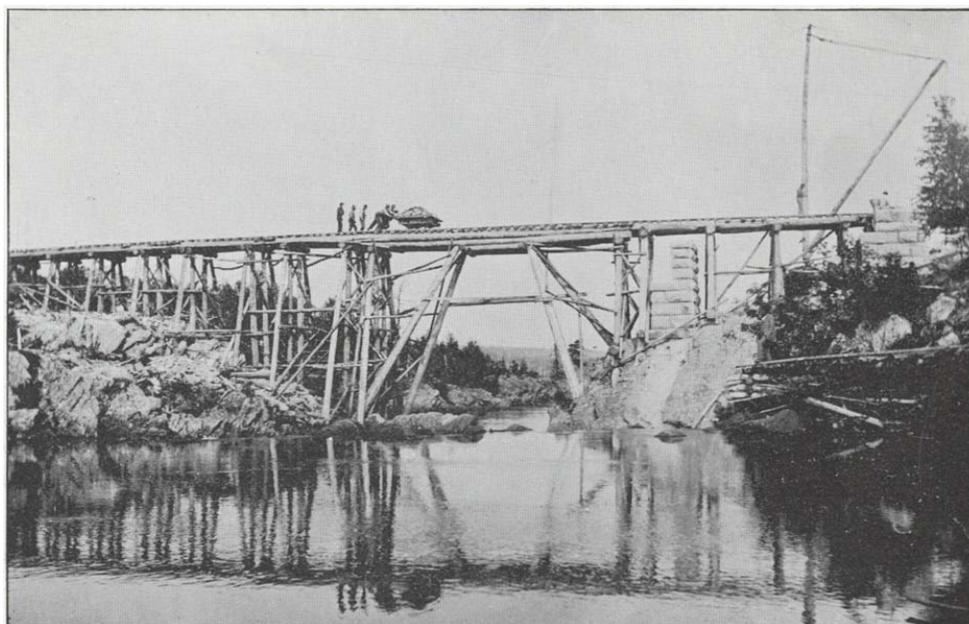


**REMINISCENCES**  
of **FORTY-TWO YEARS OF EXPLORATION**  
**IN AND ABOUT NEWFOUNDLAND**  
by **JAMES P. HOWLEY**

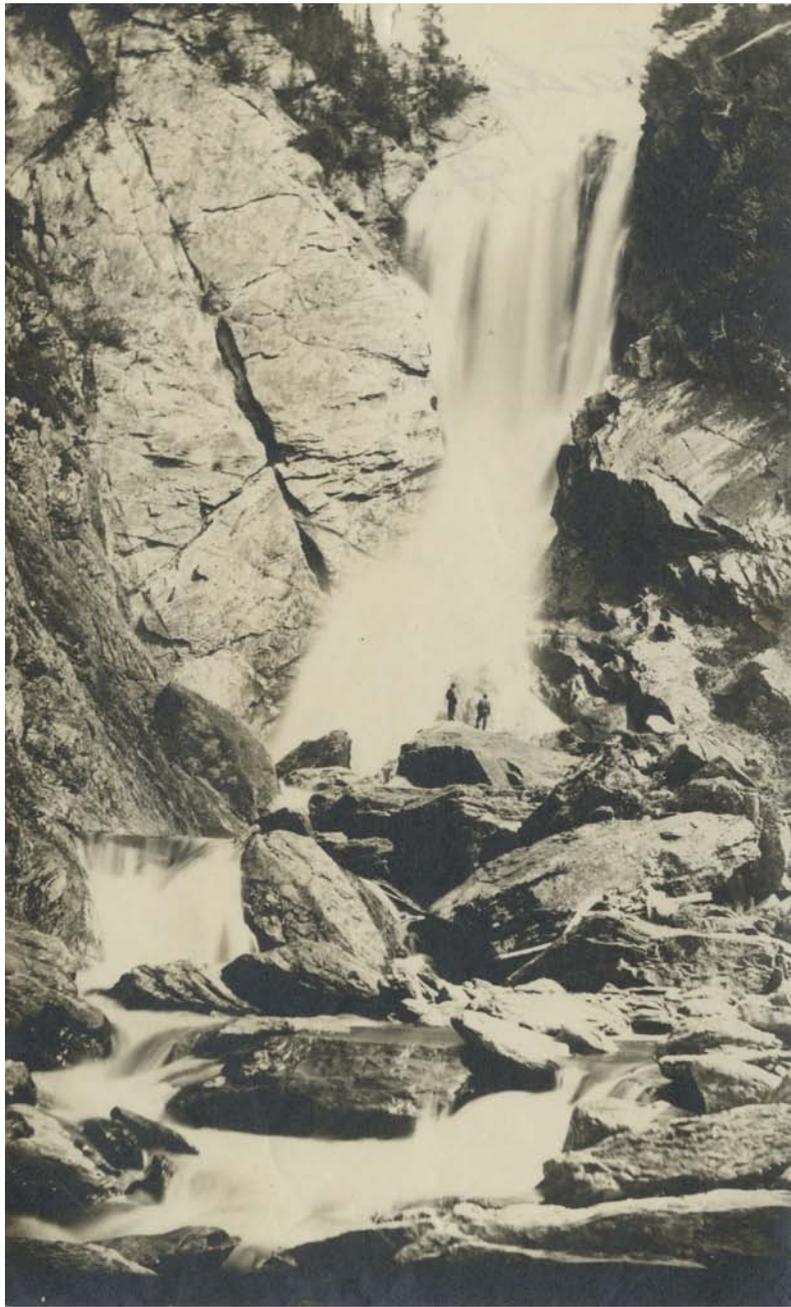
Edited by William J. Kirwin and Patrick A. O'Flaherty  
with the assistance of Robert C. Hollett



St. John's

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May 2009



Frontispiece



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FORTY-TWO YEARS OF EXPLORATION IN AND ABOUT  
NEWFOUNDLAND

By  
JAMES P. HOWLEY

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See also: *An Album of James P. Howley's Photographs.*

## Preface

JAMES PATRICK HOWLEY IS BEST KNOWN for his book *The Beothucks, or Red Indians; The Aboriginal Inhabitants of Newfoundland*, a pioneering work of documentary collection and commentary published by Cambridge University Press in 1915. This was one of his two main literary projects in his late years. Howley was an employee of the Newfoundland government: a geologist and surveyor. In the summers between 1868 and 1909 he explored and mapped his homeland, moving with his survey crews along the coastlines of the island and often in the deep interior. Having been born into a St. John's family with literary tastes and ambitions, he was an inveterate diarist and note taker. Using these personal papers and other sources and drawing on his own sharp memories, around 1914 he began writing the work now appearing in print in its entirety for the first time, *Reminiscences of Forty-two Years of Exploration in and about Newfoundland*. A typescript of this text suitable for presentation to a publisher had been prepared at the time of his death in 1918.

In the 1970s the existence of the typescript became known to scholars and in 1991 Howley's account of the 1868 survey season, edited by W.J. Kirwin and G.M. Story, who were collaborating on a selected edition of the *Reminiscences*, was published in the journal *Newfoundland Studies*. When Story died in 1994, P.A. O'Flaherty was asked to take his place as co-editor. In 1997 The Champlain Society

published *Reminiscences of James P. Howley: Selected Years*, edited by Kirwin, Story, and O'Flaherty. This contained twelve of the forty-two years, some abbreviated, and a small portion of another. After 1997 Kirwin and O'Flaherty continued work on a complete edition.

We have received help from many scholars and friends. The librarians at Memorial University of Newfoundland's Queen Elizabeth II Library have been unfailingly helpful and courteous. Among these we are especially grateful to the staff at the Centre for Newfoundland Studies, Information Services, and the Centre for Newfoundland Studies Archives, where the typescript of the *Reminiscences* along with other Howley papers is housed. Our colleague Professor Robert Hollett of the Department of English, Memorial University, has been a constant source of support and encouragement. The Management Committee of the English Language Research Centre at Memorial University has been supportive of the project as well. In addition, we thank the following: Jennifer Bates, Marjorie Doyle, Garry Dymond, Carla Furlong, Museum of the Confederacy (Richmond, Virginia), Jacob Larkin, Michael Long, William Power, John F. O'Mara, Jean Murray, Don Thistle, Joanne Costello, and David Taylor (American Folklife Center, Library of Congress).

W.J. Kirwin

English Language Research Centre

P.A. O'Flaherty

May 2009



*Introduction (by P.A. O'Flaherty)\**

i. Newfoundland, 1855-1914

Newfoundland history between 1855, when Responsible Government was inaugurated, and the outbreak of the First World War is complex, featuring, at least in the decades prior to 1900, what may seem on the surface more misfortune than achievement.<sup>1</sup> In the former category we might note the near destruction of the capital, St. John's, by fire in 1892 and a bank crash two years later, followed by a brush with bankruptcy. Political infighting and sectarian rivalry, inherited from ethnic battles of earlier decades, were still much in evidence, though sectarianism may have waned somewhat as the century wore on. Yet blood was shed in the religio-political conflicts of 1861 and 1883, and near the century's end D.W. Prowse noted that "partizan hatred" stood in the path of progress.<sup>2</sup> J.K. Hiller, the able historian who has closely studied the years 1874-1901, concluded that Newfoundland "could not keep up with its neighbours" and "was destined to be a backwater."<sup>3</sup>

The colony--for such constitutionally it still was--did indeed have many economic challenges to face, one of which was strong

---

*Introduction (by P.A. O'Flaherty)©*

<sup>1</sup>The most recent account of this period is in Patrick O'Flaherty, *Lost Country: the Rise and Fall of Newfoundland, 1843-1933* (St. John's: Long Beach Press, 2005).

<sup>2</sup>D.W. Prowse, *A History of Newfoundland, from the English, Colonial, and Foreign Records* (2 ed.; London: Eyre and Spottiswoode, 1896), p. 550.

<sup>3</sup>J.K. Hiller, "A History of Newfoundland, 1874-1901" (Cambridge University Ph.D. diss., 1971), p. 368.

competition in the international market for its chief export, salt cod. This has been well studied by Shannon Ryan, who points out, for instance, that fish sales to Spain "had nearly ceased" by the end of the century owing mainly to competition from France, Norway, Iceland, and the Faroe Islands.<sup>4</sup> Newfoundland's "political independence," he argues, glancing ahead at developments in the 1930s, was "incompatible with the commercial reality of the international saltfish trade."<sup>5</sup> After reaching that gloomy conclusion, Ryan went on to document the loss of the seal-oil market to petroleum in the second half of the century. The "rapid expansion of oil-based industrialization in the world's leading nations," he writes, "left Newfoundland, and much of the underdeveloped world, behind."<sup>6</sup>

To add to its list of troubles, throughout the nineteenth century Newfoundland experienced a lack of control over a huge part of its territory. The French retained and, in some locations, enforced fishing rights on the north and west coasts between Cape St. John and Cape Ray until the Entente Cordiale of 1904. (Even then, they were not entirely ceded.) This meant French and British warships were stationed off the French Shore during the fishing season. In effect, the colony had another layer of government to

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<sup>4</sup>Shannon Ryan, *Newfoundland-Spanish Saltfish Trade: 1814-1914* (St. John's: Harry Cuff Publications, Limited, 1983), p. 1.

<sup>5</sup>Shannon Ryan, *Fish out of Water; The Newfoundland Saltfish Trade, 1814-1914* (St. John's: Breakwater, 1986), p. 257.

<sup>6</sup>Shannon Ryan, *The Ice Hunters; A History of Newfoundland Sealing to 1914* (St. John's: Breakwater, 1994), p. 414.

add to those in St. John's and London. It meant too that lobstering and other fisheries on the coast were retarded. This was not merely a matter of perception; as is made clear in J.P. Howley's *Reminiscences*, the French presence was an active impediment to industry. To have a foreign power holding sway over what was "commonly, but very erroneously, called the French shore" (to quote Howley)<sup>7</sup> also added an element of frustration and humiliation to life. The French islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, just off the tip of the Burin Peninsula on the south coast, were yet another complicating element during the period. The French were not the only foreign nation to hold fishing rights off Newfoundland. There was a lengthy "American Shore" too, where U.S. fishermen were permitted to catch fish and go on land (in unsettled places) to cure it. American rights became the centerpiece of legal battles during the premiership of Robert Bond (1900-08).

The French and American shore issues illustrate the colony's subordination to the British Colonial Office in dealings with foreign countries. A promise made by Britain in 1857 to the effect that "the consent of the community of Newfoundland is regarded by Her Majesty's Government as the essential preliminary to any modification of their territorial or maritime rights"<sup>8</sup>--the famous Labouchere Dispatch--was well and good, but that craftily worded

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<sup>7</sup>James P. Howley, *Geography of Newfoundland. For the Use of Schools* (London: Edward Stanford, 1876), p. 30.

<sup>8</sup>Peter Neary, "The French and American Shore Questions as Factors in Newfoundland History," in James Hiller and Peter Neary, eds., *Newfoundland in the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries: Essays in Interpretation* (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1980), p. 101.

document did not leave the colony a free hand. This was illustrated, to name another instance, in a contest over bait fish in the 1880s. Newfoundland's Bait Act of 1886 prohibited the sale of bait to foreigners, a measure aimed directly at the French fleet operating out of St. Pierre. Responding to pressure from France, the British refused to sanction the Act (though a later Act was approved). Again, in 1890 Britain, toadying to Canada this time, quashed an effort by Newfoundland to get a reciprocity agreement with the United States. The agreement might have given local salt fish exporters tariff-free access to the lucrative American market. It could well have changed the course of Newfoundland history.

Despite these and other constraining forces, Newfoundlanders in the late 19th century could point to many accomplishments, perhaps the chief of which was to overcome so many trials and vicissitudes and remain a functioning democracy. They did not give up on the fishery; far from it. "The history of this industry," W.G. Reeves notes, "was not one of unrelieved stagnation and missed opportunities. Many Newfoundlanders ... made strenuous efforts to improve industry performance."<sup>9</sup> But much attention nonetheless focused on the land. Between 1881 and 1897, Newfoundlanders built a railroad from St. John's to Port aux Basques. By 1879, as Alexander Murray's and J.P. Howley's map<sup>10</sup> published that year

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<sup>9</sup>W.G. Reeves, "Alexander's Conundrum Reconsidered: The American Dimension in Newfoundland Resource Development, 1898-1910," *Newfoundland Studies* (hereafter *NS*), 5 (1989): 2.

<sup>10</sup>*Newfoundland. By Alexander Murray, C.M.G., F.G.S. Director of Geological Survey. James P. Howley, Assistant Geologist* (London: Edward Stanford, 1879). A note says: "The Eastern and part of the Southern Coasts from the most recent

shows, they had cut a telegraph line along the south coast between St. John's, the capital, and Channel, with other lines extending north, linking St. George's Bay, Bonne Bay, Humber Arm, and Tilt Cove. Placentia, St. Mary's, Conception, Trinity, and Bonavista bays were also connected. These internal telegraphic communications complemented government-subsidized passenger and freight carriers which had developed by 1914 into a "magnificent coastal steamer service."<sup>11</sup> Large-scale mining began at a number of sites (17 mines--but only 7 working--are listed on Murray's and Howley's 1879 map), culminating in the opening of the Bell Island iron-ore mine in 1895. Lumbering expanded. Construction started on a paper mill in Grand Falls in 1905. A dry dock was built in St. John's. Much could be added to this list in the way of commercial and industrial enterprise, not to mention the outstanding scientific accomplishment of the period, the Geological Survey of Newfoundland (see below). But however long the list, it will hardly tell the whole story.

As Dr. Johnson wrote, "the true state of every nation is the state of common life."<sup>12</sup> It is hard to get a sense of common life from diplomatic exchanges over the French Shore or the Bait Act. To see that, we need a literature of observation and analysis of day-to-day existence. Not much local writing of this nature, at least

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Admiralty Surveys. The Interior, part of the Western Coast and Notre Dame Bay, from Surveys of the Provincial Geologists."

<sup>11</sup>Quotes from Howley's *Reminiscences* are not footnoted.

<sup>12</sup>Samuel Johnson, *A Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland* (1775), Mary Lascelles, ed., (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1971), p. 22.

in book form, exists in the period under discussion--this is one of the gaps that J.P. Howley's *Reminiscences* fills. By 1901 Newfoundland had a population of 217,000: it had doubled in 50 years, not through emigration but through natural increase. The people, moreover, were recognized as distinctive: "the brand of a new life and a new land is already set upon them," Richard Howley wrote in 1887.<sup>13</sup> It was already recognized that they had their own vocabulary, customs, and material culture. They had schools, churches, societies, newspapers and presses, advanced judicial and political institutions, an intelligentsia. They built ships, went to sea, carried on international trade. They were rooted, but not immobile. On ships, over slowly developing roads, and, from the 1890s, by train, they moved about their homeland, seeking jobs and new homes. As the railway was built, some went west to find new opportunities. Many emigrated to the U.S. and Canada. Those that stayed still mostly fished, from hundreds of tiny coastal settlements. The interior, while no longer *terra incognita* at the beginning of the 20th century, remained uninhabited; Newfoundlanders were still a people living "on a precarious perimeter," to quote G.M. Story's phrase.<sup>14</sup> But there was increasing diversification in the economy. Some turned to farming. Some cut and milled lumber. Some were miners. Soon towns would be built "out

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<sup>13</sup>Patrick O'Flaherty, *The Rock Observed; Studies in the Literature of Newfoundland* (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1979), p. 90.

<sup>14</sup>G.M. Story, "The View from the Sea," in *Proceedings of the XVIth International Congress of Onomastic Sciences* (Québec: Les Presses de l'Université Laval, 1990), p. 54.

of sight and sound of the sea."<sup>15</sup> Prowse said of Newfoundland in 1896: "like a staunch old ship she has weathered the gale; some of her top hamper and rigging have gone, but her hull and spars are sound."<sup>16</sup>

As for that perhaps unknowable element, human contentment, Newfoundlanders in 1855-1914 may have had their fair share of it. That may not be the impression left by Wilfred Grenfell's writings, which also have to be considered in relation to this period; but Grenfell was a propagandizing medical missionary who stood to gain by depicting the outports as isolated and disease-ridden. "Cases of illness began to take on a sudden increase when he began to go there," P.K. Devine said of the doctor's work in Labrador.<sup>17</sup> Possibly the same is true of Grenfell's role in the island's northern outports. J.P. Howley's *Reminiscences* provides evidence of a different nature from that given by Grenfell. This is not to say there is no bias in Howley, who was an old-style Newfoundland patriot. He also visited outports in summer, and sometimes in years of prosperous fisheries; this too colours his remarks. Even so, not a few "miserable holes" are mentioned in his work. But the three families in Ship Cove were "well off"; the people of Distress (St. Bride's) were "very well to do"; Branch had "an air of comfort and abundance"--these in 1868. The Stroud family near the mouth of the

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<sup>15</sup>S.J.R. Noel, *Politics in Newfoundland* (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1971), p. 104.

<sup>16</sup>Prowse, *A History of Newfoundland*, 2 ed., p. 550.

<sup>17</sup>P.K. Devine, *In the Good Old Days! Fishery Customs of the Past* (St. John's: Harry Cuff Publications Ltd., 1991), p. 33.

Terra Nova River "had a nice clearing" and appeared to live well from salmon fishing, farming, and furring; the people of Bonavista were "extremely kind and hospitable"; British Harbour was "a snug little nook" with "well to do" residents who had "nice clearings and good gardens of potatoes"; Norman's Cove was "a snug little nook"; a family at the head of Chapel Arm was "very comfortable"; the head of Trinity Bay possessed "an air of primitive peace and quietness"; at Tickle Harbour Broad (Bellevue) the extended family of Lynches had "good means of livelihood and were apparently all well to do"; the Adams family at Come By Chance had "an extensive clearing, quite a number of good cattle, plenty of fowl etc." This could go on. We are not through 1869 yet, the second year of the *Reminiscences*. Not a few "comfortable and happy" families and communities "happy as clams" await us.

The colony was becoming a country. People often called it a country.<sup>18</sup> Someone even claimed it was "a great country."<sup>19</sup> In 1869, by rejecting the option of Confederation with Canada in a general election, Newfoundlanders affirmed they would go their own way. In 1911 they sent a big exhibit to the Festival of the Empire in London. In the First World War they sent a Newfoundland Regiment overseas. There were many such indications of growing independence in the decade and a half after 1900. These were also mainly years

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<sup>18</sup>In the *Dictionary of Newfoundland English*, G.M. Story, W.J. Kirwin, and J.D.A. Widdowson, eds., (2 ed.; Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1990), see the definition of *country*, a word applied to Newfoundland early in its history, used of it regularly by writers such as J.P. Howley and P.K. Devine, and still applied to it after 1949.

<sup>19</sup>Prowse, *A History of Newfoundland*, 2 ed., p. 550.

of prosperity. It looked as if Newfoundland by 1914 had overcome the conflicts and disasters of its past and was on a path to nationhood.

## ii. The Search for Coal

The idea that Newfoundland was rich in coal perhaps originates with Captain James Cook, who surveyed the island's west coast in the 1760s. The coal deposits in Newfoundland and Cape Breton, he was reported as saying, "would be sufficient to supply all Europe and America abundantly with this Commodity and some are even so commodiously situated that the coals might be thrown directly from the coal works themselves into the ships as they lie close to the shore."<sup>20</sup> William Carson, who led the struggle for Representative Government early in the century, picked up the idea of coal in 1812. "Iron, copper, and even more precious metals are reported to have been found on the Island," he wrote in a pamphlet. "Coal," he added, "is known to abound in one district."<sup>21</sup> The Newfoundland-born adventurer William Cormack reported finding coal on the west coast. In St. George's Bay, he wrote, "Coal of excellent quality lies exposed in strata in the bed and banks of a rivulet between the first and second [Barachois] rivers, about

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<sup>20</sup>James P. Howley, *A Historical Sketch of the Discovery and Development of the Coal Areas of Newfoundland Up to Date* (St. John's: "Evening Telegram" Job-Print, 1896), pp. 3-4.

<sup>21</sup>William Carson, *A Letter to the Members of Parliament of the United Kingdom* (Greenock: Printed by William Scott, 1812), p. 19.

seven and nine miles from its mouth." The impression given was that he had actually seen it. He added that the "vicinity of the [Barachois] rivers" was "an interesting and untrodden field for the geologist, and for the naturalist generally."<sup>22</sup> Further south, in the Codroy Valley, he again noted that "Coal is found on the south bank of Great Cod Roy River, six or seven miles from the sea." The land in the area was low and flat, "so that in the event of the coal being raised, it could be conveyed by means of a railroad from the mines to the shipping."<sup>23</sup> This early envisaging of "raised" coal being transported by rail to ships would not be forgotten by latter-day patriots.

It hardly needs saying that in the 19th century available cheap coal was the key to an industrial economy. As Prowse saw it, "everything is possible to the country that has coal and iron in abundance."<sup>24</sup> Newfoundlanders did not have to go far to see a technologically advanced coal mining operation. One was underway in Cape Breton in the late 1820s.<sup>25</sup> It is not surprising that such hints of plenitude as those given out by Cormack would be followed up.

The next discoverer of coal in Newfoundland was J.B. Jukes,

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<sup>22</sup>James P. Howley, *The Beothucks, or Red Indians; The Aboriginal Inhabitants of Newfoundland* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1915), p. 161.

<sup>23</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 163.

<sup>24</sup>Prowse, *A History of Newfoundland*, 2 ed., p. 547.

<sup>25</sup>Phillip A. Buckner and John G. Reid, *The Atlantic Region to Confederation: A History* (Toronto: University of Toronto Press; Fredericton: Acadiensis Press, 1994), pp. 277-78, 292-93.

who arrived in the colony as "Geological Surveyor"<sup>26</sup> in 1839. Jukes's book *Excursions in and about Newfoundland during the Years 1839 and 1840* (1842) laid the foundations for the study of Newfoundland geology. He stayed mostly on the coastline, yet he ventured up the Exploits, though not as far as Red Indian Lake; went up the Humber into Deer Lake; and, having heard of "a large pond" to the eastward "which had a half-moon shape,"<sup>27</sup> went overland from St. George's Bay to Grand Pond (now Grand Lake). There he was directed by a Micmac, Sulleon, to a small brook in its northeast corner. Jukes and Sulleon walked up the brook a mile and there "found a bed of coal six inches thick, consisting principally of good cannel coal." Jukes "had no doubt" that a second bed, reputed to be "three feet thick," existed as well, though he didn't find it. What he'd seen, he wrote, "was sufficient to prove" that the rock structures around the head of the pond "belonged to a coal formation containing no doubt good beds of workable coal."<sup>28</sup> He included a description of "The Coal Formation" in an appendix to his book.<sup>29</sup>

In St. George's Bay, "eight or ten miles" up an unnamed river (Barachois Brook), Jukes found another coal bed "of a good quality ... between two and three feet thick." Though he saw only one spot at which coal appeared on the surface, "There is, of course," he

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<sup>26</sup>J.B. Jukes, *Excursions in and about Newfoundland, during the Years 1839 and 1840* (2 vols.; London: J. Murray, 1842), 1: 13.

<sup>27</sup>Ibid., p. 113.

<sup>28</sup>Ibid., p. 138.

<sup>29</sup>Ibid., 2: 246-49.

wrote, "no doubt of there being more beds in the vicinity, and of the probability of all the centre of this low district being occupied by a productive coal-field."<sup>30</sup> In the Codroy Valley, though he saw no coal, "there is," he said, "no doubt of the existence of coal."<sup>31</sup>

Jukes insisted that the coal beds he actually saw both in St. George's Bay and near Grand Lake "do not seem to be of any great thickness." It is "perfectly possible, however," he added, that more important beds may be found, should the districts ever be thought working."<sup>32</sup> This was a somewhat ambiguous judgment. Nonetheless, his book sharpened the hunger for coal on the island. Moreover, his descriptions of St. George's Bay, the Humber Valley, and Grand Lake emphasized not only coal but agriculture and settlement. "Were the western side of the island settled," he wrote, "the banks of the Humber and the north end of the Grand Pond would be by far the most favourable spots for an inland population. The soil is richer, and the inland communication might be greatly extended by means of a few roads between the ponds and rivers."<sup>33</sup> He had similar high hopes for St. George's Bay, saying it had the "capabilities and resources" to maintain "a populous and flourishing community."<sup>34</sup>

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<sup>30</sup>Ibid., 1: 162-63.

<sup>31</sup>Ibid., pp. 177-78.

<sup>32</sup>Ibid., 2: 346.

<sup>33</sup>Ibid., 1: 155.

<sup>34</sup>Ibid., p. 165.

Richard Bonnycastle's immediate response, in 1842, to Jukes's reports was to proclaim that St. George's Bay had, amidst other attractions, "the incalculable advantage of inexhaustible coal-mines."<sup>35</sup> These were to be found in "the great Newfoundland coal basin."<sup>36</sup> In 1847 Joseph Noad, Surveyor General, said "little doubt exists that coal may be procured, and that without much difficulty" in the Codroy Valley, while in St. George's Bay coal was found on the south shore but "it is almost equally certain that valuable mineral may also be found" on the north side "near Port-au-Port."<sup>37</sup> This amounted to almost an official government declaration of belief in coal. He had reason to think there was coal on the south side of St. George's Bay; that on the north side was pure fancy.

Plans for exploration and mining of coal beds or seams, maps of coal regions, political exhortations to develop coal, scientific projections about the size of the "coal-fields": all these were part of the mystique of coal in Newfoundland. In the penultimate sentence of the second edition of his *History*, D.W. Prowse wrote: "With coal, iron, copper, timber, agriculture, and the fisheries, Newfoundland should prosper."<sup>38</sup> It will be noted what position coal occupies in the list. Caught up in the fever were not only historians and boomers, but scientists, including, very

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<sup>35</sup>Richard Henry Bonnycastle, *Newfoundland in 1842; A Sequel to 'The Canadas in 1841'* (2 vols.; London: H. Colburn, 1842), 2: 53.

<sup>36</sup>*Ibid.*, 1: 197.

<sup>37</sup>Quoted in F.R. Page, *A Concise History and Description of Newfoundland, being a Key to the Chart of the Island just Published* (London: R.H. Laurie, 1860), pp. 42-43.

<sup>38</sup>Prowse, *A History of Newfoundland*, 2 ed., p. 551.

particularly, J.P. Howley. The fever lasted throughout the 19th century and well into the 20th. In 1920 one expert declared that it was "possible" that the St. George's coal-field alone--which Howley commenced exploring in 1889--contained 2,300,000 tons of coal. But the "demonstrated" quantity, he said, was only 500,000 tons.<sup>39</sup> In 1926 J.R. Smallwood (who would later lead Newfoundland into Confederation) declared that the government could help solve the country's debt problem if it "actively engaged in the mining of this natural resource."<sup>40</sup>

### iii. The Early Years of the Geological Survey of Newfoundland

By the 1850s, with mines opening up and rumours of coal circulating, it had become apparent that a proper "mineralogical survey"<sup>41</sup> of the island was required together with accurate topographic mapping.<sup>42</sup> In 1860-1 an employee of the Geological Survey of Canada, James Richardson, explored the coastline between Pistolet Bay at the tip of the Northern Peninsula and Bonne Bay on

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<sup>39</sup>See Albert O. Hayes and Helgi Johnson, *Geology of the Bay St. George Carboniferous Area* (St. John's, 1938 [Newfoundland Geological Survey, Bulletin No. 12]), p. 28.

<sup>40</sup>St. John's *Daily Globe*, February 6, 1926.

<sup>41</sup>Page, *A Concise History*, p. 44.

<sup>42</sup>Michael Staveley, "Saskatchewan-by-the-Sea: The Topographic Work of Alexander Murray in Newfoundland," *Association of Canadian Map Libraries Bulletin*, 40 (1981): 6.

the west coast.<sup>43</sup> His reports and the large-scale map he drew of the coastline surveyed were never published. Richardson's work was an early sign of the Geological Survey of Canada's involvement with Newfoundland. The geology of the island was of great interest to Sir William Logan, the Survey's Director, who was working out a new theory for "the complicated tectonic history of the Atlantic region of Canada."<sup>44</sup> It was Logan who made "an arrangement" with the Newfoundland government to have the Scot, Alexander Murray,<sup>45</sup> his assistant for twenty years, carry out a geological survey of the island.<sup>46</sup> In 1864 Murray, at age 54, became Director of the Geological Survey of Newfoundland.

Murray went on the Newfoundland government payroll, but Logan may have initially thought of him as being "assigned to duty" on the island for the Canadian Survey.<sup>47</sup> In his report to the government for 1865, Murray referred to Logan as his "General Director"<sup>48</sup> and in 1869, the year the Newfoundland electorate rejected Confederation, he told a Select Committee of the House of

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<sup>43</sup>Morris Zaslow, *Reading the Rocks: The Story of the Geological Survey of Canada 1842-1972* (Ottawa and Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada, in association with the Department of Energy, Mines and Resources and Information Canada, 1975), pp. 69-70.

<sup>44</sup>*Ibid.*, p.73.

<sup>45</sup>For an account of Murray's life see *Dictionary of Canadian Biography* (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1966 to date; hereafter *DCB*), 11: 630-33.

<sup>46</sup>Alexander Murray and James P. Howley, *Geological Survey of Newfoundland* (London: Edward Stanford, 1881), p. 4.

<sup>47</sup>Zaslow, *Reading the Rocks*, p. 83.

<sup>48</sup>Murray and Howley, *Geological Survey*, p. 51.

Assembly that Logan was "my scientific chief."<sup>49</sup> His reports, Murray wrote, "must in regular course pass through Sir W.E. Logan."<sup>50</sup> His first report on Newfoundland, for 1864, was actually addressed to Logan, who sent it to the Newfoundland government. Specimens of rocks and fossils were routinely sent to the Geological Survey of Canada for analysis. Relations between the two geological surveys remained close until Murray's departure from the colony in 1883.<sup>51</sup>

The Canadian connection is a clue to the intellectual leanings of, not only Murray, but his successor and pupil J.P. Howley. Murray was of course influenced by Logan and by the practices of the Geological Survey of Canada. In the investigations he carried out in Newfoundland he related his findings to his former colleagues' terminology for Canadian rock formations, and at times seemed to think he was completing the geology of Canada as much as commencing the investigation of Newfoundland. Howley too had great respect for the Canadian Survey. When Logan visited Newfoundland in 1873, he told Howley he would "use his influence" to get him a position on the Survey "did I ever seek it;" and in 1884 Howley did in fact apply for a position there (and was offered one, on

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<sup>49</sup>Staveley, "Saskatchewan-by-the-Sea," p. 8. Murray's connection with the Geological Survey of Canada became an issue in the 1869 debate over Confederation. Anti-confederate MHA G.J. Hogsett told the House of Assembly on Feb. 25 that he was not surprised to learn that so many applications for mining licences in Newfoundland came from Canadians. He claimed "a scheme" was afoot "between Canada and some departments of the Government to sell Newfoundland, come what might. We had been paying large sums of money to a Geologist and the information we should have received had gone to the Dominion." See *Newfoundlander*, Mar. 12, 1869; and for other hostile remarks on the Geological Survey of Newfoundland, Feb. 4 and 24, 1869.

<sup>50</sup>See Murray and Howley, *Geological Survey*, p. 51.

<sup>51</sup>Zaslow, *Reading the Rocks*, p. 97.

generous terms).<sup>52</sup> When, in 1895, Confederation was again contemplated by Newfoundland, Howley made sure that if the union were consummated his position in the Geological Survey of Canada was assured.<sup>53</sup>

Acting on Logan's request, in 1864 Murray began his investigations on the Northern Peninsula; he also reported on the copper-producing areas of the Baie Verte Peninsula, where he was also on the watch for carbonaceous formations (those yielding carbon, hence perhaps coal-bearing). In 1865 he went overland from Hall's Bay, an inlet of Notre Dame Bay, via Grand Lake, to St. George's Bay, passing already identified coal areas. The "Carboniferous formation of Newfoundland," he said, "is clearly an extension of the same rocks which constitute the coal-fields of Cape Breton and Nova Scotia."<sup>54</sup> Logan, in his report to the Newfoundland government submitted after he read Murray's, noted how important it was "to determine with as little delay as possible what workable seams of coal" were in the formation.<sup>55</sup> Thus began one of the chief preoccupations of the Geological Survey of Newfoundland.

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<sup>52</sup>Howley to A.R.C. Selwyn (Director of the Geological Survey of Canada), March 15, 1884. J.P. Howley papers (referred to below as Howley MSS), Centre for Newfoundland Studies Archives, Queen Elizabeth II Library, Memorial University of Newfoundland (hereafter CNSA), 262.2.04.005. See copies of his letters to Selwyn of May 3 and May 29. For Selwyn's offer, see his letter to Howley of March 23, 1884. (Another collection of Howley papers, comprising 23 field notebooks, is in the Howley Building, Department of Natural Resources, Government of Newfoundland and Labrador, St. John's, hereafter referred to as Howley Notebooks.)

<sup>53</sup>Zaslow, *Reading the Rocks*, p. 202.

<sup>54</sup>Murray and Howley, *Geological Survey*, p. 61.

<sup>55</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 2.

But Murray's attention was on more than coal seams and copper. (In fact, by 1880, as Howley relates, Murray had "grave doubts" about the coal reserves.<sup>56</sup>) From the beginning, he appeared to see the Survey as a spur to agriculture, settlement, and internal development generally. There was, in his view, too much emphasis on "Fish, fish, fish" in Newfoundland.<sup>57</sup> In his 1865 report he described in detail the internal water route from the north to the west coast, via Indian Brook, Birchy Lake, Sandy Lake, Grand Lake, Deer Lake, and the Humber River. He wanted to show "the wonderful facilities that exist for the establishment of water communication by canal from shore to shore."<sup>58</sup> In St. George's Bay he was impressed by "the interval lands in the bottoms and valleys" and thought the north side of the bay, "where excellent crops, both grain and green, are grown," capable of "supporting a very considerable population." It would also "afford grazing ground of admirable description for cattle and sheep."<sup>59</sup> He had similar high hopes for the Codroy and Humber valleys.

He was deeply impressed by the "great expanse of flat or rolling country" to the east and north of Deer Lake; there were, he estimated, 429 square miles in the area "well adapted for raising almost every kind of agricultural produce." But it offered, not

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<sup>56</sup>A *Historical Sketch*, p. 8.

<sup>57</sup>James Hiller, "The Railway and Local Politics in Newfoundland, 1870-1901," in Hiller and Neary, eds., *Newfoundland*, p. 126.

<sup>58</sup>Murray and Howley, *Geological Survey*, p. 58.

<sup>59</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 61.

just farmland, but timber: tamarack, "abundant" yellow birch "of large dimensions," and "white pine and spruce ... in the greatest profusion, frequently of a size and quality not greatly inferior if not equal to the best that is now largely brought into market in Gaspé and other parts of the lower province of Canada."<sup>60</sup> He noted that thousands of square miles of "far inferior" country in Canada had already been laid out in townships. The Newfoundland government's flirtation with the idea of townships later in the century, well documented in Howley's *Reminiscences*, owes much to Murray and the Survey. (Though it was Howley who carried out or supervised the actual surveying.<sup>61</sup>) Apart from its specific topographical and geological functions, the Survey operated as a conduit of new ideas and new energy into Newfoundland society. It promoted and implemented experimental approaches to Newfoundland's economic problems.

While Murray knew well what constituted "a geological survey, properly so called," he found himself severely limited in his investigations by the lack of "a topographical map, at least having some pretensions to accuracy." He felt that such a map was an essential preliminary to drawing a proper geological map of the island. Existing maps may have depicted the coastline with some degree of precision, but representations of the interior were of the crudest kind. The "only alternative," Murray said in 1866, was

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<sup>60</sup>Ibid., pp. 83-84.

<sup>61</sup>Ibid., p. 220. See Staveley, "Saskatchewan-by-the-Sea," for a discussion of this part of the Survey's work.

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to construct a topographical map himself, "a matter requiring ... no small amount of time, patience, and diligence."<sup>62</sup> To make this map became one of his major ambitions. In passing through part of the country, therefore, he not only noted geological features but conducted a formal topographical survey:

This survey was accomplished partly by scaling the rivers by compass bearings, the distances being measured by Rochon's micrometer telescope, and partly by connecting a system of triangles by theodolite, a further check being kept on all convenient occasions by ascertaining the latitude by astronomical observation. An estimate of the rise on the rivers was also made, and the heights of the principal mountains or hills ascertained either by triangulation or simultaneous observation of two pocket aneroid barometers.<sup>63</sup>

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<sup>62</sup>Murray and Howley, *Geological Survey*, pp. 51-52.

<sup>63</sup>Ibid., p. 55. The terms used by Murray here are from the language of surveying. By "scaling the rivers by compass bearings," he means mapping the rivers, moving from point to point, reading the compass as he proceeds. The compass was likely the prismatic compass, patented in 1812, which was mounted with fixed sights and an engraved card; the near-sight had in it a reflecting prism, so that the target object seen through the fore-sight "and the degree scale on the card could be viewed at once and the bearing read off directly." (J.A. Bennett, *The Divided Circle; A History of Instruments for Astronomy, Navigation and Surveying* [Oxford: Phaidon · Christie's, 1987], p. 203). A micrometer telescope is a distance-measuring telescope: a filament is moved across the image of the object viewed, and the distance then computed on a calibrated scale. Abbé Alexis Marie de Rochon (1741-1817) wrote *Mémoire sur le micrometre de cristal de roche pour la mesure des distances et des grandeurs* (Paris: A. Beraud, 1807. A theodolite (Howley's had "legs" to keep it steady) is an instrument that measures relative position, i.e., the vertical or horizontal angles separating objects. See Bennett, *The Divided Circle*, pp. 194-96, for photographs of early theodolites. "Ascertaining the latitude by astronomical observation," normally done with a sextant, could be done by using a theodolite. (Howley took both sextant and theodolite with him in the field.) In the 1882 season, and thereafter, Howley used a transit instead of a theodolite; the former, sometimes called a "transit theodolite," had replaced the plain theodolite in most surveying by the 1890s. Estimating "the rise on the rivers" means calculating relative height above sea level. "Triangulation" in this passage evidently means simply using triangular measurements ("a

The observations and measurements were then plotted in the field on large-scale drawings<sup>64</sup> "in order to obtain as near an approach to accuracy as possible." Later, back in St. John's, the field map was redrawn on one with a smaller scale. Topographical surveying and map-making were central activities of the Geological Survey. Murray's considerable skills in these areas were meticulously passed on to J.P. Howley.<sup>65</sup> Together, these pioneer cartographers were responsible for filling in much of the interior on Newfoundland maps before the end of the 19th century. A glance at their magnificent map of 1879<sup>66</sup> will show how much had been accomplished by that date. For Howley, three more decades of surveying and mapping lay ahead. His career as a cartographer

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system of triangles") to establish, in this case, elevations (by trigonometric calculation; Howley of course knew trigonometry); horizontal distances could also be calculated by this method. The simultaneous observation of the two aneroid barometers (an aneroid barometer determines atmospheric pressure by using a partially evacuated chamber rather than a mercury tube) is a method of determining elevation. Two barometers are adjusted so that they both have the same, accurate reading; one is then taken to the height of land whose elevation is sought; the other remains at sea level (or at a point whose height above sea level is known); when a signal is given, the new readings of the two barometers are taken simultaneously. The height of the elevation is determined from the difference between the two readings. The references to surveying by Murray here and in J.P. Howley's *Reminiscences* and notebooks suggest that both men were proficient in this art.

Howley's other field instruments included a clinometer, likely a calibrated half-disk (like a large protractor) fitted with a plumb bob, useful in determining the dip of rock strata; an "artificial horizon," in effect a type of level, required for the use of a sextant on land; binoculars; a tape, a normal instrument of land surveying; poles and disks (the latter were placed on the top of poles in the field, as a mark for the surveyor); and hammers. He also paced.

<sup>64</sup>This is what Howley means when he says he is "protracting" in his tent. To protract is to use drafting instruments to draw features of an area to scale, as the basis for a larger map.

<sup>65</sup>Howley's notebooks show him learning this science. We find him writing on "Use of the Micrometer Telescope," "laying off paper for projecting a map" (Howley Notebook, 1872), "How to take observations of the sun for finding time & var of compass, and azimuth for true meridian" (1873), how to find the Pole Star (1874), and other such matters.

<sup>66</sup>See note 10.

culminated in his *Geological Map of Newfoundland* (1907), a painstaking, exquisite map which in a way summarizes his life and work as a geologist as well.<sup>67</sup>

In 1866 Murray severely damaged an Achilles tendon.<sup>68</sup> This made him, by his own description, "a cripple."<sup>69</sup> In 1867, after returning from a visit to England, he went back to Notre Dame Bay to continue exploring and mapping in the Tilt Cove area. Perhaps the work of that season made him realize that, with his injury, he could not do on his own all that needed doing. At any rate, in 1868 he was accompanied in the field by an assistant: James Patrick Howley. And perhaps that was why, in a speech early in 1869, he could tell a St. John's audience, somewhat gruffly:

I need hardly inform you that I am no chicken now; but if I am spared but a few years more, I feel confident, first of all, that we shall have a MAP OF NEWFOUNDLAND, that I shall see its lands opened systematically for settlement, its forests utilized and become a great source of revenue, its minerals opened up and the country intersected with roads, by means of which I hope I shall be able to get a fresh cod-fish for

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<sup>67</sup>J.P. Howley, *Geological Map of Newfoundland Compiled from the Most Recent & Authentic Sources; The Coast Line Corrected to Date from the Admiralty Surveys; The Interior Chiefly from the Work of the Geological Survey* (Westminster: Whitehead Morris Ltd., Printers, 1907). The map was reprinted in 1919, 1925, and 1928.

<sup>68</sup>Murray and Howley, *Geological Survey*, p. 74; Zaslow, *Reading the Rocks*, p. 97.

<sup>69</sup>Murray and Howley, *Geological Survey*, p. 72.

breakfast or dinner, which is more than I can do at present.<sup>70</sup>

iv. J.P. Howley

Howley was born on July 7, 1847, into a large family. His father was Richard Howley,<sup>71</sup> who emigrated from Ireland around 1820 as a clerk, married Elizabeth Burke, the daughter of a well-to-do St. John's cooper, in 1829, and thereafter built up a business as a trader, shipowner, and importer. At one point Richard Howley supplied a large portion of Trinity Bay; he also did business at Branch in St. Mary's Bay. Mount Cashel, a farm then well to the northeast of St. John's, was the family's summer home. His premises on Water Street and evidently his house in the city were destroyed in the great St. John's fire of June 9, 1846. The Howley family were then "driven"<sup>72</sup> permanently to Mount Cashel; Richard "never left it again till carried away to Belvedere [Cemetery]," J.P. Howley later stated,<sup>73</sup> by which he meant that Richard never looked elsewhere for a home. His business was drastically curtailed,<sup>74</sup> and Richard subsequently found work in the government service. The 1861

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<sup>70</sup>Alexander Murray, *The Economic Value of a Geological Survey* (Montreal: Printed by J. Lovell, 1869), p. 20.

<sup>71</sup>Howley MS, 262.10.01 has information about Richard Howley.

<sup>72</sup>J.P. Howley, "Journal" for 1892, p. 6. Howley's "Fieldbooks, 1869-1909"--with his journals, technical notebooks, and memo books in chronological files--are in Howley MSS, 262.2.02.

<sup>73</sup>Ibid.

<sup>74</sup>See his advertisement, *Newfoundlander*, Jan. 13, 1848, when he was still in business. But the sale of his interest in waterside premises and the brigantine *Mary* is advertised July 26, Sept. 27, 1849.

*Newfoundland Almanack* lists him as acting Financial Secretary of the Colony, a position of importance.<sup>75</sup> The 1871 *Lovell's Directory* places him in the Colonial Secretary's office.<sup>76</sup> He also farmed: Mount Cashel was an estate of about 24 acres, and he has left an account of his activities throughout 1861 that shows him busily engaged in varied agricultural work.<sup>77</sup> He died in 1875. Mount Cashel was J.P. Howley's birthplace.<sup>78</sup>

Richard Howley came from a farming family in southern Ireland, and his early activities in Newfoundland show a degree of firmness, if not militancy, in advocating Catholic rights in the colony. The so-called "reform" or "liberal" party in Newfoundland in 1830-50 was dominated by the Irish Catholic clergy; he fell into line. In 1848 he nominated the combative Irishman J.V. Nugent for a seat in the House of Assembly.<sup>79</sup> He also collected money for a tribute to the "Liberator" Daniel O'Connell and later supporting Home Rule. This affected his sons, some of whom (including J.P.<sup>80</sup>) visited Ireland; one, Richard, was profoundly moved in 1853 when he first sighted "the land of saints, of poets, of scholars" from a ship.<sup>81</sup>

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<sup>75</sup>*The Newfoundland Almanack, for the Year of Our Lord 1861* (St. John's: Compiled, printed, & published by Joseph Woods, 1860), p. 20.

<sup>76</sup>*Lovell's Canadian Dominion Directory for 1871* (Montreal: Printed and Published by John Lovell, [1871]), Newfoundland, p. 311.

<sup>77</sup>His copy of *The Newfoundland Almanack* for 1861 has interleaved pages containing monthly/daily memos. Howley MSS, 262.7.01.004.

<sup>78</sup>"Journal" for 1892, p. 6 (Howley MSS).

<sup>79</sup>*Newfoundlander*, Nov. 16, 1848. Nugent lost.

<sup>80</sup>He visited Ireland in June, 1910; his "Diary" for 1910 contains an account of the visit. Howley MSS, 262.2.03.005.

<sup>81</sup>Patrick O'Flaherty, "Growing Up Irish in a Newfoundland Outport," in *The Untold Story: The Irish in Canada*, Robert O'Driscoll and Lorna Reynolds, eds.,

When Charles Stewart Parnell died in 1891, the event was duly noted in J.P. Howley's *Reminiscences*: "So the great Home Rule Leader is gone," he writes. Elsewhere he records in detail, and with a touch of pride, the stories of the Irish rebel leaders William Smith O'Brien and Thomas Francis Maher.<sup>82</sup> Yet the Howleys were no rebels. By policy and inclination, they were loyal subjects of the Crown and social conformists in their new colonial society. When J.P. Howley refers to "the old country" in the *Reminiscences* the country meant is England. The surprising thing about Irish references in this lengthy work is that they are so few.

The Howleys were part of a new group in St. John's: the Catholic Irish middle class. They were well-connected, well-educated, patriotic, musical, literary; interested in theatre, opera, painting. And since their father's business had failed, they had to look for employment. J.P. Howley's brothers included two clerics: the priest Richard, eleven years his senior, educated in Ireland and Rome, whose career as writer and churchman was cut off by alcoholism,<sup>83</sup> and the prelate Michael, born 1843, author of the *Ecclesiastical History of Newfoundland* (1888) and various other works.<sup>84</sup> Michael, the first native son to be raised to the Roman

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(2 vols.; Toronto: Celtic Arts of Canada, 1988), 2: 723.

<sup>82</sup>J.P. Howley, "Memoirs of a Septuagenarian," pp. 2-3 (Howley MSS, 262.3.02.022).

<sup>83</sup>Paula Hayden, "In search of Richard Howley: a preliminary bibliography." MS, Centre for Newfoundland Studies, Queen Elizabeth II Library, 1989.

<sup>84</sup>W.J. Browne, "Most Rev. Michael Francis Howley Bishop of St. John's, 1895-1904 Archbishop of St. John's, 1904-1914," in *Centenary Souvenir Book [of the Basilica-Cathedral of St. John the Baptist]*, Rev. P.J. Kennedy, ed., (St. John's, n.p., n.d.), pp. 260-71; Barbara A. Crosbie, "Michael Francis Howley," DCB 14: 512-14.

Catholic episcopacy and an early student of the country's place-names, was the most famous Howley in his day. Both Richard and Michael used the title "Dr."; they had been given the ecclesiastical degree *Doctor Divinitatis* (D.D.). Dr. Thomas Howley, another brother, born 1839, was a physician. There were other brothers: Alexander (Sandy), who died of tuberculosis at age 33; John, who inherited Mount Cashel, a farmer;<sup>85</sup> and William, who left St. John's for New York to look for work in 1861, quickly found it, and was soon reporting back on the number of operas he had seen;<sup>86</sup> and two sisters, Catherine, who married Edward Morris, Irish-born diarist and member of the Legislative Council, and Anne. (Four more of Richard's children, including his oldest son James,<sup>87</sup> died in childhood.<sup>88</sup>) A surviving photograph of Mount Cashel, said to be from the mid-1890s, hints at cultivation and, perhaps, pretension.<sup>89</sup>

J.P. Howley grew up at his "ancestral home," Mount Cashel, and there acquired the love of nature that became such a marked feature of his character and led him, early in life, into a career centered

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<sup>85</sup>See his memo books for 1876 and 1884 in Howley MSS, 262.6.01.006-7.

<sup>86</sup>Letters from William to Catherine Howley in 1861-2 are in Howley MSS, 262.9.03.001.

<sup>87</sup>*Public Ledger*, Sept. 15, 1846 (All newspapers cited were published in St. John's).

<sup>88</sup>Thomas Howley to J.P. Howley, August 13, 1881 (Howley MSS, 262.1.01.002; "Children of Richard Howley," in "Journal of John Joseph Howley," typescript by John Patrick Howley (1993) (Howley MSS, 262.6.01.002). Anne is on this list (b. 1845). John Joseph Howley says Catherine was the only girl in the family to survive beyond childhood, but this is doubtful. In 1896 J.P. Howley made provision for "Miss Anne Howley" out of a bequest to her from his brother John's will. See Howley MSS, 262.1.01.006.

<sup>89</sup>Howley MSS, 262.11.04.003. For another photo, see Browne, "Most Rev. Michael Francis Howley," p. 270.

on exploration of wilderness; one, moreover, well suited to his rugged six-foot physique. The Introduction to his *Reminiscences* describes his childhood interest in birds, flowers, butterflies, farm animals, swimming, boating, and generally "wandering amongst the fields and forests." This was not an older man's reinvention of his childhood: his original journal from 1868 declares that woods and wild animals "have far greater charms for me than the busy humming city."<sup>90</sup> We note from the beginning that this interest was associated in his mind with hunting. He refers to sport fishing with his brothers, as well as to "roaming over the barrens with dog and gun partridge shooting." As for dogs, he says, "I simply loved them." Hunting would become a lifelong habit with him. Anecdotes of hunting, which he never tired of telling, fill up many pages of the *Reminiscences*.

He was more than happy as a boy, he says; he was "supremely happy." All signs point to a carefree, secure, bucolic childhood, in a house with servants and generous parents to tend him.<sup>91</sup> An element of boyish playfulness stayed with him throughout his geological career. We will find him, for instance, in Grand Lake pursuing a swimming caribou in a canoe and catching hold of the frightened animal's tail! References to his siblings, e.g., "Dr. Mike" and "Dr. Tom", and to his father and mother in the

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<sup>90</sup>"Journal" for 1868, n.p. (last sentence) (Howley MSS).

<sup>91</sup>Richard Howley's memos for 1861 show him hiring servants and sending sums of money to sons away from home. In the *Reminiscences* of 1889, J.P. Howley records his meeting with his brother Michael's housekeeper, Mrs. Houlihan. She had been "an old servant with my father and mother after the fire of '46, and remembers nursing me when a baby."

*Reminiscences* convey as well a sense of family pride (but there is no mention of his black-sheep brother Richard).

Even in childhood he was aware of events in the great world beyond Newfoundland's headlands. As an older man, drawing on his "very retentive memory,"<sup>92</sup> he recalled "as distinctly as ever" the Crimean War, particularly the fall of Sevastopol on September 9, 1855, at news of which St. John's was illuminated "and crowds of people paraded the streets cheering and singing patriotic songs."<sup>93</sup> Howley boasted that the first person to scale the walls of the fortress was a young Newfoundland sailor from Trinity, Philip ewitt, who when he reached the top "stood up and doffing his cap gave three cheers for Terra Nova."<sup>94</sup> He also recalled the principal events of the Afghan Campaign, Zulu War, and Indian Mutiny<sup>95</sup>--more British Imperial history, it will be noted. Turning to happenings "of more or less local interest,"<sup>96</sup> he remembered the consecration of the Roman Catholic Cathedral in St. John's in 1855, and being visited in school "almost daily" by Bishop J.T. Mullock, a "great

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<sup>92</sup>"Fortunately I have been blest with a very retentive memory, and can to-day distinctly recall most of the occurrences [sic] of note, both local and foreign, which came within the scope of my lifetime." J.P. H[owley], "Memoirs of a Septuagenarian," *The Convent Bell*, 1, 3 (1917): 16. These memoirs differ widely from Howley's manuscript of the same title. See note 82 above.

<sup>93</sup>J.P. Howley, "Some Personal Recollections of the Crimean Campaign, 1854-5" *Christmas Bells* (1915): 1-2.

<sup>94</sup>Ibid.

<sup>95</sup>J.P. Howley, "Random Reminiscences of a Septuagenarian" (Howley MSS, 262.3.02.022).

<sup>96</sup>MS "Memoirs of a Septuagenarian," p. [1].

and wise cleric" he admired.<sup>97</sup> He left an extended account of his trip to Heart's Content in 1866 to see the "monster ship" the *Great Eastern* shortly after the landing of the Atlantic Cable.<sup>98</sup>

The school he attended was St. Bonaventure's College, which had opened in 1856 mainly as a Roman Catholic seminary. It also admitted students with non-priestly interests. Howley was said to have been "one of the very first pupils to attend at the opening of the Institution."<sup>99</sup> He later recalled one theme of a Christmas examination: "the martyrdom of the Christians by the Japanese. These, then, ruthless savages made a determined attempt to wipe out all vestiges of Christianity and all but succeeded in doing so."<sup>100</sup> His schooling does not appear to have left him with a deep religiosity. Nor did he learn anything from it about geology. It was not, he specifically states, until he left school that he was introduced to that subject by an article called "The Romance of Geology" in *Chambers's Miscellany*. The most vivid schoolboy memory he had was of being in the College band:

In summertime the band assembled every fine Sunday afternoon in front of the Palace<sup>101</sup> and discoursed sweet music for the entertainment of the clergy and citizens generally, who

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<sup>97</sup>J.P. Howley, "Record of the Geological Survey" (1913), p. 2 (Howley MSS, 262.2.04.011) (hereafter "Record"); published "Memoirs of a Septuagenarian," p. 16.

<sup>98</sup>Published "Memoirs of a Septuagenarian," p. 18.

<sup>99</sup>W.J. C[arroll], "In Memoriam; James P. Howley, Esq., F.G.S.," *The Convent Bell*, 1, 4 (1918): 14; rpt. *Adelphian*, 15, 1 (1918): 34.

<sup>100</sup>MS "Memoirs of a Septuagenarian," p. 2.

<sup>101</sup>The Palace was the name given to the home of the Bishop in St. John's.

attended in large numbers to enjoy the treat. The band wore a uniform of a blue-gray colour, faced with yellow, the colours of his [Bishop Mullock's] own order of St. Francis. Professor David Bennett of the Garrison Band was our instructor. He was a regular musical prodigy. Not only could he compose music, and arrange parts for each instrument, but he could play every one of them. At one time the band numbered fully forty performers, most of whom became very proficient instrumentalists.<sup>102</sup>

After commencing with the B flat flute, J.P. Howley played the "cornet piston," i.e., the cornet, his brother Michael the clarinet. How much else he picked up from St. Bonaventure's is unclear, but he could draw, had at least a smattering of Latin, and could produce a quotation from a poem when the occasion called for it. Shakespeare, Scott, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Longfellow, and Bayard Taylor were some of the poets he drew on. He read, doubtless as a youngster, James Fenimore Cooper's novels of the American frontier; Cooper is the only novelist alluded to in the *Reminiscences* (but Jules Verne is mentioned elsewhere). It is likely that his family combined with St. Bonaventure's to educate him well beyond the three R's. As a child he also took note of the search expeditions for Sir John

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<sup>102</sup>Published "Memoirs of a Septuagenarian," p. 16. Paul Woodford, *"We Love the Place, O Lord": A History of the Written Musical Tradition of Newfoundland and Labrador to 1949* (St. John's: Creative Publishers, 1988), pp. 88-89, describes music at St. Bonaventure's in this period. For a note on Bennett, see *Eve Tel*, May 6, 1897.

Franklin in the Arctic. "I took a particular pleasure," he says, "in perusing the accounts of those hazardous undertakings into the great unknown Arctic regions."<sup>103</sup> It appears likely that he also was familiar with narratives of African exploration. Even in the bush, Howley was an inveterate reader. His memoranda contain numerous notes on books. He was well versed in the literature of Newfoundland, including, of course, Cormack and Jukes.

Howley got a government job, as a clerk, in 1867 even though, as he says in the *Reminiscences*, "Office work of any kind had no attractions for me." He has left a brief character sketch of Murray, in which he discloses how he (Howley) began his own connection with the Geological Survey:

I made his acquaintance not long after his arrival here & used to see a good deal of him at the Colonial Secretarys office during 1867 while temporarily employed as a clerk in that Department. It was this year also that the Paris Exhibition took place and our Government had a collection of our various products prepared to forward thereto. Mr. Murray had the looking after the mineral part of the exhibits. I had a good deal to do with this work & saw much of the old gentleman during that time. So when in 1868 I applied to him for a position on the Survey I was not quite a stranger to him.<sup>104</sup>

In the following year, just after his 21st birthday, he began

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<sup>103</sup>MS "Memoirs of a Septuagenarian," p. 8.

<sup>104</sup>Untitled notebook (1914), pp. 81a-b (Howley MSS).

working under Murray, possibly in a trial season; he then commenced writing the yearly journals that led ultimately to the voluminous *Reminiscences*. His original field journal from the 1868 season survives: it shows that even at that age Howley possessed skill as a writer and sketcher. One ink-sketch especially, of a trilobite, is quite fine; another in pencil and ink is of the Micmac Joe Bernard. He could now be said to be educated, in a general sense of that term. Yet it is apparent that it was under the veteran Murray on the Geological Survey that Howley's real education, as a scientist, began.

To all appearances, Howley in 1868 was a freedom-loving enthusiast for outdoor adventure. Murray, by contrast, was, and had long been, "a close observer and painstaking geologist, [and] likewise a surveyor of superior attainments" (to use Howley's own 1896 description of him).<sup>105</sup> What Murray was, Howley became. This took time. It took reading in scientific literature, of course, and we need not doubt that Howley read from Murray's library of geological works.<sup>106</sup> But it also required hands-on training in the field. Much of this process of field tutoring is invisible in the *Reminiscences*. But we must read between the lines in the early

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<sup>105</sup>A *Historical Sketch*, p. 6.

<sup>106</sup>Many of Murray's notebooks survive (in the collection in the Howley Building, Department of Natural Resources, Government of Newfoundland and Labrador). One of these contains an 1870 list of books in his library. The list, while by no means exclusively scientific, is extensive, and contains numerous geological titles.

years. Identification of rocks and minerals,<sup>107</sup> recognizing particular geological formations, spotting the effects of glaciation, distinguishing outcrops from boulders, collecting and marking specimens, recording data, running and plotting traverses--these are the ingredients of an education in practical geology. Howley was taught these elements, together with topographical surveying, by Murray. He had learned many of them by 1872, when Murray sent him into the interior of the Avalon Peninsula in sole charge of a survey party. Howley had now "mastered the use of the prismatic compass and Rochon's micrometer telescope," he says in the *Reminiscences*. He was proud to be on his own, and felt stimulated by the "desire to gain the approval of my superior and to prove to his satisfaction that I was able to accomplish the task he allotted me satisfactorily." The pupil-master relationship is apparent from this and other passages. In 1876 he pronounced himself "a full-fledged Surveyor, Topographer, and Geologist."

Murray acknowledged in print as early as 1870 that his assistant was performing "very creditably" in the field.<sup>108</sup> By 1876, as Howley noted in the *Reminiscences*, the sickly Murray had "pretty well given up" work in the interior and left "all the laborious work" of the survey in his student's hands. Two years later Murray told the Colonial Secretary that Howley "has been employed under my

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<sup>107</sup>Howley's early notebooks show him considering such subjects as: how to tell "Rocks whose chief constituent is lime" (1872) and how to test for copper (1873). He doubtless learned these techniques from Murray (Howley Notebooks).

<sup>108</sup>Murray and Howley, *Geological Survey*, p. 189.

direction for now nearly ten years, and during that time has acquired a knowledge of geological structure and topographical surveying, which is most highly creditable to his industry and intelligence."<sup>109</sup> He added that he had "incontrovertible proof" of Howley's "extreme accuracy as an observer & surveyor." Murray had in fact trained a successor to himself as Director of the Survey. In 1884, when Howley was thinking of leaving Newfoundland to work in Canada, Murray, in a letter from Scotland where he was soon to die, told him that if he did so "I shall feel that all the labors of my long life will be thrown away. When you are gone, there will be no one left in the country who can either appreciate or understand the work that has been done."<sup>110</sup>

The story of the Geological Survey's work as told in the *Reminiscences*, in printed reports, and elsewhere is the main chapter in Howley's life. It is a story of adventure and exploration. It is part of the history of science in Canada. But it is more than that. The Survey under Murray and Howley was also a key factor in the economic development of Newfoundland in the years 1864-1909. Of its importance in this regard there can be little doubt. Contemporary historians took note of it.<sup>111</sup> Howley certainly had strong opinions about its significance:

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<sup>109</sup>Murray to E.D. Shea, January 7, 1878 (Howley MSS, 262.2.01.004).

<sup>110</sup>Murray to Howley, May 17, 1884 (Howley MSS, 262.2.01.006).

<sup>111</sup>Joseph Hatton and M. Harvey, *Newfoundland, the Oldest British Colony; Its History, its Present Condition, and its Prospects in the Future* (London: Chapman and Hall Ltd., 1883), pp. 168-169; Prowse, *A History of Newfoundland*, 2 ed., pp. 496, 547.

Undoubtedly [he wrote in 1909] most of the progress and advancement of recent years is in a large measure the outcome of the labours of the Geological Survey. Previous to its initiation Newfoundland was a perfect "terra incognita" and it would have remained so up to the present to a great extent but for the information gathered and disseminated by the Survey. I think I can venture to assert without contradiction, that but for this agency, there would be no railway across the country and no pulp or other internal industries in existence today.<sup>112</sup>

Howley here overstates the case for the Survey, but there is some truth in what he claims.

Yet as an intellectual activity controlled and funded by politicians, the Survey had many vicissitudes. In 1879, even with the strong-minded Murray at the helm, it lost its status as a separate department of government and was made subordinate to the Surveyor General. This demotion affected the kind of work Murray and Howley would be able to carry out--there was much dull land surveying in their future--and probably reflected a lowered opinion of the usefulness of strictly geological work in the government of the day. Howley himself was poorly paid in the early years of his assistantship and by 1880 was still receiving only £200 per year. "I am not possessed of any private means whatever to help me along," he wrote in a draft letter addressed to Attorney General

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<sup>112</sup>Howley to William MacGregor, Scottish-born doctor, Governor of Newfoundland, 1904-09; April, 1909 (Howley MSS, 262.2.04.002).

William Whiteway<sup>113</sup> in 1880, "I own no property of any kind not as much as one square foot of land." He wrote in another draft: "I have a large family to support" whose needs "the salary I receive is entirely inadequate to meet."<sup>114</sup> After Murray left Newfoundland for Scotland in 1883, the Survey was suspended (which meant that *geological* exploration temporarily ceased, though land surveying continued). Howley's fate was now uncertain, so much so that, as already indicated, he looked for work elsewhere. In 1884, with the Survey still under suspension, he was instructed to direct his attention to building up the geological collections in the Museum in St. John's. The government "attach importance to the Museum," he was told by Colonial Secretary E.D. Shea,<sup>115</sup> to whom he had again written for clarification of his position and salary.<sup>116</sup> (In fact, Howley was ever mindful of his responsibilities towards the Museum; in the *Reminiscences* we see him repeatedly collecting animals for stuffing and display.) When the Geological Survey was restored in 1887, with Howley ostensibly in charge of it, he still had

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<sup>113</sup>William V. Whiteway (1828-1908), leading political figure in the late 19th century; Attorney General, 1878-85; Premier, 1878-1885, 1889-94, 1895-97.

<sup>114</sup>Howley to William Whiteway, April, 1880 (Howley MSS, 262.2.04.002).

<sup>115</sup>Edward Dalton Shea (1820-1913), prominent Newfoundland politician and newspaperman; Colonial Secretary, 1873-85.

<sup>116</sup>E.D. Shea to Howley, May 26, 1884 (Howley MSS, 262.2.04.002). For Howley's involvement with the Museum, see Elizabeth B. Callaghan, "The History of the Newfoundland Museum," [*Newfoundland*] *Museum Notes*, 2 ([1979]), and John E. Maunder, "The Newfoundland Museum; Origins and Development," [*Newfoundland*] *Museum Notes*, 2 (1991). The Newfoundland government's museum, under Howley's direction, was housed in the new Post Office Building in St. John's in 1887. Attending to the collection was one of his principal responsibilities. For his reports on its progress, starting in 1887, see Alex. Murray and James P. Howley, *Reports of Geological Survey of Newfoundland ... From 1881-1909* (St. John's: Robinson & Co., 1918), pp. 80-3, 116-8, 142-4, 169-70, 206-7, 273-4, 313-6, 344-5; also "Jottings from the St. John's Museum" [by "Archaeologus," likely Howley] *Tribune Christmas Number* (1895): 11.

difficulty getting the salary attached to the office.<sup>117</sup> He did not confine himself to geology and topographical work even then: in 1895 we find him carrying out a survey of Belvedere Cemetery, St. John's.<sup>118</sup> He did not receive the formal appointment of Director of Surveys until July 1, 1898, a year after his two assistants were removed from his office by the government, leaving him "all alone." He left the position in 1909.

Howley's impatience with his political bosses is reflected at different points in correspondence and the latter years of the *Reminiscences*. He resented being treated as a "Civil engineer" or "Railway engineer" and more than once insisted on being given proper recognition as a geologist and topographical surveyor. In 1886 he refused, somewhat uneasily, to carry out "a political job" in the field. Yet one of the important facets of the *Reminiscences* is the way it illustrates how government plans were carried into effect, how they touched the lives of people far from St. John's, what impediments they encountered, what advantages they conferred. Howley was more than a geologist. He was a public servant, an administrator; what was decided in the Executive Council and the cockpit of the House of Assembly, he enacted at ground level, as it were. The *Reminiscences* is a rich source for social historians and students of government.

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<sup>117</sup>Howley to R.H. O'Dwyer, January 1, 1890 (Howley MSS, 262.2.04.002). See the letter complaining of the high cost of the Geological Survey in the *Evening Telegram* (hereafter *Eve Tel*), Aug. 18, 1888, p. 4.

<sup>118</sup>Notebook for 1895 (Howley MSS).

While Howley was mostly consumed with his work for the Survey, he had interests that stretched beyond it, and these resulted in a series of notable publications and lectures throughout his life either related only peripherally to geology or else not connected with the subject at all. The first of these was his *Geography of Newfoundland. For the Use of Schools* (1876), published in London by Edward Stanford, the Survey's publisher. As might be expected, this was influenced by Murray--in fact, Murray added an explanatory footnote to the Preface!--but there is sounded in it a note of worried patriotism, of "duty"<sup>119</sup> to homeland, that Murray could not feel. Murray was without doubt "a thorough believer in the valuable resources of Newfoundland" and Howley admitted that "he succeeded in infusing much of his optimism into myself."<sup>120</sup> Yet the sense imparted by the *Geography* that the resources and climate of the island had been extensively misrepresented and deserved clarification perhaps derives less from Murray than from a tradition of local promotional literature going back to Carson and Patrick Morris, an Irish-born booming pamphleteer earlier in the century.

Murray was a twice-transplanted Scot; Howley was a rooted Newfoundlander, an eager participant in St. John's literary culture. He had ideas about such subjects as place-names,

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<sup>119</sup>P. [v].

<sup>120</sup>Untitled notebook (1914), inserted page (Howley MSS).

Newfoundland words,<sup>121</sup> the landfall of John Cabot,<sup>122</sup> a proposed Newfoundland coat of arms, and other such matters and being literary he wrote about them. He liked telling yarns and was not ill-disposed to putting those in print as well. The biggest "local" historical and anthropological topic he tackled, as the *Reminiscences* amply testify, was the Beothucks. This interest culminated in the publication for which he is best known, *The Beothucks, or Red Indians; The Aboriginal Inhabitants of Newfoundland*, published by Cambridge University Press in 1915, a work of documentary collection and commentary which the scholar G.M. Story described as "indispensable."<sup>123</sup> The author of *The Beothucks, or Red Indians* well merited the title applied to him in a 1910 letter of introduction: "Professor Howley."<sup>124</sup> Three years later, during his visit to Toronto to attend the International Geological Congress, he noted that the delegates "all call me Dr. Howley."<sup>125</sup> This would have given him particular pride: he was the fourth of Richard Howley's sons to be so designated (though he had no formal claim to the title).

Howley was also something of an ornithologist. He contributed

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<sup>121</sup>W.J. Kirwin, "A Glossary of c. 1900 by J.P. Howley (1847-1918)," *Regional Language Studies...Newfoundland* (hereafter *RLS*), 8 (1978): 22-27.

<sup>122</sup>He was widely known as an advocate of a Labrador landing. See Prowse, *A History of Newfoundland* (London: Macmillan and Co., 1895), p. 9.

<sup>123</sup>Biography of James Patrick Howley in *DCB* 14: 511. Howley's work is now updated with the appearance of Ingeborg Marshall's *A History and Ethnography of the Beothuk* (Montreal & Kingston: McGill-Queen's University Press, 1996).

<sup>124</sup>E. Coward to Sir Thomas Lipton, June 10, 1910 (Howley MSS, 262.2.04.009).

<sup>125</sup>"Visit to Canada" journal (1913), n.p., under July 24 (Howley MSS, diary box); John A. Dresser addresses "Dr. J.P. Howley" in a letter dated January 28, 1914 (Howley MSS, 262.3.01.005).

one paper to the scientific literature, an 1884 article on the Canada goose wherein he corrects an error made by another expert, and carried on international correspondence on the subject. He was an amateur botanist, though he tended to think of this as a study more appropriate to "the gentler sex."<sup>126</sup> He knew a great deal about zoology. We even find him in the *Reminiscences* distinguishing among the different types of biting flies that afflict woods travellers. All the natural sciences--or as he would say "natural history"--in fact appealed to him. "To learn all there is to be learned about any country, more especially that which we inhabit," he said in a public lecture in 1913, "should be the aim of every well informed person."<sup>127</sup> Again:

... let no one suppose that the pursuit of Natural History, even in its most insignificant specialties is mean, trivial, or unimportant. The discovery of the smallest or lowest forms of existence, or any peculiarity of organization, is a step in advance in the cause of science, and the pursuit of all scientific organization is an endeavour to arrive at the truth.<sup>128</sup>

He was interested in agriculture, too. In 1889 he published an impressive paper whose purpose was (typically) "to endeavour to

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<sup>126</sup>James P. Howley, *Nature Studies with Observations on the Natural History of Newfoundland. Read before the Daughters of the Empire, February 24th, 1913, in the British Hall, [St. John's], p. 4.*

<sup>127</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 2.

<sup>128</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 32.

remove the false impression as to the character of our soils,"<sup>129</sup> but his procedure was far removed from mere boasting about fertility (though he was also quite capable of that on occasion). He instead outlined an elaborate theory of soil composition, relating soils to the rock structures underneath of which they were, in his view, inevitably composed.<sup>130</sup> The pamphlet incidentally provides, in capsule form, his understanding of the geological structure of the globe. But his main point is: As we ascend higher in the geological scale, that is, come upon newer and less altered rock formations, we invariably meet with deeper and richer soils. [There] is an intimate connection between geology and agriculture. The geological structure of a country being known, and the mineral character ascertained, we can almost to a certainty determine the quality of its soils, and their adaptability to agricultural pursuits.<sup>131</sup> This partly explains why there is such an emphasis on carboniferous areas in Howley's geological work about Newfoundland. Those areas might have coal, of course; but since the rock formations are recent, the soil above would be adaptable to agriculture.

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<sup>129</sup>James P. Howley, *The Origin, Derivation & Composition of Soils, Considered from a Geological Point of View with Particular Reference to the Soils of Newfoundland*, (St. John's: Printed at the Daily Colonist Office, 1889), p. [1].

<sup>130</sup>The Newfoundland rock structures were classified by Howley as follows: "laurentian, huronian, cambro silurian, lower, middle and upper silurian, devonian and carboniferous" (*Soils of Newfoundland*, p. 5). The laurentian rocks were the oldest ("hard, silicious and crystalline rocks" such as granite); the carbonaceous rocks ("limestones, gypsums, soft sandstones, shales, marls, bitumenous and carbonaceous slates, coaly matter and a variety of other substances") were the most recent.

<sup>131</sup>*Soils of Newfoundland*, p. 5.

As Howley aged, he became bolder and somewhat obsessive and repetitive in his thinking. There can be little doubt that it was partly, and perhaps largely, through his influence that continual futile efforts were made from 1889 to find workable coal seams on the west coast and in the interior near Grand Lake. The repeated searches for coal recorded in so much detail in the latter years of the *Reminiscences* at length hardened into a conviction: that Newfoundland could be a coal-producing country. Howley kept hammering home the idea and could not understand why it was not acted upon with sufficient enthusiasm by governments and capitalists. In a pamphlet published in 1909 he estimated there were 25,920,000 tons of coal in St. George's Bay and "many millions of tons" near Grand Lake; however, he was prepared to say that the coal in the Codroy Valley was "of very limited extent."<sup>132</sup> All told, there was enough information brought to light, he told Governor MacGregor<sup>133</sup> in 1909, "to warrant the establishment of a coal mining industry on the western side of the island."<sup>134</sup> When he attended the International Geological Congress in Toronto in 1913 he brought up the subject of Newfoundland coal with delegates. They were surprised so little had been done to develop it. "How any country possessing available coal resources of its own would let it lie so long dormant and have to import all they required for use," Howley

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<sup>132</sup>James P. Howley, *The Mineral Resources of Newfoundland. March 5th, 1909* ([St. John's:] Robinson & Company, Ltd., print, 1909), pp. 11-17.

<sup>133</sup>William MacGregor (1846-1919), Scottish-born doctor; Governor of Newfoundland, 1904-09.

<sup>134</sup>Howley to MacGregor, April, 1909 (Howley MSS, 262.3.01.004).

told Prime Minister E.P. Morris,<sup>135</sup> "was beyond their comprehension."<sup>136</sup> In 1914 we find him writing from his sickbed to defend his "capability & reliability as an authority" on the coal question as well as "the true character & quality of the coal."<sup>137</sup>

To sum this up, coal was more than just a mineral to Howley. He spent so much of his career looking for it and trying to convince others of its availability that in time it mattered deeply to him. An insult to coal was an affront to his reputation. The failure of Newfoundland coal was one of the major disappointments of his life. But this is not to say it was necessarily a *scientific* failure. Howley's painstaking work of searching, digging, and boring at and near and through the coal seams clarified an important aspect of Newfoundland geology.

This was not the only big idea of Howley's that failed to materialize. Late in life he returned to Murray's notion of canal-building and proposed two canals: one roughly following Murray's route, as already outlined (though terminating in St. George's Bay)--about 130 miles; and another through the rocky spine of the Isthmus of Avalon.<sup>138</sup> Howley thought of these as projects worthy of Canadian or Imperial action. Both were motivated, in part, by

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<sup>135</sup>Edward Patrick Morris (1859-1935), Newfoundland lawyer and politician. Attorney General, 1900-07; Prime Minister, 1909-18.

<sup>136</sup>Howley to Morris, October 7, 1913 (Howley MSS, 262.2.04.012).

<sup>137</sup>Howley to [a Member of the House of Assembly], February 14, 1914 (Howley MSS, 262.2.05.026).

<sup>138</sup>James P. Howley, "The Approaches to the St. Lawrence; A proposition whereby the chief danger zones might be avoided by shipping," *Newfoundland Quarterly* (hereafter *NQ*), 1, 4 (1902): 6-8; "A Canal across Newfoundland; Proposition II," *NQ*, 2, 1 (1902): 17.

concerns over danger to navigation around Newfoundland's coasts, concerns made more understandable when we see the number of wrecks recorded in the *Reminiscences*. The former may show that Howley, as he hints in the *Reminiscences*, had swallowed the ideas of H.C. ("Fog Free Zone") Thomson,<sup>139</sup> who fancied that a large section of northern and western Newfoundland was in fact fog-free and should be utilized for transportation. (Thomson also proposed digging a tunnel under the Strait of Belle Isle; Howley's notebooks show him considering this idea as well.)<sup>140</sup> In any event, neither canal was feasible. "The Colony is poor and its resources are fully pledged for some years to come," Governor Davidson<sup>141</sup> told Howley in 1914, after reading of the canal from Green Bay to St. George's Bay.<sup>142</sup> Howley also once conceived an elaborate scheme of coastal fortifications for the defence of Great Britain against foreign invasion.<sup>143</sup> While in Montreal in 1913, he tried to stir up interest in icebreaking around the coasts of Newfoundland. He had built a model of one such icebreaker, and had a photograph of it to show to interested parties.<sup>144</sup> Another notebook shows him pondering the

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<sup>139</sup>Newfoundlanders in this period had a habit of attaching odd nicknames to entrepreneurs. Thus: "Drift Net" Flett, "Scotch Cure" Mair, "Cold Storage" Wright, and "Model Farm" Zavitz. "Fog Free Zone" Thomson alleged there was a fog-free zone in northern Newfoundland which, if properly used, might lead to economic benefits. W.G. Reeves, "Aping the 'American Type': The Politics of Development in Newfoundland, 1900-1908," *NS*, 10 (1994): 62.

<sup>140</sup>Memo book (1901), n.p. (Howley MSS).

<sup>141</sup>Sir Walter Davidson (1859-1923), civil servant; Governor of Newfoundland, 1913-17.

<sup>142</sup>Davidson to Howley, February 23, 1914 (Howley MSS, 262.2.05.024).

<sup>143</sup>Howley MSS, 262.3.02.007. He also had an idea for a "submarine chaser."

<sup>144</sup>"Visit to Canada" journal (1913), n.p., under September 12 (Howley MSS).

extraction of potash from kelp.<sup>145</sup>

In retirement in St. John's after 1909, Howley was, to all appearances, a respected figure. He had been referred to in Prowse's *History* and J.G. Millais's *Newfoundland and its Untrodden Ways* (1907)--though he would have found reason to complain of what was said of him in the latter book. (Millais listed Murray and Howley as "able pioneers" and noted the latter's "untiring zeal," yet he said "there is still much of the interior which is unmapped and quite unknown." At another point he wrote that Howley did no "more than roughly indicate" the position of Meelpaeg Lake!<sup>146</sup>) He was lecturing, writing; the government called on him to represent the country overseas. Yet he had a feeling of being neglected. He thought, looking back on his decision not to accept the offer made to him by the Geological Survey of Canada in 1884, that he had then made "the mistake of my life." He was not well off financially,<sup>147</sup> and he may have felt this keenly as well. "The only redeeming feature of my present position," he told Governor MacGregor, "is that outside of Newfoundland I am the recognised authority on its geology, mineralogy, natural history, geography etc." He asked the Governor to use his influence to get him "some mark of Imperial

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<sup>145</sup>Memo book (1912), n.p. (Howley MSS).

<sup>146</sup>J.G. Millais, *Newfoundland and its Untrodden Ways* (London: Longmans, Green and Co., 1907), pp. 199, 263. See also J.G. Millais, "Central Newfoundland and the Source of the Gander River," *Geographical Journal*, 27 (1906): 384, where he calls Howley "William." In his article "On Some New Lakes and a Little-known Part of Central Newfoundland," *Geographical Journal*, 22 (1903): 306, Millais says "a very large portion of Central Newfoundland is less known than Central Africa"!

