

Extracts of several Letters sent to the Publisher from Edinburg, by the Learn'd Mr. James Gregory, to whom they were written by that intelligent Knight Sir George Makenzy from Tarbut.

1. **T**HE wind here, on the 21th of *Decemb.* last, was extraordinary: it broke a Standard-stone, that stood as an Obelisk near an old Church; which stone was about 12 foot high, 5 foot broad, and near 2 foot thick. Whole woods were over-turn'd, and torn up from the root, though in a low situation. It blew from the North-west, and of a long time the wind had continued West-erly. *Jan.* 16. 167⁴.

2. I had notice of a *Phænomenon*, that I judg'd odd and considerable in searching into the nature of *Cold*, which is; That there is a little Lake in *Straberrick* on the Lord *Lowels* Lands, which never freezes all over (even in the most vehement frosts,) before *February*; but one nights frost there-after will freeze it all over, and two nights then will make the Ice of a very considerable thickness. This I did inquire after very solicitously from the honestest and soberest of the adjoining Inhabitants, and it was verified by so many, that there was left no place to doubt the truth of the matter of fact. I have since heard of two other Lakes, one of which is on Lands belonging to my self, called *Loch Monar*, of a pretty largeness, which steddily keeps the same method, and I have inquired after it by many, who have affirm'd it to me on their own knowledge. There is another little Lake in *Straglasb* at *Glencanich* on Lands belonging to one *Ghissolm*; the Lake lies in a bottom 'twixt the tops of a very high hill, so that the bottom it self is very high. This Lake never wants Ice on it in the middle, even in the hottest Summer, though it thaws near the edges: And this Ice is found on it, though the Sun by reason of the reflexion from the hills in that Country is very hot, and Lakes lying as high in the neighbourhood have no such phenomenon. 'Tis observable also, that about the borders of this Lake the Grass keeps a continual verdure, as if it were in a constant Spring, and feeds and fattens beasts more in a week, then any other Grass doth in a fortnight. The matter of fact I have fully examined in both these; but to hit the cause, requires a better Philosopher then I am, &c. *Februar.* 8. 167⁴.

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3. Our famous Lake *Ness* never freezes; but on the contrary in the violentest frosts the greater clouds of steams do arise from it. And I remember, that at two several times, I being at *Inverness*, walking in the evenings along the bridge over the River *Ness*, a mist of those steams coming from the Lake and falling down to us over the River (for there was no mist in any place thereabout but on this Lake and River only,) our hair became all white, like the whiteness of a hoare-frost; but it was soft and warm; and this was in the midst of Summer and in warm evenings. Last week I was speaking with Dr. *George Makenzy* (who lives at *Inverness*) of this matter: He told me, that he observes *Rosemary* to continue in the gardens about that Lakes side, notwithstanding the last Winters long and violent frosts; whereas a far less violent Winter ordinarily kills all the *Rosemary* which is in gardens that lye in warmer places and at the Sea-side: And, which is more, though I live near it, and in a better soyle and warmer scituation; yet any Winter, more than ordinary cold, kills my *Rosemary*, though cover'd over with straw and litter: Whereas near Lough *Ness* it remained good, though uncover'd, in the last sharp Winter; which he attributes (and, I think, on good ground) to the warmth occasioned by those steams that frequently arise from that Lake. *Febr. 25. 1673.*

4. Having in my former Letters written of water, I shall yet add this of that subject; That in *Glevelg* at a place called *Achignigliun* there is a little Rivolet, which so turns *Holly* into a greenish stone, that they ordinarily make moulds of it for casting of balls for fuffes; and Tinkers that work in brass make both their moulds and melting pots of it; and women their round wharls for spinning. May it not be, that by the long infusion in water, descending from hills, which perhaps abound in marble capable to be resolved into small particles by the constant washing of the water, may it not be, I say, that these little particles do intrude into the cleansed pores of the *Holly*, and so make up that soft stone? And any thing ligneous remaining of the very hard timber, being all incrustated with this marble, may it not thereby be guarded from the action of the fire? *April 16. 1675.*