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THREE STRANGE STORIES.

FALL OF AN AEROLITE.—On Monday afternoon, the attention of the inhabitants was suddenly drawn seaward by what sounded like a signal gun. Those persons who happened to be upon the parades were startled by perceiving an aerolite descend into the sea at some distance. Thunder was subsequently heard, and evidences of strong atmospherical disturbance were plentiful.—*Margate, October 14th, 1867.*

SHOWER OF SULPHUR.—The inhabitants of the village of Thames Ditton, Surrey, were, on Friday night, October 18th, 1867, a good deal startled at witnessing a very strange phenomenon, which had the appearance of a shower of fire. The shower lasted about ten minutes, and during its continuance afforded a brilliant light. Next morning it was found that the waterbutts and puddles in the upper part of the village were thickly covered with a deposit of sulphur. Some of the water has been preserved in bottles.

AN EXTRAORDINARY PHENOMENON.—(*To the Editor of the Chatham News.*)—SIR,—On the afternoon of Monday the 4th, between the hours of three and four, I witnessed a very extraordinary sight in the heavens. I have not heard of any one hereabout having seen it. The facts are as follow :—At the time above mentioned I was passing the Mill by the Water-works Reservoir. On the gallery I observed the miller uttering exclamations of surprise, and looking earnestly towards the west. On inquiring what took his attention so much, he said, “Look, sir, I never saw such a sight in my life !” On turning in the direction towards which he was looking, the west, I also was astounded—numberless black discs in groups and scattered were passing rapidly through the air. He said his attention was directed to them by his little girl, who called to him in the Mill, saying, “Look, father, here are a lot of balloons coming !” They continued for more than twenty minutes, the time I stayed. In passing in front of the sun they appeared like large cannon shot. Several groups passed over my head, disappearing suddenly, and leaving puffs of greyish brown vapour very much like smoke. I am, Sir, yours truly,

JAMES E. BEVERIDGE, *Darland, Chatham, Nov. 13th, 1867.*

[Concerning the last of this marvellous trio, we are told that several persons saw this extraordinary phenomenon, and concur in Captain Beveridge's letter.]