<sup>147</sup>See a file of letters pressing for salary increases (Howley MSS, 262.2.04.002).

approval [which] would do much to create a better appreciation of my services on the part of my fellow countrymen." After all, Murray had been made a Companion of St. Michael and St. George after "only ten years" on the Geological Survey of Newfoundland, he said, and "While I would not for a moment attempt to underrate that gentleman's really valuable work, I do not think it is any exaggeration to state that in comparison with what has since been performed by myself, it was almost insignificant."<sup>148</sup> The C.M.G. was not forthcoming.<sup>149</sup> In 1913 Howley wrote a long essay called "Record of the Geological Survey" in which he asserted that the Survey "has been the prime factor in all subsequent enterprises that have arisen to our day."<sup>150</sup> The distinct impression is left by the essay

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<sup>148</sup>Howley to MacGregor, April, 1909 (Howley MSS, 262.3.01.004).

<sup>149</sup>On February 17, 1908, in a private dispatch to the Colonial Office in London, MacGregor warned that Sir Robert Bond, the prime minister, "holds the idea that no honours or distinctions should be conferred on any one in this Colony without his recommendation... He will probably urge now that the D.S.O. [Distinguished Service Order] be given to M<sup>r</sup>. Howley, the brother of the Archbishop. Sir R. Bond remarked to me that it is the only way he has of rewarding the Archbishop for political support. I have no objection to M<sup>r</sup>. Howley having the D.S.O.; but I should rather he had it after than before the election. I do not think these distinctions should be used for party election purposes. M<sup>r</sup>. Howley is an honest, hardworking man, of average capacity, but in point of education below the level of government geologists in other Colonies. It would be impossible to compare M<sup>r</sup>. Howley's qualifications with those of the Australian geologists. But M<sup>r</sup>. Howley honestly does his best, & he might very well have the D.S.O. in 1909." (C.O. 194/272, ff. 163-4.) The election in November, 1908, resulted in a tie; Bond resigned as prime minister early in 1909, after MacGregor twice refused his request to dissolve the Assembly. It was unfortunate for Howley that his claim for recognition became entangled with politics. MacGregor's assessment of Howley to his Imperial bosses was undoubtedly colored by his antipathy towards Bond. His view of Howley should be contrasted with that of Murray, who noted that few matters "have afforded me greater gratification than having been instrumental in training M<sup>r</sup>. Howley up to be the highly efficient and trustworthy geologist and surveyor that he is." (Howley MSS, 262.2.01.004; Murray to Whiteway, February 12, 1878.) S.J.R. Noel said of MacGregor that he was "a governor who was something less than a credit to his office" (*Politics in Newfoundland*, p. 216).

<sup>150</sup>"Record," p. 2.

that he had not been sufficiently listened to; the country had not been "properly handled," especially in relation to coal:

In the matter of iron smelting alone, the possibilities of the country are exceptional. We have here in Newfoundland all the necessary raw materials for the establishment of a gigantic industry, perhaps not to be outclassed in any part of the known world. We should today be smelting our unlimited resources of iron ore with our own coal, and our own fluxing material. Nay, we might be turning out our own steel rails, constructin[g] our iron bridges with home manufactured material, or perhaps building our own iron and steel ships. Such prognostications may be looked upon as mere flights of imagination, but they are bound to come to pass in time, or I am no prophet.<sup>151</sup>

Howley was also a family man, having married Elizabeth Jane Firth--the Lizzie of the *Reminiscences*--in St. John's on May 19, 1874.<sup>152</sup> (Elizabeth Howley, referred to as "my faithful and devoted wife" in Howley's will, was born in 1851 and died in 1935.<sup>153</sup>) They had eleven children, the last in 1894.<sup>154</sup> In April, 1889, Howley's

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<sup>151</sup>Ibid., p. 14.

<sup>152</sup>Roman Catholic Marriages, 1855-1874, Basilica, St. John's, Bk. 2, p. 277 (Provincial Archives of Newfoundland and Labrador [PANL]).

<sup>153</sup>The Howley gravestone in Belvedere Cemetery, St. John's, gives her dates. The will is in the Howley MSS, 262.1.01.013.

<sup>154</sup>In October, 1888, Howley in the bush received news of the birth of his daughter Mary. "This is No. 9," he writes. Two more births are recorded: Kathaleen (1890) in PANL, Roman Catholic Baptisms, St. John's, Basilica Parish, 1886-1891, p. 108; and Elizabeth Gabrielle (1894), *ibid.*, 1892-1897, p. 47.

11-year-old son John Thomas died of diphtheria; three months later, upriver searching for coal on the west coast, he got news from home, where diphtheria was still rampant: "all well at home. Thank God," he wrote. A total of five of his children died before his own death.<sup>155</sup> It seems likely that he was an affectionate parent. At the beginning of the Survey's 1891 season he took two of his sons, William and Richard, both of whom "had just recovered from an attack of Diphtheria,"<sup>156</sup> with him to the west coast for an outing; his deaf son James's turn came in 1896. The growing burdens of family life are reflected in the *Reminiscences* and in surviving correspondence and journals as years pass. In 1913 he visited his son James in Athabasca, Alberta, where the young man had gone with his wife and child to homestead. After seeing where James lived, Howley advised him to leave for Vancouver, or come home. On the train heading back east, he thought gloomily of "poor Jim & his wife & child. I wish they were out of it & in some more civilized place. The poor boy it makes me sad to think of his being so far away from home & so deaf. It is an awful drawback to him."<sup>157</sup>

In 1883 Howley bought a property bordering on Military Road in

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<sup>155</sup>Their names and dates are on the Howley gravestone, Belvedere Cemetery, St. John's.

<sup>156</sup>A diphtheria epidemic broke out in St. John's in 1888 and did not subside until 1892. In 1891, 140 died of the disease. *Encyclopedia of Newfoundland and Labrador* (hereafter *ENL*), (5 vols.; St. John's: Newfoundland Book Publishers [1967] Ltd. and Harry Cuff Publications Ltd., for the J.R. Smallwood Heritage Foundation, 1981-94), 2: 868.

<sup>157</sup>"Visit to Canada" journal (1913), n.p., under September 2 (Howley MSS).

St. John's.<sup>158</sup> He lost his house in the 1892 fire and returned for a while to Mount Cashel, which had been willed to him by his brother John. "I found myself in charge of a farm & administrator to an estate," he said in 1892.<sup>159</sup> But he had no intention of staying there. Mount Cashel was sold soon afterwards to the Roman Catholic church, and Howley returned to the city proper. When he died on January 1, 1918, he owned two adjacent houses on Military Road; but his estate was a modest one.

A character sketch from 1894 describes Howley as "rather reserved in disposition, yet frank, kindhearted, and gentlemanly."<sup>160</sup> An obituary, likely by W.J. Carroll, said that Howley's "wide and varied knowledge, his kindly and unaffected manner, and above all his extraordinary knowledge of the history and traditions of his native land, made him a most charming and interesting companion."<sup>161</sup>

Howley's son William, who died in 1941, was a distinguished lawyer and politician. His daughter Elizabeth edited *The Convent Bell*,<sup>162</sup> the publication for alumnae of the Presentation Convent,

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<sup>158</sup>Bill of sale, 3 Cochrane Place, St. John's, October 31, 1883 (Howley MSS, 262.1.01.003).

<sup>159</sup>"Journal" for 1892, 7 (Howley MSS).

<sup>160</sup>*Newfoundland Men. A collection of biographical sketches...of sons and residents of the island who have become known in commercial, professional, and political life*, Henry Youmans Mott, ed., (Concord, N.H.: T.W. & J.F. Cragg, 1893), p. 133. Mott has a photograph of Howley in addition to a short biography.

<sup>161</sup>C[arroll], "In Memoriam James P. Howley," *The Convent Bell*, 1, 4 (1918): 14-15. A further obituary appeared in *Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society of London*, 75 (1919): lxiv-lxv.

<sup>162</sup>See a photograph of her in *The Convent Bell*, 1, 4 (1918): 2.

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St. John's. His son Richard, a Lieutenant Commander in the Royal Navy, served with distinction in the Dardanelles in the First World War. James, the Athabaskan exile, became manager of the Royal Bank of Canada in that northern town, returned home to become Regimental Paymaster of the Royal Newfoundland Regiment, rose to the rank of Major, was awarded an M.B.E., and died in 1976 at the age of 92.

v. The Composition of the *Reminiscences*

The manuscript of J.P. Howley's "Reminiscences of Forty-two Years of Exploration in and about Newfoundland" is located in the Centre for Newfoundland Studies Archives, Queen Elizabeth II Library, Memorial University of Newfoundland (accession no.: 262.3.03). It is part of a large collection of Howley family manuscripts, most of which relate directly to J.P. Howley. The *Reminiscences*, when donated to the Archives, comprised two volumes (or, as they were termed internally, Books). Book I, covering the years 1868-88, contained 652 leaves (including the handwritten "Index" on the inside front cover); Book II, covering 1889-1911, contained 537 leaves. The leaves are of legal size, 8 1/2 inches by 13 inches. Book I was a typescript, as was part of Book II (the first 58 pages); the rest of Book II was a carbon copy of a typescript. The typing is double-spaced. Howley's handwritten corrections, deletions, comments, queries, underscoring, and additions in ink, some of them substantial, occurred throughout both Books, sometimes on the uncounted verso pages, i.e., the backs of the typed leaves.

There are also occasional typed interlineations. Scribbled pencilled comments and queries by another hand, mostly relating to economic issues raised in the *Reminiscences*, i.e., mining, settlement, etc., occur occasionally throughout. The Books were bound in black cardboard Shipman's "Common Sense" binders. On being catalogued by Archives staff, the Books were broken up, and the separate years are now in individual files.

A word of explanation is needed about the title. By the "Forty-two Years" Howley means 1868-1909. The brief notes about 1910 and 1911, which are not Survey years, are added in handwriting on the last page of the account of 1909.

The manuscript is evidently a fair copy made for a printer or publisher; it has been put "into book form," which is what Howley said in the "Introduction" to the *Reminiscences* it was his "intention" to do. It is possible, even likely, that Howley typed the manuscript himself, then corrected and made additions. However, it may have been prepared by a skilful typist. The date of the *Reminiscences*, i.e., the year or years when already existing texts were revised and when new parts of the work were composed, appears to be: 1914--no later--and possibly some years leading up to that date. The 1914 date is referred to, directly or by implication, at various points in the text. For example, in the account of the year 1871 he refers to the projected publication of his book on the Beothucks: "it is only now, after a lapse of forty-three years, that I am at length in a position to fulfil that intention." (The "now" of the *Reminiscences* is normally the time of composition.) No

date after 1914 is ever mentioned.

The text of the *Reminiscences* was a latter-day reconstruction, from field diaries (or "journals," as he always calls them in the original manuscripts; the terms are synonymous with him), "regular topographical and geological notes"--that is to say, technical notebooks, quite distinct from the journals, but also written in the field--published accounts of the Geological Survey's work, pocket memoranda books--yet another category of field notebook--other sources such as letters and newspapers, and his own memory, of J.P. Howley's life and work in the Newfoundland bush. It is perhaps important to state the differences between the three types of notebooks. The journals are his often lengthy personal narratives, in diary form, of the travel arrangements, surveys, explorations, and discoveries of a given year; the technical notebooks contain scientific data, i.e., rock identifications, section drawings, triangulation lines, barometer readings, measurements, etc., obviously intended to go into formal Survey publications, sometimes, not always, in diary form; the memo books show his preparations before travel, lists of items left in caches, disbursements of money for various purposes, including wages paid to his men, and miscellaneous jottings.

It had always been his intention, he says in his "Introduction," to "revise and rearrange" his diaries (i.e., journals) "and put them into book form ... But I had the misfortune to lose the major part of these note books in the great fire of 1892. Some few only escaped being consumed." He adds: "I have now

to trust almost entirely to memory for the greater part of my reminiscences." But as his surviving papers show, this was an overstatement. He did have a good supply of yearly journals to draw on, as well as many of the technical notebooks, memo books, and letters relating to the Survey that could help him recall the events of particular seasons. The journals pertaining to the Geological Survey (there are other journals besides these; see below) that survived, clearly his most important sources, were: a. those for the years 1868, 1877, 1882 (from Sept. 27)-84, 1887-93, 1896-8, and 1902 (to Sept. 2); b. those for 1886 and 1894, which he listed as "lost" but which he possessed and used when writing the *Reminiscences*; and c. that for 1895, a full 132-page journal which he had but also listed as "lost" and may not have made use of.<sup>163</sup> While, therefore, he might have lost "the major part" of his journals, he had more than "some few" in front of him as he wrote. He also had many technical notebooks, often, as stated above, arranged by date like a diary, some surprisingly detailed. Those for 1870, for instance, are almost equivalent to a journal--though he doesn't call them that--and he made ample use of them in producing his account of that year in the *Reminiscences*.

The years up to 1902 for which he had detailed journals to draw on tend to be longer, more densely detailed, and closer to field experience than the others. (See below for discussion of those from 1903-9, which raise special problems.) In their day-by-

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<sup>163</sup>All were in the Howley MSS at CNSA in 1997.

day arrangement and in other respects, these pre-1903 journal-based accounts read like real diaries. We feel close to him. At times he even writes as if he doesn't know what will happen tomorrow--as if, that is, there were no narrator glancing back from a distance of thirty or forty years. The reason for this is quite simple: although Howley said he planned "to revise and rearrange those diaries," in effect he did not "revise and rearrange" in such a way as to destroy the smell of the woodsmoke. The accounts of journal-based years in the *Reminiscences* are often a very slightly edited, and sometimes a literal, transcript of the words he wrote in the bush.

There are, however, discriminations to be made in discussing his uses of journals. The 1868 journal was extensively revised, but he could well have thought that the words and insights of a novice needed refurbishing. Besides, he might have indulged the common wish to start a literary work with a flourish. In addition, the surviving journals for 1877 and for the 1880s prior to 1889 underwent a process of rewriting before they were typed into the *Reminiscences*. But if the journals of 1889-94, 1896, 1898, and 1902 are compared with the equivalent years in the *Reminiscences*, it will be seen that Howley follows his field text carefully. In fact, the journals for those years were the copy-text from which the typing was done, normally having been partly or wholly worked through by Howley--often (somewhat oddly) inking over the original pencilled writing, making small refinements, deletions, and insertions--and sometimes provided with a new introduction.

The manuscripts of a number of such new introductions survive.<sup>164</sup> His reasons for writing new introductions varied. As originally drafted, they might be too critical of authority or lack force. The original introduction for 1892 was evidently too personal to be published. It, like some others, is simply crossed through in the journal but is perfectly readable. In 1898 there is no introduction as such: Howley begins baldly with the first journal entry. He does this elsewhere as well. He can also add new concluding diary entries, relying on memory or scribbled notes; he does this for the dates October 7-14, 1889, and November 19-25, 1890.

Howley's revisions to journals in the years prior to 1889 amount, as stated, to a reworking of the texts, a process through which the original loses some, but by no means all, of its freshness. But even the journal text from 1889-1902 is usually revised somewhat. While neither set of revisions can be thoroughly examined here, a brief glance at some textual changes in two of the latter years will provide clues to Howley's predilections and procedures throughout the *Reminiscences*. In preparing his 1889 journal text for typing, he stroked through nearly four pages at the beginning: there was to be a rewritten introduction. Then he inked over, i.e., darkened, the pencilled writing in the journal. (See below for a comment on this procedure.) He then used two

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<sup>164</sup>For example, those for 1889, 1890, and 1892, in the Howley MSS, with the Journal of the year, except for that for 1890, which is filed (in 2001) with the Journal for 1883-4.

devices to indicate deletions: a. he didn't ink over the passage to be deleted; and b. he put a stroke through the uninked passage. Here are some sample revisions. He removes an attack on Henry LeMessurier, a rival St. John's *littérateur*. "I am beginning to be doubtful of any coal seam here being constant & of sufficient size & importance for working" is deleted, for obvious reasons. "Remained in camp reading. Had a nice bath in the river the first of the season" is changed by the deletion of the last five words (it is August 4th, late for a first bath). "I fear it [a big seam of coal] is not on poor Clearys grant at least not the outcrop" is deleted (he may not have wished to call undue attention to his interest in businessman Philip Cleary's activities).<sup>165</sup> "Mike & Martin found another small seam" becomes "I found another small seam"--either a correction or a piece of bush buccaneering! References to constipation are also deleted. "It [the river] made a tremendous plunge down over the cliff and presented a beautiful picture": here the last five words are *added*, i.e., they were not in the original journal. In the 1890 journal he stroked through the first two pages and part of the third page: there was to be a rewritten introduction here as well. He then deletes in the manner of 1889. "So much for the presumptuous asses and designing politicians who..." is changed by the deletion of "and designing

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<sup>165</sup>His relationship with Capt. Philip Cleary (1825-1907), a shipowner, civil servant, mining speculator, and Member of the Legislative Council, is illuminated somewhat by an 1899 memo book, which lists work done by Howley for Cleary over the years (Howley MSS. See also Wendy Martin, *Once Upon a Mine: Story of Pre-Confederation Mines on the Island of Newfoundland* (Montreal: Canadian Institute of Mining and Metallurgy, 1983), pp. 24, 32.

politicians." (He doesn't want to be too specific in his condemnation of the powers above him.) "Fine day again but bushes very wet and disagreeable," he writes in the journal; in the revised text he drops "and disagreeable"--perhaps not wishing to play into the hands of those who think Newfoundland's bush and climate awful (though he uses the word *disagreeable* of the climate elsewhere in the *Reminiscences*). He deletes religious references. "Had a good nap after breakfast" is deleted: he doesn't want to give the impression he is a laggard. "The crew are awful fellows to eat especially Giles & John Stevens" becomes, simply, "The crew are awful fellows to eat." References to an attack of piles, to perspiration, and to a pain in his stomach, are deleted. (He was always sensitive to stomach trouble: his father had died of "stomach disease, and general failure of system."<sup>166</sup>) Among the inked additions to this journal is the margin account of John Stevens searching for his son Will Stevens in the forest fire: "John Stevens seeing this went nearly crazy about his son. He did not hesitate a moment but went tearing up through fire & smoke like a madman, crying out Will Will where are you." Here is an instance of Howley adding drama to the plain journal text. (Which is not to say that the incident is invented.) One other feature of the 1890 text to be noted is this: the last two pages of the original were barely legible; it wasn't possible to make them legible by inking

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<sup>166</sup>Thomas Howley to J.P. Howley, August 13, 1881 (Howley MSS, 262.1.01.002.)

them over, so he copied them on new sheets.

Howley inked over his pencilled journals when the pencil used in the field was faint. He sometimes simply touched up clearer texts, or left them uninked. In the texts that are heavily written over in preparation for typing, it is often hard to see if he isn't, in fact, altering slightly as he goes, but in general he seems to be following the writing underneath.

As Howley stated, for "the major part" of the *Reminiscences* he had no journals. He had none from 1869 to 1876, for instance.<sup>167</sup> But for 1869 and 1870 he had technical notebooks to draw on;<sup>168</sup> the two covering the latter year are very detailed, and in following them he sometimes packs his *Reminiscences* text with geological description.<sup>169</sup> He had at hand two technical notebooks for 1871 and as a consequence the account of that year is fairly full, though again more minutely geological than years for which he had journals. The boat travel is also carefully stated in the *Reminiscences* text: one of the notebooks supplied details of that,

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<sup>167</sup>Though a notebook (CNSA, 262.02.006) contains a brief journal-like account of Aug. 26-Sept. 6, 1875.

<sup>168</sup>Some of Howley's technical notebooks remained in his private possession; others were left in the Survey's office mixed in with those of other surveyors. For the 1870s, for instance, he had in his possession technical notebooks for only 1870, 1871, 1876, and 1878; those for the remaining years in the decade remained with the Survey, and it is unclear whether he had access to them when writing his "Reminiscences." Most of the 23 Howley notebooks in the Howley Building, Department of Natural Resources, Government of Newfoundland and Labrador, are technical notebooks.

<sup>169</sup>Besides the *Reminiscences* text and the technical notebooks, there is a third account by Howley of the year 1870. This is in an untitled (1914) notebook, leaves 52-80 (Howley MSS). Earlier leaves in this notebook (leaves 10-51) contain his account of 1869--the text used in the *Reminiscences*. He did not make use of the excellent account of 1870 in this notebook.

too. But 1871 has some of the marks of what we might term a composed year (as distinct from a journal-based year). There is no routine format of date followed by entry. (But there *is* such a procedure in 1870.) As well, the story of the bull, the interjections about the Beothucks, the Marryat-style account of the dramatic voyage home, the long yarn about the Halfyard rescue, the lack of concrete detail in the description of going up the Gander River, and a general formal bookish "literary" quality throughout, are telling signs. In the account of 1872, according to him a "memorable" year, but only briefly described, there is the same discursive quality, the same yarning and padding. 1873 finds him calling on Longfellow's *Evangeline* four times. In 1876 he resorts to dialogue, which is clearly more appropriate to fiction than a diary. All these years are intriguing and important in their own way, but the texture is sometimes markedly different from those based on journals. They are written in the book-lined study. Manuscript drafts of some of these years survive.<sup>170</sup>) We smell the oilcloth as well as the woodsmoke. In addition, the typescript for these years tends to contain more handwritten additions; he adds material as revision jogs his memory. (It has to be noted, however, that discursiveness and yarning and reaching for literary effect are not strictly confined to years in which he has no journal. The sentimental digression in the *Reminiscences* for 1894 to the effect that the "poor caribou, like the Red Indians, will have to give

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<sup>170</sup>See note 167; a seven-page opening of 1875, differing from that in the typescript, is in CNSA, 262, 3.02.013.

place to the march of civilization" and the "iron horse" comes straight out of his field journal. He scratched that out on a stump in the bush.)

Though the *Reminiscences* are voluminous, and though for some years he was clearly stretching to find material, he in fact had much material at hand that he didn't use. For instance, the accounts of 1903-09 could have easily been extended. He had no journals, as strictly defined by him, to rely on, but he had plenty of field notes from which he could have written long accounts of some of these years, and of course they were closer to him in time. These were grim years of repetitive, futile coal-boring and he apparently wanted to pass over them quickly. In the account of 1906, for instance, he ruthlessly compresses the coal story (available in a highly detailed technical notebook) to focus on his trips to Sandy Lake, to Labrador, and to Gambo (hunting with the Governor), which he evidently reports from memory. In 1907 he again has an elaborate technical notebook at hand, very close to being a journal. He reduces this too, rejecting coal data in favour of a description of the town of Grand Falls and accounts of visitors. Perhaps he was getting anxious to finish a long and hard job of writing. Certainly he could have written extended narratives of 1910 and 1911 instead of the few jottings he provided: he had at hand fascinating, highly detailed journals of his trips abroad in those years. But they were not, of course, Geological Survey years. His purpose was to confine his *Reminiscences* to the years of working on the Survey and, mostly, to his work *for* the Survey. This

is why he fails to mention his trip in May, 1908, with Governor MacGregor, to visit the Micmacs in Conne River, his visit to Halifax in the summer of that year, and his journey to New York, via the Maritime provinces and Boston, in the spring of 1885. Journal accounts for these survive.<sup>171</sup> But not even all his geological work in Newfoundland was recorded in the *Reminiscences*. For example, in May, 1878, he carried out geological explorations along the North Shore of Conception Bay. These are passed over in his account of that year. Again, he went to Bell Island in early December, 1895, and spent four days taking geological notes. The work he did there is not mentioned in the manuscript.<sup>172</sup>

#### vi. The *Reminiscences*

Howley's purpose in writing the *Reminiscences*, as stated by him in his Introduction, was a humble one. He thought his work "might prove of some interest to future explorers and give some idea of what the conditions of travelling in the interior were before the advent of the Railway etc." Not all the work he did was in the "interior" of the island. It may be useful to break the forty-two years (not counting 1910 and 1911) down into certain rough categories, in order to put his statement about "travelling

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<sup>171</sup>The trips to Halifax and Conne River are described in a 1908-09 memo book; the trip to New York has a separate journal (Howley MSS).

<sup>172</sup>See James P. Howley, "Report to Imperial Government on the Mineral Resources of Newfoundland" (1895) [on the mineral formation of Bell Island], in Alex. Murray and James P. Howley, *Reports of Geological Survey of Newfoundland...From 1881-1909*, pp. 662-669, 671-74.

in the interior" in perspective. Sixteen seasons were spent on what were essentially coastal surveys, i.e., geologizing and/or land surveying (mostly the latter) on or very near the shoreline. The other twenty-six seasons we can term interior work, though one of these was on the Avalon Peninsula, three were up fairly short river systems on the south side of St. George's Bay, one, 1868, was mostly coastal, and two were up the Codroy Valley. Eleven seasons, including the last seven, were mainly, but not exclusively, devoted to looking for coal, uncovering and measuring coal seams, and boring for coal, near Grand Lake. These Grand Lake years saw him operate from major campsites north of the lake, yet they were by no means sedentary years for him. He often left camp for long exploratory tramps, once (1891) getting within sight of White Bay. Seven seasons--1875, 1876, 1879 (though principally a Grand Lake year), 1882, 1887, 1888, and 1890--saw him carry out extensive cross-country treks. Setting 1879 aside, these were his years of greatest challenge. The "travelling in the interior" he did in those years was remarkable and at times even heroic.

The difficulties facing the traveller in the interior of Newfoundland in the 19<sup>th</sup> century were frequently alluded to by Cormack and Jukes. The interior, Jukes wrote in 1840, is "trackless, uninhabited, and obscured by woods and morasses ... Not only is there no map of the interior, but no general knowledge of it exists. No guide can be found who knows more of the country than

a few miles round his own dwelling."<sup>173</sup> This was an exaggeration. Cook had gone up the Humber into Deer Lake in 1767, and the following year John Cartwright<sup>174</sup> travelled up the Exploits to Red Indian Lake (or Lieutenant's Lake). The Humber and Exploits rivers, together with "Cook's Lake" (Deer Lake) and Lieutenant's Lake were on 18th century maps, though inaccurately drawn.<sup>175</sup> The existence of Grand Lake and Gander Lake, it hardly needs saying, was also known (though Gander Lake is missing on Murray's 1875 map of the island<sup>176</sup>). Cormack, guided by the Micmac Sylvester, had crossed the island in 1822 and provided a map of the part he traversed. Jukes himself found a Micmac guide, Sulleon, to take him to Grand Lake in 1839. Sulleon not only "knew all the country perfectly well" but had spent two or three winters living on the shores of Grand Lake, intended to go there again with his family, and even had a boat on it!<sup>177</sup> And Howley and Murray, of course, counted on Micmacs as guides as well as packers and canoeists. Much of the interior seems

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<sup>173</sup>Jukes, *Excursions*, 2: 209-10.

<sup>174</sup>Lt. John Cartwright (1740-1824), naval surrogate, brother of George (1739-1819, long-time resident on the Labrador coast), in 1768 attempted, unsuccessfully, to establish relations with the Beothucks, and left a manuscript map of the Island, with several features along the Exploits River identified. [John Cartwright,] *The Life and Correspondence of Major Cartwright*, F.D. Cartwright, ed., (2 vols.; London: Henry Colburn, 1826). *ENL*, 1: 376 for the map. W. Gordon Handcock, "The View from Mount Janus: John Cartwright's 1768 Exploits River Toponymy," *Canoma*, 14, 1 (July, 1988): 6-11.

<sup>175</sup>See, for example, Peter Neary and Patrick O'Flaherty, *Part of the Main; An Illustrated History of Newfoundland and Labrador* (St. John's: Breakwater, 1983), p. 46.

<sup>176</sup>*Atlas of the Dominion Map of Newfoundland by Alex<sup>r</sup>. Murray. Esq<sup>re</sup>. F.G.S. Drawn by M<sup>r</sup>. Rob<sup>t</sup>. Barlow, Draughtsman, to the Geological Survey of Canada, from Tackabury's Atlas of the Dominion of Canada* (Montreal: Geo. N. Tackabury, 1875). The blank spaces on this map show parts that Murray thought were unsurveyed and imperfectly known.

<sup>177</sup>Jukes, *Excursions*, 1: 121, 124, 148.

to have been well known to Micmac hunters and also to certain Innu from Labrador (not to mention the Beothucks). The Micmacs, who, as Howley testifies, used their own maps and signs,<sup>178</sup> were evidently accustomed to crossing the island over known routes. One of his men, John Stevens, was employed prior to 1873 carrying mail overland in winter to Tilt Cove. He "had been given minute directions by some of the older Indians," Howley says. The Micmacs had wigwams at chosen spots inland, and their chiefs allocated portions of the interior to particular families as hunting grounds. Millais listed these family hunting grounds in 1907.<sup>179</sup> As the decades passed, white settlers too ventured farther up the great rivers to trap, hunt caribou, and for other purposes. When Howley first arrived at the head of Deer Lake, in 1879, a farmer named Nichols was firmly established there, and a route to Grand Lake had been well trodden. In addition, the cutters and repairers of telegraph lines and the railway surveyors of 1875 and later years had been over parts of the interior. From time to time Howley made use of the telegraph station on Sandy Lake. In 1893 he took a photograph of it "as being the furthest house from the sea-coast in Newfoundland."

Big-game hunters such as R.L. Dashwood, F.C. Selous, and J.G. Millais also had a role in exploring the interior, though a minor

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<sup>178</sup>Howley gives an account of some of these signs in the *Reminiscences* of 1868; in 1888 he was assisted, on his journey overland from north to south, by a map drawn on birch bark by Micmac Noel Mathews.

<sup>179</sup>Millais, *Newfoundland*, p. 222.

one compared to Howley's. Dashwood found his way to Grand Lake, apparently via Hall's Bay, in 1869. "Traces of coal were visible near the shores of this lake," he dutifully reported.<sup>180</sup> Although he said that "the expense and waste of time [hunting in Newfoundland] are not commensurate with the sport to be obtained,"<sup>181</sup> he came back again in 1886. We find him prating about Newfoundland's problems in the 1890s.<sup>182</sup> Comments on Dashwood's movements and ideas are found in the *Reminiscences*. The hunter infuriated Howley by his claim that Newfoundland timber was "rotten scrub" and by opposing industrial development because it would spoil "the only decent hunting country left to English sportsmen."<sup>183</sup> Selous made three trips inland in 1900-05, the first two up the Terra Nova River to Lake St. John and Mollyguaheck Lake, the third to King George IV Lake via Red Indian Lake. He acknowledged Howley had been in both areas before him.<sup>184</sup> Millais's hunting, over the eastern interior, occurred in 1902-06; he took pride in tramping over and even mapping places where he said "the ubiquitous Mr. Howley"<sup>185</sup> had not been. Locating such places took effort. Yet Howley nowhere claims that he had been over *all* the interior.

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<sup>180</sup>Richard Lewes Dashwood, *Chiploquorgan; or, Life by the Camp fire in Dominion of Canada and Newfoundland* (Dublin: Robert T. White, 1871), p. 272.

<sup>181</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 292.

<sup>182</sup>See *Eve Tel*, Nov. 6, 1894.

<sup>183</sup>"Record," p. 12. See a letter defending Dashwood in *Eve Tel*, Aug. 18, 1888, p. 4. Howley had attacked him in the *Evening Mercury*, Aug. 17, 1888.

<sup>184</sup>F.C. Selous, *Recent Hunting Trips in British North America* (London: Witherby & Co., 1907), pp. 15, 117, 252-253.

<sup>185</sup>Millais, *Newfoundland*, p. 196. Millais includes two maps of parts of the interior, opp. pp. 196, 254. (J. McGaw had a hand in drawing the first one.)

Another hunter, one with a stronger interest in geology than Dashwood or Millais, was Staff-Commander George Robinson of the Royal Navy, who in 1877 led a party from Green Bay overland to Bonne Bay, touching at White Bay en route. He drew a careful map of his trek and made note of promising rock formations. For instance, he found some patches of red marl which, he said, appeared "to be well adapted for terra-cotta ware."<sup>186</sup> This journey is a reminder that Murray and Howley were not the only *geological* successors to Jukes in the period 1855-1914. James Richardson's work has been alluded to. H.Y. Hind, a geologist known mainly for his expeditions in western Canada and Labrador,<sup>187</sup> explored the Upper Humber and tracked from White Bay to Green Bay in 1877. He was on the watch for "copper-bearing rocks."<sup>188</sup> The intense interest in mining in late 19th-century Newfoundland brought geologists to the island who were either in the employ of mining companies or else prospecting on their own: Howley met some of them in the course of his own explorations.<sup>189</sup> Another journey of a magnitude similar to one of Howley's annual surveys was that of H.C. Thomson and W.H. Burt in

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<sup>186</sup>Cdr. George Robinson, "Report of a Journey across the Island of Newfoundland," *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*, 47 (1877): 283.

<sup>187</sup>Henry Youle Hind, *Explorations in the Interior of the Labrador Peninsula; The Country of the Montagnais and Nasquapee Indians* (London: Longman, Green, Longman, Roberts, & Green, 1863).

<sup>188</sup>Hind to Sir John Glover, March 31, 1878; Howley MSS, 262.2.05.002.

<sup>189</sup>One was the British geologist T.G.B. Lloyd (1829-1876). His obituary says: "During the last three years of his life he was occupied in surveying lands in Newfoundland, in search of mineral property." (*Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society of London*, 32 [1876]: 87). Howley met him in 1873. Accompanying Lloyd was another geologist, John Milne (1850-1913), who spent two years investigating the geology of Newfoundland and Labrador. Both Lloyd and Milne published articles on Newfoundland.

1904. Again the purpose was chiefly geological. With three Micmac guides, one recommended by Howley, they walked along a mainly inland route from Bonne Bay to Pointe Riche. Though at one point they thought there was "much iron about, for our compasses swung a good deal," they found mostly granite. They left a fine map of the Northern Peninsula, on which their itinerary is traced.<sup>190</sup>

None of this is to question or undervalue Howley's considerable achievement. It is only fair to concede that others had been in the interior before him (or were going in contemporaneously with him) and knew and used parts of it. But theirs was mostly specialized private knowledge, such as hunters and trappers had to have. And the geological observations of men such as Robinson and Thomson were essentially amateurish. Howley tramped over, saw with a trained eye, described with a fastidious pen, cut through, dug into, painstakingly mapped, and proudly exhibited vast sections of the Newfoundland interior hitherto known, if at all, to only a few. Of particular note were his journeys up or down the secondary river systems of Newfoundland: the Serpentine River, for instance, and Crabb's River in 1874; Victoria River, southwest of Red Indian Lake--which he says "not a single white man had ever traversed" and "only ... one Indian" -- and Lloyd's River in 1875; the Northwest and Southwest Gander rivers in 1876; the Humber above Big Falls in 1879; the Bay du Nord River in Fortune Bay in 1887; the upper reaches of the East Bay

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<sup>190</sup>H.C. Thomson, "Notes on a Journey through the Northern Peninsula of Newfoundland," *Geographical Journal*, 26 (1905): 187-98. See n. 139 above.

river system and Noel Paul's Brook in 1888. Nor are these all he explored and surveyed. (He of course knew the Exploits, lower Humber, and Gander rivers as well.) His exploration and mapping of lakes such as Victoria Lake, Lloyd's Lake, Sandy Lake, King George IV Lake, the south end of Red Indian Lake (left unfinished by Murray), and, perhaps most notably, the "labyrinth" of Meelpaeg Lake, which took him a month to survey in 1888, have also to be listed among his big contributions, as does his railway survey over the Topsails, from the Exploits valley west, in 1890. The interior takes clearer shape with each of these episodes. The shadows fade into light. By the time he had finished his geologizing and mapping, the interior had been brought into public view.

The dogged, year-by-year uncovering of the island's interior heartland takes place in the *Reminiscences*. It is the longest, most tenaciously concrete description of the Newfoundland interior ever written. As we read, we see it as he saw it, for the first time--"a rough place from God's hand,"<sup>191</sup> to be sure, but awe-inspiring too. We feel the grim labour of clambering over and canoeing through it; sharing his sense of wonder, we feel its power and its beauty.

Part of the story of Howley's treks through the interior belongs to the Micmacs, whom he employed as guides, packers, and canoemen over many years. His long connection with them gives his account greater authenticity than, say, that of Millais, who knew a small number of the Indians in two short hunting seasons in 1905-

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<sup>191</sup>R.T.S. Lowell, *Poems* (Boston: E.P. Dutton and Co., 1864), p. 72.

06. (This is not to say, however, that the latter's description is of no value.) Howley was not greatly advanced for his time in his general view of Indians. He tended to equate civilization with agriculture and European expansion, while "barbarous hordes" who lived "in the hunter state of existence" he could term "utter savages."<sup>192</sup> He refers, sometimes in ways that might now seem insensitive, to the drinking habits of the Micmacs, to their "loafing around ... doing nothing," and to the practice of passers-by and relatives of his men hanging around his camp to feed off his supplies. "Like most semi-civilized people they were very partial to strong drink and when under the influence were very difficult to manage," he writes.<sup>193</sup> More than once he blames Micmac hunters for going ahead of his survey party to scare away game. He plays tricks on them, reminding us somewhat of Huck Finn's tricks on Jim. But he was intrigued by them, depended on them, and studied their ways. When they gave him advice, he listened and often heeded. In 1882 they told him that wood struck by lightning was "a sure cure for toothache." He got his hands on some. One Indian, John Stevens (not a full-blooded Micmac, however), he described as "a magnificent specimen of a man ... an expert canoe-man and hunter, and the best all-round woodsman I ever met." This is highly unusual praise from Howley. We owe to him (and Murray) numerous place-names and

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<sup>192</sup>*Soils of Newfoundland*, p. [1].

<sup>193</sup>Untitled notebook (1914), l. 53 (Howley MSS).

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translations used by the Micmacs.<sup>194</sup> He admired their ingenuity in making do in the woods. He saw some of them building a wigwam on the shore of Grand Lake in 1879, and explained carefully how it was done. In 1888 he inspected a Micmac wigwam near Meelpaeg Lake and left a thorough description: he tells the square footage, height of the log sides, what was laid on the rafters outside, how the smoke made its egress, how clothes were hung to dry within, what the cooking utensils were like, where hunting parties left their names, what was outside the door, and much more. "One can scarcely realize without experience," he says, "how comfortable this sort of habitation can be made, even in rough, cold, winter weather." The account is anthropological. It could only be written by someone who respected the builders.

He explained their ingenious games at great length. (One of which, however, he relates to a torture scene in Cooper's *The Deerslayer*!) "I used occasionally to indulge in these games myself to pass away a dull time," he notes, "and became quite expert in all of them." He described what he termed their "death dance," their stories and songs. He recorded a Micmac hymn. He referred to their skill in mapmaking: "They will draw with great accuracy on a sheet of birch bark with a coal from the fire, maps of any part of

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<sup>194</sup>W.J. Kirwin and G.M. Story, "Place Naming and the Geological Survey of Newfoundland," *Canoma*, 18, 1 (1992): 38-41, and John Hewson, "Micmac Place Names in Newfoundland," *RLS*, 8 (1978): 1-21. Transcriptions of Micmac place-names are listed in Rév. Père Pacifique, "Gtagamgog--Newfoundland Sag Megoetjiteoagig [The land across the water--Newfoundland; the Country of the Red Indians]," *Études historiques et géographiques* (Ristigouche, 1935), pp. 310-21.

the country they are familiar with." As for their language, he understood many Micmac words and could follow what speakers were saying to one another. He adds: "had I made an effort I should have been able to speak the language myself." We note from this that he had not made the effort. He got close to them, but not that close. But Howley may have kept a certain distance from all his men, Indian and non-Indian. He was conscious of his social standing. In 1897 he was obliged to ride on a rail flatcar and expressed his disgust at "being herded as cattle ... amongst a crowd of dirty men, who scarcely washed themselves all summer." Those men were not Micmacs.

"These Micmac Indians are a simple childlike people in many ways, though extremely cunning in others," he writes. The words "simple" and "childlike" may be thought demeaning, though they are offset somewhat by the phrase about "cunning" that follows. Nearly thirty years later, Millais used the word "simple" of the Micmacs too. On parting with Joe Jeddore late in the season, he gave him a rifle as a present. Jeddore was overjoyed:

"See here, boss, next time you come to Newfoundland we'll go partners together. You can do all the shootin', and I will trap, and we'll make lots of dollars." It did not occur to his simple mind that I did not want to make a few dollars out of his local knowledge, but he meant it as a compliment, and I took it as such.<sup>195</sup>

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<sup>195</sup>Millais, *Newfoundland*, pp. 260-261.

Howley wrote nothing as snooty as that. Millais's account is full of haughty Imperial irony directed at the Micmacs' religion: they were "Roman Catholics, with a dash of the Totem Pole thrown in," he says. If the priest was not present in Conne River at Christmas time, he adds, "Joe Jeddore is high priest."<sup>196</sup> At the same time, Millais made claims for the trapping rights of the Micmacs that Howley did not make:

... I consider that the Indians have "rights"--rights which have come to them by custom and inheritance, just as much as to the white man, and that within reason these should be respected, before a tribe has been completely exterminated by war, disease, and rum.<sup>197</sup>

The placing of quotation marks around "rights" and the phrase "within reason" notwithstanding, this is a generous statement for the time. Millais mainly wanted to make a political and historical assessment of the Micmacs, and to give moralistic advice to the government about the need to deny them access to liquor; Howley tells what he saw in the bush. Both are somewhat inclined to tell comical yarns at the Indians' expense, but Millais much more so. In relating Micmac dialogue in English--something again that Millais does more often than Howley--they both avoid stereotypical Indian "talk" of the kind found even in Thoreau: "Very easy makum bridge

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<sup>196</sup>Ibid., p. 219.

<sup>197</sup>Ibid., p. 225.

here ... That make hard paddlum ... hold 'em canoe."<sup>198</sup>

The coastline as well as interior of Newfoundland is brought into sharp perspective by Howley's *Reminiscences*. During his surveys on foot or in small boats--i.e., when he was studying rock faces on cliffs and islands--as he moved along the coast on steamers, and as he trekked back and forth to the coast from periods spent inland, he saw human society and economic activity. Sometimes he looked intently and lengthily; at other times we have passing asides. What we get from this is enormously valuable: a kind of living record of Newfoundland outside the metropole, rural history in the process of being made.

Howley lived in St. John's, yet "our side [of] the island" (as he termed it--that is to say, the old settled English/Irish shore of the Avalon Peninsula, northeast coast, and much of the south coast--was of limited interest to him as a scientist and thinker. Of course he did some important Survey work there in the early years, and those accounts are filled with youthful enthusiasm and inquisitiveness. But later he associated that "side" with fish, fog, and headland. He had no liking for "the cold rugged barren sea-beaten outside islands and shores" and "desolate barren appearance" of old Newfoundland. He was a new man with a new outlook. Coal, timber, agriculture were the ingredients in the future he envisaged. Agriculture would be as important as fishing then: 100,000 fishermen would be matched by 100,000

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<sup>198</sup>H.D. Thoreau, *The Maine Woods* (1864), Joseph J. Moldenhauer, ed., (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1972), p. 167.

agriculturalists."<sup>199</sup> And soils "so fertile as to need no manure"<sup>200</sup> would not be found on or near the Avalon. As a consequence, he provides little by way of commentary on, for instance, Harbour Grace, King's Cove, Trinity, "ancient" Ferryland, St. Mary's, Bay de Verde--all of which he visited from time to time, big settlements which readers might well wish he had described better. He deals abruptly with them and his comments often betray a lack of interest. Thus he found St. Mary's in 1883 "a dull place with scarcely a man, woman or child to be seen"; Bay de Verde "looked more wretched than ever" in 1886, while Trinity "looked awfully dull" and King's Cove looked "poor." But when he rounded Cape Ray and saw the Codroy Valley, he was

... struck with the beauty and magnificence of the scenery. Here we beheld a low, deep, level tract of country extending away into the interior, and surrounded on either side by lofty ranges of Mountains. The long Range on the south side, the valley and Anguille range on the north. It presented a magnificent panorama and was certainly unlike anything I had ever seen before, or anything on our side of the island.

Similar pastoral effusions sprung from him when he saw St. George's Bay. On the west coast, owing to the "great back-ground" of the Long Range mountains, fogs "are of the very rarest occurrence," he said. They hang around the tops of the mountains, but "seem to lift

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<sup>199</sup>*Soils of Newfoundland*, p. 8.

<sup>200</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 7.

and evaporate before reaching the low ground.③ He found a fogless atmosphere in the Bay of Exploits as well: "It was a lovely spot right in the eye of the sun which always shines here. Fog from the outside never penetrates so far up the bay.④ There are such praises heaped on the Exploits and Humber valleys too, on Deer Lake, and particularly on Grand Lake. The roads of Howley's life led to Grand Lake (near which, even in his own day, a railway station was named after him; the community that grew around the station is still the only one on the 56-mile-long lake). He saw the lake first in 1879. "I shall never forget my first sight of this great inland sea and the thoughts it engendered," he writes. He went back repeatedly in the years that followed, even in some seasons when his Survey work was supposed to be carried out elsewhere. He tramped and hunted and canoed along its shores, gave the names to Glover Island and Aldery Brook, explored the inlets and incoming streams. He took his son William to see it in 1891. Most of his hopes for a native coal industry were centered on it. It was a second home to him.

These expostulations and fancies have their own appeal, but perhaps what interests us more are the vignettes he provides of the lives of settlers on the western and northern coasts (as well as those closer to St. John's in the early years). There is no equivalent to Susanna Moodie's *Roughing it in the Bush* (1852) in Newfoundland. We do not have a pioneer settlement literature. Howley's *Reminiscences* partly compensates for this deficiency. He was on the watch for newcomers in a previously unopened region and wanted to know how they made their living, how much of the land

they had cultivated, how their land and life compared to what they had known before. If he returned years later to the same place, he would sometimes note the progress made or lack of it. In St. George's Bay and the Codroy Valley the people he met were fairly recent settlers. He was able to describe immigrant experiences such as the arrival of the Cape Breton Scottish Highlanders, to a hostile reception, at Crabb's River (vol. 1, p. 301). His 1883 account of surveying in the Codroy Valley is rich in detail about the habits of the Highlanders, who

... are not a bit like those in the outharbours on our side the island, especially in the northern districts. There is something so open and frank about them. None of that awkward shyness or backwardness observable elsewhere, especially about the children.

He was struck in 1873 by the "heterogeneous mixture of races" in the western district. There were, he said, Highland Scots, Irish, Acadian French, "pure French from the motherland," English (some of Jersey descent), Micmacs, "Jack-o-Tars" (i.e., people of Micmac and French descent) and even one Hawaiian islander--all "very friendly and hospitable." In describing his own at times difficult relations with these western settlers, he conveys their values and their sense of independence, born of living so far away from the seat of government on a disputed shore.

He also takes us close to early settler experience in 1869, when he writes of the Stroud family at the mouth of the Terra Nova River and the forming communities on and near Random Island. In his

accounts of the Bay of Exploits we see settlers arriving and choosing places to make their life. At The Arches in 1896 he finds "one solitary family" who "look sleek and well-fed, though it is hard to say what they live on." In Little Cat Arm in White Bay, in 1902, he sees just two families and wonders how they "can live in such a place." The remote corners of the island fill up as we read Howley year by year. The railroad, mining, lumbering, lobstering draw people away from "our side of the Island." More and more hunters, sightseers, and travellers turn up in the interior, especially as the railroad track is laid. But tourists and adventurers had found Newfoundland before the building of the railroad. As early as 1875 Howley met a Canadian Member of Parliament named Costigan<sup>201</sup> canoeing in the deep interior of the island! He had come to investigate Newfoundland's forests.

Howley in fact spins a good yarn around Costigan, relating how the latter takes a madman on a lengthy journey out of the woods to safety. The incident is a reminder that he was more than an observer of scientific and social phenomena: he was a natural storyteller. This meant that he not only was instinctively drawn to odd characters, yarns, and dramatic scenes, but also that he shaped some of the events that happened to him on the Survey into strong narratives. Like an experienced short story writer, he knew when to shave description and focus on action. In his accounts of hunting

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<sup>201</sup>John Costigan (1835-1916), M.P. for Victoria county, N.B., 1867- 1905; cabinet minister, 1882-96. He was appointed to the Senate in 1907. W. Stewart Wallace, *The Macmillan Dictionary of Canadian Biography* (3 ed.; Toronto: Macmillan, 1963), pp. 155-56. Howley greatly took to Costigan, who was a Roman Catholic of Irish parentage and a supporter of Home Rule.

(though these can tire even a patient reader) he often does this so well that he captures the drama of the chase. The most hair-raising episode, perhaps, in the *Reminiscences*, occurred when he was off hunting during his railway survey of 1890. This was a season featuring much bitter work of cutting and lugging, a forest fire, and assorted other troubles. He named one area he passed through "the Vale of Tears." One day late in the season he found he could "scarcely walk without considerable suffering." But nothing could stop his hunting. On August 25 he lost an iron pin that connected the barrel and stock of his rifle, so he substituted a wooden one. On September 7 he went for his usual Sunday ramble, gun in hand. Crossing a river on the return journey, he spotted a duck, fired, and heard a tremendous report. The wooden pin broke:

I felt a blow in the left eye like the stroke of the end of a stick which completely dazed me. The barrel went up in the air and fell in the water while the stock remained in my grasp. For an instant I did not know whether or not my head was still on.

The third sentence here, coolly delivered, is astonishing; and the simile "like the stroke of the end of a stick" is apt and convincing. The switch of a branch in the face would be something he'd know well from beating his way through heavy woods; the stroke of the end of a stick across the eye would of course be more painful, perhaps only fearfully imagined until then. This is fine narrative style. The incident, which he reflected on at length, left him with an "awfully sore" and "dreadfully bloodshot" eye.

(Overusing intensives is one of his faults.) He concluded that if he had been intending to shoot at a caribou instead of a duck, "with a solid brass cartridge & heavier charge of powder," it might have gone very badly with him. But there had been no caribou around of late, so he had gone out not expecting to shoot one. "I suppose it was God who did it" (that is, saved his life), he said, in what can only be called a grudging concession to divinity. Almost as gripping as this scene are his accounts of dangerously getting lost in the woods, which owing to his habit of going out alone to hunt and "see the country" happened not infrequently. In 1882 he got lost twice in thick, high timber, the first time hunting beaver, the second while hunting deer. This second time was a long, harrowing experience of exposure to wet, cold weather. Howley said he never recovered from it: "From that day forth I have been filled with rheumatic pains in all my limbs."

As stated, he had from the beginning an eye for the dramatic or striking scene. Even fishing scenes might catch his fancy. Thus in 1871:

In running up the Tickle we passed a fishing punt in which a man and his wife were trying for cod. The woman alternated the handling of her line with rocking a cradle in which an infant lay. This was a veritable confirmation of the oft repeated saying, "that Newfoundlanders are fishermen from the cradle to the grave."

Howley adds that the women of Notre Dame Bay are "just as much at home in a punt as the men and can handle the oars with equal

skill." Two years later he witnessed the slaughter of ninety porpoises driven ashore in St. George's Bay. His description recaptures the mayhem of the men rowing among the stranded beasts, chopping them with scythes, pitchforks, and hatchets, as the water turned red with blood. His wrecking scenes of 1868 and 1883 are also memorable, as is that of his raid on a Beothuck burial site. There are many poignant episodes in Howley's writing. Two of his men perished, one by accidental drowning in 1886 (the same year Howley looted the Beothuck cave), the other of unknown causes, in his sleep, in 1890; he was badly shaken by both events. In 1889, at the head of St. George's Bay, he tells of the homecoming, death, and wake of a consumptive, "a young man named McLean, who had been away sailing in the States has come home to die with his poor old father." Elsewhere he takes note of the fate of a stowaway, an English boy who came across the Atlantic on a copper freighter. He was a kindly man. It is rare to find him chastising members of his survey team.

Howley's book is a social and symbolic document. It calls to mind, often by remarks made in passing, sometimes by extended scene-painting, the values and practices of old Newfoundland, some of which--too few!--yet survive. An example may be cited from August, 1902. Howley was surveying then on the east side of White Bay and was approached by a fisherman named Pittman who had been in Tilt Cove to have a finger cut off. A herring bone had pierced the finger in the spring and the finger "began to mortify." After the doctor cut the finger off, the man had walked across the peninsula

from Green Bay and was looking for a passage to Sops Island (in Sops Arm), on the other side of White Bay. Howley took him across. "He is a half Indian," Howley writes, "his mother being a Stevens, sister of Big John's and Abraham's of Hall's Bay. I had heard of these Pittmans before. He is very like Big John, just as dark but not so tall." We see how interested Howley is in the man, how kind he is to him, how he *places* him in context, and how he has heard of the family before. To some extent, this reflects the talk going on in camp. When Howley was not doing paperwork or off hunting he was conversing with his men, so it is natural that he would learn a good deal about any visitor from his crew. Yet it is noteworthy, here and as generally we watch him moving from place to place, to learn how many people Howley *knew*, either personally or by reputation. This reflects, not just his temperament or curiosity, but the greater interrelatedness of his society. The manner in which the *Reminiscences* evokes that distant island-wide society gives the work a special value.

*(Revised, 2008)*

*Editorial Principles (by William J. Kirwin)*

This book presents the entire typescript which J.P. Howley planned to publish.<sup>202</sup> The material included in the Champlain Society's *Selected Reminiscences* (1997) has substantially been

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<sup>202</sup>See above, p. 26.

taken over, with a number of corrections and added notation, and all excisions restored to the narrative; the chapter treating 1886, considerably abridged in the Champlain volume has been newly edited.

While the texts in *Selected Reminiscences* were often modified slightly to improve clarity and readability, the newly edited years follow Howley's original typescript more closely. Words judged to be typographical errors have been corrected; misleading pointing has been repunctuated; one version of an anecdote repeated in two different years has been transferred to the section named Emended Text; genitive nouns in geographical names have had apostrophes inserted where needed. Where the typescript contained cruxes or doubtful readings, Howley's surviving fieldbooks, in many years the copy texts of the *Reminiscences*, were examined to discover if clarification or confirmation could be obtained from them. In some cases the editors have adopted readings from those sources. The effect of the lighter editorial treatment of the text has been to provide a reflection of Howley's personal style, rhythms, and feel for language. Chapter titles are based on the memoranda in Howley's "Index" written inside the front cover of his typescript. Editorial changes in the titles and text are recorded in the Emended Text.

In places where Howley inserted illustrative drawings, these have been photographically reproduced in this text. Other lines have blanks, apparently to be filled with information or drawings at a later time.

## GLOSSARY

Below is a glossary of terms appearing in Howley's *Reminiscences* which may be unfamiliar to readers. They include technical and scientific words, maritime and fishing terminology, regional dialect, and other words. Further explanations of his usages may be found in *Dictionary of Newfoundland English*, Second Edition.

Definitions in capital letters are synonyms.

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| <i>able</i> , <i>able for</i> , of a boat,<br>easy to handle,<br>manageable   | <i>anti</i> , person against<br>confederation with Canada                                     |
| <i>abroad</i> , in pieces; apart  | <i>arctic fox</i> , small fox of<br>northern climates; <i>Vulpes</i><br><i>lagopus</i>        |
| <i>Acadian</i> , of French-speaking<br>settlers on<br>Newfoundland's west coast<br>whose ancestry was<br>derived from Acadia<br>(which included Nova<br>Scotia and New Brunswick) | <i>argillaceous</i> , composed of clay  |
| <i>accommodation train</i> , train<br>stopping at all stations<br>on the route  | <i>arenaceous</i> , containing gold   |
| <i>ace</i> , <i>within an</i> , on the very<br>point of   | <i>baby (engine)</i> , small locomotive<br>used during construction<br>of railway             |
| <i>after</i> , in the aft of a boat;<br>in the phrase <i>to be after</i><br>(doing something: to have<br>(done something; "You're<br>after making a mistake,<br>sir.")            | <i>back</i> , to transport supplies on<br>one's back  |
| <i>aftergrass</i> , grass which grows<br>after the hay has been<br>mown   | <i>back line</i> , in surveying, the<br>boundary laid down at the<br>rear of a series of lots |
| <i>agent</i> , man in a settlement who<br>represents a commercial<br>house in St. John's;<br>DEALER   | <i>back-load</i> , large burden or<br>amount  |
| <i>airish</i> , fresh and clear   | <i>baffle</i> , to shift around in<br>sudden gusts  |
| <i>aldery</i> , overgrown with alders   | <i>bait</i> , caplin, herring, squids,<br>used for catching cod-<br>fish                      |
| <i>all hands</i> , See <i>hand</i>  | <i>baiter</i> , ship stocking bait to<br>supply fishermen                                     |
|   | <i>bakeapple</i> , plant with amber<br>berry growing in marshy<br>area; cloudberry            |
|   | <i>bake-pot</i> , cast iron pot used<br>for baking bread, cakes,<br>roasts, etc.              |
|   | <i>bald-headed, go</i> , to attack<br>verbally without concern                                |

- for consequences
- balk*, squared beam of timber
- balm of Gilead*, resin exuded from a balsam poplar
- balsam poplar*, North American poplar
- bank fishing*, fishing on the Grand Bank of Newfoundland
- banker*, schooner fishing on the Grand Bank
- Banks*, shoal area southeast of Newfoundland where men prosecute the fishery; GRAND BANK
- bar*, *barred*, to obstruct a waterway with a bank of gravel or stones
- barachois*, lagoon at the mouth of a river, separated from the sea by a barrier of rocks or gravel;
- bark*, to scrape off the surface or bark
- barm*, substance containing yeast for baking bread
- barrens*, open, windswept area covered with moss, low undergrowth, rock, and pools of water
- basalt*, kind of trap rock of considerable hardness
- baseline*, a fixed line of latitude or longitude from which townships are laid out
- basswood*, American lime or linden
- batteau*, French fishing boat
- bay seal*, small non-migratory seal of coastal waters
- beach stone*, stone rounded smooth by the action of tides and waves
- beat*, to sail forward, against the wind
- beaver house*, mound of branches, mud, etc., in a pond in which beavers raise their young
- bedlamer*, immature seal
- belay*, to row and steer with an oar at the stern of a boat
- belong to*, to reside in (a community; to be a crew member on (a ship; to be related to (a family group
- bench*, rock shelf in a cliff
- berth*, reserved inshore location for salmon net or cod trap
- betimes*, early
- bill*, the tip of a cape
- biscuit*, hard bread; hardtack
- billet*, length of wood for burning
- black duck*, common brownish-black duck; *Anas rubripes*
- black fish*, See *pothead whale*
- black fly*, See *fly*
- Black North*, Ulster
- black pudding*, pudding made from the blood of slaughtered animals
- blackguard*, to utter coarse, vulgar language; to curse
- block*, six-square-mile survey area with boundaries true N, S, E, and W, further divided into four equal squares
- blow*, period of rest
- blow*, to brag; to take a breath; to be out of breath; to cause to swell up, as in *to be blown*
- blowout*, large, satisfying meal
- bluejacket*, sailor
- boat's kettle*, metal container for cooking on a fishing boat
- boatswain*, pomarine jaeger (a bird)
- body-load*, as much as one can carry
- boil (the kettle)*, to prepare boiling water for tea; to heat leftover tea

- boiler*, pot for cooking;  
device for building up  
steam
- boneen*, young pig
- boom*, n and v, connected line  
of floating timber to  
retain logs; to hold with  
a boom
- boss*, principal; of the  
largest size
- bot*, parasitical worm or  
maggot
- bottom*, inmost area of a bay
- bough bed*, evergreen boughs  
spread on the ground to  
form a bed
- brash*, a belching of water  
from the stomach
- brawn*, preserved edible parts  
of an animal, especially  
a pig
- bread*, hardtack
- breakdown*, session of  
boisterous dancing
- breaker*, rock over which waves  
break
- breeze*, powerful wind on salt  
or fresh water; gale
- brew*, of a storm, to approach,  
blow up
- broad*, tidal flat
- bulk*, pile (of material)
- bultow*, long, buoyed fishing-  
line with baited hooks  
suspended from it
- bun*, segment of home-baked  
loaf of bread
- burn*, to damage the skin by  
severe cold
- by and by*, in a little while;  
shortly
- Cabot's Day*, June 24, 1897,  
the 400th anniversary of  
Cabot's alleged discovery  
of Newfoundland
- cache*, storage place; DUMP
- cairn*, pile of rocks erected  
on a hill as a signal, or  
a sign that a group  
visited the spot
- caking coal*, variety of coal  
whose fragments solidify  
when a certain  
temperature is reached
- calamite*, fossil plant  
resembling a giant  
horsetail
- calcareous*, containing calcium
- calcspar*, a mineral;  
rhombohedral crystallized  
carbonate of lime
- call*, See *toll*
- calyx drill*, cup-shaped drill
- camp*, living quarters of  
waterproof material set  
up by working crews in  
the country; tentlike  
structure
- cannel coal*, bituminous coal  
that burns brightly
- canvas*, linoleum
- capillaire*, creeping snowberry
- caplin*, small bait-fish native  
to Newfoundland waters  
(*Mallotus villosus*)
- captain, mining*,  
superintendent of  
underground work in a  
mine
- casing pipe*, pipe through  
which a drill operates
- cat*, See *wood-cat*
- catamaran*, heavy wooden sledge  
drawn by animals or men
- catch (over)*, to form ice on  
the surface of a body of  
water
- ch.*, *chain*, in surveying, unit  
of measurement equal to  
20.12 m (66 ft.)
- chain-bridge*, bridge whose  
roadway is suspended by  
chains; suspension bridge
- chainman*, member of surveying  
crew who uses the chain  
for measuring
- charm*, object with apparently  
supernatural powers
- chauldron*, archaic form of  
*cauldron*
- chert*, flint-like rock
- chloritic*, containing mica

- chop*, of a sail, to swing suddenly around
- Christmas number*, special December issue of a periodical, containing seasonal prose, verse, and photographs
- chromite*, an abundant ore of chromium (a metallic element)
- chute*, ravine; channel or gorge of a stream through which water rushes; waterfall
- clay*, soil, loam
- clear of*, excepting
- clear of, get*, to get rid of, away from
- clinker-built*, constructed with overlapping boards on the sides
- clinometer*, device for determining the dip of rock strata
- coast*, to sail along the shore
- coastal boat*, vessel carrying passengers and freight to settlements along the coast
- cockbill*, of the yard of a vessel, to shift to a vertical position
- cock-shot*, good shot at a target
- cod-net*, net for catching cod-fish
- cod trap*, *trap*, large box-like arrangement of nets with a leader net guiding cod to the interior where they remain until trap is hauled
- company*, herd (of caribou)
- concern*, gadget; whatchamacallit, apparatus
- conch*, large mollusc shell which can produce a warning signal when blown
- condemn*, to withdraw (an old vessel) from service
- confederate*, person in favour of confederation with Canada
- conner*, blue perch
- cook room*, *cook house*, building for preparing meals and housing men
- corduroy*, to lay logs close together to form a road over a swamp
- costean(ing)*, to sink holes to ascertain presence of a vein or lode; surface shovelling
- country*, the interior; unsettled areas away from human habitation
- country path*, trail through the interior
- covey*, brood of game birds, as partridges
- cranky*, of a boat, easily tipped, unstable; behaving erratically
- crescent saw*, bucksaw
- crew*, gang engaged for surveying and other labours in the interior; group, party
- cross-handed*, of a single rower who uses two oars
- crowd*, members of a family; working crew
- cruise*, n and v, exploratory walk; to go overland
- cry crack*, to give up; to conclude
- cuddy*, a storage space between thwarts of a boat
- cup of tea*, a snack prepared during a rest period
- cut and run*, to sail away instantly; to leave in a hurry
- cute(ly)*, very clever; ingenious; shrewd
- cuteness*, cleverness
- dare*, dared (past tense)
- deadfall*, trap with a heavy weight which falls on an animal tripping it

- deal*, plank  
*dealer*, in a settlement, representative of a supply house in St. John's or other town; AGENT  
*deer*, caribou (*Rangifer tarandus*)  
*deer fly*, See *stout*  
*dial*, to lay out with surveyor's compass  
*diet*, the supply of food allowed to a worker, esp. in the slack season of the fisheries  
*dinner*, midday meal  
*dip*, downward slope of a layer of rock or mineral  
*dirty*, stormy, boisterous  
*disk pole*, surveyor's stick with disk affixed to the top; POLE  
*dodge*, to sail or walk along  
*dog*, the male of certain animals  
*dogberry*, mountain ash  
*dogfish*, small shark  
*dog-iron*, andiron  
*dogwood*, mountain ash  
*dory*, small flat-bottomed rowboat  
*dotard*, mature seal  
*doughboy*, boiled dumpling  
*douse*, to wet thoroughly; to extinguish  
*down*, esp. in a vessel, towards the north; cp. *up*  
*downthrow fault*, a lower level of strata on one side of a fault  
*drafts*, checkers  
*dray*, low flat cart or sled drawn by a horse  
*dribble*, small brook  
*drift*, n and v, mine passageway; tunnel  
*droke*, clump, group (of trees)  
*dry*, of a doe, not yielding milk  
*duff*, boiled pudding  
*dump*, deposit of food and supplies; CACHE; also v.  
*eat*, past tense, pronounced *et*  
*elvan*, extremely hard rock  
*equinoctial*, severe storm occurring about September 21  
*evening*, period between the midday meal and 'tea'  
*face and eyes*, a person's face  
*factory*, building where lobsters, herring and other species are canned or processed  
*fare*, total catch of cod; VOYAGE  
*fathom*, unit of length: six feet (1.83 m)  
*feeder*, tributary  
*felo-de-se*, suicide  
*felt*, tarpaper  
*field ice*, broad expanse of floating ice  
*figgy duff*, boiled dumpling containing raisins  
*fill wind*, wind driving the vessel forward  
*find*, *be found*, 1) to furnish with supplies; to outfit a vessel with gear; 2) to suffer, endure  
*fine lot*, See *lot*  
*fireclay*, clay capable of withstanding high temperatures  
*firestone*, a pyrite from which one can strike a spark  
*firing*, fuel; firewood  
*fish*, cod; the total catch of cod taken in a season  
*fishery*, all the operations connected with catching and processing cod  
*fishery*, seal, annual spring seal hunt  
*fishing room*, See *room*  
*fit-out*, clothing, supplies, equipment  
*flat*, flatcar; shallow boat with flat bottom  
*flipper*, forelimb of a seal  
*flobber*, of a wave, to splash

- over
- flour gold*, fine bits of gold deposited by water
- fluccan*, 'a cross-course or transverse vein composed of clay' (OED, *flookan*)
- fly*, canvas flap at entrance to tent
- fly*, *black fly*, tiny biting flying insect
- fly*, *sand*, tiniest biting blood-sucking fly (family *Psychodidae*)
- fodge*, free meal sought by hanger-on
- footing*, footprints of animals or humans in soft ground
- footwall*, the wall or side of rock which is under a vein or lode
- fore-and-after*, ship with sails only at the bow and stern
- foul*, of coal, impure; mixed with other substances
- found*, See *find*
- foxy*, of a reddish hue
- freighter*, seasonal fisherman transported to a station on the coast of Labrador
- French leave*, departure without permission
- front*, point at end of railway where rails are being laid down
- front line*, in surveying, the boundary on which lots may be laid out
- furoid*, kind of seaweed or fossil marine plant
- funnel*, stovepipe
- fur*, n and v, animals trapped for their fur; to hunt fur-bearing animals
- furrier*, hunter, trapper
- galena*, lead ore
- garden*, lot of land where hay or vegetables are grown, often at a distance from owner's house
- gather*, to swell up to the point of bursting
- go for*, to attack verbally
- green*, of fish, fresh, unsalted
- green woods*, not burnt over; coniferous forest
- grepe*, type of eagle or osprey
- grilse*, a salmon going upriver for the first time to spawn
- grit*, stony material composed of hard sharp granules; hard, coarse-grained sandstone
- ground(s)*, shoal with abundant food sources where cod swarm
- growler*, small iceberg
- gulch*, ravine with steep sides
- gully*, small pond, often formed by widening of a brook
- gump head*, vertical wooden pile on a wharf to which ships are tied
- gunshot*, as a measure of distance, the range of a gun
- gut*, to remove all the contents; to act as a wrecker, to loot
- hagdown*, shearwater
- halfway house*, stopping-place conveniently situated
- hand*, person in a working crew; *all hands*, everybody in the group
- hand*, *on the mending*, recovering from sickness or accident
- hand's turn*, stroke of work
- harp seal*, migratory seal of northern waters (*Phoca groenlandica*)
- head*, inmost area of a bay; BOTTOM
- head*, to cover the contents in a barrel by fitting on the wooden top and top hoop
- headquarters*, centre of

- operations for railway construction
- heat*: get a heat, to warm oneself
- heave*, to roll in on shore
- heavy*, of a marsh, soggy, impeding travel; with oppressive humidity
- height of land*, ridge of land dividing two river basins
- hole*, pool; promising area in a stream where one may angle for trout or salmon; cove
- hone-stone*, material used as a whetstone
- horizon*, stratum; layer
- horn*, a shot of liquor
- horse mackerel*, bluefin tuna
- hummock*, protuberance rising above surrounding marshy land
- in*, inland; towards the interior
- indian meal*, meal ground from indian corn, or maize
- indraft*, long estuary
- inshore*, of a fishery, conducted near the coast
- inside*, n and prep., the interior, away from settled areas
- interval (land)*, *intervale*, low-lying land along a watercourse, with potential for agriculture
- iron sand*, sand containing particles of iron-ore
- island rock*, rocky islet, possibly obstructing entrance to a harbour
- jackatar*, colloquial term for a person of French and Micmac descent
- jar*, container for rum
- jaw*, to scold
- jaw tooth*, molar
- jig*, 1) to attempt to catch fish by yanking a line with unbaited jigger attached; 2) to separate ore and impurities by shaking them in a sieve under water
- jigger*, lead fish-hook
- jinny*, seal in its third year
- jog*, to sail slowly; to amble
- jonah*, person believed to bring bad luck
- jowl*, meat from the jawbone of a pig
- J.P.*, Justice of the Peace
- juniper*, larch, tamarack
- junk*, a mass of material; a short length of wood
- kedge*, small anchor with line attached
- killer, seal*, captain of a ship engaging in the spring seal hunt; term of praise
- king crab*, horseshoe crab
- knap*, See *knob*
- knob, knop, knap*, rounded hill; hilltop
- Labrador fishery*, annual migratory fishery to Labrador from the northeast coast of Newfoundland
- lad*, 1) member of a working crew; 2) male animal being hunted
- Lady Day*, Feast of the Assumption, 15 August
- lake*, body of still water; POND
- lance*, a small bait fish
- landwash*, area of the seashore between high and low water marks
- lay off*, to survey (a parcel of land
- lay to*, to bring into the wind and hold stationary
- lead*, open pathway through the interior, as formed by migrating animals; a passage, direction
- lead of ponds*, string of ponds
- line*, a straight cut overland from one point to another

- by a surveying crew  
*line down*, to control the downward movement of a boat from the shore of a stream by using a rope  
*lineman*, workman who maintains telegraph lines  
*livier*, inhabitant of a settlement or outpost  
*location*, mining claim  
*long woods*, forest with stands of mature trees  
*longline*, fishing line with many baited hooks  
*look for*, to be a sign of (a kind of weather)  
*lookout*, observation post; a survey, examination  
*lop*, rough waves caused by a stiff wind  
*lot*, a parcel of land with boundaries established by surveyors  
*lot, big, great, fine*, large amount  
*lumberer*, man cutting logs; woodsman  
*lunch*, snack, taken when resting  
*main*, mainland  
*mamateek*, conical wigwam of Beothuck Indians  
*measure*, stratum of mineral  
*measure one's length*, to fall prostrate  
*merchant*, businessman in community who exchanges food and supplies for the fish caught each year; local representative of a business house in St. John's  
*mitrailleuse*, gun with a number of barrels  
*moccasin*, skin boot  
*mosquito*, any small flying biting insect; BLACK FLY  
*mud trout*, eastern brook trout  
*mug up*, a snack, especially with tea  
*narrows*, passageway leading into a harbour, or between shorelines of lakes  
*Nickle Ben*, the devil  
*nook*, sheltered creek or inlet  
*nothing*, no animal to hunt; a characteristic Howley usage  
*old*, capable of breeding; mature  
*old cock*, term of address: friend, buddy  
*old hag*, nightmare  
*open*, to come in sight of by rounding a cape or point  
*operator*, person transmitting messages at telegraph station  
*otter board*, piece of wood on which an otter skin is stretched  
*otter rub*, place worn smooth through repeated sliding by otters  
*outharbour*, See *outport*  
*outport*, fishing community located outside St. John's  
*outside*, away from the interior or bays and inlets; in the open sea  
*overhaul*, to haul in lines, traps, or nets to take in the catch of fish  
*pack*, v and n, to transport camp supplies on one's back; such an activity  
*packet*, regularly scheduled boat carrying passengers and freight  
*papoose*, immature beaver  
*partridge*, ptarmigan; grouse  
*partridge berry*, low plant with tart red berries like cranberries  
*patch fox*, red fox with cross-like marking on the back  
*penguin*, great auk  
*pet day*, pleasant, sunny day  
*picket*, pointed peg used to mark positions

- pickle*, brine
- pie bird, pie duck*, golden-eye
- pigeon*, black guillemot
- pillar*, upright supporting railway track
- pilot*, to serve as a guide in the interior
- pitch*, to alight, land; to descend
- place: in place*, situated between fixed rocks
- plumbaginous*, containing plumbago or graphite
- poking*, slow, lagging, delayed
- pole, poling*, to propel a boat by thrusting pole against the bottom of a stream
- pole*, stick used by surveyors for sighting points and triangulation purposes; if used for measurements, it is 16 1/2 feet (5.03 m) long
- poleman*, workman holding the surveyor's pole
- pond*, body of still water; LAKE
- pook*, haystack
- poor relief*, basic food supplies furnished by the government to people in need
- porpoise*, small, black whale
- pothead whale*, northern pilot whale
- pound*, enclosure; net to hold fish
- premises*, the waterside land and buildings of a merchant where fisheries activities are carried on
- pricket*, male caribou in its second year
- prill*, good-quality ore remaining after inferior material is removed
- principal*, leading; in the economic structure, the most important (person)
- prize*, n and v, a lever; to raise with such a device; to force (open)
- prog, grub*; supplies
- protract*, to use drafting instruments to draw features of an area to scale
- prove*, to determine (the character of a mineral deposit)
- puffin*, sea bird with a prominent red beak
- pug*, clay, worked in preparation for making bricks
- puncheon*, large cask with a capacity of 44 to 140 gallons (200 to 636.4 litres)
- punt*, keeled boat, smaller than a skiff, used in the inshore fishery
- quintal, qtl.* (pron. *kentle*), measure of wet cod-fish; 112 pounds (50.9 kilograms) of dried cod
- railhead*, point where railway tracks are being laid
- rattle*, small, rushing stream; a rapid
- reach*, to retch
- reach*, stretch of river
- red man, red Indian*, member of the Beothuck tribe of Indians, so-called from the red ochre which they spread on their bodies and equipment
- reed*, in making cloth, a weaver's instrument for separating the threads of the warp
- regular*, a train on schedule
- reindeer moss*, grey lichen growing in northern areas, eaten by caribou and moose
- repairer*, See *lineman*
- rig*, apparatus, outfit
- rind*, bark stripped from a tree
- river head*, area where a river

- flows into a cove or estuary
- room, fishing room*, tract along shore from which fishery operations are conducted; establishment
- root*, to probe, poke, dig (in soil)
- rote*, distant roar of the waves or surf
- round*, uncut; of a skin removed from an animal, undamaged
- round*, a rung of a ladder
- run*, n and v, deer's path; trip, period of travel on a river; to sail along
- rutty*, the state of caribou meat when the animal is in heat
- salmonier*, salmon fisherman
- salt*, to preserve by covering with salt
- salt bulk*, pile of split cod-fish salted in layers
- salt fish*, split cod, salted and dried
- salt water*, the ocean
- savage*, of the environment, treacherous, terrible, wild
- savanna*, treeless area covered with a low growth of plants and grass; BARRENS
- save*, to preserve, as in brine
- saw-pit*, hole in the ground, permitting one man to stand below and another above a log, so as to cut with a long two-handled saw
- scaffold*, raised platform for storing supplies
- scour*, to traverse in search of game
- scow*, rude flat-bottomed boat
- scrape*, steep hillside, the result of a landslide
- screecher*, howling storm of wind
- scud*, scudded, sailed smartly
- sculp*, to cut the skin and blubber from (a seal)
- sea*, in salt and fresh water, rough, breaking waves
- sea trout*, variety of trout spending part of its life in the ocean
- section*, in surveying townships, a subdivision of one square mile
- section man*, person maintaining a section of railway line
- seed*, a portion to plant, as in *seed potato*
- servant*, person employed in the fishery; contractual worker
- settlement*, group of dwellings located in a cove or harbour, by a river mouth, or in other place; small community; OUTPORT
- shank's mare, go on*, to go afoot, to walk
- sheer*, to turn
- shell duck*, merganser
- shindy*, boisterous party and dance
- ship*, to sign on (a worker; to engage)
- ship's boat*, boat carried (or once carried) on a ship
- shop*, small establishment selling basic food and supplies
- shore*, extended area of land bordering the sea
- shot*, pellets; animal droppings; in surveying, view, prospect, line of sight
- shot box*, box containing ammunition
- shot cartridge*, cartridge holding pellets for shotgun
- side camp, side tilt*, temporary shelter ; lean-to
- sideling, sidelong*, a slope;

- sloping
- sight*, speck, glint of gold
- sign*, signal, token, indication
- sing out*, to yell
- sink*, to excavate
- skiff*, large, keeled fishing boat, used in the inshore cod fishery, larger than a punt
- skin*, caribou hide, as *skin boot*, *skin canoe*
- skipper*, boss; captain; term of respect applied to a man
- slack*, of inferior quality, as coal
- slew*, to turn, twist about
- slinky*, thin; wasted away
- slip*, snare to catch animals; mass of fallen earth
- slot*, caribou track, trail
- smart*, of wind, brisk, high
- soft*, mild, balmy
- spall*, v and n, to take a chip out of (wood or stone); chip, sliver
- speak*, to communicate with (a vessel)
- special*, a designated or unscheduled train
- spell*, period of carrying; period of rest
- spread*, to stretch an animal skin on a board to dry
- spring tide*, high tide twice a month when water level is at its highest
- spruce beer*, beverage brewed by boiling the buds and tender branches of the spruce tree
- spurt*, period of time, activity, or weather
- squashberry*, shrub with edible orange-red berries (*Viburnum edule*)
- squat*, 1) to press, crush; 2) to chop a flat surface on a log
- S.S.*, steamship
- stage, fishing*, platform on which the catch of fish is thrown, including structures in which the cod is split and salted
- stalworth*, husky; an older form of *stalwart*
- stark*, completely, as *stark calm*
- start*, 1) to startle, rouse; dislodge; 2) to take down (tents; to strike)
- station*, place where surveying pole is set up; in *on the station*: region to which naval ships are assigned for duty
- stave*, one of the curved boards forming the sides of a barrel, as in *stave-cutter*
- steady, steady water*, stretch of smooth, still water in a river
- stem*, curved upright piece of timber at the bow of a boat, protruding above the deck and gunwales
- stick*, trimmed tree-trunk
- stiffling*, suffocating
- stog*, to fill (holes or cracks)
- store*, building for storing supplies
- stout*, fly which attacks caribou (*Chrysops excitans*)
- stout*, of a stream, in full flow; flowing forcefully
- straight*, of a stretch of coast, with cliffs affording no havens
- Straits*, Strait of Belle Isle
- strike*, direction of the line of intersection of a horizontal plane with an uptilted geological stratum
- strike in*, of cod, to appear inshore in large schools

- stud, studded*, n and v, vertically placed timber; to construct a cabin wall with such timbers
- sugarloaf*, prominent rounded hill resembling the shape in which sugar was formerly moulded
- supper*, small meal eaten late at night; evening meal, tea
- sweep*, long oar
- sweet oil*, olive oil
- sweeting*, sweetener
- swingletree*, swinging bar before a wagon to which horses are hitched
- T.B.*, Trinity Bay
- tea*, main meal prepared about 5 or 6 o'clock
- thick*, describing rain and fog causing poor visibility
- thrasher*, grampus, killer-whale
- tickle*, narrow stretch of salt water between two land masses, sometimes treacherous for vessels
- ticklesome*, requiring delicate maneuvering; potentially dangerous
- tide*, in a stream, a current
- tier*, one of a series of objects arranged in rows; stack
- tierce*, a unit of measurement, about 42 gallons (191 litres); cask bigger than a barrel, smaller than a puncheon
- tilt*, rude dwelling constructed of vertical logs and a flat roof; cabin
- time*, drinking spree
- tinker*, type of auk, a sea-bird
- toll*, to lure animals or birds by a call or by making a noise
- tolt*, round-topped hill rising from level terrain around it
- tomahawk*, small hatchet
- top high*, of the tide, at its highest stage
- town*, St. John's; the capital
- townie*, resident of St. John's
- township*, North American division of land adopted for surveying several areas in Newfoundland; one square mile (2.59 sq. kilometres)
- trade*, to sail along the coast buying fish and selling supplies in communities
- trader*, man in vessel buying fish and supplying goods in communities along the coast
- trap*, fault in a mineral vein
- trap*, See *cod trap*
- traps*, belongings, paraphernalia
- traverse*, n and v, a line of survey carried across a region; carrying out such a survey; to trace such a line
- trough*, basin-shaped depression
- trout*, to angle for trout with flies or bait
- tuck, tuckamore, tucking bush*, horizontal-growing evergreens forming a tangled ground-cover
- tumble*, surface of the water with rough waves
- tun*, large cask, holding about 250 gallons (1137 litres)
- turr, murre*, a sea-bird
- twillett, twillick*, long-legged bird found near water; yellow-legs
- ugly*, of weather, rocks, or sea, stormy, dangerous; of a load, big and heavy
- unconformable*, not having the same direction or plane of stratification

*underclay*, layer of clay under  
 coal  
*up*, especially in a vessel,  
 towards the south; cp.  
*down*  
*voyage*, total catch of cod;  
 FARE  
*vugh*, cavity in a rock  
*waterproof*, rainwear  
*waters*, tributaries, drainage  
 system  
*way*: get a way on, to move  
 through water under sail  
*weather*, a storm  
*well-to-do*, of a resident,  
 moderately successful  
*western boat*, a type of  
 fishing craft employed on  
 the south coast of the  
 island  
*whale boat*, long narrow  
 rowboat, sharp at both  
 ends  
*whelp*, to give birth  
*white horses*, whitecaps  
*whitewood*, basswood; shrub of  
*Viburnum* genus  
*wild pear*, Juneberry,  
 serviceberry  
*wind*, to detect by the sense  
 of smell; to sniff  
*wing*: at or to wing, in flight  
*winter house*, cabin built away  
 from the exposed coast to  
 which a family moves  
 during the winter  
*witch hazel*, yellow birch  
*wonderful*, amazing,  
 extraordinary, extreme  
*wood-cat*, cat, marten  
*yarn*, to exchange stories,  
 tales  
*yarry*, watchful, cautious,  
 skittish  
*yellow hammer*, yellow warbler  
*youngster*, inexperienced man  
 in his first year in the  
 fishery

## INTRODUCTION

Like most boys born and reared in the country I became imbued almost from infancy with a love of Nature. As I grew older the "Lure of the wild"<sup>1</sup> seemed to enthrall me more and more. Never did I feel so extremely happy as when wandering amongst the fields and forests, chasing butterflies, picking wild flowers and fruits, or finding birds nesting amongst the trees and scrub. Then when I was old enough to whip the lakes and streams for the speckled beauties in company with my brothers and companions, or later still in roaming over the barrens with dog and gun partridge shooting, and yet again, in summer swimming and boating. How we did enjoy all our rural sports and pastimes! These were indeed the happy days of childhood, before we knew of the cares and worries of the world. Certainly, I was supremely happy in those days.

