

tive engines and the unprotected condition of the surrounding woodwork. The destruction of life, however, was entirely due to the engineer's error in judgment and the way in which the boats were secured.

The President heads the list of

MYSTERIOUS DISASTERS.

There have been other missing ocean steamers with more passengers than the President, but none whose loss made a more painful sensation in England and America. Passengers and crew numbered 120, among the former being a son of the Duke of Richmond and Tyrone Power, the Irish comedian. She left New York, on March 11, 1841, and with what awful anxiety tidings of her were waited for can be remembered by many. None ever came. Whether she caught fire, like the Amazon, or rushed headlong against an ice berg, or ran into or was run down by another vessel, will never be known. Towards the end of March, 1856, no doubt longer existed that the Pacific, one of the fleet of Collins' Line of Mail Steamers, running between New York, and Liverpool, had perished, with one hundred and eighty persons. Nothing at any rate, has ever been heard of the missing steamer. She was a magnificent American built ship, fitted up with every appliance necessary for comfort, speed and success in the competitive work for which she was intended. She belonged to the same company as the Arctic, spoken of above, and the loss of these two splendid vessels was a blow from which the once prosperous Collins line never recovered.

With the City of Boston we come down to our own days. She is another missing ship, and he must have a short memory who can not recollect the letters in the newspapers, the anxious inquiries of friends, and the sympathetic comments of persons casually meeting each other for the first time, touching the City of Boston. This remarkably fine vessel belonged to the Inman Line, and sailed from Halifax—whether she had gone to take up certain British officers returning to England—on January 28, 1870, having on board fifty-five cabin and fifty-two steerage passengers, and a crew of eighty-four men. The hopes of those who had friends on board were buoyed up from time to time by rumors brought by various ships of the appearance in distant waters of a vessel that bore some resemblance to the missing steamer. All the old excuses for a ship overdue were made, she had been driven out of her course by stress of weather, she had become disabled and had found refuge in some far away harbor; she had become hedged about by icebergs, and would in God's good time be released. Towards the end of February, however, it was openly said that the City of Boston was lost, and as the summer came garments of mourning were put on for the dead, believed to have found a tomb in the great grave yard of the Atlantic Ocean.

A touching circumstance connected with this vessel is related of a widow living until lately in Detroit, whose only son was on board. She for a long time comforted herself with the fond delusion that the boy would yet return to her. Fancying that the Boston papers would first receive news of the steamer named after that city, she subscribed for a Boston paper, read it carefully hoping her son's fate might be explained. His plate was always laid at the table, the hopeful mother saying to her friends: "I have not heard from Willie yet, but I hope to get news this week."

More melancholy with regard to the number of lives sacrificed than even the loss of the City of Boston, was the destruction by fire of the Austria, of the Hamburg and New York Line in mid ocean, on September 13, 1853, with four hundred and seventy of her passengers and crew. No sooner did the flames appear than all discipline was overthrown, and

in the mad rush to the boats many perished, who, had order been maintained, might have been saved. One of the most frightful and sudden catastrophes in the annals of shipwreck, was that of the Atlantic, of the White Star Line. She left Liverpool on March 20, 1873, for New York, with nearly one thousand persons on board, the greater number of whom were steerage passengers. Being short of coal she was steering for Halifax on a dark night, when the officers of the watch, under the belief that the ship was much further off the land than was the case, mistook one light for another, and she ran stem on to a ledge of rocks off Meagher's Head, twenty miles from the port. A frantic attempt was made to lower the boats, when, after striking several times, the ship rolled over into deep water, and sank, engulfing over five hundred human beings, the remainder having in the meantime sprung on to the rocks or climbed into the rigging. Not a woman or child was saved out of the two hundred and ninety-five on board.

Newfoundland.

We send down of present issue of the BULLETIN several hundred to Newfoundland. We have received numerous inquiries from this quarter relative to our paper and many interesting weather notes. We now open our columns to all correspondents, and would earnestly request further communication and queries on all points connected with Meteorology and Astronomy. It is by asking questions that we attain to our knowledge of any subject, and it is our intention to devote considerable space, henceforth, in the BULLETIN, to the queries of our correspondents. A paper will be sent free to all who may contribute articles founded upon original observation, and a prize will be given for the best review of past winters in Newfoundland.—ED. BULLETIN.

Wonderful Weather on the Alps.

THE SEPTEMBER SNOWS.

