Then it did set in, not gradually, but suddenly, and with daily increasing temperature. Long before the end of this month, the general exclamation had changed from "How backward" to "How tremendously hot," and many honestly longed for another spell of the "Vennorish weather." But this they were denied, at least for some time. July continued as June had gone out, *hot, hotter, hottest*. All exertion was impossible, sunstrokes were of daily occurrence, and out-door laborers had to suspend their work. The 9th, 10th and 11th were perhaps the *hottest* days of that month, but up to the 20th the weather was barely endurable. Then came one of those sudden peculiar changes, always to be expected when nature has, as it were, been for a season overstrained. A spell of cold weather set in on the 21st, and continued up to the 26th inclusive. Frost reports were telegraphed from one part of the country to the other. Cold hurricanes swept over the scorched hills and valleys, and heated plains, and the constitutions of human beings, from being relaxed to their utmost capacity, were suddenly strung up to "high pitch." During this spell, the writer of this chapter found himself journeying among the old Laurentian mountains in the township of Thorne, to the north of the Ottawa river. Here the severity of the weather was very remarkable. Great coats by day, and heavy blankets by night, were required to ensure warmth. Occasionally, something