In several respects I differed somewhat from my companions. I was extremely fond of the animals and birds on the farm<sup>2</sup> and used to attend particularly to the fowl. They were all pets of mine and were left almost exclusively to my care. In winter time I did all I could to make them comfortable and warm, building

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<sup>1</sup>He is perhaps recalling titles by Jack London, *The Call of the Wild* (New York: Macmillan, 1903) and Dillon Wallace, *The Lure of the Labrador Wild; The Story of the Exploring Expedition Conducted by Leonidas Hubbard, Jr.* (New York: Fleming H. Revell Co., 1905).

<sup>2</sup>The Howley family farm, Mount Cashel, in the 19th century a few km north of St. John's.

houses and erecting roosts for them, keeping them well supplied with clean straw and a plentiful supply of food. As for the dogs, I simply loved them.

I had another great hobby, that of collecting all sorts of odds and ends, filling up the house with them. At one time I had quite an interesting collection of birds' eggs, but I knew nothing of the science of ornithology. I simply admired them for their beauty and variety. At an early age I began to acquire a large collection of stones, shells, and such like, and when my curios became a nuisance and were thrown out of doors, as was often the case, I felt very sore indeed.

I knew nothing then of the sciences of geology and mineralogy. In fact, I had never heard of them. They were things unthought of in my young days. They did not figure at all in our school curriculum. It was not till I left school that I first came across an article on geology in *Chambers's Miscellany*<sup>3</sup> which I read with avidity. What a revelation it was, to be sure! I became absorbed at once in the wonderful vista it opened up to my mind.

Office work of any kind had no attractions for me. I longed for the free and glorious outdoor existence. About this time Mr. Murray commenced his geological and topographical survey of the island. I read with the greatest interest his first reports of his journeyings in the interior--his descriptions of the great

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<sup>3</sup>"The Romance of Geology," *Chambers's Miscellany*, vol. 1, No. 11: 1-32.

lakes and rivers, of the caribou, beaver, and other denizens of the wilds.<sup>4</sup> How I longed to be among them. I applied for a position on his staff and was fortunate enough to succeed. Being young and strong, and inured to a country life, Mr. Murray seemed to see in me just the kind of young fellow he required. That was so far back as 1868, quite a long while ago. The work, though hard, suited me exactly and I soon learned to love it.

As I became somewhat proficient in the use of surveying instruments and was entrusted with the conduct of nearly all the topographical work I was in my element. The mapping out of new and unknown districts afforded me the greatest possible pleasure. I never could do enough. The more I learned the more anxious I became to learn more. I became ambitious to map out the great *Terra incognita*<sup>5</sup> of our hinterland. I cared nought for hardships, nor for wet and exposure. I would not admit that those things could hurt me. Mr. Murray often warned me to be more careful and told me the day would come when I should feel the effects of so much cold water and exposure. But I heeded him not. Never was I so supremely happy as when far from the haunts of man in the dense, far away forest, or paddling my canoe over the lakes, poling or running the rapids in these frail bark vessels, accompanied only by a few Micmac Indians.<sup>6</sup> These primitive people

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<sup>4</sup>Alexander Murray (1810-1884) was Director of the Geological Survey of Newfoundland from 1864 to 1883. His reports for 1864 through 1867 were reprinted in the collected reports, Murray and Howley, *Geological Survey*.

<sup>5</sup>Unknown land.

<sup>6</sup>For an account of the Micmac, see Doug Jackson, *"On the Country"; The Micmac of Newfoundland*, Gerald Penney, ed., (St. John's: Harry Cuff Publications Ltd., 1993).

with their childlike simple ways, became dear to me, and I believe I won their regard also. They were always glad to accompany me. I was known to them as "*Sogjeesh*" or Skipper.<sup>7</sup> They admired my fearlessness in running the rapids, my endurance in travelling over the barrens etc. I became so expert in the management of a canoe that some of their best men preferred to have me in the bow position than many of their own people.

At times they were a little difficult to manage, especially when under the influence of liquor, but I never had very great trouble with them. I knew their natures so thoroughly and how to humour them that we always got on well together. Poor fellows! nearly all these who accompanied me from time to time have now departed to the regions of Wobun,<sup>8</sup> "the Indian's happy hunting grounds beyond the setting sun."

How we enjoyed our rest on a new fresh bed of green fir boughs after a hard day's poling and packing up the rivers. It was trying work at times and required all the strength and endurance we could bring to bear to overcome the strong rapids and pack all our provisions and camp impedimenta over the portages. But though often ready to collapse from heat and fatigue and the ever present torment of mosquitoes still it all

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<sup>7</sup>*Sogjeesh* is *sa'k* (Fr. *Jacques*) "James" plus diminutive (J. Hewson, p.c.). The alternative address, *skipper*, is approximately "boss," or "sir."

<sup>8</sup>The word *wobun* (*waban*) is defined as "the dawn"; see Silas T. Rand, *Dictionary of the Language of the Micmac Indians* (Halifax: Nova Scotia Printing Co., 1888), p. 174. The name Wabana, a community on Bell Island, Conception Bay, is from an Abnaki word *Wābuna'ki*, with the same root. E.R. Seary, *Place Names of the Avalon Peninsula of the Island of Newfoundland* (Toronto: Published for Memorial University of Newfoundland by University of Toronto Press, 1971), p. 26.

possessed an indescribable charm for me.

The murmur of the rivers at night, or the boom of some distant fall or cataract; the rustle of the leaves over head, and the sweet fragrance of the fir boughs beneath, added to the pure ozone-laden air of the interior were simply delightful.

But no amount of writing can convey to the mind of the uninitiated what all this meant. One must actually experience it to fully appreciate the true import of the "Lure of the Wild."

Of course we did not always have it so pleasant in the interior either. We often endured hardships of a kind that would cause less robust or timid persons to collapse. Wading through the water from morning till night, day in and day out, from week end to week end. Losing our footing on the slippery rocks and tumbling in head over heels twenty times in the course of a day. Never having a dry foot for one whole day at a time. Pestered almost to madness with the myriads of mosquitoes, black flies, sand flies, *et hoc genus omne*.<sup>9</sup> Frequently unable at night to get a wink of sleep, though completely worn out from the fatigue of the day's toil. Sometimes actually swamped out of our camps by a sudden downpour of heavy rain, or the overflowing of the river banks where we were camped. Frequently we were compelled to turn out in the middle of the night to remove to higher ground or dig drains around and through the camp to carry off the surplus water, or if too tired to do so simply lay in the water all

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<sup>9</sup>And all this kind.

night. This has been my experience on several occasions.

During fine, warm weather we did not greatly mind these inconveniences, but late in the Autumn it was a different matter. Often I have been wet through and chilled almost to the bone by the cold rain or sleet while travelling over the barrens in a driving gale and endeavouring to reach the friendly shelter of the woods before night, and though moving forward as fast as we could possibly travel, still we found it hard to keep our blood in circulation. At other times I have sat in the bow of a canoe all day long paddling with might and main against a gale of wind and sleet. My lower extremities from the waist down almost paralyzed with the cold icy water constantly washing over the stem and freezing on our garments, coating the canoe and even the paddles in our hands with ice. At such times I have been so chilled as to be scarcely able to get out of the canoe when our day's journey was over.

Perhaps we might have avoided some of this discomfort by waiting for a more favourable time, but then hunger or a desire to get out to the coast ere it was too late in the season was frequently the compelling motive.

Notwithstanding that as a rule, we had full and plenty of food especially venison, beaver, birds etc. still we were sometimes caught without much of either and were obliged to go hungry. It was either a feast or a famine in the interior in those days. But enough of such details. Notwithstanding all those drawbacks I simply gloried in the life, and would go through it

all again were I able, for the pure love of the wilderness which possessed me.

The silence, the sense of being free from care, unworried about the doings of the outside world, the solemn communing with nature possessed an indescribable charm all its own. The whole civilized world might be labouring in the throes of turmoil, wars, pestilence, devastation etc. etc.--what cared we, we knew nothing of it all and felt happy in our ignorance of the doings of the world at large. In fact, we became lost to all sense of anything but our immediate surroundings. No doubt it was a selfish kind of existence, but one could not avoid being selfish where there was nothing to think about except to study the food problem and how best to get along through the bush and intricate waterways. Such then was life in the lonely interior during my early days of exploration, long before anyone dreamt that the shrill whistle of the locomotive would awaken these solitudes. Years before a thought of harnessing our great waterfalls on the Exploits had even been conceived of.<sup>10</sup>

The beautiful Red Indian Lake, home of the Aboriginal Beothuck, was as primitive and lonely when I first surveyed it as when the Red man undisturbed by intruders paddled his frail bark unmolested over its placid surface. Now all is changed, steamers and motor boats replace the Beothuck's canoe and are continuously

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<sup>10</sup>Construction of the Newfoundland railway commenced in 1881; the line to Port aux Basques was completed in 1897. Howley describes the building of the dam across the Exploits River in 1907, which see.

plying up and down the lake, houses and logging camps dotting its shores, even hotels established on the very sites of the Red man's mammateeks, his former abodes. The march of progress is everywhere in evidence, but the primitive beauty and solitude have gone forever. I cannot refrain from expressions of sadness at all this change. No doubt in the economy of nature such must inevitably come to pass, and it is only those who knew and enjoyed the pristine beauty of this far interior, before it became desecrated by the White man's hand, can fully realize what that change has been.

Just about a century ago the hapless Beothuck dwelt in peace on the shores of this lake. This was his home from time immemorial. Here he was secure from intrusion by his enemies, Micmac and White, and so enjoyed the luxury of an abundant supply of food and comfort furnished by the wild animals that shared the solitude with him.

The advent of Capt. Buchan and his party in 1811, and the capture of Mary March<sup>11</sup> in 1819, were the prelude to the rapid extinction of this noble race of Red men. A very short period of years, scarcely a decade, sufficed to obliterate them from the

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<sup>11</sup>Several Beothuck women were captured. Demasduit (or Mary March; named for the month of her capture) was first brought to St. John's and then, having contracted tuberculosis, was taken back to Notre Dame Bay; she died in January, 1820, before contact could be made with her people. Shanawdithit (Nancy) lived for a while in John Peyton's household in Exploits and in St. John's, where she died in June, 1829, the last-known representative of the tribe. See the account of Nancy below, in the year 1871, p. 228, and in James P. Howley, *The Beothucks, or Red Indians; The Aboriginal Inhabitants of Newfoundland* (Cambridge; Cambridge University Press, 1915; hereafter *The Beothucks*), pp. 91-95, 169-76, and other references in its index.

face of the earth forever.

Notwithstanding the many drawbacks we labour under, notwithstanding the colossal unbelief and misrepresentation prevalent on all sides, the country has made wonderful progress within the past half century. Now that a better state of knowledge exists who can say what will be the outcome of the succeeding half? Our country possesses the elements of a great and prosperous future. It will be a place worth living in ere long, not one that most people were anxious to avoid or get out of as quickly as possible. But the lure of the wild, the charm of its lonely woods and barrens will have departed never to return.

During all these years of survey and exploration it was my custom to keep a regular diary of every day's happenings apart from my regular topographical and geological notes. It was always my intention someday to revise and rearrange these diaries and put them into book form, thinking they might prove of some interest to future explorers and give some idea of what the conditions of travelling in the interior were before the advent of the Railway etc. But I had the misfortune to lose the major part of these note books in the great fire of 1892. Some few only escaped being consumed.<sup>12</sup> I have now to trust almost entirely to memory for the greater part of my reminiscences. Most of the more stirring events and scenes however, are indelibly impressed thereon.

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<sup>12</sup>But see Intro., pp. lxiii-lxiv.

1868

Avalon Peninsula:

Placentia Bay, St. Mary's Bay

The beginning was the season of 1868 when I first joined the Geological Survey under the late Alexander Murray, C.M.G., F.G.S.<sup>13</sup> On Saturday July 11th of that year I left St. John's to meet Mr. Murray at Placentia, travelling overland by the old Placentia road I believe via Holyrood, Salmonier, Colinet and the

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<sup>13</sup>Companion of St. Michael and St. George; Fellow of the Geological Society.

S.E. mountain<sup>14</sup> route. The late William Coughlan, Jr. who at that date carried the overland mail to Placentia was commissioned by Mr. Murray before he left St. John's to bring along his surveying outfit, instruments, provisions etc. including a birch bark canoe. Two horses and wagons were employed, one of which I took charge of. The canoe was mounted on the other driven by Mr. Coughlan himself, who of course took the lead, I being utterly unacquainted with the road, never having travelled it previously. As we were to make a very early start in the morning, I slept at Coughlan's house on the King's Beach<sup>15</sup> the night before. We were up at daylight on the Morning of our departure and after disposing of breakfast commenced our journey. As we passed up the street we became the objects of much curiosity to the few early risers who were about at that time of the morning. The two loaded wagons filled with all sorts of gear, but especially the long canoe turned bottom up on which Mr. C. was mounted created quite a sensation. I was in my element. The great novelty of my new departure, the joy of the prospective exploration of the interior what I always yearned for, the freedom from trammels of city life, and the intense desire to learn something of the great unknown interior of our island, a thing I often longed for, completely took possession of me. I was carried away with the prospect, and now after the lapse of so many years I still look back to that period as perhaps the happiest one of my life. I was

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<sup>14</sup>About 6 mi west of Colinet.

<sup>15</sup>A public wharf area on Water Street.

young and strong, just entering upon my twenty first year, full of life and energy.<sup>16</sup> I had the good fortune to hit upon just the career nature seemed to have designed me for. I knew that it would be a life of hardship and strenuous exertion, but what cared I, that was just the thing I coveted most. The lure of the wild took full possession of me. As we journeyed along the country roads every mile we travelled and every scene opened to our vista seemed to add zest to the charm of the situation. But to quote from my itinerary of that year which fortunately I still possess: we arrived at Topsail about 10 A.M. took a short rest to feed the horses and were soon off again, reached Holyrood at 2 P.M. and stopped for dinner. We were off again immediately after, stopping only to give the horses a feed at Murphy's Half-way house;<sup>17</sup> we reached Cary's Inn at Salmonier before night fall, where we remained till morning.

As we journeyed along the Salmonier road the mosquitoes were dreadful, but more especially in the wooded and more sheltered portion of the road between Murphy's and Cary's. They did lay on to us heavy as my forehead and neck gave abundant evidence. My eyes were nearly closed, and I was covered with blood. Anyone who may be burdened with a superfluity of that life-giving material need never resort to Phlebotomy<sup>18</sup> to get rid of the superfluous blood while there are plenty of mosquitoes around. Fortunately

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<sup>16</sup>He has just passed his twenty-first birthday.

<sup>17</sup>Such houses (sometimes called houses of refuge or shelter) were to be found on long stretches of road. They received subsidies from the government.

<sup>18</sup>Bloodletting.

for me the swelling from their poisonous bites is only temporary and very soon goes down again. Next morning I was all right and ready to afford them a fresh feast.

I had a good night's sleep and rose early to continue the journey. I noticed Cary had a large iron pot in his yard filled with combustibles, turf, sods etc. which produced a constant volume of smoke and around which the cattle gathered and stood for hours together to try and get rid of the pests.<sup>19</sup>

The country all along the road from Holyrood is pretty much of the same character, a succession of woods, marshes, and ponds, with some high hills in the distance to the southward, known as the Chisel Hills. Parts of the road approaching Salmonier are very beautiful, forming a perfect avenue bounded by tall fir trees.

*Sunday 12th.* As Coughlan was carrying the mail for Placentia Bay he could not delay a day but must keep on. Accordingly after a substantial breakfast of ham, eggs, bread and tea, we continued our journey and arrived at Colinet about noon, but finding the tide in the mouth of Colinet River high, we had to unload and boat all our gear across to the opposite side. The empty wagons were then driven up the shore till a point was reached where it was shoal enough to ford the river. By this time, and so soon as all was loaded up again, dinner was ready at the house of old

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<sup>19</sup>Many communities had cast-iron "barking" kettles in which a liquid dye was heated for the purpose of tanning and preserving nets, ropes, etc. for the fishing season.

Billy Davis, of which we partook. We were off again immediately after, and when Rocky River which was low above the fall was successfully crossed without unloading we made good way along to Croke's at the Mountain Tilt<sup>20</sup> which we reached by 3 P.M. From thence it was all down hill to the head of the S.E. Arm, and almost level from that to Placentia, where we arrived at 6 P.M. This had been a desperately hot day, especially coming through the thick woods and needless to say we received another dreadful mauling from the mosquitoes.

At Placentia we found Mr. & Mrs. Murray<sup>21</sup> anxiously looking out for our arrival. They were staying at Father Condon's.<sup>22</sup> After some delay we got all our gear safely stowed away in the Telegraph store. I had tea at Father Condon's and then took up my lodgings at Miss Morris's, designated the "Virgin Hotel." They had some trouble to find room for me as every bed in the house was occupied. Mr. A.M. McKay, Weeden, & Waddel, of the Telegraph Staff and Mr. Bellairs, an Engineer sent down here by Sandford Fleming to traverse the country from east to west, with a view to ascertain the feasibility of constructing a railroad across the island in connection with Mr. Fleming's pet scheme of a shortline route to the Atlantic.<sup>23</sup> After a while a bed was improvised for

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<sup>20</sup>p. Croke had a house of refuge near South East Mountain; called Mountain House below.

<sup>21</sup>Murray married Elizabeth Cummins of St. John's shortly after he left the Geological Survey of Canada to come to Newfoundland in 1864.

<sup>22</sup>Fr. Edward Condon.

<sup>23</sup>Fleming (1827-1915) envisioned a railway across Newfoundland to transship goods sent from the British Isles to Canada. In 1868 Walter Bellairs recommended to him a possible route across the island. A.R. Penney, *A History of the Newfoundland Railway; Volume I (1881-1923)* (St. John's: Harry Cuff

me in a little cupboard off one of the rooms where I had scarcely room to turn round. I was glad, however, to get any place to rest my weary bones after the long drive and the exposure to heat and mosquitoes. I slept like a top.

*Monday 13th.* I was up pretty early and took a walk to see the city. It is a quaint old place, and possesses, perhaps, more evidences of its antiquity than any settlement in Newfoundland. The large open roadstead outside the beach is very much exposed to westerly and South westerly winds, and is a poor place for vessels to ride, but from thence a narrow gut deep enough for schooners and small steamers to enter leads in through the beach to two long and beautiful arms of the sea, termed respectively the N.E. and S.E. Arms. Only the first is utilized as a harbour being fine and deep, while the approach to the other is through a shoal channel where the tide sweeps in and out with tremendous force.

These two Arms reach inland several miles. The great shingle beach which fronts the sea is about 2 1/2 miles long and quite wide in the central part. It is perfectly level and it is upon this beach the houses are built. Near the central part of the beach, just behind the town, a high Hill arises, known as Dickson's Hill. It is surrounded at its base by the beach and was

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Publications Ltd., 1988), p. 2. A.M. MacKay was General Superintendent of the New York, Newfoundland and London Telegraph Co. Following the successful landing of the transatlantic cable in 1866 at Heart's Content, Trinity Bay, it was decided that the old line along the south coast of the island, completed ten years earlier, was not reliable for the intercontinental telegraph. Placentia was chosen as the eastern terminus of a line to North Sydney.

undoubtedly at one time an island.

The hills on the north side of the harbour and gut are very high and rugged. One conspicuous peak, Castle Rock Hill, which overlooks the town and Harbour was once strongly fortified during the French occupation of Placentia. At the southern end of the great beach called the Block House<sup>24</sup> there once existed another gut leading into the South East Arm but this has long since been filled up by the force of the sea outside heaving in the loose shingle or beach stones. The roads across this beach are very narrow but level and dry. Many of the houses have quite an ancient appearance, but there are several fine ones of modern date.

Since the Anglo-American Cable Company<sup>25</sup> have established an office here in the large old house formerly owned and occupied by Mr. Sweetman,<sup>26</sup> merchant of the place Placentia is looking up a bit. As everybody knows it was the Old French Capital of the island, established about 1660 and possesses an unique and most interesting history, but this has so often formed the theme of lectures, Newspaper articles, poems etc. I shall not enter into that subject here. Suffice it to say it was never conquered from

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<sup>24</sup>Howley doesn't mean that the 2 1/2 mile beach at Placentia is called Block House, but that the southern end of it is so called. The 1869 Newfoundland Census gives the population of Block House as 36. In *Journal of the House of Assembly (JHA)* (1874), appendix, p. 892, the name is "Block-house hill." See M.F. Howley's comment on Block House in *Newfoundland Quarterly (NQ)*, 10, 4 (1911): 16.

<sup>25</sup>The company, founded by Cyrus Field, that succeeded in laying the transatlantic cable; closely identified with the New York, Newfoundland and London Telegraph Co., with which it merged in 1873.

<sup>26</sup>Roger Sweetman, d. 1862. For a history of the Sweetman firm, see John Mannion, "Irish Merchants Abroad: The Newfoundland Experience, 1750-1850," *Newfoundland Studies (NS)*, 2 (1986): 127-90.

the French, though several unsuccessful attempts to do so were made. Finally it was ceded by the Treaty of Utrecht with all the other French possessions in America to the English.

After breakfast we got Mr. Albert Bradshaw<sup>27</sup> with his boat and took a trip around the S.E. Arm examining the rocks. The day was beautifully fine and the mosquitoes busy as usual. We visited several places where attempts to mine lead ores had been made by Mr. Chas. Fox Bennett, our veteran and enterprising mining magnate.<sup>28</sup> Although good samples of ore were obtained at these places, the veins were not well defined or sufficiently prolific and the enterprise failed. Copper had also been worked here to some extent. The ores were very rich and very beautiful bornite or erubescite,<sup>29</sup> contained in quartz veins, but not in sufficient quantity to prove remunerative. We obtained many good specimens of each place. Mr. Murray took observations and bearings to fix the position of those localities on the map. It was late in the evening when we returned. I dined with Mr. and Mrs. Murray at Father Condon's, and spent the remainder of the evening labelling and packing the specimens and preparing for a start in the morning for Branch in St. Mary's Bay.

*Tuesday 14th.* Started on foot about 7 A.M. taking with us two Placentia men, Wm. Phipard and Wm. Kelly to carry packs,

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<sup>27</sup>A local resident hired by Murray for Survey work; later MHA for Placentia and St. Mary's (1882-85) and St. Barbe (1885-89, 1897-1900).

<sup>28</sup>C.F. Bennett (1793-1883), businessman, mining promoter, politician; led the anti-Confederates in the general election of 1869; prime minister of Newfoundland, 1870-74.

<sup>29</sup>A copper sulphide, purple copper.

instruments etc.

The day was very warm and fine, but when we reached the high land of the Cape Shore<sup>30</sup> overlooking Placentia Bay, we had a nice cool breeze off the water, which kept the mosquitoes at bay.

The path, for it was merely a foot path which led along shore, was pretty rough in places but the country was fairly level and free from woods. This afforded us a fine view both seaward and inland. Merashean, Long, and Red Islands and several others were plainly visible, and nearer the shore the ugly-looking Virgin rocks, over which the waves broke furiously. These rocks situated as they are right in the track of boats and vessels going in and out the bay are very dangerous to navigation especially in thick weather.

On the land side the country was generally level, no prominent hills worth mentioning were anywhere visible. This part of the shore is very nice, the soil is good and supports an abundant crop of wild grass. It would form an admirable run for cattle and sheep in summertime.

We reached Ship Cove early in the afternoon and remained here for the night. The distance travelled from Placentia was about fifteen miles. On the way we passed Great and Little Barachois where there are only one or two families residing and all appeared to be quite comfortable. At Ship Cove there are three families. We were given comfortable quarters at Brennan's.

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<sup>30</sup>The coast south of Placentia.

These people were well off, had a nice clearing, and all possessed from 10 to 12 head of cattle. They had plenty of rich milk and delicious fresh butter. I heard Mr. Murray say he never tasted better. The Brennans were also doing well with fish. Old man Brennan told us many interesting tales of the sea etc. but that which took my fancy was a story of buried treasure down at Gull Cove near Cape St. Mary's.<sup>31</sup> Many years ago it was said a pirate ship put in there and hid some treasure in the bank but never returned for it. After several years had elapsed, two men supposed to have been of the crew, one an Italian, the other a Swede, did return. They hired a guide to go with them and travelled by land along shore to the place. They had maps or charts on which the location of the hidden treasure was marked. They brought along picks and shovels, and when arrived at Gull Cove, they despatched their guide across to Branch ostensibly to procure a jar of rum. When he returned they had finished their work and covered up the hole again. He never found out whether they got anything or not. As to the rum they scarcely touched it but gave it nearly all to their guide. As to their actually being there there can be very little doubt for they stopped a night at Brennan's house and I have had the story confirmed by several other reliable persons. Old Mr. O'Rielly, in charge of the Cape<sup>32</sup> lighthouse, was one who also told me they stayed a night with

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<sup>31</sup>A printed version of this story is in M. F. Howley, "Newfoundland Name-Lore," *NQ*, 9, 3 (1909): 10.

<sup>32</sup>Cape St. Mary's; the keeper was John Rielly.

him.

The geology of this part of the shore is similar to that of Placentia, the rocks met with being all hard flinty slates and quartzites of the old Huronian Series.<sup>33</sup> The highest land passed over according to Mr. Murray's aneroid was about 456 ft.

*Wednesday 15th.* Another beautiful fine day. We got the Brennans to take us in boat along shore starting about 7 A.M., but only reached as far as Patrick's Cove, some 5 miles when the wind sprung up and blew strong from the S.W. which was dead against us, so we had to put in here and tramp the remaining 10 miles to Distress (now St. Brides<sup>34</sup>). On our way from Ship Cove to Patrick's Cove by water we passed Gooseberry,<sup>35</sup> where a few liviers reside. The cliffs were very rugged and broken. Innumerable sea birds were seen perched on the rocks or wheeling about overhead emitting all sorts of discordant cries.

We stopped at a place called Cuslot River<sup>36</sup> to try for some trout. There are here some nice pools below the bridge and we secured quite a few fish. Some of these were roasted before the fire on flat stones, but as we had no salt they were not very palatable. In passing over a ridge not far from Distress we saw some very red slate which by its cleavage Mr. Murray judged would

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<sup>33</sup>For a listing of the rock series referred to here and in later years, see Intro., n. 130. Quartzite is a granular metamorphic rock composed mostly of quartz. The Huronian Series or System (pertaining to ancient rock formations near Lake Huron) is described in the Geological Survey of Canada's *Report of Progress* (Montreal: Dawson Brothers, 1863), pp. 50-66.

<sup>34</sup>The older name was changed to St. Bride's about 1870.

<sup>35</sup>Gooseberry Cove.

<sup>36</sup>Cuslett Brook.

make good roofing material. We stopped to examine it. All at once Mr. M. turned to me and asked if I brought along his big iron maul. I said I did not see it and told him I took everything they gave me at Bennett's store.<sup>37</sup> At this he took to swearing and such a volume of oaths as he poured out I never heard before. He swore at everybody and everything. The two poor fishermen actually slunk away appalled, they never heard anything to equal it and all about so trivial a matter. This was perhaps Mr. Murray's greatest failing. He certainly could swear on all occasions, not like a trooper, Oh, no! but like an old time man-of-war's man of which he was a genuine specimen. In course of time I got so used to him I did not mind it in the least. It simply was second nature with him, he could not help it. We actually had to laugh at him sometimes, particularly when swearing at the mosquitoes. He would even laugh himself when he realized the ridiculous nature of his performance. I once heard him say he wished he had never learned to swear or smoke.

Near Distress we came across a dark red limestone holding obscure fossils. It strikes along shore for a considerable distance, and from what we could learn comes up again near Cape St. Mary's. It underlays the settlement of Distress and the soil there produced from its disintegration is exceedingly rich.

The people of this place are very well to do, have lots of fine cattle and sheep, and grow excellent crops of all kinds.

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<sup>37</sup>C.F. Bennett's premises in St. John's.

They have done exceptionally well with the fish, in fact better than for the past twenty years or more. They use nothing but bultows<sup>38</sup> and cod-nets here. Some of them have already 300 qtls<sup>39</sup> ashore. One man brought me through his stage<sup>40</sup> to see the fish and I must confess I never saw so much green fish<sup>41</sup> together before. Every place was full, and all the puncheons and barrels he could muster were full of cods' livers to overflowing. He showed me a piece of a large Halibut he had in salt. I asked him if he caught many of them. He said, "Yes, quite a few." I asked what he did with them. He said, "threw them away or salted them down for the dogs." What a pity to have this fine fish wasted when we never see one in the St. John's market.<sup>42</sup>

It is true they don't receive or require any poor relief here, but they might be much better off than they are. There is no trouble clearing the land, which is very fertile, and there is grazing in abundance for any number of cattle and sheep. The fishery here is always good no matter how it goes elsewhere. It is so near the famous fishing ground around Cape St. Mary's, and all the people are able to purchase their own supplies. Still they barely keep from poverty. Any shrewd industrious person or family, with a knowledge of farming as well as fishing, could not

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<sup>38</sup>Long fishing-lines, lying close to the ocean bottom, with many baited hooks suspended from them. Also called *trawls*. Howley implies that fishermen have abandoned the old method of fishing, hook-and-line.

<sup>39</sup>A quintal is 112 pounds.

<sup>40</sup>Ocean front structures where cod were unloaded, split, and salted.

<sup>41</sup>Cod preserved with a covering of salt, but not dried.

<sup>42</sup>A Market House with stalls selling fish, meat, vegetables, etc., opened on Water Street in St. John's in 1849. See Paul O'Neill, *A Seaport Legacy* (Erin, Ont.: Press Porcépic, 1976), p. 571.

fail to do well here. The inhabitants have another great advantage in that they obtain plenty of wreck timber now and then. In fact all their houses are constructed of such material. They never dreamt of having an abundant supply of limestone though their houses rest on it, and they use slabs of it for their hearthstones and door steps. It goes without saying that the lime used in building their chimneys etc. is all imported. These limestones belong to a more recent and newer series to the rocks seen at Placentia and along shore. They are of Lower Cambrian age.<sup>43</sup> Its colour is usually brick-red and anyone would easily detect it by the peculiar pitted surface caused by weathering. We stayed at a Mrs. Conway's for the night and were made very comfortable. All the people here are of Irish descent and speak with a broad brogue. Indeed one would imagine himself in the heart of Tipperary or Waterford, so little have they changed since their forefathers settled here. They are kind and hospitable and generous to a fault.<sup>44</sup>

*Thursday 16th.* We left Distress early in the morning to cross overland to Branch, and had a hard tramp over barrens and

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<sup>43</sup>Cambrian refers to a period of geologic time approx. 500-600 million years ago; in geology, lower means older. The Lower Cambrian formations were "the earliest fossiliferous rocks" (*Public Ledger*, July 23, 1868).

<sup>44</sup>Irish immigrants became established in many coves on the eastern and western shores of Placentia Bay, beginning in the late eighteenth century. See John J. Mannion, "Irish Merchants Abroad" and "A Transatlantic Merchant Fishery: Richard Welsh of New Ross and the Sweetmans of Newbawn in Newfoundland 1734-1862," in *Wexford: History and Society; Interdisciplinary Essays on the History of an Irish County*, Kevin Whelan and William Nolan, eds., (Dublin: Geography Publications, 1987), pp. 373-421, 543-47, for the fisheries networks established by Irish merchants, and William J. Kirwin, "The Planting of Anglo-Irish in Newfoundland," in *Focus on Canada*, Sandra Clarke, ed., (Amsterdam: John Benjamins, 1993), pp. 65-84.

marshes. The country is nearly level with scarcely any woods except occasional patches of tucking bushes (Tuckamores). There are tons and tons of wild hay going to waste. Of course nearer the shores the people from both Distress and Branch cut a quantity of this for the use of their cattle.

The country inland looks very nice, as though it were all cultivated land. I believe it is capable of supporting any number of cattle and could be made to supply all our markets with fresh beef and mutton.

We arrived at Branch about 1.30 P.M. and put up at the house of Mr. John English, a former member of parliament<sup>45</sup> for the District of Placentia and St. Mary's. The family, which was pretty considerable, were all very kind and made our stay very comfortable indeed.

The Cove or Harbour of Branch is an open roadstead very much exposed to south and east winds. At the head of the Cove is a fine sand beach through which a narrow gut leads into a basin formed at the mouth of Branch River. It is here the fishing boats find shelter. The River is a considerable stream though shallow. It runs through a wide beautiful valley and has many extensive flats of interval land. These alluvial lands are very fertile and mostly cleared and cultivated by the inhabitants. They yield excellent hay and root crops, some of the people had from 12 to 15 bbls. of potatoes set. A few of the farms are quite extensive.

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<sup>45</sup>The Newfoundland House of Assembly; English's term as MHA was 1859-61.

All the people have more or less cattle and sheep, several averaging from 10 to 14 head of the former. They also have pigs and poultry and are extremely comfortable. Of course, milk, butter and eggs were in abundance and we fared well while here. They have done well here with the fish as at Distress. In fact, they always do well being so near the best fishing ground in Newfoundland. The houses are substantial, neat and well-kept, being also chiefly constructed from driftwood, the product of the numerous wrecks so plentiful around this ocean graveyard. An air of comfort and abundance was evident on all sides.

In the afternoon we walked out along shore to examine the cliffs, which are here chiefly composed of light greenish and reddish shales forming high cliffs. These shales are characterized by the presence of numerous large well-preserved fossil fishes or rather crustaceans, called trilobites. They have been given the distinctive name of *Paradoxides Bennetti*,<sup>46</sup> by Palaeontologists, from the circumstance that it was Mr. C.F. Bennett of St. John's who first brought specimens to the notice of scientists abroad.

We saw several and succeeded in getting out a few good ones, but the rocks are so badly cleaved and shattered that it is next to impossible to obtain a perfect specimen. Good heads and tails and segments of the body can be had in abundance.

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<sup>46</sup>See J.W. Salter, "On the Fossils of the Lingula-flags or 'Zone Primordiale'. *Paradoxides* and *Conocephalus* from North America," *Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society of London*, 15 (1859): 552-54.

The fossil is peculiar. It is a jointed lobed shellfish somewhat resembling a lobster in parts of its construction, but still more like a king crab. The head is wide and flat with prominent cheeks. The central part of the body is divided longitudinally into three lobes, hence its name Trilobite.<sup>47</sup> Each lobe consists of a jointed shell which enabled the animal when living to curl itself up like a ball. A fringe of pointed spines extends all around the body and tail, but not around the head. I give here a figure of the animal for the better illustration of the foregoing description.<sup>48</sup>

*Friday 17th.* Foggy and raining nearly all day. We procured some more fossils, but did not succeed in getting very good ones. It would require the use of blasting materials and much time to get out large blocks of the rock and then carefully break them up. However, our friend and entertainer, Mr. English had several good ones which he was but too happy to give us.

None of the boats could get out to the fishing grounds to-day owing to the rough sea heaving in. I went about a good deal amongst the people, visiting several of their houses and found them all very friendly. I found many of them were old dealers<sup>49</sup> of my father's and were pleased to see me.

*Saturday 18th.* Still foggy and wet. One of the Englishes' sons came with me out on the north side of the cove to a place

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<sup>47</sup>The "Journal" (1868), Centre for Newfoundland Studies Archive (CNSA), 262.2.02.001, has "tri-lobite."

<sup>48</sup>The sketch provided is from the MS "Journal" for 1868.

<sup>49</sup>People who had dealings with his father.

called Beckford,<sup>50</sup> near the eastern point of the entrance, about two miles out from the beach. We found several more fossils on this side, also the red limestone of Distress.<sup>51</sup> After tea I again visited some of the houses and made myself quite at home. When they found I played a little on the flute and violin they were charmed. I had with me a small B flat flute which I used to play when a member of the St. Bonaventure's College<sup>52</sup> band. Of course the music was the signal for a dance, and I was kept going all the rest of my spare time here at one house one night and another the next. Didn't they enjoy the fun! They were all *au fait*<sup>53</sup> in the terpsichorean art, as most Irish and people of Irish descent are. Happy souls, theirs was a life of peace and plenty and innocent enjoyment to be sure. I took a great fancy to them all especially as some of the gentler sex were very comely maidens indeed, and I was just at that age when young men became most susceptible to feminine charms.

I noticed a very peculiar accent among these people. At first, hearing the English family, I thought it might belong only to them, but I soon found it was general throughout all the inhabitants of the place. It is impossible to describe it. It is unlike anything else I have heard elsewhere and is certainly a distinctive feature of the settlement of *Bwanch*.

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<sup>50</sup>The 1869 *Census* gives the population of Beckford as 12. (Howley also calls it Peckford Cove.)

<sup>51</sup>Of the community of Distress (St. Bride's).

<sup>52</sup>See Intro., p. xxxix.

<sup>53</sup>Skilled, expert. Terpsichore was the Muse of dancing.

*Sunday 19th.* Fine warm day. We intended to hire a boat and run up the Bay to Colinet but as it was still foggy and blowing outside with a heavy sea running, we had to give up the idea. Mr. Murray was no Sabbatarian, Sunday and Monday were alike to him, so after packing up our fossils and leaving them with Mr. English to be forwarded to St. John's we commenced our return journey overland. After bidding all our kind friends good-bye we were off. It was very warm till we got on the higher levels where the breeze from the sea greatly tempered the atmosphere and kept us comfortably cool.

We stopped at one pond to try for trout and boil our kettle. Saw a couple of old partridge and some young ones. We arrived back at Distress about 3.30 P.M. and put up at Mrs. Conway's. Here we heard that a large timber ship had gone in the bay leaking badly and was ashore at Point Verde.<sup>54</sup> She was already gutted and boats loaded with lumber and towing large balks<sup>55</sup> were continually passing out the Bay. We also heard a man named Doyle of Gooseberry found a large whale dead in his cod trap and succeeded in getting it ashore at Ship Cove, and expected to make quite a nice penny from the oil and bone.

We hired a boat to take us up to Placentia in the morning. The people caught very little fish since we were here last. After

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<sup>54</sup>The barque *Glide*, of Sunderland, en route from Dalhousie, N.B., to Stockton, Durham, England with a cargo of lumber, went ashore on July 16 at Point Verde. (*Public Ledger*, July 21, 1868).

<sup>55</sup>Beams.

dinner I went out with one of the Conway boys to Cross Point<sup>56</sup> to see a vein of peculiar rock at Cross Point Cove, north side. From the description given I took it to be a quartz vein, but it turned out to be sulphate of Barytes<sup>57</sup> of a pale pinkish colour. This mineral when pure and free from iron is of economic importance, being used for many purposes in the arts. When ground fine it is often mixed with white lead for paint. It is an exceedingly heavy mineral and on that account is sometimes called heavy spar. The vein was about three feet thick and runs across the point. The cliffs here are some 300 or 400 feet high and the mineral runs up to the top, so that the quantity here is considerable. I also discovered the Branch shales here again, but they did not seem to contain fossils.

*Monday 20th.* Wind strong from the N.E. We left in a skiff but could not get along owing to the head wind, and when only about a mile from Distress had to put into La Perch,<sup>58</sup> take to the land again and foot it back. We got as far as Patrick's Cove all right, but had to halt here and take a rest. Mr. Murray's lame leg gave out and became very stiff and painful all at once. After a good rest we pushed on for Ship Cove and though Mr. Murray was suffering much pain all the time he held on bravely and we reached our destination just before Sunset, here we stopped for the night again at Brennan's.

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<sup>56</sup>North of St. Bride's (Distress).

<sup>57</sup>Barite (barium sulfate).

<sup>58</sup>Perch Cove.

After getting something to eat I went out to see the dead whale on the beach. It was a huge monster measuring 61 feet in length. They had it cut up in large pieces which were strewn upon the beach as they could not get casks enough to hold half the fat, consequently they were losing much of the oil. In their haste to cut the fat off they left a good deal adhering to the carcass, this was given to the women and boys about who recovered most of it and made considerable money therefrom. It was expected the yield of oil would be at least 4 tuns.

We saw several boats passing down the bay coming from the wreck, loaded with lumber and each one towing a few balks behind. Some who came in here gave us all the particulars about the wreck and the way the fishermen stripped her. They averred that the Little Placentia<sup>59</sup> men were the worst wreckers, carrying off everything they could lay hands upon. When the vessel came up the bay on Thursday last all the fishing boats on the ground hauled up their anchors and followed her in, just like a flock of vultures after a wounded horse. In ten hours after she struck there was not a rope or a piece of timber left on her.

*Tuesday 21st.* Favourable wind at last. Got Brennan's skiff to run us up to Placentia. It was a beautiful day and we had a fine time<sup>60</sup> along. I was seated in the bow all the way playing the flute which the crew greatly appreciated. It sounded very well on the water and I knew just what tunes would appeal to

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<sup>59</sup>Later called Argentia.

<sup>60</sup>Good sailing weather.

their tastes.

As we passed close to the stranded vessel at Point Verde, we witnessed a great sight. There were a couple of hundred men on her deck cutting and ripping her up to get at the cargo. Her masts and rigging were all gone and nothing now left but the hulk. She was surrounded by boats from all parts of the bay. As we approached they set up a cheer and stopped a few moments to scrutinize us. Billy Kelly, who was a comical genius, called out to them that there was another vessel ashore down near Distress and that we had the Capt. and mate aboard. At this they all stopped and stared at us uncertain whether to believe the story or not.

We arrived safely at Placentia all well after just a week's absence. Apropos of the wreck we afterwards heard many amusing stories about it. Such was the state of excitement aboard that it was a miracle some of the looters were not killed. Men would climb aloft, cut off the rigging and heavy blocks and let them fall amongst the crowd on deck. One fellow had crawled out to the extremity of the main yardarm and was in the act of cutting away a block when someone cut the stays from the other end of the yard, which immediately cockbilled,<sup>61</sup> with the result that the first fellow became suspended in the air, head down and had all he could do to get back to a safe position. There were many such ludicrous scenes witnessed and it is extraordinary how they

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<sup>61</sup>Shifted to a vertical position.

managed to escape injury.

While on the subject of wrecks I might relate a few other instances told me by my uncle, Alex. Burke,<sup>62</sup> in Little Placentia. A few years previous a large vessel became embayed and in the dense fog ran ashore at a place called Marquise just on the outside part of the beach at Little Placentia. The Capt. and crew succeeded in getting ashore and immediately the work of salvage commenced. Amongst the cargo were some pianos, one of which Mr. Burke purchased at a ridiculously low figure. The people about had little use for such luxuries, so when the salvaged cargo was sold for the benefit of the underwriters, there were few bids for the pianos. When the cargo was nearly all out, to the astonishment of the people engaged in unloading, one fine morning on visiting the place, lo and behold! the wreck had mysteriously disappeared. There was no sign of her anywhere, and as the sea had been comparatively smooth it was scarcely possible she could have broken up (in any case, some of the wreckage would be visible in the neighborhood), but no, there was nothing to indicate that this could have taken place.

The mystery was not solved for several days. Then it transpired that a boat coming in from the Cape grounds<sup>63</sup> found the vessel drifting out the bay. She had floated off the sands at a high spring tide during the night. The fishermen got aboard and attached lines to her and succeeded in towing her away up the bay

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<sup>62</sup>Howley's mother's maiden name was Elizabeth Burke.

<sup>63</sup>Off Cape St. Mary's.

amongst the islands, I think to Haystack on Long Isd. Here they ran her ashore and soon finished the work of looting the remainder of the cargo.

Still another story of Mr. Burke's was that a vessel called the *Reine de Provence* became caught in the Artic ice one spring and was driven well up Placentia Bay. It is of course an unusual occurrence for this bay to become ice-blocked but such has occurred occasionally, especially when a large body of Gulf ice<sup>64</sup> has been driven along the southern coast, and a gale of S. wind has forced it inland, filling the bays on that side. The vessel became so wedged in and in such danger of being crushed that the crew abandoned her and made their way to the nearest land. As soon as the people ashore heard of the fact a number of them went off on the ice and boarded her. In overhauling the cargo they found a case filled with bottles of some kind of liquor. They did not know what it was but upon breaking a bottle and tasting it, the liquor tasted good. As the weather was very rough and cold, they concluded it would go better hot, so filling a kettle they boiled it on the galley stove and had a great booze. It was champagne. It quickly got to their heads setting them nearly crazy. They next came across a large wooden case containing a piano, which they opened. Finding the instrument emitted sweet music, one fellow took a marlinspike<sup>65</sup> and began to

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<sup>64</sup>Ice drifting east from the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

<sup>65</sup>A tool of iron or steel, tapered at one end, used to hold strands of rope apart when splicing.

hammer on the keyboard while the rest indulged in a dance. Then one chap took a fancy to the beautiful carved rosewood front of the instrument and said he should have that to make a cupboard door, but a dispute arose between him and another as to who should have it. After a fisticuff encounter over it, they finally agreed to divide it and take a part each. Procuring a saw somewhere, they cut the piano in two. But the weather now having become worse and their position critical they had to leave in a hurry and make the best of their way back to land. I did not hear what the sequel was but presumably the vessel was crushed and sank.

Placentia and St. Mary's Bays are full of tales of wrecks and mysterious happenings, which would fill a large volume to relate.

Mr. W. Tarahan and I went off trouting out to Freshwater and caught about two dozen beauties, but we got an awful scourging from the mosquitoes. I met Mr. D.J. Henderson<sup>66</sup> at the Virgin Hotel. He came from St. John's to buy the wreck. Mr. Garrett Dooley<sup>67</sup> had been here on the same quest but returned before we arrived.

*Wednesday 22nd.* Fine warm day, wrote home. After dinner I walked out on the south side of the harbour about two miles to

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<sup>66</sup>A St. John's merchant. On Aug. 5, 1868, he obtained a licence to search for minerals on the Cape Shore.

<sup>67</sup>Government inspector of roads and bridges.

the cove where the cables are landed<sup>68</sup> and took notes of the rocks in that locality. Mr. Murray remained at home to rest his leg.

*Thursday 23rd.* A beautiful fine day, preparing for a start to-morrow, by the Little Placentia Packet-boat<sup>69</sup> to proceed up the bay. After dinner I crossed the gut<sup>70</sup> and climbed Castle Hill where I saw the remains of the old French Fort on the top. The ground has been levelled off. The old stone wall of the fort, now overgrown with grass and weeds is still quite visible. Here and there the embrasures where formerly the cannon were placed can be seen by the hollows or depressions in the wall. The fort was square and mounted several large guns. These had all disappeared having been thrown down the steep hill where some of them are still observed half buried in the debris. A few also, are down amongst the houses on the beach. The base of the square stone tower with an archway through it, presumably the magazine, still remains standing. It was well-built, the walls being about 3 feet thick and the masonry in excellent preservation. This battery was splendidly situated, commanding, as it did, not only the town but the whole roadstead outside. It must have been, and indeed as history tells us, quite impregnable. This with old Fort Louis at the Gut rendered Placentia Harbour a great stronghold which

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<sup>68</sup>The submarine segment of the telegraph line laid in 1867 between North Sydney and Placentia.

<sup>69</sup>One of two vessels in Placentia Bay employed on the "Sailing Packet Service" by the Post Office. These ships, each with a different route in the bay, carried freight and passengers as well as mail. See *JHA* (1870), Appendix, p. 618.

<sup>70</sup>Placentia Gut, the entrance to the town's inner harbour.

defied repeated attacks from the English fleets. As I have already stated, Placentia was never captured.<sup>71</sup>

*Friday 24th.* Left Placentia at 6 A.M. in the Packet-boat, but had it very calm for a time. We got into Little Placentia about 11 A.M. Here we went ashore for an hour. I with the Packet man Murphy<sup>72</sup> walked down to Mr. Burke's who was postmaster here. Had my dinner with my uncle and his family. Meanwhile a nice breeze having sprung up we hurried back and got underweigh for La Manche. We did not get there till midnight however, and had to stay on board all night.

*Saturday 25th.* At daylight I went on deck and had a look around the mine.<sup>73</sup> There was no one stirring at so early an hour. After about an hour's walking around I returned to the boat and took a stretch on one of the benches in the Forecastle and as I had very little rest during the night I now slept for a couple of hours, hard as my bed was. About 7 A.M. Mr. and Mrs. Cohu,<sup>74</sup> the manager, and his wife came down on the wharf and invited us all up to breakfast. They have a large house well-built, but it is nearly all taken up with the shop and stores. Their living apartments were quite small and cramped. Most of the rest of the day was spent getting our things ashore and assorting<sup>75</sup> them. We

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<sup>71</sup>D.W. Prowse, *A History of Newfoundland, from the English, Colonial, and Foreign Records*, 2 ed. (London: Eyre and Spottiswoode, 1896), pp. 181-82.

<sup>72</sup>Patrick Murphy.

<sup>73</sup>The mine at La Manche opened in 1858. See an account in Wendy Martin, *Once Upon a Mine* (Montreal: Canadian Institute of Mining and Metallurgy, 1983), p. 10.

<sup>74</sup>A. Bellangee Cohu.

<sup>75</sup>Putting them in order.

then had a further look around the mine and watching the men dressing<sup>76</sup> and cleaning the lead ore. It was all very interesting.

Mr. Murray's two Indians who were to meet us here, as soon as they heard we had arrived put in an appearance. They had been camped about a mile inside. They were beginning to think we were not coming and were just on the point of going back to Conne,<sup>77</sup> from whence they came.

Joe Bernard, the older man, was about 35 years of age, a thick-set swarthy individual possessing a heavy beard and moustache, which is unusual with Indians. John Barrington the other was a much younger man about 24 years of age. He was tall and slight, nearly 6 feet, clean face with no hair whatever about it except a great crop on his head which like Joe's was jet black. John being but a half-breed was not nearly so dark as Joe. His features were rather handsome with most beautiful dark brown eyes. He was a lithe active fellow with loose limbs and I noticed his hands were as delicate as a lady's. I took to John from the first but never cared so much for Joe. They were however, both very friendly and otherwise like ordinary white men. Mr. Murray supplied them with a camp and provisions for a few days.

*Sunday 26th.* Rain and foggy nearly all day. Got our things ready for the woods. We were bound up to Piper's Hole<sup>78</sup> at the

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<sup>76</sup>Preparing (ore) for smelting by removing the non-metallic portion.

<sup>77</sup>The Micmac settlement at the head of Bay d'Espoir; normally called Conne River.

<sup>78</sup>Now Swift Current.

extreme head of the bay intending to ascend and survey the large river flowing into that inlet. As it cleared off somewhat in the afternoon we all, that is, Mr. and Mrs. Cohu, Mr. and Mrs. Murray, young Harry, Cohu's brother, and myself took a walk around the hills. The country about the mine is very rugged and extremely barren.

*Monday 27th.* Fine warm day I had a good look around again. Watched the men washing and dressing the ore for shipment and learnt a good deal about the mine from the men. In the afternoon Mr. M. and I went out measuring and making a plan of the location. He also took observations of the sun to ascertain the correct time and establish a true meridian.<sup>79</sup>

*Tuesday 28th.* I spent nearly all day surveying. The day was fine and the mosquitos were of course in evidence. So far I had no opportunity of seeing the mine underground but was determined to do so before we left. Of course I dare not attempt it without a guide and I was not there any time when Harry Cohu or the men were going down.

*Wednesday 29th.* Fine warm day again. We spent all the forenoon surveying around the mine. At 1 O'clock Harry and I went down in the mine and all through it. We had to dress in miners' suits of canvas, as the underground works were wet and dirty. On

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<sup>79</sup>A true meridian is a line of longitude (one that passes through the "true" North Pole). Exact local time can be determined by astronomical observation, by "calculating the local time of noon on the longitude of Greenwich, the difference in time [gives] the longitude east or west" (Peter Kemp, ed., *The Oxford Companion to Ships and the Sea* [Oxford: 1976], p. 496).

our heads we wore felt hats very hard and heavy so that should any loose fragments of rock fall upon us the hard hat would prevent them from hurting our heads. We were each provided with two tallow candles, one of which was stuck on the front of our hats with soft clay and lit as we commenced to descend. It was no easy matter for one unaccustomed to going underground, more especially for the first time. Of course Harry went ahead and warned me of the dangerous spots or broken rounds in the ladders. These were almost perpendicular and lay so close to the rock wall that one could barely find room for the tips of the toes and fingers of the hands to grasp. At one point we came to the end of the ladders and landed on a very narrow ledge of rock, still some 60 or 70 feet from the bottom. Along this we crept leaning against the solid wall for support. At length we reached the bottom about 125 feet below the surface. We then walked along very cautiously as there were still some danger spots, especially when we had to cross an open shaft on a single narrow plank 14 or 15 feet long with a hole of 50 or 60 feet beneath. It was enough to try anybody's nerves not used to it.

One shaft is down to a depth of 180 feet below the surface and being also below sea level is now filled with water and had to be abandoned. Harry goes down every day at 1 O'clock to see how things are getting along and measure the work done by the miners. We saw them at work blasting out the lode<sup>80</sup> at the end of

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<sup>80</sup>A mineral deposit in a rock fissure.

the main drift<sup>81</sup> which was an interesting sight.

Having now seen the mine both above and below ground, I shall endeavour to give a full description of it. The country around about La Manche is very rugged and hilly. From the small Cove of that name is a narrow inlet between the hills which is rather an open harbour except with off shore winds. From the head of the cove a deep narrow ravine runs inland in a northwest direction which slopes gradually upwards for a distance of over a mile. It is in this ravine the lode or vein is situated. It runs straight inland from the cove and a small stream follows its course issuing from some ponds inside emptying into the latter.

The hills on both sides of the ravine are quite steep till the high ground is reached when they die down to the general level of the country. The miners' houses are all built on the slope on the eastside of the ravine, except that of the Manager which is in the hollow near the shore of the cove, where a fine wharf is built. A tramway runs from the mine down to this wharf, worked by water power derived from the stream. Six different shafts have been sunk at intervals along the course of the vein to depths of from 125 to 180 feet. Over each of these, sheds are erected and on one side another larger shed contains the hoisting winch worked by horses. Just in front of the manager's house is the washing floor which is a long gently sloping planked platform with several troughs at the upper side sunk below the level of

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<sup>81</sup>Horizontal underground tunnel along an ore seam.

the floor. The higher side of this platform where the men work has a shed roof over it. Under this shed are several jigs, which are oblong box-like troughs filled with water. Into these fits another box with a wire sieve bottom. These jigs are provided with handles like pump handles by which the boxes when filled with crushed ore are raised and dropped, or "jigged," as it is termed, so as to allow the water to surge up through and wash the ore clean. The ore is then crushed fine in a hopper-shaped iron trough, with a large iron wedge in the centre. This is moved rapidly back and forth crushing the vein material against the sides of the trough. The fine material then drops down upon a round sieve which is continuously revolved, when all the finer material passes through, and the coarse hops off to one side. This then goes to the jigs to be washed, while the finer material is spread along the washing floor near the top where it is turned over and over with shovels while a constant stream of water passes through it, washing away down the slope all the finer or lighter material, leaving the heavy lead behind clean and sparkling. It is passed from one trough to another undergoing the same process till quite clean and free from rock material. It is then shovelled into casks, usually old kerosene casks, and headed up for export. These hold about 15 cwt. each. The coarser material after being jigged is hand-picked and all the lumps of ore termed "prill"<sup>82</sup> taken out. The whole process of crushing and

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<sup>82</sup>Good-quality ore remaining after inferior material is removed.

washing is done by water-power obtained from the ponds inside. The water is carried in an overhead wooden flume to the crusher and tables, and has sufficient head<sup>83</sup> to operate all the machinery.

Close by the crusher are situated the forge and carpenter's shop where drills are sharpened and all repairs attended to. Of the six vertical shafts along the course of the vein they are only working No. 5 at present. The ore is hoisted from the mine by the winch in large iron buckets, attached to a long steel cable. This latter is passed around a large wooden drum. While one bucket is being hoisted the other goes down to be refilled and so on. The winch is worked by horse power, a long beam stretches across the bottom of the winch to one end of which the horse is tackled and is driven around in a circle so that by means of cog-wheels the rope over the drum is wound up, and the bucket full of ore brought to the surface. The horse is then turned and made to travel in the opposite direction. Then the bucket which has just been emptied descends and the full one comes up. The poor horse looks stupid from constantly travelling thus in a circle. There is another small washer at the mouth of the shaft where the larger stuff just as it comes to the surface is washed and the bigger lumps of prill are picked out, while the rest goes to the crusher. At No. 3 shaft there is a bell to call the miners to work and dinner etc.

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<sup>83</sup>Pressure from the water level of the ponds.

The vein or lode carrying the galena<sup>84</sup> is almost entirely composed of calcspar,<sup>85</sup> with here and there some pinkish barytes and lumps of quartz. It averages about 3 1/2 feet in width and runs very straight as far as it has been traced, about two miles from its outcrop at the cove. Work was commenced at the water's edge and a level carried along the lode. It has now been worked out to a distance of about one quarter of a mile. The vein goes down nearly vertically with but a slight incline westward. It has only as yet been worked down to sea level, but with the aid of steam pumps to keep down the water might be continued to almost any depth. The galena can be distinctly seen running all along through the spar<sup>86</sup> on the floor of the mine. It is in a continuous string varying in thickness from a few inches to over half a foot. The vein material is quite soft and very easily drilled and blasted out. Occasionally large cavities occur in it generally lined with beautiful quartz and amethystine crystals. Usually these vughs, as they are called, contain large masses of pure prill ore. Very rich yellow copper ore, Chalcocite, is sometimes met with and some beautiful green malachite,<sup>87</sup> but neither are in appreciable quantity. The origin of the vein is quite clear. A break or fault having occurred in the strata caused by some great disturbance, by which the rocks were parted and then violently rubbed against each other, as the smooth even

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<sup>84</sup>Lead ore.

<sup>85</sup>A mineral; rhombohedral crystallized carbonate of lime.

<sup>86</sup>I.e., calcspar.

<sup>87</sup>Hydrous carbonate of copper.

polished foot wall indicates, the intervening space became filled in with broken debris, and the spar with its contained metallic contents was subsequently filled in by water, percolating through it. Heat and various chemical processes precipitated the galena while the process of filling was taking place. It is a well-known axiom that the various metallic substances which may be in a state of solution have an affinity or attraction for each other and will come together when not hindered by foreign substances. Thus the solutions containing the metallic salts in filtering through the porous rock sought each other as it were, and lodged in cavities and open spaces. A trap<sup>88</sup> or igneous dyke<sup>89</sup> crosses the lode at right angles just above No. 4 shaft, but the vein cuts through this also indicating that the break and formation of the lode was of subsequent date to the igneous intrusion.

There are at present only about twenty men and boys at work here. The surface men are paid by the day but the underground miners work by contract receiving £8. currency per fathom for the work of excavating the vein. Each fathom must be 4 feet wide, 6 feet high, and 10 feet along the lode. It takes 10 days to work out a fathom. Only 6 men are at present at this work, taking 8-hour shifts, and as they must pay for their own candles and the sharpening of their drills, they earn but small wages.

The geology of the country about La Manche is still

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<sup>88</sup>An up-throw in a rock stratum.

<sup>89</sup>Igneous rock is formed from the cooling of molten matter in the earth's interior; when such matter fills a fissure in rock strata and cools, it forms a dyke.

Huronian. The hard greenish feldsite<sup>90</sup> slates of the series occupy all the country hereabout.

*Thursday 30th.* Spent nearly all day continuing the survey of the mine. Carried our measurements halfway across to Trinity Bay. The country all the way is very hilly and broken, and perfectly barren and studded with small ponds in every direction. We crossed the place where the proposed railway is to run. It appeared to me no easy matter to find a feasible line here. The hills are so steep and close together with deep narrow valleys between. I feel sure it will cost a deal of money to cut and fill in constructing any line here.

The crusher was at work to-day for the first time since we came here. I had a good look at it and witnessed the whole process of crushing and washing the ore.

*Friday 31st.* Rather dull to-day with strong breeze from the S.W. Mr. Murray not feeling well, stayed in doors all day plotting his work. Joe and I went out measuring distances and taking heights of surrounding hills, one of which was over 700 feet above sea level. We had not gone far when it came to rain hard so we were obliged to turn back. It cleared off again in the afternoon when we went on with our work.

Capt. Bradshaw<sup>91</sup> came in with a load of coal from Sydney<sup>92</sup>

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<sup>90</sup>Felstone (or felsite), an igneous rock composed mostly of feldspar and quartz.

<sup>91</sup>Frank Bradshaw.

<sup>92</sup>By "Sydney" Howley normally-not always-means North Sydney; "South Sydney" means Sydney.

about 1 O'clock. The Capt. told us that Reciprocity had been renewed between the United States and Prince Edward Island,<sup>93</sup> and that the Nova Scotians were furious about it.

*Saturday, Aug. 1st.* Blowing and raining hard all the forenoon. Measured the distances apart of the various shafts. At dusk Mr. Blackadder's<sup>94</sup> boat, which is to convey us up to Black River, came in. She is a nice little craft and had been one of the boats of the ship *Summers*<sup>95</sup> wrecked at Placentia last fall. Mr. B. had her decked and the top sides raised. She was schooner rigged and has a snug little cabin, though very small. She is only 21 feet long by 7 wide. Mr. Chas. Chambers of Buffet, Long Island, fitted her up, and rigged her, and he was now in charge. Chambers is engaged at present building a Telegraph station at Black River, of which Mr. Blackadder, now at Come-by-Chance is to take charge.

*Sunday 2nd.* Dull, foggy and raining nearly all day. Did not go out. Went to bed early to be ready for a start in the morning.

*Monday 3rd.* Still dull and foggy but wind fair for Piper's Hole. Got all on board Mr. Blackadder's boat and started about noon. Had a fine time and nice fair wind for about 3 hours, but

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<sup>93</sup>A Reciprocity agreement (i.e., an agreement that authorizes the mutual lowering of tariffs on imports) between the United States and British North America was signed in 1854, but was abrogated by the U.S. at the end of the Civil War. Another such agreement, the Treaty of Washington, was signed in 1871.

<sup>94</sup>Archibald McQ. Blackadar, preventive officer at Black River. See his "Early Days of the Telegraph in Newfoundland," *Trade Review Christmas Number* (1893): 14-15. A preventive officer was a customs official whose main task was the prevention of smuggling.

<sup>95</sup>The *Summer* from Montreal went ashore at Point Verde Nov. 20, 1867; her cargo was 5,000 bbls. of flour, together with barley and peas. *Public Ledger*, Nov. 22, 1867.

it died away gradually and became calm before we reached Sound Island, three miles from Black River, and we did not get in till nearly dark. Sent the two Indians on in the canoe to Black River to put up camps and have all ready by the time we reached there.

While becalmed to-day in the bay we witnessed a strange sight. Away ahead of us we saw a great commotion in the water, which when we drew near proved to be caused by an immense school of porpoises, gamboling in the water. Every now and then one would jump straight up several feet in the air, turn a somerset and plunge headlong downward again. One after another performed the same feat. The whole line came towards us in this fashion making the water fly so as to resemble a line of breakers.

The fishermen said this was a sure presage of a storm usually coming from the direction in which they were heading, which in this case was about S.E. We got to Black River about dark. There are no houses here at present, but a crew of men are engaged erecting the new Telegraph Station. There was also a gang of line repairers<sup>96</sup> encamped here. Chambers and his men had also a large tent. As Mr. and Mrs. Murray occupied one of ours, and the Indians the other, I took up my quarters in Mr. Chambers's large tent. Our bed consisted of fir boughs spread in the inner part. There were only three occupants, Chambers, the cook and myself. This was my very first experience of camp life and a bough bed.

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<sup>96</sup>A crew maintaining the telegraph line.

*Tuesday 4th.* I got up at daylight after a poor night's rest. I suppose the novelty of my first night in camp and the hardness of the bed prevented my sleeping.

After breakfast, which I cooked myself, and which consisted of fried ham, bread and tea, the two Indians and I went over to Brown's,<sup>97</sup> Sound Island, in the canoe and got a punt with a sail and proceeded across to a place called North Harbour, where lived a man named Emberly. His was the only family here. He had a nice clearing, good house, and quite a lot of cattle. We got some beautiful fresh butter from him, and plenty of milk to drink. We then returned to Brown's and back in to Black River in the punt, as it blew too hard for our canoe.

Sound Island is a barren, rocky place, some 3 or 4 miles long. It lies close over near the western shore of the bay separated from the mainland by a narrow channel, called the Sound. There are but two small settlements on the island, both on the northern end and close to one another.<sup>98</sup>

Old man Brown is well off and has a fine house, does a considerable business supplying the fishermen around here. He has a large shop and store and has a good deal of fish collected. He also owns two fine schooners, one of which he built himself. The land here is very poor and rocky and there are but a few small clearings anywhere. The people go away up Piper's Hole where

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<sup>97</sup>To the premises of the merchant, Philip Brown.

<sup>98</sup>Maggoty Cove and Irish Town appear on an 1876 Admiralty chart (later revised). In 1869 the population of Sound Island was 229.

there is some good land to make their gardens, grow their vegetables and hay etc. Here they cut large quantities of wild hay and bring it down in their boats after the fishing season is over. But most of them are poorly off depending almost entirely on the fishery, which up to this time has not been very good. What little they did catch had to go for food whilst engaged at it. Their prospects for the coming winter are poor indeed.

Hollett,<sup>99</sup> who lives in the second cove, is also a supplying merchant and has two beautiful schooners built by himself and lives in a fine house. The rocks forming Sound Island are rather peculiar. They consist chiefly of a pearly gray slate, possessing a silky lustre, are somewhat greasy to the feel and weather blueish gray. Some of them make excellent hone-stones.

*Wednesday 5th.* Mr. and Mrs. Murray and the Indians went over to Sound Island in Brown's skiff, where the former remained all night. The Indians returned at dusk in the canoe. I spent my day looking around the place, caught some small trout and shot one twillick.<sup>100</sup> I had Mr. Murray's tent all to myself tonight.

The arm, or bay, into which Black River flows is a round basin shut in from the sea and is an admirable harbour. Sound Island outside and a small peninsula at the mouth renders it completely landlocked. It is on the little peninsula we are encamped and where the office<sup>101</sup> is being built. It is thickly

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<sup>99</sup>James Hollett.

<sup>100</sup>Long-legged bird found near water; yellow-legs.

<sup>101</sup>The telegraph station.

wooded all round with fair-sized fir and spruce trees. Our camp is on an old clearing and very nicely situated. The soil here is rich and deep. Black River at its mouth is a wide boulder-bestrewn stream which carries a considerable flow of water. When the tide is up it is quite deep near the mouth and there are many nice salmon and trout pools further up. It is crossed by the Telegraph line not far from the salt water from whence the line continues to follow the north side of Piper's Hole Arm up to its head.

*Thursday 6th.* Fine warm day. Mr. and Mrs. Murray returned about 11 A.M. they then started in the canoe with the Indians for the mouth of Piper's Hole river. There was not room in the canoe for me so I had to stay behind. They did not return till late in the evening. Mr. M. had his rod and gun, but did not get any fish or game. I slept in Chambers's tent again tonight. The mosquitoes are very active here all this time, but we are beginning to get used to them now.

Chambers and his men are getting on fast with the house. The line men are hard at work everyday cutting poles and constructing a branch from the main line<sup>102</sup> to the new office.

*Friday 7th.* Fine and warm again to-day. Mr. M. sent the Indians off to look for a deer.<sup>103</sup> He himself went over to the river to try for a fish but only caught one small one. I went up the river looking for Twillicks, saw a nice hole, and having one

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<sup>102</sup>The "main line" or telegraph along the south coast, completed 1856.

<sup>103</sup>Deer always means caribou.

old hook, I cut a pole and began to trout. Presently a large one took the hook and before I knew anything, snapped my line and went off hook and all. I came back and got two hooks from Mr. M. and went up again to the pool. This time, being more cautious, I succeeded in landing 10 beauties averaging over a pound each. One indeed was over 3 lbs. weight. It was only by pulling a steady strain and allowing no slack that I hauled them ashore on the beach. Some of them gave me quite enough to land them.

Mr. Blackadder came up from Come-by-Chance in his boat and had tea with us. We cooked some of the trout and all agreed they were fine eating. It was late when the Indians returned. They saw no sign of deer but shot a fine goose. Mr. Blackadder left again at dark.

*Saturday 8th.* Another fine, warm day. Mr. M., the two Indians, and myself went up to the mouth of Piper's Hole River in the canoe. The distance is about seven miles. We surveyed a portion of the head of the inlet, but suffered awfully from the mosquitoes and deer flies, great brutes nearly as large as a bee. They give a fierce bite nearly taking a piece out of the flesh. Mr. M. shot one Twillick. We got back about 5 P.M. Heard Father Brown<sup>104</sup> was at Sound Island so the Indians and I intend going over in the morning to attend mass.

*Sunday 9th.* We were up at daylight and taking one of Chambers's men with us we started in the canoe and got over in

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<sup>104</sup>William J. Brown (1847-1911), (p.c., Michael Long).

good time. I had breakfast at Brown's with the priest. We then left and got back about 3 P.M. Chambers and one of the Telegraph men cooked the goose for dinner. I was not back time enough to partake of the luxury, but I believe I did not miss much. The bird was old and tough and much overdone. Mr. Joe Bernard had managed to get some rum while on the island. He became very drunk and kicked up a great shindy. He had a row with Mr. Murray about diet and other matters, threatened to leave forthwith, and brought back everything he had belonging to Mr. M. being determined to start for Conne in the morning. He tried to induce John also to go with him, but John would not. Poor Mrs. Murray was frightened out of her wits, could eat no tea.

*Monday 10th.* Very warm day. Joe having sobered up, Mr. Murray called him into Chambers's tent and with Mr. Chambers and myself present settled all grievances. He told Joe he could go if he liked but that he would not pay him a cent. So Mr. Joe thought better of it and concluded to stay. Before the day was out all were on friendly terms again. When everything was settled satisfactorily, we went about preparing for a start into the interior. Mr. Blackadder's boat was to call in the afternoon and take Mrs. Murray back to La Manche. Mr. M. and I went up the River to the place where I caught the trout yesterday but he did not get a single rise. In the meantime the fish had all gone further up. John came to tell us Mr. Blackadder's boat was coming in with his wife and family aboard. They stayed for the night in a spare tent, the men's store tent. Mr. Chambers and his crowd

are getting on fast with the house and will have it nearly finished when we get back from the woods. Mr. Blackadder and family will then move up here to take up their residences. Mr. B. says he will make a nice place here before long. The house is situated on a beautiful spot just on the neck of the little peninsula. It will have a fine view out the Bay as far as Sound Island and up the beautiful Piper's Hole Arm.<sup>105</sup> The soil here is excellent, and the little peninsula would just make a nice-sized farm.

*Tuesday 11th.* Fine warm day again. Mrs. M. left in Blackadder's boat about 7 A.M. We immediately got ready to start up the Arm. Having struck camp and packed everything, we intended to take with us as much as the canoe could carry. She being heavily laden only Mr. Murray and Joe could go in her. John and I had to walk around the arm, following the telegraph line a distance of some 8 miles. It was a rough heavy tramp and was exceedingly warm, however, we reached the mouth of the river shortly after Mr. M. and Joe. We found an abundance of raspberries along the line and took our fill of them. Joe had a fire going and the kettle boiled and we made a good meal on salt fish.

We pitched our tents on a nice grassy level near the river bank. There is here a wide, deep, salmon hole into which the high tide flows. When it is up, good-sized punts and skiffs can enter,

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<sup>105</sup>Piper's Hole (Swift Current) is an arm (inlet) of Placentia Bay.

but when it is low tide they cannot come within a couple of miles of the mouth of the river.

The hills along the north side of the Arm are very high and both sides are well wooded. Here near the mouth of the river the land rises to a great elevation. One mountain in particular on the south side, overlooking the Salmon pool, called Big Bear's Folly, towers up to a great height, but close to the river there are flats of fully half a mile wide of very good land. About half-way down the Arm one extensive level known as Birchy Islands is where the people of Sound Island have their gardens. The soil here is splendid and what is not cleared is covered with a fine forest of birch, spruce and fir. Brown has an extensive clearing here which would make a fine farm. There are several other similar flats all along the south side of the Arm but not so extensive.

Where we are camped there is a long level tract running up and down the side of the river. It contains fully 30 or more acres, is as level as a bowling green covered with wild hay and is sheltered from all winds by the highland around.

Bear's Folly rises almost perpendicularly a short distance back, and is over 1,000 feet high. The flats would make splendid farms, were they cleared. The people come up here to cut the hay, and there were some women so engaged when we arrived.

When our camps were all prepared, we had a shot each from Mr. Murray's rifle at a rock out in the water about 3 or 400 yards away. None of us hit it. Joe made the best shot. Mr. M. and

I went very near it, but John's shot fell short a good bit.

About half a mile above our camp the first falls are situated which will give us some trouble with our canoe. The Telegraph line to Fortune Bay crosses the river quite near our camp.

*Wednesday 12th.* Raining hard nearly all day. Mr. Murray and I went up to the falls to try for a trout or salmon but did not rise one. When it cleared off in the evening we took a sight with the Micrometer Telescope<sup>106</sup> up to the falls.

*Thursday 13th.* Raining hard again all the forenoon. Cleared up later. The mosquitoes were dreadful all night in our camp. They crowd in when it rains. We had to smoke them out several times during the night.

After breakfast we went down the Arm and surveyed up to the camp from our previous measurement. We then loaded up the canoe to go up the river, leaving only the tents and clothing behind us as we intended returning for the night.

There are two long smooth reaches on the river above, called "Steadies." The first of these is about 3 miles from our camp, but between the latter and the steady the river is very rugged and broken by falls, chutes and rapids. It was very tough work trying to get the canoe over this section. We had to wade most of the distance to our waists in water, lifting and dragging the canoe along. At times the strong current would take us clean off

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<sup>106</sup>See Intro., n. 63.

our feet. Of course we were wet from head to foot all the time, but as the day was fine and warm we did not mind that. In fact it only tended to keep us pleasantly cool. In several places we were obliged to unload the canoe, lift her up over the falls and then bring up the things and reload again. However, after a hard day's work we succeeded in reaching the beginning of the first steady. Here we piled all our stuff and turned the canoe bottom up over it, to form a covering from the rain, and then tramped back to camp.

*Friday 14th.* Fine warm day again. Immediately after breakfast we struck camp, made up our packs and prepared for our tramp up to the steady. Mr. Murray went on ahead and left us to follow as soon as we were ready. Having had no experience in tying up a pack the Indians did this for me. Apparently the lads wanted to test my ability to carry a load on my back and made one for me of such weight and formidable dimensions that I was almost appalled at it. I got the straps, or tump lines, across my shoulders and head while in a sitting position and then tried to get up, but found it no easy task to do so. The lads enjoyed my efforts to rise and laughed heartily, finally they walked off and left me behind. This nettled me, and I determined I would not be beaten. With a desperate effort I got upon my knees and then up on my feet, and followed after them. This, my first attempt at packing a heavy load on my back was to me a great trial. But I stuck manfully to the task and would not give it to them to say I could not do it. I staggered along somehow, received many hard

knocks against sticks and stones, and several tumbles, but in the end I reached the canoe not far behind them. It certainly was desperate work in the heat and flies, travelling along the rocks, or through the water. Our progress was necessarily very slow, but I won my spurs, and thereafter they had a better opinion of me as a woodsman.

We now put all aboard the canoe and started up the steady. John and I had again to take to shank's mare, owing to the canoe being so loaded, and tramp through the woods along the margin of the river.

This steady is wide and deep for some 3 or 4 miles with a barely perceptible current flowing easily along. It is a very beautiful stretch of water, and the dense dark woods lining its banks added to its charms. We observed several deer's and bears' tracks in the mud here and there, some of them very fresh. We camped for the night at the upper end of the steady, after which the Indians went off to look for a deer. They returned at dusk saw no game, but plenty of fresh signs of deer. The forest about here is very dense, and the timber of fine size. There was a fair sprinkling of birch and pine amongst it. This is where the people of the bay procure their material for house and boat building. Many of the sticks are large enough for schooners' spars. They come up in winter, cut all they want, drag it out to the river, deposit it on the ice, and await the spring thaws to float it out to the salt water. Each man cuts his initials, or some other distinctive mark upon his lot, so that when it goes down the

river he can recognize his own logs. We saw many fine sticks hung up on the rocks at intervals as we came up.

*Saturday 15th.* Fine again got up another mile or two when we came to a part so bad that we could get our canoe no further, so we had to camp for the night and prepare to tramp the rest of the way.

Here we hauled up our canoe in the woods and stowed away all the things unnecessary to carry and prepared to tramp through the woods for the Upper Steady each taking a full load, including one of the tents and provisions for about a week. The Indians went off again in search of deer returning at dusk unsuccessful. They were up to the second steady, saw lots of fresh footing of deer and geese there. They shot a fish hawk or Osprey, which they intended cooking in the morning. I spent most of the time they were away boiling bacon and ham, and baking bread in the ashes for to-morrow's journey.

*Sunday 16th.* Fine and warm again. When the fish hawk was cooked the Indians invited me to try it. Joe cooked it in grand style by stewing it in a kettle with plenty of onions, pepper and salt. It was first rate the flesh being as white as a turkey's and very well tasted. Mr. Murray however, would not eat any of it believing it to be fishy.

After breakfast we made a start. Joe took the lead and with hatchet in one hand lopped off any branches or other obstructions in the way. At times the woods were so thick and trees so close together that we could barely squeeze ourselves between them with

our packs. It was very arduous travelling, the forest was so encumbered with old stumps and windfalls, and there were many holes between the moss-covered rocks underneath the surface. The sun was dreadfully hot and black flies in swarms around us all the time. It was indeed "a hard road to travel."<sup>107</sup> We were obliged to take several rests and travel very slowly. It was nearly sunset when we reached the Upper Steady; as we approached the river through the woods, Joe suddenly halted and turning round said, "Geese." His quick ear had detected the sound of their cronking though none of the rest of us heard anything. After listening awhile we all heard the hoarse sound of an old gander's voice. Packs were immediately laid aside and we all stole cautiously towards the water side. Here we saw quite a number of old and young geese close to the shore. Mr. Murray fired several bullets from his rifle at them but only wounded two. John who went further down the river was soon heard to fire. He killed two birds first shot and another shortly after. The young birds were not able to fly and the old ones would not leave them, but after hearing John's guns they took to wing all except one of those Mr. Murray wounded. As they were flying past Joe made a splendid shot to wing and knocked down one, but missed a second one. We might have easily killed all the young ones but as they were still small we let them go.

We now had four fine old birds, but the wounded one escaped

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<sup>107</sup>Likely a reference to a popular American minstrel show song by Daniel Emmett, "Jordan Is a Hard Road to Travel."

down the river and it was too late to go after it. As it was now dark we had not time to put up our tent, but as the night promised to be fine that did not matter. We lit a big fire in the woods gathering some boughs and made a bed to lie upon. One of the geese was plucked and cooked right off though scarcely an hour dead. It was pretty tough eating.

Here we slept under the canopy of heaven with the stars shining down on us through the trees. I had for my pillow an old dead log and my boots, but as we were all pretty tired from our hard day's journey we slept like stones. For my part I don't think I ever slept sounder or more comfortably in my life. Of course the Indians took care to keep a good fire going all the time, towards which we all stretched our feet in the regular Indian fashion.

*Monday 17th.* Another beautiful day. More goose for breakfast. We then set to work to construct a raft. Half a dozen dry pine logs were cut and lashed together with our tump lines. This made a fine floating stage on which all our things were packed and the Indians with long poles soon ferried us up the steady quite a distance and then across to the north side where we found a nice place to camp. This was on a little projecting point which commanded a good view up and down the river. We made a fine stew out of the goose bones with plenty of onions, pepper and salt. It was a very tasty dish and we all enjoyed a good dinner from it. After dinner and fixing up our camp snug Mr. Murray and the Indians went up the steady on the raft to look for

a deer but did not succeed in seeing one though there were lots of fresh footing about. The firing at the geese last evening must have started them. It came to blow and rain hard in the evening.

