

whatever of college matters, had he ever had even the advantages of the common school, we might endure his weekly twaddle; but, since, with the exception of a profound look, he has none of the requisites of an editor, we must ask of him the only boon in his power to grant, namely, silence. For, whether these paragraphs, which are devoted to us, are from his own fertile brain, or the smuggled productions of a college sneak, they are equally unappreciated and contemptible.

THE JUNIOR EXPEDITION.

THE afternoon of Tuesday, May 25th, saw the members of the Junior Class busily engaged in packing food, bedding, hammers, &c., in divers boxes and valises which were soon being hurried to the wharf where lay the schooner "Bella Barry" ready to receive them. Even if it had not been known for some considerable time that the Juniors were making preparations for a Geological expedition, a looker-on probably now, when he saw the various articles safely stowed away and the boys themselves on board, would have formed no other opinion; when he saw Prof. Coldwell take his station on deck and prepare to enjoy times to the best of his ability, he probably could have thought nothing else; but when the schooner spread her canvas before a fair breeze and Wolfville began to recede, his last doubt would have been swept away. To have then come to any other conclusion would have been an impossibility.

Hearts light and voices full of glee were then on board. Three hearty cheers were given from the wharf and returned from the vessel. Everything added to the novelty and by night Capt. Maplebeck was scudding by dusky Blomidon, while still duskier Split became visible over the bow. We "turned in"; but who could have foretold the amount of "turning out" which would take place that night? Who could have dreamt of next morning's contrast? In the evening, joyful countenances and heavy stomachs; in the morning, sad faces and light stomachs. Some have attempted a description of sea-sickness. My courage falters at the thought. Be it enough to say that experience has furnished me three reasons for calling it the 'don't care' sickness; first, if you are on deck, you don't care whether it rains or shines; second, if you are below, you don't care whether you are lying on the floor or in a berth; third, wherever you are you don't care whether you live or die.

A favorable breeze springing up shortly after breakfast, we landed at Victoria wharf about noon on Wednesday. The afternoon was spent in getting specimens of various sorts. Those of *stilbite* were the best.

Early Thursday morning the "Bella Barry" was again cutting the water, pointing toward the Isle Haute, which was reached about 10 a. m. Here we were to make our second call. Having landed and ascended the ship road, we soon arrived at the house of Capt. Card, the keeper of the lighthouse. A desire to ascend to the top of the lighthouse being expressed and Capt. Card being at the time in some other part of the island, one of the ladies kindly offered to conduct us thither. Up, up, up, turning this way and turning that, till the sight of six large reflectors each carrying its lamp, and all fixed upon a perpendicular bar, told us that the top had been gained. The manner in which the lights were made to revolve was at once explained to us, and such information was given as from time to time was desired. In reference to the keeping of the lighthouse it can be said, that Capt. Card deserves the highest praise. The reflectors ever dazzling bright; the glass panes of the lantern were noticeably clean; the machinery was well oiled; in a word, everything which should be done was done. One thing more remained before leaving— to collect some gulls' eggs. Some of the steep cliffs were soon descended, the eggs procured, the vessel reached, and we were again sailing, this time to stop at the South Joggins Coal Mines.

A curse upon that vessel for her pitching and tumbling, her rolling and rocking, that afternoon! A blessing upon her for the way in which she landed us Friday morning at the South Joggins wharf! To the mines, but first to the agent, Mr. McNotton at once showed his good disposition by conducting us to the shaft and providing means for our descent. Mr. Burke, the manager is to lead us. Into the boxes, light your little coffee pot lanterns lower your heads and ride away, ride away, juniors shall go, leaving the light of day, all in a row. Rattle on, rumble on, downward we go, bottom here, out of ear, five hundred feet low. In such a way we descended about 1380 feet on an incline, making with the horizontal an angle of $15\frac{1}{2}$ degrees. I shall forbear to state the idea I had before entertained of a coal mine. But here it was little more, or little less than a system of main tracks and branch tracks, up grades and down grades, and all the others kinds of tracks and grades, under ground. We were conducted through some of the principal passages, made acquainted with many of the rules of mining, showed the thickness of the seams, &c., till at last we were gliding up with an ease apparently as great as that with which we descended. Friday afternoon was occupied in gathering fossils along the beach. Specimens of the *lepidodendron*, *calamite*, *asigillari*, &c., were gathered, the fossil trees inspected, the strata examined, and once more we were ready to start not to stop until Blomidon had been reached.

A day's slow sailing, a foggy night, a day's calm, and a brisk wind at last enabled us to run into West Bay on Sunday evening, where we anchored for the