

HAMILTON.—On 1st, a very great storm began about 8 P.M.; at first it snowed, during the 2nd it snowed and rained, and on 3rd it snowed; ceased 11 A.M., 3rd; depth of rain, 4.5920 inches; snow, 5 inches. 17th, two robins seen at 9.30 A.M., and heard chirping. 18th, at 8.45 P.M., ordinary meteor in SW, 40° high, fell W. 20th, at 6 A.M., halo round moon. Wind storms, 3rd, 10th, 13th, 15th, 24th. Snow, 1st, 2nd, 4th, 8th—10th, 13th, 24th—26th, 29th. Rain, 1st, 2nd, 6th, 11th, 12th, 14th—17th, 22nd, 23rd.

PEMBROKE.—On 8th, lunar halo, and on 9th. 14th, solar halo, lunar halo, and halo round Venus. Wind storms, 18th, 21st, 30th. Fog, 28th. Snow, 4th, 5th, 8th, 9th, 11th, 12th, 13th. Rain, 1st, 15th, 17th, 23rd.

PETERBOROUGH.—On 2nd (Sunday), rained hard all day; barometer fell rapidly, reaching 28.146 at 8 P.M. 4th, about 9.10 P.M., two long irregular strata of auroral light reaching from a point of WH, a little N of W, across to a little S of Z, disappeared in about 45 minutes. 8th, sky clear, and no aurora at 9 P.M., but at 12 midnight a fine display of streamers over the whole N half of sky, and reaching to Z. 11th, halo round sun all forenoon. 18th, in consequence of rain and thaw, the creeks as full as in spring, rivers rising 1 inch every twenty-four hours. 26th, low arch of faint auroral light over NH. 27th, faint auroral light and a few streamers. 28th, very dense white fog, objects invisible 40 yards off at 9.40 A.M. Snow, 2nd, 3rd, 5th—10th, 12th—15th, 24th—26th. Rain, 2nd, 3rd, 12th, 15th—17th, 22nd—24th. Hail, 16th and 22nd.

SIMCOE.—On Saturday, 1st, barometer (28.897) began falling steadily and rapidly, and at 6 P.M., 2nd, reached the lowest indication (27.885) ever recorded at this station; at 9 P.M., a rapid rising was observed, but the average indication was not attained until the 5th. A violent storm of snow and rain from the east was synchronous with this barometric disturbance. 21st, lunar halo. 28th, solar halo, 30° diameter. Wind storm, 18th. Snow, 1st, 8th, 10th, 13th, 25th, 29th. Rain, 3rd, 12th, 15th, 17th, 22nd.

STRATFORD.—The reading of the barometer at 5 P.M. of 2nd (27.477) is the lowest recorded at this station since its establishment in 1860. Wind storms, 1st, 2nd, 9th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th. Fogs, 12th, 31st. Snow, 1st, 10th, 12th—14th, 25th, 26th, 29th. Rain, 11th, 12th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 22nd.

WINDSOR.—On 2nd (Sunday), barometer fell to 28.362, which was a fall of almost an inch in 24 hours. On morning of 9th (Sunday), minimum thermometer indicated -1° F. Hail, 12th and 13th. Lunar halo, 5th, 10th, 13th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th. Wind storms, 2nd, 3rd, 15th, 17th. Fog, 12th. Snow, 1st, 2nd, 4th, 6th, 8th, 10th, 13th, 17th, 23rd, 25th, 26th, 29th, 30th, 31st. Rain, 11th, 12th, 14th—17th, 22nd—24th.

III. Miscellaneous.

2. THE QUEEN IN A CHURCHYARD.

Her Majesty recently paid a visit to Rob Roy's grave, in the churchyard of Balquhider, and manifested deep interest in the last resting place of the bold outlaw. The Queen was also very much impressed with the inscription on another tombstone—that over the grave of Mrs. Kirk, Mr. Cameron, the parish schoolmaster, who had the honour of conducting the royal party, was requested to furnish Her Majesty with a copy of this curious and interesting epitaph. The inscription is as follows:—

Stones weep tho' eyes were dry;
Choicest flowers soonest die,
Their sun oft sets at noon
Whose fruit is ripe in June,
Then tears of joy be thine,
Since Earth must soon resign
To God what is divine.

2. HONOURS PAID TO THE MEMORY OF MR. PEABODY.

The honours paid, by the Queen's desire, to the remains of the late Mr. Peabody, form a touching and memorable episode on the relations between our Empire and the United States. So grand, and yet so solemn a ceremonial, so regal and yet so simply impressive as one in all its details, from the period of the temporary sepulture of the remains in "the burial place of kings, renowned nobles and statesmen" in Westminster Abbey, until the dust of the great philanthropist was returned to its kindred dust in his native land, with the Queen's son as mourner, has never before been witnessed in either Europe or America. The whole proceedings from the beginning indicated those high qualities of excellent judgment, delicacy and tact, as well as kind womanly tenderness for which the Queen is so distinguished among the Sovereigns of her time. Independently of the touching impressiveness of the ceremonial itself, the kind feelings which it has called forth from the American people indicate how deeply moved they have been by a tribute so unprecedented in its character, and so kingly in the solemn dignity of its performance.