This steady is much longer and prettier than the first one. The forest down to the water's edge is thick, but here and there little grassy openings appear. There is a nice sandy beach along the margin of the river and altogether it is an ideal spot for camping. Many of the trees are of fine size especially the birches and pines, the latter being quite abundant. Our camp stands on a little sandy level clear of the trees and so situated that we have the benefit of every little cooling draught of wind off the water. The place was so selected to be as free as possible from the torment of the flies but is so hidden by the low bushes, and a projecting rock in front as to be scarcely visible from the river. It is a fine airy situation and comparatively free from mosquitoes.

The whole scene is very beautiful, the smooth even-flowing river, the magnificent and variegated forest all around lends an air of enchantment to it not easily surpassed. In the far distance some high hills or tofts<sup>108</sup> are visible rising like gigantic hay pooks above the tree tops. It is all so primitive, so quiet, so unlike anything to be seen in cultivated inhabited districts. No sound but that of our own making disturbs the absolute calm and stillness of this charming spot, except the

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<sup>108</sup>Round-topped hills rising from level terrain around them; knaps.

rustling of the leaves overhead or the distant faint murmur of the falls and rapids away below. From some of the knaps or tolts nearest our camp we obtained magnificent views of the country around. Away to the eastward near the salt water the Big Bear's Folly was plainly visible, while to the north and south the dense forest stretches away beyond our vision. To the west only, beyond the head of the steady we caught glimpses of a level prairie land of vast green tracts like cultivated fields. This is the Savanna country so enthusiastically described by W.E. Cormack in his itinerary of 1822.<sup>109</sup>

The rock formation up here is chiefly mica schist<sup>110</sup> apparently of Laurentian<sup>111</sup> age. The tolts are chiefly composed of red porous trap rock,<sup>112</sup> all of igneous origin. Mr. Murray thinks they may have been ancient volcanoes.

*Tuesday 18th.* Cold and blowing hard in the morning but turned out a nice day afterwards. Joe shot two young otters in a pond close by. After breakfast Joe and John went off again to look for deer and did not return till dark. They saw an old stag but could not get within shot of him. Having only the small shot gun they required to get very close to make sure of him, but he

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<sup>109</sup>"The plains which shone so brilliantly are steppes or savannas, composed of fine black compact mould...and covered uniformly with their wiry grass." W.E. Cormack, *Narrative of a Journey across the Island of Newfoundland*. (St. John's: Printed at the Office of the the "Morning Post" and the "Commercial Journal," 1856), p. 18.

<sup>110</sup>Slaty rock composed of quartz and mica.

<sup>111</sup>Laurentian series--a Canadian geological usage for a sub-division of Pre-Cambrian rocks. "Stretching on the north side of the St. Lawrence from Labrador to Lake Huron, this series occupies by far the larger portion of Canada"; [Logan], *Geological Survey of Canada. Report of Progress*, p. 42.

<sup>112</sup>Includes all igneous rocks which are neither granitic nor of recent volcanic formation.

heard them and was off. I spent most of the day washing my clothes and other work about camp. We had not many flies all day till dusk when they were plentiful enough.

For a long while I had been suffering very much from indigestion and was feeling pretty miserable. Medicine, of which I took a lot, did not appear to do me much good. I was in fact worse after taking it. I began to grow pretty despondent and believed I was going to die away here in the wilds. This thought did not disturb me so much. In fact I seemed to derive a certain amount of pleasure at the idea of being buried in the great lone forest, under the shadow of the overhanging birches and pines. They certainly could not carry my body out if I had succumbed. But the Indians tried to cheer me up by saying "Wait till we kill deer, you soon be all right again." And so it transpired to be the case. Whether it be anything in the meat itself or the peculiar food of the animal certain it is that venison food exercises an aperient or laxative effect upon the bowels. In some cases it brings on violent diarrhoea, and I have known some persons who could not eat it without suffering awful pains in the stomach.

*Wednesday 19th.* Mr. M. and Indians were off at daylight up the steady after deer. They returned in a couple of hours with a fine young stag. They also caught a young goose alive. The venison just came in time as I had the last of our goose down stewing for breakfast. After which we all set to work skinning and cutting up the deer, when that was done John and I went into

a pond about half a mile away to look for beaver. We walked all around it through the thick woods. We saw two beaver and their house but could not get a shot at them. Late in the evening just at sunset Joe and John went in again and killed one of them. This was a real sporting day with us. Joe's two otter, and beaver, Mr. Murray's stag and two twillicks I killed made up our bag. The young goose escaped while John and I were after the beaver, which I regretted.

*Thursday 20th.* Dull, cold, and threatening rain all day. It came to pour in the evening and made everything very miserable. It was too windy to light our fire on the beach in the usual place, so we removed into the woods where it was quite sheltered. We determined to leave the camp which was so cold and exposed and sleep near the fire to-night. Mr. M. and Joe went again to the Beaver pond late in the evening and killed the other beaver. We were now well supplied with fresh meat and feasted upon delicious venison steaks and venison roast. Whole joints would be stuck on sticks before the fire, and as soon as the outside was cooked we would cut off strips and replace the spit by the fire. Sick as I was I managed to eat my share. As for the Indians they could feast on it all day and night too, for that matter, several times during the night they would give me a nudge to get up and join them. I would find them sitting by the fire eating as though they had not tasted a mouthful all day. I soon got into the habit myself. It seemed as if one could eat any amount of it anytime. As the Indians prognosticated it certainly had a beneficial

effect upon my digestive organs and in a few days I was quite myself again. It rained so hard at night that we had to abandon the idea of sleeping in the open and return to the camp again.

*Friday 21st.* The rain continued to pour down all night. Our camp was nearly flooded. The river rose so much that the water came within a yard of the camp door. We did not get wet however, as the tent was tight, but the bushes, grass, and everything around was soaking and made it very disagreeable as one could not get about anywhere. It continued showery all day. It became very difficult to get our fire to burn, the wood was now so sodden. We left the camp again moved into the woods, cleared a nice place and built a birch bark wigwam or rather side camp. Got a good fire going and made ourselves as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. Thus we were able to keep dry and warm all day. It cleared up late in the evening, but the bushes were too wet to go anywhere. The mosquitoes were simply dreadful all last night and this morning, but in the wigwam the smoke from the fire kept them pretty well at bay.

*Saturday 22nd.* Still dull and cloudy but the rain held up. We slept very comfortably last night in the side camp with a fine fire at our feet. This camp was a decided improvement upon the canvas tent. Owing to the wet mild weather our venison was beginning to taint, so we have to eat as much and as often as we can *to save it*. We generally have two or three pieces roasting at a time, as well as a pot of soup down boiling. It is a regular feast with us all day and night also. Still we cannot consume it

fast enough. Every day we have to cut away the tainted parts. It seems such a pity to waste such fine food but it cannot be helped. I often wish we had some of our friends here to help us eat it up. In the evening Mr. Murray and Joe walked to a knap about a mile from camp on the south side of the river to take bearings on the surrounding hills and fix the position of our camp. They returned in a few hours, did not see any game but numerous fresh footing of deer.

*Sunday 23rd.* Fine and warm again. Joe shot two more otters down the river, but lost one which was carried away by the flood. The river is now very high after the recent heavy rains. Becoming short of flour and tea and some other small things John was despatched to the lower camp to bring up a fresh supply. He took down two hind legs of the deer for our return journey. Did not leave camp all day. Mr. M. and Joe intended to go up the river again when John returned but he did not come till sunset. He found everything all right at the camp below, but the tent was very wet and getting mildew so he lit a fire and stayed to dry it. We had a grand supper to-night.

*Monday 24th.* Another fine warm day. Mr. M. and Indians went up the steady after breakfast but returned in a short while not seeing anything to shoot. We now prepared for our return journey down the river. We spent sometime baking a supply of bread, mending clothes and packing up for the tramp. I might here describe our mode of baking bread. As we carried no barm and yeast cakes were not yet invented, all our bread was unleavened,

simply flour mixed with water and a pinch of salt, made into a round flat cake. This is laid on the ashes beneath the fire, or rather in a hole scraped out beneath, and is then covered with hot sand and ashes. A good fire is maintained over this and so soon as one side is done, the cake is taken out, turned over with the under side uppermost and covered again. When fully baked it is taken out, dusted and all the ashes or sand adhering to the outside as well as the burnt parts carefully scraped off. When well baked it is delicious bread, but in order to have it so the fire should be placed on sandy dry soil and be kept going for some days so as to thoroughly heat and dry the soil, then it is in good shape for baking.

Had a last hearty meal of venison, eating as much as we could in order to lighten our loads. We started about 2 O'clock P.M.

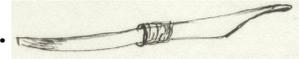
When everything was packed up we crossed to the southern side of the river and here cut our raft adrift, shouldered our packs and again took to the woods. Our packs were heavy and the travelling in the woods very bad, but I felt so much stronger now it did not seem half so hard as when coming up. About a mile from the lower camp where the woods were thickest, John and I took to the river, Joe and Mr. M. keeping on through the forest. Though we escaped the stumps and windfalls and tangled bushes, we had a hard time getting along over the slippery rocks, our wet moccasins rendering the travelling in such places so dangerous that it was with difficulty we could keep our feet. Only by great

care and cautiously picking our steps did we make slow progress. When we arrived at the camp we found Mr. M. and Joe there before us, and a swarm of mosquitoes awaiting a feast. We immediately lit fires and made a great smoke to drive them off. Opened up our tent and put a good fire of birch logs in front to dry and air it. After partaking of supper we lay down to rest being all pretty tired after our hard day's tramp and were soon in the land of dreams.

*Tuesday 25th.* The mosquitoes were dreadful at daylight and soon put an end to our slumbers. We had to get up at dawn and light fires to drive them off. There was a little rain during the night and the weather was sultry, the very worst kind for flies. After breakfast we got everything on board the canoe and started for the mouth of the river. It was easy going enough to the end of the steady but then our troubles began, getting her down over the falls and rapids, which owing to the late rains were now far worse than when we ascended. The river was very much swollen. By lifting and lowering the canoe with a longline tied to her we worked our way slowly along. Once in a strong rapid she nearly turned over, half filled with water and we came within an ace of losing all her contents. About half way down we rested on a rocky islet where we cooked dinner. Going on again, after many adventures we reached the salmon hole just at sunset. In coming down stream we broke one of our paddles. Pitched camp on the old spot, and after a good supper of venison steak turned in.

*Wednesday 26th.* Fine day but dull and cloudy. The Indians

spent most of the day making new paddles, washing and mending clothes etc. It is marvellous how dexterous they are with their only tool a crooked knife, which they always carry in their kit. After roughly chopping out a birch stick in the form of a paddle they sit on the ground and with the knife plane it down and shape it perfectly, always drawing the knife towards them. They can make almost anything with this implement, which they manufacture themselves from an old file or razor blade. Some of them are expert coopers and can make first-class herring barrels with only an axe and this crooked knife. It is shaped thus.



The thumb fits the bevelled end of the handle while the fingers are clasped around the straight part. They hold it stiff and straight and can shave a piece of wood as smooth and clean as if done with a carpenter's plane. In the evening I took a gun and ascended the Big Bear's Folly. It was a desperate climb, as the mountain is very steep and rugged and the lower slopes are covered with a dense thick tangled forest. They all said I would not be able to accomplish it and that I would be overtaken by night before I got back. Several times I thought of abandoning the attempt as when I got into the thick woods I could not well tell which way I was going. Often I had to crawl on my hands and knees under the windfalls, but I was determined not to give it to them to say I was not able to do it. After a couple of hours of desperate climbing I succeeded in gaining the summit, and I was well repaid for all my toil. The view was superb. I could see for

many miles in every direction. All the valley of the River far up into the interior covered by its dense dark forest could easily be traced. To the north lay the high hills towards the head of Trinity Bay, the Powder Horn and Centre Hill.<sup>113</sup> On the south the view was shut out by still higher barren mountains that lay inside of me, but to the East lay spread out the beautiful waters of Piper's Hole Arm. Beautiful it certainly appeared to me then in the uncertain light of the fast setting sun. I could see the whole inlet from our camp down to Black River winding like a serpent, in and out, around the various projecting points and islands. It was a charming picture. The low wooded points and headlands clothed in their variegated verdure, now in full bloom relieved by the dark outline of the blue waters of the Bay and Arm formed a truly lovely picture. I made a short round over the hills, but did not see any game. It was not the right sort of ground for partridges being too much covered with Reindeer moss and destitute of berries. There were many ponds of all sizes surrounding the mountain, and the hills further inland were much higher than this one. I then came back to the crest of the mountain to see which was the best route to take going down. I did not care to take the same one by which I came. I selected a part of the hill which was almost perpendicular, rising over 700 feet above the level plain at the base. The camp looked very small so far down beneath me. Mr. M. and the Indians who were

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<sup>113</sup>Powder Horn Hill and Centre Hill are east of Bears Folly.

standing near it saw me on the top of the mountain, and I waved my hat to them in triumph. I was puzzled to find the shortest and best way down. I could just see a small stream which must come from the side of the mountain somewhere and issue out not far from the camp. This I concluded to make for. I believed if I could only strike it I would be all right, but it was not discernible, owing to the steep slope of the hill and the thick woods till it nearly reached the main river. The Telegraph line lay about a mile to the north of me, but to reach that seemed next to impossible, through the all but impenetrable woods.

The sun was now just about setting and I had no time to delay. I decided on making the attempt to reach the Telegraph line, noting certain trees and rocks to guide me.

I descended the northern slope of the mountain for some distance and got into an awful tangle of woods but there was no turning back now. I had to face it and force my way through. On I kept and found myself going down, into a very deep dark ravine. The sides were almost perpendicular, yet down, down, I still went, while the darkness increased all the time. At length I heard the pleasant sound of running water far below me which I knew to be the small torrent I had observed from the summit. Holding on to trees and shrubs and carefully letting myself down by degrees, I at length reached the bottom where sure enough I found the brook, but was still uncertain if it was the right one or not. I thought out the situation. If I were still to continue on for the Telegraph line it meant climbing up again on the

opposite and equally steep side of the ravine. There was no time to delay so I took the brook and scrambled along as best I could. It was all loose rocks, holes and fallen trees and my moccasins were so slippery from wading in the water it was extremely dangerous and several times I fell and stumbled in my haste to get along and out of the woods before it was too dark to see. After a while however, the woods became more open and the bed of the stream less obstructed. So seeing I was all right I proceeded more leisurely. Squash berries were very abundant along this brook and I eat<sup>114</sup> my fill of them. They were the finest I ever saw. I got out to the main river all right after a desperate tramp and was pretty well tired out and dreadfully marked by the mosquitoes which followed me in swarms all through. It goes without saying I eat a hearty supper of venison, and then turned in.

*Thursday 27th.* Dull and foggy. John and I were to go down to Black River in the canoe with all our spare traps. Mr. M. and Joe were going up on the hills to take bearings and were to meet us down the shore. On our return the Indians set to work to patch and repair the canoe and stop the numerous leaks etc. But it came to rain hard and upset all our arrangements. It cleared off in the afternoon when Joe and John went down to Black River taking everything except just what was required for the night and morning. It continued foggy all day. The Indians returned about 5

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<sup>114</sup>The past tense: et.

P.M. and brought Mr. Murray's letters. The mosquitoes were dreadful all day particularly at sunset. We had to keep a big fire and smoke to drive them off.

*Friday 28th.* Last night was quite cold in camp and we could not sleep in any comfort. I got up just at dawn and walked up and down to try and warm myself. Found the ground covered with a heavy hoar frost, could not get my blood in circulation, the cold seemed to have penetrated to the very bones. I turned in again but had soon to get up. By this time the Indians also got up. We lit a good fire and soon got some heat in our bodies.

After breakfast Mr. M. and Joe went up on the hills while John and I took the canoe with the camp and remainder of our outfit down to the salt water to await them. As we were leaving, John took up one of the broken paddles, cut four notches in it and stuck it in the ground with the top leaning downwards towards the Arm. I asked him what it was for, when he told me that it meant four men had gone in that direction, so that if other Indians came along they would know at once that some of their people had been here and had gone down the Arm. He then showed me another stick similarly marked which he had placed in the ground when we were going up the river, this time pointing up country. By splitting the top a little and bending down one part in a certain direction, it would indicate that a wigwam was nearby where the chips pointed. Any other Indians coming along would recognize this and would thus be able to find shelter. This is an invariable practice of the Micmacs when leaving a camp. I have

since frequently seen them convey by this sign a knowledge of the number in the party and the direction in which they were travelling to any wayfarers of their tribe who might happen along.

We went down some considerable distance with the canoe and hauled her ashore on a beach. John went off to meet Mr. M. and Joe while I stayed behind. As it was now fine and warm and I felt the want of sleep after our miserable night's unrest, I laid down on my back on the beach stones, rooted a hole for my head to rest in and was soon in the land of Nod. When at length the others arrived they found me still enjoying a comfortable snooze. Mr. Murray had shot a single partridge on the hills the only one they saw.

We now started for Black River. When we got below Birchy Island<sup>115</sup> there was a strong breeze and a heavy lop<sup>116</sup> heaving in, but the Indians manipulated the canoe splendidly. They would dodge the lop so that none of it came aboard and the canoe rode over it like a bird. As we passed along close to the shore we heard a sharp squeak like a whistle. This was an otter amongst the rocks. Joe went ashore and soon rooted it out and shot it. It was a very fine salt water otter as large as two of the freshwater species.

At Black River we found Mr. Blackaddar with his boat. Chambers had the Office nearly completed and Blackaddar and

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<sup>115</sup>Islet in Pipers Hole Arm.

<sup>116</sup>Rough waves caused by a stiff wind.

family intend to move up here next week. The repairers have all left and gone on to Come-by-Chance. Mr. Blackaddar left for there in the evening and is to send his boat up on Monday to take us back to La Manche.

We camped on the old site. We heard all the latest news from Mr. Blackaddar. He told us of a great cricket match between St. John's team and one from Harbour Grace in which the latter were badly defeated.<sup>117</sup>

*Saturday 29th.* A fine day Mr. M. and Indians went off before breakfast up the Arm to look for more otters, but did not find any. In the afternoon Chambers and his men with Joe went over to Sound Island. It came to blow hard and they did not get back till dark.

*Sunday 30th.* Fine but blowing hard. Mr. M. intended to measure to the Mouse Islands<sup>118</sup> about a mile outside but it blew too hard for the canoe. A man named Emberly from Woody Island came up in his boat but owing to the wind could not get back and had to stay all night.

*Monday 31st.* Fine day again, wind greatly moderated. Mr. Murray took a lot of observations for time and Latitude. Blackaddar arrived about noon. We immediately got everything aboard his boat and started for La Manche. We called at Sound Island on the way and left the canoe with Mr. Brown to be taken

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<sup>117</sup>For the scores of two matches (on Sept. 7 and 8) between the "Metropolitans" and the "Alexandra Cricket Club" of Harbour Grace, see *Public Ledger*, Aug. 11, 1868.

<sup>118</sup>Mouse Islet.

on to St. John's in one of his schooners. We then ran across to North Harbour where we landed Mr. Blackadder, who was to walk from thence to Come-by-Chance, some 4 or 5 miles. Had a fine breeze, and the wind being fair we had a good time along, arriving at La Manche about 5 P.M. Found all here well, except Mrs. Murray who had been confined to her bed for three days previous.

Cohu was expecting some visitors from Harbour Buffet, and as the house would be overcrowded I now took up my quarters at a Mrs. Hearn's. It was very clean and comfortable place, and she kept a good table. Had new potatoes for dinner which were a great treat.

*Tuesday September 1st.* Fine warm day Mr. M. went off shooting but saw nothing. I went off in the evening but met with no better success. It looks fine ground for partridges, but without a dog it is not much use looking. The people here say birds are very scarce this season, though they were quite plentiful last winter. It rained again in evening.

*Wednesday 2nd.* Fine again and quite warm. Went on with our survey of the mine and took the heights of all the surrounding hills. I collected a lot of nice specimens. Mr. Murray now decided on sending me home by way of Placentia. I was to stop over at Colinet and go down St. Mary's Bay as far as Cape Dog, and up the Rocky River to look for the Distress limestone.<sup>119</sup> He

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<sup>119</sup>See above, pp. 24-5.

himself and Mrs. M. are going home by way of Heart's Content and Harbour Grace. They will walk across the neck to Chance Cove in Trinity Bay and then take boat down the bay.

*Thursday 3rd.* Finished the survey of the mine and vicinity. Mr. M. and the Indians intend going up to Come-by-Chance and North Harbour to-morrow. I am to go on the Placentia Packet boat expected also to-morrow. Joe and some of Cohu's men were sent out some two miles from the mine to costean<sup>120</sup> a place where Mr. M. suspected the lode to run. They found it after a short time digging, but it was here but two feet wide. I made a long round of the hills in the afternoon with the gun but with the usual bad luck, did not see anything to shoot at. The whole country hereabout is very hilly and barren with here and there little patches of stunted trees, tuckamores. The day proved very fine and warm.

*Friday 4th.* Fine and warm again. Cohu's boat in which Mr. Murray was to go up the Bay was in such a leaky condition that the Indians were all day repairing her in consequence of which they could not start for Come-by-Chance. Neither did the packet arrive.

*Saturday 5th.* Beautiful fine day. The packet boat arrived about 9 A.M. I put my things aboard, also, a good many of Mr. Murray's traps I was to send on from Placentia. We started about noon, had one other passenger, a girl from here going to

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<sup>120</sup>To sink pits down to the rock in order to ascertain the direction of a lode.

Placentia. We had to make the round of the western side of the bay, calling at a number of places before returning.

I enjoyed the trip very much, or would have done so but that the accommodations were so miserable. We first called at Sound Island and stopped a short while. Here I saw the latest newspapers, which contained very good accounts of the Labrador fishery.<sup>121</sup> We next proceeded to Brewly on the northern end of Merasheen Island but as the wind was ahead we were obliged to tack all the way and did not reach there till late at night, when we stayed till morning. We passed on our way here Woody Island, Barren Island, and Bread and Cheese.<sup>122</sup> The berths in the Cabin were so uninviting I did not feel like turning in to one of them, instead I went down in the forecastle and stretched out on a board bench along one side. It was only about one foot wide and as might be expected proved a mighty hard bed. Of course I slept very little and had to give it up at daylight and come on deck for a walk up and down. Murphy, the Skipper and I went ashore early and visited Coady's house, the only one here. He has a fine house and nice clearing and is quite comfortable.

*Sunday 6th.* After collecting some specimens and taking a look round at the rocks, we started for Burgeo Island, Placentia Bay. Had a good time over and reached there about 11 A.M. This is a snug little harbour. There are only about 4 or 5 families

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<sup>121</sup>A migratory fishery along the Labrador coast, conducted annually by fishermen from Conception Bay and other localities in eastern Newfoundland.

<sup>122</sup>Cheese Island.

living in it. Mr. Chambers's brother lives here and carries on the fishing business. He has a fine house and two schooners. Another brother who lives here is Captain of the largest. I was asked ashore to dine with them and found them very nice friendly people. Just as we arrived here it came to rain very hard. The island is very high and rugged and to all appearance is of volcanic origin. The Harbour is situated on the northern end of the island and faces the main western shore, which is about a mile distant. A few houses could be seen scattered here and there along the main shore in nooks and corners. This island is only about a mile long. There is a small island in the entrance to the harbour called Patrick's Island, which completely shelters it. Father Walsh<sup>123</sup> of St. Kyran's is erecting a Chapel on the island.

The mainland opposite here is also very broken, rugged and high in places. It seems densely timbered with small-sized trees. Just after noon a hurricane of wind and rain sprung up from the N.E. and lasted for an hour or more. It blew fiercely, so that one could scarcely stand upright. Chambers's schooners laying at the wharf had liked<sup>124</sup> to be pounded to pieces, before they could secure them. Murphy seeing the storm brewing took the precaution to haul his craft into the cove in lee of the high land and escaped without damage.

Chambers told me the people about here had done very little with the fish this summer, and that some of them were now in very

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<sup>123</sup>Fr. James Walsh.

<sup>124</sup>Came near.

destitute condition. About 2 P.M. the rain cleared off and wind moderated. We then started for Merasheen on the lower end of the island of the same name. Had a splendid time down passing Isle Vallen, the Ragged Islands and the Grannies, some ugly rocks just awash. We got into Merasheen just before dusk. Mr. Hennessey<sup>125</sup> the principal inhabitant came down and invited me to his house to stay all night, which I gladly accepted, as my prospects for a comfortable night's sleep were so much better than last night's. I found Father Brown here who came across this morning from St. Kyran's to celebrate Mass and could not get back owing to the storm. Hennessey has a fine house and is very comfortable.

*Monday 7th.* Fine clear day but there is a heavy swell outside in the bay. I had a grand night's rest. After Mass in the morning and breakfast I had a look around at the rocks. Merasheen is a curious-looking place, there are two harbours one facing the N.W. the other the S.E. A rugged headland separates them which forms a small peninsula joined to the main island by a narrow neck, not more than 200 or 300 yards across from harbour to harbour, but at least a mile to go around by water. The houses are all built on this little neck, the Chapel being in the centre where it is visible for a long distance from sea.

Merasheen Island is 21 miles long by about 4 wide, very mountainous and barren-looking, but Hennessey tells me there is some fine timber in some of the valleys of the interior. There

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<sup>125</sup>Edward Hennessey.

are only two good harbours, Brewley and Merasheen one at either end of the island. Isle of Allan, or Isle Vallen, is about 3 miles distant to the N.W. very high and rugged in appearance but mostly covered with woods. St. Kyran's or Presque<sup>126</sup> is immediately opposite on the mainland about 4 miles distant, and is a perfectly landlocked harbour. After a good breakfast we were off again direct for Great Placentia where we arrived about 2 P.M. There was a tremendous swell between the island and the main and our little craft rolled and pitched very much. Our female passenger was so dreadfully sick poor creature, that she begged of us to throw her overboard. At first the wind was ahead and we were quite a while beating around the headland, but when we changed our course and squared away for Placentia we had a fair wind and a good breeze to boot, so that we had a spanking<sup>127</sup> time across the bay. It was a beautiful bright warm day and was very pleasant on the water. I was not the least seasick at anytime. Got all on shore and went to the Virgin Hotel, had a good clean-up and a substantial dinner. Called to see Father Condon, and delivered some letters from Mr. and Mrs. Murray. I now went about to look for a wagon to take me to Colinet and bring Mr. Murray's things on to town. Kelly a cabman who lives up at the head of the south east Arm was to call in the evening but did not turn up. I then went down to the Telegraph Office to hear the latest news.

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<sup>126</sup>St. Kyran's was a community at the northern end of the landlocked harbour which contained as well Presque and St. Annes.

<sup>127</sup>Lively; quick.

Was informed that poor Mun Carter had been drowned in Rose Blanch river the day before while engaged in repairing the line.<sup>128</sup>

*Tuesday 8th.* Fine and warm again. Spent the morning packing up for my journey. Determined if Kelly did not come in the evening to hire Sinnott's<sup>129</sup> wagon, though his charges were steep. After dinner I went down again to the Telegraph Office and while there Kelly came along. He had Mr. Thos. Mitchell<sup>130</sup> and an old miner with him. Mr. Mitchell came here to look at some mining properties he was interested in. I engaged Kelly to take along all our traps and drop me off at Colinet. We all three drove up in the evening to Kelly's, South East Arm.<sup>131</sup> Mitchell's mine turned out to be merely a fault filled with debris containing a little galena. I went up to see it with them. I told him I did not think it worth spending much money on. He was now bound home again. He had left his horse and wagon at Kelly's, at whose house we were to stay for the night. It was just sunset when we left. Had a good wagon-load with all my things and four of us men, but the old nag was a strong brute and was not long in taking us there. Mr. Mitchell and I shared one bed for the night and slept quite comfortably. The Kellys are comfortable, all live together and have a fine farm with plenty of cattle. Their house is beautifully situated just near the shore of the Arm and quite

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<sup>128</sup>Monier Hutchings Carter, aged 34, an employee of the New York, Newfoundland and London Telegraph Co., drowned on Sept. 6, while attempting to swim across Rose Blanche Brook (*Newfoundlander*, Sept. 11, 1868).

<sup>129</sup>E.F. Sinnott, Placentia merchant, speculator in mining properties.

<sup>130</sup>St. John's baker and, after 1892, municipal councillor; d. 1904.

<sup>131</sup>Of Placentia harbour.

close to the river which flows in here. This is a celebrated River for sea trout and salmon of which they catch a good many.

Old man Kelly was a great old boy to spin yarns chiefly about his hunting and trapping experiences. One of these which he invariably got off on visitors was as follows: He set a trap on a beaver house but whenever he visited the place he found the trap snapped with a piece of wood in it. He claimed that the beaver took the sticks in his mouth, springing the trap by pressing down on the pan and got off scot free himself. At last Kelly concealed the trap in such a manner that he did not see it till he walked right into it. But when Kelly again visited the trap the beaver was gone leaving one of his hind legs in it. When he found himself pinned he deliberately gnawed off the leg and so got clear. For a long time after there was no sign of the beaver, but at length his footing was to be seen in the snow and mud. Instead however, of being the print of both feet there was but one, the place where the other should be being represented by a single small hole. Late in the spring Kelly at length got a chance to shoot him, when what did he find? The beaver had substituted for the missing leg a wooden one which he had firmly lashed on to the broken bone. How is that for a yarn? So frequently had the old man related this story that I really think he believed it to be true.

*Wednesday 9th.* We started about 6 A.M. The morning was dull and foggy and it came to rain hard before we reached Colinet. Kelly lent me a nice little double-barrelled gun to take along

but we did not see any game except a few black ducks in a pond. It was too wet to go after them. We met Wm. Coughlan, the mailman at the Mountain House, Croke's. He had one passenger a Mr. Earl. We got all the latest news from them. We also met two of the Davis boys on the road. I engaged them to come with me to Cape Dog, so they turned back. It was just noon when we reached Colinet where we had a good dinner. All the others then went on for Murphy's Half-way House. I stayed here. It continued to rain hard all the afternoon and I was glad to be sheltered from it. I was quite at home here, played the flute for them to have a dance. Old Billy Davis and his stalworth sons never tired of talking of deer and beaver. They are all great hunters and know every inch of the country for miles around.

*Thursday 10th.* Two of the Davis boys, young Billy and Harry got their punt ready and we started off down the Arm<sup>132</sup> for John's Pond.<sup>133</sup> The wind was against us and by the time we reached there it was dinner time. After a look at the rocks, we had dinner at a Mrs. Bugden's, after which as the wind still continued against us we took to the land and travelled across the neck to North Harbour.<sup>134</sup> Although it was very wet and up to our knees in bog and swamp, we got over early in the evening. Made very little delay here, just going into one house to get a drink of milk and then continued on for Cape Dog Cove which we reached before

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<sup>132</sup>Colinet Harbour (which Howley calls Colinet Arm).

<sup>133</sup>A community (now abandoned) on the west side of Colinet Harbour.

<sup>134</sup>Part of this community lay on the east side of the inlet called North Harbour.

sunset. Here we put up at old Tom Ryan's the principal inhabitant. John's Pond is a nice little place, there are about 20 houses here. The soil is good, but they have not much of it cultivated. North Harbour is a long inlet something like Colinet Arm. There are only about 8 or 10 houses here, some nice farms but very small. The soil is again very good. There was hay growing here as fine as I ever saw about St. John's. The distance from North Harbour to Cape Dog is about 5 miles, the path runs chiefly over barrens and marshes. It looked splendid ground for partridges but we only saw three. There are lots of Partridge berries over the barrens all ripe at this season.

Cape Dog Cove is a nice little place, the land is not so good as at John's pond or North Harbour. There are but 4 or 5 families living here all Ryans, sons of the old man. The Cape is on the eastern side of the Cove and is a high bold headland, formed of trap rock, mostly of the variety known as amygdaloid.<sup>135</sup> All the people in this place did well with fish this season. Old man Tom Ryan is now over 80 years of age still hale and hearty. He is a native of Waterford and knew my father's people well, not only my father and his brothers but also my grandfather.<sup>136</sup> He talked a great deal about them.

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<sup>135</sup>An igneous rock containing almond-shaped nodules of some mineral, as agate, chalcedony, or calcspar.

<sup>136</sup>James Howley (1766-1815) was J.P. Howley's grandfather, and his uncles on his father's side were Richard (Sr.), who died in childhood; John, who emigrated with J.P.'s father to Newfoundland and died in 1845; Dr. James, a priest in Tipperary; Thomas, lost at sea; and Michael, who also emigrated to Newfoundland and died around 1868. Richard Howley, J.P.'s father, was born in Glangoole, Co. Tipperary, southeast of Cashel.

*Friday 11th.* I went out after breakfast to examine the rocks on the east side of the cove, found the Branch shales here again containing distinct trilobites, also a thin bed of limestone similar to that at Distress with obscure fossils in it. The igneous rock forming the Cape is of later origin and has greatly disturbed the shales etc., in some places overlying them. The Amygdaloid is a porous rock full of small cavities most of which are filled up with pure white calc spar. After finishing my investigation of the rocks here, taking bearings and angles of dip<sup>137</sup> etc. we started again on our return journey to Colinet. We took a higher and drier part of the barrens going back. Old man Ryan told us he saw a number of partridge here a few days ago but we did not run across any of them, although the ground was as fine as I have ever seen for birds, but apparently it is very little use here or elsewhere without a dog, the birds lie so close. Only in foggy weather is there a chance of seeing them on the open ground.

It was late when we reached North Harbour so we stopped there for the night at Paddy Bonia's.

*Saturday 12th.* Started early before breakfast and reached John's Pond early. Had breakfast at Mrs. Bugden's again. We then took the punt and set sail. Crossed to the other side of the Arm where Billy and I left to walk to Harry Cove<sup>138</sup> sending Henry on

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<sup>137</sup>In geology, dip refers to the downward slope of a layer of rock or mineral, measured against the horizontal.

<sup>138</sup>Harricott.

with boat to Colinet.

We reached Harry Cove in half an hour. Here we saw a great number of wild geese in the lagoon inside the beach but it was impossible to get within shooting distance of them, these birds are so wild and extremely yarry. I shot one snipe only. It came to rain pretty hard, so we went to Quigley's house for shelter. Quigley's wife is a sister of Billy Davis's. They are the only family living here, are very comfortable, have a fine farm and some good cattle. Had our dinner here while waiting for the rain to hold up, but it did not do so, and we determined to push on for Colinet wet or dry. It was a long heavy tramp made more so by the constant downfall of rain. Fortunately it was warm and mild and we did not much mind the wetting. Saw no game of any kind on the way. We reached Davis's about 5 P.M. not very wet after all, considering the constant rain.

*Sunday 13th.* Fine and mild, Billy was going in the country some 3 or 4 miles to look at his beaver traps so I thought I would accompany him. We started about 11 A.M., took our guns on the chance of seeing something to shoot, but did not come across any game till we reached the pond where the traps were set. This was literally filled with Black ducks all out in the middle closely huddled together, in what Billy termed a bed of ducks. They appeared to be asleep. They were however out of reach of our guns. We walked carefully around through the woods to a place where Billy had a trap. His traps were set on an island in the middle of the pond, so he kept a raft to get out to them. The

ducks soon saw us and were off at once in a body and no stragglers came within range. Of all the wild creatures in this country I think the black duck "caps the climax" for cuteness and alertness. It is only by the utmost caution on the part of the hunter they can be approached at all. There are seasons however, and times when they have not been disturbed one can call them within shot, but it takes an expert to do this, and it is only young birds will "toll," as it is termed, but not when many are together. Billy's raft was so small it would not support the two of us so I remained ashore while he went off to examine the traps. He soon returned but had no beaver. He told me they had snapped all his traps by throwing sticks into them. On our way back we touched at some small gullies expecting to see more ducks but were not successful, though we saw fresh signs of beaver. They were just beginning to construct a dam and house. Came across a fine lot of wild gooseberries fully ripe and had a great feast. We arrived back at the house just at dinner time and had a splendid black duck which Billy had killed when down at Cape Dog.

Kelly returned from St. John's in the evening having safely delivered all the things at C.F. Bennett's store.

*Monday 14th.* After breakfast I started off alone to go up Rocky River, travelled up the western side mostly through the water which was very shallow for about 5 miles. I was looking for Distress limestone but did not find it here.

The river above the falls is very level and wide but quite shallow all the way. The banks on either side are thickly wooded

with fine spruce and fir. The soil appears to be very rich loam, and quite deep. In some places where the banks were cut away by the freshets it was from 4 or 5 feet deep and is of a light cream colour. It appears quite free from stones. It should certainly prove good agricultural land. There is also much wild grass along the banks in many places. About a mile up I met one of the Crokes from the Mountain Tilt cutting this grass. It was fully 3 feet high, is very thick and contains much sedge which Croke tells me the sheep are very fond of. He comes up here every fall, cuts and makes the hay and then piles it in stacks till the river freezes over, when he hauls it down on catamaran.<sup>139</sup> Many tons of this wild hay can be procured here. The river is very pretty and Billy Davis informs me it is just the same for a long distance up, at least as far as the junction of the Hodge Water River<sup>140</sup> and beyond. When it was time to turn back I did not care to tramp over the rough stones again, my moccasins being so slippery so I decided to cross the river and strike across the country for Davis's. I could find no path. The country around was all alike in appearance and it now began to get foggy. I travelled a good distance expecting to find a path somewhere and although I did see several deer tracks they led in the wrong direction. At length I found what appeared to be a beaten path, which I followed quite a distance. The wind was about S.E. and I knew the house lay in that direction. I determined to keep the wind in my

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<sup>139</sup>Heavy wooden sledge.

<sup>140</sup>Hodge River.

face as well as to keep as much as possible to the open ground. Following the path I found it turned inland so that I now had the wind in my back. This would not do, I must keep head to wind. I left the path and kept on straight to windward, but I had frequently to make considerable detours to avoid the thick woods. The sun was just setting so I was obliged to hasten my pace if I was to avoid a night out without supper which was not an agreeable prospect. I determined however to keep going till dusk. Just in the nick of time I struck another path which I followed till it took me to the pond where Billy and I saw the beaver house. I had to go around the pond and again lost the path in the thick bushes. I got out on the clear barrens and after a while found the path again. I now followed it till it led me to the gullies where we were yesterday looking for ducks. I was all right now and soon made my way out to the house arriving just at dusk, pretty hungry and tired. The Davises were just about starting off to look for me. It is a very easy matter for a stranger to go astray in this country especially in foggy weather. Had I kept the first path it would have led me out all right.

*Tuesday 15th.* Fine and warm. As there was no sign of a carriage coming along for St. John's I took the road for Salmonier. I walked along leisurely, often stopping to rest and pick blue berries which were very plentiful in some places. I arrived at Cary's about 4 P.M., had a good dinner. I then went down in the marsh and shot a couple of snipe.

I met here at Cary's two American parsons who were staying here recuperating their health. They were exceedingly nice friendly fellows. One of them had spent many years in India and spoke the Marahattan language<sup>141</sup> fluently. He was a bit of a naturalist and was engaged collecting birds and beasts to stuff. He showed me some he had done which were well prepared especially one beaver. The other gent, a much younger man, had travelled a good deal on Labrador and Western Newfoundland. The elder man played both the flute and violin very well and both sung hymns for us. They intended staying here a month or more hunting and looking about the country. Both men were very desirous to kill a deer. They were delighted with the country and considered the scenery very fine. Cary's is now a telegraph station, the wires and battery are all ready but so far there is no operator here.

*Wednesday 16th.* Fine day again, as there was no sign of a carriage coming along I was obliged to hire Cary's old horse and wagon to take me on to town. Such a nag I never met. He was strong and fat enough but so extremely lazy we could not get him out of a walk. Beating and coaxing were all alike of no avail, so we were obliged to accept the situation and take things easy, as the old nag was fully determined he should. He was not Cary's own horse but one he had hired. He had been brought up in such idleness as to be almost useless. Every now and again he would come to a halt for no earthly reason whatever, except to take a

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<sup>141</sup>Marathi, an Indic variety of Indo-European.

rest. With such a rate of travelling we did not reach Holyrood till sunset, where we stopped to get something to eat, having had nothing since leaving Cary's in the morning. Immediately after disposing of our meal we pushed on for Kelligrews which we did not reach till 10 P.M. It became quite cold after dark and was not at all pleasant sitting in an open wagon. We were glad indeed, when we arrived at Mrs. Whitten's to get into a comfortable fire and partake of a good hot supper. Here we slept for the night.

*Thursday 17th.* Started early before breakfast so as to reach town by noon. Jogged along at the same snail's pace, stopping only at Mrs. Fitzpatrick's<sup>142</sup> (Ann's) to get a breakfast and at length arrived in the City about 1 O'clock.

Everything here seemed just as usual. It was just as if I had taken a drive to Topsail and back and did not seem like a three months' absence to me. My only regret was having to come back so soon, I much preferred being in the heart of the country amongst the woods and wild beasts, even the mosquitoes, all of which had far greater charms for me than city life.

Thus ended my first, and perhaps on that account, most memorable year in the wilds. When I look back upon it all, it seems but yesterday, yet how long ago it was? nearly half a century. Notwithstanding the heavy toil in heat and mosquitoes, I enjoyed it all immensely. Browed and weather-beaten I was to be

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<sup>142</sup>In Chamberlains.

sure, and able to face any amount of hardship.

1869

Bonavista Bay, Trinity Bay, Conception Bay

This year Mr. Murray was requested to examine certain parts of Bonavista Bay where some indications of minerals and certain attempts at copper mining were being exploited by the Messrs. Munn<sup>143</sup> of Harbour Grace, under the superintendence of the late

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<sup>143</sup>For an account of the Munn firm, see *Dictionary of Canadian Biography* (DCB) (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1966 to date), 10: 538-39.

Michael Carroll.<sup>144</sup> Mr. Murray also contemplated the ascent and survey of the Terra Nova River, and if possible crossing the island to Fortune Bay. We left St. John's in June in the old steamer *Ariel*, the first coastal steamer employed to convey mails and passengers around the island.<sup>145</sup> The *Ariel* was built and owned by the late Hon. P. Cleary<sup>146</sup> who obtained the first contract from the government. She made alternate trips north and south about once every month during summer, going only as far as Tilt Cove on the north, and Port aux Basques, on the west. She was a staunch little boat but a terror to roll, and only hardened old sea-dogs were able to escape the nauseous effects of *mal de mer*.

Such was the beginning of our now magnificent coastal steamship service. To what proportions it has grown in half a century!

But to resume my itinerary. We reached Greenspond our point of embarkation soon after. We were most hospitably received and entertained by the late James Noonan, then agent for Brooking & Company<sup>147</sup> at Greenspond. Here we spent several days making arrangements for our trip around the Bay. Mr. Noonan provided a small decked boat capable of accommodating the entire outfit and came along with us himself.

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<sup>144</sup>Biographical details about Carroll, a businessman and mine owner, are in J.T. Lawton and P.K. Devine, *Old King's Cove* (n.p., n.p., [1944]), pp. 17-18, 61-64. A letter of 1875 (*ibid.*, p. 61) suggests he died that year.

<sup>145</sup>The first coastal steamer, under contract to the government, was named *Victoria*; her owner was Aaron A. Degraw, a New York merchant. She was in service May-Sept., 1861. See *JHA* (1860-61), Appendix, pp. 222-4; *Royal Gazette (Extraordinary)*, Jan. 30, 1862.

<sup>146</sup>For a note on Cleary, see Intro., n. 165.

<sup>147</sup>For an account of the Brooking firm, see *DCB*, 9: 84.

Previous to leaving St. John's Mr. Murray was joined by the same two Micmac Indians, Joe Bernard and John Barrington to act as canoemen. Joe who was very fond of fire-water when it could be obtained, gave us a lot of trouble before leaving the city but when out of reach of the liquor was a first-class man. Barrington who is still living at Piper's Hole,<sup>148</sup> Placentia Bay (1914) was much more steady and was also a first-class canoeman. We ran up the Bay to Gooseberry Island<sup>149</sup> where Mr. Noonan and others had a mining claim on which some development had been done. We went ashore here and camped upon the only available spot of clear ground we could find. It was a little patch of greensward between the rocks. We then went around in boat to the other side of the island to visit the mine. It proved to be a mere gash vein of mixed quartz & spar holding a certain amount of Mispickel, i.e., Arsenical pyrites, or arsenopyrite, a compound of iron, sulphur and arsenic. Some analyses of this ore had been made for Mr. Smith McKay,<sup>150</sup> who was interested in the mine. These showed a small percentage of gold and silver. The analyses as given in Mr. Murray's Report for 1869<sup>151</sup> are as follows:

Silica .. .. .	5.0
Iron .. .. .	39.0
Arsenic . . . . .	33.0
Copper .. .. .	0.8
Lime .. .. .	1.0

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<sup>148</sup>Swift Current.

<sup>149</sup>J.L. Noonan and P. Cleary's licence to search for minerals on Inner Gooseberry Island is dated Nov. 26, 1872 (*JHA* [1873], Appendix, p. 1006).

<sup>150</sup>McKay (1817-89), Nova Scotia-born merchant, mine owner and politician; discoverer of copper at Tilt Cove, where his partner in developing the Union Copper Mine was C.F. Bennett.

<sup>151</sup>Murray and Howley, *Geological Survey*, p. 196.

Sulphur . . . . .	20.0
Silver .. .. .	2.72 oz. to the ton
Gold .. .. .	a trace.

At this date in June Bonavista Bay was studded with numerous icebergs of all shapes and sizes. Many of them were extremely picturesque and represented towers and minarets of cathedral grandeur in snow-white marble. But their shapes were constantly being altered by the foundering of the bergs, which produced a noise like thunder all day and night. Their presence also in such numbers chilled the atmosphere and rendered it quite uncomfortably cold.

It was rather miserable in camp under such weather conditions. In those days we had not arrived at the comforts of modern camping out. We knew nothing of sheet-iron stoves and had to depend for warmth upon open wood fires in front of the camp door, that is when wood was available. At best this more often proved a discomfort and even menace to our camps. During windy or wet weather we were constantly on the watch for sparks lodging on the camp roofs, or were almost suffocated with intolerable smoke so that when really most required, especially during the night time we had to forego even this doubtful luxury. It so happened that it came to rain in torrents one night. A perfect deluge of cold rain. It soaked underneath our camp which was really set upon a swampy hollow between the ledges of rock and though quite dry when we pitched our camp, it soon became a perfect shaky bog in which one would sink to the knees in wet muck. We found ourselves lying in water unable to find a dry spot anywhere, and

in this miserable plight we were obliged to pass the night. It was too wet out of doors to attempt digging drains to carry off the superfluous water. I think it was one of the most miserable nights I ever experienced in camp, though not by any means the only one of its kind.

As soon as the weather cleared a bit next day we struck camp and gladly got aboard the little schooner, when we proceeded up the Bay. Our next point for examination was Pitt Sound Island in the entrance to Bloody Bay Reach, locally known as the Cow Path. Here in a small cove called Beaver Cove, Mr. M. Carroll with a few men were engaged in sinking a shaft upon a small deposit of copper which we were asked to examine. Except for those few temporary sojourners, Pitt Sound Island was entirely uninhabited. It was a high, rugged and densely wooded island. Both it and the surrounding reaches and inlets were extremely picturesque. Beaver Cove where we camped was a snug little nook. Here Mr. Carroll had erected a log tilt<sup>152</sup> in which he and his men resided. He was a very queer genius of a man, and afforded us much amusement by his quaint yarns and sayings. He had four or five magnificent Newfoundland dogs with him, about the finest specimens I ever saw. They were coal-black, sleek and well-fed. He had on the beach several puncheons of seal scraps and flippers to feed them with. These emitted an intolerable stench, and Mr. Murray who being an old-time man-of-war's-man and knew how to swear in true

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<sup>152</sup>A rude dwelling normally constructed of vertical logs and with a flat roof.

naval fashion gave vent to his feelings whenever the puncheons were approached in a volume of profanity enough to make one's hair stand on end.

Carroll often entertained us with a series of comic exhibitions greatly to our amusement. He would call the dogs to him and give them certain orders. They would sit around on their haunches, while Carroll stood on one side. Throwing a piece of bread or meat on the ground in the centre of the circle, he would then strike an attitude, fold his arms and with head in air commence to whistle a medley of airs while the dogs with eyes intently fixed on the food listened motionless, not daring to budge until he glided off into some familiar air previously announced by him as the signal of release. The moment he uttered the first bar of this particular tune the dogs would make a headlong rush for the morsel of food. He sometimes varied this performance by pointing to some individual in the group and saying, "When I take off his hat you can have the bread." He would then walk around from one to another, the dogs watching him intently but not daring to budge till he approached the individual in question and removed his hat, then again the dogs would make their dive.

After spending a few days here and visiting some of the neighboring islands in boat Mr. Noonan bade us good-bye and returned with his craft to Greenspond.

Carroll who had a small schooner here now took us aboard enroute for Bloody Bay (now Alexander Bay). Here near the mouth

of the inflowing river since called the Terra Nova River, Carroll had done some mining upon a quartz vein carrying a little copper. After examining this Mr. Murray was to ascend and survey this river and endeavour to cross over to Fortune Bay by means of some of the south-flowing rivers.

The only settler at this time near the mouth of the Terra Nova was an old man named Stroud<sup>153</sup> who had a nice clearing on a level tract of land and lived chiefly by salmon fishing in the river combined with farming and furring. He was one of that type of old Englishman originally brought out as a youngster by some of the mercantile firms. Many of these youngsters as they grew up to manhood betook themselves to the remote Arms and Inlets especially where there was good salmon fishing and settled down. This was the case all around the coast. Several of them lived regular hermit lives and accumulated considerable wealth. Old Stroud, however, had been married, though his wife was now dead. He had quite a family of boys and girls. One of his sons, John, then a mere lad, afterwards became famous as one of Newfoundland's great hunters and trappers, and perhaps one of the foremost and most sought-for sportman's guides. His praises have been sounded by more than one employer, and one sport proposed erecting a monument to him on the summit of Mt. Sylvester. Poor

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<sup>153</sup>Richard Elliott Stroud. For an account of the Stroud family in Bloody Bay, see Alan G. Macpherson, "A Modal Sequence in the Peopling of Central Bonavista Bay, 1676-1857," in *The Peopling of Newfoundland; Essays in Historical Geography*, John J. Mannion, ed., (St. John's: Memorial University of Newfoundland, Institute of Social and Economic Research, 1977), pp. 117-19.

old John, I met him many times afterwards in the far interior when accompanying some deer hunters as guide. Bloody Bay at this time was a wild romantic place very beautiful in its primitive surroundings, but forest fires have long since destroyed this beauty, here and elsewhere around our coasts. At the time of our visit the primeval forest of spruce, fir and pine, reigned supreme.

This was the season of the year when many seabirds betake themselves into the interior lakes and ponds to lay their eggs and hatch out their young broods. Many of these birds have particular chosen places which they resort to year after year. Different species select their own favourite localities. Here for instance on a large lake called Macles<sup>154</sup> Pond, situated a considerable distance inland, the black cormorant, or Shag, annually resorts for breeding purposes. There are not many places inland which this bird frequents. All day long they could be seen passing back and forth between the Lake and the sea-coast, frequently holding a fish of some sort in their beaks, which they were bearing inland to feed their brood with.

I should mention here that certain relics unearthed near the mouth of Bloody Bay River indicate that some early settlement,

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<sup>154</sup>*Macle* is a variant pronunciation of *mackerel* in some areas of Newfoundland. "Macklebird Pond" was given as the explanation of Koskaecodde Lake by the Micmac Matthew Jeddore (John Hewson, "Micmac Place Names in Newfoundland," *RLS*, 8 (1978):12) and Howley in 1887 and 1888 also recorded the Micmacs translating *koskae* as "mackerel gulls," a Newfoundland name for Caspian tern. Near Port aux Basques there is a Mackerelbird Island. The official form of the locality name which Howley is discussing and of a nearby brook and lake is *Maccles*. *Gazetteer of Canada: Newfoundland* (2 ed.; Ottawa: Energy, Mines and Resources Canada, 1983), p. 108.

most probably French, must have taken place here. Small clay pipes of peculiar pattern have been frequently dug up here and the Hon. Dr. Skelton<sup>155</sup> presented the Museum<sup>156</sup> with a piece of baked clay shaped somewhat like a small square ink bottle though not hollowed out. When stood on its base the sides sloped somewhat outward so that the upper part of the square figure was wider than the bottom. On the top were small projections rising from each corner, as also a neck-shaped piece in the middle. All these had been broken off, but the central piece showed blackened marks produced by fire, as if it had been used for a candlestick. On one of the square faces of the side of the object a large French *W* is deeply cut, on the opposite side to which is scored a heart with a small dent in the middle, and a stroke apparently representing a knife or spear drawn from the outside pointing towards the dent in the centre. This apparently is intended to portray the pierced heart, or Roman Catholic symbol of the Sacred Heart. On still another side is scored in large figures the date 1687. The figure as it now appears is like this . Evidently this object, as well as the pipes, was made from a deposit of fine white pipe clay found in the vicinity, and seems to clearly indicate that some person or persons skilled in the ceramic art, once resided here. As any such settlement was

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<sup>155</sup>Dr. George Skelton (1826-1920), physician at Greenspond; MHA, 1878-85.

<sup>156</sup>A museum collection was housed in the Athenaeum Building in St. John's after 1875, and was moved to the Post Office in 1886, at which time Howley took over its direction. Arthur Fox, "The Athenaeum and the Museum," in *Book of Newfoundland*, J.R. Smallwood, ed., 4: 190-93; *Encyclopedia of Newfoundland and Labrador (ENL)*, "Museums." Howley was curator of the museum from 1887 to 1918.

undoubtedly French and made, as the date on the object above shown indicates, during the existence of the French Treaty<sup>157</sup> rights which included Bonavista Bay, we have no tradition concerning it.

Probably had such settlement existed it was decimated by the Red Indians<sup>158</sup> and the inhabitants massacred. This may have given origin of the name Bloody Bay by which it has been designated.

Mr. Murray and his party commenced the ascent of the river soon after. I would have greatly enjoyed the expedition had I been permitted to accompany them but Mr. M. wished to have the coast line examined more particularly in certain parts of Bonavista, Trinity, Conception and St. Mary's Bays, and this work he delegated to me. I was supplied with Geological hammers and a few instruments and written instructions as to the places to be visited and the investigations I was expected to make. It was left to myself as to how best get about over so extensive a section of the coast. Of course I felt it was a great honour to be entrusted with the carrying out of such an investigation considering this was only my second season on the survey. Having said good-bye to Mr. M. and party I boarded Mr. Carroll's

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<sup>157</sup>Under the terms of the Treaty of Utrecht (1713) France was given the right to fish, and to land in order to cure fish, on the north and west coasts from Cape Bonavista to Pointe Riche. See Frederic F. Thompson, *The French Shore Problem in Newfoundland; An Imperial Study* (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1961), p. 191.

<sup>158</sup>"The epithet of 'red' is given to these Indians, from their universal practice of colouring their garments, their canoes, bows, arrows, and every other utensil belonging to them, with red ochre" [John Cartwright,] *The Life and Correspondence of Major Cartwright*, F.D. Cartwright, ed., (2 vols.; London: Henry Colburn, 1826), 2: 307).

schooner again and accompanied by that gentleman we ran down the Cow Path to the outer Bay. Our first point visited was a place called Man Rock Tickle<sup>159</sup> on the north side of Bonavista Bay, where Mr. C. had a few men at work uncovering a deposit of Kaolin, or China clay.<sup>160</sup>

The place was a small deep cove hidden away inside a number of islands large and small. These islands rejoiced in some rather peculiar names, such as Long and Hungry; Pork Island; Frying Pan Island; Yellow Fox Island and so forth.

Man Rock Tickle was a very sheltered and extremely hot place. The plague of Mosquitoes and black flies here was almost intolerable and we suffered intensely from these pests while here.

The deposit of Kaolin lay at the head of the cove and seemed to strike up a narrow ravine leading inland therefrom. As but little work had been accomplished so far, which consisted in the sinking of a few shallow pits only, near the shore, it was not possible to arrive at any conclusion as to the extent of the deposit, but judging from the contour of the surrounding country I believed it to be quite limited. Neither did it appear to have any great depth. The material was certainly good, being snow-white and when washed clear of the gravel was very fine-grained. It was no doubt well-adapted to the manufacture of Chinaware and

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<sup>159</sup>Cat Cove, N. of Brown Fox Island.

<sup>160</sup>Kaolin is a claylike substance, hydrous aluminum silicate, used in making porcelain.

other such purposes, but unless it were in much larger quantity than appearances seemed to indicate, it would not be worth shipping. In digging through the gravel and clay several loose pieces of amethystine<sup>161</sup> quartz were come across, evidently derived from some vein in the neighborhood. Some of these possessed deep shades of purple, and specimens subsequently cut and polished and exhibited at the Festival of Empire, London 1911,<sup>162</sup> were very beautiful and attracted much attention.

We now proceeded to several places about the Bay, visiting Fair and Deer Islands where Carroll had some dealers. This being election year and Carroll himself being one of the Confederate candidates<sup>163</sup> he took occasion at each place visited to do some canvassing. I of course took no part therein but busied myself examining and taking notes of the various rock exposures. Soon we arrived at Bonavista proper where Carroll had his home. He insisted upon my taking up my lodgings at his house while there and both he and his family treated me with the utmost kindness, in fact, I found all the people of Bonavista extremely kind and

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<sup>161</sup>I.e., amethyst-coloured.

<sup>162</sup>See *Souvenir of the Coronation & Festival of Empire: the Oldest Colony under the Union Jack* (St. John's: E.J. Goodland, W.J. and J.T. Long, 1911). Journals of Howley's trips to England in 1910 and 1911 are in the Howley MSS, CNSA.

<sup>163</sup>The Newfoundland election of November 13, 1869, was fought on the issue of whether or not to become a province in the newly-formed (1867) Canadian federation. The anti-Confederates, under C.F. Bennett, won. Carroll was a losing Confederate candidate in Bonavista Bay, and feelings ran high: "[Mr. Carroll] had to fly from a window of a house [in King's Cove] in the dead of night to save his life, the house having been attacked by a gang and all its windows sent in with stones; and Mr. Carroll was afterwards beaten and otherwise violently mistreated by the same ruffians" (*Newfoundlander*, Nov. 26, 1869). For the poll results, see *Morning Chronicle*, Nov. 27, 1869.

hospitable. During my stay I visited Cape Bonavista and all the nearby points of interest, taking note of the rocks everywhere and procuring specimens. Here I might say I found the geological series<sup>164</sup> in this neighborhood identical with the Signal Hill<sup>165</sup> sandstones of St. John's, and assigned by Mr. Murray to the Huronian series of Canada. I left Bonavista in company with the mail carrier for Catalina on foot. I had to carry my own pack and outfit, which besides a change of clothing consisted of a small tin tea kettle, my knife, fork, and a few other utensils, also, my hammers and instruments. By this time I had become used to packing and travelling on foot so with my youth and strength and buoyant spirits I did not mind the journey of over nine miles to Catalina. Arrived at the latter place I put up at the hotel of Mrs. Colbert where I was quite comfortable. I met with much kindness here also from many of the residents, particularly Capt. James Murphy, the noted seal killer and his wife. Their sons were old school fellows of mine of whom the Hon. John Murphy,<sup>166</sup> M.L.C., was the eldest. In the afternoons we indulged in some of our school-time sports together.

The rocks in the vicinity of Catalina were quite interesting and it is here near the public wharf the occurrence takes place of the cubical iron pyrites, called Catalina stone. The mineral

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<sup>164</sup>A division of rock formations that comprises rocks deposited during an epoch.

<sup>165</sup>Overlooking the entrance to St. John's Harbour.

<sup>166</sup>John Joseph Murphy (1849-1938), termed "Gambo Jack," St. John'sman, businessman, and politician, Member of the Legislative Council, the "upper house" in the Newfoundland Legislature.

is crystalized in the form of most perfect cubes often of large size. It is of a bright brassy colour and is quite hard. When two pieces of this are struck together sparks are emitted accompanied by a strong odour of sulphur, caused by the sulphur contents of the mineral, which is a combination of iron and sulphur. This so-called "Catalina stone" is of historic interest in so far as it was observed by Raleigh's<sup>167</sup> mineral man when exploring the coasts northward and was believed by him to be rich in gold.<sup>168</sup> It is also mentioned in Taverner's coast pilot 1760, wherein it is described pretty clearly, and the remark made that it "was admirably adapted for wheel-locks."<sup>169</sup> I also while here visited Little Catalina where there is a small deposit of galena very similar to that of La Manche mine and believed by some to be a continuation of the same vein. Here however, it did not amount to very much being merely a small pocket filled with ore.

The road from Catalina to Trinity being a long and rough one and very little used at this time, and entirely unfit for wheeled vehicles, I was induced to hire a horse and saddle and traverse

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<sup>167</sup>Mistakenly written for Sir Humphrey Gilbert's.

<sup>168</sup>Prowse claims it is unknown whether Gilbert's mineral man found gold or only the "fool's" gold of iron pyrites, as the ore samples and associated papers were lost when Gilbert's ship sank (*A History of Newfoundland*, 2 ed., p. 73).

<sup>169</sup>Howley likely quoted from a 1760 edition of *The English Pilot*, though William Taverner (c.1680-1768) was not the compiler of the work. The author, Henry Southwood, wrote "And near a small Cove in the W.N.W. [of Catalina Harbour] within the small Island is a Fire-stone of a glistering Colour, a kind of Mineral, excellent good for Wheel-Locks, growing in the Rocks." See "A true description of the course and distance of the capes, bayes, coves, ports and harbours in New-found-Land; with directions how to sail in or out of any port or place between Cape Race and Cape Bonavista" [1675], in *The English Pilot. The Fourth Book* [London, 1689; facsimile rpt., Amsterdam: Theatrvm Orbis Terrarvm Ltd., 1947], p. 17). A wheel-lock is a mechanism in a gun containing a small wheel revolved against a piece of iron pyrites.

the road on horse back. Here again my country training stood me in good stead. I was well used to the saddle at home and riding on horse back was one of my delights. The total distance by road from Trinity was about 18 miles and as the horse had to be returned, the owner's son came along on foot. Of course I gave him an occasional lift by walking part of the way myself. The country along here was very barren for the greater part and but sparsely timbered anywhere. The road went pretty straight over hill and dale as is usual with Newfoundland roads, and from the higher elevations good views were obtained out over the waters of Trinity Bay and inland towards the higher ridges of the Peninsula.

We arrived at Trinity about 4 P.M. where I succeeded in obtaining lodgings at Mr. Gent's,<sup>170</sup> a large old house situated on the top of a sharp rise overlooking the extensive and magnificent Harbour of Trinity.

Most of the houses here are located on the sloping ground near the shore and are flanked behind by a high bare rocky ridge known as Rider's Hill. This I climbed and obtained a splendid view from its summit. I was very hospitably entertained here by Mr. Bremner,<sup>171</sup> agent for Brooking's firm, and his amiable and beautiful wife. Trinity as is well known has much historic interest attached to it and from a very early period was the resort of Englishmen from the old country and later by several

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<sup>170</sup>James Gent.

<sup>171</sup>Alexander Bremner.

English firms. It was distinctly English from the very first and so far as is known was never visited by the people of other European nations. Whitbourne makes frequent mention of it in his *Discourse and Discovery*. In fact, it was his headquarters and I have a strong suspicion that the name really originated with him, for at the very outset of his description he states: "We arrived at Trinity Harbour on Trinity Sunday in a vessel called the *Trinity*."<sup>172</sup> I opine on this occasion from the combination of circumstances above related it is more than probable he conferred the name on the place. At all events we have no record of the name previous to this date.

I spent a very enjoyable week at Trinity and found much of an interesting geological character surrounding this magnificent Harbour.

I now had to find my way as best I could up the Bay to Random Sound. Fortunately a man named Walters, a resident at Aspen Cove, Random Island, had come down in his small punt or row boat to market some produce and as he was returning the same way I obtained a passage with him. Billy, for that was his first name, was ready to leave in a day or two. We started off to row and sail the long journey up to Smith's Sound a distance of 12

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<sup>172</sup>"...I did then arriue...vpon Trinitie Sunday, being the 4. of Iune [1615], and anchored the same day in the said Harbour of Trinity; and there, in the name of the holy and indiuiduall Trinity, [called the English masters and] began to hold the first Court of Admiralty." Richard Whitbourne, *A Discourse and Discovery of New-found-Land* (London: Felix Kingston, 1622), in *Newfoundland Discovered; English Attempts at Colonisation, 1610-1630*, Gillian T. Cell, ed., (London: The Hakluyt Society, 1982), p. 159. Whitbourne apparently left no record of the names of his vessels.

miles. The wind was light outside so we had to take to the oars and had a hard pull all day. I literally had to work my passage. Towards evening the wind came ahead and finding it useless to try and contend against it, we put into British Harbour and obtained shelter and a comfortable bed for the night at the house of a resident, Mrs. Gardner. Mrs. Gardner and family treated us with the proverbial outharbour hospitality. British Harbour is a snug little nook and the few inhabitants appeared to be well to do. They had some nice clearings and good gardens of potatoes. We were up betimes next morning and resumed our arduous row along shore. The day proved fine and as the wind was light we made good headway and were soon within the mouth of the beautiful Smith's Sound. Passing by the islands of Ireland's Eye, through The Thoroughfare, and on to Pope's Harbour where we put in to boil the kettle.

We arrived at Britannia Cove, Random Sound, in the late afternoon. Here I was again most kindly received and housed by Mr. John Currie and his amiable wife who could not do too much to make my sojourn with them as happy and pleasant as possible.

Mr. Currie and his brothers are Welsh quarrymen who came to this country some years ago to work the admirable slate deposits situated on the opposite or mainland side of the Sound. The Brothers Currie are now the owners of this slate quarry known as the Wilton Grove Slate Quarry,<sup>173</sup> and are working it in a small

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<sup>173</sup>For an account, see Martin, *Once Upon a Mine*, pp. 47-8.

way, but as they have to depend on the local market chiefly in St. John's, which is very limited they are not doing very much at present. A much larger capital than they are in command of is required to make a success of the business, and as the slate is of such an excellent quality, equal in every respect to the celebrated Carnarvon slate of Wales, so Mr. Currie assures me, there is no reason why a market should not be found in the old country, and even in the United States for this admirable product.

The Curries are not dependent solely upon the slate for a living. They have fine clearings and as the soil here is of a very fertile character it produces excellent crops. They have cattle, sheep, fowls, and as they can also procure some fish in the waters of the Sound they are all well to do. They also run a small saw mill situated on a brook nearby. It was rather an unusual sight to see the houses, stores, Mill etc. all covered with slated roofs up here in the back woods.

I paid a visit to the quarry next day with Mr. Currie and was greatly interested in the work of development and slate manufacture. It was marvelous how expert the men, some of whom were Newfoundlanders, were in the manipulation of the few simple tools required for this work.

After the slate is blasted from the huge cliff in the rear, and broken up into blocks of a size capable of being easily handled, these are carried out to the front by a small tram car. Here the slaters receive it at their several stations. The

workers sit down in front of a kind of horse, a wooden block with a long iron blade set upright therein. The other tools consist of a thin, wide-edged steel chisel shaped like a caulking iron;<sup>174</sup> a wooden mallet with a short handle; a long heavy-bladed knife with a wooden handle and having a sharp steel spike projecting from the back of the blade. This is called a sax. They are also provided with an old handsaw.

When a block is to be wrought into slate, if it be too large the operator makes a notch with the saw on one edge, then turns it up and strikes the opposite edge a sharp blow with his maul. The rock breaks right across quite evenly without any ragged edge. Taking one of those pieces he next inserts the chisel into the edge of the piece and gently taps it with the maul on the head. As the rock begins to cleave he bends the chisel from side to side, it being quite flexible and soon splits off a thin layer of slate the whole size of the piece and so on till he has split the junk into several layers of suitable thickness. Of course much judgement is required to select the true cleavage plane of the rock, and to split it with a uniform and regulation thickness, suitable to the size of the slate required. The next operation is to take each of the thin slates in turn, lay them on the iron horse and with the heavy knife cut the jagged edges off each side thus shaping the slate into its proper size and form. Of course all the pieces may not be of uniform length and breadth

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<sup>174</sup>For driving oakum in the seams between exterior boards of boats.

and in that case slates of various dimensions are turned out and afterwards sorted and graded according to size and quality. The last operation of all is to lay the slate flat upon the horse holding it by one end with the left hand. Then reversing the knife in the right hand, a few smart blows are struck with the iron spike to pierce the nail holes. This is a good test of the quality of the slate, for should the spike fail to go through without breaking up the slate or causing it to spaul too much, the slate is no good and is thrown aside.

It is really marvelous what judgement and dexterity is displayed in the whole operation but long practice has enabled the men to judge at a glance what is best to do with the crude material. There was a large amount of manufactured slate sorted and laid in tiers according to size on the level near the pier ready for shipment.

The quarry itself consists of a huge cliff probably 100 or 150 feet high of dark purple slate rock, striking back from the shore into the country behind and forming a high ridge. The supply of the raw material appears to be inexhaustible, and I am informed there are several other deposits of a similar character near the Sound and on Random Island itself. There is a good deal of limestone about here usually of a dull earthy red colour. While not suitable for burning into quicklime of good colour, it nevertheless would be admirably adapted for agricultural purposes, and would no doubt make good material for structural work, possibly some of it would produce hydraulic cement also.

Having spent a very interesting day at the quarry we returned to Britannia Cove, visiting on our way Burgoyne Cove, north side of Smith's Sound, a very nice settlement where good soil prevails.

Having engaged William Walters to take me around the Sound, and Random Island in his boat, we set off up Smith's Sound stopping at several places to look at the rocks, procure specimens and view the ground. Billy himself resides at a small Cove on Random Island called Aspen Cove, a very picturesque place. He has a nice house and clearing here and his crops were excellent. Amongst other products Billy had a patch of tobacco growing luxuriantly. He is a nonsmoker himself but after cutting and drying the tobacco he gives it around to his neighbours. This is the first time I ever saw tobacco growing in Newfoundland and I was not aware till now that it could be produced here. Later on I have seen it in Bay St. George and Codroy Valley where some of the people grow it regularly every year and dry it for their own use.

We continued on up the Sound which is here about a mile wide and presents many beautiful vistas as one journeys along. We occasionally cruised from one side to another, which owing to the smoothness of the water in this sheltered Sound made it an easy matter. We picked up a small pink-coloured fish floating on the water which Walters informed me was a gurnard.<sup>175</sup> I had never seen

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<sup>175</sup>Sea robin.

one before and did not know of their existence. He said they are fairly plentiful in the Sound and live in deep water. He also told me that when one is brought to the surface on a hook it becomes inflated with wind and cannot go down again but must remain until it dies.

I found many interesting geological features along the shores of the Island and Sound. Here we have again the ancient Cambrian formations of Conception, St. Mary's and Placentia Bays. Limestones and shales filled with very ancient organisms chiefly trilobites. Splendid sections<sup>176</sup> of the series occur near Smith's Point and along shore towards George's Brook at the head of the Sound. Again on the western portion of Random Island we have a repetition of the Kelly's Island and Bell Island rocks of Conception Bay, and this is about the only other place in Newfoundland where similar sediments occur. Of course from a geological point of view those primitive fossil-bearing rocks, containing as they do the earliest perfect forms of animal existence on our globe have a scientific value of great importance. In later years, these and other sections of the Lower Cambrian series in Newfoundland have become world-famed and have attracted to our shores many eminent scientists, such as, Sir Wm. Logan, Hon. Charles D. Walcott, Director of the United States Geological Survey, Mr. Mathew of New Brunswick,<sup>177</sup> Professor Van

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<sup>176</sup>In geological parlance, section means an exposed surface that displays layers of rock strata. Howley made numerous section drawings in the field.

<sup>177</sup>George Frederick Matthew (1837-1923) was one of the founders of the Natural History Society of New Brunswick in 1862.

Ingen of Princeton University and several others.<sup>178</sup> All these eminent personages have found in this Newfoundland of ours<sup>179</sup> the most perfect, and best-preserved specimens of the ancient life of the continent. Such sections as those of Manuel's Brook C.B.<sup>180</sup> and Smith's Point, Trinity Bay are considered typical localities and are quoted largely in works on the distribution of the Cambrian series in America.

It was all very interesting work and many specimens were collected as we moved along. At Brickyard on the north side of the sound we found a family named Pittman engaged in brick manufacture. Old man Pittman<sup>181</sup> a typical old Englishman had been engaged in brick making before coming here to settle down and recognized in a deposit of chocolate-coloured clay here a suitable material for brick manufacture. He and his sons had established a brick yard and had quite a thriving industry. The clay was first-class for the purpose and the bricks turned out were quite good and found a ready market around the Bays and even in St. John's and Harbour Grace.<sup>182</sup>

Of course Pittman's outfit is very crude and primitive. It consisted of a large box set on the ground inside of which was a

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<sup>178</sup>See Gilbert van Ingen, "Table of the geological formations of the Cambrian and Ordovician systems about Conception and Trinity Bays, Newfoundland and their northeastern-American and Western-European equivalents, based upon the 1912-1913 field work," *Princeton University Contributions to the Geology of Newfoundland*, No. 4 (1914).

<sup>179</sup>Howley here uses a title of one of Moses Harvey's books (1879).

<sup>180</sup>Conception Bay.

<sup>181</sup>Joseph Pittman.

<sup>182</sup>For the background of brick-making in Newfoundland see Martin, *Once Upon a Mine*, pp. 48-51.

section of a tree set in the centre with projecting blades like the paddles of a steamer. A long shaft was fixed to the top of the axle and projected outward. To the outer end was attached a swingletree. A poor stupid-looking old horse was tackled to this swing and was made to travel around in a circle by which means the blades inside the box were revolved. This was the mixer. The clay with a certain proportion of sand was next shovelled into the box and there thoroughly combined while water was supplied to make the mixture plastic. When properly prepared, the clay was shovelled out and filled into wooden frames divided in small compartments of the usual size of bricks. Here it was allowed to set and become sufficiently dry to retain its shape. When the material was stable enough to be handled without breaking, the crude bricks were transferred to a large open roofed structure called the brick kiln where they were built up in long tiers with suitable spaces between. A long hollow space ran the length of those tiers or stacks in which a fire of wood was maintained. The heat from these fires passed through the tiers and open spaces so as to reach all parts of the brick structure which effectively dried and partly calcined<sup>183</sup> the brick. It took several days to complete this process and the fires had to be maintained day and night at a uniform temperature. Any neglect in regulating the heat was apt to cause cracks and flaws which rendered the brick useless. Portions of the clay also contained some ingredient

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<sup>183</sup>Reduced to quicklime by burning.

either lime or soda which occasionally caused the brick to swell and burst. There were two qualities of clay in the deposit, one a light drab colour, the other chocolate. It was arranged in regular stratified layers both colours alternating. It was the lighter colour which contained most of the deleterious ingredient, hence only the chocolate clay was used and this had to be separated from the other before introducing to the mixer. Mr. Pittman has a demand for all the brick he can manufacture and together with a nice clearing and some cattle manages to make a comfortable living for himself and his family. He is a typical Englishman, a good representative of the working class of the old country.

We now proceeded on up to the head of the Sound, after paying a visit to the western end of Random Island where the land is level and well-wooded and the soil of excellent quality. The geology of this part is also very interesting, being as I have already stated a repetition of the Bell Island rocks, consisting of alternations of sandstones and shales. The former were frequently covered on the surface by well-marked fucoids,<sup>184</sup> or animal plants, a marine production of former periods. Some of the finely laminated shales here were very black and were characterized by the presence of considerable finely disseminated iron pyrites. Occasionally a dirty-white accumulation of some material coated the exposed ends of the shale outcrops which on

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<sup>184</sup>A fossil marine plant.

being tested proved to be alum.<sup>185</sup> This was clearly due to the decomposition of the contained pyrites and might possibly prove a source of alum if properly treated and lixiviated.<sup>186</sup> The substance is frequently obtained elsewhere from similar aluminous shale.

We reached Tilly's house at Shoal Harbour on the mainland head of the Sound, after crossing over the bar which connects the island with the mainland which at low tide is almost dry.

Old Mr. Tilly,<sup>187</sup> the patriarch of this section of the Sound, gave us lodgings while here. It was a great advantage to me to have Billy one of themselves accompany me. He was known to them all and made welcome, otherwise it might not have been so easy for a perfect stranger to get along, so few ever came this way and the residents being suspicious of all such outsiders. We spent a few days here going back and forth to the island and up and down the shore. I met some people here originally from Hant's Harbour south side of Trinity Bay, who had formerly been dealers of my father's when he carried on the supply business in St. John's. He at one time supplied the whole district of Bay de Verde and the shore up to Heart's Content on the south side of the Bay. He had several fine vessels built at New Perlican by the Pittmans,<sup>188</sup> some of the celebrated builders of those days. Some

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<sup>185</sup>A double sulfate of aluminum and potassium, used by artists, manufacturers, etc.

<sup>186</sup>Soaked in water so as to separate a soluble substance from one that is insoluble.

<sup>187</sup>John Tilley.

<sup>188</sup>For these shipbuilders, see Arthur Pittman, "History and Description of New Perlican," *NQ*, 35, 3 (1935): 17-18.

of the Bensons of Grates Cove Captained those vessels at the seal fishery, notably old Skipper Joe. At George's Brook in the extreme N.W. corner of Smith's Sound there is a large peat deposit just at sea level. This peat is filled with roots and stumps of trees standing upright in their original position, proving that they grew *in situ*.<sup>189</sup> I was informed that some of those stumps exhibited unmistakable evidence of having been gnawed off by beaver. It was evident that at one time when the land extended across from the island to the main, the site of this peat bog must have been a low wooded level through which the George's River<sup>190</sup> meandered and that the Beaver having dammed up the outlet caused the waters to overflow and kill the vegetation. Eventually the peat began to accumulate on this low swampy ground and finally covered the stumps of the original forest.

Passing down around the Island we entered Random Sound on the south side, stopping every now and again to land and inspect the rocks. Except at a place called Bown's Mead<sup>191</sup> there were no inhabitants on this end of the Island, but at Hickman's Harbour about half-way down the Sound there was quite a settlement. Here we stayed for the night at the house of a resident. Next morning we proceeded on down the Sound and reached the open water of the Bay about noon.

Having finished the examination of this part of Trinity Bay,

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<sup>189</sup>In their original position.

<sup>190</sup>Georges Brook

<sup>191</sup>Bounds Mead.

I now wanted to get up to the head of the Bay where I had a good deal of work to do.

When we got out clear of the Sound into open water we saw some large boats under sail making their way up the Bay. We hailed one of these which fortunately was bound for Norman's Cove in Chapel Arm at its extreme head. We rowed along side and I bargained with the Skipper to give me a passage. I then paid off Billy Walters and bid him good-bye, transferred my belongings to the larger boat and got aboard. The wind was light and somewhat against us but we managed to beat up fairly fast. Before sunset we arrived at Norman's Cove, a snug little nook on the west side, Chapel Arm inlet, surrounded by high hills densely wooded. Had a mug up at the Skipper's house, after which he and one of his men took me in their punt and rowed me up to the head of the Arm. Here I obtained lodgings at the house of the principal resident named Power.<sup>192</sup> This was also the Telegraph Station on the cross-country Anglo line<sup>193</sup> and was in charge of John Dyer, brother of Wm. and the late Henry Dyer. It was only a repeating station<sup>194</sup> and had very little other business. Power had a nice clearing here and several head of cattle, and he and family were very comfortable. Chapel Arm Brook quite a sizeable stream entered the Arm close by and had a large lagoon at its mouth. It was a great trout stream and even occasionally small salmon entered it.

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<sup>192</sup>Thomas Power.

<sup>193</sup>Anglo-American Telegraph Company.

<sup>194</sup>One that merely retransmitted electromagnetic signals.

I spent several days here examining the shores in boat. The geology was very interesting being a repetition of the Cambrian shales of Random and Smith's Sound. Some very perfect small trilobites were obtained here. Dryer had a nice sail boat in which he and I cruised about a good deal. One day we took a run across to New Harbour in Dildo Arm, and paid a visit to the Magistrate, Mr. Newhook.<sup>195</sup> He and his family received us very kindly and made us stay for the afternoon. Mr. Newhook was one of a family of celebrated ship-builders in his time and from his ship-yard here turned out many splendid vessels. His house was an old one, yet very comfortable. It had a sort of tower or block house on the roof said to have been originally built as a lookout or fort for protection from the native Indians who formerly much frequented this locality. In fact it was in this very Arm that John Guy and his party met the natives in 1612 and had a friendly intercourse with them as related in his letters to Master Slany, secretary of the London & Bristol Company of Adventurers.<sup>196</sup>

I saw here at Newhook's a very curious weapon in the shape of a seven-barreled gun, the progenitor of the mitrailleuse.<sup>197</sup> The barrels were all in one piece about 6 or 8 inches in

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<sup>195</sup>Charles Newhook.

<sup>196</sup>For the episode, see Cell, ed., *Newfoundland Discovered*, pp. 73-5; William Gilbert, "'Divers Places': The Beothuk Indians and John Guy's Voyage into Trinity Bay in 1612," *NS*, 6 (1990): 147-67. The London and Bristol Company financed the earliest English attempt at year-round settlement in Newfoundland, at Cupids, Conception Bay. The settlement was founded in 1610, with Guy as on-site governor. John Slany was a London merchant.

<sup>197</sup>A type of machine-gun with a number of barrels fitted together to discharge simultaneously or in rapid succession.

circumference. It had but one nipple.<sup>198</sup> The lock and stock were like those of an ordinary gun and when held to the shoulder, no easy matter on account of its weight, the whole seven barrels could be discharged at once by a single cap.

