

the charming July sun tempts you, you give way for the mouth of the basin, where the huge boulders of traps stem the Bay of Fundy tides, heaping great sand beaches at their bases. Your canoe grits upon Indian beach, you run it up amidst dozens of other Indian canoes, and scan half way up the rocky barrier a shady spot for your bivouac. Here your Indian builds his fire, two parallel lines of stones eighteen inches high, with a trench between, picks and cleans his birds, and cutting branches from the nearest tree, impales a bird on every twig, resting the whole branch over his fire. Gravely he hands to each guest a branch with its roasted fruit, who, holding the branch in one hand pulls with the other the birds from the twigs. To one who has eaten of this Abyssinian banquet there is no need to tell of their tenderness and juicy delicacy. The rigor mortis has not yet stiffened the dead birds. This comes on after a few hours and then passes off after a day or two. If you cook the grouse shot upon your tramp for your night's supper, you are surprised how tough they are, but if you hang them in your camp for a day or two you find them tender. The Indian, like the Abyssinian, chooses the almost living flesh for his feast.

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ARTICLE IX.—“THE NORTHERN OUTCROP OF THE CUMBERLAND COAL FIELD.” BY EDWIN GILPIN, A. M., F. G. S., F. R. S. C., ETC.

(Read May 8th, 1882.)

MY object this evening is to lay before you a brief summary of the work which has been done on the northern outcrops of the seams of the Cumberland Coal Field. Some of the information is new and of importance, but for much of the work done at an early date I have had recourse to official sources.

The Cumberland coal field was for many years an unknown and unpromising district. It was accessible by water at the Joggins only, to allow competition with the coals of Sydney and Pictou. The presence of coal seams was known at several other points, but the want of any means of transportation forbade an attempt to open them.