

our numerous tacks, rugged old Blomidon stood beside us. This bold headland, honored in song and story, which we had viewed wistfully from the casements of lamented Acadia, presented a very fine appearance, as we passed near its base and stood away for Parrsboro'. We knew that it was an important moment, and that we ought to feel it to be so. We had often anticipated it, and pictured to ourselves the flood of feeling which should sweep over our soul when Blomidon and we should enjoy a nearer acquaintance; but we remained perfectly cool and collected. We were not disappointed, but merely dispassionate, observers. A severe training amid the prosaic realities of mathematics had perhaps curbed the emotion in our natures, and with a quiet smile playing over our intellectual countenances, and our ulsters buttoned up to our classic chins, we stood along the side of the vessel, and scanned the tree-crowned bluffs.

A brisk run across the Channel brought us to Snagville, a couple of miles from Parrsboro', about 7.30 P. M. Here we ceased our travels for the day. We had a very picturesque resting-place. To our left—when the bow pointed shoreward and we faced the bar—was Partridge Island, rising abruptly in rocky steeps from the tide, and covered with hardwoods and evergreens. Before us was the ruined Village of Snagville, with its falling buildings and deserted street, and the hill standing guard over it, like a lion watching over the bones of an antelope. To the right the shore, diversified by wood and meadow, stretched to the blue limit of vision. It was too late when we came to anchor to do much among the rocks, so we deferred our first attack till the morrow, and spent the evening as the idle fancy of the moment directed. Half the company, fond of seeing strange faces and studying the architecture of foreign lands, strolled over the hills to Parrsboro'. In the cabin, under the swinging lamp, the printed page rustled, and the stumpy lead-pencil duskied the white spread of the growing manuscript. A stranger, seeing the initial words of the different letters on the table, would have come to the conclusion that a spasm of unusual filial and paternal affection had fallen upon the writers. But if he had kept his eye peeled till the lengthy epistles were wound up, and had seen the rubber end of the pencils slily

obliterating "Dear Mother," "My Dear Sister," "Dear Bill," and the lead extremity still more slily replacing them with "Dear Susie," "My Molly," "Dearest Angie," and so forth, he would have turned away a sadder and a wiser man. One by one the letters were closed, sealed and directed. We follow them no further. Perhaps they went to Halifax, and perhaps not, and perhaps they went to the Seminary, and perhaps not. We tell no tales. One by one the books lazily closed, and writers and readers, yawning and rubbing their eyes, sought their beds, on the floor of the hold and in the bunks of the cabin. Darkness and quiet reigned, save when one or two persevering pencils waded through the second postscript, or the foot of some restless-hearted individual paced to and fro on the quarter-deck. Meanwhile the Parrsboro'-goers had *done* that pleasant village. Finally all were mustered again on board, and sleep slowly stole down through the hatches. Oblivion and dreams,

Of things of earth, and sea, and air,
Of wealth, or fame, or maidens fair,
Or ancient stigiliar, etc.

Of troubles past and lessons done,
Of Summer's speedy rest and fair,
Of Polly-hem! and poly-gon, etc.

Next morning we were up betimes, and, snatching a hasty, rather than a scanty, breakfast, prepared for a day's geologizing on Partridge Island. Hammer in hand and satchel on arm, and smile on cheek, we lowered ourselves over the side of the *Graham*, and passed beach-ward over the tide-deserted sand-flats. Along the shore, beneath the cliffs that rose hundreds of feet, almost perpendicularly above our heads, over the tide-worn and weather-beaten rocks, which formed a giant's terrace at the feet of these cliffs, we sought things strange and fair. Excellent specimens of Stilbite, Dog-tooth Spar, Moss Agats, Acadialite, with many other mineral formations of beauty and value, were bagged, or rather satchelled, here. The sun shone, the tide laughed below on the crannied beach, the breeze whispered above amid the fir-thickets, and the fresh verdure of beech and maple, and merrily rang the hammer on the hard trap of the grand old rock mass. About dinner-time, with a good collection of curiosities and a better appetite, we turned our toes to the sea-side again and boarded the *J. E. G.* The early hours of the afternoon passed in the same manner as the morning had, but midway between noon and night we weighed anchor, hoisted sail, and, rounding Partridge Island, pointed down the