Old Mr. Newhook, who was partially paralysed, was hospitality personified in its best sense. His home was open to receive any way-farer who happened along in this isolated locality. He entertained us with many interesting tales of his earlier days and was full of most valuable information about the country's chief industries, the cod and seal fisheries. Going back we had it very calm and did not reach Power's till late at night. This extreme upper part of Trinity Bay is very picturesque and possesses an air of primitive peace and quietness only to be found in such remote localities. After a few days spent here, I started off on foot, all alone, to traverse the telegraph line up to Come-by-Chance and Bay Bulls Arm,<sup>199</sup> quite a long journey. I had a heavy pack to carry now as in addition to my clothes, utensils, gun, ammunition etc. I had also to take along some provisions.

One might suppose that undertaking of this journey through a hitherto unknown region and all alone was a foolhardy action, but this did not give me the least concern. I rather rejoiced at the prospect of finding my way unassisted and without anyone to guide

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<sup>198</sup>A device on the breech of a muzzle-loading gun on which the percussion cap is fixed and exploded.

<sup>199</sup>Bull Arm.

me. Of course there was little danger of going astray as I had the telegraph line to follow all the way and the repairers, for their own convenience, kept the brush pretty well under control.

The day was beautiful, rather warm and of course the mosquitoes were troublesome, but by this time I had become used to them. My skin, tanned and hardened by constant exposure to sun and air, was better able to resist their attacks. I continued to jog along observant of everything around me, communing with nature as it were and quite contented and happy. I did not mind in the least the journey or the loneliness, indeed I rather preferred the latter. It seemed to suit my natural temperament. I was never given to much talking, but could think a lot and here I had ample scope to indulge the latter propensity. I wore an extra-heavy pair of miner's boots, with great thick soles shod with large square-headed nails, and having heavy iron plates on the heels and toes. They were so heavy that the people wherever I stayed used to lift them and express surprise at my being able to travel with such a weight attached to my nether limbs. But I had now become so used to them that I did not mind the weight and could continue all day on the trot without experiencing any great fatigue.

Towards evening I saw to my right, away down towards the sea-shore, a broad lagoon spreading away over an extensive flat which I knew from description was Tickle Harbour Broad.<sup>200</sup> Seeing

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<sup>200</sup>The "lagoon" called Broad Lake inside the barachois at the head of Tickle Bay.

some houses out near the coast I made for them to obtain shelter for the night. I also wished to examine the rocks on the west side of Tickle Harbour Point.

I reached the settlement<sup>201</sup> before sundown and was made welcome at the house of a Mr. Lynch<sup>202</sup> the principal inhabitant. There were but few families here and I believe they were all Lynches. They had nice clearings and a good stock of cattle and sheep. The place was well adapted to cattle raising as much wild hay grew around about The Broad which afforded a plentiful supply of provender. The houses were all built on a sandspit near where the waters of The Broad flow out to the Bay. A narrow gut connected it with the sea through which the tide ebbed and flowed creating a strong swift current. When the tide rose it rushed in through this gut and filled up the great lagoon which at low water was partly dried.

It was a great place for salmon, and the Bay outside good fishing ground. So that the Lynch family who were proprietors of the salmon fishing possessed good means of livelihood and were apparently all well to do. They and their fathers before them had resided here for several generations. Their catch of salmon this year was good. It was of course all salted down in tierces<sup>203</sup> as they had no means of marketing it fresh. Altogether this was a very interesting place and situated as it is at the extreme head

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<sup>201</sup>Tickle Harbour (later Bellevue).

<sup>202</sup>John Lynch.

<sup>203</sup>A cask containing about 42 gallons (191 litres).

of Trinity Bay with its fine sand beach, it would be an ideal place of resort in summertime were it only more accessible. Having spent a couple of days here with the hospitable Lynch family, I continued my journey up the isthmus, spending a night at Chance Harbour,<sup>204</sup> where I met the telegraph repairer, Alfred Gosney whom I had met at Black River the previous season. He was on his way east looking after the line and had to continue on to Brigus, the chief repeating station for this western line. Chance Harbour was a pretty little place and had quite a few inhabitants. While here I developed a very sore throat and had to take an extra day to nurse myself over it. Fortunately, I carried a bottle of Radway's Ready Relief which I used liberally on my chest and throat with good effect.

On the second day I continued my journey and as it was a beautiful warm day I found myself getting better and better as I proceeded. During to-day's journey I met a covey of partridges and killed a couple. One of these I cooked for my lunch, roasting it on a spit before the open fire. As it was rather a long job to pluck the feathers I concluded to skin it instead. It made a delicious meal washed down with a pot of tea. I was always a fair cook and when at home was frequently requisitioned to cook a beefsteak, make a pie or custard. I even made black puddings at Christmas time which were rated A.1. All this I learned from my mother whom I used to assist in such undertakings. This may be

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<sup>204</sup>Chance Cove.

considered a trivial matter to enter here, but I can assure all who contemplate a life in the woods that a knowledge of cooking is a very important one to acquire.

I had now a long hard journey ahead of me much of which was through low marshy, spongy ground, the most tiresome of all travelling in the interior. It was well on towards dusk when I finally reached old Mr. Adams's<sup>205</sup> house at Come-by-Chance. Here again I found comfortable quarters. The Adams family had an extensive clearing, quite a number of good cattle, plenty of fowl etc. There was no lack of good milk, fresh butter and eggs. Here as at Tickle Harbour salmon and sea trout formed no inconsiderable part of Adams's means of livelihood. The Come-by-Chance River is a fine one and continues a long distance up country. Salmon and trout frequent it every season in great numbers. The distance across this narrowest part of the Isthmus of Avalon between Come-by-Chance in Placentia Bay and Bay Bulls Arm in Trinity Bay is scarcely three miles, and there is quite a well-beaten path over this neck. I travelled this route alone and arrived at the head of the Arm. Here I saw the ruins, or rather the remains, of the Cable buildings which were erected here when the first Atlantic Cable was laid in 1856?<sup>206</sup> Everyone knows the history of this Cable, how after a few brief messages between Queen Victoria and the President of the United States, it ceased

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<sup>205</sup>Thomas Adams.

<sup>206</sup>The first Atlantic cable was landed August 5, 1858.

to work and now lies abandoned at the bottom of the ocean.<sup>207</sup> Old man Adams purchased the buildings and had them drawn across the neck in winter, and converted into hay barns, stables and other out houses.

There were no residents at this time in Bay Bull's Arm except at Centre Cove away down on the north side, where a couple of families dwelt.<sup>208</sup> Hence after pottering about for sometime looking at the rocks and taking notes I had to make my way down the shore to Centre Cove. There was no path and as the tide was high it became a very arduous undertaking. However, I reached there in good time and obtained lodging.

Next day I started for Centre Hill one of those very conspicuous peaks or tofts characteristic of many parts of Newfoundland. The mountain lay back from the cove some 3-4 miles and the intervening country was chiefly soft bog of a very heavy, tiresome character. The day turned out very warm and the mosquitoes were at their worst. When the neighbourhood of the mountain was reached I concluded to lighten myself as much as possible before essaying the ascent. Leaving my coat, gun, ammunition etc. behind I began to climb. It was quite steep and the heat rendered it laborious work, but on reaching the summit I was amply repaid by the magnificent view obtained. I had heard

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<sup>207</sup>See Henry M. Field, *History of the Atlantic Telegraph* (New York: Charles Scribner & Co., 1866), pp. 245-6, and W.H. Russell, *The Atlantic Telegraph* (London: Day and Son, [1865]), p. 26. The telegrams between Queen Victoria and James Buchanan were exchanged on Aug. 18, 1858.

<sup>208</sup>Centre Cove (now vacated) was about 2 mi east of the present community of Sunnyside. Population in 1869: 12.

that seven Bays were visible from this spot but I don't think this is quite correct.<sup>209</sup> I certainly could see Trinity, and Placentia Bays on either side the isthmus quite plainly. The latter with its numerous islands large and small presented a beautiful panorama. I thought I could make out part of Conception and St. Mary's Bays also but certainly could not see Bonavista and Fortune Bays. If then seven bays were visible they must be made up of the minor bays and arms such as Bay Bull's Arm, Tickle Bay and a few others. At all events the view was magnificent and well repaid me the labour of reaching and climbing the mountain. I stayed quite a while taking in the beauty of the scene being reluctant to leave till the pangs of hunger warned me it was best to make tracks for the Cove.

Now a curious thing happened me which served as a lesson to me on many subsequent occasions. In throwing down my gun and coat I heedlessly took no note of the surroundings and never gave a thought to fixing upon some well-defined object as a mark for the spot. Consequently when I came to look for these articles they were nowhere to be found. I could have sworn that I was in the immediate vicinity of their whereabouts, yet notwithstanding the most diligent search I failed to locate them. After spending at least two hours tramping up and down, back and forth all to no purpose, I was reluctantly compelled to give up the search and

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<sup>209</sup>In 1835 Archdeacon Edward Wix reported this idea and named the bays which, as he said, "may be seen" ([Edward Wix], *Six Months of a Newfoundland Missionary's Journal from February to August, 1835* [2 ed.; London: Smith, Elder and Co., 1836], pp. 35-36).

make my way back to the Cove. I had gone perhaps a quarter of a mile or more on the homeward journey when I suddenly lit upon the lost articles lying where I left them on the bare open ground, the truth being that I had greatly underestimated the distance from the mountain where they were left, believing it to be much nearer its base. However, the lesson was worth learning. Another day examining the rocks along the shore near Centre Cove and then I took my departure to retrace my steps along the Telegraph line to Chapel Arm. I got the people here<sup>210</sup> to put me across the Arm in punt to a little nook called Stock Cove where a single family named Walsh<sup>211</sup> lived. Walsh was a widower but had grown-up sons and daughters. They lived in a very poor log tilt. Walsh however treated me kindly and gave me shelter for the night. He turned out to be an old dealer of my father's and told me a lot about old times. I had to share part of his own bunk with him in a little nook at one end of the tilt. Apparently this was his son's place. The latter found lodgings in an outhouse<sup>212</sup> for the night.

Early the next morning this young man rowed me down to Chance Harbour from whence I made my way along shore to Tickle Harbour Broad, and remained at Lynch's that night. Resuming my journey the next day I again followed the Telegraph line back to Chapel Arm.

After another day spent here I took my departure to travel

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<sup>210</sup>I.e., at Centre Cove.

<sup>211</sup>Patrick Walsh. Stock Cove was near the mouth of Bull Arm.

<sup>212</sup>A building adjoining a dwelling-house.

on foot down the south side of Trinity Bay. I had to take to the Telegraph line at first and follow it a mile or two eastward, then strike down for the bottom of Dildo Arm. Although I received minute instructions where to turn off, and was assured I would find a path leading from the line down to the shore, yet I somehow failed to locate this path, and had therefore to make the best of my way through the woods. The latter was thick and close and the ground very broken. It was a tough proposition to force my way through. At length I struck a considerable brook which I knew must lead out to the shore somewhere. This I followed as well as I could till I came out at a small Cove called Old Shop. A single family resided here in a miserable tilt. After a rest and refreshment I was directed how to proceed so as to reach South Dildo which I accomplished after a trying scramble along shore, over cliffs and jagged rocks, and through clumps of trees. From Dildo I travelled down the shore to New Harbour where I arrived about dusk. Here I again availed of the hospitality of Mr. Newhook and family.

Next day I started on my tramp down the shore. The road to Hopehall and Green's Harbour was fairly good and I made good progress arriving at the former place early in the day, and at the latter in the afternoon. I had intended staying at Green's Harbour for the night, but as the day was yet early and the distance to the next settlement, Witless Bay,<sup>213</sup> not great I

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<sup>213</sup>Whiteway.

determined to push on, especially as I was told I would find accommodation for the night there. I soon found the road end in a mere path and a rugged wet one at that. When I reached Witless Bay about sunset tired and wet I found there only a couple of miserable tilts inhabited by people in very poor circumstances. It was too late to proceed further as night was coming on, so I had to make the best of it. I applied for shelter at one of the tilts which was very reluctantly granted. The people were very poor and had a crowd of small children all huddled together into a very small space at the end of the tilt, the sleeping apartment. The main or living room was a space of some 10 or 12 feet square with an open fire-place at one end, on either side of which were rough benches or settles made of squatted<sup>214</sup> sticks. One of these benches was assigned to me for a bed without any kind of covering. It was Hobson's choice<sup>215</sup> either to accept it or take shelter in the woods somewhere. This I would gladly have done, had the night not been so cold but I had no time to construct any kind of a shelter or get a fire underway. Just at dark a crew of men from down the Bay, Heart's Delight, who were up here looking for bait arrived, and also took up their lodging here. These men stretched themselves on the bare floor as near as they could get to the fireplace where some heat could be derived, I having the place of honour on one of the benches. Having arranged with the newcomers who were to return at daylight for a

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<sup>214</sup>Cut flat on one side. *DNE squat.*

<sup>215</sup>Taking what is offered or nothing.

passage I made the best of a bad bargain and lay down to try and get some sleep, but indeed I barely succeeded. What with the cold and the children crying at the other end of the tilt, and the exceeding hardness of my couch I spent a miserable night. The fishermen on the floor however, snored it out in fine style. I noticed according as the fire got lower they edged in towards it, till at length one big red-headed fellow actually made a pillow of the ashes themselves. When I awoke and saw this, in spite of aching bones and all the other discomforts, I could not refrain from laughing outright. This awoke the rest, and as the dawn was now breaking, all hands sat up. Soon they had the fire underway again and the inevitable kettle boiled. Poor fellows, they willingly shared their scanty breakfast with me, which consisted of black tea many times boiled, some biscuit and rancid butter. But hunger needs no sauce<sup>216</sup> and I was glad to accept their hospitality. A hot cup of tea in the early morning before undertaking a cold journey on the water was not to be rejected though it consisted of the very essence of tannic acid, so helpful to the stomach as a tonic.<sup>217</sup>

We were off as soon as the day was fully blown, and as the wind was ahead had to take to the oars and row all the way. Though yet early in the season the morning was quite cold but clear and bright. As we rowed as close to the shore as we could with safety, I had a good view of the rock formations as we

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<sup>216</sup>A proverb found in Xenophon, Cicero, Chaucer, and other writers.

<sup>217</sup>Perhaps an ironic comment.

passed along. I noticed the reddish and pinkish Cambrian limestones on several of the extreme points invariably dipping towards the Bay. Here again, as in Conception Bay it was quite evident a trough<sup>218</sup> of Cambrian series once existed filling up the space now occupied by the waters of the Bay. This trough had been long since gouged out by ice action leaving only a few isolated patches of the basal members<sup>219</sup> to attest its previous existence.

We arrived at Heart's Delight about noon. This is a considerable settlement with several well-to-do families lodged in fairly good houses. I was directed to the residence of one of the principal inhabitants<sup>220</sup> where I was made welcome. He was a very intelligent old gentleman much beyond the ordinary, and entertained me with many stories about old times and customs in the Bay. In his younger days he had been a clerk in the employ of the Slades<sup>221</sup> at Trinity, and like all the other employees had to be ready to lend a hand at any work in connection with the fisheries. He said the fisherman's lot then was a very different matter to what it is now-a-days. Their diet consisted of hard tack and spruce beer to drink. Butter was unknown, instead, the bread was treated with sweet oil.<sup>222</sup> No such luxuries as tea, sugar, meat, except such as the sea birds afforded, were indulged in. The fishing boats and crew were expected to stay out on the

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<sup>218</sup>Elongated structural depression.

<sup>219</sup>Lowest-lying strata.

<sup>220</sup>Perhaps William Sully, trader.

<sup>221</sup>John Slade (1719-92), a sea captain and shipowner of Poole, Dorset, founded John Slade and Company, a fishing and trading firm. The Slades operated in Newfoundland from the mid-eighteenth century to the late 1860s.

<sup>222</sup>Olive oil.

grounds in all weathers so long as a fish could be caught or as they were able to withstand it. Should any boat return to premises for supplies of any kind, the crews were not allowed to land, but whatever they were in need of was brought down from the stores by the clerks and put aboard. The boats had to be off again with as little delay as possible. These were indeed strenuous times for the fishermen. No F.P.U.'s<sup>223</sup> in those days to urge their claims to better treatment. Much more that the old gentleman told me has long since slipped my memory. Unfortunately my diary for this year 1869 is one of those lost in the 1892 fire.<sup>224</sup>

From Heart's Delight I walked on to Heart's Desire where I obtained a boat to put me up to Heart's Content, the famous Cable town. I saw a great change here since I first visited the place in 1866 to see the *Great Eastern*, which had just successfully completed the laying of the Atlantic Cable.<sup>225</sup>

I did not stay at Heart's Content but proceeded right on to New Perlican where an Aunt of mine, Mrs. Michael Howley<sup>226</sup> resided. Here at her beautiful residence I stayed for a few days to rest but in the meantime I visited the Cable Office at Heart's

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<sup>223</sup>Fishermen's Protective Union, founded in 1908 by William Ford Coaker (1871-1938). Its chief aim was to improve the economic lot of fishermen; but Coaker also sought political power in order to renovate society generally. The F.P.U.'s commercial arm, designed to lower prices by cooperative buying, was the Fishermen's Union Trading Company; the Union's newspaper was *The Fishermen's Advocate*; its motto was *suum cuique*, "to each his own."

<sup>224</sup>I.e., the great fire of July 8-9, 1892, in St. John's. In a note written in 1914, Howley listed sixteen diaries "still in my possession."

<sup>225</sup>See Russell, *Atlantic Telegraph*, for accounts and photographs. Howley describes his 1866 visit in *The Convent Bell* 1, 3 (1917): 18.

<sup>226</sup>The widow of his late uncle; on Michael Howley's business, see Pittman, "History and Description."

Content and was shown the manipulation of the delicately sensitive instruments by Mr. Perry, one of the original staff.<sup>227</sup> As this has been so frequently described in print I shall not attempt it here, beyond stating that the main feature which attracted my attention was a minute circular mirror suspended by a silk thread upon which the light from a lamp was cast. This little mirror was so acted upon by the electric current from the batteries in connection with the Cable that it would move back and forth causing the reflected light to pass through a small slit in front which was then cast upon a white scale on the opposite side of the small enclosure in which the instruments were kept. The operator followed this pencil of light with his eye and was able to read the message from the length or otherwise of the gyrations made thereby. I also while at Perlican took a trip down to Hant's Harbour on horse back. While up about Random I had heard such wonderful stories about the discovery of gold in this place that I determined to investigate. I had a lovely day and enjoyed the ride immensely. At Hant's Harbour I was courteously received by Mr. Watson<sup>228</sup> doing business here and given a good dinner. As I anticipated, the gold yarn turned out a humbug. True, there were some quartz veins here but the closest scrutiny of the rock with a magnifying glass failed to reveal the presence of any gold whatever.

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<sup>227</sup>Francis Perry. See his "The Atlantic Cable and Heart's Content," in D.W. Prowse's *A History of Newfoundland* (London: Macmillan and Co., 1895), pp. 642-6.

<sup>228</sup>Ellis Cornish Watson (1840-1906).

Upon my return to New Perlican my next move was to cross the country to Carbonear and Harbour Grace from whence I was to take steamer across Conception Bay to Portugal Cove and thence home. Mrs. Howley and her nephew accompanied me in their carriage. We had a pleasant drive across country<sup>229</sup> and arrived in Carbonear early in the afternoon. Here I spent a couple of days and made many friends some of whom are still to the fore. On arrival at Harbour Grace I found the Bay steamer *Lizzie*<sup>230</sup> off electioneering. We were then in the very height of the famous 1869 Confederation contest.<sup>231</sup> Hon. Ambrose Shea<sup>232</sup> and Major Renouf<sup>233</sup> representing opposite sides, confederate and anti, were both holding meetings and the sentiment appeared to be pronounced anti both here and in Carbonear.

There were several people here awaiting a passage across the Bay to Portugal Cove, including the two great political opponents. As the regular bay steamer, *Lizzie*, was not available we had to fall back on the old *Ellen Gisbourne*,<sup>234</sup> which had been relegated to the retired list for some time past. Mackinson,<sup>235</sup> the owner spent all the morning trying to get the old tub oiled

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<sup>229</sup>On the road between Heart's Content and Carbonear.

<sup>230</sup>A Conception Bay mail steamer received an annual subsidy from the government. The *Lizzie* was launched at Pugwash, N.S., in 1866; she sank at Harbour Grace in 1875.

<sup>231</sup>See note 163.

<sup>232</sup>Shea (1815-1905), newspaperman and politician, first Speaker of the House of Assembly under Responsible Government (inaugurated in 1855), and one of the leaders of the Confederate forces in the election of 1869. (He was defeated in Placentia and St. Mary's district.) He was Governor of the Bahamas, 1887-94.

<sup>233</sup>Henry Renouf (1820-80), politician and judge, leading anti-Confederate, a major in the St. John's Volunteer Rifles.

<sup>234</sup>A steamer operating in Conception Bay in the early 1850s.

<sup>235</sup>George Makinson.

up and her machinery put into working order. Mackinson himself acted as engineer. After quite a while tinkering at the old tub she was pronounced ready and we all got aboard. Before venturing into the outer Bay she made a trial trip around the harbour, and succeeded into running into Donnelly's<sup>236</sup> wharf and carrying away a portion of it. Somehow the steering gear refused to work properly. This caused further delay but at last we got fairly underway and steamed slowly out the bay. Fortunately it was almost perfectly calm, otherwise had there been any wind or sea we would not have reached anywhere and most likely would have been piled up on the rocks somewhere. Slowly at a snail's pace we crawled along till near the eastern end of Bell Island when she got tired and came to a dead stop. Here we remained quite a little while with Portugal Cove in full view yet uncertain whether we would ever reach there. Well indeed was it for us that the water was so smooth. Poor old Mackinson worked like a Trojan trying to get things going again, and at length succeeded but she barely moved as we dragged our way slowly along. At length we did reach Portugal Cove and as if exhausted with the effort she stopped for good, unable to venture back to Harbour Grace. How she eventually accomplished this feat I never learned.

We drove from the Cove in Coughlan's coach and I was soon home, amongst my friends but only for a short stay. I had yet to visit certain parts of St. Mary's and Conception Bays and also

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<sup>236</sup>W.J.S. Donnelly, a leading Harbour Grace fish merchant.

walk across country from Holyrood to Witless Bay on the east coast.

After a few days' rest at home I started off by carriage for Salmonier and Colinet. Those who have travelled over this long road in the olden times will remember all the discomforts of a carriage drive over that rugged highway. But my cabby, old Mr. Pat Leary, who knew every inch of it and every individual we met, and moreover, was so full of anecdote and funny sayings that one did not mind the time passing.

I shall never forget when passing a huge boulder by the side of the road near Topsail, old Pat turned to me and pointed at this enormous rock and asked if I saw that, when I replied in the affirmative, he said without a smile on his countenance, "It was I put that there."

We reached Holyrood before night and put up at Veitch's. We were off early the next morning and after a long, tiresome drive with stoppages at Halfway House and Salmonier we reached Colinet by night. Here I took up my quarters again at old Billy Davis's. The old man and his sons entertained me with wonderful yarns about deer and beaver hunting.

Afterwards I had a look at the rocks about the mouths of Colinet and Rocky Rivers, the latter of which now has a fine bridge thrown across it just above the fall near its mouth. It is a wooden structure resting upon two stone abutments one on either side and has a single span. The engineers and constructors of this bridge feel justly proud of it. There is nothing else to

compare with it in the island. A propos of this bridge a good story is told in which my old cabman Leary figured prominently. It is stated that when the Chairman and Members of the Board of Works<sup>237</sup> visited the place to view the site for the bridge they took along with them a good stout fishing line with which to measure the width of the river, so as to ascertain what span would be required. This done, the line was coiled up and placed underneath the seat of their carriage. Somewhere on their journey back to town the horse's harness gave out, and on stopping to rest for the night, the cabby looked around for something to fix up the harness with. Discovering the fishing line under the seat, he thought it was just the thing so he cut off some 10 or 12 feet to make the necessary repairs. On reaching St. John's where the bridge was to be constructed at the Public Works Department<sup>238</sup> of course the line was produced for the length of the span. When the bridge was made and shipped in parts to the locality where the abutments had already been constructed, it was found that the main stringers fell short of reaching across by several feet. This necessitated the construction of additional abutments outside the first, before the bridge could be put in place, at considerable extra cost. It was sometime before the actual truth leaked out about the cutting of the line, and the whole transaction became a source of much fun at the expense of the

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<sup>237</sup>Department of the colonial government responsible for building and maintaining roads, bridges, public buildings, and other structures.

<sup>238</sup>The Board of Works.

Board of Works Department.<sup>239</sup>

Taking Billy and Henry Davis, two of the stalworth sons of old Billy I started to travel down the shore on the west side of St. Mary's Bay to Branch and back. We went in boat to John's Pond, from whence we walked across a neck to North Harbour and thence down the shore to Cape Dog Cove. Here I again stayed at the house of my old friend of last year, Mr. Ryan. My two companions left me here to return to Colinet, and I proceeded on alone the remainder of the journey. Having had a path pointed out to me which led through the woods and marshes to a place called Little Salmonier or The Barachois,<sup>240</sup> I trudged along with my usual pack and found my way all right. At The Barachois there was but one family living in a wretched tilt and they were exceedingly badly off. Their only sustenance seemed to be Indian meal bread, a little tea and molasses but very little else. Yet this place was a choice spot for a good clearing. The land was level and apparently fairly fertile. A most luxuriant growth of wild hay occupied most of the flats, while I understood fish was to be had fairly plentiful just outside the point of the Cove. There were no cattle or sheep, nor yet fowl visible about this place, and it was clearly a case of sheer downright laziness.

Here then I was compelled to stay a day and night and exist

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<sup>239</sup>Payments in connection with this bridge may be found in *JHA*, Appendix, 1870, pp. 186-7, and 1872, pp. 246-7. See *Morning Chronicle*, Apr. 20, 1868.

<sup>240</sup>This, with Red Head Cove and Peckford Cove (called Beckford Cove in 1868), is a place-name on the coast between North Harbour and Branch.

on such miserable fare as exceedingly dry Indian meal<sup>241</sup> bread and black tea. There was some interesting geology here to be looked into ere I took my departure. That night I fared in a similar manner to my experience at Witless Bay a month before, laying on a rough bench beside the open fire-place but it was even much worse, as during the night it poured rain and the water came down on me through the open space which served for a chimney. I spent a most miserable night and was glad indeed when daylight appeared.

Not being the least anxious to spend another such night as last, I soon resumed my journey. Of course my breakfast consisted of the same menu as last night, and moreover they could only give me a hunk of the bread to take with me on my long tramp to Branch. I was put across the Cove in boat and landed at a place where a path led up through the woods. I reached Red Head Cove<sup>242</sup> a wild unoccupied bight where the sea dashed in on the rocks and made quite a tumble. Had a look at the rocks here which were quite interesting and then climbed a steep slope to the top of Red Head Ridge, a high bare mountain running for several miles parallel with the coast. It became quite foggy as I traversed this ridge and the prospect of being caught out all night in the wet and cold was not pleasant to contemplate. I hurried on as fast as I could, only stopping to shoot a few partridges which stood upright in the fog looming as large as turkeys. Fortunately

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<sup>241</sup>Corn meal, distributed (with molasses) as government relief.

<sup>242</sup>Jigging Cove.

the path over the dry top of the ridge was well beaten and I was able to follow it without much trouble. Towards evening I arrived at a place called Peckford Cove on the north side of Branch Bight. Here there was a house where I obtained a nice cup of tea and some decent bread and butter. It had now become very wet and foggy but as I was anxious to reach Branch before dark I pushed on. I soon lost the path however, and as the bushes were so awfully wet I preferred to take the risk of trying to clamber along the top of the high bank which formed this side the bight. It was a tough proposition to negotiate and at one point I nearly came to grief. I had to cross a wide sloping clay bank beneath which lay a rugged cliff of rock against which the sea broke furiously. In trying to cross the clay slope the earth gave way and began to slide rapidly down taking me with it. My only hope of saving myself was to make a run for a projecting piece of rock some distance ahead. By good fortune I succeeded in reaching it and by still greater luck it was sufficiently firmly embedded not to give way under my weight. The good people of Branch were surprised to see me. When I stated my experience in clambering along the cliffs they told me I ran a fearful risk and had I gone over the bank I would have been killed on the jagged rocks below or otherwise drowned and as no one knew of my coming it might have been quite a while before I was found, if ever. This was one of the very narrow escapes I have had during my career.

I spent several days at Branch collecting fossils, trilobites. This is one of the localities in Newfoundland where

large perfect specimens of this particular fossil are found in abundance. It has been given the name of *Paradoxides Bennetti*, after the Hon. C.F. Bennett, the pioneer mining magnate of Newfoundland, and at present Prime Minister of the Island. It was he who first brought it to the notice of scientists.

Branch is a very pretty settlement. The land here is excellent and the people have large clearings, raise good crops, have a good many cattle and sheep and are all well to do. It is also a most favourable fishing place so near to the celebrated Cape St. Mary's ground, but it has the drawback of possessing a very poor open harbour exposed to the full force of the southeasterly winds. There is a narrow gut leading into a large lagoon at the mouth of the river, and it is in this the boats obtain shelter. The gut is however very dangerous when the wind is in and the tide running out. The fishermen have to watch the weather very closely and the moment they see a S.easter coming up must cut and run for their lives.

Having finished my work here I started on my return journey by the same route as I came. I got along all right this time and as the day was fine and bushes dry I was enabled to follow the path and avoid the dangerous cliff where I had so narrow an escape a few days ago.

From Peckford Cove I soon reached the highland and made good progress and arrived back at The Barachois a little before sunset, but from my former experience at this place I determined not to put in another night here, so pushed on as hard as I could

for Cape Dog Cove. I kept the path pretty well for a time but as it began to grow dusk I found it difficult to follow. At length in the growing darkness I lost it entirely. There was now nothing left to do but make my way out to the coast and try and get along the cliffs. I could hear the rote<sup>243</sup> of the sea not far off on the right and guided by the noise I managed to reach the shore. It was now quite dark so that I could barely make out the jagged rocks I had to clamber over. As the darkness increased it became more and more difficult to get along. I had to feel my way step by step with both hands and feet. Being encumbered with my pack, Geological hammers and gun, this was no easy task. Slowly, very slowly, I managed to scramble over the projecting rocks sometimes holding on by my hands and letting my feet down to feel for a footing. Once, failing to find any, I let go and slid down up to my shoulder into the water. It was very trying and laborious work. However, I was all the time getting nearer and nearer to the beach at the head of the cove. At length I reached the edge of it and thinking all was now plain sailing I struck out boldly. Next minute I fell headlong tripping over a projecting rock I could not see in the dark. I measured my length<sup>244</sup> on the rough shingle and it was a miracle I escaped from breaking some of my limbs. As it was, I was considerably bruised and cut. Picking myself up again I proceeded more cautiously and finally reached the smooth sand beach at the head of the Cove.

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<sup>243</sup>Roar of surf.

<sup>244</sup>Fell flat; shingle refers to loose, worn stones on a seashore.

The houses lay at the far end of this beach and I quickly got over the intervening space. I arrived safely at Ryan's house very fatigued and wet from head to foot.

The people were astonished to see me at that late hour, but when I told them of my experience along the cliffs they could scarcely believe me. They said it was a very hard place to get along even in broad day light, moreover as the tide was now top high they could not understand how I ever succeeded.

I was made welcome by the good people who soon had a hot supper for me, and some dry clothing to put on. My own spare duds were of course all soaking wet. After a smoke and a good heat at the big open dogiron fire, I felt quite fit but very tired. Needless to say I slept like a top in the comfortable bed assigned me.

Next morning I was up betimes and after breakfast was again on the move. I reached North Harbour early and firing a gun to attract the notice of the people who lived on the far side, a boat soon came over and took me across the Arm. After a little rest I continued on across the neck to John's Pond, from here I hired a boat and crew to row me up to Colinet. I spent a couple more days here with the Davises to rest and recuperate. Old Mrs. Davis, a fine buxom good-natured Irish woman, who is also a good cook, treated me to venison and black duck which forms the menu for travellers on many occasions, especially at this season. The old man, a little wizened Englishman and his half dozen stalworth sons never tired of entertaining me with their hunting yarns.

They are all typical hunters and trappers, and indeed seem to do little else.<sup>245</sup>

Next day I took my departure from Colinet, which I was destined to see many times afterward, and walked over to Salmonier a distance by the road of some 9 or 10 miles. At Mathew Cary's hospitable hostelry I remained till the mailman to St. John's came along. I obtained a passage from him to Holyrood which we reached in the afternoon. After a day here I started by the new road partly finished<sup>246</sup> to cross over to Witless Bay on the east coast. I soon passed the made portion of the road and then found but a very rough boulder-bestrewn track, which I followed till I reached the Witless Bay end where another section was graded. It was a tiresome tramp, but I did not mind it and got over early in the afternoon. Here I found my brother John whom I had written to meet me with his horse and gig. We spent a day partridge shooting and then returned to St. John's.

Thus ended my second year on the geological work, and though at times it was very rough and dangerous I enjoyed it immensely and arrived home strong and well.

In the meantime Mr. Murray having failed in his attempt to get across the country to Fortune Bay owing to the exceeding roughness of the upper Terra Nova River, had returned to St. John's and then proceeded westward to Bay Despair where he

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<sup>245</sup>Three paragraphs of material previously treated in 1868 are deleted here; see Emended Text.

<sup>246</sup>The Witless Bay Line.

commenced the survey of the Bay d'Est River.<sup>247</sup> But as the season was then late he only succeeded in getting a short distance into the interior.<sup>248</sup>

1870

Shorelines of Southern and Eastern Bays;  
St. Pierre

This season Mr. Murray intended to complete the survey of the Bay D'Est waters of Bay D'Espoir<sup>249</sup> commenced last year. A Placentia Bay Western boat was hired to convey himself and party to the latter place, and after landing him I was to be employed cruising around the shores of the southern and eastern bays, examining the rock structure of the coastline.

Mr. Murray not being ready to leave for some days I was ordered to proceed in the craft round to Placentia, there to await his coming overland to join us.

We left St. John's June 4th about noon in the teeth of a

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<sup>247</sup>Salmon River.

<sup>248</sup>Murray and Howley, *Geological Survey*, pp. 188-89.

<sup>249</sup>Howley sometimes indicates the older French pronunciation phonetically, *Despair*; Murray and Howley, *Geological Survey*, p. 92n., also reports the latter pronunciation, the common one in Newfoundland.

stiff northeaster. When we got outside the heads we found a very rough sea running. We thought of returning as it was really too rough for our small craft, but in trying to wear around,<sup>250</sup> a sea struck us in the bow filling our jib and splitting it in two. We had to give up the attempt to get back to harbour and carry on as best we could. There was some loose ice about and one small growler struck us on the bilge<sup>251</sup> but fortunately it was a slanting blow and did no damage. Our position was by no means a pleasant one, and it was extremely cold. Furthermore, the wind was so scant that it seemed very doubtful if we could weather<sup>252</sup> Cape Spear. But there was nothing for it but make the attempt. We kept as close to the wind<sup>253</sup> as possible and by great good luck managed to clear the Cape, going perilously near the rocks in doing so. Once well around we were able to square away<sup>254</sup> and with a free wind<sup>255</sup> were soon bowling<sup>256</sup> along down the shore under reefed sails.<sup>257</sup> As there was a great probability of its blowing hard during the night, we were glad to be able to harbour at Bay Bulls which we reached about 5.30 P.M. We were very cold, wet and hungry being unable to cook anything all day.

*Sunday June 5th.* Fine again with light breeze from the S.E. rather a poor time, but we left about 1 O'clock. There was a

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<sup>250</sup>Changing the direction of a ship into the wind by bringing the wind around the stern instead of around the bow (tacking).

<sup>251</sup>The rounded part of the bottom of the ship.

<sup>252</sup>Get safely around.

<sup>253</sup>To head the vessel nearly directly into the wind; to luff.

<sup>254</sup>Sail away with square sails on the yards (spars crossing the masts).

<sup>255</sup>Favourable wind, blowing from astern.

<sup>256</sup>As upon wheels; swiftly.

<sup>257</sup>Sails shortened owing to force of the wind.

heavy swell outside after yesterday's breeze. We had not gone very far when it fell stark calm and remained so all night. At dark we had only reached the mouth of Cape Broyle Harbour, but kept on.

*June 6th.* Very foggy and calm all morning, no sign of land. It cleared off about 9 A.M. Found we had slipped along a good distance during the night, aided by the tide, and were now off Cape Ballard. After the fog cleared away, a light breeze from the N.E. sprang up and lasted all day and as this was a fair wind, now we made good way and rounded Cape Race about 12 O'clock, and Mistaken Point about 1.30 P.M. We stood across Trepassey Bay and got around Cape Pine at sunset. Coming down the shore to-day we picked up a salmon net adrift, no doubt carried away from its moorings by yesterday's breeze. We secured it and got it aboard. There was one nice-sized salmon, and a Puffin in it. Both were cooked for dinner. The salmon fell to my lot while the crew eagerly devoured the Puffin. This was a nice day and fairly warm. The wind again died away at nightfall.

*June 7th.* Becalmed all night and most of to-day in the mouth of St. Mary's Bay. In the evening a light breeze came up from the N.W. which carried us to Cape St. Mary's but again died away and left us drifting about the Cape with the tide. There were a number of fishing boats on the ground about here and they greeted us with blowing of conchs, yelling and shouting etc. All knew our skipper, Ambrose Walsh, and his boat.

We were so close inshore that I could easily observe the

rock structure especially by the aid of my binocular. We passed close to the Bull, Cow and Calf,<sup>258</sup> and Point Lance, which appeared to be composed of trap rocks. There is a great thickness of red strata and greenish slate rock, which at Red Land's Cove<sup>259</sup> and Bull Cove<sup>260</sup> form a considerable synclinal.<sup>261</sup> At the former Cove a thick bed of Red limestone was easily recognized standing up almost vertically. There is also a great thickness of brick-red slates here. These are evidently the lower Cambrian rocks observed last year near Distress.

*June 8th.* Only got as far as Point Breme during the night. After daylight a strong breeze from N.E. sprang up and we were compelled to beat up Placentia Bay all day. Had a good look at the shores along whenever we tacked in that direction. We passed close to the ugly Virgin Rocks over which the seas broke continuously. These are indeed a great menace to shipping in thick weather. Of course with a N.E. wind such as we had, Placentia Bay is perfectly clear of fog.

We did not reach Placentia till 5 P.M. and found the tide running out the gut, so, as we could not get inside we had to anchor in the outer harbour, or roadstead, and await the turning of the tide. Mr. Murray had not yet arrived, neither had his four Indians who were hunting on the way. They soon came however, having killed five fine beaver coming across country. A.

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<sup>258</sup>Islets south of Point Lance.

<sup>259</sup>Redland Cove.

<sup>260</sup>Unnamed cove near Bull Island Point.

<sup>261</sup>A depression formed by strata sloping down.

Bradshaw, who is to accompany Mr. M. took charge of them but as he could not get anyone to give them lodgings he was obliged to house them himself for the night, there being no room aboard the boat for them to sleep.

*June 9th.* Spent most of the forenoon clearing up and packing everything snugly away. Albert Bradshaw had a telegram from Mr. Murray saying he was pretty ill and could not join us till sometime next week. He also sent orders for me to go over to Red Island and note the rocks there. We immediately prepared to start. As we could not conveniently take the Indians along, I gave them some provisions and let them go back again beaver hunting till we returned. We called in at Little Placentia, the home of our Skipper, who wanted to land a spare spar and some other things not required. It was almost dark when we got there so we anchored for the night.

*June 10th.* The morning was very calm and mild. We started for Red Island about 9 P.M. but did not get over till 2:30 P.M. and anchored in the snug little harbour in the N.E. end of the Island. I went ashore and walked nearly across to the Western side. Found the rock chiefly composed of a reddish feldspar<sup>262</sup> granite, or syenite, with here and there great dykes of dark greenish trap<sup>263</sup> intersecting it. Some of the granite would make a handsome building stone, and would look well polished.

*June 11th.* Very calm in morning. Wind then sprang up from

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<sup>262</sup>A group of minerals occurring in crystals or in crystalline masses.

<sup>263</sup>Dark igneous rock, columnar in structure; granite is not trap-rock.

the S.W. so we left to beat around the Island. Could not land owing to the surf on the shore but we kept near enough to enable me to see the rocks pretty well. The island appears to be all composed of similar red granite. Just as we got around the S.W. end of the island a strong breeze sprang up from the east which caused us to haul down our foresail and run up around the island again for Red Island harbour. I would have put into Merasheen which was much nearer but the skipper said it would be next to impossible to get out of it with the wind down. From what I could see of Red Island it is all granite, except a small patch on the N.W. end, which appears to be a greenish sandstone. Could not land anywhere to examine them closely.

*Sunday June 12th.* Calm all the morning. I took a walk across the island and had a look at the gray rocks seen yesterday. They proved to be highly altered Cambrian limestone.

*June 13th.* Raining all the morning, Wind S.W., poor time to land on back of Island. Left the harbour about 8:30 A.M. and went round the N.E. end of the island and landed in a small cove to have a further look at the altered Cambrian rocks.

*June 14th.* Becalmed all night between Red and Merasheen Islands. Had intended to harbour at Merasheen last night but owing to the calm could not reach it. A strong breeze sprung up from the N.E. It was impossible to land anywhere, so we bore up for Placentia again expecting Mr. Murray had arrived by this time. We reached there about noon. Mr. Murray had not yet arrived

but had sent orders to go in to Sawyer's Hills<sup>264</sup> and examine them.

*June 15th.* Dull and foggy and raining all day. Did not start for Sawyer's Hills. Spent the day cleaning up and stowing all our things snugly to make room for the Indians.

*June 16th.* Fine morning, started for the Sawyer's Hills about 10 A.M. When we got into the woods it was pretty warm. For about 2 1/2 miles the land is low and marshy and covered with boulders of red sandstone, slate and conglomerate.<sup>265</sup> About a mile from the hills we came across the first ridge of bare rock, which was a mass of vesicular<sup>266</sup> and amygdaloidal<sup>267</sup> trap. This ridge bears nearly N.E. and S.W. or parallel with the main range of hills. We reached the latter about 5 P.M. and pitched our camp. Found the Sawyer's Hills to be composed chiefly of similar amygdaloidal traps with patches of highly altered greenish slate.

*June 17th.* Rained hard all night and still wet and foggy all the forenoon. Too wet to go about much. Cleared up in afternoon. I then roamed about over the hills all of which were composed of similar rocks. One of the highest hills near our camp according to our aneroid reading was 357 feet higher than the camp. While on the hills I saw a deer which came out of the woods somewhere near. But he winded me and was off before I could get a shot at

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<sup>264</sup>Sawyers Hill is 6 mi southeast of Placentia.

<sup>265</sup>A sedimentary rock (one laid down as a deposit in water) consisting of rounded and water-worn fragments of other stones.

<sup>266</sup>Having small cavities, produced by air bubbles in volcanic rocks.

<sup>267</sup>Containing modules of minerals such as agate or calcspar.

him.

*June 18th.* Morning dull and foggy and threatening rain. Left for the shore again. Got back to Placentia about 2 P.M. It came to rain just as we reached the head of the S.E. Arm and continued all the evening. Found the height of the range above sea-level to be 852 feet.

*Sunday June 19th.* No sign of Mr. Murray yet. I walked down to Little Placentia where I heard of some veins of lead and copper being found over at Fox Harbour, but it was too late to go over to see them. Will return to-morrow with blasting material and Clancey, our cook and miner, to put in a few shots.<sup>268</sup>

*June 20th.* Blowing almost a gale from N.E., cold and raw, and threatening rain all day. Did not go to Little Placentia. A. Bradshaw received a message from Mr. M. informing us he would not be ready to leave till Wednesday 22nd.

*June 21st.* Fine day but blowing very hard. Albert and I intended walking down to Little Placentia, then going up Placentia Sound and crossing over to the head of the N.E. Arm where the Indians were to meet us with a boat. But we had to give up the idea owing to the high wind. Instead sent the Indians off in the country hunting as they were only hanging around drinking and were quite a nuisance. Albert, Clancey, one of the boat's crew and myself set off for Little Placentia about 10 A.M. But on reaching there it came to blow so hard and put our visit to Fox

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<sup>268</sup>Howley is probably using gunpowder.

Harbour out of the question, so we had to return as we went.

*June 22nd.* Blew hard and rained all night, could do nothing outside.

*June 23rd.* Still blowing a gale. Set the crew to work procuring wood and water for our trip to Bay D'Espoir. We expected Mr. Murray along this evening but on enquiry at the Telegraph Office found he had not arrived at Salmonier up to 10 P.M.

*June 24th.* Fine, calm day at last. As Albert was going down to Little Placentia to-day to help his brother, Capt. Bradshaw to get up an anchor, I went with him to have a look at the rocks around the shore of the Sound. On our return received a message from Mr. Murray from Holyrood informing us he would be here to-morrow.

*June 25th.* Fine warm day. After dinner Albert and I went up in boat to the head of the S.E. Arm where we met Mr. Murray and came back with him.

*June 26th.* Blowing hard again from the N.E.

*June 27th.* Remained all day at Placentia, Mr. M. not ready to start.

*June 28th.* All ready to be off but almost calm and very foggy, no time to go.

*June 29th.* Still calm and dull. However we started at last about 9 A.M. Wind very light and baffling all day chiefly from S.W., got across the bay to put into Presque just at dark.

*June 30th.* Left Presque about 7 A.M., wind S.W. and foggy

nearly all day. Had to beat up against it but made poor headway. Put into Little Paradise about 1 P.M. It rained a good deal all day. Albert and I went ashore and walked across to Big Paradise and had a look at the rocks along. Saw a good many veins of white quartz but did not detect any metallic substance in them.

*Friday July 1st.* Left Paradise early in the morning and beat up to Oderin where we went ashore. Found the rocks here mostly trap with some chloritic and talcose slate.

*July 2nd.* Left Oderin about 7 A.M. and beat down to Burin when it came to blow too hard to carry on, and as we could not reach St. Lawrence before night we put in to Burin. We went ashore and took a walk around the place. Went to see a band of limestone near the entrance to the Harbour. Could find no fossils in it.

*Sunday July 3rd.* Left about 8 A.M. It was very calm outside so we made little headway all day. Becalmed off Chapeau Rouge<sup>269</sup> all night. Coming along to-day we met a western boat with a wreck in tow. Got up close to her and learned that the wreck was that of a nice schooner painted green, but name not visible. She was bottom up when found, her masts, rigging and all her top sides were underwater. Her anchors also had run out and were dragging along beneath. We offered to lend a hand towing, but this the salvors<sup>270</sup> declined.

*July 4th.* Still calm, only got as far as Lamaline and had to

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<sup>269</sup>Cape Chapeau Rouge.

<sup>270</sup>Those attempting to salvage the vessel.

take to the sweeps to get into Harbour. Went ashore and had a ramble over the hills. The land around here is low and covered with marsh and boulders. Very little rock exposed anywhere.

*July 5th.* Left Lamaline about 7 A.M. and had to use the sweeps again to get out. Calm all the forenoon. Then a breeze sprang up, a fair wind at last. We had a fine time along and passed Brunett Island just at dark, when it again fell calm.

*July 6th.* Got into Harbour Briton a little after daylight. Again wet and foggy and raining hard nearly all day, had to remain here.

*July 7th.* Still calm and foggy, began to clear a little towards noon and blow from the S.W. Left for Gaultois and had a head wind for sometime, then a thick fog settled down. The wind and fog cleared off after dark and we could see the land all along. When it cleared up we were past Connaigre Head and were within four or five miles of Pass Island. The night was clear and bright. I remained on deck during the first watch. It was quite fine and there was a heavy swell on.

*July 8th.* Reached Pass Tickle about 8 A.M. The fog was so thick we could not make out the entrance for a couple of hours. I went ashore on Pass Island which is composed of a dark gray syenite cut by reddish granite veins. Left about 11 A.M. and ran into Hermitage Bay. Had a light breeze for a short time but it soon died away and fell quite calm again. After a while another light breeze sprang up which carried us into Gaultois.

Mr. Murray and the Indians came overland from Harbour Briton

and then across Hermitage Bay in boat and were here awaiting us.

*July 9th.* Albert and I had breakfast at his brother Richard's who is Collector of Customs here. We were treated to smoked Turbot,<sup>271</sup> the first I ever tasted. It was delicious.

Newman and Company,<sup>272</sup> an old established English firm, have extensive establishments both here and at Harbour Britain. The fishery is carried on by them on a real old-time plan. Every year they bring out in their vessels a number of English boys or youngsters who are apprenticed for 3 or 4 years on small wages. These youngsters are initiated into all the mysteries of catching, handling and curing fish. Everything about the premises is run on old-fashioned principles; at noon every day a large bell is rung when all hands assemble to receive their daily tot of rum. There is a large house called the cook house where these youngsters live. All the stores and outhouses here are substantial and well-kept. Squares of beach stones here and there neatly arranged are used for drying fish upon. On an island in the mouth of Gaultois is a station for cutting up and trying out whales, an industry which at one time was quite remunerative, but of late, owing to the scarcity of fish nothing is done here. At Harbour Briton they have extensive stone or brick vaults in which the firm store liquors of various kinds, particularly port wine brought out each year from Portugal. Here it is kept for several

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<sup>271</sup>Greenland halibut.

<sup>272</sup>For an account of the Newman firm, operating in Newfoundland since the seventeenth century, see *DCB*, 5: 625-6.

years to mellow and then shipped to London. It is claimed the wine improves immensely by being stored here. It has become famous especially in London where it is much in demand. Who has not heard of Newman's Old Port? We left Gaultois about 9 A.M. Had a nice breeze all day but foggy, arrived at Conne about 4 P.M. The Indians had secured a stock of fire water at Newman's and had a high old time those two days. When we got to Conne they were all pretty well spiflicated. The whole Micmac population turned out to welcome their friends after their long absence. There was great rejoicing. Such a match of kissing as they all indulged in, men and women. They have a custom presumably derived from the French of kissing their friends on both cheeks.

*Sunday July 10th.* At Conne River all day. Got up all our camps, clothes etc. and spread them out on deck to dry and air them. Some of us visited the little Micmac chapel after tea and heard the people recite their rosary and sing hymns in their own language. It was very quaint but they sing in admirable unison.

*July 11th.* Dull and looking like rain. Albert and I intended going around to Little River but as the day did not promise to be fine we put off our trip.

*July 12th.* Albert, Noel Mathews, John Stevens and I went around in a flat to Little River. Mr. M. and Joe Bernard went across by land. We landed in several places along shore. Saw some fucoids<sup>273</sup> in the rocks at a place called Bald Point. Also

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<sup>273</sup>Fossil marine plant.

numerous quartz veins cutting the strata containing small garnets.<sup>274</sup>

*July 13th.* We left Little River about 9 A.M. as soon as the tide was high enough to get out and arrived back at Conne about 3 P.M.

*July 14th.* Left Conne as soon as the tide was up about 11 A.M. and ran up to Bay D'Espoir proper. These arms are quite shoal at low water so one has to work the tides to get about. We reached the head of the Arm about 2 A.M. This is where Mr. Murray and his party take the country to go up the Bay D'Est River. They have to make a portage of about three miles to Long Pond, the first of the suite of lakes on that river. Spent all the afternoon getting up our provisions etc., unpacking and selecting our separate stocks. All Mr. Murray's things were taken ashore and landed at the head of the Arm.

*July 15th.* Spent most of the morning stowing away our things snugly on board. As soon as the tide was low in the evening Denis Clancey and I with one of the crew went ashore and put a blast in a quartz vein containing some lead and copper. Old Mr. Bennett<sup>275</sup> had done a little mining here some years ago, but did not make a success of it. We blew out a good deal of rock and got some fine specimens. Intend putting in another shot to-morrow before leaving here.

We parted this evening for the season, Mr. M. and his crew

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<sup>274</sup>A glossy, brittle mineral, often found as crystals.

<sup>275</sup>C.F. Bennett.

going inland, while I with the craft undertake an extensive cruise around the bays. Mr. M. and crew slept ashore in their camp to night.

*July 16th.* Had another blast in the morning at the same place. This vein is about 3 1/2 feet wide and there are several smaller ones along shore all of which contain some traces of mineral. We made a successful blast and got out some good specimens. We left Bay D'Espeir about noon just as the tide turned to run out and had a nice breeze of S.W. wind all day. Beat down the Arm and passed through the reach between Isle Riche and Island Bois<sup>276</sup> about 6 P.M. I landed on Isle Riche to see a deposit of plumbago (black lead) which is used by the people about here for stove polish. It proved to be merely the broken debris of the plumbaginous<sup>277</sup> slate of which the island is composed, filling a fault or break in the strata, and is very impure. The material might be greatly improved by washing and getting rid of the earthy matter. A few inches of this vein are of fairly good quality and are capable of giving a good polish.

After passing this island the wind quickly died away and it became quite calm. We had to take to the sweeps to get the craft into a little Cove on the mainland side where we anchored.

*Sunday July 17th.* Calm in the morning, but a slight breeze sprang up about 10 A.M. from the N.E. We got underweigh but the wind soon changed to S.W. I landed at a place called Diamond

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<sup>276</sup>Riches Island and Bois Island.

<sup>277</sup>I.e., containing plumbago (graphite).

Point<sup>278</sup> where several quartz veins occur in which little cavities are seen lined with small quartz crystals, the so-called diamonds. Saw no metallic substance in these veins. Passed a small island called Fox Island in the reach between Long Island and Island Bois about 5 P.M. The wind was so light we could make but little headway. There being no harbour on this side of Long Island, we ran across for the mouth of La Melleaus reach,<sup>279</sup> between Isle Bois and Corbin Head<sup>280</sup> where we found a fine safe anchorage just inside the head.

*July 18th.* Calm again in morning. After examining the rocks on both sides of the reach, we left about 9 A.M. when a little wind came and ran back to the north side of Long Island. Landed here inside Eagle islet<sup>281</sup> and found the rocks chiefly gneiss<sup>282</sup> and mica slate of a steel-gray colour. These are intersected by veins of quartz and feldspar in which numerous minute garnets occur. These garnets are often of good colour, but too small to be of any useful purpose.

We ran on down the reach and passed Great Jarvis Island about 4:30 P.M. and then out into Hermitage Bay, but the wind again died away and it became very foggy. We ran for a small Harbour on the south side not far from Pass Tickle, called Crow

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<sup>278</sup>On Bois Island.

<sup>279</sup>Lampidoes Passage.

<sup>280</sup>Perhaps Copper Head.

<sup>281</sup>Grip Island.

<sup>282</sup>Gneiss is a metamorphic rock (one formed when already existing igneous and sedimentary rocks are re-formed by heat and stress). Its composition is similar to that of granite, but it is layered and coarse-grained. Mica, garnet, and graphite may be found in deeper layers of this rock.

or Grole and anchored there for the night. This place is well sheltered from all southerly and westerly winds but open to the north and east.

*July 19th.* Wind came up from the N.E. about 4 A.M. and as our position was then very bad we had to get underweigh at once. The wind held from that point all the forenoon and blew fresh but after getting through Pass Tickle and rounding Connaigre Head we had a fair wind so we availed of it to get as far up the Bay<sup>283</sup> as we could before night. We passed Harbour Briton without calling in and made St. John's Head about 10.30 A.M. Here we hove to and I went ashore to examine the rocks which were a very coarse conglomerate in massive beds, containing pebbles and boulders of granite, gneiss, mica, slate and plumbaginous slate. They rested unconformably<sup>284</sup> upon the older rocks and were clearly of a more recent formation. Crossed Bay de L'eau and Boxey Point and arrived at English Harbour<sup>285</sup> about 5.30 P.M. where we anchored.

*July 20th.* Found the conglomerate here again. Mr. Bennett,<sup>286</sup> member for Fortune Bay, and Speaker of the House of Assembly resides here and carries on the supply business. He was very kind, invited me to dinner and gave me much information about the bay up towards its head. We left again about 3 P.M. and had a fine time down the shore. At a place called Blue Pinion I again

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<sup>283</sup>Fortune Bay.

<sup>284</sup>Not having the same direction or plane of stratification.

<sup>285</sup>English Harbour West.

<sup>286</sup>Thomas R. Bennett (1830-1901), businessman and politician, speaker of the House of Assembly, 1869-73; MHA for Fortune Bay, 1865-74.

saw the conglomerates and went ashore to examine the place. Here they rest unconformably on green and red slates clearly Cambrian. We now ran on past St. Jacques and around the land into Belloram.

*July 21st.* Belloram is a fine harbour, well-sheltered. A long sand or gravel spit curved inward effectually protects shipping in the basin within. There are quite a number of persons living here all engaged in the fishery. The land about is unfit for cultivation being poor and rocky. A good road connects it with St. Jacques only a mile or so across a neck of land. Had a good look at the rock here which is all gneiss of a pinkish gray colour, and is so arranged in beds with a cross cleavage splitting it into blocks that it would afford an admirable building material.

We left here about 4 P.M. and ran up to Corbin. This is a great open bight but there is one nice little harbour in which we anchored. There are no persons living here. The land around especially on the north side is very high and rugged. The rocks are chiefly porphyrite<sup>287</sup> of a rather peculiar character.

*July 22nd.* Had a good look at the rocks around Corbin Bay. There is an awful amount of confusion here. Most of the rocks are of igneous origin and it would appear as if at one period much disturbance and disruption had taken place. There are some beds of sandstone, slate and conglomerate here but all so broken and disturbed or caught up in the traps and porphyries as to be

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<sup>287</sup>I.e., porphyry, an igneous rock with a glassy base (or ground-mass) containing crystals of quartz or feldspar.

scarcely recognizable. A very high, bold headland called Iron Head forms the north entrance to Corbin, and the shore for some distance beyond is bold and rugged. We left Corbin about 2:30 P.M. and ran up to Salmon River in Bay du Nord anchoring just inside the mouth of the river where the water is deep. This forms a splendid harbour.

*July 23rd.* Examined the shores around here. On the east side just below the mouth of the river found a set of strata of red slates, sandstone and limestone similar to those of St. Mary's and Conception Bays and clearly of Lower Cambrian age. Here they are in a dreadful state of confusion being folded and doubled up in such a manner as to repeat the same strata over and over again. They rest against a great mass of Syenite which forms the country at the mouth of the river and for many miles inland. Overlying this set of Cambrian strata quite unconformable is another large patch of similar very coarse conglomerate to that seen at St. John's Head and Blue Pinion. Some of the boulders forming this conglomerate are of immense size and it is altogether one of the most peculiar deposits I have ever seen. What age it belongs to, it is impossible to say, as there are no fossils visible anywhere and no overlying rocks which would enable one to judge from. It is certainly of a newer, and more recent period than Cambrian. I have a suspicion that it may be an outlying patch of the basal Conglomerate<sup>288</sup> of the Carboniferous<sup>289</sup> series of Cape Briton.

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<sup>288</sup>A conglomerate which forms the bottom member of a sedimentary series.

<sup>289</sup>Recent, coal-bearing rock series.

*July 24th.* A dreadfully warm day as has been the weather for the past week. During the past few days we noticed great volumes of smoke inland and at night the lurid glare of an immense forest fire in the direction of the Bay D'Est River. I fear Mr. Murray and party are caught in this vortex and may have a pretty hard time of it. We afterwards learned that such was the case, and but for the innumerable ponds, some quite large, would have fared quite badly. They were obliged to cut and run, cacheing all their provisions etc. on an island in Round Lake.<sup>290</sup> Here they remained till all danger had passed.<sup>291</sup>

I spent a couple of days here examining the shores on either side and also took a trip up the river a few miles. The country is very rugged and mountainous and composed almost entirely of granite.

*July 26th.* A scorching hot day, almost too hot to move about. We left the river and ran down to Pool's Cove on the west side of the bay where we again found the coarse conglomerates. It blew almost a gale from the west all day, could not go along shore in boat. We left here about 4 P.M. and ran up the bay till dark when we put into the mouth of Long Harbour<sup>292</sup> and anchored in a small cove.

*July 27th.* Very hot again. This place has been recently swept by fire, and fire is raging inland away to the N.E. There

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<sup>290</sup>Round Pond.

<sup>291</sup>See *Morning Chronicle*, Oct. 1, 1870, for reference to the forest fires in eastern Newfoundland in July.

<sup>292</sup>Inlet of Fortune Bay, stretching deep into the interior.

must be an immense area of timber destroyed in the interior.

We left Long Harbour about 10 A.M. to run across to the south side of Fortune Bay. It blew hard at first but calmed down in the afternoon, then the wind sprang up from the N.E. We tried to reach Garnish but could not and as there is no safe harbour above this for a long distance, we were forced to put back so we stood across for St. Jacques which we reached about 7 P.M.

*July 28th.* Had a look around in the morning and then left again for the south shore. Wind came to blow very hard from the N.N.W. and soon raised an ugly sea which washed our decks continuously and caused our little craft to pitch and roll tremendously. It was very miserable for a time. When we got well over we found it too rough on that side of the bay to attempt to harbour anywhere so we were again compelled to run back for shelter. This time we made Boxey about 4 P.M. where we remained for the night.

*July 29th.* Fine morning with light wind, left about 7 A.M. and stood across for Garnish a third time. The wind being light we succeeded in getting in the gut but it was a poor place to stay. So after a look at the rocks started for Grand Bank and had to beat up there. It fell calm towards evening so we were obliged to make a night of it in the Bay.

*July 30th.* A strong breeze came up towards daylight from the S.E. increasing rapidly to a regular storm. We were fortunate in

getting into Grand Bank about 5:30 A.M. but as this is a barred<sup>293</sup> harbour with a narrow entrance and the tide was low, we were obliged to anchor outside till noon. It blew a gale all day but as it was off the land we were all right. When the tide rose we got inside and anchored in the basin where all the craft lie. I had a walk round and examined the rocks near.

*July 31st.* Fine day, I walked over to the Cape of Grand Bank<sup>294</sup> in the afternoon. The shores here are mostly low and covered with gravel and sand out as far as Ship Cove.<sup>295</sup> The country inside of Grand Bank for a long distance is low and comparatively level, covered with peat bogs and boulders. Grand Bank itself is quite a thriving place. There is a large population living here and all seem well to do. Their houses are well-built, neat and cleanly. They are noted schooner builders here and are able to turn out beautiful vessels fully up to the American Bankers<sup>296</sup> from which they have taken their models in appearance. They fish largely on the Banks and of course, run bait etc. to St. Pierre in which a very lucrative trade exists.<sup>297</sup> I cannot say we found these people quite as friendly as the usual Newfoundland outport people.

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<sup>293</sup>With a sand or gravel bank (bar) obstructing navigation.

<sup>294</sup>Grand Bank Head.

<sup>295</sup>Admiral Cove; see *DNE admiral*, sense 3. Called Ship's Cove on Aug. 1st.

<sup>296</sup>Banking vessels, those which fish on the Grand Bank.

<sup>297</sup>Fishermen of Grand Bank specialized in the offshore fishery, i.e., one carried out "in large vessels on the 'grounds' and 'banks' distant from the shore" (*Dictionary of Newfoundland English (DNE)*, G.M. Story, W.J. Kirwin, and J.D.A. Widdowson, eds., (2 ed.; Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1990), *offshore*). The sale of bait to the French banking fleet operating out of St. Pierre was tacitly accepted in the 1860s and '70s.

*Monday August 1st.* Could not get out of Grand Bank till the tide was high which was about 10 A.M. We first ran over to Ship's Cove where we anchored and went ashore to collect specimens. Left about 3 P.M. for Fortune but it became calm and we did not get down till dark and then had to wait for high tide to get in.

*August 2nd.* This like Grand Bank is a barred harbour with a narrow entrance between two breakwaters. The Pond inside<sup>298</sup> is fairly large and affords shelter for the fishing schooners, but they can only get in and out at the full tide. When it runs out most of the pond is quite dry and the schooners lay down on their sides in the mud. When we got in last evening there was no one to point out to us where it was best to anchor, so we chose what we thought was a suitable place. When the tide began to rise this morning we found our schooner had sprung a considerable leak. As she lay on her side during the night on a rather uneven bottom she became so strained that her seams opened and the water now poured in so fast it could not be kept under control. The first intimation I had of it was when Denis, our cook, came aft at an early hour to inform us that the hold was filling with water. In fact it had reached the cabin and as I lay on the lower side I found my feet actually covered with water. Here was a pretty go. We had to make all haste and get everything out of her as quickly as possible and landed on a small island nearby. We had to strip off all her sails and use them for a camp, while as the tide

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<sup>298</sup>Fortune Barasway.

continued to rise she filled up and fell over on her side and sank to the bottom. It took us all day to save our provisions etc. and get all safely landed, but we had a good deal spoiled by the water. In this emergency we had to await patiently till the tide again fell, when we were obliged to bore auger holes in her bottom and let the water run out. The holes were then plugged and finding the principal leak, the seams were gone over and caulked so that when she floated the next tide we were able to get her further in where we could give her a thorough overhauling at next low tide. All hands then got at her, carefully caulked all the seams and tarred her bottom over afresh. The skipper even got strips of leather which he tacked along the seams outside of all.

*August 3rd.* At the schooner all day trying to make her tight. Denis and I intended going down the shore in our small boat but it blew too hard so we walked down as far as we could along shore nearly up to Grand Bank Cape. The shores here and the country for a considerable distance inland are low and flat with sand banks all along. On the western side towards Fortune Head some thick beds of sandstone crop out standing vertically and much altered. There are also further out some greenish-gray and reddish slates. These enclose nodules of limestone and are cut by numerous calc-spar veins. Did not observe any fossils in any of these rocks.

In the afternoon I travelled up Fortune River<sup>299</sup> a long

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<sup>299</sup>The long unnamed river flowing into Fortune Barasway.

distance. The land is all quite low and I met with very few outcrops of rock. Inland to the eastward there are several high ridges which I intend to examine.

*Aug. 4th.* Having stopped all the leaks on one side of the craft and tarred over we will have to turn her to-night when the tide rises to get at the other side.

I took a long round over the hills to the eastward of the harbour. The hills proved to be composed chiefly of Trappean<sup>300</sup> rocks or otherwise highly altered sediments, similar to those seen at Garnish, and also very similar to the rocks of O'Derin Island. It forms a low ridge of hills. West of this ridge saw some quartzite<sup>301</sup> and fragments of red slate with obscure fossils therein. There were also pieces of greenish slate scattered about resembling the Branch slate.

*Aug. 5th.* Raining very hard all day which prevented us from doing much with the craft. In the evening I again went up the river and found numerous trilobites in a dark-gray shale very much broken and contorted.

*Aug. 6th.* Rained in torrents all night and nearly all to-day. Wind up from the N.E. cold and raw. It blew a regular hurricane part of the day. In the evening Clancey and I went again up the river to collect fossils and got out some good ones. The craft being now finished, after a fashion, we began to get our things aboard again. All my specimens got wet in the wreck

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<sup>300</sup>I.e., consisting of trap.

<sup>301</sup>A granular rock, consisting mainly of quartz.

and lost their labels. I shall now have considerable work in recognizing and relabelling them, etc. It will take us fully a day to stow our things snugly again.

*Sunday Aug. 7th.* The craft seems pretty tight now and leaks very little but it remains to be seen how long this will last. We have now all aboard except some wood and water and if the tide suits to-morrow morning will try and get out.

*August 8th.* The tide did not make high enough this morning to float us off the mud bank, so we were obliged to wait the next rise. It rained again hard all the forenoon but we managed to get all stowed away and when the tide rose again about 4 P.M. we got off after much trouble. We found the people here at Fortune very distant and disinclined to help us in any way, all except one old man named Bennett.<sup>302</sup> One would imagine seeing we were entire strangers in distress who knew nothing of the place they might help us. Even if some of them had pointed out to us when we came what a poor place we selected to anchor in, and directed us to a better, it would not be so bad, but no, they all kept aloof from us with the one exception mentioned. As a consequence we were not sorry when at length we found ourselves outside in the open water again. The night was fine and calm so we determined to keep on and risk a night in the Bay. We tried the pumps several times and she did not appear to make much water.

*Aug. 9th.* Becalmed all night and all the forenoon. We got as

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<sup>302</sup>Seven families of Bennetts lived in Fortune.

far as Danzic Cove<sup>303</sup> and anchored there about 7 P.M. I went ashore and had a look at the rocks and walked down a good distance. Found the Branch shales and limestones here again but in a wonderfully folded and contorted condition and intersected by trap dykes. Danzic is a very poor place to lie in. It is open to all the west and northerly winds and should it come to blow from any of those points we will have to cut and run. Just now it is about S.E. and raining, so long as it remains at that point we are all right. We shall have to keep anchor watch all night.

*August 10th.* Rode it out safely as the wind held to the S.E. Denis and I went ashore this morning taking our camp and some provisions fearing we may not be able to get off again when we wished. The day was wet and foggy. I measured a section here. The rocks are chiefly red and green shales and limestones, all Cambrian. They contain numerous fragments of trilobites but no good specimens were seen. The whole shore nearly down to Point May is occupied by these rocks, but they are wonderfully twisted, folded over and broken by intrusions of numerous trap dykes. Weather still favourable so remained all night.

*Aug. 11th.* Thick and foggy and raining in the morning. When the fog cleared away we went aboard and proceeded down the shore and collected several specimens. We then left to run across to Miquelon Island.<sup>304</sup> The afternoon was dull and calm and we kept

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<sup>303</sup>Great Dantzic Cove.

<sup>304</sup>The French islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon are about 20 km west of the tip of the Burin Peninsula.

beating about the bay all night as we did not like to risk going into Miquelon Harbour with which none of us were acquainted, in the dark.

*Aug. 12th.* Reached Miquelon just after daylight. It is a wide open roadstead with a long sandy beach all round.<sup>305</sup> A very poor Harbour with no shelter anywhere. The land is very low and level, being all a great sandy stretch which reaches nearly across to the outer coast of the island. There are several nice houses here and a number of French fishermen reside here. I had a walk ashore and crossed over the neck to the outer side where I found a mass of granite which forms a ridge extending out on the north side of the harbour and forming Cape Miquelon, a bold headland. Hearing that copper and gold had been found near the Cape and that a mine was actually being worked there by an old Frenchman I determined to visit the place. Marvellous stories were told of the richness of this so-called mine. Specimens had been sent to Paris for analysis and were said to contain a large percentage of gold and silver. When we arrived at the place we found a number of fishermen there all interested to learn what I thought of the mine. It turned out to be merely a small fault in the rock filled with debris and one vein of quartz about 2 inches thick. This vein contained some cubical iron pyrites and a few sparks of rich-looking copper glance.<sup>306</sup> There certainly was nothing resembling visible gold in the rock, though possibly the

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<sup>305</sup>Anse de Miquelon.

<sup>306</sup>I.e., cuprous sulfide, a lustrous ore of copper.

pyrites might on analysis show traces of the precious metal. Owing to my lack of a knowledge of French I found great difficulty in understanding the Frenchmen or making myself understood. None of them knew any English. I tried to explain to them what the minerals were. I knew the terms for copper and iron, but I did not remember what they called sulphur. A happy thought occurred to me. I had in my pocket some of those old-fashioned comb matches<sup>307</sup> with plenty of brimstone<sup>308</sup> on them. Producing one of these I pointed to the top and asked what they called it. "*Soulphe*," said they. "*Oui, oui*," I replied and pointing to the pyrites I said, "*Soulphe a fer*."<sup>309</sup> They perfectly understood but would not believe me, especially the owner of the mine who persisted it was *d'or*, gold. I then took a piece, pounded it up with my geological hammer and held it up for them to sniff at. The strong odour of sulphur emitted at last convinced them. It was all very amusing, this pantomimic performance and they seemed greatly interested.

On our return the skipper and I went into a little shop where a number of fishermen were assembled. I asked as best as I knew how for a bottle of wine (claret) which is the national drink here and is as common with them as water with us. The *dame* in charge of the establishment could not understand me and I realized at once that my pronunciation must be very bad indeed.

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<sup>307</sup>A packet resembling a comb.

<sup>308</sup>Sulphur.

<sup>309</sup>French *soufre à fer*.

There happened to be one old chap who knew a little English and I managed to make him understand so we got our bottle of claret and drank it. They all began to gabble away in French, but I could only catch a word now and again sufficient to inform me they were discussing ourselves and our visit. I began to smile, when one *dame* immediately said, "*Vou comprehend la Français.*" I said, "No, no comprehend," but apparently they did not believe me.

*Aug. 13th.* Still foggy, did not like to venture out till it cleared somewhat. I went ashore and walked down on the south side of the Harbour. Here I found the granites or gneiss again. A high hill called the Chapeau a little way back was composed of a reddish rock either granite or porphyry.

About noon it cleared up, when we got underweigh for Langley.<sup>310</sup> It remained very calm all day till dark when it again became very foggy. We had a poking time along and had to keep a strict lookout. About 9 P.M. we made land, which proved to be Percé Point on Langley Island. We got into a small cove called Deadman's Cove,<sup>311</sup> not a very cheering name to be sure, but we were glad to be able to drop our anchor and get a night's sleep.

*Aug. 14th.* I went ashore in morning and found the rocks here to be a dark, nearly black slate. They are dreadfully shattered and faulted and contain numerous nodules of iron pyrites. They contained a few fragments of trilobites but not many. It rained so hard all day I could not do much exploring.

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<sup>310</sup>Langlade, the southern part of Miquelon.

<sup>311</sup>Anse aux Soldats, south of Cap aux Morts.

Aug. 15th. Wind sprang up from the N.E. about 2 P.M. and we were obliged to clear out as it blew right into the Cove and soon created a nasty sea. We ran around Percé Point and anchored in a more sheltered Cove. Went ashore here and found red sandstones and quartzites with thin bands of red shale, all Cambrian. It became too rough to lay here, and as we could do no work ashore we hoisted our anchor and ran across for St. Pierre where we arrived about 12 O'clock. We also wanted to get a few things but as this was a great holiday<sup>312</sup> all the shops were shut.

St. Pierre is quite a place, very French in every way, entirely unlike anything on our shore. In fact it is a genuine piece of old France transplanted to this side of the Atlantic. Just now poor France is in the throes of war<sup>313</sup> with Germany and is getting worsted in every engagement. The feeling amongst the inhabitants is one of intense hatred of the "*Sacré Prussien*," as they say so bitterly. I was at first inclined to poke fun at them, but some of the English cable men<sup>314</sup> warned me to be careful. This being the Emperor Napoleon's birthday they were all looking forward for a change in the fortunes of war and were confident the French would turn the tables on Germany, but alas! their hopes were doomed to disappointment.

Aug. 16th. I walked across the island which was low and

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<sup>312</sup>Emperor Napoleon III's birthday; also the Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary (known as Lady Day).

<sup>313</sup>The Franco-Prussian War (1870-71); Napoleon declared war on July 19.

<sup>314</sup>In 1869 a French company laid a cable from Brest to St. Pierre and Duxbury, Massachusetts. The British were involved both financially and technically in this operation. Donard de Cogan, "Cable Landings in and around Newfoundland," *NQ*, 87, 4 (1992-93): 27.

marshy. The rocks seen appeared to be chiefly porphyritic and of a peculiar character. It blew hard all day again which prevented our return to Langley. There is a splendid quay here fronting the water on which the people congregate in the evenings. A number of men called *disciplinaires*<sup>315</sup> (Convicts) assembled on this quay and sang a number of patriotic songs. They possess splendid voices. As a rule these convicts are kept under strict guard, but now during war-time they are given more liberty and are I believe ready to fight should the Germans make a descent upon the island.

There are very few soldiers here, not more than twenty gunners who man the small batteries near the entrance. There are however, a number of gendarmes, fellows rigged out in uniforms like a general in the army. They keep strict guard over the town and inhabitants. At 9 P.M. every evening one fellow goes around beating a drum as a signal all lights must be put out and the people retire indoors. It is a kind of revival of the curfew without the bell. Altogether it is a most interesting little place.

Aug. 17th. Left St. Pierre at 6 A.M. and ran across to Langley and anchored in Seal Cove. This is just where the long sand beach which connects the two islands of Miquelon and Langley joins the latter island. This great stretch of sand is low and flat and has a considerable breadth except near Langley, where it is much more narrow. On the outer or western side the long beach

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<sup>315</sup>"Soldiers or possibly sailors serving a sentence for some wrongdoing" (p.c., M. Wilkshire).

is very smooth and low and the water outside quite shoal. It is a noted place for wrecks and many a goodly ship has left her bones here. In fact the whole beach along is strewn with wreckage, some buried deep in the shifting sands. Only a few years ago<sup>316</sup> one of the steamers subsidised by our Government to carry our mails, came to grief here. It was on this steamer the Commercial Bank notes mentioned in 1873 were being conveyed.<sup>317</sup> According to some old charts there was a channel or gut represented in the middle of this beach, and probably this may have led many a ship master astray in the belief that he could get through here. But the channel, if it did really exist has been long since closed up.

Just where the beach joins Langley there is a nice house and farm owned by the Governor of St. Pierre.<sup>318</sup> We visited this place and were most hospitably entertained by the persons in charge. Having examined the shores about here and down on the outside as far as I could get, I took a walk across the island about 4 miles to a place named Point Plant. The island is high and rugged and covered with a stunted growth of wood.

*Aug. 18th.* We still further examined the shores on this end of the island and collected some fairly good specimens of large trilobites, but owing to the shattered and contorted nature of the strata no very good ones could be obtained, merely fragments.

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<sup>316</sup>Howley must actually be writing this account a number of years after 1873.

<sup>317</sup>The steamer *Gaspé* was wrecked at Langlais Island, near St. Pierre, in June, 1872. She had on board 2000 unsigned notes of the Commercial Bank of Newfoundland. All were reported lost, but some were put in circulation, with forged signatures, in 1873. See *Morning Chronicle*, Sept. 26, 29, 1873.

<sup>318</sup>La Ferme Olivier.

*Aug. 19th.* Last night was a dreadful night of thunder, lightning, rain and squalls of wind from the S.W. But as we were all well sheltered from that direction it did not affect us much. We left here about 2 P.M. and ran down around the island to Cape Langley where we anchored in a rather open bight. Patches of the Cambrian red shales and sandstones appear here and there, caught up in the trappean masses which constitute the bulk of the island.

*Aug. 20th.* A heavy swell hove in all night, and as we only had our small kedge anchor<sup>319</sup> down in case we had to leave in a hurry we found when we tried to get it up it was foul of the rocks on the bottom and we could not get it clear. We tried our best but at length the hawser<sup>320</sup> burst and we had to leave the anchor behind. After examining around Cape Langley we left again for St. Pierre. It was calm and foggy and took us till dark to get across.

*Sunday Aug. 21st.* Still calm and foggy, no time to leave for Lawn, our next point of observation. St. Pierre as everybody knows, who has visited it at this season was crowded with huge, lumbering bankers all busy landing fish or taking in salt.<sup>321</sup> They work Sunday and Monday all the same. They appear to be a jolly

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<sup>319</sup>An anchor (with line attached) used, when dropped overboard, to drag a vessel from one berth in port to another, or off a shore or shoal after grounding.

<sup>320</sup>Heavy rope.

<sup>321</sup>For a comprehensive account of French fisheries in various parts of Newfoundland and St. Pierre, see Charles de La Morandière, *Histoire de la pêche française de la morue dans l'Amérique septentrionale* (3 vols.; Paris: G.P. Maisonneuve et Larose, 1962-66).

set of fellows and are always singing when at work or rowing their clumsy batteaux about. It is amusing to watch them loading salt aboard their vessels. They come alongside with a large boat full of salt. A sail is let down from the ship's gunwale to that of the boat to prevent the salt being lost overboard. A number of men with large wooden shovels throw the salt up on to the vessel's deck singing all the while in a sort of measured singsong tone. At every bar they dig their shovels into the salt bulk, then at a given moment all heave together and so on till the cargo is aboard.

The greater number of those bankers are old and antiquated craft, not a great improvement on Noah's Ark. Their masts, sails, and rigging look worn out, not fit to hang a dog with. As a rule they are large square-rigged vessels with very bluff bows. Such a contrast to the trim, smart-looking yankee or Grand Bank schooners, a few of which were also to be seen here. The inner harbour where these vessels lay is quite small and is crowded to its utmost capacity with these craft. This bank fishery is certainly a great industry with our Gallic neighbors.

*Aug. 22nd.* Calm all morning but clear, wind sprang up from S.E. between 8 and 9 A.M. when we got underweigh for Lawn. In going out the Harbour a man in a nice sail boat with an immense mainsail came right across our bows. We could not clear her even if our skipper tried, which he did not seem very anxious to do.

Fortunately for the boat and man our jibboom<sup>322</sup> took the big sail and went right through it almost lifting the boat out of the water. Her sole occupant managed however, after we hove to, to get clear. He did not utter a word all the time but looked daggers. It was certainly all his own fault. He should not have attempted to cross our bows at such near quarters. Our fishermen, as a rule, have great contempt for the seafaring qualities of the Frenchmen and treat them as inferior beings. Our skipper told me he was once coming out of St. Pierre when a yacht acting in the same way attempted to cross their bows. One of the crew took up an oar and striking the occupant of the boat on the head knocked him senseless into the bottom of the boat. Whether he killed him or not they did not wait to see but continued on their course. So long as they were in sight the poor fellow did not show any signs of reviving. As the wind came more and more ahead and began to blow strong we saw no chance of reaching either Lawn or Lamaline. We only made the land near Point May by dark and as there was no shelter we were obliged to stand out to sea for the night.

*Aug. 23rd.* Off Lamaline at daylight in a calm. It remained so all forenoon with a tremendous swell heaving in. About 2 P.M. a light breeze sprang up from the N.E. when we were enabled to get along slowly. We only reached Lawn about 6 P.M.

