

For the Scientist.

AN EXCURSION TO BLOMIDON.

Probably the most of the readers of the SCIENTIST have heard or read of this celebrated promotory. Those who have studied modern text-books on mineralogy have observed the frequent mention of this locality, for it is somewhat famed for the beauty and variety of its mineral wealth, and who has not read Longfellow's master-poem, *Evangeline*, and viewed in imagination the scenes as the poet paints them—the broad and fertile Grand Pre, with its verdant plains separated by only a narrow mound from the waves of the Basin of Minas, and “away to the northward,” across that beautiful sheet of water, Blomidon, crowned with mists from the mighty Atlantic.

But upon the little Acadian village of nearly a century and a half ago, and upon all its surroundings, the iron hand of time has wrought many changes. The “forest primeval” has largely been cleared away to give place to smiling farms with their waving grain fields and fruitful orchards. The Basin of Minas has been forced to abandon still larger portions of its oozy bed from which abundant crops of hay of the first quality are cut and which now, as I write, on this beautiful autumn morning, is dotted with innumerable cattle and horses which roam over it at large. The simple Acadian peasants who were torn from their pleasant farms and forced to make their homes among strangers in a strange land, have been succeeded by a race of sturdy farmers of Saxon descent; but the broad meadows still bear the name given them by their original possessors, and the prosperous farming village of Grand Pre, occupies the site of the old French town. In its vicinity the tourist may observe a number of old cellars and

mounds with ancient fruit-trees and willows standing near, little else, save tradition, remaining to tell us of the Acadians that once lived there.

It was about the middle of a soft clear afternoon in October when a nature-loving friend and myself reached Whitewaters, a small settlement at the foot of the ridge of which Blomidon is the eastern extremity. The skies had taken on an exquisite softness and beauty that reminded one of the Indian summer that would be upon us ere long, and the air was so still that not a leaf rustled on the trees by the wayside as we passed. Everywhere there was a solemn hush as tho' nature had been awed into stillness by the ghost of dead summer as she passed and was filled with a presentiment of coming gloom. Even the little birds had hushed their songs in the wood, and the red squirrels had ceased their chattering and only betraying their presence by a rustling among the dead leaves as prompted by an unerring instinct, the little creatures hurried home with their loads of beech nuts for winter use.

As the carriage road extended no farther than Whitewaters, in the direction of our destination, we left our conveyance and started off on foot first loading ourselves with the equipments and portable larder that we had brought for the occasion, for we were to spend a week camping around the shores of Blomidon. A few minutes brought us to the base of the cliff, which is of Triassic sandstone, known as the New Red. From this point it continues to grow higher and higher as we advance, till it becomes superseded by a deep formation of dark basaltic trap, and finally culminates in the summit of the cape. Until we reach the trap the cliff is a perpendicular wall of sandstone which is so soft that the *debris* which fell in the land-slides of the