20th.—Musquito hawk heard. Poplar catkins in bloom. 21st.—First butterfly, "Camberwell beauty," seen. 22nd.—Coltsfoot, violets, strawberries, golden thread, birch catkins bloom. 23rd.—Dandelions bloom.

June 16th.—Apples and plums in blossom. 25th.—Caterpillars on gooseberries. 29th.—First firefly seen.

July 4th.—Wild strawberries ripe. 16th.—Garden strawberries. 19th.—Mackerel caught in herring nets. 23rd.—Gathered peas. 26th.—Mowing hay.

August 3rd.—Dr. How, of Boston, coming from Mabou by stage, saw a very bright Meteor pass through arc of about 30 degs., from 3 to 5 minutes later all the passengers heard a report like a quarry blast. 4th.—Saw a shark in Glace Bay. 13th.—Curlew and plover arrived.

September 15th.—Wild geese in the Bay.

October 9th and 10th.—Country full of smoke from Chicago fire? 29th.—Cock-a-wee, "Harelda glacilis," in Big Glace Bay.

December 4th.—School of black fish (3 killed) came into Glace Bay. 22nd.—Teams cross ice in Big Glace Bay Lake.

Art. VIII. Extract from H. S. Poole's letter, respecting a Journey to Deep Creek Valley on the Nevada frontier; 150 miles from Salt Lake City.

(*Read March* 11, 1872.)

We had to take the same horses and buggy all the way through, as no relays can be got on the way. For the first 50 miles we skirted along the margin of the Great Lake, which in all the southern parts is exceedingly shallow; then we turned south up the Skull Valley, and bid good bye to all signs of civilization. We ascended the Cedar Mountains to the top of a pass 1800 feet above the desert; which seemed to lie at our feet, spread out for 100 miles to the north west, and 45 miles in the opposite direction; and to the left for 20 miles until short ranges of mountains hid its continuations southward.

The third day brought us shortly after dark to Granite Mountain, some 2000 feet high, standing alone in the desert; here we expected to find water, and so we would if we had not chosen the wrong spring, and therefore had to eat a dry supper, and wait until morning to seek another spring four miles distant, before we could water the horses. A few dried up limbs of stunted cedar warmed us before we rolled ourselves in blankets, and bid defiance to Jack Frost.

The fourth day brought us to Deep Creek, and within gun-shot of Nevada. Bidding adieu to the shelter of the mountain, we first crossed a sandy tract, enclosed by a long mound of sand some 20 feet high, that encircled more or less completely the old Island Mountain, as a barrier to the waves of the ancient shallow sea; then we entered on the desert in the strictest sense of the term, and crossed a bay of it, some twenty miles wide, level as a table, without a mound, or wind-blown elevation, destitute of vegetation, even to the absence of the sage-bush and grease-wood, without the track of a badger or coyote. A slight fall of snow two days previous had moistened the upper layers of salt mud, usually baked hard and dry, which made hard travelling; the horses balling more than I ever saw them do in snow, and the narrow tyres of the wheels were made four inches wide.

While traversing this deserted though highly interesting region, the mirage showed many unaccustomed pictures. We appeared to be crossing a small island whose margins seemingly at no great distance continually eluded our approach: the isolated ranges looked like islands set in a sea of glass, upon whose surface every feature, bold, bare, and rugged, was faithfully pourtrayed.

Well on in the afternoon we reached some springs quite at the foot of the ancient beach, up which, after a short rest, we wound our way for five miles, gaining an altitude of 1100 feet above the desert. The beach showed many signs of periods of rest during the subsidence of the lake. Great beds of white limestone intercalated with the gravel were cut through by the scour of the declining waters.

I found the mines easy of access, at an altitude of about 7000 feet, and my report being considered satisfactory, the property has

been bonded for $45,000. Some of the ledges were in granite, and carried galena containing $210 of silver to the 2000 pounds. One location I visited, not bonded, had two shafts sunk 25 feet deep, 100 feet apart, both showing solid carbonate ores valued at $56 per ton. The width of the deposit has not yet been proved, or the length either. Returning we came by the old overland route, now deserted, and got safely through the sloughs where, in olden times, so much mail matter was used as ballast; we passed high crags of black limestone; passing the "divides" of the Dugway and Point of the mountain into Rush Valley. We were four days also in returning: the last day doing 65 miles from 7 a. m. to 2 a. m. We camped out also once on returning near the Dugway, and had rather a cold night, for one inch of ice formed in the puddles from the melted snow accumulated the day before. Other nights we slept on the floor of cabins, or small shanties.

Art. IX. On the Construction of a Beaver Dam in Digby County, Nova Scotia, Sept., 1871. By J. Bernard Gilpin, A. B., M. D., M. R. C. S.

(*Read March* 11, 1872.)

On the 14th September, 1871, we left the town of Digby, and skirting along the southern ridge of those low Silurian hills which under the name of South Mountain, Horton Mountain, and Ardoise Hills, run north-east and south-west almost the entire length of Nova Scotia, we came after descending their southern slope to the lake basins forming the upper waters of the Sissiboo River, falling into St. Mary's Bay.

We passed Grand Lake, having now abandoned our horses for canoes, and were floated gently over lakes, lakelets, rapids, and still waters, till on the 18th we camped at South-west Falls, about thirty miles south of Digby. Here the granite, that we had on our left almost from Digby, occurring in dykes of porphyry, with large crystals of white felspar, pervaded the whole scene. The lakes were studded with granitic boulders, their milky-white shores were granite sand, the rapids foamed through boulders, and we toiled