

"Very early, was it?"

"Yes, indeed. We had only seven flakes of snow that whole Winter, and they fell in December. On the 10th of January I sailed into Buffalo with a cargo of wheat, and the weather was so warm that the men walked the decks barefooted. On the return trip I was sunstruck off Point Au Pelee."

"Is that possible? But you got over the sunstroke?"

"Not entirely, and probably never shall. I can't talk five minutes without feeling dry, and if I should go to ask you to have a glass of beer with me I'd stutter over it so long that you'd have a chance to ask me twice to drink with you. No, young man," he continued, as he carefully put the glass down, "don't try to rush the season. Early navigation has no money in it, and it is full of peril. I've tried it, and the result is an infirmity which will follow me to my grave. I always smoke after drinking, and yet—thanks—don't care if I do—I prefer dark color—and yet—that is, don't rush things. There's nothing gained by it."—*Detriot Free Press.*

Where our Winter Went To.

Snow has fallen in Athens, and the winter, as a whole, has been the severest known in a generation. In the village of Cephissia, at the foot of Pentelikon, only a few miles from Athens, the snow was for days in February six feet deep. In Athens the streets were blocked for days with three feet of snow. The day before its fall the streets had been sprinkled with water, owing to the clouds of dust.

WEATHER LORE OF THE SUN.

As few subjects possess a wider interest than the weather, it is not surprising that, from the earliest period, various proverbs embodying superstitious fancies should have been associated with it, not to mention the manifold prognostics that have been drawn from the phenomena of nature. Thus, not only has each country its own popular lore for forecasting the weather, but, as in our own country, this oftentimes varies in different localities, some counties possessing pieces of weather wisdom peculiar to themselves. As it is not, perhaps, known to most of our readers how extensive and curious are these items of weather wisdom, it is proposed during the present year to give, from month to month, a brief outline of them as gathered, for instance, from the sun, moon, stars, clouds, winds, flowers and animals. Commencing, then, with the Sun, we find that from time immemorial indications of the coming weather have been foretold from its various aspects. Thus, Virgil, in his first Georgic (438) alludes to these—

Above the rest the Sun, who never lies,
Foretells the change of weather in the skies;
For if he rise unwilling to his race,
Clouds on his brow and spots upon his face:
Or if through mists he shoots his sullen beams,
Frugal of light, in loose and straggling streams,
Suspect a drizzling day and southern rain,
Fatal to fruits, and flocks, and promised grain.

Amongst most nations the Sun's redness on rising or setting has been regarded as ominous, and furnished materials for various proverbs. One old English adage informs us that—

If red the sun begins his race,
Be sure that rain will fall apace;

a notion referred to by Christ in St. Matthew's Gospel (xvi. 2, 3): "When it is evening, ye say, It will be fair weather, for the sky is red; and in the morning, It will be foul weather to-day, for the sky is red and lowering." It may be remembered, too, how graphically Shakespeare speaks of this popular rule in his "Venus and Adonis":—

Like a red morn, that ever yet betokened
Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the field;
Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
Gusts and foul flaws to herdmen and to herds.

And the familiar rhyme tells us how—

Sky red in the morning
Is a sailor's warning.

Referring to Continental observations, we are told in Milan that "if the morn be red, rain is at hand;" and, again, "if the sky be red when the morning star is shining, there will be rain during the week." As is well known, however, a red sunset is just as propitious as the former is unlucky;—"a red sky at night being a shepherd's delight;" and according to a saying formerly very current in this country,

The evening red, morning grey,
Is a sign of a fair day.

Indeed, there are numerous proverbs on this subject, all to the same purpose, a Scotch one being as follows:—

The evening red and the morning grey
Is the sign of a bright and cheery day;
The evening grey and the morning red,
Put on your hat or you'll wet your head.

In Italy it is commonly said that "a red evening and a grey morning set the pilgrim a-walking;" and at Malta, "a red sunset says, get your horse ready." In Bohemia, however, the rule is reversed, a red sunrise being thought to betoken a fine day; a red sunset, wet weather.

A general mist before the sun rises is generally considered to presage fair weather, and, according to a popular proverb,

A high dawn indicates wind,
A low dawn indicates fair weather;

which Fitzroy explains thus:—"A high dawn is when the first indications of daylight are seen over a bank of clouds; a low dawn is when the day breaks on or near the horizon, the first streaks of light being very low down." An ancient piece of weather lore informs us that if the rising sun be encompassed with a circle of white clouds which equally fly away it is a sign of fine weather—whereas Virgil tells us that a gloomy sunrise is inauspicious:

If Aurora with half open eyes,
And a pale sickly cheek salutes the skies,
How shall the vine with tender leaves defend
Her teeming clusters when the storm descends.