The vessel chosen to convey the remains of Mr. Peabody to the United States, was Her Majesty's new and powerful turret-ship, *Monarch*, a noble specimen of England's wooden walls. The correspondent of the *N. Y. Tribune* thus describes his visit to the *Monarch*, on her arrival at Portland:—

"The scene at sunrise was indescribably beautiful. The rigging of

the gunboats and the various vessels in the harbour was covered with ice, glittering like gold in the rosy light from the east. Clouds enough remained, after last night's storm, to tinge the horizon with a rich glow, against which, as we rounded the light at the end of the break-water and entered the outer harbour, the immense hull of the *Monarch*, and the long, trim, graceful form of her American Consort the *Plymouth*, stood out in bold relief about two miles away.

"The descriptions of her which have been so extensively published, do rather less than justice to her magnificent shape and proportions, and the elegance and completeness of her internal arrangements. The features which most impress an unprofessional observer are probably the elaborate provisions for the comfort of the officers and men, the size and elegance of the cabins, the large and well aired forecables, and the wonderful abundance of labor-saving appliances, which would do credit to a whole century of Yankee inventors. In thickness of plating, power of the engines as well as in the weight of her guns, she is unequalled by some of our own vessels; but in sea-going qualities she is possibly not surpassed by anything afloat, and her wonderful steadiness would, of course, give her an immense advantage in an engagement on the open water.

"Throughout the vessel may be seen steam capstans, steam breaks, steam ventilators, steam pumps for the hold, steam pumps for washing the decks, gas works, water condensers, a balance rudder which sways the great mass of wood and iron like a yacht, and a steam steering apparatus, by the help of which a single man between the decks can manage the helm with perfect ease. These are among the improvements which have been combined in this marvel of naval architecture. The hull of the *Monarch* is painted black. The normal colour of the turrets, and the iron bridge that runs over their tops almost the whole length of the ship, is white, and that of the spars cream-colour; but for this voyage the *Monarch* and *Plymouth* have been put into mourning, and everything above the decks is painted a dull funeral grey, a stripe of the same hue running around the hull.

"The mortuary chamber, in which the coffin was deposited, is the after-cabin on the second deck. The walls and roof were entirely concealed by drapery, whose dead blackness was relieved by an occasional stripe of white, a white fringe, and wreaths, and monograms upon the sides. The coffin, thickly studded with silver bosses, rested on a low platform, with four silver candlesticks, and huge wax candles on each side, and two American flags draped behind the head. A marine stood guard at the door.

"As the last of the American gunboats passed the *Monarch* to take their positions in the procession, and crossed the *Monarch's* stern, the minute guns began to echo across the water, first from the *Plymouth*, and afterwards from the monitors, while at each discharge showers of glittering icicles rained from the rigging. The monitors did not fire their turret guns—only the howitzers. Meanwhile, the *Monarch* had cleared her decks of ice, set her maintop-gallant masts, squared her yards and hoisted a large flag of the stars and stripes, and the red cross of St. George. The *Plymouth*, the gunboats, and smaller craft, also displayed the American flag at half-mast, and the one or two merchant vessels which passed us, outward bound, made a similar disposition of their colours, American or British, as the case might be.

"At a signal from the *Plymouth* the *Monarch* began to weigh her ponderous anchor. As the screw began to revolve, Fort Preble took up the firing of minute-guns, and continued until the *Monarch* reached her final anchorage. The *Monarch* kept the head of the line. The *Miantonomah*, *Terror* and *Leyden* came next. The *Plymouth* then got under way, and was followed by the *Mahoning*.

"In one respect the storm of yesterday helped us this morning, for as we rounded the point, we found that every vessel in the harbour had spread its sails to dry, and with flags flying in the midst of this cloud of canvas, and the ice laden trees of Portland shining on the hillside behind them, the sight was so beautiful that one could hardly repress an exclamation of delight, and many of the officers of the *Monarch* were enthusiastic in their expression of it.

"The stately figure of the *Monarch*, as she moved with funeral slowness up the channel, past the gray walls of Forts Preble and Scannell and George, through the clouds of smoke which rolled from the mouths of the guns, and hung low over the water, made the spectacle solemn and impressive, it was far more impressive, however, from the deck of the *Monarch* than it could have been from the shore, or from any of the other vessels.

"The vessels kept their positions in the line with reasonable exactness as they moved slowly in, and at half-past ten, close under the guns of Fort George, and about three-quarters of a mile from the Great Eastern wharves, the *Monarch* dropped her anchor, and the firing ceased. Before the other vessels came to anchor, the *Cohasset* steamed alongside, the marines presented arms, the bugle sounded, the chief officers stood in the gangway, and Captain Commerell and Captain Almy, both in full uniform and chapeaux, went ashore.