*Aug. 24th.* This is where Mr. Chas. Fox Bennett had done some mining many years previous, and where it was reported a rich find

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<sup>322</sup>A spar extending the bowsprit forward.

of silver ore had been made.<sup>323</sup> But it was at first a galena deposit in a matrix of greenish fluorspar<sup>324</sup> they worked upon. According to the stories current while driving in on this lode they struck a cavity or vugh filled with some dirty earthy-looking material. Although it was quite heavy they had no suspicion of what it was, so the miners shovelled it all out into the landwash out of the way. When however it became cleaned by the waves on the beach they observed lumps and strings of a bright metallic substance which proved to be native silver. Upon this discovery they stole most of the silver and sold it at St. Pierre and to jewellers in St. John's. As soon as this became known an investigation was made, when it appeared the dirty, brownish material was nothing less than Chloride of silver. There was also some beautiful ruby silver, Proustite,<sup>325</sup> amongst the stuff. Of course all this had been washed away and lost. The lead contents of the lode did not amount to much and they did not succeed in striking another similar deposit of silver.

I landed early and visited the mine. Found they had drifted<sup>326</sup> in on the vein some 30 yards. It is very irregular, at top and bottom it only shows a couple of inches but about the middle widens out to a foot or more. I think it is quite possible

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<sup>323</sup>The story of the Lawn mine is briefly reported in Murray and Howley, *Geological Survey*, p. 227. See also Martin, *Once Upon a Mine*, p. 11.

<sup>324</sup>Fluorite (calcium fluoride), a mineral used as a flux (fusing agent) in making glass or steel; here forming the material (matrix) in which galena was embedded.

<sup>325</sup>A sulfide of silver and arsenic, of adamantine hardness, crystallizing in rhomboid shapes, ruby-red in colour.

<sup>326</sup>Dug a passageway along the vein.

were they to continue on they might find it larger and better mineralized. It was difficult to examine it properly now as much of the walls had caved in and the cliff outside tumbled down so as almost to conceal the opening. We broke out a good many fine specimens containing the galena and a reddish zinc blende,<sup>327</sup> but saw no vestige of anything like silver.

The country here is very broken and disturbed. Large bands of reddish feldspathic<sup>328</sup> rock seem to intersect the original strata in all directions greatly altering the rocks. These are what the Cornish men<sup>329</sup> call elvans and would seem to indicate favourable conditions for vein mineralization.

*Aug. 25th.* Spent all day examining both sides the Cove and the country inside; saw several small indications of mineral but no other well-defined veins. Yet the character of the altered rocks and intrusive masses would seem to indicate that the place was well worth a systematic exploration and the application of a diamond drill. It rained hard all the forenoon and we could do no prospecting ashore. It cleared off in afternoon, when I had a further look around, but as I could find nothing more to detain us here and the night promised to be fine we left for Mortier Bay.

*Aug. 26th.* Becalmed nearly all night off Cape Chapeau Rouge.

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<sup>327</sup>Zinc blende is sphalerite-zinc sulfide, with traces of iron and cadmium.

<sup>328</sup>I.e., containing feldspar.

<sup>329</sup>Martin, *Once Upon a Mine*, notes the importance of miners brought from Cornwall to operate mines. Michael Carroll, for instance, actively recruited Cornishmen. See *Morning Chronicle*, Apr. 20, 1868.

About daylight a breeze sprang up from N.W. and we had a fine time up around the land past Burin and into Mortier Bay where we arrived about 9 A.M. We anchored at a place called Spanish Room, the only place where there were any inhabitants. Here on a narrow neck of land which forms the harbour we found a drab limestone similar to that seen at Burin. Here again the rocks are very much broken and altered and numerous porphyry dykes are intruded through them. The people living here are the usual type of Placentia Bay residents, very like those of Branch. When they heard me playing my flute aboard they were off at once to get me ashore for a dance, and didn't they kick it out in style! Some of the girls were good singers and regaled us with real ballads of the sea etc. They appear to be well to do and as happy as clams. The land here is good and they have some nice clearings. How this place came by its name I could not ascertain but in all probability in olden days during the earlier prosecution of the fisheries by foreigners some Spaniards may have located here and established what was called a fishing room. It is a splendid landlocked Harbour far removed from the rough waters of the outer Bay.

*Aug. 27th.* I had intended going up to the head of Mortier Bay but it blew too hard all day and there is a strong tide running in and out so I had to abandon the idea. I am told the land inside is low and marshy nearly all the way across to Garnish. There is a high hill about three miles north from here called Cook's Lookout from which a good view of the country can

be obtained.<sup>330</sup> I decided on going in to it. On reaching the mountain I had an extensive view up and down the Peninsula. There appear to be two main ridges of hills running up and down, one near the Placentia Bay side, the other over towards the Fortune Bay side, the same I saw from Grand Bank and Fortune. All the country between is low, flat and marshy and studded with innumerable small ponds. The rock of this hill and all the others near is chiefly porphyry and trap with here and there patches of altered slate like that of Sound Island and Oderin. Away towards the north the country is more broken and hilly.

*Sunday Aug. 28th.* Blowing very hard from the westward. We started for O'Derin and had a fine run over.

*August 29th.* Dull, heavy morning, rained a good deal. When it cleared up we started to run across the Bay for Cape St. Mary's. Had very little wind all day but a heavy swell on. We arrived at the Cape just at dark but could not make a harbour so we hove to for the night. While becalmed here we tried for some fish and caught several fine ones but found dog fish very plentiful. Somehow everytime I tried I hooked one of those nasty shark-like brutes. I fear we will not be able to land anywhere here near the Cape. It is an awfully exposed rough place.

*August 30th.* Becalmed nearly all day, tremendous swell and sea on shore. Had to give up the idea of attempting to land and

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<sup>330</sup>This name is known to present residents ("Placentia Bay Names Data Base," place-names collected in field research directed by Robert Hollett, English Language Research Centre (ELRC), between 1990 and 1993).

concluded to run for Distress and walk down to the Cape. We reached Distress shortly after 1 P.M. when I went ashore and walked down to Hirkeen<sup>331</sup> where a man named Rogers made an attempt to mine copper, but the mine has been abandoned. It did not amount to anything, merely a sign of copper in a small fault.

*August 31st.* Calm and foggy, put a couple of blasts in the limestone here to get some specimens, as the weather seems to have set in dull, wet and calm rendering it impossible to do much along shore with boat. I decided on going down by land on foot to the Cape and thence across country to Branch and sending the craft around to meet me there. I started off after dinner and reached the Lighthouse by dark. Old John O'Rielly the keeper received me kindly and gave me lodgings while here. He is a fine old gent, Father of Mr. Thomas O'Rielly Magistrate of Placentia and M.H.A. for the district in the Bennett Anti-Confederate government.<sup>332</sup> He was full of old yarns which were very amusing. He confirmed the story about the treasure hunters to Golden Bay.<sup>333</sup> They stayed with him a night at the Lighthouse.

*Thursday Sept. 1st.* Thick fog all day, dare not proceed alone, even with a guide were one to be had, it would be very risky as all the country around here possesses such a sameness there is nothing to guide one in such weather. I managed to

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<sup>331</sup>M.F. Howley remarked that *Iroke* was pronounced like *eye* ("Newfoundland Name-Lore," *NQ*, 9, 4 [1910]: 7). A current pronunciation, approximately *ire 'cane*, has been recorded. Nearby are Hurricane Cove and Hurricane Point. "Placentia Bay Names Data Base."

<sup>332</sup>In fact, he ran as a Confederate in the 1869 election and was soundly defeated. He was made a magistrate in 1877, and died in 1897.

<sup>333</sup>Howley records this tale above, pp. 21-2.

travel around a bit near the Lighthouse but dare not venture far.

*Sept. 2nd.* Still foggy all the morning, but cleared up in the afternoon. I then started for Point Lance, intending to visit Golden Bay on the way. It turned out a very close sultry day with fog still hanging around the shore. I kept too far inland and passed Golden Bay without knowing it and did not get a sight of the sea till nearly sunset. Observing a house away to my right I made for it. It was occupied by a family named Careen, the only residents in Lance Cove. They made me welcome and treated me to lots of fresh milk and butter. They have a fine clearing here and a number of cattle. Careen<sup>334</sup> is a fine type of an Irishman and has a family of several stalworth sons all about 6 ft. high. They live chiefly on the produce of their farm and the fishery. I noticed just inside the doorway a long shelf on which several large wooden pails filled with fresh milk, a pannikin<sup>335</sup> close by was used to dip up the milk and whenever they felt thirsty they could help themselves to as much as they liked. This with fresh fish and vegetables no doubt accounted for the splendid physique of all the family.

*September 3rd.* Proceed on towards Branch, stopping a short while at Gull Cove to look at the rocks here which resemble those of Bell Island, C.B. There is a tremendous sea on the shore just

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<sup>334</sup>Philip Careen, one of two brothers who settled Point Lance in the 1820s. See John Mannion, *Point Lance in Transition: The Transformation of a Newfoundland Outport* ([Toronto]: McClelland and Stewart, 1976) for a study of this community.

<sup>335</sup>Small cup or pan.

now caused by the prevailing southerly and easterly winds. I reached Branch about 5 P.M. and found the schooner had left to run up St. Mary's Bay. There was a dreadful sea on here and all the boats out fishing had likewise to cut and run up the bay for shelter. They could not venture to come in the gut. One boat only tried to do so and was upset. Her crew had a very narrow escape from drowning, and only for the aid of those ashore would certainly have been lost. It seems to have set in for a spurt of very bad weather.

*Sept. 4th.* Calm and foggy but dreadful sea on the shore, the wind blowing right in here. No chance of our boat returning till the sea goes down.

*Sept. 5th.* Still the same weather. None of the boats returned yet, could not get in if they had. I occupied my time during this enforced idleness collecting more fossils and examining the cliffs. Every night we had a dance, at one or other of the houses. I furnished the music with my flute. They are a jolly set of people, and are very fond of a dance. I lodged while here at the house of my old friend John English.

*Sept. 6th.* Clear to-day wind westerly and sea going down, expected the craft along but she did not come. Towards evening some of the small boats returned, from these I learned that poor Walsh, our skipper had taken very sick with hemorrhage and had run up to Colinet this morning to telegraph for his brother to come on and take charge of the craft. Poor fellow, both he and all his family are clearly consumptives, though looking fine

stalworth men. If they do not return to-morrow I intend starting on foot and walking up to Colinet.

*September 7th.* The boat came along this morning and I got aboard. The skipper is now better but very weak. We left for Colinet to take in his brother when he arrives. The wind was very light all day and we did not get up till 9 P.M. I landed on Little Colinet Island. Walsh's brother had not arrived yet.

*Sept. 8th.* Blowing a gale from N.E. all day. No sign of our man. It calmed down after dark. Will not wait, but go on to Colinet Island and then to St. Mary's.

*Sept. 9th.* Left Colinet for Colinet Island at 5:30 A.M. Morning calm and cold with thick fog. Cleared off about 8 O'clock, wind sprung up from W.S.W. and blew very strong all day. Had to beat down the bay and did not reach Mother Rex<sup>336</sup> till 3 P.M. I went ashore and walked down on the West side of the island. Found the rocks here to consist of hard greenish slates. They resemble the slates in the vicinity of St. John's and Catalina and are evidently Huronian.

*Sept. 10th.* Went around the Island to Mosquito, where I found a high rugged range of trap hills extending lengthwise through the middle of the island. The range reaches a height of 350 feet near Mosquito. Could not detect any fossils anywhere here.

Colinet Island is famed for its gigantic men. The Daltons

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<sup>336</sup>Later Regina or Reginaville; called also Mother IXX's.

and Walshes are all huge specimens of the *genus homo*.<sup>337</sup> Some of them are fully 7 feet high, others ranging from 6 to 6 1/2 feet and so on. These men are not only exceptionally tall but also of powerful physique and extremely strong, in fact perfect giants. I heard a story of one of them who while at St. John's was taking in supplies on one occasion. His craft was lying at one of the merchants' wharfs and having purchased several barrels of pork, beef and flour, the crew rolled them down on the wharf to put them aboard. Dalton himself had gone up town to purchase some other articles and when he returned found his crew idle and all the barrels still on the wharf. He was in a hurry to get away and was extremely vexed when he found the things not aboard. He went for the crew for being a lazy lot, but they said they had nothing wherewith to hoist the heavy barrels on board. With that he jumped down and putting one foot on the wharf and the other on the rail of the craft said, "Here, look out, and stow these barrels below." Lifting one after another with his hands he deposited them on the deck just as easy as if they were merely empty barrels.

*Sunday Sept. 11th.* Ran over to St. Mary's, the only good harbour to lay in on this side of the Bay. The weather is now too unsettled to risk anchoring in any of the more open Coves or bights. We reached St. Mary's about 1 P.M. Found the Colinet Island rocks repeated here. I had a good walk along shore from

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<sup>337</sup>The race of man.

Admiral's Beach to Moll Bay Point.<sup>338</sup>

*September 12th.* Blew a gale last night from N.E. and continued all day.<sup>339</sup> Wind veered to N.W. towards night and increased in strength. It was a fierce storm and caused a fearful sea even in the Harbour. We could not attempt to land all day and as we lay with both anchors out, the seas continually broke over our bows. There were a number of craft in here for shelter and some of them dragged their anchors. Their crews were engaged all day trying to prevent their going ashore.

*September 13th.* Gale considerably abated but still blowing hard from the N.W. This gale did much damage all around the coast. It was supposed that during its height, poor Capt. Frank Bradshaw coming from St. John's was lost with all hands somewhere off Cape St. Mary's. Believed to be on the St. Mary's Keys, an ugly reef lying many miles off the Cape, where many a goodly vessel has come to grief.

I walked across to Holyrood Pond and up along the shore a long distance but could not get across as there was no boat available. This remarkable pond or rather inlet of the sea, for it is salt water, extends inland several miles. It is long and narrow and is cut off from the outside Bay by a gravel beach. During spring and Autumn freshets the beach opens or rather the waters make a breach through it. While so open, fish of various

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<sup>338</sup>Frapeau Point.

<sup>339</sup>See *Newfoundlander*, Sept. 13, 1870; *Courier*, Sept. 14, 17, 1870.

kinds including Cod, herring, caplin<sup>340</sup> etc. come inside and when the beach again closes they become empounded and cannot get out till the next breach. They can be caught here all through the winter. I heard that at the extreme head of this inlet where a large river comes in, there are extensive flats of good land and lots of wild hay, also that up the river there is a good deal of fine timber.

September 14th. I went over again to-day and got a boat to put me across the pond. I then climbed the steep ridge on the south side and took a long walk over the barrens going nearly over to Peter's River. The rocks seen are all similar to those at St. Mary's.

*September 15th.* Left St. Mary's and ran across the bay to Little Salmonier River. Here I found a considerable patch of the Cambrian red slates and limestones and measured a section of them.

Having now done all that was possible around this bay, we started for St. John's. Had a heavy breeze of S.W. wind all night and had to beat out the bay. Our progress was slow and at daylight we were only between Cape English and Cape Pine.

*September 16th.* Wind came more off from the west and we got past Cape Pine by daylight and rounded Cape Race about 9:30 A.M. We now had a splendid time up the shore and were off Bay Bulls at

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<sup>340</sup>Important bait fish. They come to beaches to spawn in early summer, and are taken, normally with castnets, for food and fertilizer as well as bait for trawls and handlines.

5 P.M. We would have got into St. John's to-night but it fell calm, then the wind came up from the N.E. dead ahead. We were obliged to run back and harbour at Bay Bulls for the night.

*September 17th.* Calm all the morning. Left Bay Bulls about 11 A.M. Had very little wind till evening when a breeze sprang up from the S.E. with fog, got into St. John's about 5 P.M.

Spent 18th, 19th, 20th and the 21st in St. John's, blowing very strongly all the while.

*Sept. 22nd.* Fine to-day, having replenished our stock and landed all our specimens etc. we started about 1 P.M. for Trinity Bay. Had a fine breeze from N.W. we got to Baccalieu by dark and lay to all night in the mouth of Trinity Bay.

*Sept. 23rd.* Blowing hard from the westward all the morning. Beat up the Bay. About 4 P.M. wind came round to N.E. We got across and ran up Smith's Sound and anchored near its head, and collected a lot of fossils. Found a splendid section of the Lower Cambrian at Smith's Point on the north side of the Sound extending up to George's Brook at the extreme head. I walked a long distance up the shore.

*Sept. 25th.* Blowing hard and squally all the morning. Had a good look at those interesting rocks and collected a lot of fossils. Visited the brick yard and saw the whole process of Brick making.

*Sept. 26th.* Ran across to the island and collected a number of fossils. Here on the western end of Random Island we have a repetition of the Bell Island rocks of Conception Bay. In the

evening we ran up to the head of the Sound.

*Sept. 27th.* Got some board at Pelley's saw-mill<sup>341</sup> to make boxes, we then went down again to Foster's Point.

*Sept. 28th.* Examined the shore all along, put a couple of blasts into the beds of limestone and got some good fossils. Examined the shore on the south side of the island toward Snook's Harbour.

*Sept. 29th.* Very calm and cold all day. Ran down the sound to Britannia Cove and examined the shore between it and Aspen Cove, got one very perfect trilobite. I also had a look at the north shore of the Sound.

*Sept. 30th.* Left Britannia Cove and proceeded down to the slate quarry and got some good specimens of the slate. The rocks on either side of the quarry are very much contorted. We then proceeded on our way down around the eastern end of the island into Random Sound. Found the wind outside in the Bay very light and ahead so we had to beat into Deer Harbour<sup>342</sup> and anchor for the night.

*October 1st.* After leaving Deer Harbour we had a strong breeze of westerly wind all day right against us. Had to beat all the way to Random Sound and did not get in till evening. We then ran up and anchored in Hickman's Harbour. I went down the shore in boat, collected some specimens.

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<sup>341</sup>At Georges Brook Edmund Pelley and George Pelley had a sawmill (*ENL* Georges Brook).

<sup>342</sup>On the eastern shore of Random Island.

*Sunday October 2nd.* Ran up to the head of Random Sound and anchored in a place called Deep Bight. It blew almost a gale all day from the N.E. but we are well sheltered in here.

*October 3rd.* Examined the shore down around to Lee Bight. We then ran down the Sound and after a little delay looking at the rocks, continued on and ran around into the S.W. Arm of Random and anchored in a place called Hodge's Hole<sup>343</sup> on the south side of the Arm.

*October 4th.* Had a look at the rocks here. I then examined the south shore of the Arm in boat to its extreme head. Most of the rocks here are trap with limestone caught up in it.

*October 5th.* After a thorough exploration of S.W. Arm we put into Fox Harbour and remained all night.

*October 6th.* Blowing a gale all day from the N.E., too rough to do much. I had intended to run up Trinity Bay to-day but had to give up the idea as there was an awful sea outside. I walked across to Heart's Ease<sup>344</sup> in the evening. Having completed the examination of Random Sound and Island and as the season is now far advanced, and the weather latterly becoming very cold and boisterous, I shall have to hurry through the examination of other parts of the bay and go on to Conception bay where I have a good deal to do.

*October 7th.* Still blowing very hard from the N.W., left Fox Harbour for the head of the Bay. We were obliged to reef all our

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<sup>343</sup>Hodge's Cove.

<sup>344</sup>Little Heart's Ease.

sails, when we got nearly up to the head found it impossible to land anywhere near Tickle Harbour and as we could not beat up to Bay Bull's Arm we put into Rantem<sup>345</sup> for the night.

*October 8th.* Left Rantem but could not land at Tickle Harbour Head or anywhere near it owing to the sea on the shore. It continued to blow hard all day so we ran on to Chapel Arm where we arrived about 3 P.M. but it was too rough everywhere to get along in our small boat.

*October 9th.* Still blowing hard from N.E. I walked up Chapel Arm River a considerable distance, where I found the Cambrian red and green slates to strike up country along its course as far as I went. Found some fossils in the black shales on the shores of the Arm.

*October 10th.* Still blowing strong from N.E. with a tremendous sea in the bay. I walked in towards Spread Eagle Peak intending to climb it but the distance was much greater than I had anticipated and finding it growing late had to retreat without ascending the peak. It is a conical-shaped mountain most probably consisting of trap rock which is so much in evidence about here.

*October 11th.* Fine day at last, wind S.W. and light breeze. We left Chapel Arm and ran down the bay. Found a great swell running in after the N.E. gales. Could not land anywhere on the headlands along the south shore. Noticed the red and green slates

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<sup>345</sup>Community north of Chance Cove; now vacated.

and limestones on most of the points and headlands, dipping towards the bay. It is quite evident that here as in Conception Bay the Cambrian series once formed a great trough filling the Bay and extending from shore to shore. Only mere remnants of this trough now exist on either side. Got down as far as New Perlican where we anchored for the night. This is one of the safest harbours on the south side of Trinity Bay.

*October 12th.* Left Perlican for Conception Bay. It was foggy and heavy in the morning but cleared off a fine day. When we got around the end of the Peninsula and opened Conception Bay the wind was right ahead S.W., we had to beat up all night.

*October 13th.* Off Carbonear at Sunrise. I had intended to go on to Brigus but it was a long beat. So I decided to go across to Bell Island and land there for a few days and send the craft back to make harbour on the north side of the Bay. When we got nearly over, the wind began to increase and kick up a rough sea on the island. We were obliged to put back to Bay Roberts, the wind all the time increasing till it blew almost a gale again with a down pour of rain. Reached Bay Roberts about 3 P.M. after a rough time across.

*October 14th.* Still blowing a gale from S.W. with torrents of rain, obliged to remain here all day.

*October 15th.* Fine again. Ran up to Brigus where we arrived about noon. Here there are two good sections of the red shales and limestones of the base of the Cambrian on either side of the entrance. I went out to examine these and measure sections.

*October 16th.* Lay here all day and continued my sections.

*October 17th.* Put in some shots in the limestones and procured some fine specimens and also got some fossils.

*October 18th.* Fine day with little wind. Went across again to Great Bell Island,<sup>346</sup> but did not get over till evening. Landed at Lance Cove and collected a number of specimens. As the night promised to be fine and it was too late to get back to a harbour I determined to stay here all night.

About 9 P.M. the wind sprang up again from the S.W. and began to blow hard. We were in a very bad position right under the shore with the wind in on us and a big sea making. We had to cut and run out of that. But we had scarcely got clear of the island when the wind increased to a furious gale and the rain came on in torrents, moreover it was intensely dark except for some vivid flashes of lightning. The thunder was awful also. We were now in a nasty predicament indeed. It was so intensely dark we could not see where to go; we could scarcely look to windward owing to the force of the wind and rain. We could not attempt to run across the Bay and were obliged to beat about aimlessly. Suddenly we observed land and found we were close in on the cliffs of Little Bell Island. By great good luck we managed to get her about not a moment too soon. Had she misstayed<sup>347</sup> we would have been dashed against the perpendicular cliffs and all would soon be over with us. We ran off again into the Bay and continued

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<sup>346</sup>Bell Island; Little Bell Island is nearby.

<sup>347</sup>I.e., had it not been possible to bring the ship's head into the wind.

wandering about not knowing where. All this time the wind and sea continued to increase. In fact it was a fearful night. After beating about thus for some time we again made the western end of Gt. Bell Island, and but for observing a light in a house on the top of the cliff would have been ashore. Putting about again we ran off into the Bay and kept going back and forth making short tacks. The seas swept our decks from stem to stern so as to almost blind us. We could see nothing but the boiling foaming water around us, every wave and every drop of spray illuminated by that sickly death-like phosphorescence, all the more intense owing to the horrible darkness all around. After a long while the rain began to cease and the sky lightened up a little. We could now see Kelly's Island close aboard, and remembering "that any port was good in a storm,"<sup>348</sup> we managed to get in under the lee of the island near the beach on the northern end and drop our anchor close inshore, glad indeed to get anywhere out of the storm. We were miserably wet and cold being drenched with the salt water. We now managed to get a fire in the bogy,<sup>349</sup> change our clothes and make ourselves as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. But we dare not turn in as we could not tell the moment the wind would change and compel us to get out again. We set the watch for the night, all hands remaining up. Fortunately the wind held to the same point<sup>350</sup> all night but blew

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<sup>348</sup>Common proverb.

<sup>349</sup>Small metal stove.

<sup>350</sup>Compass point.

a terrific gale.

*Oct. 19th.* Gale still on blowing as hard as ever, we held on here till evening and seeing no sign of the wind coming down we determined to try and get across to the north shore<sup>351</sup> somewhere rather than spend another such night here. We reefed down all sails, got up our anchor and started. We reached about a mile out when a squall struck us which sprung our mainmast. It broke just above the deck and began to sway back and forth. This was the climax. No use trying to go further. Had to haul down the mainsail to make the best of our way back to the place we just left under the lee of the island. We all expected to see the mainmast go overboard and take the foremast with it leaving us a helpless wreck at the mercy of the wind and waves, if not indeed killing some of us. However, the mainmast held on. We lay under the island all the evening and in the meantime they put extra stays<sup>352</sup> to the spar<sup>353</sup> to keep it in place. But our troubles were by no means at an end. Just after dark the wind suddenly chopped around to the N.E. and began to blow hard. This was right in on us where we lay and it was clear we must cut and run again. We hoisted our foresail and jib, got up our anchor, not however before she began to strike heavily on the bottom which was all smooth rock. I thought the bottom would be torn out of our craft before we got way on her,<sup>354</sup> but we managed to get off and now had

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<sup>351</sup>The coast north of Carbonear.

<sup>352</sup>Rigging.

<sup>353</sup>The mainmast.

<sup>354</sup>Got her under way, i.e., properly under sail.

nothing for it but to make the best of our way back to Lance Cove which would afford shelter so long as the wind remained in that quarter. I expected every moment to see the mainmast go by the board but it held on. It was now a clear night and we could see the lights at Lance Cove. After clearing Little Bell Island we had the wind a little free and got over safely. We ran in as close to the beach as we could and anchored. We now determined should the wind again shift, to run the craft ashore and get out of her as best we could. In her crippled state it would have been rank madness to run out in the Bay again. During the night the wind increased to a terrific gale, roaring and howling over the top of the island. We dare not turn in or try to get any rest. Fortunately the wind did not again change but continued from the same point all night.

*October 20th.* Gale over, a beautiful mild day but an awful swell outside. However, I was determined not to spend another night such as the two last if I could help it. And as it was now quite clear we could do no more work here we started for home. We had a fine time all the morning and got around Cape St. Francis and nearly up to Sugar Loaf<sup>355</sup> before sunset. There was an awful swell along shore but it was with us, otherwise we could not do anything. At sunset it fell almost calm and we had a pokey time along. When at length we arrived at the Narrows<sup>356</sup> we found a number of craft beating in, all anxious to get in out of the

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<sup>355</sup>Sugar Loaf Head, 4 mi north of St. John's.

<sup>356</sup>The entrance to St. John's harbour.

weather. It was ticklish work to avoid being run down. As it was, two craft came in collision just near Pancake Rock<sup>357</sup> and there was some tall swearing indulged in. However, we got in and anchored about 1 A.M., too late to go ashore so I stayed aboard glad indeed to get a good night's rest. We had not been more than an hour anchored when another terrific gale came on from the southward. Well indeed was it for us we escaped it, as had we been caught out we could never have weathered it. I hope I may never have to undergo another such experience as this.

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<sup>357</sup>A rock in the Narrows.

1871

## Notre Dame Bay, Gander Bay and River

This was another year of coasting for me. Mr. Murray had arranged to ascend the Exploits River this season and survey that great waterway as far as practicable, for which purpose he engaged his usual crew of Micmacs, and also Mr. A. Bradshaw as poleman. I was to be employed in cruising around the Great Bay of Notre Dame examining the shores and collecting specimens. Clancey, our miner, was to accompany me on this cruise.

A nice schooner, the *Alice M. Hooper* of Harbour Grace, with her Capt. named Ebenezer Parsons and a crew of three men was hired to take us all down north, and then to carry me around the Bay.

We left St. John's early in July on a very fine day with a light air of west wind and slipped along nicely all day. The schooner was a trim little craft, a good sailor, but had one very disagreeable drawback, she was full of bugs. She had been a Nova Scotia mackerel catcher in her time and had a large ship's bell forward. Her cabin was fairly roomy and comfortable and

possessed two good bunks. The hold was fitted up for cooking and for the men to sleep in.

The Indians who had been a week or so in St. John's with the usual result, came aboard filled to the chin with liquor. Old Joe Bernard in particular had been on a tremendous booze and had fallen somewhere in the street cutting his head badly, his face was all raw and bruised and filled with gravel. Mr. Murray who prided himself on his surgical skill and who always took along a regular medical chest, undertook to doctor Joe and before we reached our destination, Twillingate, had him pretty well cured, not of drinking however, he never gave that up, and now had a stock with him to which he paid constant court so long as it lasted. We kept on all night which was fine with a fair wind, and made good progress. Our Capt. who was a deep-sea sailor did not care about hugging the land, especially in such fine weather, so kept well out to sea.

Next morning we were out of sight of land and could only determine our position by dead reckoning.<sup>358</sup> In the afternoon believing we must be off the mouth of Notre Dame Bay hauled in<sup>359</sup> and after a while sighted the Wadhams Light-house.<sup>360</sup> We reached in through Hamilton Sound past the Penguins<sup>361</sup> and got into Seldom-Come-by before dark. This harbour on the south side of

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<sup>358</sup>Normally, charting a ship's position, not through the use of astronomical observation, but instead by plotting distances run and direction steered, making allowance for currents, etc.; here Howley seems to mean by the term determining position out of sight of land.

<sup>359</sup>Turned in.

<sup>360</sup>On Offer Wadham Island; illuminated 1858.

<sup>361</sup>Penguin Islands.

Fogo Island is so well known as to need no description here. It is the resort of all the fishing craft plying back and forth to Labrador and the Straits. It is here they run for shelter on their way home during the stormy weather of autumn, and await a favourable opportunity to come South. At this season of the year there were no craft in the Harbour, all had gone north sometime before.

We had a look at the rocks here and then proceeded on to Twillingate where we spent a few days. It was here I first met old Mr. John Peyton, J.P., then in his 80th year, a fine type of the sturdy old Englishman, who knew every feature of the Bays and islands here about.<sup>362</sup> He had resided for many years in the Bay of Exploits where he carried on an extensive Salmon fishery and furring business. During his residence in that locality he saw a good deal of the Red Indians, and suffered much from their depredations. It was he who in 1819 with a party of his furriers captured the Beothuck woman, Mary March on Red Indian Lake. The following year he accompanied Capt. Buchan up the Exploits River with the dead body of poor Mary.<sup>363</sup> Mr. Peyton was therefore the best living authority on the subject of the Aborigines. He seemed delighted to relate his experiences with those poor unfortunate

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<sup>362</sup>John Peyton (1793-1879) and members of his family are quoted extensively in Howley, *The Beothucks*. A native of Dorset, Peyton came to Newfoundland in 1812 to join his father, John Sr., a trapper and fisherman in the Bay of Exploits. John Jr. was in charge of the enterprise after 1815. He became a Justice of the Peace in 1818, and moved to Back Harbour, Twillingate, in 1841. See an account of the Peyton family in Amy Louise Peyton, *River Lords; Father and Son* (St. John's: Jespersion Press, 1987).

<sup>363</sup>David Buchan's "Report" is in Howley, *The Beothucks*, pp. 121-26; for G.M. Story's biography of Mary March, see *DCB*, 5: 243-4.

people when he found an interested listener. From the very first I became intensely interested in his stories about them, and ever since have followed up the subject and tried to gather every item of interest concerning them. It was such an absorbing subject it seemed to take full possession of me from that day forth. His wife, Mrs. Peyton,<sup>364</sup> who had much to do with that other Indian female, Nancy or Shanawdithit,<sup>365</sup> during her residence of nearly six years in her house could also give much information, especially of the characteristics of Nance, but she seemed rather reticent and disinclined to talk much on the subject. I did not know then that she could actually pronounce many Beothuck words which she had learned from Nance or I should have endeavoured to obtain them from her.

Her son Thomas also could relate many stories about the Aborigines which he had heard from the old furriers in his father's employ. I subsequently had many conversations and correspondence with Thomas, from which I gleaned a great deal of most interesting information. During this and subsequent seasons I came across many other individuals, from whom I gathered many traditions concerning the Red man and the fishermen's and furriers' contact with them. Nearly every individual had something to relate of interest, or of their own Father's and Grandfather's experiences. In fact, the subject was one that

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<sup>364</sup>Eleanor Mahaney.

<sup>365</sup>For biographical information, see Ingeborg Marshall, *A History and Ethnography of the Beothuk* (Montreal and Kingston: McGill-Queen's University Press, 1996), pp. 201-21.

seemed to appeal to them more than anything else, and they all took a delight in relating what they had heard from the old folk. The traditions had been handed down from father to son for generations. But the Peyton family being the most intelligent and best educated persons I came across were the source from whence I gleaned the most reliable information. With the exception of old Mr. Peyton and his wife there were indeed few living persons then who had actually seen a Red Indian in the flesh. One other, a very old man named Thomas Taylor, a former employee of Mr. Peyton's who formed one of his party at the capture of Mary March in 1819, could tell many stories but he lived away down about Gander Bay some where and I never had the good fortune to run across him. Through the kind offices of Mr. J.B. Wheeler, J.P.,<sup>366</sup> of Musgrave Harbour, who knew this man Taylor well, I subsequently obtained much of his information.

After a few days in examining the Twillingate Islands we ran down to Herring Neck in New World Island where some very interesting geology was come across. Also in Goldson's Arm to the south. Here we found an abundance of well-preserved fossils of Middle Silurian Age,<sup>367</sup> and collected quite a lot. It is in Goldson's Arm that Mr. Score<sup>368</sup> of St. John's has a limestone

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<sup>366</sup>John Brown Wheeler (1842-1916), English-born teacher, lay preacher, and Justice of the Peace.

<sup>367</sup>See Logan, *Geological Survey of Canada, Report of Progress*, pp. 20, 298. In the Silurian period of rock formation (part of the Paleozoic) invertebrate marine life flourished.

<sup>368</sup>John Score (d. 1901) in 1891 added the Goldson's Arm (that is, Cobbs Arm) quarry to his limestone holdings in Topsail, Conception Bay. Martin, *Once Upon a Mine*, p. 45.

quarry which supplies his kiln in the city. The material is of good quality for burning into quicklime and there is ample demand for all he can produce.

Returning to Twillingate, we took in Mr. Peyton Sr. to pilot us up to the Bay of Exploits. No one hereabout knew the navigation of that beautiful Bay better than he did. As we ran up the Bay amongst the old familiar scenes of his youth, he took the greatest pleasure in pointing out every feature of interest, as we passed along and related his experiences at this and that place.

It certainly is a beautiful Bay with its many lovely islands and channels, all clothed at that time with their primeval forest down to the water's edge. Except on a few of the outer Islands such as Exploits Burnt Island, Black Island, etc. there were no inhabitants at this time till we got well up towards the Riverhead. When we reached the Point of Bay and opened up Lower Sandy Point a lovely panorama was exposed to our view. Lower Sandy Point is a long narrow spit projecting out from the South side and reaching two-thirds of the way across towards the northern shore. There is, however, a deep-water channel between it and the main shore on the north. Behind the point, on the sloping bank the remains of an old clearing in the forest was pointed out by Mr. P. as the site of his former residence, but the buildings had long since disappeared. It was a lovely spot right in the eye of the sun which always shines here. Fog from the outside never penetrates so far up the Bay and altogether it

is an ideal locality for residence. But the fishermen outside only resort to the upper bay in autumn and winter to procure firewood or put in what they term a winter's work.<sup>369</sup> The timber around is fine and large and many splendid craft and vessels have been built on the shores of the Bay. The further we proceeded the more beautiful became the vista. As we opened Northern Arm, Burnt Arm and Peter's Arm we beheld a low flat country densely timbered extending as far as the eye could reach, stretching away up the valley of the noble Exploits River. Far away inland Mr. Peyton pointed out the conspicuous tolt called Hodge's Hill on the right near the Badger Brook waters, and another called Blue Mountain on the left away over near the Gander Lake. This latter Mr. Murray has now designated Mt. Peyton after our old friend. Another conspicuous wooded ridge in the central background he called Chute Brook Hills. These come out on the main River near the Grand Falls<sup>370</sup> some twenty or more miles up country.

There were a few people near Killoick Island and in Peter's Arm, nearly all of one family, the Jures<sup>371</sup> by name, descendants of one of Mr. Peyton's old employees. They live by salmon fishing in summer, lumbering and furring in winter, and have small

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<sup>369</sup>Migration in winter into sheltered areas at the heads of bays and in the woods was common in eighteenth- and nineteenth-century Newfoundland. The annual shift is described in Philip E.L. Smith, "In Winter Quarters," *NS*, 3 (1987): 1-36. The activities carried on during the period of migration, i.e., building boats, cutting wood, etc., were called "winter's work."

<sup>370</sup>A waterfall on the Exploits River. A town, also named Grand Falls, sprang up in 1905 when a pulp and paper mill was established at this point.

<sup>371</sup>Pioneering Botwood family, usually spelled *Jewer*.

clearings. The soil here is very good and produces excellent root crops, especially potatoes. On the opposite or south side of the estuary two brothers named Gill have a good deal of land cleared and live almost entirely out of the produce of their ground. They have sheep, cattle and poultry and raise all their own vegetables. They easily grow about 200 bbls. of excellent potatoes every season which they have no trouble in disposing of. Nor do they have to leave their homes to market them. After the Labrador and shore fishery is over each fall, the fishermen from outside come up here for firewood and purchase all the potatoes in barter for flour, tea, molasses and other such commodities.

The Gills are very comfortable and happy, want for nothing, as old John once said to me, "I can have my own beef, mutton, fowl, eggs, milk, butter and vegetables whenever I like. I only have to buy flour, tea, sugar, tobacco and a few other luxuries." There is no reason whatever why hundreds of others could not do as the Gills, and find here, far away from the cold rugged barren sea-beaten outside islands and shores, as comfortable homes as any part of the world could afford. Nor need it interfere much with fishing operations either in the outside Bay or on Labrador were they provided with suitable craft. In fact taking it all together it is an ideal place for a large settlement.

Right ahead of us now lay Dominion Point,<sup>372</sup> the site of Winsor & Valance's fine saw mill. This was our objective point

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<sup>372</sup>Peterview.

and having reached it we tied onto the Mill wharf. Both the proprietors, Capt. James Winsor<sup>373</sup> and Mr. Fred Valance,<sup>374</sup> were at home and received us hospitably. They have a fine house and a large extent of ground cleared, which grew luxuriant crops of oats, barley and even wheat; besides all kinds of vegetables. The mill, a large fine one, with a gang of saws need not be specially described. It was similar to others everywhere else. They do a good business here, finding a ready market for their lumber, vast piles of which were ready for shipment. They own an immense tract of the finest forest land in the country extending many miles up the valley of the main Exploits River. A few years ago they had the misfortune of having their mill burnt to the ground by a forest fire which devastated an immense area of country on the Gander Lake and River region and swept across to the Bay of Exploits. There is no calculating the amount of valuable timber destroyed by this gigantic conflagration. Millions of dollars would not cover the wealth of timber resource destroyed. Capt. Winsor attributes the fire to the carelessness of an Indian who a few days before it started, left here to travel across to the Gander in the direction in which the fire started, but whether he has good grounds for his suspicion cannot easily be ascertained. As a rule the Indians are very careful about fires, as it is a great detriment to themselves to have the forest destroyed. We examined the shores around the arms and procured some good rock

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<sup>373</sup>James Winsor ( -1890).

<sup>374</sup>Frederick J. Vallance, later J.P.

and other specimens, Mr. Murray having made all his preparations for his extensive exploration and survey of the interior, a region hitherto as little known as the central portions of the Dark Continent. With the exception of Mr. Peyton and a few of his furriers, there was no one living who had ever penetrated as far as Red Indian Lake and the whole territory was a veritable *terra incognita*. Of course no attempt at an actual instrumental survey had ever been dreamed of. Nor was the Bay itself mapped out with any degree of accuracy and Mr. Murray by observations ascertained that the mouth of the river was nearly two minutes out in Latitude.

We now ran up to Point<sup>375</sup> at the actual mouth of the River, but got aground on the sand bars off Wigwam Point and were there most of the day until the tide rose sufficiently to float us off. A Micmac family lived at Wigwam Point, a pretty spot, and at Upper Sandy Point there still stood a large old house and store once occupied by Mr. Peyton, but had been erected even before his time, as it was here when Capt. Cartwright ascended the river in 1768.<sup>376</sup> It was then occupied by a person named Miller<sup>377</sup> who carried on the salmon fishery in the Bay and river. It was now in possession of Alfred Beaton, an old Englishman who had been one of Mr. Peyton's employees. In latter years the property had

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<sup>375</sup>Now Beatons Point.

<sup>376</sup>In a letter to Governor Hugh Palliser, John Cartwright writes "we rowed in the evening from John Cousen's house, near Indian Point, to Start Rattle" (*Life and Correspondence*, 2: 307).

<sup>377</sup>See Ingeborg C.L. Marshall, *Reports and Letters by George Christopher Pulling Relating to the Beothuk Indians of Newfoundland* (St. John's: Breakwater, 1989), p. 123 and other references in the index.

fallen into the hands of Mr. Chas. Fox Bennett who sold out to Beaton.

This old man and his family still carry on the salmon fishery which in the river is their exclusive right, but it has dwindled down to very small proportions nowadays. Of course they depend a good deal on the land and timber and the furred animals for their living and are fairly well to do.

The situation is lovely with the wide straight stretch of the beautiful Exploits extending like a glazed pavement far up country. From this Point another long narrow inlet, Norris' Arm, stretches away eastward for several miles. On the north shores of this arm a few years previous two young Englishmen, one named Benton, settled down, built a nice house, and cleared a large tract of land.

Mr. Murray and party went ashore here and camped on the bank in front of Beaton's house while we anchored in the stream close by. Here a very amusing incident occurred which caused us much merriment.

Shortly after all had turned in for the night and were having our first nap, we heard a tremendous commotion ashore mingled with much swearing and shouting. Beaton had a young bull roaming at large which happened along, suddenly spotted the white tents. Taking them no doubt for some enemy or some unwarrantable intrusion upon his domain, he approached them in a state of fury bellowing and pawing the ground in his anger. All hands turned out to meet his charge and with lights and shouts tried to drive

him off. Mr. Murray threatened to shoot him, but they succeeded in driving him away after a while. We on the schooner hearing the rumpus were soon on deck and witnessed the scene from our safe point of vantage. It of course caused us much merriment for the time. The campers, however, did not enjoy it so much, and did not feel comfortable till they removed their camps inside a fence and pitched them in the field.

The weather up here was simply charming and but for the awful pest of mosquitoes and black flies would be very enjoyable indeed.

Next day old Mr. Peyton and I took a trip up the river in Beaton's boat and visited the Bishop's Fall, or Chute, some ten miles from the mouth. The river was broad and deep with water enough for schooners to approach within a mile of the fall. The scenery all along was simply charming, especially near the Nut Islands and High Point, the head of navigation.

The fall itself was caused by a ridge of rocks striking across the river so as to form an obstruction, over which the waters when high foamed and tumbled with great force. At the time of our visit the water was at its lowest summer level, leaving the greater part of the ridge dry and forming a number of rocky islands. Only at one point near the north shore there was a deep-cut gorge through the rock barrier which gave vent for the pent-up waters. Through this channel, or chute their whole force plunged headlong with a tremendous rush causing a furious tumult, debouching into a deep smooth pool below. In ascending the river

a portage has to be made over this obstruction on the north side. It was however short, not more than a 100 yards or so, and no trouble was experienced in dragging boats across to the river above. Seals were playing in the pool below watching for salmon ascending the river. I am told they go on up as far as the steady water below the Grand Fall. It was also stated that a porpoise, or small dolphin, once found his way up here where he was seen and killed by some of the salmon fishers.

Mr. Peyton informed me that it was he who named it Bishop's Fall on the occasion when the Episcopal Bishop, Dr. Inglis of Nova Scotia visited it with Mr. P. about 1827.<sup>378</sup>

We had a fine time down the river again having now the current with us and arrived back at Sandy Point before sunset.

Next day we bade Mr. M. and party *bon voyage* and got underweigh to proceed down the bay on our summer's cruise. We were to land Mr. Peyton who accompanied us, at Twillingate and then to make the round of Notre Dame Bay with orders to be back at Dominion Point to meet Mr. Murray on his return, about the first week in October.

We slipped along nicely down the Bay having the tide, which here runs strong, with us. Mr. Peyton again entertained us with many stories about the Red Indians during his sojourn aboard, all of which I jotted down. From this time forward I became intensely

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<sup>378</sup>John Inglis (1777-1850, son of Charles Inglis, the first Anglican colonial bishop) wrote several letters quoted in Howley, *The Beothucks*, pp. 205-209. He became Bishop of Nova Scotia (which see included Newfoundland) in 1825; he visited Newfoundland in 1827 and 1832.

absorbed in the subject, and began to gather all possible information concerning those ill-fated poor children of Nature with a view to subsequent publication. But it is only now, after a lapse of forty-three years, that I am at length in a position to fulfil that intention. My reminiscences of the Beothucks is now in the hands of the Cambridge University Press and will soon be completed.

We touched at a few points as we proceeded along. Stopped at Upper Black Island to look at a deposit of mispickel, Arsenical pyrites, and procured specimens. We then ran down and entered Farmer's Arm where we anchored for the night. The flies were awful here, as the place was so landlocked and sheltered from every wind.

Next day we reached Back Harbour, Twillingate, where we landed Mr. Peyton. Our next move was up to Friday Bay on north side of New World Island inside of Twillingate, South Island. In running up the Tickle we passed a fishing punt in which a man and his wife were trying for cod. The woman alternated the handling of her line with rocking a cradle in which an infant lay. This was a veritable confirmation of the oft repeated saying, "that Newfoundlanders are fishermen from the cradle to the grave," reared if not actually born on the waters. I might here state that the women of Notre Dame Bay are just as much at home in a punt as the men and can handle the oars with equal skill. I met many instances of this during the season. All row cross-handed

using two oars or paddles.<sup>379</sup> There are no rollocks<sup>380</sup> of the usual kind seen further south. There is but one thole pin set in the gunwale, the oars being kept in place by a ring usually made of withe or twisted spruce roots, slipped over the oar and the pin. This contrivance is an admirable one for the purpose as the oars, when not in use, need not be unshipped<sup>381</sup> but simply let swing back against the side of the boat to be ready for instant use when required. I believe the idea of cross-handed rowing was derived from the French who invariably ply two oars. At this date such a thing as a dory was entirely unknown in our fisheries.<sup>382</sup>

We ran into a place called Virgin Arm to anchor. Here but a narrow neck of land separates Friday Bay from Dildo Run. As I intended to pay this remarkable place a visit, I procured at Twillingate a small flat-bottomed boat for the purpose. Before however, crossing the neck I first spent a few days examining the shores of this Bay where I found some interesting fossils. Having hired a man named Andrew Brinton who was well-acquainted with the run, to accompany me as pilot, we next carried our boat across the neck taking with us a camp and provisions for several days.

We spent a week cruising about Dildo Run in our flat, camping in a nice cove in the south side, New World Island. We

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<sup>379</sup>"With a man handling two oars instead of one to propel a boat" (*DNE cross-handed*).

<sup>380</sup>Rowlocks.

<sup>381</sup>Removed from oarlocks.

<sup>382</sup>Most nineteenth-century fishing was done in keeled boats propelled by oars and sails in coastal waters. The dory is a small, light, flat-bottomed, keelless rowboat, often used in the 20th century as a means of conveyance to anchored skiffs with inboard engines. First recorded in *DNE* in 1887.

cruised through many intricate channels and visited a number of the islands. Clancey who accompanied us put in some blasts to procure specimens. There were numerous bay seals here which had their rookeries on the low rocks and shoals so numerous all over the place.

What number of islands large and small constitute this remarkable archipelago it is difficult to say. Some reckon them at 365 or as many as there are days in the year, but I imagine this is mere guess. Certainly they are very numerous and very picturesque. There is one main ship's channel through this maze of islands leading in from Change Islands to the Bay of Exploits, but it is so very intricate in places that only those thoroughly acquainted with it dare essay its navigation. There is one point in particular where the channel is so narrow and beset with sunken rocks that a schooner can barely squeeze through by grazing the rocks. A few years ago the steam tug, *Blue Jacket*, with a party of excursionists on board in trying to get through the run struck here and went to the bottom, the people aboard barely escaping with their lives.<sup>383</sup>

Bay or harbour seals (*Phoca vitulina*) are quite plentiful in this quiet place and could be seen basking on the rocks in several places. Brinton, our pilot, makes his living chiefly by shooting these seals during the summer season. Of course as the run is all frozen over during the winter the seals have to shift

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<sup>383</sup>The ship sank in Conception Bay in September, 1862; see *Public Ledger*, Sept. 19, 1862.

their ground to the outer open waters. I shot one on a rock but it managed to wriggle off and sunk in deep water and we did not succeed in getting it.

After a week spent in this curious and most interesting locality, we returned to Virgin Arm and then proceeded to Trump Island and Tizzard's Harbour. At the former place there had been some attempt at copper mining, but it was now closed down. The ore found was high-grade pyrites though not in sufficient quantity to make a paying mine.

At Tizzard's Harbour we went ashore and were entertained by Mr. Hennessey the principal inhabitant who does considerable business here.

During our stay in Dildo Run the Skipper had the schooner thoroughly fumigated and got rid of most of the obnoxious insects. I now transferred my quarters from the Cabin to the hold of the ship where I had a hammock or canvas bed, fitted up and as the place was much more roomy and less stuffy having free ventilation through the hatch which was kept open during fine weather, I was consequently much more comfortable.

After leaving Tizzard's Harbour we tried to get out through Twillingate Main Tickle to go down eastward to Change Island and Indian Islands, but when we got into the Tickle it fell calm with fog and rain and we were obliged to anchor. Ever since August came in, the weather has been bad, blowing and wet nearly all the time and it looks as if we were in for a spurt of such bad

weather. I am anxious to get through the outside work<sup>384</sup> before the real autumn weather sets in and then get up the Bay amongst the Arms and Islands where we will have more shelter. As we rounded Herring Head we met a strong N.E. breeze and had to run in to Herring Neck for shelter. On the 7th of August we got down to Change Islands Tickle where we anchored. This is one of those harbours formed by a narrow channel between two Islands and is open at both ends. There is quite a thriving fishing settlement here, the only one on Change Island. Found the rocks here very peculiar. They consist of a confused mass of igneous and stratified material greatly disturbed and distorted. Patches of red and green slate and sandstone are caught up in the igneous magma<sup>385</sup> and gave the surface the appearance of a patched quilt.

We spent a couple of days here and circumnavigated the islands in punt examining the rocks and collecting specimens. But we had it wet nearly all the time, and got several duckings. We were ready to proceed to Indian Island on the 20th but it came on a regular storm with rain and fog. Next day the gale increased in fury and precluded any idea of moving. There was an awful sea outside as the whole area north of Change Island stretching out to the Barracks<sup>386</sup> is studded with rocks and shoals. The sea washes over those in all directions. It was a fearful sight to witness. This portion of our coast on the N.E. of Fogo Island is

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<sup>384</sup>Coastal work.

<sup>385</sup>The molten rock from which igneous rocks were formed.

<sup>386</sup>Barrack Islands.

one of the very worst and most dangerous. Besides the celebrated Barracks numerous other Islands and Island rocks strew the whole ocean for many miles. Many a fine sealing vessel or Labradorman<sup>387</sup> had come to grief on those awful rocks and shoals.

It continued to blow a regular hurricane with rain and fog till the 23rd. Fearful sea running all around the north end of the island, could not budge anywhere. Here we have been storm-stayed for four days and our time is growing short so that we will scarcely get through all the work we have yet to do.

At last on the 23rd. it fell calm, and the storm being now over but the sea outside still very high our skipper would not venture out, lest we be dragged ashore on the rocks. On the 24th the sea having gone down and a nice breeze blowing from the westward we started for Indian Islands and ran into a bight between the two main Islands where we anchored. The Indian Islands are low and flat, and nearly all the central portions are covered with peat bogs. There is a small outlying islet on the north side called Fox Island. This I visited in boat and found a limestone here containing many fossils, chiefly corals known as *Favosites gothlandicus*, *Petraia* and encrinite<sup>388</sup> stems of Middle Silurian Age and similar to the rocks of Goldson's Arm, New World.<sup>389</sup> We collected a lot of specimens here.

On the 26th it was still blowing hard but calmed down about

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<sup>387</sup>Vessel engaged in the migratory Labrador fishery.

<sup>388</sup>Encrinites are fossilized crinoids (sea lilies).

<sup>389</sup>I.e., New World Island.

noon. We then got underweigh and ran up Gander Bay to its extreme head anchoring inside a small island called Salt Island. Having spent two or three days examining the shores on either side of the Bay where we again found the slates and limestones of Indian Islands containing similar fossils, I decided to take a short trip up the river. This is a very fine River but so far is utterly unknown except to the few inhabitants here.<sup>390</sup> We spent a few days in Gander Bay examining the rocks along the shores on either side. I then took a trip up the river some distance to get some idea of the country inland, taking Denis and one of the crew with me, a camp and about a week's provisions. With the exception of myself none of us had the least experience of river navigation. So I had to be captain and direct the whole expedition. We got along first-rate, though we found several rapids pretty bad, and had to warp our boat up with a long tow line and poles to fend her off from the rocks. Fortunately there was plenty of water near shore and by dint of careful management we succeeded in reaching the first pond, a long smooth expanse of the river called the First Steady. This was some five or six miles up stream and was a beautiful spot. Here we camped for the night being pretty tired after our hard day's poling and dragging the loaded boat.

As we ascended the river I made a rude attempt to survey it so as to get some idea of its general features. Not being

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<sup>390</sup>A government survey team laying down a "Northern Mail Route" had reached Gander River in 1868. See *JHA* (1869), pp. 625-32.

provided with any measuring instruments, I could only take the course by compass and pace along shore for the distance. I regretted very much not having a micrometer Telescope with me but Mr. Murray was using the only one we possessed.

There are three considerable rapids, besides several smaller ones between the salt water and the First Pond, but on the whole the river so far is by no means a very rough one. The country on either side is comparatively low and all densely timbered with a magnificent growth of pine and spruce and other forest trees. Some of the largest timber in the Island is said to grow further up this river. The soil along this portion of the Gander is of superior quality and appears to be of considerable extent. In fact this district of country so far as I have seen it, is one of the most promising places on this side of the island for an agricultural settlement. Yet hitherto this magnificent territory and splendid River were utterly unknown except to the immediate inhabitants. It is really astonishing that at this late date in the nineteenth Century we should be so ignorant of the vast interior country. Yet we wonder at outsiders not knowing anything about Newfoundland.

We paddled up to the extreme end of the steady and camped there. At one place on the steady two projecting points almost meet and practically divide it in two parts. It was very beautiful up here camped by the riverside under the tall pines and spruces. The absolute stillness of the forest and the smooth-flowing placid river in front lent a peculiar charm to the

situation. We were reluctant to leave this charming spot and would gladly proceed up country had we the means, or did time permit. But the season was growing apace and we had yet a great extent of the coast to examine. After a few very enjoyable days spent here we prepared to descend the river again. We had hoped to see some deer or game of some kind but were disappointed and had to retreat empty-handed as we came. It was comparatively easy coming down stream and we were able to run most of the rapids without difficulty, there being plenty of water and the main channel being pretty free from obstructions. When we reached the mouth of the river we were met with a furious breeze from the N.E. and could not attempt to get down to our craft at Salt Island till it calmed somewhat in the late afternoon.

The first four days of September were boisterous, blowing gales most of the time. We had difficulty in getting about as this part of the coast is very exposed with few places where safe anchorage could be obtained. Finally on the 4th we got into the mouth of Dildo Run under reefed sails and ran up the Reach<sup>391</sup> where we anchored on the south side of Dunnage Island. Next day I took the boat and two of the men with some provisions and went up the Reach visiting several of the islands and inspecting the rocks, thence around the Run to New World Island as far as Indian Head. The intricate maze of Islands, rocks, and narrow channels etc. of this extraordinary Archipelago of Dildo Run is one of the

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<sup>391</sup>The channel between Chapel Island and the mainland, in the Bay of Exploits.

most attractive coast scenes of our island, and were it properly known and facilities provided for getting about amongst the islands and channels, it would undoubtedly attract many tourists and lovers of the beautiful in nature.

On the 7th September we left the Reach and had to beat up all day against a strong breeze of west wind through Twillingate Main Tickle and put into Back Harbour which we reached just at sunset. Here we were detained two whole days by gales of N.W. wind and unable to go anywhere except about Twillingate Island.

On the 11th the wind came up from the N.E. light breeze when we started for Triton Island towards the inner part of Notre Dame Bay. We made but poor headway and as the wind dropped during the afternoon we lay becalmed all night in the Bay outside Exploits, Burnt Island. We were off New Bay Head next morning at daylight. Then the wind came up from the N.N.W. and blew a stiff breeze. We had to beat up the Bay against wind and tide and did not reach Triton Harbour till evening. I went ashore to look at the rocks here which presented many peculiar features. They were chiefly dark greenish chloritic slates<sup>392</sup> with quartzites and patches of red jasper.<sup>393</sup> They contain a considerable amount of Epidote<sup>394</sup> in places and in many respects resemble those of the Twillingate Islands. Apparently all belong to the copper-bearing series.

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<sup>392</sup>Green slaty rock, consisting largely of chlorite in foliated plates.

<sup>393</sup>An opaque variety of quartz, often red in colour, capable of a high polish.

<sup>394</sup>A mineral common in many crystalline rocks, consisting largely of silicate of iron and lime.

After a further examination of Triton Island next day, we ran up the Tickle between it and Pilly's Island and found the rock formation similar all along, all greatly altered and disturbed. On Pilly's Island we found several veins of calcspar, some stained with green carbonate of copper. There was one considerable patch of this carbonate high up in the cliffs but in a position where it could not be reached. Upon this evidence of the presence of copper some one had taken out a mining claim here but it never developed into a deposit of value. We then continued on through Long Tickle to Sunday Cove Island and anchored on its Eastern side. Every place up here amongst these islands is a harbour. Examined the rocks here and also on the Eastern end of Long Island and found them all belonging to the same great series. On Sunday Cove Island they are more generally of a chloritic slate often approaching a serpentine<sup>395</sup> and there are considerable indications of copper and iron pyrites. I walked across Sunday Cove Island to its western side by a good road, the only one on the island and then examined the shore towards the northern end. At one place I found a large quartz vein holding considerable copper pyrites of a rich quality. The rocks in immediate association with this quartz are some slate beds which are a near approach to serpentine, considerably stained with the green and blue carbonates of copper. There were two thin bands of iron pyrites here also. This place looks as if it were worth

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<sup>395</sup>Rock having a dull green colour and often a mottled appearance.

exploiting a bit. On returning to the schooner it came to blow so hard and kicked up such a nasty sea we were obliged to quit and run across to Lush's Bight on Long Island for shelter, which we reached just at dark and anchored.

The weather continued very wet and stormy. Difficult to get around in boat or do any work ashore. However, I had a look at the rocks here. Found some limestone containing a few Silurian fossils, chiefly Encrinite stems. Associated with the limestone are some beds of sandstone and conglomerate. These rocks are similar to those seen at Cobb's Arm, New World Island, but they are here all very much altered and greatly broken and distorted. There are several porphyritic dykes protruding through the stratified rocks causing great confusion.

On the 16th we were at length favoured by a fine day and taking the boat I examined all the western and part of the northern and southern sides of Long Island, also a part of the eastern side of Sunday Cove Island. Next day I walked across the island<sup>396</sup> to Cutwell Arm on the eastern side about a mile. The rocks here are similar to those described above. It came to rain again tremendously hard in the afternoon. Could do little work under such weather conditions. On the 18th we left for Little Bay Island, but did not get over till late in the afternoon. The harbour here is a magnificent landlocked basin with a very narrow entrance. Had a look at the rocks here which are very peculiar

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<sup>396</sup>Long Island.

and different from any seen before. At the entrance there is a great belt of a very coarse Breccia.<sup>397</sup> Examined the shores on both sides of the island. A large portion of the island is composed of Trappean and other igneous rocks, some of which are an amygdaloidal trap. On the western side of the island there is one patch of limestone weathering nearly white in which we found some fossils. It has the appearance of having been burned and is of a very soft friable nature. Amongst other fossils found in this rock were some whorled shells resembling *Maclurea*<sup>398</sup> of Lower Silurian Age. We also visited Little Bay Head but owing to a heavy surf beating on the shore we could not land.

On September 22nd I went across again around the northern end of Sunday Cove Island to have a further look at the western side down towards Wellman's Bight. Put in a blast in the cuprififerous<sup>399</sup> quartz vein and blew out some fine specimens. We got caught here in a strong breeze from the westward which created such a sea we could not venture back in our small boat, so we were obliged to remain all night and were glad to obtain the friendly shelter of a hay barn where we settled down in the hay and had a good night's sleep. Next morning we went across to Hall's Bay Head where we again found a large patch of the Little Bay Island Breccia. It again blew too hard to go around the head into Little Bay as I intended, so we were forced to return to the

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<sup>397</sup>A composite rock consisting of angular fragments of stone, etc., cemented, e.g., by lime.

<sup>398</sup>Spiral shells, e.g., of whelks, often of large size.

<sup>399</sup>I.e., yielding copper.

schooner. Another day of storm and wet accompanied by dense fog. We left Little Bay Island and ran into Little Bay proper anchoring in a deep bight on the south side known as Little Ward's Harbour. From here we examined the remainder of Hall's Bay Head and a large portion of the south side of Little Bay.

We next ran up to the entrance of Green Bay where I went ashore and had a look at the rocks on Green Bay Island and on the south side of the Arm. We had intended continuing on to Nipper's Harbour on the north shore of Notre Dame Bay, but a strong Northeaster sprang up and we could not make it. We were obliged to bear away for Stocking Harbour where we anchored. This harbour is a long narrow inlet opening to the eastward and at one point is very narrow with a dangerous sunken rock in the middle with barely sufficient room to pass into the inner basin. As it was, we struck going in. Being perfect strangers here we were feeling our way carefully through when we met a man rowing out in his punt. He gave us no warning but when the skipper asked him if there were any rocks he replied, "Yes, you are just on one now." Next moment we were right over it. Fortunately the tide was rising, so in a little time we floated off and got safely inside where we found a very safe anchorage in a basin-like expansion.

*Sept. 27th.* It blew hard again today from the eastward and as the wind blew fair into this bight and created a big sea we could not get out. We were literally bottled up so long as this wind lasted. I walked across to the N.W. Arm of Green Bay about a mile and examined the rocks there. The wind continued all next

day with thick fog, could not get out, nor is there any prospect of doing so till the wind changes. Our time limit is now pretty well up, we had orders to be back at the mouth of the Exploits by October 1st to pick up Mr. Murray and crew who expected to have returned from their journey up the River by that time.

*Sept. 29th.* At last the wind having shifted to S.W. yet still blowing hard we got underweigh and had a great run across the Bay. We arrived at Exploits, Burnt Island by 1 O'clock. I wished to go over to Farmer's Arm to have a further look at the rocks there but the Skipper was desirous of carrying on up the Bay of Exploits while such a good time offered. We accordingly continued on and ran down towards Comfort Head anchoring in a cove on its east side. Examined the rocks here.

*Sept. 30th.* Got underweigh after breakfast for the River Exploits but it was very calm and we made little way till afternoon when a light breeze sprang up from the eastward, which carried us along at a fairly good rate. Reached Dominion Point early in the evening. Here we found Mr. M. and party anxiously awaiting our arrival. They had been here for several days and Mr. Murray was beginning to think something had gone wrong with us. However, we were on time as October does not commence till tomorrow. All was now bustle and preparation for our return voyage but when everything was aboard a very calm spurt set in and after leaving the Exploits we were delayed by calms and strong tides and it took us a whole week to get out to Back Harbour, Twillingate. After a day spent here we started for home,

got down to Seldom Come By and anchored for the night. Next day we had a light westerly wind and slipped along nicely out around Cape Friels and across Bonavista Bay. After opening Trinity Bay the wind came ahead and we had to run up the Bay and put into Trinity Harbour. Here we lay till next evening. It was very foggy outside with little or no wind, but Mr. Murray was so anxious to get home that he ordered the skipper to start. Neither the latter or any of us approved of going out under such unfavourable conditions but his word was law so we left. We were all the afternoon getting across the Bay and only reached Baccalieu Tickle just at dark. We passed through the Tickle out into Conception Bay. Here we were met with a sudden and furious storm of S.W. wind accompanied by heavy rain and terrific thunder and lightning. Our little craft was very light in ballast and was tossed about like a football. There was a nasty cross-sea owing to the late continuance of out-winds met by this S.W. gale. We were in a very ugly position. At first we tried to get back to the shelter of Baccalieu, but were driven off and could not hold the land. It was intensely dark except when the sky was lit up by a lurid lightning flash. In trying to get down the mainsail to reef it, somehow the mainsheet was let go and it flew aloft, forming a kink which caught in the block and there it remained. No one dare venture to go up to clear it. The risk of being thrown overboard was too great. As a consequence of this mishap the mainsail which was only half down kept beating back and forth all night threatening to capsize us. Slowly but surely we were

being driven further and further off to sea. In the midst of all this a sudden flash of lightning revealed to us a large vessel coming right down upon us, so very close that we expected to be sent to the bottom in a few moments. We did all we could to attract her attention. Fortunately the big ship's-bell in the forward part of our craft being vigorously rung gave out a good warning. The vessel ahead sheered off and just cleared us. So near did she come that we could make out she was a Labradorian bound home, and her decks were crowded with fishermen returning after the voyage. We were thankful indeed for escaping such imminent peril. She disappeared in the dense darkness and we saw her no more, yet the incident coupled with our wretched plight was enough to unnerve us all. We could cook nothing and had no supper. Water was not too plentiful aboard and Mr. Murray would not allow us to use any of the little we had. All our crew except one Indian man and myself were below in the hold dead sick. They lay like logs and could not be got on deck to lend a hand at anything. Mr. Murray remained sitting up in the cabin very much frightened while Bradshaw lay in one of the bunks like a log. Poor skipper Parsons stood to the wheel all night and was constantly being drenched with the seas which made a clean sweep over the bulwarks. It was almost impossible to keep the deck, in fact we were completely at the mercy of the elements. I was not a bit sick but became ravenously hungry. Having learned from Noel Mathews that there was some biscuit and cold pork in a cupboard in the forecastle, I determined to run the risk of reaching it.

Only by watching the seas and holding on for all I was worth to every rope I could find I managed to reach the forecastle. I then opened the cupboard and found the food, but just as I was about to take hold of it a sudden lurch threw me off my feet. I fell against the bogy and knocked it all to pieces. At the same time the contents of the cupboard, bread, pork, plates, knives, cups, etc. came down in a heap and scattered all about the dirty floor. But I was too hungry to be very particular just then. I managed to grab a piece of cold pork and a couple of biscuits and sitting where I was on the floor made a hearty meal, lacking a drink of something, which was not to be thought of.

All night long and all next day we were battered about and driven off to sea out of sight of land. But our little schooner proved a good sea boat and though tossed about like a cork she stood it all and kept above water. We were driven past St. John's and away to the S.E. before the storm abated sufficiently to enable us to do anything. At length towards evening of the next day it was sufficiently smooth and calm to enable us to clear our mainsheet and get sail on her. We now made in for the land now knowing just where we were. After a while the land appeared and Cape Broyle loomed up distinct. We made for it and succeeded in reaching Cape Broyle harbour just before night, battered, weary, wet and hungry. The poor skipper was coated from head to foot with a layer of fine salt from the spray which covered him all night and dried on his face and clothes. We were indeed thankful for our delivery from a watery grave and for once more getting to

a place where we could boil our kettle and get a cup of tea and a good night's rest.

Next day all were refreshed and as the storm was now over made our way to St. John's where we arrived all well after our recent awful experience.

Here I must relate an incident of that night of storm which seems at first sight almost incredible, but which was, nevertheless, a positive fact. During the succeeding year 1872 while exploring the Peninsula of Avalon I had in my party a man from Brigus named Quinlan.<sup>400</sup> One night while sitting over the campfire I happened to relate our experience in the storm the previous fall and how near we were to being sent to the bottom by the big Labrador vessel. "Was that your craft?" said Quinlan, "I was aboard the Labradorman coming home and saw the little schooner during the flash of lightning. We were very near doing for you. Our vessel was the *William* from Brigus filled with freighters coming home after the voyage was over. It was a rough night that, but we managed to hold the Bay till the storm was over, beating back and forth all night. And now I am going to tell you a curious thing that happened that night. In the very height of the storm we heard a man's voice crying out for help somewhere. It appeared to come from the water and we supposed some one from the ship had been washed overboard. The Captain ordered a boat lowered and a volunteer crew manned it. I was one

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<sup>400</sup>Peter Quinlan.

of them. As soon as we got clear of the vessel's side we pulled away in the direction from which the cries for help continued to come. All at once the man forward saw something black on the water which he took to be a man's head. We pulled with all our might in the direction but just before we reached the place the head disappeared beneath the surface. We were there next moment and could just discern a swirl in the waters as of something struggling beneath. The bowman quick as thought seized a boat-hook and plunging it downward as far as he could reach even by following it with his arm, he then drew cautiously upward and by some extraordinary luck hitched the gaff in a human body. When raised to the surface they quickly had the now-unconscious man in the boat. But what was their astonishment to find he was a perfect stranger unknown to any of them, and certainly not belonging to their vessel. There was no sign of any kind of craft or boat about so far as could be seen. They now rowed back quickly to their vessel and had the unconscious man lifted carefully aboard and taken into the cabin. Not one aboard could recognize him and some of them began to get superstitious about taking dead men aboard and thought it would be better to put the body overboard again. But the saner people would not listen to such a suggestion. They soon had the wet clothing removed from the body and applied every means they knew of to resuscitate the poor creature. They succeeded after a long time in restoring animation, and in due course, consciousness. He was then able to give his story. His name was James Halfyard of Western Bay. He

was proceeding home from St. John's in his schooner with his winter's provisions etc. During the height of the storm he was at the wheel while the crew were all forward attending to the sails when the main boom suddenly jibbed and threw him overboard. Those forward knew nothing of the occurrence till too late. When he came to the surface the schooner was no where to be seen. She had shot ahead in the meantime out of sight and hailing distance. In this predicament Halfyard who fortunately was an expert swimmer, battled for his life in the raging sea and for fully three hours managed to keep himself afloat. But the odds were against him and gradually his strength began to give out till exhausted nature could no longer sustain the unequal contest. It was his last despairing cry which was heard aboard the *William* and led to his miraculous rescue from a watery grave. Towards daylight as the storm had abated considerably the *William* was headed for Western Bay and as she approached the anchorage the people ashore gathered on the beach wondering what could bring her in there. They all knew the vessel but as there was no one from this part of the coast with Captain Whelan, they were puzzled to know what drove him in there. A boat was lowered and skipper Jim Halfyard was rowed ashore and restored to his weeping relatives. All had given him up for lost when in the early morning his schooner arrived without him, and it was learned from the crew that sometime during the night Skipper Jim had been washed overboard. They made a diligent search, for a long time beating back and forth over the ground but all in vain. It appeared utterly

hopeless and at length they made their way home with sad hearts to tell the tale."

So extraordinary a yarn as this was not easy to swallow and I was suspicious that Mr. Quinlan was drawing upon his imagination too freely, but I had the story confirmed a few years later by a man named Hudson<sup>401</sup> from Western Bay who was employed on our survey. Hudson knew Halfyard well and knew all about the occurrence. He confirmed the story completely, except in a few minor details.

I had related this occurrence in the Xmas Number of *Holly Branch* 1891 under the title of, "A Tale of the sea."<sup>402</sup> Truly may it be said that "truth is often stranger than fiction."

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<sup>401</sup>Robert Hudson; see 1891, Aug. 11.

<sup>402</sup>Pp. 36-38.

1872

Interior of the Avalon Peninsula

This was a memorable year for me, as I was entrusted for the first time with the carrying out of a topographical survey on my own account. I had now mastered the use of the prismatic compass and Rochon's micrometer telescope,<sup>403</sup> by which latter instrument most of our measurements were accomplished.

The district selected for me to explore and survey was the central interior of Avalon, a hitherto little known region.

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<sup>403</sup>See Intro., n. 63 for descriptions of these instruments.

Mr. Murray, this season, was to visit England, to see about the publication of his first geological map of the Island.<sup>404</sup> Before leaving however, for the old country, he accompanied me to visit and inspect for himself those sections of the Cambrian Series in Conception and Trinity Bays which I had brought to his notice. Mr. A. Bradshaw accompanied us for a while, but did not remain all the season.

We first crossed overland to Heart's Content and having hired a small decked boat here we proceeded up Trinity Bay on the south side as far as Chapel Arm, and Colliers Bay; stopping at the several places where good exposures of the Lower Cambrian Series exhibited themselves. Many fossils and rock specimens were collected during this trip.

On our return to Heart's Content we came back to Carbonear and thence went on to Brigus, from which place I was to take to the country for the survey of the interior. Mr. Murray accompanied me to Mackinson's farm at the Goulds<sup>405</sup> where he took some observations to establish a starting point for the survey. He then left to return to St. John's. Having procured a small flat bottomed river boat at Brigus and hired two men, one a Micmac living at the Goulds named John Stevens,<sup>406</sup> who was thoroughly acquainted with all the main features of this part of

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<sup>404</sup>*Newfoundland. By Alexander Murray...James P. Howley. London: Edward Stanford, 1879.*

<sup>405</sup>The name of George Makinson's farm, later applied to the farming area along the road from Brigus to the Hodgewater Line (Murray and Howley, *Geological Survey*, pp. 284-85; Seary, *Place Names of the Avalon Peninsula*, pp. 112-113, n. 145, 146).

<sup>406</sup>Seary, *Place Names of the Avalon Peninsula*, p. 24.

the Avalon Peninsula, I was ready to proceed.

John was a magnificent specimen of a man. He stood 6 feet 4 inches in his stocking vamps,<sup>407</sup> was a great traveller and could carry on his broad shoulders an immense load. He was willing and good tempered and during the many subsequent years that he accompanied me in the interior I found him a most intelligent and reliable individual. John was not a pure blooded Micmac. His father, also John, was a Canadian belonging to some of the tribes along the St. Lawrence, either a Huron, Chippeway or Abenake. He had come to Newfoundland at an early date and had been one of those who accompanied Mr. W.E. Cormack on his visit to Red Indian Lake in 1827 in search of the Red Indians.<sup>408</sup> John, the son, was an expert canoe-man and hunter, and the best all round woodsman I had ever met. Like most of his fellows he had one great failing. He was exceedingly fond of liquor when he could get it, but when away from its baneful influence there could be no better fellow.

He was never taken aback, never at a loss what was best to be done under the most trying circumstances. He was also very handy and expert with an axe or a crooked knife.<sup>409</sup> He could repair a canoe, make beautiful paddles, build a wigwam, or do any other work necessitated by a life in the woods. In his younger days John had been employed in carrying the mail overland from Tilt Cove during the winter months, and gave every satisfaction

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<sup>407</sup>Thick, short stockings.

<sup>408</sup>Cormack said he was "of the Abenakie tribe, from Canada" (Howley, *The Beothucks*, p. 189).

<sup>409</sup>Described above, p. 76.

by his carefulness and despatch.<sup>410</sup> The first time he undertook this arduous journey he was all alone, and as he never had been across country before or in St. John's he was left to his own resources to find the way. Of course, he had been given minute directions by some of the older Indians who had pointed out several conspicuous land marks to guide him on his journey. When performing this duty he would not touch a drop of drink till he had safely delivered his mail. Then, said he, "I would have a bit of a time." Originally a resident of the Indian settlement in Hall's Bay,<sup>411</sup> John had married a white woman of Brigus and was now domiciled at the Goulds. The other man was also a resident of Brigus, named Peter Quinlan.

Having hired a horse and cart to transport our flat into the Hodge waters by the old road<sup>412</sup> from Brigus to Long Harbour in Placentia Bay, we arrived at a small lake named Battin's Pond<sup>413</sup> which was the headwaters of the Hodge River. Here we commenced our survey having previously measured along the road from the Goulds.

I was now in my element. The fact of being entrusted with the entire survey, the delight I took in following out the

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<sup>410</sup>Mail was delivered by vessels to various ports. In the winter, couriers, including Micmacs, carried packs of mail cross-country.

<sup>411</sup>See Aug. 20, 1902, below.

<sup>412</sup>A line of road from the Brigus area towards Long Harbour and Ship Harbour in Placentia Bay was surveyed in the 1840s. Its construction thereafter was surrounded with controversy. See *JHA* (1845), pp. 123-5, (1852), pp. 242-3; *Morning Chronicle*, Oct. 16, 1850, Feb. 1, 1851; and map in Murray and Howley, *Geological Survey*, preceding p. 1. Howley's report to Bennett on this road, dated June 16, 1873, is in *JHA* (1873), pp. 974-7.

<sup>413</sup>Jack Reids Pond.

intricate waterways, taking in every detail of the lakes and surrounding country and plotting the whole to scale, and thus mapping out every day's progress, afforded me infinite pleasure. Added to this was the charm of the woods life, away from the sounds and sights of civilization, inconceivable to those who have never experienced the like. I was filled with the desire to do something out of the ordinary; to add something to our very meagre knowledge of our country. To find out something new about it, and to be the means of bringing that knowledge to the notice of my fellow countrymen, all these considerations filled me with enthusiasm in my work. The desire to gain the approval of my superior and to prove to his satisfaction that I was able to accomplish the task he allotted me satisfactorily, also stimulated me to do my very utmost. I was very much handicapped in having only one boat, and indeed, only one man Stevens, who knew how to handle her properly. Most of Quinlan's time was occupied in minding camp, procuring firewood, and in cooking.

From Battin's pond we passed through a chain of lakes with but short portages between, measuring every yard of our way till we reached Hodge water Pond, a beautiful sheet of water with many arms, nooks, and pretty wooded islands. The survey of this took several days, so minutely did I work out every detail of its shores. I found later that it was entirely unnecessary to be so particular about details as most of them could not be plotted in, except on a very large scale map.

Continuing on down stream and through several small ponds,

we came to a suite of larger and very picturesque lakes, surrounded by dense woods of large dimensions. These lakes usually contained Islands, the number of which gave a hint to their naming, but I preferred to do so in Micmac which I learned from John. Thus a lake with two islands was named Taboo-minnigu Gospen,<sup>414</sup> or two island pond, the term Gospen meaning pond. A pond with several islands was called Minnigu-goolu Gospen.<sup>415</sup> One beautiful lake which received a large tributary coming from the East or from Big Barren Lake, also called Ocean Pond, was named Wagee-dee-gulsiboo,<sup>416</sup> or the Meeting of the waters. A small lake in which I shot an otter was called Geunick Gospen (Otter pond)<sup>417</sup> and another occupied by a pair of loons or great Northern divers was Quimoo Gospen (Loon Pond).<sup>418</sup> This latter pond lay on one side the general course of the river and was entered by a narrow gut or deep-water channel. It led upward, northerly, for quite a distance. It is at the upper end of this same lake that Whitbourne now stands and the beautiful residence of Right Hon. Sir Robert Bond<sup>419</sup> occupies a position on the western side of it. At this time, long before even the conception of a railway in

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<sup>414</sup>Bethunes Pond.

<sup>415</sup>Hoopers Pond.

<sup>416</sup>Third Pond.

<sup>417</sup>Not now named.

<sup>418</sup>Junction Pond (National Toponymic System [NTS] Avalon maps, to date). For Micmac place-names in Newfoundland which have become established see W.J. Kirwin and G.M. Story, "Place Naming and the Geological Survey of Newfoundland," *Canoma* 18, 1 (1992): 38-41.

<sup>419</sup>The first phase of railway construction from St. John's westward began in 1881 and ended in 1883 at what is now Whitbourne, a place known initially as Harbour Grace Junction (a line from there to Harbour Grace was completed in 1884). A community grew up at Harbour Grace Junction, and Robert Bond (1857-1927), premier 1900-09, built a home there, known as The Grange, on Junction Pond.

Newfoundland, all was primitive wilderness. It is doubtful whether any whiteman had ever seen these lakes before. They lay much beyond the points reached by the hunters and others from either Trinity or St. Mary's Bays. All was a densely wooded solitude, inhabited only by the Beaver, Otter, Cariboo. A few geese and ducks, some of which we occasionally shot, and which added much to our larder. The lakes were teeming with fine trout, and altogether it was an ideal spot for camping out, were it more accessible to the coast dwellers. Of course the ever present mosquito and black fly took much of the pleasure away. They were in myriads at times, and their constant stinging and biting was all but unbearable. Gradually we grew accustomed to them, and their bites seemed to affect us less. I believe according as one's skin becomes tanned with the sun and hardened by exposure, their onslaught becomes more endurable. At least this has been my experience. After the middle of August the Mosquito proper begins to die off and seems to quickly lose his vicious propensities. But the Black fly, my particular "bete noir", continues his merciless onslaught to the very end of the season.

They seem just as lively and fierce of a warm day late in the autumn, even after having had frost and snow, as at any time. I have known them during some days in November extremely vicious. The little sand fly or midge fortunately enjoys but a short existence in mid-summer. During his brief life however, he is a terrible torment, especially at night time. He is capable of penetrating blankets and clothing of any kind, nothing is

effective in keeping him off. Many a time after a laborious day's work, when wearied with fatigue and requiring a good night's rest, have I been deprived of all sleep, by those little torments. Their sting may be likened to the pricking of the flesh by innumerable red hot needle points. I have had my limbs sore from tearing at the intolerable itching, burning, sensation they produce, until the skin was actually rubbed off.