London Times.—SIR: With occasional outbursts of sunny weather, the summer of 1882 in Switzerland has, on the whole, been a bad one. Thunder-storms have been few, but rain has been frequent. The present weather in the Valaisian Alps, at a height of seven thousand feet above the sea, is without a remembered parallel, and you may therefore like to have a brief account of it. On Tuesday, the 12th, the air steadily darkened, the distant mountains looming over fainter through the turbid atmosphere. In the afternoon a thick drizzle began to fall. This rapidly augmented to a heavy, cold rain, which during the night changed to snow. On the morning of the 13th a layer a foot in depth surrounded us. It continued snowing all day, and long before night the little road which connects our house with the subjacent hotel was so completely obliterated that I strayed from it in going down. Towards night the flakes dwindled to flocculi, and next morning the sun shone down upon a world of clouds and mountains of indescribable grandeur. It was hoped by all that the storm had passed, but during the afternoon the eastern air darkened ominously, and it soon became obvious that we had not yet done with the snow. It recommenced that night and continued falling the following day. On the morning of the 16th we were surrounded on all sides by snow four feet deep, through which I found it exceedingly difficult to break so as to reach the hotel, three hundred feet below us.

On Thursday morning, while speaking to some peasants about the extraordinary beauty of the mountains, I received the reply that the scene was by no means beautiful to them. Nine hundred sheep were at that moment scattered over the heights, the rescue of which would be difficult, if not in part impossible. A party of thirty-five strong men started in search of them, and succeeded that day in

saving three hundred. On the 15th little could be done without risk to human life. It was ascertained, however, that some of the sheep which had been grazing on the steeper slopes, had been carried away and killed by avalanches. On the afternoon of the 16th the weather had cleared, and a party of fourteen ascended the mountain in the direction of the Sparrhorn. My wife and I accompanied them to a height of about one thousand feet above our house. A few days previously I had had some experience of snow on the level, but the labour of breaking through it up hill was enormous. Imaging the leader standing erect waist deep in the snow, with his colleagues in single file behind him. Throwing his knees and the weight of his body forward, he pressed down the snow, and then, by the push of the man behind him, he was helped to extricate his feet and to regain the erect position. The process of falling forward was then repeated. Twenty or thirty yards of this work sufficed to exhaust the foremost man, who then sat down upon the snow until his comrades had all passed him, and he had become the hindmost of the party. Our progress being slow, we had time to observe and enjoy a scene of unspeakable loveliness. All asperities had disappeared. The slopes, combs and rounded bosses were smoother and whiter than chiseled marble; while the light impinging on the snow crystals flashed back in colored sparks of surprising brilliancy. Half way up the Sparrhorn some groups of sheep were discovered, but it was too late to think of getting them down.

We descended along the deep furrow which had been formed in the ascent, finding ourselves at intervals plunged in the soft shadows which now began to steal over the snow fields. The subsequent sunset was in point of glory without a parallel in my experience. The intensity of the light was extraordinary. Its color on the summits was of a most fiery crimson, while a wondrous belt of the same hue girded the eastern sky. After night-fall the heavens seemed serene. There were no clouds, still the stars sent but a feeble light through the atmosphere. The aspect of things was hopeful but untrustworthy. A chance occurred during the night, and thick flakes were falling steadily when we opened our windows on Sunday morning. A party of men reascended to the point where they had seen the sheep on the previous day, and succeeded in recovering about sixty of them. The poor animals seemed utterly exhausted when brought down. Parties continue to scour the mountains, for several hundred sheep are still among the snows.

Save in the solid form, we were without a drop of water for a day and a half, our firewood being expended in rendering its own heat latent in the indispensable liquid. Last night, however, a thaw set in, which continues this morning, and, though it has made no sensible impression upon the snow, it has filled our pipes and greatly diminished our difficulties. From our present position the town of Brieg and the country adjacent to it are within view, both fields and houses being to all appearance heavily laden with snow. Three ladies have been lonely prisoners for some days at the hotel, but they hope to escape to the lowlands this morning under the guardianship of the English Chaplain, who is so obliging as to carry this letter for me to Brieg.

Amid these scenes we have just received and read the description of the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. Thank God "we are a people yet."

Your obedient servant

JOHN TYNDALL.

Alp Lusen, Brieg, September 18.

One of the grandest things in having rights is that, being your rights, you may give them up.—[George MacDonald.]