There is a prevalent notion that if a change of weather occurs about the time when the sun is crossing the meridian it will be for twelve hours at least. The proverbs relating to the sunset are even, perhaps, more numerous than those associated with sunrise, every aspect being supposed to denote the coming weather. Thus Shakespeare, in "Richard III." (ii. 4), referring to a popular belief, tells how

The sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing storms to come, woe and unrest.

And when, too, it sets like a ball of fire, it is said to have "water in its eye." Again, a pale sunset is a bad sign, if we may believe the rhyme—

If the Sun goes pale to bed,
'Twill rain to-morrow, it is said.

A hazy sunset, too is equally unsatisfactory, for we are told that "when the air is hazy, so that the solar light fades gradually, and looks white, rain will most certainly follow." When, however, at the time of sunset there is a clear sky, it is said to indicate calm weather:—

When the sun sets bright and clear
An easterly wind you need not fear.

But if, on the other hand, the sky is covered with fleecy clouds, it is an indication of wind:

When the sun sets in a bank,
A westerly wind we shall not lack.

A golden sunset is generally regarded as one of the most favorable tokens of fine weather, in allusion to which Shakespeare, in his "Richard III.," says:—

The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives signal of a goodly day to-morrow.

But when the sun at setting casts a lurid red light on the sky as far as the zenith, it is said to be an infallible sign of storms and gales of wind. Once more, the streaks of light occasionally seen when the sun shines through broken clouds are, according to an old superstitious fancy, believed to be pipes reaching into the sea, the water, it is supposed, being drawn up through them into the clouds, ready at any moment to be discharged upon the earth in the shape of rain. With this may be compared a similar idea given by Virgil (Georgic I. 380), "et bibet ingens arcus." This superstition, however, is curious, containing, as it does, some vestiges of truth. Although, as has been pointed out, the streaks of sunshine are no actual pipes, yet they are at any rate visible signs of the sun's action, which, by evaporating the waters, provide a store of vapour to be converted into rain. A species of rainbow, without either pillar or arch, having only a base, is known by sailors as the "sundog," and is considered indicative of windy, equally weather. In some parts of Sussex the light, fleecy clouds that encircle the sun in windy weather are called "foxy sun clouds," being supposed to presage changeable and treacherous weather, a notion embodied in the following couplet—

Mackerel sky, mackerel sky,
Never long wet, and never long dry.

The Snow Storm of the Season.

This is Vennor weather. No use to waste words in description of it, but it's well to place the responsibility. It is Vennor weather. A bigoted Britisher resident in her majesty's Dominion of Canada, with implacable hatred of the Yankees, exerts his malign influence on the meteorological conditions of the great republic, and hither comes a storm with the unmistakable evidences that it is of Vennor's creation. It has its home in the northeast, probably in Vennor's back yard. It was designed to make its appearance upon St. Patrick's day, an indication that Vennor is moved by malignant hatred of Land leaguers as well as of residents of the States generally. The saint was powerful enough to avert the storm for the 17th, but America, having no patron saint, is at a disadvantage, and is now feeling the woful effects of Vennor's inveterate hatred of republican institutions. Vennor said he would send the storm. Here it is. Each blast that blows from the northeast brings to our ears the echo of Vennor's diabolical laughter. He is rejoicing at the distress he is creating in the dominion of the eagle. Let it be repeated with emphasis, this is Vennor weather. Having fixed the responsibility, shall nothing be done the mischievous author by way of punishment? Shall he not be caught in his cave of winds and buried headforemost in a snow-bank of his own creation? Shall not his miserable carcass be put to the useful purpose of firing up a locomotive lying "dead" upon a railroad track by the reason of his unseasonable employment of the beautiful snow to impede railroad transportation? Shall he not be "cussed" to death by belated passengers, or turned over to spring poets as an expiation for the pangs they have suffered in untimely metrical parturition? At present this Fibbertegibbet is under the protection of the Marquis of Lorne, governor general of the Dominion. If he will not surrender him to American justice, then Blaine may as well resign his portfolio of state to some one who will give us a foreign policy sufficiently vigorous to prevent this wind-fiend from wreaking his spite upon the republic. Vennor has done it. Vennor mustn't be permitted to do it any more.—*Chicago Paper.*