Beyond the immediate torture of all these pests while actually at their devilish work, I rarely suffered any bad after effects. The poison of the bites didnot cause swellings such as I have seen other individuals suffer from. I have felt somewhat sick at times when a more than usual onslaught had been made upon me. I have had my eyes almost closed many a time, and streams of blood coursing down my neck and face and clotting my beard and moustache, caused by the black fly. The torment was all but unendurable. I am afraid at such times we were given to indulge in profanity, nothing else seemed to relieve our feelings. I used to say there would be fewer saints on the calendar if they had been subjected to similar torments. I believed they were agents of Nickle Ben<sup>420</sup> himself sent to irritate us into a state of mind bordering on frenzy so that we could not refrain from swearing.

One day as John and I were proceeding down the river in our flat, I in the bow, a fine stag suddenly made his appearance and stood broadside for a moment in the open before us. I seized my

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<sup>420</sup>The Devil.

gun which lay along side me and fired, but missed him most ingloriously. The bullet passed over his back and in a moment he was off into the dense wood. I suppose the state of my nerves at taking my first shot at a real live caribou caused me to aim too high. At all events, we were not destined to enjoy a venison steak on that occasion. At one point on the river we came across a fine brood of geese. The young ones were nearly as large as the old, but not yet able to fly. I shot four or five and for several days we feasted on them. Being young and tender they were extremely good eating. Following the river downward we at length came to its junction with the Rocky River of St. Mary's Bay. Here it became wide and very shallow and our further progress downward was a continuous wading and dragging of our boat over the shoals till she became very leaky. We arrived at length at its mouth where it was spanned by the new bridge.<sup>421</sup> Just beneath this the water tumbles over a ledge of rock into the salt water at the head of a pretty arm of the sea. A pro po of this bridge a good story is related of its construction. It appears that when the officials of the Board of works visited the locality to inspect the site for the bridge, they brought along a new fishing line to stretch across the river, so as to ascertain the length of the proposed span. The bridge itself was to be made at the works of the Department in St. John's and then sent round in separate pieces by craft and afterwards put together on the spot. The

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<sup>421</sup>The bridge over Rocky River was rebuilt in 1869 (*JHA* [1870], Appendix, p. 194).

measurement of the span taken by the fishing line was of course to guide the carpenters in fixing the length of the bridge. It was intended that the main stringers<sup>422</sup> should rest upon stone abutments erected on either side of the river. These latter were finished long before the woodwork arrived. When an attempt was made to place it in position it proved to be too short to reach the abutments by several feet. Here was a predicament. It would never do to go to all the expense of making a new bridge, the only alternative being to build a second abutment on each side against the first so as to shorten up the distance for the stringers to rest upon.

Of course there was much talk and a good deal of fun indulged in about the matter of expense of the officials who had the work in hand. At length a solution of the mistake was arrived at. It appears that the Cab man who drove the party, Old man P. Leary, finding his harness giving out somewhere on the homeward journey, looked about for means to repair it, and coming across the fishing line stowed away under the seat of the cab, cut off several feet of it for the purpose, being quite unaware of its use as a measurement.

We stayed a day or two at Colinet repairing our boat and having procured a small birch bark canoe and hired another man, Trimlett,<sup>423</sup> we again started to ascend the Rocky River. It was a

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<sup>422</sup>Horizontal timbers.

<sup>423</sup>John or Thomas Tremblett (E.R. Seary, *Family Names of the Island of Newfoundland* [Montreal & Kingston: McGill-Queen's University Press, 1998], p. 519).

very hard drag up stream owing to the scarcity of water, and by the time we reached the forks our boats were again in a dilapidated state. We now ascended the western branch of the river coming from the direction of the N.E. mountain<sup>424</sup> of Placentia, but soon had to give it up owing to the scarcity of water. The country about the forks of Rocky River was well wooded and the land very good, but the western branch ran into a poor, swampy district with little to recommend it.

We now continued on up the Main or Hodge water river till we reached the Big Barren Pond branch and commenced the ascent of this stream. It led us upwards through several small ponds and steadys where there was some good hay land. I shot my first beaver in one of these ponds and enjoyed my first meal of Beaver meat. John Stevens prepared the meat for cooking in Indian fashion. Having first sculped the animal in a somewhat similar manner to sculping a seal,<sup>425</sup> except that instead of merely taking off the skin and fat, he took the flesh with the skin, cutting right into the bone. He then spread out the skin and with a sharp knife separated the latter from the flesh. He now had a layer of meat the full size of the pelt. This he trussed<sup>426</sup> through with long wooded skewers to keep it spread out. Two forked sticks were next stuck upright close to the fire. The ends of one of the long

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<sup>424</sup>East of Northeast River, flowing into Placentia Harbour, is Jukes's and Howley's Northeast Mountain, 1000 feet high, lacking a current name (NTS 1 N/5 East; Seary, *Place Names of the Avalon Peninsula*, p. 251).

<sup>425</sup>To sculp a seal is to remove the pelt (the skin and fat) (*DNE sculp*, v. and n.).

<sup>426</sup>Skewered.

skewers were then laid in the forks, while the lower one rested against the upright sticks on the outside and kept the meat in place. The whole was then pressed forward slightly so as to bring all parts of the meat at about the same distance from the fire. Another small stick notched at each end was used as a spreader to keep the sheet of meat extended and prevent its shrinking up by the heat. This spreader was placed on the outside and extended from the upper to the lower skewer, which were caught by the notched ends. The meat was very fat, and as this melted into oil and ran down, it was caught below in a dish made of birch bark. It was not long roasting before a good fire and when cooked John cut off long strips without removing it from its frame and gave each one a wedge.

Although at first the meat tasted strange, very different from anything I had ever eaten before, and was extremely fat and luscious, I soon learned to like it. I have made many a good meal since on beaver meat. The Indians claim that it is the richest and strongest meat food in existence and say one pound of it is worth two of any other animal flesh, and so I believe it is.

I do not suppose it would suit very delicate stomachs or appeal to the taste of the over fastidious. Indeed I have known many individuals who could not touch it, but then we possessed stomachs at that time capable of digesting anything, and the fresh air and active life always supplied an appetite which needed no sauce to tempt us to eat.

The skin with its fine coat of brown fur was spread in a

hoop made of small supple spruce to which it was laced all around by fine rootlets, used almost exclusively by the Indians for such purposes. It was then hung up in the wind and sun to dry.

The Beaver house from which we killed this animal had as usual a pair but the other got away from us. On revisiting the place we found the odd beaver had obtained another mate, and this John assured me is invariably the case.

We worked our way up the river which is very rugged and broken, filled with ledges and broken water and finally reached Big Barren Pond. This is a long narrow lake full of islands and arms running in various directions. It proved an intricate piece of work to survey this sheet of water and before we were through the season was well advanced. Game was fairly plentiful about here and I shot several black duck which are decidedly the finest table birds we have.

John Stevens asked leave for a few days to go out to his home, and with the other two I continued the survey. One frosty October morning I was called early by the cook to say three deer were swimming across the pond. Grabbing up my gun and cartridges and calling to Trimlett to accompany me we quickly launched our little bark canoe and were off in chase. After a hard paddle we got within range when I fired both barrels, but apparently missed the deer which continued to swim away at a tremendous rate. Placing the paddle and gun across my knees, I stooped to pick up my cartridge bag, from the bottom of the canoe, in doing so my paddle slipped off into the water and without thinking in my

excitement I incautiously leant far over to catch it. In a moment I found I had upset the canoe and she was filling with water. She was a very narrow, cranky craft, and Trimlett who never handled a canoe before, and who was in the stern, didnot know enough to lean against me, the consequence was we were both precipitated into the icy water in a moment, with the canoe floating bottom up. Here was a predicament. Heavily clad as we were we found it no easy matter to keep our heads above water. My first thought was to save my gun, fortunately I had a strap attached to it. With a sweep of my right arm under the water I was lucky enough to grasp this strap. I then held the gun aloft and tried to keep myself afloat with my feet and left arm, but soon found the task beyond me. I then managed to reach the canoe and tried to get up on it, but it rolled over like a bottle and precipitated me headlong on the other side. The next time I didnot try to mount the canoe but throwing the arm that still held the gun over the narrow end managed to balance myself somehow. In the meantime Trimlett, who was a good swimmer, struck out for a small island not far off and having reached it divested himself of part of his clothing and then came back to my assistance. He took hold of the other end of the canoe and between us we managed to get her ashore.

We now found both of our paddles gone and floating away down the pond. Trimlett struck off again and secured one of the paddles, swimming ashore with it in his mouth. We were now thoroughly chilled from our immersion and made haste to empty the

water out of the canoe. We first went after the second paddle which we secured. In the meantime the deer had reached the shore and we beheld them standing on a ridge over the pond, coolly looking down on us. We did feel pretty cheap to be sure, but as the cartridges were gone and we were too cold and too disgusted with ourselves we had to leave the deer alone and make our way back to camp as quickly as possible.

At first I could not account for my missing the deer which were within easy range but I soon solved the mystery. The gun being a smooth bore, gauge 16, was equally good for shot or ball at short range. The evening before I had taken the canoe and paddled along the shore in hope of seeing a deer. I had two bullets in the gun, but not seeing any deer, and having observed some ducks, I changed the ball cartridges for shot. I did not however, get within reach of the ducks; when I got back to camp I placed the loaded gun, as was my custom, along side of my bunk to have at hand in case any game suddenly made its appearance.

When roused by Quinlan in the morning who saw the deer swimming across the pond, I had quite forgotten having changed the cartridges in the gun the evening previous, and still believed I had the bullets in, hence when I fired at the deer it was only with small shot. I noticed the stag shake his head as if just tickled by the shot. Thus we lost our prospective feast of venison and came within an ace of losing our lives also.

When John returned and heard of our escapade he was much concerned. Had we been drowned it is doubtful if our bodies would

ever have been found. The canoe would have drifted away down the pond far from the scene of the accident, and Quinlan, who was busy cooking breakfast, did not pay any attention to our movements, had not witnessed the accident, and was therefore utterly ignorant of where it occurred. Had John instead of Trimlet been with me in the canoe he would undoubtedly have prevented the upsetting. Well, we had much to be thankful for and it taught me a lesson to be more careful in the manipulation of a canoe henceforth.

A few more days saw the completion of our survey of the lake. It was the headwater of this branch of the Rocky River and was not far from Hodge water pond to which we portaged our boats.

Just before leaving Big Barren Pond we saw an old stag near the shore and landed to try and get a shot at him. He in the meantime ran up over a bare ridge and disappeared. John and I went after him and on reaching the top of the ridge beheld five caribou, the stag amongst them in a hollow just beyond. I fired two or three shots but missed each time. Certainly I had had poor luck with the caribou.

John explained the cause of my ill luck by the fact that as the deer were at a much lower level than ourselves and I aimed direct for their broadside, the bullets passed over their backs. I should have in that case aimed low, as the ground or air near it, caused the balls to rise. For the same reason had the positions been reversed and had we been below them it would be necessary to aim a little high. This and many other things have

to be learned by experience. Thus in firing at a beaver swimming very low in the water, it is best to aim about a foot away from his head, or to bring the sight on a line with the water just where it meets the side of the animal's jaw. So also, in firing at a loon in the water it is useless to aim exactly at his head. So alert is he in diving at the report of the gun that by the time the shot reaches him he is under water. The only chance of killing a loon is to watch him dip his long beak in the water, and aim exactly at that spot, then when he dives, the shot is apt to take his head before he can get down.

We now returned to Brigus and hired a horse and cart again to bring out our boats.

We had made a complete map of the main waterways of central Avalon, which when plotted to scale proved very satisfactory to Mr. Murray. To give some idea of how little was hitherto known of this region, the people of Brigus would scarcely believe me that the Hodge waters flowed into St. Mary's Bay and were a branch of the Rocky River, or that we had followed its course downward from Battin's Pond to the sea. The people of Colinet were equally ignorant that Rocky River and Hodge water were one and the same stream.

The season's work having ended I made my way home by the usual route across the Bay<sup>427</sup> to Portugal Cove. I took along with me some of the Beaver meat thinking it would prove a treat to my

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<sup>427</sup>Conception Bay.

friends in St. John's who had never tasted it before, but not one of them would touch it.

1873

Port au Port Bay and St. George's Bay;

Coal in St. George's Bay

This proved a most interesting and eventful season and one that I enjoyed very much.

It had been arranged to survey and explore the country on the Western side of the island, particularly Bay St. George and Port a Port Bay, the main object of the survey being to study out the distribution of the Carboniferous series of that region. We left St. John's in the coastal steamer *Tiger* for the west on July \_\_. At that date the boats only went as far as Port aux Basque, and a small schooner took the mails and passengers from there to Bay St. George and Bay of Islands. The schooner belonged to Fortune Bay and was chartered by one Seeward of Bay St. George, who had the contract for the west coast.

Arrived at Port aux Basque, we transferred all our luggage to this schooner and were soon underway for the west coast. We had as fellow passengers all the way from St. John's, the Late

Monseigneur Sears, Prefect Apostolic<sup>428</sup> of the West Coast, and Revd. Dr. M.F. Howley, who were bound for Bay St. George, the Monseigneur's headquarters. He<sup>429</sup> was most enthusiastic about the superiority in climate, soil resources etc. of his west country and never tired of relating all its advantages over the rest of the island. During his stay in St. John's he had delivered a couple of lectures on the subject and had aroused much interest in this, almost unknown territory. Until quite recently the western section of our Island was utterly unknown to the dwellers on the eastern side. It might have been at the Antipodes so little was it frequented, and such ignorance prevailed regarding it. Mr. Murray's reports for 1864-5<sup>430</sup> first gave us some reliable information as to the value of this portion of our island, and the writing and lectures of Mgr. Sears still further opened our eyes to its many superior attractions.<sup>431</sup>

It was of course at this time, as indeed for centuries previous, hampered by the French Treaty rights which had deprived it of all the civilizing influences enjoyed by the other parts of the island. Up to this date it was without law or order, had no

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<sup>428</sup>A priest with special jurisdiction in places where the Catholic hierarchy is not established. Thomas Sears, pioneer priest in the Codroy Valley, was Prefect from 1870 until 1885, when he left Grand Codroy and died in Stellarton, N.S. He was given the title Monsignor in 1881 (Michael Brosnan, "An Irish Pioneer Missionary," *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* 20 [1922]: 232).

<sup>429</sup>Mgr. Sears.

<sup>430</sup>Murray and Howley, *Geological Survey*, pp. 51-70.

<sup>431</sup>Sears's views are quoted in Thomas Sears, *Report of the Missions, Prefecture Apostolic, Western Newfoundland* [Corner Brook: Western Star, 1943]; Michael Brosnan, *Pioneer History of St. George's Diocese, Newfoundland*, Ed. Catholic Guild of St. George's Diocese [Corner Brook: Western Pub. Co., Ltd., 1948]; and Margaret Bennett, *The Last Stronghold; Scottish Gaelic Traditions in Newfoundland* (St. John's: Breakwater, 1989), pp. 45-50.

steam communication to connect it with the more advanced settlements; no roads, telegraphs, or, in fact, any of the advantages possessed by other districts. Neither had the concession of a parliamentary representative been so far vouchsafed to it. In fact, it was kind of a no man's land.<sup>432</sup>

We were soon around Cape Ray and heading up the shore for Cape Anguille. As we passed the Codroy Valley, we were struck with the beauty and magnificence of the scenery. Here we beheld a low, deep, level tract of country extending away into the interior, and surrounded on either side by lofty ranges of Mountains. The long Range on the south side, the valley and Anguille range on the north. It presented a magnificent panorama and was certainly unlike anything I had ever seen before, or anything on our side of the island. Snow still lodged in some of the gulches of the Long Range, and I understand they are never entirely destitute of it. This gave an unique character to the

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<sup>432</sup>In 1873 French fishermen under long established treaties had seasonal fishing rights on the western and northern coasts of Newfoundland between Cape Ray and Cape St. John (the "French shore"). Howley gives a conventional colonial interpretation of the effects of those rights on west coast development. While some of the details he supplies are accurate, e.g., the west coast had no MHA in 1873 (and would not have one until 1882), to picture the region as a lawless "no man's land" is a distortion. By 1873 Britain and France had tacitly consented to a system of seasonal concurrent administration of the French shore, with captains of their men-of-war routinely interpreting treaties and making on-site decisions in fishery disputes. So there was at least that structure in place. The Newfoundland government had also by then begun monitoring the fishery and economy on the shore and investigating complaints of residents. The legislature in 1872 petitioned for permission to have "a well-organized judicial system established there." See *JHA* (1872), pp. 173-6. (A resident stipendiary magistrate, appointed in St. George's Bay in 1850, aroused local opposition and was withdrawn.) Other "civilizing influences" were indeed in short supply, though how far they were "enjoyed" by many other parts of Newfoundland outside the capital and major towns may be questioned. The statement that the west coast was "little... frequented" is doubtful. It was visited, studied, and commented on, most notably by an international commission of inquiry in 1859 (C.O. 194/160, ff. 33-77).

scenery which reminded one of pictures of the Swiss Alpine regions. The high rugged Long Range may be said to form the backbone of our island. Rising over Cape Ray the S.W. corner of Newfoundland, where it attains a height of \_\_\_ feet on Table mountain, on the summit of which is a cairn said to have been erected by the celebrated circumnavigator, Capt. Cook,<sup>433</sup> it strikes away northeasterly forming the south side of the Codroy valley, and passing inside Bay St. George, continues its course onward to Bay of Islands taking in the western end of the Grand Lake, forms the high lands inside Bonne Bay, Cow Head, Parson's Pond, Portland Creek, Hawkes Bay, and comes out to the Coast again at the head of St. John's Bay. From thence it trends away more easterly and finally dips down towards the extremity of the northern peninsula. It forms a great back-ground to the whole stretch of the western coast of the island and shelters it from the fogs of the south coast, and the cold N.E. winds of the east. It is to this fact the superiority of the climate is due. Fogs are of the very rarest occurrence. They sometimes hang over the tops of the range for whole days, creep down the slopes to a certain distance and then seem to lift and evaporate before reaching the low ground. In the beautiful words of Longfellow:

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<sup>433</sup>Between 1762 and 1767 James Cook (1728-1779) surveyed the northeast, south, and west coasts of Newfoundland. See R.A. Skelton, "Captain James Cook as a Hydrographer." *Mariner's Mirror* 40, 2 (1954):92-119 and William H. Whiteley, "James Cook and British Policy in the Newfoundland Fisheries." *Canadian Historical Review* 54 (1973):245-72.

## "Away to the Northward

"Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains"

"Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic"

"Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended."<sup>434</sup>

As we passed along under a favourable wind with bright sunshine overhead, we all became enthused with the beauty of the ever changing scenery. The high bluff cliffs near Cape Anguille and along the south side of Bay St. George, with the variagated tints of the rocks, constituting here the base of the great Carboniferous system, formed a remarkable picture. These rocks were of all shades of colour from dark greenish gray to brick red, vermillion, and pure snow white. The latter being masses of gypsum imbedded here and there. Great gulches cut into the land and ran up the mountain side, through which flowed and tumbled tumultuously, beautiful cataracts. While the hills themselves were clothed to their summits with primeval forest. The whole presented a gorgeous picture of sylvan beauty which could scarcely be surpassed in any country.

As we drew further along the hills began to recede and finally the Anguille range died down altogether, giving place to

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<sup>434</sup>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, *Evangeline* (1847), Part the First, I, 9-12, in *The Poetical Works of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow* (6 vols.; Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company, 1889) 2: 21.

a wide, low lying strip of country extending from the coast line to the base of the distant Long Range. This is the prevailing character for the remainder of the distance up to the extreme head of the Bay. Several large streams intersect this flat land coming from the mountains in the rear, and at the mouths of each of these, pretty clusters of white houses were seen, such as those of Crabb's, Middle Barachois, Robinson's River and Fishels. Cape St. George on the S.W. angle of Port a Port peninsula, which forms the western point of St. George's Bay is also the extreme Westerly point of Newfoundland. The north coast of the Bay formed by the south shore of Port a Port peninsula was now clearly visible, and as we slipped along we soon opened the low gap connecting the peninsula to the mainland, known as the Gravels.<sup>435</sup> Eastward from this isthmus and around the head of St. George's Bay, the land for quite a distance back is low and level, except for the one bluff point known as Indian Head,<sup>436</sup> which is a great granitic mass protruding through the Carboniferous strata. This rugged headland, Monseigneur Sears maintained, didnot belong here at all, but was a part of our side of the island smuggled in here, and that Bell Island in Conception Bay belonged of right to this place, but had been surreptitiously taken from the west.

We arrived before night at the anchorage in Flat Bay inside

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<sup>435</sup>Gravels Bank. Later Port-au-Port West.

<sup>436</sup>The headland north across St. George's Bay from Sandy Point.

the long low sandy spit, known as Sandy Point.<sup>437</sup> This is where the principal settlement is situated. The houses were all built on this low, level sand bank, much of which was flooded at high tide. There were numerous wharfs and stores on the water front, the former projecting a long way out owing to the shallowness of the water. The chief business of the place was the spring herring fishery, all the product being salted and packed in barrels and shipped to Halifax. Smuggling was rife here and vast quantities of liquors of all kinds were imported from N.S.<sup>438</sup> and St. Pierre Island. Liquor was like water, everybody indulged in it, men and women alike. There were no restrictions of any kind. No laws to regulate the sale or traffic, and it is a wonder under such circumstances the people were so orderly, and the place so free from crime.

There was a curious heterogeneous mixture of races not only here but all over the district. In the Codroys there is a large contingent of Highland Scotch, and French Acadians, all immigrants from Cape Breton and other maritime provinces of Canada. A considerable number of persons of English descent occupied Codroy Village near Cape Anguille, and the settlements at the mouths of the principal Rivers of Bay St. George. There were also several English on Sandy Point. Some being of Jersey

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<sup>437</sup>Sandy Point, St. George's Bay, now (2008) deserted, was a sizeable community of some 700 people in the mid-nineteenth century. It was sometimes called the "Western Capital" of Newfoundland. See a report from Sandy Point in *Eve Tel*, Dec. 19, 1894.

<sup>438</sup>Nova Scotia.

descent. Intermixed with all these were a number of Micmacs and half-breeds, known locally as Jack-o-Tars.<sup>439</sup> One curious individual hailed from the Hawayan Islands. He was the ugliest human being I ever set eyes upon, moreover, he was a perfect savage, and when in liquor, his normal condition, he was the terror of the Point. He would go around with a tall, battered belltopper hat adorned with coloured ribbons, kicking up antics of a purely savage type. He nevertheless had a white wife and was father of a fine family of sons and daughters, some of which latter were quite good looking girls. Joe, for that was the name given him, made his advent to our shores through being shipwrecked on the outer side of the Point, where the water is very shallow and where many a goodly vessel has been stranded. There were no lights or alarms of any kind in existence at this time, and in dull weather, or on dark nights it was impossible to distinguish the end of the Point or make the harbour. Joe managed to escape to shore, and would never venture to sea again. There were a few pure French from the motherland, but very few of Irish descent, I think only two individuals, John Cashin and John Thomas.

They were all however, very friendly and hospitable. We took up our quarters at the house of the principal merchant, M. Le Grandy,<sup>440</sup> an old country Frenchman, who with his amiable wife and

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<sup>439</sup>Colloquial term for a person in western Newfoundland believed to be of French and Micmac descent.

<sup>440</sup>Joseph Le Grandais. Gerald Thomas, *French Family Names of Newfoundland and Labrador* (St. John's: Harry Cuff, 1999), p. 89.

daughters made us welcome during our stay.

Mr. Murray having taken a set of observations here to establish the latitude and Longitude and to fix a starting point for our survey, we next hired a boat and crew to take us over to the Gravels, from whence we hauled our boat across the neck into Port a Port Bay. The Gravels or isthmus consists of two shingle beaches with a salt water lagoon enclosed. It would be an easy matter to construct a canal through these beaches, so that vessels might pass through, and thus cut off fully 100 miles of rough sea-voyage going out around Cape St. George. Indeed an attempt was made by the people under the direction of Mgr. Sears to accomplish this with pick and shovel, but as fast as they removed the beach stones the trench would fill up again. Of course to do it effectually it would require considerable money and skilled engineering work which was not available.

We spent a week or ten days going around Port a Port Bay where we found the geological structure extremely interesting. Nearly the entire peninsula of Port a Port is composed of Silurian limestone filled with most interesting fossils.

At a place called Lead Cove not far from the Gravels, Mr. Chas. Fox Bennett had commenced to mine galena on a considerable deposit in a crushed limestone filling a break or fault.<sup>441</sup> But just as the mine began to give promise of becoming a valuable

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<sup>441</sup>Martin, *Once Upon a Mine*, pp. 30-32. Howley compresses the history of the mine into 1873, but it extends beyond that year. See *JHA* (1875), Appendix, pp. 747-9.

property, the French Commander on the station protested against the undertaking, claiming that it was an infringement of their fishing rights, a most preposterous claim, seeing that the mine was situated at the very head of the bay 20 miles from the outer waters, where fishing was carried on. The place was visited by both the French and English ships on the station and the whole question gone into on the spot. The English Commander pointed out that there was not or could not be any fishing nearer than 15 or 20 miles and that the operation of the mine could not in anyway be construed into an interference with their fishing privileges; moreover, the treaty<sup>442</sup> didnot give the French themselves any right to the minerals or soil, and didnot prevent our people from utilizing them. This was admitted by the Frenchman, but he protested against the construction of a wharf or pier being built to ship the product, because said he, "we may at any moment require this place to dry and cure our fish." The conclusion arrived at was that while the English had a perfect right to mine the ore, they must not construct any wharf or pier, which of course was prohibitive of a successful mining enterprise. And the work had to be abandoned. Thus was a promising industry which might have afforded much employment to the people of the bay, destroyed. It was a good example of the intolerable handicap to

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<sup>442</sup>In a declaration appended to the Treaty of Versailles (1783), George III undertook to prevent his subjects "from interrupting in any manner by their competition" the French fishery on the Treaty Shore. This undertaking was in effect renewed following the Napoleonic Wars. Patrick O'Flaherty, *Old Newfoundland: A History to 1843* (St. John's: Long Beach Press, 1999), pp. 103, 127.

the development of our country these preposterous French fishing claims were.

Here at this Lead Cove, there was a mass of broken lower Carboniferous limestone crowded with well preserved fossils of that era, from which we obtained a splendid collection.

The land about here is exceedingly good, as attested by the few clearings near the Gravels. The soil being derived chiefly from the disintegration of the limestone rocks is strong and lasting, and requires little manure.

As we explored the shores further west we saw many curious rock sculptures in the cliffs caused by the action of the sea and atmosphere upon the yielding limestone rock. One mass in particular from its grotesque resemblance to the Jack of Clubs on a pack of cards has been so named, and the Cove nearby is Jack of Clubs Cove.<sup>443</sup> Other masses again were worn round and flat and so arranged resting upon each other as to resemble loaves of bread.<sup>444</sup>

We didnot on this occasion visit the middle or Shoal Point, separating the East from the West Bays of Port a Port, where Petroleum had been seen oozing up from the sand, at low tide, some years ago. Instead we continued down the main or eastern side of the bay as far as Lewis' Brook where a great development of the Serpentine series occurs. These being the chief metal

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<sup>443</sup>In 1914 renamed Aguathuna (Seary, *Place Names of the Avalon Peninsula*, pp. 20-21; Martin, *Once Upon a Mine*, pp. 61-3).

<sup>444</sup>"The accompanying sketches by Mr. John Milne, M.E. will convey a better idea of those curious phenomena." [Paragraph deleted in typescript.]

bearing rocks of the island, Mr. Murray was desirous of seeing them so as to make comparisons with other exposures he had examined in Notre Dame Bay and on the Bay D'est River.<sup>445</sup> We touched at several other points including Fox Island at the mouth of the Bay and collected many specimens.

No attempt was made on this occasion to survey the Bay instrumentally, as the work in St. George's Bay was considered of more immediate importance.

Some years previous in 1865 Mr. Murray made a commencement of this work by triangulating the flat bay inside Sandy Point, and also dialling<sup>446</sup> up the Flat Bay Brook as far as the Cairn Mountain. But this was just after he met with the severe accident which compelled him to abandon the work.<sup>447</sup>

It was now contemplated to measure the whole coast of the bay as far as practicable, ascend and measure all the principal Rivers, and ascertain all that was possible of the Carboniferous structure of the region.

On our way back to Sandy Point we touched in at Romain's Brook on the north side of the Bay to examine an enormous deposit of gypsum near the mouth of the Brook. We also stopped over at River Blanche up which it was reported a seam of coal had been

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<sup>445</sup>Murray and Howley, *Geological Survey*, pp. 31-5, pp. 229-31. Logan, in *Geological Survey of Canada. Report of Progress*, p. 471, uses the term "species" (rather than "series") of serpentine formations.

<sup>446</sup>To survey with the aid of a surveyor's compass.

<sup>447</sup>Murray and Howley, *Geological Survey*, p. 71.

discovered by a man named Mc.Grath.<sup>448</sup>

We found here at Riviere Blanche a considerable farming settlement entirely occupied by French Acadians; they were as primitive in their methods of farming and in their simple peaceful life as the typical Acadians of the Basin of Minas, so beautifully depicted in Longfellow's story of Evangeline. Possibly they may have been even descendants of the selfsame expatriated people of Grand Pré who had found their way over here.

"Where they dwelt together in love, these simple  
Acadian farmers--

"Dwelt in the love of God and of man."

Longfellow's Evangeline<sup>449</sup>

At all events they were in everyway similar. This River Blanche country was without exception the most beautiful spot I had yet come across in Newfoundland. The country was level for a long distance both up and down the shore and in the rear. The soil was rich and deep, being chiefly alluvial land, situated right in the eye of the sun facing the southward, and hemmed around in the rear by an amphitheatre of high wooded ranges of hills. The clearings were extensive, houses good and all neatly kept. The inhabitants possessed good stocks of cattle and sheep and

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<sup>448</sup>Likely the prospector Richard T. McGrath of Oderin, Placentia Bay, later MHA for Placentia and St. Mary's (1899-1904). See R.T. McGrath, "Minerals in Newfoundland," *Colonial Commerce* 25, 3 (1916):24-25.

<sup>449</sup>*Evangeline*, Part the First, I, 33-34 (Longfellow, 2: 22).

appeared to be extremely comfortable, happy and contented.<sup>450</sup> But the place laboured under two great drawbacks. There were no roads to connect them with the other settled parts of the district, and there was nothing in the shape of a harbour anywhere along this side of the Bay. But just one long sweep of open, sandy beach exposed to the full force of the wind and sea from the open Bay. It was only during calm weather, or with an offshore wind that a landing could be safely effected at all.

We visited the coal deposit which turned out to be merely a wedge of coal not a regular seam, but we did discover another genuine seam which unfortunately proved to be merely six inches in thickness. There is however, a possibility of other and better seams occurring here which would necessitate the use of a boring drill to determine, owing to the flat nature of the country and the few rock exposures visible.

Fossil plants and trees were numerous; in some places whole stems of large fossil trees lay prostrate in the bed of the river, and most beautiful and perfect fern fronds were found in the roof of the small 1/2 foot coal seam. We took out a large piece of the coal from Mc.Grath seam, and big John Stevens wrapped it up in his blanket and lugged it out on his back to the shore, earning a dollar thereby from Mc.Grath. It weighed over 150 lbs. and was a very ugly load to carry.

Having enjoyed another day here and having had some

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<sup>450</sup>"'Where the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.' Longfellow." (JPH's note). Part the First, I, 38 (Longfellow, 2: 22).

excellent sport trout fishing at the mouth of the stream, we again returned to Sandy Point.

A few days were spent in making preparations for the survey of the south side of the Bay. One of our Indians named Noel Mathews became very ill and had to be left behind in care of a Mrs. Halbot. He evidently had received a severe sunstroke, as he lay stretched out on the beach at River Blanche for a considerable time, one broiling hot sunny day. He was a very sick man indeed, and we were afraid he was going to die. Of course there was no such person as a Doctor in this benighted region at that date. As we could not afford to lose time we had to leave him and trust to luck and Mrs. Halbot's nursing to bring him around.

We went up in boat to the head of Flat Bay where the survey of the outer coast was commenced. I was again entrusted with the measurement and traverse along shore, while Mr. Murray took notes of the rock outcrops, and at every prominent point took a set of theodolite<sup>451</sup> bearings to tie in my work.

John Stevens assisted as my pole man, and another Indian from Bay St. George, Noel Joe, to supply the place of Mathews, came along to carry our provisions etc.

When we arrived at Fishel's River, we began the survey of that important stream. I, with two of the men went on ahead and with compass and micrometer<sup>452</sup> followed its windings up country.

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<sup>451</sup>See Intro., n. 63.

<sup>452</sup>Micrometer telescope; see Intro., n. 63.

Mr. Murray and the other men following leasurly to note the characters of the rock outcrops, ascertain their dip and strike,<sup>453</sup> or any other features of the geological structure worth noting. There were many outcrops of the Carboniferous limestone series along the lower reaches of the river, and at one point a large display of gypsum, or plaster rock, as the people here call it. In the vicinity of those plaster deposits, brine springs were frequent. Some of the water trickling out of the banks was excessively saline, and some of the exposed ledges of rock in their vicinity were coated with a fine white salt deposited from the evaporation of the water under the sun's influence.

There were some fine salmon pools in this river and Mr. Murray, who is an inveterate Waltonian, had fine sport landing the finny beauties.

I with my two men, one to carry the measuring or disk pole, the other a pack with our camp provisions, etc. pushed on up stream and in the course of \_\_\_ days reached a beautiful Steady close up under the mountain range. We followed the river as far as practicable until it emerged through a gorge in the Laurentian Hills. We then climbed the most conspicuous elevation in the immediate vicinity of the river and took a lot of bearings therefrom, also ascertaining its height above sea level by aneroid barometer. It turned out to be \_\_\_ feet. Mr. Murray

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<sup>453</sup>For dip, see n. 137; for strike, see Glossary.

afterwards named this mountain, Mount Howley,<sup>454</sup> now a feature of our maps.

On returning to the mouth of the River the measurement of the coast line was continued. Mr. Murray going ahead in boat. The shore on this side of Bay St. George is unlike anything else on the seaboard of Newfoundland. It is similar in many respects to some of the English coast lines. A continuous beach of coarse shingle and sand stretches all along from the head of Flat Bay to the Highlands at the base of the Anguille Range, broken only at Robinson's Head where a high rocky bluff projects into the sea forming a conspicuous feature of the landscape. Behind the beach a high bank of gravel rises all along, level on top and clothed for the most part by a nice green sward. Only where the various streams have cut a passage through this gravel bank does the land fall to the sea level. It is here at those low lying places that any settlement worth while has taken place. Usually the land is good and there are considerable flats or intervalles, extending for some distance up the rivers. Most of these, as well as the banks on either side, are cultivated and as the soil is of excellent quality good hay and root crops are to be seen at such places. The inhabitants who combine fishing with farming appear to be well to do, but lack roads to get their produce to market. In the rear or hinterland, an extensive area of comparatively level and well wooded country reaches away to the base of the

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<sup>454</sup>"About 16 miles from mouth river" (JPH's note); 1485 feet on official provincial map of 1962.

Long Range, averaging about 15 miles wide, all through. Here, as perhaps no where else, near the immediate coastline exists a tract of country well adapted to cultivation, and where under proper encouragement and improvement such as would be afforded by good roads, or better still by a Railroad to properly open up the country, there must in time be a thriving and extensive agricultural population settled.

The rivers afforded splendid salmon and trout fishing which will in time attract sportsmen from outside to visit the place during the summer months. Unfortunately, owing to the absence of proper protection and the impossibility of carrying out any restrictive laws without regularly appointed and paid game wardens, these splendid salmon rivers are almost ruined. The settlers bar the rivers with nets, without let or hindrance, and after the fish have run up, pursue them to the head-waters, netting and spearing them in the pools and steadies to such an extent, that of late years there has been a tremendous falling off in the number of fish taken, and unless something can be done ere it is too late to arrest this wholesale destruction, but a short time must elapse to completely deplete them of this splendid game fish. Mr. Murray, who is himself such an ardent rod and hook fisherman, was outspoken in his denouncement of the destructive methods of the inhabitants. They look upon it as their special privilege to do just as they like in this and all other matters and were not at all pleased at our coming along and prying into their operations.

In fact they wish to remain undisturbed by outside interference, and are opposed to anything like advancement or innovation of any kind. We traversed the beach with our survey till we reached Robinson's Head. Here we had to leave the shore and climb upon the cliffs and take the bank above.

There is an extensive clearing behind the head which we were told has been yielding good crops of hay for the past twenty years or more without being broken or ever receiving a shovel-full of manure. This is a fair indication of the fertility of the soil, but is of course a most unfair treatment of it, and must eventually rob it of its fertile qualities.

When we reached the top of the head we had an extensive view up and down the Bay. Just below us to the west of the head a lovely prospect was presented to our view. The two settlements of Robinson's and Middle Barachois<sup>455</sup> upon which we looked down, were extremely picturesque and bore the aspect of a lovely pastoral scene. Cattle and sheep of which the people possess a goodly number, were grazing along the banks and gave an air of life and plenty to the locality.

But another scene also presented itself to our view while looking down from our elevated position which I shall never forget. In a cove just to the south of the Robinson's River we noticed a number of boats manned with fishermen, also men, women and children gathered on the beach, all apparently in a great

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<sup>455</sup>McKay's.

state of excitement and commotion. Upon turning on the glass<sup>456</sup> we soon ascertained the cause of it all, which was afterwards borne out when we reached the place.

It appeared a large school of porpoises or black fish, approached the shore so close that morning, that the people managed to surround them and drive them forward till they became stranded in the shoal water. Then commenced a scene of carnage which beggars description. Armed with all sorts of weapons such as scythes, pitch-forks, hatchets etc. the fishermen commenced the slaughter, rowing in amongst the stranded fish, stabbing, cutting, chopping at the poor brutes. The wounded infuriated beasts, jumped and splashed about churning up the water, now red with their blood, lashing their tails in their agonies, and all the time forcing further and further ashore, where those on the beach waded out to despatch them and drag them in. We saw several boats overturned by the struggles of the dying animals and men's heads appeared here and there mixed up with the struggling brutes. All this excitement was intensified by the shouts and cries both of the shore party and those in the boats. Blood and water spouted from the wounded fish and the sea outside for half a mile or more was a veritable sea of blood. We found they had slaughtered ninety out of the entire school, very few escaping.

This was a great bonanza for the people, as the fish are quite fat and yield a goodly amount of oil. They now had a

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<sup>456</sup>Probably a pocket telescope.

summer's work cut out for them in stripping off and boiling the fat, and were soon at work flensing their catch.

Exposed on the open beach under the hot sun of mid-July the carcasses soon began to emit a most intolerable stench and we made haste to get beyond its baneful influence. I much regretted not being provided with a camera to take a view of this scene.

Passing on to the Middle Barachois we camped here for a few days, and then commenced to dial up the Brook.

It was upon this River that Mr. J.B. Jukes in 1842 had discovered and examined a 3 foot seam of coal,<sup>457</sup> and one of our chief objects now was to visit and further examine this promising find. In ascending the Middle Barachois River, numerous outcrops of the rock formation were met with all along. These afforded the best continuous section of the carboniferous series in Newfoundland, consequently a most careful measurement was made. The section gave a clue to the entire structure of the series in this part of the island, and enabled us to compare the rocks here with those of Sydney, Cape Breton.

After traversing upwards some three miles we found the strata to bend over forming a great anticlinal<sup>458</sup> roll, the rocks on the outer or lower reaches dipping towards the waters of the Bay, while on the inner side they dipped up country towards the

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<sup>457</sup>The diary entry recorded the find on Sept. 11, 1839 (*Excursions in and about Newfoundland, during the Years 1839 and 1840* [London: J. Murray, 1842], 1: 162-63).

<sup>458</sup>Forming a ridge, with rock strata leaning against each other and dipping (sloping downwards) in opposite directions.

mountains. We soon came across higher measures characterized by stems and fragments of fossil trees, which clearly indicated the commencement of the middle division of the series, or true Coal Measures.

At length we arrived at the outcrop of the Jukes coal seam on the right bank of the river. It had been recently visited by Messrs Milne and Lloyd,<sup>459</sup> two geologists and mineralogists, who were this year employed by the Anglo-Telegraph Company<sup>460</sup> to inspect that Company's land claims, granted them under their charter of incorporation. These gentlemen, whom we met at Sandy Point, had a schooner and crew hired to take them around the island. They had been up here about a week previous to our visit and had uncovered the outcrop of the seam, so that we were able to obtain a good view of it and make careful measurements. This is given in Mr. Murray's Report for the year 1873.<sup>461</sup> We also found another small seam above the Jukes. At this time and for many years afterwards the Hon. Capt. P. Cleary held a license covering these seams including two square miles of territory.<sup>462</sup>

After spending a couple of days here studying the structure, I and my two men, John and Noel, continued our measurement up stream, Mr. Murray following more leisurely. There were many nice salmon holes in this River and Mr. M. had good sport fishing. At one point a long way up, my party came across a rather shallow

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<sup>459</sup>See Intro., n. 189.

<sup>460</sup>The Anglo-American Telegraph Company, founded by Cyrus Field in 1866.

<sup>461</sup>Murray and Howley, *Geological Survey*, pp. 319-21.

<sup>462</sup>Martin, *Once Upon a Mine*, p. 41; see Intro., n. 165.

pool filled with salmon, and as we needed some fresh food, the temptation to secure a fish or two was too great to be resisted. We were not in possession of any fishing tackle, so resorted to the unsportsman-like method of spearing them. Cutting some hard spruce poles and sharpening them at one end, we three spent a couple of hours up to our waists in water chasing the salmon from one end of the pool to another. The river immediately above and below the pool was almost dry so that the poor brutes could not escape. In this way we secured a dozen or more nice fish. Some of these we boiled on the spot and enjoyed a hearty meal. The rest we split and hung to a twig in a nook by the side of the river so that they were submerged in the water all but their tails. These were to form a reserve for our return journey.

Taking one or two with us we continued on up stream. In about two days we reached the mountains<sup>463</sup> where the River, as is the case with all the others, debouched through a gorge into the flat country. The nearby hills were ascended and their heights ascertained and then we commenced our return journey.

I had frequently heard the Indians say that water could be boiled and food cooked in a vessel made of birch bark, but would not believe it. As we had no vessel suitable to boil the salmon in except our tea kettle, which was too small, John undertook to prove to me that he could do so in a birch bark pot. He procured a large sheet of bark, folded it at the ends in such a manner as

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<sup>463</sup>Long Range Mountains.

to form an oblong dish. The folded ends were kept in place by being pinned tightly with small split sticks thus . He then cut two green logs laid them on the ground parallel to each other at a little distance apart and raised slightly at either end so as to leave a space underneath where the fire was to be placed. He then laid the bark kettle across so that each end rested upon one of the logs thus . He first boiled the water in the tea kettle merely to hurry the cooking operation. Having prepared the fish by cutting it into thin slices, he placed this, together with a few rashers of ham and some small thin dough boys in the inside, but to prevent these from resting directly on the bottom of the pot, in which case it was likely to burn through, he placed several small twigs crossways in the inside upon which the contents rested. He then poured in the water, and started a fire underneath with dry wood. In a very short while it began to boil. Of course the bark took fire, it being very inflammable material and soon burned away all but the very inside layer. This being kept moist by the water in the pot did not burn. When the contents were sufficiently cooked he took them out, laid them upon a clear sheet of bark which was our dish, and most certainly a more appetising meal I never tasted. We also made cups of bark from which to drink our tea, thereby dispensing with the necessity of carrying any crockerywear along. All my doubts as to boiling water in such a vessel as a birch bark one were thus dispelled.

The country all along this river was well wooded and the

land generally of good quality, especially some intervale near the upper reaches.

When we arrived back at the scene of the salmon slaughter we were astonished to find Mr. Murray had been here during our absence. We never suspected he would have come so far up. He left a note on a sheet torn from his note-book, stuck in the end of a stick and addressed to me, in which he gave me hail Columbia,<sup>464</sup> and threatened all sorts of things, amongst the rest cutting Fifty Dollars of my meagre salary, for the outrageous poaching we had been guilty of. He also warned us not to dare bring any of the fish to his camp. He claimed that the season for taking salmon was now past, and in any case we were liable to a heavy fine.

We felt pretty bad at all these threats, and the Indians blamed themselves for getting me into the scrape. However, we were determined we would not give it to him to say that we wantonly wasted the salmon. We set to work to try and eat them all up and in order to do so, travelled very leisurely back. Such a surfeit of salmon no body ever had. Yet in spite of all our efforts we still had a few left when we drew near the mouth of the river. But we didnot throw them away. Hiding them in our packs we boldly approached camp. In the meantime one of Mr. Murray's Indians whom we had been blaming for discovering the salmon, came up to meet us and informed us that it was Clancey,

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<sup>464</sup>Euphemism for *hell* in U.S.

his cook, who moused around and drew Mr. Murray's attention to them. Mr. Murray, he said was in a towering rage with us. This same Clancey had carried up a lot of drills, hammers and other mining tools, but left them for us to carry back. We had to divide them between us, and with our other gear were consequently very heavily burthened in coming down stream. I was equally enraged at this fellow's leaving his mining tools for me to carry. This together with his prying about the salmon brought us all down on him. When we approached the camp, Clancey was at the fire cooking. I went for him bald headed,<sup>465</sup> for a lazy good for nothing creature. I dont suppose I was very choice in my language and Mr. Murray in his camp overheard it all. Whether it was on this account or that his indignation had subsided I cannot say, but at all events he didnt come out of camp and didnt refer to our breach of game laws for a long time afterwards. He had cooled completely down, and in later years whenever I wanted to arouse him I had only to refer to the grand sport we had spearing salmon on the Barachois River.

Returning to Robinson's River, we commenced to measure that stream. Mr. Murray was not feeling well and was anxious to get back to Sandy Point. He would only allow me three days to get up as far as I could in that time and then come back. Starting with John and Noel I made all the haste I could being anxious to map out as much as possible of this important river. It was

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<sup>465</sup>Without regard for consequences.

considerably larger than either Fishel or Middle Barachois, but was also much encumbered with boulders rendering the travelling along its course very laborious.

For the first few miles cliffs of Red Sandstone and marls<sup>466</sup> were of frequent occurrence. Then a great mass of the coarse basal<sup>467</sup> conglomerate, which rolling over brought in the sandstones again dipping inland. After this long stretches occurred where the banks were low and few outcrops of the rocks were met with. Thus it continued nearly to the end of our measurement, when we had reached some ten miles up stream. Noel who usually kept in advance with his pack would stop every mile or so to rest and wait till John and I caught up to him.

Once when we overtook him he was leaning against a large boulder smoking his pipe; we also stopped for a rest and smoke. All at once Noel drew my attention to what he called a very black rock just visible under water some distance from the bank. The moment I saw it I recognized that it was coal, but it was difficult to get at, owing to the water and the numerous large boulders which lay over it. We had no tools except an axe and a small geological hammer. However, being determined to see more of it, we all set to work with a will to remove the boulders, by means of wooden levers cut alongside. John with his axe chopped out a rude wooden shovel and I with my pick hammer rooted away the gravel and sand. After great labour we succeeded in

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<sup>466</sup>Soils, mainly a mixture of clay and carbonate of lime.

<sup>467</sup>At the base of the rock formation.

uncovering the coal and tracing it back to the dry bank where we were able to get a better view of it. Having succeeded in sufficiently uncovering it to enable me to make an accurate measurement of its thickness, it turned out to be a genuine seam of coal 4 1/2 feet thick and of excellent quality, being very free from shale or clay partings.<sup>468</sup> We dug out a considerable quantity for specimens and made a large coal fire on the bank to test its burning qualities. It produced a glowing fire, perhaps the first ever made from native coal, upon which we boiled our kettle. I was elated with our discovery and on return to the shore, Mr. Murray was equally pleased. He named the seam after me the Howley Seam, a name by which it has ever since been known.

Some years afterwards on the discovery of a new seam on the Middle Barachois, I returned the compliment by calling it the Murray Seam.<sup>469</sup>

We now returned to Sandy Point where poor Mr. Murray had one of his periodic attacks of gout and was confined to the house for quite a while. It being necessary to take certain bearings with the theodolite from several prominent points with which to tie up the season's work and being unable himself to move, he had to delegate this work to me. Hitherto he had never entrusted me with this instrument and didnot think I knew how to use it, but I had frequently assisted him in taking his observations and had carefully observed his manipulation of the instrument, moreover I

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<sup>468</sup>Beds of material (here shale or clay) separating veins of minerals.

<sup>469</sup>See Monday, Aug. 19, 1889.

had read over all the directions several times in books on surveying, and was quite familiar with its use, though never having a chance to put it in practice. Mr. Murray summoned me to his bed room, set up the theodolite therein and began to give me instructions in its use, but was rather surprised to find he had not much to teach me.

Being now quite satisfied he sent me off with the Indians to Indian Head, Cairn Mountain and other fixed points to take sets of bearings. From the flat roof of Le Grandy's house, also one of our triangulation points, I took the first set. These he plotted on his plan and found quite satisfactory. We then rowed across to Indian Head, took another set of bearings from there, and finally travelled into Cairn Mountain near the head of Flat Bay Brook and ascending to its summit obtained an extensive view all over the Bay. This was a splendid point of observation as we were able to take bearings from the summit on all the principal or conspicuous objects which came within the season's survey.

Mr. Murray who was suffering intense agonies with his foot was now compelled to give up the work and return home. He wanted me to go with him, but as it was yet early in the season, September, about the best month of the year for survey work, I begged to be allowed to remain a little longer to make a survey of Harry's River inside the main gut.

Having obtained his consent we made preparations for another month's work.

The weather had in the meantime become stormy and wet and we

were tied up for a week or more at the Point unable to get anywhere. This was very unfortunate in more ways than one. Our Indians had got completely out of hand and kept up one continuous bout of drinking. Liquor of all kinds as I have said before, was like water here. They would take turn about<sup>470</sup> in purchasing gallons of wine and rum, ask all their friends in to treat them, and generally speaking had a high old time of it. John Stevens in particular was almost crazed and went about the Point terrorising everybody. No one could get any good of him but myself. He would not listen to anyone else. Somehow he took to me in all his troubles. There were some amusing scenes witnessed on the Point during this time.

One day I was walking down the flats towards the shore when John joined me full to the chin talking all sorts of nonsense and staggering along as best he could. All at once we ran against Monseigneur Sears and Dr. Howley coming towards us. Seeing John's condition they stopped to remonstrate with him. Drunk as he was he had not quite lost his wits. He straightened up his huge bulk, assumed a theatrical pose and blurted out "I'm protestan," indicating thereby that they had no business preaching to him. Of course they could not restrain a hearty laugh at his comical expression and attitude.

Another day when a certain noted boxer, John Baptist le June,<sup>471</sup> from Fishel's Brook paid the point a visit, being also a

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<sup>470</sup>Would alternate.

<sup>471</sup>Baptist Young (Lovell, p. 249), Young for Fr. *Le Jeune*.

hard drinker himself, he and John had a set too in the house at which they boarded. John came looking for me and staggering up bawled out, "Skipper Jim, have you any sticking plaster?" Why, John, I asked, whats the trouble now? Oh! says he, "I'm after killing Baptist." "He wanted to fight and I knocked him against the latch of the door and cut his head open." It was one of those old fashioned iron latches and had indeed inflicted a nasty wound on Baptist's head.

Well, at last John got to that stage that he was simply not able to drink any more. I tried to get him to lie down and sleep it off, but no, he would not. After long persuasion he at length consented on condition I gave him another drink. As desperate diseases require desperate remedies I had to comply; taking him into Le Grandy's shop I gave him a glass of rum, but he actually could not swallow it. I then persuaded him to go to his lodgings where he fell on the floor and I believe remained there for fully 24 hours in a stupor.

This long sleep freshened him up a little and I lost no time now in getting him away from the Point. Although it was still blowing a gale of wind with a heavy sea on, we started in our frail canoes to cross to the south side of Flat Bay. It was pretty ugly when we got out in the middle, and only by skilful handling did we succeed in keeping our canoes afloat. The people on shore anxiously watched us expecting every moment to see us swamped.

Having reached Seal Rocks we kept along shore for the head

of the Bay but we were unable to face the main gut where the wind and tide created an awful sea. This is a very dangerous place and many have come to grief entering or coming out through the gut. Outside the water is shoal for a long distance, and when the wind is in and the tide running out no one has any business approaching the place. We were compelled to land some distance away, running through a dangerous surf to reach the shore. However we succeeded in doing so and then portaged our canoes and luggage across the sands to the great lagoon inside, known as the main River<sup>472</sup> of Bay St. George. There were no people living here at this time, but up near the mouth of Harry's Brook there were a couple of families.

We camped here while triangulating in part of the estuary of the river<sup>473</sup> and then commenced to ascend it. It was very crooked and choked with boulders for the most part. The water also was quite low which rendered the work of poling and dragging our loaded canoes very laborious.

Our sick man, Noel Mathews now nearly recovered, accompanied us this time and acted as poleman, being the easiest work I could give him. He would go ahead in one of the canoes, land and hold up the Disc pole while I took the bearing and measurement. At one point where the water was quite deep Mathews was very nearly drowned. When the canoe was close to the bank, the man at the stern stood up and jumped ashore to hold her, but in doing so he

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<sup>472</sup>St. George's River.

<sup>473</sup>Harrys River.

managed to upset her, she turned bottom up. On looking for Mathews he was no where to be seen. Suddenly it dawned upon the other that he must be under the canoe. Quickly he seized hold of one end and lifted her up, and there was Mathews sure enough holding on with both hands to one of the thwarts by which means he kept his head above water in the air space near the bottom of the canoe. He was of course wet to the skin and being still far from well I was anxious about him for a time.

We made in a good fire to warm and dry him and after a stiff horn of rum he was soon O.K. again.

The river continued to wind about and become more and more difficult to negotiate as we neared George's pond,<sup>474</sup> a fine sheet of water some seven miles long, surrounded on all sides by dense forest.

Harry's River has since become famous as one of the very best salmon Rivers in Newfoundland. We saw a few on our way up, but they had nearly all preceded us, and at the outflow from George's Pond they were in abundance. We didnot stop to catch any as the season was too late, and the fish now spent and turned almost black, anyway we were not provided with fishing tackle or flies.

The scenery all along Harry's River, more especially around the shores of the lake is very beautiful. The dense dark forest on all sides possesses a charm of its own which only a forest

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<sup>474</sup>Georges Lake.

scene can convey. The timber here is chiefly spruce and seems to have a vast extent on both sides the lake and river. It would be a splendid site for a pulp establishment, and no doubt someday this great forest will be converted into paper. While surveying the beautiful George's Lake I succeeded in killing my first deer, a noble old stag. We saw him lying down on a beach at the head of a nice cove. Paddling noiselessly along shore we got quite near before he detected us. Then he jumped up and presented his broadside to us, I fired, the bullet pierced his heart, and after a few steps forward he dropped dead. He was about the finest and fattest deer I ever shot. His haunches all over were coated with fully three inches of solid fat. We had now a plentiful supply of delicious fresh venison for the remainder of our stay in the woods.

I tried an experiment to preserve some of the meat to take home with me, remembering hearing Mr. Peyton once describing to me how the Red Indians preserved their meat in packages surrounded by fat. I took a small box, rendered out a lot of the fat, and pouring a layer into the bottom of the box laid a fine rump steak thereon, then poured in more fat so as to completely cover this, and so on, layer upon layer, till the box was filled, covering the top layer with an extra coat of fat, then nailed up the box. It kept fairly well, but when I reached home I found the hard fat had developed cracks through which the air penetrated, and the meat had turned sour. I believe had I dried or smoked it somewhat, or had I softened the fat a little by an admixture of

butter or oil, the experiment would have worked all right.

After finishing the survey of George's Lake we ascended the inflowing brook to another fair sized pond,<sup>475</sup> known to the Indians as Esqua-degawee Gospen, meaning top Pond or head-waters. Here our survey ended and we returned down the river to the main Gut.

The estuary inside the Gut was a famous place for wild geese (The Canada goose, *Bernicla*<sup>476</sup> *Canadensis*). They congregate here every fall in great numbers, previous to making their long flight southward. It is interesting to witness this flight. The birds always arrange themselves in the form of a hollow wedge or  with the apex towards the wind. An old gander generally takes the leading position, and according as he gets tired his place is filled by another.

"Now had the season returned, when the nights grow colder and longer,

"And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion enters.

"Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air from the ice bound,

"Desolate Northern bays to the shores of tropical islands."<sup>477</sup>

Longfellow.

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<sup>475</sup>Pinchgut Lake.

<sup>476</sup>*Branta*.

<sup>477</sup>*Evangeline*, Part the First, II, 1-4 (Longfellow, 2: 28).

They remained out on the shoals in mid channel, but are so yarry and sharp sighted that it is impossible to approach them within shot. We tried several times to approach them in canoe, but all to no purpose. They were up and away, before we could get within shot.

They come here late in the evening, or during the night, to feed on the long stringy goose grass which grows abundantly in the shallow estuary, but at the first streak of dawn are off again to the far interior highlands to fill themselves up with the luscious blueberry.

When we arrived at the Gut there was such a sea heaving in that we could not attempt going through. There were several large boats filled with wood awaiting a time to get out. Towards evening when the tide was top high we concluded to try it. I got on board one of the larger boats, but the Indians preferred to stick to the canoes. In this they showed their wisdom, for while the light canoes rose on the crest of the rollers, the heavily laden boats would not do so. That which I was in was swamped by a huge wave which filled it from stern to stem with water. Fortunately she did not get upset, otherwise we would have been all drowned. We eventually got through by the skin of our teeth, so to express it, and were soon out in deep water. The canoes rode it out like ducks and met with no mishaps. We then had a fine time across to the Point.

After waiting a few days for the return of the Packet boat from Bay of Islands we at length commenced our homeward voyage.

Had a head wind in the Bay and had to beat our way all day and night making, what is termed in nautical parlance, a long and short leg.<sup>478</sup> The weather was fine and clear which was fortunate for us. During the night the skipper of the schooner kept well to sea, and towards daylight sighted a light which he believed to be that of Cape Ray, so beat up towards it, but when at length it became light enough to make out the land clearly we found ourselves almost up to St. Paul's Island,<sup>479</sup> the light on which was what we saw.

Being now well to the windward of Channel we had only to turn about and had then a fill wind<sup>480</sup> back, arriving at the latter place early in the afternoon.

When the S.S. *Tiger* came up from the eastward we learned that she had been in contact with the rocks near Cape St. Mary's and knocked away a considerable portion of her keel besides sustaining other damage. She had to go across to Sydney for repairs. As she would be a week or more absent, I decided to go over and have a look at the Cape Breton rocks in order to draw comparisons with our own of Bay St. George. One of the Indians, Noel Mathews, also wished to go over to see some of his friends. We had a good run across and fine weather during our stay there.

While the *Tiger* was in the slip, I saw a good deal of Sydney and learned much of value to me in studying the rock formation.

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<sup>478</sup>A run on a single tack.

<sup>479</sup>St. Paul Island, northeast of Cape Breton Island.

<sup>480</sup>Wind driving the vessel forward.

While here I had my first view of a locomotive engine. I was travelling in towards the mines on the R.R. track when I heard the engine coming with a train of coal trucks.<sup>481</sup> I was somewhat scared and got off the track in a hurry, climbing a steep bank of gravel I sat down to watch its progress. I am sure the train hands must have been highly amused at seeing the alacrity with which I got out of the way.

One day I took the ferry across to South Sydney,<sup>482</sup> then an insignificant place enough. Here I found the S.S. *Nimrod* taking in a cargo of coal. I went aboard to see Capt. Peter Cummins, and his brother John, and dined with them. Poor old Capt. Peter, who was Mr. Murray's brother-in-law, was pleased to see me and gave me all the latest news from St. John's. Mr. George Hutchings<sup>483</sup> of Job's employ had come up with him in the *Nimrod* and had just taken to himself a wife. They were to be fellow passengers with us going back on the *Tiger*.

Our return voyage turned out a very boisterous one. The night after we left Sydney it blew a gale from the N.E. right in our teeth. There was an awful sea and the old *Tiger* made but poor headway. She seemed to bob up and down in the same hole all night and every time her head dipped the screw would be lifted out of water and race at a fearful rate, shaking the old ship from stern to stem. After daylight the wind dropped and as we drew near the

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<sup>481</sup>Cars.

<sup>482</sup>Sydney.

<sup>483</sup>St. John's businessman and politician, manager of Job Brothers and Co., 1879; d. 1920.

Newfoundland coast the water was much smoother. We reached Port aux Basque about noon. Our passage thence eastward was pleasant enough as far as St. Pierre. But after reaching this port another storm from the S.E. sprang up. Several passengers joined the ship here, amongst the rest, Judge Prowse<sup>484</sup> who had been over here investigating some alleged forgeries of Commercial Bank notes.<sup>485</sup> It appeared that sometime in the spring a steamer on which was a large consignment of unsigned notes was lost on Miquelon bar, and some of these notes were recovered by the inhabitants. They found their way to St. Pierre and also to parts of our south coast. Some were fraudulently signed and passed as genuine before the forgery was discovered. As all this, however, is matter of record I need not go into it further.

Capt. Hagan had intended remaining at St. Pierre all night but the passengers from there were anxious to get home and persuaded him to put out. It turned out a very bad night with dense fog and a terrific sea. Next morning we were over on the Newfoundland coast but could not make land anywhere. We had to give up any attempt to get into St. Lawrence, and kept on for Burin, but when near that Port it was just as bad. All night and day we lay outside, pitching and tossing, and rolling at a fearful rate and could'nt the old Tiger roll, to be sure? She used to dip her boats swinging from the davits into the water on

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<sup>484</sup>Daniel W. Prowse (1834-1914), the historian; in 1873 he was a police magistrate in St. John's.

<sup>485</sup>See Aug. 17, 1870. Prowse's role in the investigation of the forged notes is referred to in *Morning Chronicle*, Sept. 29, 1873.

either side every time.

We were filled with passengers but they were all too sick to come to the table. At breakfast only one other besides the Capt. and myself appeared at table. I gave out and had to retire, but at dinner time I was O.K. while the other men failed to put in an appearance. So the Capt. and myself had it all to ourselves. It was a difficult undertaking to swallow our soup, and as we sat opposite to each other we had to watch each roll. When she dipped my side I had to hold up my plate, and when on his side it was his turn to hold up. Those who were so anxious to get away from St. Pierre were sorry enough and would wish themselves back, not one of them put in appearance all day. At length towards evening the fog lifted sufficiently to allow just a glimpse of the top of Duck Island, in the entrance to the Harbour of Burin. We were very close to it, and that one glimpse was sufficient. The ship's head was turned for the entrance and in a few moments we were inside in smooth water, thankful indeed to get there, where we remained all night. Next day was clear, and the wind and sea gone down considerably, so we were able to proceed. The remainder of our voyage was un-eventful and we reached St. John's in safety, after the roughest trip I ever made by the coastal boats.

1874

More Surveying in Port au Port Bay and  
St. George's Bay; Codroy Valley

This season I was sent out to make a trigonometrical survey of Port a Port Bay and to study out the complicated geological structure of that region, as also, to complete the survey of St. George's Bay, while Mr. Murray himself undertook the survey of the Gander River and Lake.

I left St. John's with my crew in the month of June by the Coastal for Port aux Basque, stopping at the usual ports of call going west.

At Port aux Basque we transferred to the sailing Packet and had a good run into St. George's Bay.

Two extra men, John and Sandy Gillis, with a boat were hired here, and we made no delay in getting over to the Gravels where the survey was to commence.

We measured and triangulated the whole coast of the Bay inside, as far as the Long Point on the west, and up the main coast on the east side to Bear Head. We also ascended and surveyed the so called Coal Brook, which I renamed Serpentine River, as a much more appropriate name.<sup>486</sup> Bennoits' River, known

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<sup>486</sup>Because of serpentine deposits mentioned below.

previously as Fox Island Brook<sup>487</sup> on the same side of the Bay was also ascended and surveyed, as well as a couple of small brooks in West Bay, Port a Port.

This work was of a most interesting character and as it was the first time I was entrusted with a regular triangulation survey of so extensive a character, I was determined to show my superior that his trust was not misplaced. It afforded me the greatest possible pleasure to carry out this work to a successful conclusion, and I am happy to say it met with unstinted praise from Mr. Murray. The valuable geological results, illustrated by carefully measured sections also were highly approved by Sir Wm. Logan<sup>488</sup> of Canada, as they afforded him some data with regard to the Serpentine deposits and their relative position which he much appreciated. He was engaged at the time in a controversy with other eminent geologists as to the true position of those serpentine deposits and their relation to the associated formations in Canada. He gladly welcomed the report of my work which tended to bear out his contention to a large extent.

We were favoured throughout the great part of the season with beautiful weather and our work progressed rapidly.

There are many beautiful spots in this Bay, and much of the soil is of superior character, especially at the heads of the East and West Bays. In the latter an extensive area of flat land well wooded, runs inland a long distance. There were no

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<sup>487</sup>Fox Island River.

<sup>488</sup>See Intro., pp. xxv-xxvii.

inhabitants in West Bay at this time, but an old clearing near the shore covered with a luxuriant crop of hay testified to the superior quality of the soil. Indications of minerals of value were not wanting in this region. Besides the galena deposit at Lead Cove, mentioned in last year's report,<sup>489</sup> good indications of the same mineral substance were observed at Piccadilly, West Bay and on the outer or South coast of the Peninsula. At the middle or Shoal Point we observed the source of the Petroleum which oozes up to the surface, and is seen to form little pools in the sand when the tide is low. Similar petroliferous<sup>490</sup> rocks were also observed in several places on the eastern side of the Bay and on both Serpentine and Bennoit's rivers. Amongst the serpentines at Bluff<sup>491</sup> and Lewis Hills, Chromite and asbestos are known to occur. Native copper was seen in an amygdaloid rock near Bennoit's Brook and a nugget of the same metal was picked up near the mouth of the Serpentine River. The curious jet-like substance, Anthraxolite,<sup>492</sup> was met with in a trap dyke near Rope Cove. This latter cove obtained its name from the occurrence of loose asbestos on the beach which had been rolled by the waves into rope-like strings.

Some small masses of gypsum were met with at the head of East Bay and near one of these a mineral spring, possessing a

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<sup>489</sup>Murray and Howley, *Geological Survey*, p. 347.

<sup>490</sup>Bearing crude oil or natural gas.

<sup>491</sup>Bluff Head.

<sup>492</sup>A hard, black asphaltite with high carbon content.

strong smell and taste like sulphuretted<sup>493</sup> hydrogen occurs. This spring is believed to possess wonderful medicinal properties, and the people all over the Bay use it for various ailments. Amongst other things it is believed to be a specific for rheumatic complaints, and such faith have the inhabitants in its virtues, that some of them have camped here to drink the water and bathe themselves with it. They would carry away large quantities in jars and bottles. For my own part, having tested this water, I dont think I ever tasted such an abominable liquid in my life. It is quite probable it does possess some valuable medicinal properties, and if so, were it situated in a more favourable locality might be rendered a source of wealth.

As previously stated, the natural rock sculpture of the limestone rock is in many places very striking. This is caused by the wearing away, through atmospheric influence, of the more yielding portions of the strata, leaving the harder parts intact. On the south shore of the Peninsula there are some remarkable caves worn out by the action of the sea which has undermined the beds of limestone of which the Peninsula is chiefly composed. I did not see these, but they have been visited and described by Mr. John Milne, M.E.<sup>494</sup> Fossils of Lower Silurian age are abundant and well preserved in most of the rocks of Port a Port and we collected a great many during the season. Fine pencil like

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<sup>493</sup>Combined chemically with sulphur.

<sup>494</sup>See John Milne, "Notes on the Physical Features and Mineralogy of Newfoundland," *Geological Society of London Journal* 30 (1874): 722-45.

graptolites,<sup>495</sup> and beautiful web like dendrograptus<sup>496</sup> were particularly abundant in some of the more shaly portions. At the extreme of the Long Point facing the open gulf<sup>497</sup> the limestone ledges are filled with ancient corals, sponges and such like fossils and some of the surfaces exhibit the trails of some animals, probably trilobites, which left deep tortuous grooves in the mud, crossing and recrossing each other many times.

It seemed a pity that such a fine district as this possessing so many attractions and advantages should be so destitute of inhabitants. A few families only reside at isolated points on the south shore, at Cape St. George, and in a small cove on the outer side of the Long Point, called Black Duck Cove. These are nearly all Jack-o-Tars of French and Indian descent.

In ascending a small brook in West bay I came across a doe and fawn Caribou. The fawn quickly disappeared in the dense forest before I could get a shot at him, but at the next turn I beheld through the thick growth of alders which almost choked the river at this point, the doe standing in its almost dry bed, head down listening to my footsteps. There was no time to choose a more favourable chance for a shot, one spring and she would be lost to view in a moment, so I took aim as best I could through the thick alders, and fired. She never moved out of the one position but still stood there. I had concluded I missed her and

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<sup>495</sup>A fossil marine organism commonly occurring in black shales.

<sup>496</sup>A tree-shaped fossil?

<sup>497</sup>Gulf of St. Lawrence.

was about taking a more careful aim when she collapsed sinking slowly to the ground just where she stood. I never saw a deer die in a similar manner since. It turned out the bullet passed right through her kidneys, one of which was blown to atoms. I was alone at the time. I paunched her and took the two hind quarters on my back, and began to travel back by the river's bed. During all this time I suffered tortures from the myriads of black flies which hovered around me like a cloud. I scarcely ever found them so thick or so vicious. At length I had actually to run to try and escape them. When I reached camp the men scarcely recognized me I was so disfigured and coated with blood. Flies of all descriptions were very plentiful throughout this season and the only place where one could get any relief from them was on the coast and then only when there was any wind.

Next day John Stevens and I went back and brought out the remainder of the venison. This afforded us a plentiful supply of fresh meat for quite a while.

On both Serpentine and Bennoit's Rivers we had excellent sport. In the former especially, large sea trout were abundant and we caught a good many. Beaver were also plentiful of which I shot a few. We did not see many deer, and only killed one small doe here, which John shot one morning early as he lay in camp without as much as standing up. The poor little deer came fooling along the river just in front of camp, which consisted only of a leanto made of sticks set at an angle and covered with birch bark. We all lay beneath with our feet to the fire in front.

John's quick ear heard the deer walking on the loose stones, but the first intimation the rest of us had was the sharp report of the gun which awoke us all in a hurry. My brave John however lay apparently in a sound sleep with his head covered by his blanket, Indian fashion. He pretended he didnot hear any shot, but we soon found the deer laying dead close by and my empty gun alongside John.

Having reached and surveyed Serpentine Lake at the head of the river<sup>498</sup> we began our return journey.

When leaving to go up country we concluded to go as light as possible, and only take along sufficient food to last about a week. The weather being fine and warm we didnot need our camp, so we left it set up near the mouth of the river, placing all our spare provisions and clothing inside. It was a leanto camp open at front, which stood vertical.

As we approached the camp on our return we noticed the fresh footing of a bear in the sand. Oh! said John, "Mr. Bear been here, our camp robbed," and so it proved to be the case. On reaching the camp we found everything in confusion. A flour barrel without a head was left standing up near the back of the camp, and this had been filled with odds and ends, such as sugar, tea, oatmeal, flour, peas, rice, soap, candles etc. Master Bruin made a body load of the barrel, carried it out of doors and upset it, then made love to the contents. What he had not eaten lay

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<sup>498</sup>Serpentine River.

strewn around in a state of ludicrous confusion, one thing mixed up with another and all pawed into a species of hotch potch. In spite of our loss we could not help laughing at the sight. There had been a canvas bag with some pork in it but this had disappeared. John afterwards found it on the top of a hill behind the camp with the bottom torn out of the bag, and the pork all gone. There was an oak keg filled with molasses which to prevent its splitting by the hot sun we had placed in the water nearby. He did not find this or he would have broken it open by raising it and dashing it down on the boulders. Bears are very partial to sweet things, such as molasses, sugar or honey.

Judging from his foot-prints in the clay and sand he was by no means a full grown animal, yet he displayed great strength in lifting out the heavy barrel of sundries. The marks of his claws were quite deeply indented in the hardwood staves of the barrel. He could not have been long left the scene of his depredation and most probably was there just before we arrived, but fled on hearing us coming. I regretted very much I did not get a shot at the brute, as his skin would form quite a trophy.

We also saw a few deer later on further up the Bennoit Brook, and they appeared to be exceedingly tame, I presume from being so little disturbed in this retired quiet place.

In ascending Bennoits Brook, our two packers, Quinlan and John Gillis were given orders to follow on behind as we had great hope of seeing deer, but in spite of my orders they took some dry channels and got ahead unobserved. As John and I carried out our

measurements, I being ahead, all at once a fine young stag made his appearance close to me and was wading across the brook when I seized my gun to fire. Just as I was about to draw the trigger, I saw a man jump up directly in the line of fire. Of course I could not shoot and had to let the deer escape. When I found it was one of the packers who had thus got ahead of us I was very wrathful, and gave them both a bit of my mind. They were taking a rest on a gravel beach by the side of the brook when the deer came along. They had no time to hide so lay down flat on their backs without stirring. That deer actually walked past their feet which were not more than a yard from the water and even stopped while there to take a drink, but directly he passed them he got the wind and was off down stream towards myself. Thus we were out of fresh venison for this time.

Just as I finished the measurement of this Brook late one afternoon, I was standing on a dry bar near the end of a long narrow island which stood in the centre of the Brook, jotting down my final notes while the men were preparing a camp for the night close by.

When I looked up from my note book, lo and behold! a fine young stag stood not more than 20 or 30 yards off quietly contemplating me. I had laid down my gun several yards behind me, and had to step cautiously backward to reach it, keeping my eyes all the time on the deer, but he never moved and continued to stand in the same spot. I raised the gun and fired whereupon the deer started to run at a tremendous pace down the dry channel

inside the island. He was out of sight in a moment and I, of course, concluded I must have missed him. Quickly placing another cartridge in the empty chamber, I ran down my side of the island, believing the deer would keep to the river and in the hope that I would be time enough to meet him as he reached the open, clear of the other end of the island. This island was several hundred yards long and densely wooded so that I could not see across it. When almost at the far end I heard a noise in the bush and next moment the deer appeared on the top of a steep bank of gravel close to me. I had the gun up in a moment and was about to draw the trigger when he suddenly collapsed and fell dead over the bank into a small pool of water. It was found on cutting him up that the bullet passed clean through the heart, yet with such a mortal wound he ran fully a 1/4 of a mile before dropping.

He was a very nice animal, and afforded us plenty of good venison nearly to the end of the season. Next day we commenced our descent, each carrying in addition to his pack a quarter of the stag. As we journeyed along one side of the Brook a fine doe appeared on the opposite side not over 100 yards across and seeing us coming along walked towards us. As she came directly opposite one of the men threw a stone at her and hit her in the leg. She then turned and ran a little way, but soon slowed down and continued to go along leisurely in the same direction as ourselves. At length she came across to our side and began to walk towards us. I was leading and as she approached within a dozen yards or so, I began to think she was going to charge me. I

laid down my bundle, commenced to shout and throw stones at her. This caused her to turn down stream again and run for a while, but she soon dropped into a leisurely trot stopping now and again to look back at us. In this way she continued on fully a mile before finally taking to the bush. Of course having plenty of fresh meat in the carcase of the stag, we would not shoot her. I have seldom seen deer so tame as those met with in this section of country. It looked as though they had never seen a human being before.

While walking around the shore of Piccadilly<sup>499</sup> we came across two porposes, which had run ashore in the shoal water and were floundering about making desperate efforts to turn around and regain the deeper water. We waded out and managed to get hold of the tail of one and drag him high and dry on the beach. The other got off although one of the men sunk the blade of his axe up to the eye<sup>500</sup> in his back, but with a desperate plunge he got sufficient water to enable him to use his paddles and then we could not hold him. At the Gravels we met an old French Acadian from Gaspé, who was making his living hunting these animals. He had a nice whale boat fitted out with lances, spears, and other appliances for their destruction. Up to this time he did not meet with any success. So we told him of our captive and he went after it.

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<sup>499</sup>"Called Pic Denis, on old French charts." (JPH's note). Piccadilly Bay is the southern arm of West Bay.

<sup>500</sup>The hole in an axe into which the handle fits.

While encamped on the shore of West Bay near the mouth of a small Brook, a fearful storm of wind from N.E. accompanied by torrents of rain and most vivid lightning overtook us. The sea piled in on the beach in front of our camp and threatened to demolish our boat and camp. We had to turn out in the midst of the storm and dense darkness to secure them. We hauled the boat well up out of reach of the waves and with all available ropes and sticks secured our camp as best we could. Next morning when the storm abated we found that my theodolite legs which had been left standing on the beach had disappeared. After a long search John found them in the brook completely buried from sight by the sand which had been washed in over them. Owing to the delay caused by the storm we now found ourselves short of provisions especially flour and bread. We then started to walk across the base of the Long point and down the outside shore to Black Duck Cove, where we knew some French fishermen<sup>501</sup> were established. After reaching the place and making known our predicament, these simple fisher folk were profuse in their hospitality, gave us a good feed and supplied us with loaves of beautiful white bread etc. Whatever other faults they may possess, those French fishermen are exceedingly kind to strangers, especially when in distress.

We left our kind entertainers, plentifully supplied with necessaries and began our return journey to camp. Night overtook

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<sup>501</sup>From the seasonal fishery of France, not local people.

us before we got half way and it was with the greatest difficulty we were able to find our way through the thick pathless wilderness, but we succeeded after a while and reached our camp safely.

A few days more sufficed to complete the survey of Port a Port Bay. We then came back to The Gravels, portaged our boat over the beaches and returned to Sandy Point.

October had now arrived and the weather became very wet and boisterous. I had still to complete the survey of the coast of St. George's Bay and also ascend and survey the Crabb's River which we were unable to accomplish last season. Sandy Gillis took us in his boat up to the mouth of Crabb's Brook. Here I paid him and John Gillis off, keeping only John Stevens and Quinlan to assist me in the remainder of the work. The people of Crabb's River<sup>502</sup> were not at all pleased at our undertaking. The Patriarch of the place, known by the sobriquet of King<sup>503</sup> Legge, was desirous of preventing our survey of the river, and I believe held a council of his subjects to consider the matter, but not finding them willing to interfere with Government officers he had to abandon his intention. Nevertheless, he and his people looked upon us with great disfavour, as undesirable interlopers. John Gillis of the Highlands told me that when first the Scotch people came over from Cape Breton in a schooner, to settle there,<sup>504</sup> the

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<sup>502</sup>The modern St. David's and Jeffrey's.

<sup>503</sup>King indicated the oldest or most important person in a settlement. Likely Thomas Legge of Dorsetshire (*ENL*, St. David's).

<sup>504</sup>In the 1840s.

people of Crabb's turned out in a body, stood on the bank and thought to prevent their landing. However, they were evidently awed by the appearance of the brawny highlanders, so the landing was effected without bloodshed.<sup>505</sup> They insisted however, that the Scotchmen were not to come beyond the Trout River or Highland Brook<sup>506</sup> about \_\_\_ miles from Crabb's, although at that time there were no actual liviers between the two Rivers. Crabb's is the largest of the rivers on the south side of St. George's Bay and possessed a large lagoon near its mouth which could be converted into a fairly good Harbour by the aid of a couple of break-waters and the dredging of the gut, which is even now deep enough for small schooners to enter. It is about the only place on this side<sup>507</sup> where a harbour could be made, and no doubt eventually, this fact will be taken advantage of.

For fully three miles up the river's course it is filled with islands and intervals of all sizes. These flats possess excellent soil and are over-grown chiefly with Balsam Poplar (named Balm of Gilead) and some yellow Birch (witch-hazel). A good deal of the land is cleared and grows excellent crops. So rich is the soil here that it requires no fertilizer and I actually saw piles of stable manure thrown over the banks, because as I was informed, were it to be used on the root crops,

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<sup>505</sup>"... migrations of Highland Scots into southwestern Newfoundland began in 1841 and continued until about 1860. Some of these immigrants were Scottish born but the vast majority were born in Cape Breton Island." R.E. Ommer, "Scots Kinship, Migration and Early Settlement in Southwestern Newfoundland" (M.A. thes., Memorial University, 1973), p. 16.

<sup>506</sup>Highlands River, 2 miles south of Crabbes River.

<sup>507</sup>Of St. George's Bay.

the potatoes in particular would run to stalk.

We traversed up this fine river on foot as usual, because the water was too low for any kind of boat, even a canoe. The country all along on either side was well wooded throughout and appeared to be all admirably adapted for settlement.

As we drew near the mountains we stopped to camp one evening alongside a pool, where, observing a number of fine salmon, we concluded we must have one for to-morrow's dinner. Not being provided with fishing tackle or other means of securing one, the only alternative was to try and spear one. While Quinlan and I were putting up camp John set to work and cut a lot of dry sticks with which to construct a raft. This he accomplished by binding the sticks together with withies, i.e. twisted alders or willows. He then cut a long, slight pole of dry spruce, shaped one end into a chisel point which he hardened in the fire till it was almost like a piece of steel. He made a pair of jaws to fit this out of springy dogwood,<sup>508</sup> which he firmly bound to the shaft with twine. The complete spear was like this

The next operation was to prepare a torch. This was simply a short stick about 6 feet long slit at one end into which parcels of birch bark were inserted. When all was ready and supper was over it was now dark enough to try for a fish. We launched our raft, John standing in front, spear in hand while I manipulated

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<sup>508</sup>Mountain ash; dogberry.

it from behind with a pole. The torch was then stuck up in front and lighted. It threw a vivid glare over the water which made everything quite clear to the bottom. In a very short while John had a salmon in his spear, and though he pinned it down on the bottom, the fish was so powerful that it twisted open the jaws of the spear, and got clear.

After repairing the damage, we started off again and soon were fastened to another fish. We were determined not to lose this one, so while John held it down on the bottom, I jumped out up to my waist in water and following down the pole with my hand and arm, succeeded in grasping it by the gills. We soon had it on the raft and ashore. I was pretty well chilled from my immersion in the cold water, but what cared I, we had a fine fish for tomorrow's dinner.

That fish nearly cost me my life, and it is but a mere chance I didnot leave my bones far up the country by the lonely banks of the Crabb's River. The fish was almost black outside from long sojourn in the fresh water, had lost all its silvery sheen and when boiled next day the flesh was found to be colourless and cruddy.<sup>509</sup> It tasted like the mud in the river bottom. I was not aware then till I learned sometime after that a salmon in this condition is rank poison. We eat heartily of it for breakfast and then continued our measurement till we reached the mountains, returning to the same camp by evening. Although

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<sup>509</sup>Crumbly; soft, like curdled milk. See *DNE crud*.

not feeling very well I still eat more of the fish for supper. Next morning I was awfully sick and was unable to take any breakfast. We started our return journey, but after travelling about a mile I had to give up, being too weak to continue the journey. We had to stop, erect our camp and remain till I got better. Strange to say it did not seem to affect the other two in the least. I only was sick unto death, being clearly badly poisoned.

Feeling slightly better next day, I managed to crawl slowly along and we got down to the coast all right, but for a week or more I felt the effect of the poisoning, was exceedingly weak and sick and could scarcely take any food.

Having finished the survey of the coast-line down past the Highlands to the base of the Anguille Range as far as was practicable on foot, we now had to face a long, toilsome journey over the Anguille mountains down the Codroy Valley, and along the coast to Cape Ray and Channel.

Having been hospitably entertained at the house of Rory Gillis, and received all the directions for crossing the mountains they could afford us we took our departure, each carrying a good sized pack on our backs. It was a long heavy climb through the woods till we reached the summit of the Anguille Range over 1800 feet above sea level. Here the country was comparatively free from timber and the travelling better. It was cold, with a drizzling rain on the high ground but we pushed on till nearly dark and then pitched our leanto camp for the

night in a sheltered hollow. We saw three deer just before camp time but did not get a shot at them. I however, killed a few partridges which afforded a good supper.

Another hard day's tramp down the southern slope of the mountains through dense woods brought us at length to the Great Codroy River near the forks.<sup>510</sup> We thence followed the river's course downward to the sea. It was very bad travelling on the slippery rocks in our moccasined feet. Having reached the mouth of the river and been ferried across the gut we made no delay, but continued on towards Little Codroy keeping the shore most of the way. There were no roads of any kind here at this date.<sup>511</sup>

There was but one family residing here on the north side of Little Codroy River, a brawny Highlander named McNeil. Big John as he was called had a fine clearing on a beautiful level tract of land near the river. He possessed a fine comfortable roomy house, had a good stock of cattle and sheep and was apparently very comfortable. His family consisted of several strapping sons all six footers or more. Old John himself, though now somewhat bent with age had been in his time a perfect giant in strength and stature.

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<sup>510</sup>North Branch and South Branch join and become Grand Codroy River.

<sup>511</sup>But see Thomas Long's report of his 1872 survey of a line of road from Channel to the Codroy rivers, and thence toward Sandy Point, in *JHA* (1873), Appendix, pp. 959-73, which notes that "an old footpath" existed between Channel and the Codroy rivers. 3/4 of a mile of a road was built between Channel and Grand Bay, and a line of road over 4 miles long and 12-16 feet wide had been cut out between the two Codroy rivers. Long's survey north of the Codroy rivers towards Sandy Point was 14 miles long. From its end he walked on a partially blazed "pathway" over the Anguille Mountains to Sandy Point.

I got into conversation with old John and was much interested in what he told me. Like all the other Scotch settlers on this coast, he came originally from Cape Breton. He said when first he came over it was late in the fall, and before he had time to fix himself comfortably for the winter, the Gulf ice came in and blocked up the whole coast so that there was no getting about anywhere in boat, not being fully supplied with necessaries for his family, and there being no place nearer than Channel where they could be had. The distance to be travelled is over 30 miles. There was of course no road of any kind, nothing but rocks and swamps with low tucking bushes. Over this dreadful rough country Old John made several trips during the winter. Amongst other commodities he carried on his back some 7 or 8 barrels of flour. Only a powerful giant of a man like John could have accomplished such a desperate undertaking. I asked him if there were no persons living here when he came. Oh yes he said, pointing to an old clearing on the other side of a small cove, there were some English families living over there, and what became of them I asked. A weel they did not loike the Scotchman, so they got out.

After getting across the gut at Little Codroy<sup>512</sup> we walked down the shore and had reached the last residence, called wreck-house,<sup>513</sup> when a furious rainstorm caught us. We were drenched to the skin, and were glad indeed to accept the friendly shelter of

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<sup>512</sup>Community also known as Little River; now St. Andrew's.

<sup>513</sup>A place north of Cape Ray, notorious for high winds.

Laughlin McLaughlin's tilt for the night. We dried ourselves as well as we could by the stove. The tilt consisted of one small living and sleeping room with a bunk in one corner, Highland fashion. My men had to sleep on the bare floor, but I was given the priest's bed<sup>514</sup> in a little cupboard about 5x10 feet parted off from the main room. Laughlin and his wife, a tall gaunt highland lassie, did everything in their power to make us comfortable, and poor as our lodging was we were indeed thankful to get in out of the storm. Those simple highlanders possess all the traits of the Celtic race noted everywhere for its profuse hospitality.

Next day was somewhat finer so we pushed on to Red Rocks<sup>515</sup> where we spent another night at the house of \_\_\_ Young.<sup>516</sup> We reached the Cape in good time, passing inland without visiting the light house, where we would have met a wholesale welcome from the Rennie<sup>517</sup> family, some of whom I had met at Channel. Instead we pushed on as hard as we could hoping to reach Channel that night, but we reckoned without our host. The numerous lagoons or Barachois between the Cape and Grand Bay had to be negotiated and as the tide was rising we had either to wade across at the shallowest parts or otherwise make long detours inland to get round them. We chose the former and waded through the cold water sometimes to our waists. Notwithstanding night overtook us

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<sup>514</sup>Special accommodation was set aside

<sup>515</sup>Just north of Cape Ray.

<sup>516</sup>Probably John Young, residing here at this time.

<sup>517</sup>The keeper was Ernest Rennie.

several miles from the head of Grand Bay. There was no shelter to be had anywhere and no wood to make a good fire with. We were compelled to take shelter under the lea of a large boulder. The only fuel we could obtain was some low green bush which afforded very little heat but an intolerable amount of smoke. During the night it rained hard and we were soon drenched again. In this miserable plight we passed, probably, the most miserable night I ever experienced in all my many long years of woods life. Morning at length dawned to find us chilled with the cold rain and almost stifled<sup>518</sup> with the pungent fumes of smoke. With difficulty we managed to boil our kettle and get a hot cup of tea, and then we were off on the last stage of our journey.

At length we reached Channel wet, cold and hungry. I had contracted a severe cold and very sore throat from our previous night's exposure under the boulder.

We put up at the house of Mr. John Keating whose amiable wife made me as comfortable as possible, and I was glad to have a few days to nurse myself before the boat arrived back from Sydney.

Monseigneur Sears and Dr. Howley were here staying at Keating's at the same time. While waiting I surveyed a piece of land for the former, up at the head of Port aux Basque, near where the Reid Railway terminus now<sup>519</sup> stands.

Our voyage home was uneventful and we arrived in due course

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<sup>518</sup>A local variant of *stifled*.

<sup>519</sup>In 1914; the Reid-Newfoundland Company operated the transisland railway.

at St. John's after a pretty strenuous season's work.

1875

Bay of Exploits to the South Coast:  
Red Indian Lake, George IV Lake,  
Victoria River, Grandy's Brook

This proved to be one of the most trying, yet most interesting years' experiences it was my lot to encounter.<sup>520</sup>

It was what is generally called the year of the Sandford Fleming Railway Survey, across the centre of the island from east to west.<sup>521</sup>

The government having at length concluded that it was about time Newfoundland should have a Railroad of its own and the people generally concurring in this idea, Sir S. Fleming, the eminent Canadian Engineer, was appealed to to have such a survey

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<sup>520</sup>See Howley's "Reminiscences of Camping Out in the Early Seventies," *Christmas Bells* (1906), pp. 7-8.

<sup>521</sup>Two of the survey parties worked from west to east.

carried out. Engineers were chosen and sent down here under the supervision of Mr. A.L. Light<sup>522</sup> to arrange for the carrying out of the work. Three parties were formed, designated respectively Sections A, B, and C. Section A, under engineer Ramsey, a New Brunswicker was to commence at the head of Bay St. George and run towards the Exploits River till he connected with Division B. under Engineer Austin,<sup>523</sup> at the head of Red Indian Lake. Austin's section was to cross the central interior eastward to the Gander River, there to meet the third, or Section C, under Engineer Francis J. Lynch who was to commence at Come-by-Chance, head of Placentia Bay and run west, till he met Austin's line on Gander River.

Mr. Murray having been retained by the Government to superintend the work, engage crews, forward supplies for the parties etc., it fell to me to carry out the Geological and topographical work of the season.

I was directed to ascend the Exploits River to Red Indian Lake and continue the survey of that noble River as far as practicable, and if possible carry on my survey right across the country to the southern coast. I was also required to render any assistance in my power to the two western parties, should I meet with them.

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<sup>522</sup>Alexander Luders Light (1822-94), English engineer involved in Canadian railroad construction. At Fleming's request, he came to Newfoundland in May, 1875, to organize the railroad survey, but returned to Canada and left much of the work of overseeing the survey to Murray. Murray's report, in *JHA* (1876), Appendix, pp. 402-26, includes an "outline" of Howley's field work of 1875.

<sup>523</sup>William A. Austin, a civil engineer; the New Brunswick engineer was Thomas Ramsey.

When all different parties had left for the fields of operation I made my preparations for the long and arduous trip from the north to the south coast of the island through the very heart of the interior, and through a hitherto entirely unknown territory.<sup>524</sup> Leaving St. John's early in July by the northern coastal boat<sup>525</sup> we arrived at Twillingate in due course. Here a small decked boat was hired to take us up to the mouth of the Exploits River.

Austin's party had preceded us up the river about a week.<sup>526</sup> During their delay at this place they constructed a number<sup>527</sup> of flat-bottomed boats with which to convey their large outfit of provisions etc. up the river. They were also furnished with several canoes and Indians to handle them.

My crew consisted of five Micmacs,<sup>528</sup> two rather oldish men, Louis John and Nicholas Jeddore, with John Stevens, Peter Stride, and a young chap named Reuben Lewis, son of the old Chief, Maurice Lewis of Conne River. Before leaving, I had my canoes overhauled and repaired by old Noel Paul of Wigwam Point, said to be the only Indian in the country capable of constructing a birchbark canoe.

When all was ready we commenced the ascent of the River. It was hard work poling up the rapids and portaging over the falls

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<sup>524</sup>Cf. Murray: "The island is no longer a *terra incognita*. It has been explored more or less throughout its entire length and breadth" (*JHA* [1876], Appendix, p. 425). The interior was of course well known to the Micmacs.

<sup>525</sup>*Plover* (CNSA, 262.3.02.013).

<sup>526</sup>"about a fortnight before" (CNSA, 262.3.02.013).

<sup>527</sup>"some 10 or a dozen" (CNSA, 262.3.02.013).

<sup>528</sup>At the time Howley wrote "with three Indians." (CNSA, 262.3.02.013)

and our progress was consequently slow.

On reaching the Grand Fall portage we had very laborious work carrying across our two canoes and all our season's provisions, camps, clothing etc. The portage across from the pool below the rapids to a point above the main fall is a couple of miles long and is very steep and rugged for most of the distance. It was extremely heavy work and the weather was very hot, with myriads of mosquitoes making it all the more trying. I took the opportunity while here to visit the fall itself and take in all its magnificence. It is truly one of Newfoundland's greatest natural wonders. The extreme beauty of the scene is most impressive. The great volume of water in this our largest river, is suddenly precipitated over a wall of rock into a cauldron-like hole some 40 or 50 feet in depth. This cauldron is walled in by mural cliffs on each side, which continue down stream some three miles. Through this narrow gorge the pent-up waters surge and foam, dash from side to side as though trying to break their bounds. The fall proper is divided into two channels by a small wooded island in the centre of the river and as the waters surge around this and make the plunge over the rock barrier, a dense white mist arises high in the air which can be seen quite a distance. Numerous sea gulls breed on the little island, and on the approach of man keep up a continuous chorus of hoarse cries as they hover around the fall.

The whole scene, the screaming birds, the white mist, and the overhanging woods along the top of the cliffs certainly

presents a most magnificent sight.

It took a full week to reach Red Indian Lake, but we delayed a couple of days at the Badger Brook to make an excursion to Hodge's Hill. I was desirous of ascertaining the height of this conspicuous landmark<sup>529</sup> and also to obtain a set of bearings from its summit.

Having ascended the Badger River as far as it was possible to get our canoes, we started for the mountain on foot, and reached the base of it before night. The travelling was awful, at places we met acres of windfalls where the forest had been levelled by gales of wind. Here the fallen timber was piled tree on tree for many feet above the ground. There was no getting through these mazes of tangled woods, they had either to be crawled under or climbed over, which were very difficult undertakings. We could not delay to cut a passage through, and even though we could, it would involve a tremendous amount of labour. However, we succeeded in overcoming these obstacles and camped for the night just under the mountain. We were up betimes next morning and began the steep ascent reaching the summit between 9 and 10 O'clock. The mountain was quite bare on top and from its elevated position we obtained a magnificent panoramic view all around. To the west and south, as well as to the north east, up and down the valley, one dense dark forest extended as far as the eye could reach. Toward the north and west, though

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<sup>529</sup>204 ft.

still well-wooded, patches of open marsh and barrens were interspersed here and there. Away to the east over near Gander Lake, Blue Mountain, or Mount Peyton, reared its bare head high above the timber line, looking, as its name implies, quite blue in the early morning light. Far away to the west the conspicuous Topsails, Hinds Hill, and Lobster House, over towards the Grand Lake were plainly seen, and still further off to the southward we could just make out the yellow top of Mt. Sylvester near the Bay de North River. A portion of the waters of Bay of Exploits lay to the N.E. with Killock island<sup>530</sup> plainly visible, and in the far distance, N.E., several of the outer islands of Notre Dame Bay could be recognized. Altogether it afforded a magnificent landscape.

I took a number of bearings with the theodolite on surrounding objects and although it was the middle of July with a broiling sun pouring down from the heavens, while it was insufferably hot on the lower elevations we still found it so cold up here that we had to light a fire to keep reasonably warm.

On our return down the Badger, night overtook us before we reached our camp at its mouth. Just after dark we fell in with a company of wild geese, and I succeeded in shooting two or three. They were all old birds and were swimming along the steady. We could just make them out in the uncertain light, by the wake of the water behind, as they swam quickly along. At this season of

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<sup>530</sup>Possibly Killick Point before the changes made in the shoreline when the community of Botwood was established in the 1890s.

the year the geese are moulting their feathers and are unable to fly, hence they become an easy prey. During this moulting season they lie pretty close all day only venturing out after dark.

We had seen a few deer on our way up the Exploits but were not fortunate enough to kill one. I fired at a large stag near the mouth of the Badger. I could only see his head as his body was hidden in the alders. The bullet took one of his horns, then in the velvet, and broke it off near the skull. The poor brute made off with the horn swinging loose, hanging by the skin covering, and we lost him. He must have suffered a good deal trying to get along through the woods in such a condition and I regretted very much I had not missed him altogether. Of course the wound was not mortal and no doubt so soon as he got rid of the broken horn he came on all right again.

We now pushed on up the river and had a toilsome journey poling and dragging the heavily-laden canoes. At this season the water was at its lowest summer level and there were many places where the river was almost dry, and extensive sand bars occupied the greater part of its bed.

Finally we reached the long-looked-for Red Indian Lake. Here we were at length on this great inland sea, stretching away to the westward thirty-six miles. It presented a glorious sight in the calm mornings, when the surface unruffled by a single breath of wind looked like a gigantic mirror spread out before us. The dense dark forest clothing its shores on every side lent a particular charm to the magnificent scene. It was truly sylvan

beauty of the most glorious kind. I shall never forget the impression produced upon me at this first sight of the erstwhile home of the extinct Beothuck. Here the noble Red man dwelt for centuries amidst peace and plenty undisturbed by the intrusion of either White or Micmac enemies. But he has disappeared forever, gone to the "Happy Hunting Grounds" of his people, in the region of the hereafter, where it is to be hoped he is at length beyond the reach of his relentless foes. Poor, untutored children of nature, peace be to your ashes. I could scarcely bring myself to believe that we should still not see some of them skimming over the lake in their peculiar-shaped bark canoes.<sup>531</sup> Could it be possible they had all disappeared, leaving so little trace behind of their ever having had an existence? How I longed to meet with them and perhaps to be the means of bringing about a friendly relation with them, but alas! it was too late. My advent into this mundane sphere was just a century behindhand.

We paddled up to the mouth of Victoria River, one of the largest affluents<sup>532</sup> of the Upper Exploits, which empties into the Red Indian Lake on the south side about 4 miles above the outflowing main River. Here, as indeed all along our journey up stream, we met with many relics of Austin's party who had preceded us. Here a broken and abandoned flat or torn bark canoe,

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<sup>531</sup>See John Cartwright's 1768 description and sketch, Howley, *The Beothucks*, opp. p. 29, pp. 31-33; Neary and O'Flaherty, *Part of the Main* (St. John's: Breakwater, 1983), p. 28.

<sup>532</sup>Tributaries.

empty tins and other relics of their various camping places etc. We found that they had made an attempt to ascend Victoria river, and had cut some portages over the bad rapids and falls near its mouth. We afterwards learned they had to abandon the attempt, after smashing up one of their canoes, and losing all its contents, some of them barely escaping with their lives. Worse still, they had succeeded in firing the woods, on the lower reaches and on our arrival the fire had spread considerably. Had the wind been high with such dry weather as prevailed just then, there was a great probability of the entire valley of the Exploits being swept by the fire, and its magnificent timber resources being entirely destroyed. This would indeed be a great calamity, and no doubt would have prevented the establishment later of the great pulp and paper industries at Grand and Bishop's Falls.<sup>533</sup>

There is no doubt that this conflagration was caused by the rank carelessness of some of Austin's men. With such a heterogeneous crowd as he had with him, some of whom had never been in the woods in their lives before, it was all but impossible to avoid such occurrences. Our people, as a rule, are woefully careless about fires. They make no choice as to where they should or should not light a fire, and never think about putting them out when leaving a camp. The Indians, on the

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<sup>533</sup>The Anglo-Newfoundland Development Co.'s pulp and paper mill at Grand Falls (official opening 1909); Albert E. Reed and Co.'s pulp mill at Bishop's Falls (completed 1912).

contrary, with very few exceptions are very careful, those with me especially so. Anyway, I had made it a rule never to leave a camping place without seeing myself that the fires were thoroughly extinguished, and now after my forty-five years camping out in all sorts of places all over the interior, I can proudly boast that never did I or my party burn one acre of the indigenous forest of the country.

It was my intention to survey the Victoria River, a hitherto utterly unknown region. So far as I could learn, not a single white man had ever traversed it, and indeed, I only heard of one Indian, John Stevens' father having traced its course as far as Victoria Lake. This man with other Indians had been employed by the Beothuck Institute about 1828-29<sup>534</sup> to explore all likely places where it was thought some few survivors of the Red men may still be hidden away, but they failed to find any trace of them. Owing to the fire raging up the country we were compelled to remain a couple of days here before we could venture to proceed. There was no getting canoes along for many miles owing to the extreme roughness of the river and the survey could only be accomplished on foot. In the meantime, while waiting, we visited the N.E. Arm of the lake, where the Beothucks chiefly dwelt in former times. At Bloody Point where Buchan surprised them in 1811 and where his two unfortunate marines were slain,<sup>535</sup> we found the

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<sup>534</sup>Howley, *The Beothucks*, p. 189. The formation of the Institution is recorded on pp. 182-87.

<sup>535</sup>*Ibid.*, pp. 77-80.

site of their village. Though long since overgrown with forest, we observed the foundations of their camps marked by circular mounds of earth still quite visible. Similar circular hollows were seen at several points on the river below as we journeyed upward. Some of these circular spaces were 15 and 16 feet across, and must have represented large-sized wigwams or mamateeks. Immediately opposite Bloody point on the north shore of the lake another similar group of hollows indicated the home of poor Mary March (Demasduit). It was here Peyton and his men surprised the Indians in March 1819, when Mary was captured and her noble spouse, No-nos-ba-sut was slain.<sup>536</sup>

We went up to the head of the arm where a large brook flows into the lake coming from the north. There were extensive flats near its mouth and here we saw a fine deer, but he ran the gauntlet between us all and got away scot free. We all had a shot or two at him but missed badly. It was on this occasion that I named the brook after Mary March, a name which I hope may ever be retained. Should our nomenclature committee ever attempt to change it, I trust there will be sufficient public spirit shown to prevent any desecration.<sup>537</sup>

While encamped at the mouth of Victoria river a curious and ludicrous accident befell me. I had been considering for sometime

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<sup>536</sup>See n. 11 above and Howley, *The Beothucks*, pp. 102-103, 261.

<sup>537</sup>The name is still Mary March's Brook. A government-appointed Nomenclature Board assigned and altered place-names. See minutes of the Board, *Daily News*, Jan. 14, 1910, *Evening Herald*, Oct. 12, 1911. Some of its decisions were controversial.

how I could preserve some venison fresh, when we got any, which up to this time we did not succeed in doing. A happy thought struck me. I would try and save some of our soup and meat tins intact, and use them for the purpose. If I could only succeed in getting one of the ends off without injuring it, I could then after refilling the can put on the cover and solder it. But to get the end off unbroken was the difficulty. If I could only melt the solder it would be easily accomplished. We had a good fire on the beach cooking our dinner. Into this I placed one end of the tin and raising the upper end free a little by placing a stone under it, I lay down on the beach to watch it. My face was directly opposite the exposed end of the can. One of the Indians engaged in the cooking operations also lay down close by. All at once there was an explosion like a heavy gun, the end of the can near me blew out and I received its whole contents square in the face. I thought I was killed and the Indian near me got such a fright that he rolled over on his back into the water close by. When we realized what had happened, and that I was only slightly scalded by the steaming contents of the can all hands roared laughing. I was such a sight, my face and chest were covered all over with the soup which had been shot out with such force. Of course it was a most stupid thing for me to do, and a moment's reflection should have convinced me of the inevitable result of my foolish experiment. But I didn't wait to think.

The fire up the river having by this time died down considerably and the weather remaining quite calm we concluded to

commence the survey up its course. As we could not use our canoes here, I despatched them up the lake in charge of Louis, Nicholas & Reuben to await near the upper end until we rejoined them.

Taking only John Stevens and Peter Stride with me, and about a week's supply of provisions and traveling as light as possible, not even taking along a camp, we started on foot up the Victoria. We had to run the gauntlet through the still-smouldering fire zone. So hot was the dry peaty soil in which the fire still lurked we nearly burned the moccasins off our feet but we succeeded in getting through it all right. The first eleven miles of the river were exceedingly rough, being a continuous succession of falls and chutes with ragged rocky banks which rendered the travelling very bad. But this was nothing to the fear which possessed us that the fire might spring up afresh, and should the wind come around to the N.E., overtake us. In that case our plight would indeed be perilous. As a matter of fact, the wind did freshen up after we got past, and soon great volumes of smoke and flame shot skyward but the wind remained in a west point. It was not at all a pleasant prospect to contemplate. So when we got beyond the worst part of the river and entered upon a long straight stretch of steady, or nearly smooth water, we pushed on for all we were worth, so as to put as great an interval as possible between ourselves and the fire zone. By sunset we had reached well up the steady and as the wind again dropped we felt pretty safe for the night. We were fortunate in striking an old Micmac wigwam by the side of the river, which we

soon repaired and having a new fresh clean bed of fir boughs therein we had a comfortable lodging for the night.

Made great progress next day along this beautiful steady. The valley here was wide and flat and densely timbered all along with fine spruce, fir and a good deal of large pine.

During the day we ran across several moulting geese and I shot two with a single bullet cutting off their necks below the head just at the thinnest part. One of the geese drifted across to the opposite side of the river and as the water was deep, I had to take off all my clothes and swim across after it. Catching one of the feet in my mouth I soon got back again towing the goose after me. When I emerged from the water I found myself covered from head to foot with a species of small leech about 1/4 of an inch long. They were as thick as they could stow and clung tenaciously to my flesh, causing a stinging sensation. With the aid of the Indians I soon got rid of them, but I did not care to try the experience again. We kept on up stream for six days till we reached some thirty miles. Here our provisions getting low we decided to strike across the woods for Red Indian Lake again. Just before finishing our survey, Peter who was on ahead, shot a splendid stag. We had a great blowout of kidneys and marrow bones for supper, and venison steak for breakfast next morning. Then cutting off all the choice parts of the meat to take with us, we started on our tramp through the woods. It was still uphill work for a long distance and towards the summit of the high ridge extending up and down country between the Lake and Victoria River

the timber became very thick and scrubby. It was very difficult to force our way through it heavily laden as we now were.

We reached some distance down the northern slope and camped beside a large pond before night. Next day we got out to the shore of Red Indian Lake and saw the smoke of our camp on a point nearly opposite. A couple of guns fired as a signal soon brought one of the canoes over and we were not long getting across. The camp was pitched at the edge of the woods on a lovely spot with a fine sandy beach in front.

Here we remained several days while I finished the survey of the upper end of the lake some 9 miles, which Mr. Murray in 1871 had left uncompleted.<sup>538</sup>

While encamped here we saw some men walking along the south shore and I sent a canoe over for them. They turned out to be some of Austin's party, including two Indian canoe men, who had been carrying supplies up the Noel Paul's River in advance of the survey party and to form a reserve by the time they would reach that point. The leader of this party was no less a person than the Hon. John Costigan, a Minister of Sir John Macdonald's Cabinet in Canada. He was a New Brunswicker, a strong hardy backwoodsman, a lumberer by profession. He had come down with the Engineers to have a look into our timber resources and had attached himself to Austin's party. Being an expert canoe man he rendered great service to the surveyors in getting along their

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<sup>538</sup>Murray and Howley, *Geological Survey*, p. 252.

supplies.<sup>539</sup>

Austin was now a considerable distance on his way east, and as I had letters for him and some of his party, I concluded to go in with these men and deliver them in person. We easily found his line and followed it up. In some places it proved difficult to do so as they had cut several lines but finding the land rise too quickly had backed up and commenced anew, however we succeeded in making out the correct line and continued on till night overtook us. Some of Costigan's men were pretty nearly played out and wanted to stop and camp, but as we knew the party could not be much further he and I would not consent. There was one young fellow from Carbonear amongst them, a sailor lad, who had spent all his life ploughing the ocean. He told me he had just arrived from a foreign voyage as the men were being shipped for the survey, and he concluded he would like to try a trip ashore, so applied and was accepted. The poor chap would give all he ever saw to get out again, and if he only knew his way back to the seashore would not stay a day longer. "Catch me in the woods again, if I ever get out alive," he would say. He was a hardy chap and I pitied the poor fellow. It was the mosquitoes more than anything else that sickened him. They were certainly dreadful all the time and we suffered torments from them. As it grew darker we were obliged to strip off pieces of birch bark,

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<sup>539</sup>He is commemorated in the name Costigan Lake, five km south of Red Indian Lake. See Intro., n. 201. Costigan was paid for his work on the survey (*JHA* [1876], Appendix, p. 92).

roll them into torches, and by their light find our way along. It was a weird yet beautiful sight as we wended our way through the tall timber in torch-light procession. At length we sighted a great glare in the woods ahead which proved to be reflected from Austin's camp fires. As we approached, all hands turned out to welcome us. The sight of strangers in this great lone forest so far from civilization is always welcome, more so in our case as I carried letters for many of the crowd.

They were camped in a little swamp, Austin being terribly afraid of fire were he to pitch his tents in dry ground, and well he might be, seeing that his crew with few exceptions were so inexperienced to wood craft. We were lodged for the night in several camps, Costigan and myself in that of the staff. It was terribly overcrowded and we were all packed like sardines. The night was wet and very sultry and the sand flies so bad that I could not sleep a wink. After trying in vain, I sat up near the front of the camp and smoked my pipe. I was soon joined by Costigan who like myself could not sleep. There we stayed till daylight, glad indeed when it appeared. All hands were soon aroused to get breakfast and commence the day's work. When breakfast was over, John Stevens, who had come with us, and myself bid them good-bye and began our return journey. We were not destined to meet this party again during the season as our ways led in almost opposite directions. I noticed Costigan and Austin did not get on very well together, but he and I had become great friends from the first.

We now commenced the ascent of the upper Exploits above Red Indian Lake. The river here is still a large one but very rough in places. There are no actual falls in this section but many chutes and very bad rapids. The valley soon became quite narrow and is hemmed in by high ranges of hills on both sides. Those on the south side in particular constitute a lofty rugged mountain range known to the Indians as Annieopsquotch (meaning ugly, broken or rugged).

We made our way slowly up the river with much labour, poling and dragging our loaded canoes. A very conspicuous peak on the right-hand side was ascended and a set of bearings taken therefrom. It gave a height of 1694 feet above sea level. I named this tolt Red Indian Lookout.<sup>540</sup> We had hoped to see the smoke of Ramsey's camp from here but did not observe any indications of that party's near presence. We left a pole with a red flag attached on the hill-top as a guide for them. At 18 miles up we entered a long narrow deep lake lying close to the base of the Annieopsquotch range which here rises direct from the waters of the Lake. This I named Lloyd's Pond<sup>541</sup> after the only whiteman who had visited it up to that time.<sup>542</sup> The Indians call it Pit Paeg (deep pond). We ascended the mountain here and found the height at one point to be 2400 feet above sea-level.

While engaged in the survey of this lake we were surprised

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<sup>540</sup>This hill is unnamed on modern maps.

<sup>541</sup>Lloyds Lake.

<sup>542</sup>During the 1873 season, Howley met John Milne and T.G.B. Lloyd, "two geologists and mineralogists" (see p. 304).

one day by a visit from Mr. Costigan who had left Austin's party and came up here alone in a large bark canoe belonging to the party. How he accomplished the feat single-handed was a mystery even to the Indians. But he was a powerful individual and an expert canoeman, having spent his life in the back woods of New Brunswick. I made him welcome to my camp, and we spent a week together very pleasantly. Having had occasion to send one of my canoes with two men down the river to bring up some of our provisions left behind, to lighten our loads, they returned with the news that Ramsey's party had reached the Exploits and were camped at the side of the river just below Red Indian Lookout. Both Costigan and I concluded to pay them a visit, so on the 15th August we ran down the river. We found them all well except one man, Mr. Robert Light, leveller,<sup>543</sup> a brother of Engineer A.L. Light. He poor fellow was quite off his head, and imagined they were going to make away with him. Presumably the great loneliness of the woods, the toil of travel, and the everlasting torment of the mosquitoes had affected his brain.

Old man Ramsey was in a great way about him and how he was to get him out of the country alive. None of his men would undertake the task of running him down the Exploits River. He was armed with a revolver which he would not give up and threatened to shoot anyone who would attempt to deprive him of it. He also

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<sup>543</sup>A crew member operating a surveying level (an instrument comprising a telescope and spirit level, on a tripod) to determine the height of land along the railway line. Levels could also be taken using a theodolite.

spoke several times of using it on himself rather than die a natural death in this lone situation.

John Costigan undertook to make the attempt to run him down the river if only one of the Indians would accompany him. But this they refused to do. Finally rather than let him die he started off alone with the crazy man. How he ever succeeded in getting down such a distance over all the rapids, portages etc. with little or no rest seeing that he had to keep a strict watch on his fellow passenger all the time, was a mystery. But he did succeed, and here I must record my opinion that, it was one of the most daring undertakings I ever heard of. Costigan should have received a suitable recognition for his heroic deed of daring to save a fellow creature's life.

The river above Lloyd's Pond became more and more rugged as we proceeded and was often times so choked with huge boulders that it was with the greatest difficulty we were able to get along at all. It was awfully laborious work to pole and drag our canoes along, lifting them every now and again over the rocks or warping them through the chutes and rapids. We were all our time up to our waists in water from morning till night. Peter Stride and myself kept ahead measuring every yard of the river, while John and Louis managed one canoe, Nicholas and Reuben, the other. Once John Stevens came near losing the number of his mess.<sup>544</sup> He and Louis were trying to negotiate a particularly bad place. John

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<sup>544</sup>I.e., dying. Mess is a group of military or naval men who eat together.

went ahead with a long tow line and scrambled out on the rocks to the main current. He then began to haul up the canoe while Louis remained aboard and with a long pole kept her off the rocks. Just as John succeeded in bringing the boat within a yard or so of his grasp, the line suddenly parted, and the strong water quickly swept her back down stream. John made a step forward in an endeavour to catch the bow of the canoe, but his foot slipped and he fell between the boulders, at the same time he was thrown headlong into the roughest part of the stream. Worse than all, his foot became jammed and he could not recover himself. There he lay head down under water. In the meantime Louis in the boat was swept several hundred yards down stream before he could find a place where he could shove the boat in amongst the boulders, and run to John's assistance. It took him quite a while to get around and out to where John was. Being an old man he could not cover the distance and scramble out as nimbly as a younger person. When at length he reached and pulled him out by the leg the latter was almost gone. The rest of us being some distance ahead and out of sight knew nothing of this occurrence until a considerable time had elapsed, when owing to their long delay in coming up we judged something must have happened. We hurried back to find that Louis had lit a big fire by which poor John lay, chilled by his long submersion and very sick indeed. We immediately decided to camp right there, made John take off his clothing and gave him a good rubbing down. Fortunately I always took along a bottle of brandy for such emergencies as this, and giving him a good hot

glass, he began to revive and after a good night's rest was almost himself again next morning.

In order to illustrate the tenacity of life sometimes displayed by the caribou, I will here relate an instance. One day while poling up stream we observed a fine doe feeding by the side of the river. She was so hidden by the alders that only her head and neck were visible. We stopped poling & I got out with my gun. I crept up within easy distance and fired at the animal's head. The ball passed clean through the lower part breaking both the jaws of the poor brute. I fired again but missed. She made off at once through the woods. Peter and I followed her up which was an easy matter owing to the quantity of blood left in her trail. We found her lying down, but before I could get another shot she was up and away, making out again for the river. As we reached the bank on our side she was just taking that on the other. I had to fire quickly before she entered the woods and this time the ball struck her on the bridge of the nose cutting a groove across it. At this juncture I had to return to the canoe for more ammunition, and when I returned we crossed the river & took up the trail again. We found her standing broadside in the woods. I put a bullet right through her body, but she made off as though nothing had touched her. After quite a while we again came up with her, this time lying down and apparently breathing her last, blood was spouting out of her wounds & she seemed all but gone. I did not think it necessary to fire again, but Peter warned me if I did not we should lose her. "Fire at her head," he said. This

was no easy matter as we had come upon her so close and were standing immediately behind her that it was difficult to aim at her head it lay so low and flat on the ground. However I raised myself on tiptoe and aimed as well I could, but the ball took her side and ripped a long furrow in the skin. She instantly attempted to rise but a well-aimed shot took her in the poll and came out through her forehead. Thus five out of the six shots I fired struck her and three of them should have killed any kind of animal. We paunched<sup>545</sup> her and cut off the head.

Peter who was an exceedingly strong man, tied her four legs together, took her just as she was on his back and lugged her out to the river fully 1/4 of a mile, without a stop.

We at length reached George IV Lake of Cormack, Pluchiopaeg, or Cross Pond of the Indians, sixteen miles above Lloyd's Pond. Thus had we ascended the Great Exploits nearly to its head waters, a feat never performed before. On reaching this historic lake we all doffed our caps and gave three hearty cheers. To think that since W.E. Cormack sighted and named this lake in 1822,<sup>546</sup> fifty-three years previously, it had never been visited by another whiteman and that I was destined to be the second one, not only to visit it but to survey it, and give it a definite place on the map of Newfoundland, afforded me no small satisfaction.

It is a pretty lake and of considerable size. Though called

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<sup>545</sup>I.e., eviscerated.

<sup>546</sup>Howley, *The Beothucks*, p. 158, records Cormack naming this lake.

Cross Pond from the fact of its laying at right angles to the course of the river, it really bears more resemblance to the letter *T* than to a cross. It might well be considered the headwaters of our greatest river, for although the latter continues many miles beyond and is split up into various branches which interlock with the La Poile and other South-flowing streams it is certainly the last lake of any size on the Exploits, and the river above becomes little more than a mountain torrent.

A careful survey was made of the lake and surrounding country. Much of the latter was now quite bare and the Annieopsquotch mountains still continue to follow the river valley on the south side, but become more broken up by ravines and low valleys here and soon die down to the general level. Pole-star observations with the sextant gave the Latitude of our camp on the Lake as  $48^{\circ} 13'$  north.<sup>547</sup> Its height above sea-level according to aneroid readings kept up all through was just 1237 feet above sea-level.

Although we had killed a few deer and beaver on our way up and had at times an abundance of fresh meat, we now found our flour and other stores growing very low, while still engaged in the survey of the lake. I despatched John out to the sea-coast partly to ascertain the feasibility of getting down the La Poile River with our canoes and partly to see if there were any letters for me at La Poile. We were now three months left home and so far

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<sup>547</sup>Howley's typescript erroneously has  $47^{\circ} 13'$  north.

as hearing anything from the outside world was concerned, we would have as good a chance were we in the centre of Africa instead of the interior of Newfoundland. John took about a week to go and come, but he performed the journey in quick time and moreover brought back besides letters and a few small items a thorough knowledge of the waterways, which I afterwards was able to verify. He saw no chance whatever of getting down the La Poile River. For many miles it was simply unapproachable even on foot. It ran through a narrow canyon walled in by precipitous cliffs, and was nothing but a foaming torrent almost all the way down to the sea.

So the idea of getting out that way with our canoes had to be abandoned. Being, however, anxious to connect my survey and make a continuous measurement right across country from shore to shore, north to south, I decided to continue on foot over the barrens, measuring the most direct line I could find, taking John, Peter and Reuben, the three younger men with me, while I sent Louis and Nicholas out to Bay St. George, some forty miles distant to procure some flour during our absence. We started shoreward, following the Exploits still some twenty-two miles above George IV Lake, but here it had dwindled down to a very small stream with scarcely any water, its bed being completely choked with boulders. We left it at a point where one branch of the La Poile came within a hundred yards or less, but instead of trying to follow the latter we struck out right across the barrens, being guided as to direction by John who had been over

the ground.

We were now traversing over the bare bleak highlands forming the watershed between the Exploits and the south coast. It was a very desolate region with scarcely a bush anywhere, having left the timber line far behind. We saw several deer and I shot one magnificent old stag. The fat covering his haunches was the full depth of the blade of my sheath knife. As we were nearing the coast, I thought I would try and get a couple of quarters out and should we be fortunate in meeting the coastal boat eastbound, send a quarter home. I had to pay John and Reuben an extra dollar to carry the venison and John stipulated that I should also give him a bottle of rum at La Poile.

When we finally reached a point where it was possible to get down to the river level we camped for a day, it being Sunday. John and Reuben went ahead several miles with the venison leaving Peter, who was suffering with toothache, and myself in camp. After breakfast when I wanted my usual morning's smoke I found I had no tobacco and as Peter did not smoke I was in sore straits. I had lost a part of a stick of tobacco, all that was left of my stock, somewhere. I remembered I had my tobacco and stopped at a small brook yesterday to fill my pipe and concluded it was there I must have left the precious morsel. It was some five miles away from camp, but what of that if I could only find it and have a good smoke. Anyway, I trudged over the barrens, reached the place only to find after a most diligent search that the tobacco was not there. It now came on a cold drizzling rain and began to blow

a gale, and being lightly clad I suffered much from the wet and cold returning to camp. On my way back I picked up some portions of the forequarters of the deer killed yesterday and carried them with me. John and Reuben had not returned yet. I now made a diligent search of my camp again for the tobacco, and at length found it under the curtain where it must have fallen from my pocket last evening when putting the camp up. Had it been a nugget of gold, or yet a diamond, I don't think I could have felt more overjoyed.

Next day we reached a point where we were at length able to get down off the height to the river bed. It was a desperately steep descent through dense scraggy bushes, or stunted dwarfed timber so tangled and thick that to force one's way through it was a work of infinite labour, especially with packs on our backs. In addition I carried the antlers of the deer shot two days before. This is one of the ugliest loads one can have on the back especially in such a place. The antlers hitch in every other bush and cause infinite worry. To avoid this as much as possible I used to throw them down before me as far as I could and when I again reached them gave them another throw. But we got down at last and then took to the river's bed which we followed down to the sea at the head of La Poile Bay. Here we were fortunate enough to find a leaky old boat, which we appropriated and after a good pull down the Arm arrived safely at Little Harbour where

the Jersey firm<sup>548</sup> of Renouf, Clémont<sup>549</sup> & Co. is established and where the coastal boat calls on her trip back and forth.

The agent of the firm Mr. Clémont and his assistants received us kindly and extended the hospitality of his comfortable dwelling to myself, while the men were accommodated in the large cook house such as may be found at all those old-time mercantile establishments.

We had a couple of days' rest here, and during the time were fortunate enough to meet the *Tiger* on her return east. I despatched one of the quarters of the old stag home by her. It reached its destination all right and never was such a quarter seen in St. John's before. It was in its prime, killed when the deer are in their very best condition. Venison is never seen in the St. John's markets so early in the season.

Being now refreshed from our rest after the arduous travelling of the past week, we made preparations for our return to George IV Lake. Such supplies as we were most in need of were purchased and each one had a pretty heavy pack on leaving. John claimed his bottle of rum, and of course I had to fulfil my promise, but I stipulated that he was not to drink it all within a week. I knew from experience that if let alone he would never cry crack till he had emptied the bottle, and consequently would not be able to travel for several days after.

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<sup>548</sup>The Channel Islands had had fishing and commercial relations with Newfoundland since the sixteenth century. Prowse, *A History of Newfoundland*, 2 ed., p. 76.

<sup>549</sup>Philip Clémont.

At first he demurred to my proposition claiming that at the time I promised the rum I did not say when or how he was to drink it. This was quite true to be sure, but I determined to be firm with him. It was no promise, no rum. At length he gave in and got his bottle. I must say this of him, he religiously kept the promise. As we were travelling over the barrens afterwards everytime we stopped to take a rest or boil our kettle John took out the bottle from the centre of his bundle where he had it most carefully stowed away, and treated himself to a nip. Neither of the others or myself joined him.

When cooking a meal he would plant the bottle very carefully on the top of a rock so that all might see it plainly and avoid knocking it down or walking over it. One day when he was lighting a fire, I saw the bottle so placed and by way of a joke, took up a stone and called out to the others, "Boys there's a fine cock-shot," pretended I was going to have a shy at it. John turned around and observing my action with my arm raised and a stone in my hand. He gave a yell and rushing towards the spot actually threw himself over the bottle to protect it. He cared nothing for himself or whether the stone took him in the head or not, so long as he saved the precious liquor. After this he was still more careful and would never leave the bottle out of his sight.

On reaching the head of the Bay, we took to the river again and though the travelling was very bad on the smooth slippery stones, especially as we all wore moccasins, still it was preferable to facing the steep climb up the side of the ravine

through the tangled woods. We kept the river all that day and camped that night some ten miles up its course. Next day we followed a branch coming in from the eastward where the travelling was somewhat better and the hills less steep. Finally we had to abandon the river and climb to the higher ground again. The weather now became wet and cold and we had a very poor night in a low clump of tuccamore on the open barrens. Deer were now plentiful, we saw some every mile or so, but did not shoot as we could not carry any more load. Just as we first gained the high ground after leaving the river's bed we saw five or six all together just across the ravine on the opposite side. One was an enormous stag very white on the sides with large antlers. We stopped to look at him through my binocular. The Indians averred he was about the largest deer they had ever seen. We were now on the very highest and bleakest part of the barrens. A desperate storm of wind and sleet set in which made things pretty bad for us. We were soon soaking wet and nearly paralyzed with the cold and were a long way from the nearest edge of the woods where alone we could hope to find shelter. So heavy were the squalls of wind at times that they threw the water out of the little tarns<sup>550</sup> on the barrens and scattered it far and wide. Had the wind been in our faces we could not have made any headway against it but fortunately it was somewhat in our backs or left side.

As the day wore on and the prospect of being out all night

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<sup>550</sup>Ponds.

on the barrens in such weather seemed imminent, we realized that unless we could reach the friendly shelter of the long woods before night we should certainly perish. It was a case of keep moving or die. Everyone of us put on his very best pace and took his own course as straight as he knew how. In fact it became a case of "*Sauve qui peut.*"<sup>551</sup> I followed big John's lead whose long legs enabled him to take enormous strides as he literally flew over the barrens. I was a good walker myself in those days and I managed to keep pretty close to him, but it was a desperate effort. He said afterwards I was the only whiteman he ever met that could keep up with him.

Well, it was a walk for life and God help him who fell by the way. Along towards evening we espied the dark line of the edge of the forest a way ahead. A renewed effort was made to gain it, all strained themselves to the utmost, as notwithstanding the desperate pace we kept up all day we were nevertheless chilled to the bone with the cold wind and rain. Just at dusk we reached the woods and got far enough into it to put a good windbreak between ourselves and the barrens. Here we stopped and were not long in making a good shelter by cutting down trees and laying one on another to form a wall or windbreak. Then with a good log fire in front we soon were quite comfortable. When we could get some water boiled, we made a glass of hot rum toddy from the remains of John's bottle, which we drank, and whatever temperance

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<sup>551</sup>"Save himself who can."

advocates may say to the contrary,<sup>552</sup> it certainly put new life and vigour into us. Poor John generously gave up his cherished bottle for the good of the whole party. It proved a veritable life-saver on this occasion.

When we reached our camp at George IV lake we found Louis and Nicholas there before us but we also found two boarders in the shape of two other Indians whom they had picked up somewhere on their tramp. These latter had been living with them for several days, Indian-like, and as a consequence most of the flour they brought in was now gone. Of course with Indians in the interior everything is in common. They will come to each other's camp and stay on so long as any grub remains, eating their friends out of house and home, so to speak, without the slightest compunction.

We got rid of our unwelcome visitors as soon as possible and now prepared to portage across to the Victoria river which here came within a few miles and survey that river downward till we connected with our measurement up stream in the early part of the season.

During the summer we had had several heavy thunder and lightning storms. In fact, I always found these prevalent on the Exploits. Just before leaving George IV Lake one Sunday when we were all in camp we experienced the most terrific storm of this kind I ever remember. It was awful while it lasted. Our two camps

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<sup>552</sup>A colony-wide prohibition plebiscite in 1915 aroused great controversy. A subsequent prohibition law became effective on Jan. 1, 1917.

were set opposite to each other so that one big fire in the space between gave heat to both, the weather having become quite cold latterly.

The Indians lay in their camp all day very much scared at the awful lightning flashes which seemed to pass very close to us. Once I was standing near the fire on my side, when a terrific thunder clap close by caused me to make for my camp. Stooping to enter the door a brilliant flash seemed to pass so close as to almost blind me and I fell headlong on my face into the camp. I was dazed for a moment, and must confess I too, was considerably unnerved. Of course we were in the worst possible position in such a storm, viz. camped among tall woods. Trees are very apt to be struck with the lightning and as a matter of fact, next day we found one split in pieces not more than a 100 yards from camp.

In making the portage we found a low valley through the mountains which we availed of to carry over our canoes and baggage. At one point there was a small round pond surrounded by such steep hills that we could not travel around it. We were obliged to lower our canoes down the steep bank into the water, get all our things aboard and paddle across not more than twice or three times the length of the canoe and then go through the same operation on the other side. But after getting through this gorge we struck more level country and a nice-sized pond whose waters flowed towards the Victoria. Having spent a night here on the Lake of the Woods, as I named it, we worked our way down stream and soon reached the Victoria proper which was here still

quite a large river.

We followed it down till we came to a beautiful lake sixteen miles long with a large arm several miles long on the north side. This was Victoria Lake. It took us several days to make a careful trigonometrical survey of this beautiful lake. Nestled away as it is at the eastern base of the Annieopsquatch range, surrounded by a dense forest of splendid timber on all sides, it presented a picture of sylvan loveliness not to be surpassed by any Lake in Newfoundland. Before we had completed the survey of this lake we found our provisions run so low that we were reduced to a position of grave concern as to where we were to obtain food. There were no deer at this season in the wooded country, all had taken to the barrens. Things began to look pretty blue for us. Yet being particularly anxious to complete the survey of the river I could not brook the idea of having to abandon it at this juncture.

We held a council of war as to what was best to be done. I advocated going down the river finishing the survey and then making the best of our way down to the sea again by the Exploits river. Only John Stevens sided with me. All the others demurred and proposed that we make the best of our way out to the Southern sea-board. They were four to two and their decision had to be adopted. Their arguments were certainly good. They held that we would find few, if any deer on the Exploits so late in the season, November. The deer they said would now all have passed south. Then again, the distance down to the Bay of Exploits was

so great we could not accomplish it in less than three weeks or a month. The rivers after recent rains would be much swollen and positively dangerous, especially the lower part of the Victoria. Finally Peter Stride spoke up, "I not tired of my life yet, I no go that way." This settled the matter, we would have to try the southern route. There was a better chance of meeting some game on the barren country in that direction. We were now at the very last of our stores. I gave John Stevens my gun to go and look for a deer. He remained away all night. Next day I sent Peter also. They both returned about dusk. John had seen nothing<sup>553</sup> except one partridge which he killed and ate but Peter was more fortunate, he had killed a small deer. I was now more determined than ever to complete the survey of the River. So dividing our party I took John and Peter with me, and despatched the others with our best canoe to work their way southward as well as they could till we overtook them again. The venison was divided equally each party taking half. In mid-November both parties separated. The larger bark canoe was pretty well used up, and as it was not worth taking out, we decided after finishing the survey with it and returning to the lake to leave it behind.

John, Peter and I went on down the river expecting to complete the survey inside two days. I had reckoned the gap between the lake and our former survey to be about five or six miles, but owing to several great bends it turned out to be about

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<sup>553</sup>Nothing to hunt.

fifteen miles. We would certainly have to abandon it after all, had we not run across two deer swimming across the river just below the lake. John succeeded in bagging them both, but one, a stag, was not fit to eat, it being in the height of the rutting season and the meat very rank. However, the doe afforded us an ample supply of meat for at least a week.

We found the river very bad, full of rapids and chutes and after proceeding a few miles had to abandon our canoe and take to walking. When we got over the "bad place," it improved somewhat, then we built a raft, by this means succeeded in completing the survey by connecting with the former work.

We now made our way back to the lake with as little delay as possible and having reached the place where we parted company with the other men we commenced to follow on their tracks.

We portaged our canoe and baggage to a small pond which lay about a quarter of a mile back, and having crossed this we finally abandoned the now utterly worn-out canoe. We also had to discard most of our cooking utensils and other things we had no further use for. The remainder, including our camp, instruments, clothes, blankets and what we had left of the venison, on our backs, we made the best of our way along, following the traces of the other party which preceded us. We were soon out on the open country and travelled as fast as we could to overtake them. Late in the evening we perceived the smoke of their camp by the side of a considerable-sized lake, but though we pushed on as fast we could, yet dark overtook us and the travelling was so bad, being

beset with boulders and deep holes which made it exceedingly dangerous in the dark, we had to halt for the night within a couple of miles of them.

Next morning we rejoined them. They had killed one old rutting stag and had some of the meat boiling on the fire, but the effluvia from it nearly made me sick. We were now all together again and forming our plans for getting out to the coast with as little delay as possible. Old Nicholas Jeddore asked to be paid off here, as he wished to get to his home at Bay Despair on foot. This I consented to as it meant one less mouth to feed, and as we now had one canoe we could manage very well without him. So he started off alone on his long journey. We were now reduced to five individuals. The lake we were on was called Burnt pond on the headwaters of the White Bear Bay river. As the canoe could only take two persons with our baggage, three had to walk taking turnabout in the canoe. The first day Louis and I took charge. We had to paddle all day against a gale of wind. It was intensely cold and the water as it splashed over the bow and sides froze on the gunwales and coated them as well as the paddles in our hands with ice. We suffered greatly with the cold and wet. When at evening we reached the other end of the pond and met the three foot travellers, I was scarcely able to get out of the canoe being so chilled by the cold.

In this way we got along from day to day making slow progress as we were compelled to carry the canoe from pond to pond often quite a distance apart. It was blowing hard most of

the time which rendered this all the more difficult. Sometimes when the wind took the canoe on the man's head it would slew him right about face. Once a squall got under her when Peter was carrying her. It took the canoe clean off his shoulders high in the air, fortunately it fell on soft marsh ground and was not injured.

One day as Peter, Reuben and I were walking, John and Louis took charge of the canoe. As we had to make long detours around some of the ponds they got a long way ahead of us. When we arrived near the head of a long pond we saw smoke in a small patch of wood and knew they were pitching camp. Close by the wood was a small open marsh and to our no small surprise we beheld a fine doe lying down, head erect, and two large fawns standing alongside her. It was so close to where the men were putting up camp that the noise of their chopping sounded quite distinct. I crawled towards the deer and when near enough fired at the doe and killed it. At the sound of my gun Old Louis came out of the woods and sang out, "What you fire at my deer for?" It appeared just as he and John landed they saw a company of deer, Louis fired at and knocked down this doe, but as it was so late did not go to paunch it till he had fixed up camp. There was a large old stag in this company which faced the men. John had to fire small shot at his head to drive him off.

Of course having now no other food but venison a small deer's carcass went but a short way with us, but before one was exhausted we usually managed to kill another. One day when we

were pretty short again, three of us, Louis, Peter and myself, went off in different directions to look for a deer. I had not travelled very far when from a ridge I beheld a fine stag quietly feeding near a knoll at a considerable distance away. I made a long detour so as to get well to leeward of him and then began to work my way up towards his position. I had to be very cautious as there was little or no cover anywhere. All was bare, bleak barrens without a bush a foot high on it. But as I drew nearer I saw that there was a large granite boulder close to the stag. Keeping this between us, I managed to reach it without disturbing him. I peeped over the boulder and there he was in the same position quietly feeding quite unconscious of danger and not more than 30 or 40 yards away. As we wanted that deer badly I was determined to make sure of him. Seeing that he had not the least suspicion of danger, I waited quite a while to recover breath after my long stalk, and also to make sure my nerves were steady. Twice or three times I rested my gun on the top of the boulder and took aim at its great broad side, but as my hand still seemed shaky, I did not fire. At length I considered I was cool enough, so taking a long careful aim, I pulled the trigger. The stag gave a jump, made a few steps and stood looking towards where the sound came from, but I had missed most ingloriously. I fired again with the same result. This time he made off behind the knoll where he was feeding. I reloaded and ran as hard as I could down my side, just met him at the other end. Two more shots and two more misses followed, and as he galloped off unscathed I sent

still another bullet after him, all to no purpose.

But this was not all. Old Louis who was perched on a ridge some distance away heard my shots and saw the stag running away. It followed a lead which it took along the side of the very ridge he was on. So he had nothing to do but walk quietly down and await the deer's coming. It passed him within a few yards. He blazed away at it, but also missed. That deer appeared to me to have a charmed life. I felt so certain when I was about to fire first from the rock that the stag was mine, that had anyone bet me a hundred dollars that I would not hit him, I should not have hesitated a moment to take the bet.

It is seldom sportsmen care to relate their experiences of bad shooting but to my mind they are often more interesting than their successes.

Peter, however, killed a deer so we had a supply for a few days longer. This was the last we shot. As we drew nearer the coast, game became very scarce, and we saw no more deer. At this juncture I despatched John to try and locate the Telegraph station at Grandy's Brook<sup>554</sup> and procure some grub for us. After he left, bad weather set in. It became very cold and wet with dense fog. As John had never been in this part of the country before we feared he would be a long time making his way out and back. In the meantime we pushed on as fast we could but were greatly hampered with the canoe which had to be carried most of

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<sup>554</sup>I.e., Grandy Brook, near Burgeo.

the time. Our stock of venison again gave out. We had reached a small pond one evening and camped there but the canoe was still a couple of miles behind. Next morning we cooked our last meal of venison. While at breakfast a covey of partridge came and pitched quite near and I shot five of them. The men then went back for the canoe and while they were away I traversed the hills in search of more partridge but only killed one. It came on a gale of wind and sleet and I had to return. When I got back the men had come with the canoe, and were cooking dinner. They had five partridge down stewing. I was rather vexed at this, and said: "Now we shall have nothing for supper. Why did you not keep a couple of the birds?"

"Oh!" said old Louis, "they are only a mouthful, no use keeping dem."

"Well," said I, "we will have nothing for supper."

"Perhaps," said Louis, "old stag come along by and by."

"And suppose old stag doesn't come along, what then?"

"Oh! if he don't we do without him."

"Very well Louis, if you can do without him so can I." I did not let on I had another partridge in my bag. So we eat our partridge and then moved along. Two of them took the canoe and as there was quite a thick coating of ice on the pond they had to break it with their paddles. I walked around the pond, near the lower end of which was a high, bare peak or tolt rising up from the water's edge. I ascended this to get a look at the country ahead. I was not long there when I descried two objects in the

distance, which I took to be deer, but when they drew nearer I recognized they were men. One of them was undoubtedly John and both had packs on their backs. I remembered Louis's remark and as the canoe was just then passing beneath me I sang out, "Louis, here is your old stag coming, sure enough."

Soon we were joined by John and the Telegraph repairer, John Henderson, who had with them a plentiful supply of grub; tea, sugar, bread, bacon, etc. We all stopped to camp as it was now nearly dark, and if we didn't enjoy our supper that night it was a caution. So bare was the country here that we could not get a stick long enough to set our camps up. Mine being very small we managed to put it up somehow using the canoe paddles for poles. It was a very cold night and the only fuel available was some low green scrub. Our fire was a very miserable one and gave out much more smoke than heat. But our fear of hunger was now at an end. We had not expected John so soon and were afraid he would not be able to find his way in the dense fog, but he was always to be relied upon in an emergency.

Next day I pushed on for the station<sup>555</sup> with Henderson who knew every inch of the country hereabout, leaving the men to bring along the canoe and baggage. After a long hard tramp we at length reached the station at Grandy's Brook where we were welcomed by the operator, Mr. White and his wife and made quite comfortable. Next day the men got out with the canoe etc. After a

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<sup>555</sup>Telegraph station of the New York, Newfoundland and London Telegraph Co. The population of Grandy's Brook in 1874 was 23.

rest of a day we started for Burgeo, Henderson and Foley the repairers coming with us.

On arriving at this place we found the old S.S. *Leopard*, now on the route, was storm-stayed over at Sydney and would not be along for several days. We experienced much difficulty in getting lodgings here. The people did not seem inclined to take us into their houses. But for the good offices of Mr. Philip McCourt who was doing business here we would have fared badly. He succeeded in getting me a place at a Mrs. Dicks's<sup>556</sup> where I was glad to be provided with a mattress on the kitchen floor, while the men had to take up their quarters in the jail. I did not blame the people for being afraid of us. We were indeed a wild-looking crowd. Our clothes were all torn and patched and our hair and beards unkempt from our long sojourn of five months in the wilds. We must have presented a pretty tough appearance indeed.

I had to give up my mattress next night to make room for a newly-married couple. Mr. McCourt again came to the rescue and succeeded in obtaining me quarters with the Postmaster, Mr. Parsons.<sup>557</sup> Here I was made comfortable till the steamer came.

At length we were on our homeward journey which was uneventful, beyond calling at St. Pierre where we picked up a few dainties to take home, reaching St. John's all right in a few days. Thus ended the most trying, most romantic, and certainly, most eventful season I had ever experienced. It was with no small

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<sup>556</sup>Mrs. Joseph Dicks.

<sup>557</sup>F.A. Parsons.

surprise that I learned on my arrival home that some of the calamity-mongers of St. John's had reported me lost in the interior. Fortunately my wife and immediate relatives had not heard the yarn up to the time of my arrival.

1876

Northwest and Southwest Gander Rivers;

Gambo Pond

It fell to my lot this year to complete the survey of the Gander River above the Lake and also make a survey of the Gambo waters. Mr. Murray had now pretty well given up the interior work and spent the season pottering about the shore. He was ageing fast and what with ill-heart, his lame leg, and frequent attacks of gout, had been obliged to forego the great and arduous work of the survey of the interior. Accordingly from thence forward all the laborious work of the survey was left in my hands.

I was only too delighted to know that I was now a full-fledged Surveyor, Topographer, and Geologist. I loved the work, and was never tired of adding to my knowledge of the unknown interior and mapping out its various natural features.

I left St. John's for Twillingate by the coastal boat early in July and had a good run north. At Twillingate I found my old friend, Mr. Peyton,<sup>558</sup> still to the fore,<sup>559</sup> and had several talks with him about the Red Indians. I hired his son Thomas with his boat to take us up to Gander Bay. At this time I only had John Stevens with me. Peter Stride and Nicholas Jeddore were to travel across country from Conne River and meet us at Gander Bay. They had not arrived when we got there and we had to wait a couple of days for them. I also hired Charlie Francis, an Abenaki Indian who resided here, to complete my crew. Francis was married to a white woman of the place. Charlie knew the Gander country well and was a useful addition to our crew. After our other men joined

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<sup>558</sup>See 1871, n. 362.

<sup>559</sup>Surviving.

us we were soon underweigh for our journey up country.

Gander River, as far as the lake, is a fine stream. There are several long steadies<sup>560</sup> and but few rapids, some of which were pretty bad. We reached the beautiful Gander Lake, in a few days. It is 32 miles long and lies nearly east and west, or at right angles to the general course of the river.

As Mr. Murray had previously surveyed and mapped out the Lake and lower reaches of the river<sup>561</sup> my season's work was to ascend and survey the inflowing rivers above the lake as far as practicable. One of these, the most westerly, is called the Main Gander River,<sup>562</sup> the other the South west Gander. On July 13th we commenced the survey of the Main River. We found it wide and shallow and for several miles full of low flat islands and sandbars. The season being very dry, the river was consequently at its lowest ebb. We had great difficulty in getting our loaded canoes along, and when we had reached a point some twenty miles up we found we could not get them further without tearing them to pieces. We now had to haul the canoes up into the woods, cache all our provisions and other gear, except so much as we could take along on our backs, and prosecute the remainder of the survey on foot. As bears are pretty plentiful in this Gander country, it was necessary to take precautions so that they might not get at our provisions during our absence. We had already seen

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<sup>560</sup>Named First Pond, Second Pond, Third Pond, and Fourth Pond.

<sup>561</sup>Murray and Howley, *Geological Survey*, pp. 351-64.

<sup>562</sup>Northwest Gander River.

one large fellow crossing the river, stepping carefully from one rock to another. Bears do not much relish taking to the water, although they are good swimmers. Unfortunately this fellow was too far away to get a shot at him. To secure our provisions the Indians constructed a sort of raft of dry timber on which they stowed all our belongings, they then hoisted it in the air with one of our canoe lines thrown over a stout branch of a large pine tree. When well out of reach from the ground the rope was made fast, and the raft was allowed to swing clear. Should Master Bruin find it, and essay to climb the tree, he could not do any damage because were he to try and get on the raft it would immediately tip to one side or another under his weight and throw him off. The Indians have another way of making a cache by constructing on the ground a sort of pound or box built with stout logs laid on each other and notched at the ends so as to fit closely after the manner of a log house. When all the things are stowed inside this hollow square the top is covered with stout logs laid close together and the whole keyed down by strong wooden cross bars wedged tightly into notches cut in trees on either side. But this form of cache is not always to be relied upon. Bears have been known to tear them abroad and get at the contents. A full grown black bear is a very powerful animal, especially in the fore arms and shoulders.

Having then secured our stock in a way they could not get at it, we started forward on foot surveying as we went every yard of the river. Peter Stride acted as my poleman. John, Nicholas and

Charlie carrying most of the grub, camps etc.

We saw several deer on our way up before we left the canoes and I shot one noble old stag. He was feeding quietly on a bar out in the centre of the river which was here very wide. It was a very open exposed place and as he could see all around I found it no easy matter to get within shot of him. However, I went ashore and stole cautiously through the woods till I got opposite him and then crawled out to the river side. He was still so far off that I doubted very much whether my small smooth bore gun would send a ball such a distance effectively. However, I had to chance it as there was no getting any nearer. I fired and the ball took effect striking him in one of the hind legs above the knee joint. It completely severed the main tendon which caused the leg to spring up in front. Yet he made off on his three good legs down the river at a very fast rate. It was truly wonderful how quickly he got along. I followed as fast as I could but had not the least chance of catching up with him. He ran the gauntlet between the four men below and would have got away could he have mounted the bank which he made several attempts to do, but it was too steep and moreover covered with fallen burnt timber. He was so hampered with his wounded leg he could not get through it. At length, after quite a chase, Peter overtook him and put him out of pain with a well aimed bullet. We saw several other deer about this time and they were exceedingly tame, either from the effect of the great heat or the fact that they had been little disturbed in this region. Once when I was out on a large, dry sand bank taking

a measurement, there was a doe and fawn on the far end of it lying down. When they saw me they got up but did not run away. As I stooped to take my bearings with my back turned, I suddenly heard the stones rattle and looking behind saw they were coming towards me and so close I almost thought they intended charging me. I shouted at them and drove them off, then went on with my measurement but on finishing and standing up there they were again quite close to me, approaching with outstretched necks in an endeavour to wind me. On another occasion I was standing on a point taking bearings upon the pole held by Peter some few hundred yards below. Immediately opposite me near the end of a low island a young stag was feeding. He looked around a couple of times but did not appear in the least frightened. Between him and me there was a pretty strong current running and while I was engaged in my work the two canoes came along and passed up the river quite close. Old Nicholas was standing up poling and singing at the top of his voice, yet the deer merely turned his head and glanced at them and then went on feeding. When I went ahead and Peter came up to take the place I vacated, the stag was still there and remained till we were through. Peter who was full of all sorts of fun, then waded across the river landed close behind the deer, which still did not seem to mind him. Peter then stole up and making a quick run actually seized the stag by his short tail. The animal made a spring and was off, but only ran a few yards when he stopped and turned round to see what sort of an animal it was which dared to take such liberties with him. Of

course having plenty of venison in my old stag's carcass we did not want to kill any more till that was used up. I was very glad Peter did not have a gun with him at the time, for he is one of those Indians in whom the blood lust is very strong, he could scarcely have resisted the temptation to shoot at him. We continued our survey on foot and in about five days more passed the wooded country and reached a great barren district, surrounding the head waters of the Gander.

Before leaving the woods behind we came across the termination of Austin's Railway survey of the previous year.<sup>563</sup> His party were so worn out<sup>564</sup> and short of provisions when they reached here, that they made a hasty retreat for Bay Despoir leaving a lot of impedimenta behind, including all their cooking gear, survey poles etc. etc. The river now became quite small and with very little water in it but was everywhere choked with huge boulders. Near the commencement of the barren country we came across a great development of serpentine rocks characterised by ridges of brick red weathering peridotites,<sup>565</sup> beds of chloritic<sup>566</sup> and serpentinous<sup>567</sup> slate with numerous quartz veins. Some of these were filled with fine iron pyrites<sup>568</sup> and were considerably mineralized on the exposed surfaces. In a few places stains of green carbonate of copper were observable. Had we been on a

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<sup>563</sup>See pp. 349 ff.

<sup>564</sup>They were "shoeless and almost destitute of clothing" (*JHA* [1876], Appendix, p. 420).

<sup>565</sup>An igneous rock made up mostly of olivine (magnesium-iron silicate).

<sup>566</sup>See 1871, n. 395.

<sup>567</sup>Containing serpentine.

<sup>568</sup>See 1871, n. 395.

prospecting trip only I should have liked to put in more time here. The rocks bear evidence of being considerably mineralized, and this is a section of country well worthy of the attention of mineral prospectors.

Having reached a point on the river where a high bare hill, known as Burnt Hill overlooks the valley, our survey terminated. The river above this being little more than a mountain torrent was not worth following further. After triangulating in this hill we ascended it and had a good view over the surrounding country. We were also able to get a number of bearings on conspicuous tofts in every direction, from its summit. We could distinctly see at no great distance to the S.W. the Partridge Berry Hills near the Bay D'Est waters. Mount Sylvester over near Meelpaeg; Mt. Peyton overlooking the west end of Gander Lake; and away to the N.W. the top of Hodges Hill. To the southward were several conspicuous tofts, one of which the Indians called Nibnossewayanjeesh or Scaffold Hill.<sup>569</sup> This is a place where in the late autumn the people of Conne River collect the deer carcasses killed in the vicinity, which they place upon scaffolds to freeze, and when the snow comes they haul them out to the coast on sleds. As the river was too insignificant to follow any further, I merely took some bearings to get its direction. We found that it swung around a high ridge known as the Fox Hills

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<sup>569</sup>The Micmac word means Stag Brook (p.c., J. Hewson). Howley likely misunderstood an overheard conversation, confusing an account of what occurred on the hill with a place-name also mentioned by the speakers.

and then turned northward till lost to sight.

Our stock of provisions having now become exhausted we were obliged to beat a hasty retreat down the river again to our cache. It was a long, hard tramp and the day was extremely hot, as indeed it had been all through. It was necessary that we should try and perform the whole journey in one day, or otherwise go supperless. At first we took to the barrens and followed them until the increasing thickness of the woods obliged us to take to the river. Here we found the travelling very trying. We had to wade most of the way in the water, and being shod only with cow hide moccasins, which were dreadfully slippery, our progress over the smooth rocks was painful and attended with considerable risk. It was very difficult to keep our feet which were often severely hurt by being jammed between the rocks. Thus we wended our slow and painful journey along, stopping only once or twice for a very short rest. At length just at sunset we reached the cache, tired, weary, and footsore. The actual journey was only twenty miles, but it seemed twice that distance. The Indians would not believe that it was not very much more, nor would I have believed it myself, had I not actually measured it on our upward journey. Were we to judge the distance by the time it took to accomplish it, which is the usual way with the Indians, no one would believe it was only 20 miles. We had been fully twelve hours travelling and even at the slow rate of say 3 miles an hour, it would mean 35 or 36 miles at least. If it had been fairly good going, free from windfalls and other obstructions, and if we could have

avoided the river I believe we could do it in eight or ten hours easily.

It was a relief to us to find our cache intact. If bears had been here during our absence they were completely baffled, and could not reach our grub. We soon had our camps up, the scaffold lowered, and were able to regale ourselves with a good supper before retiring for the night.

While resting here for a day, we had great sport spearing salmon which were quite plentiful. We however only killed enough to supply our immediate wants and afforded us a meal or two of fresh fish, such as we did not have since leaving the shore. We now made little delay in getting back to the lake<sup>570</sup> which we reached on the last of July. While camped at the mouth of the river we made an excursion to Mt. Peyton, from the summit of which we had a magnificent view all around. The whole length of the splendid Gander Lake lay extended out from a point just below us far to the eastward, and in the bright sunlight looked like a sheet of silver. The dense forest on either side presented a magnificent sight.

But that of the valley of the Main river above the lake, was a deplorable one to view. Here for miles on either side and for fully 30 miles up country the magnificent forest of pine and spruce which once clothed this splendid valley was devastated by forest fires. The timber which grew here was about the very

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<sup>570</sup>Gander Lake.

finest in the island. Pine was particularly abundant and of large dimensions. Now nothing but the bare bleached stems of those noblest of our indigenous trees, stood skeleton-like pointing their leafless limbs to the heavens, or otherwise prone on the ground where they lay prostrate piled on one another in inextricable confusion. In some places where the strong wind had torn a forest giant from its loose hold in the earth, whole acres of trees were felled and all were now fast decaying under exposure to the elements, which in a very few years would render them of no use for any purpose. It makes one sad to write about it. Such wholesale destruction of this splendid natural resource of our island was indeed a deplorable sight.

The awful forest fire which caused all this destruction occurred about eight years ago<sup>571</sup> and was believed to have been started by an Indian named Soulian who left Exploits river shortly before to travel across to Bay D'Espoir, and who carelessly left his fire behind without extinguishing it. At least the people of Exploits attribute it to this source. It was this same dreadful conflagration which after devastating so many square miles of territory reached out to the Bay of Exploits and consumed Winsor's Mill.<sup>572</sup>

Hundreds upon hundreds of those forest giants stood ghost-like along the banks of the river and extended far back on either

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<sup>571</sup>In 1870, when "fires...ravaged a considerable portion of the country" (*JHA* [1871], p. 17); see above, July 24, 1870.

<sup>572</sup>See 1871, p. 233.

side; had they been utilized in time many millions of feet of the finest pine lumber could have been derived from this dead forest. Even the fallen trees were in most cases still valuable, but every year's delay in utilizing them added to the decay and loss of so much material wealth. Up to this date no mills had been constructed in this valley and the distance from the salt water and difficulty of floating the logs so far down stream rendered its utilization abortive, and to all appearances most, if not all of it will be rendered useless before anyone has the enterprise to establish a lumbering industry here. Thus millions of dollars' worth of our finest forest wealth will have been lost to the country and not in this nor in the next generation can it be replaced by natural reforestation.

We now moved down the lake to the mouth of the Southwest Gander River. This, though not nearly so large or wide as the main River, has considerably more water in it. Its valley is not so flat but much of the timber, especially near its outlet into the lake is still green having escaped the ravages of the great fire. Here we saw some magnificent pine trees still green and flourishing. The land here also is superior to that along the main river. In ascending this stream we found it fairly smooth with very few rapids or strong running water for several miles. There were a number of large wooded islands on its lower courses. We had no difficulty in following it with our canoes for the first half dozen miles. Then we reached a part where the river is hemmed in between precipitous cliffs of slate rock. The channel

here is very crooked and is obstructed with numerous rapids and chutes. We could make no attempt to get our canoes further and were obliged to prosecute the remainder of the survey on foot. Just at the commencement of this bad place a large tributary comes in from the eastward which I named Dead Wolf River,<sup>573</sup> because we found on its banks the skeleton of a large wolf. This we first followed upward on foot, and before long we came to another gorge or cañon, walled in by broken jagged cliffs. It was a difficult place to get along, but we managed to do so. Then the river improved and at length we reached a pretty considerable lake which the Indians called Wenjeguumeesh<sup>574</sup> goshen, or Little house pond. All this time the weather had been blazing hot and we felt its effects very much. It was also exceedingly calm and of course the flies of all kinds were at their worst. We suffered greatly thereby. From using the micrometer telescope all day the glare of the sun off the smooth mirrorlike surface of the water caused my eyes to pain awfully; but still worse the shiny leather case in which I carried the instrument across my back caused the sun's rays to glance off, and as I was very lightly clad with only a single shirt and no coat or vest, my back became so scorched as to cause me intense discomfort. In fact, it was as tho I had a red hot iron laid across it. I could not lie down or sleep with any degree of ease. The sun seemed to grow hotter and hotter each day and on Sunday August the 13th it reached a

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<sup>573</sup>Dead Wolf Brook.

<sup>574</sup>Dead Wolf Pond. See Hewson, "Micmac Place Names," p. 20.

climax. It was so intensely hot we could scarcely move. Having now run short of provision we were compelled on this day to return to the forks<sup>575</sup> for more. We travelled for a couple of hours in the morning, but had to stop and take refuge from the broiling sun in the densest part of the forest, and await the cool of the evening to proceed on our journey. Even in the shade the heat was all but unbearable. The atmosphere seemed stiffling, we could scarcely breathe. I feel sure had we a thermometer with us it would have registered over 100° in the shade.

On again reaching the main river, seeing our stock of provisions so low I despatched old Nicholas Jeddore back to the lake with one canoe to bring up a fresh supply. I also sent Charlie Francis down the Gander Lake to the extreme eastern end to see what were our prospects of making a portage across to Freshwater Bay, in Bonavista Bay, where we were to finish up our season by making a survey of the Gambo River.

In the meantime John, Peter and I continued on up the S.W. Gander on foot. We had got up a considerable distance, some 24 miles in all from the lake when we again ran quite out of grub and had I not been fortunate in shooting a young stag we should certainly have gone hungry. There was no sign of old Nicholas coming to meet us. We had to retreat and when we reached the forks we found the old rascal had been there and gone back again. He left a note saying he had caught a chill in the lower limbs

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<sup>575</sup>Of the Southwest Gander and Dead Wolf Brook.

and could not come on. He did not leave any grub for us and we were all pretty wrothy<sup>576</sup> with him. We had nothing for it but get into our canoe and go on down. When we reached our camp nearly at the lake, we found the old chap absent. After a while he put in an appearance paddling along leasurly in his canoe. Though he pretended to be very bad and came limping up to the camp with a stick, yet he was able to go off beaver hunting. I gave him a good overhauling as I was convinced most of his ailment was sham. The fact was the old chap did not care to tramp up the river to where we were, it was too much like work.

It was now too late to go up again so we made tracks down the lake to see how Francis had got along. We had a glorious time down the great long lake, which was exceedingly beautiful, being well wooded on both sides nearly to the eastern extreme. But the fire had again run out here and burnt all around the head of the lake as well as the whole country across to Freshwater Bay. We met old Charlie at the end of the lake. He had been over the portage some nine miles in length, and reported it fairly level and clear of obstructions, with a couple of good sized ponds about half-way across. He had cleared out a track by cutting away the wind falls in the worst places. On August 26th we commenced to carry our things over to Butt's pond, half-way across and after much labour got our canoes there also.

While at the east end of Gander Lake Francis shot a large

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<sup>576</sup>Angry.

Bay seal or dotard close to the shore. These animals follow the salmon and trout up stream for long distances or until they meet some insurmountable obstacle such as a high fall. This fellow which clearly came up from Gander Bay was fully 100 miles from the sea. Last year we saw them on the Exploits just below the Grand Falls.

It took us three or four days to make this long portage but we succeeded in getting across to middle river,<sup>577</sup> Freshwater Bay about four or five miles from the mouth of the Gambo.<sup>578</sup> It was very heavy work particularly getting our now water-logged canoes over and as the weather was still very hot, it was all the more trying. They managed to float the empty canoes down from Butt's pond but we had to back all the other gear over. In order to get along fast the men all took double loads from Butt's pond out to the salt water and we got all out before dark. When they arrived with the last loads, I who went ahead, was away down the shore looking at the rocks. On my return they were just arrived. I noticed one very large heavy pack on the beach and going over I tried to lift it but could barely raise it off the ground a few inches. I asked who carried that pack. "Oh, Peter" they all said. "Yes," he added, "and I had a half bag of bread on top of it." I am sure it was over two hundred weight. Peter is noted for being a remarkably strong man though short of stature, but very thick set. Wonderful tales of his feats of strength in carrying loads

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<sup>577</sup>Middle Brook.

<sup>578</sup>Gambo Brook.

are told. Once he is said to have carried the whole carcass of an old stag, some twenty miles out of the interior. This must have been little short of three hundred weight. Last year he carried a full grown doe for me all but the head, at least a mile on the Upper Exploits, and with only his belt for a strap across his forehead.<sup>579</sup> John Stevens also is a very strong man and can take a good load but not so much as Peter. John's Father is spoken of as an exceptionally strong man. He could pole up the long rapid on the Exploits some three miles, single handed, and stop when he wanted a rest in the very middle of it, a feat no other Indian could accomplish. It is told of him that one spring in Hall's Bay the ice came in and drove a sealing vessel well up the bay, where her crew abandoned her. The people of the nearby settlements went off on the ice to salve<sup>580</sup> some of the provisions etc, Old John Stevens amongst the rest. Not having with him a suitable carrying strap he cut a rope from the vessels rigging and making it fast to a barrel of flour got it on his back with the rope across his chest. He then asked some of the others to place a bag of bread on top of the barrel. Then he started for the shore some twenty miles distant, travelling over the loose field ice, while all the time the single rope used to carry his burthen was cutting deeply into the flesh of his shoulders. Needless to say he accomplished the journey safely.

Being all very tired after our hard day's portaging and the

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<sup>579</sup>See p. 371.

<sup>580</sup>Salvage.

night promising to be fine we did not put up our camps but stretched out on the open beach under the starlit canopy of the heavens, with a fire at our feet, and slept as well as if in a good feather bed.

Next day we were up betimes and proceeded to the mouth of the Gambo River to commence the survey of that important stream. We ascended the river to the lower Gambo pond. This is a long, narrow lake more like a wide steady. It is densely wooded on both sides, and is a very picturesque sheet of water. About a mile up the lake a large tributary called Mint Brook comes in on the north side, and near the mouth of this Brook, Mr. John J. Murphy was engaged erecting a large saw mill. He had a number of men under an experienced New Brunswick mill-wright employed in the work of construction, and also of building a large dam across the brook. I had several talks with this man<sup>581</sup> about our timber. He informed me that while the pine here was not so large as theirs, it was of a good growth, and would make first class timber. He said it was very abundant and that it could all be utilized. He told me that he particularly noticed that the dead or burnt pine was almost entirely free from a boring insect or grub,<sup>582</sup> which in New-Brunswick completely destroys such timber, and in a very few years renders it utterly useless. Even the sawn timber when piled up to season would be bored through from top to bottom. This statement argues very favourably for our burnt pine.

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<sup>581</sup>The millwright.

<sup>582</sup>Probably the longhorn woodborer (*Cerambycidae: Monochamus*).

Mr. Murphy himself was not here at the time of our visit being absent at Greenspond where he has a business establishment. We commenced the triangulation of the Gambo lake by taking observations and establishing a true meridian to work from. Having finished the lower pond which is connected by a short channel of about half a mile with the upper lake and which has some strong rapids to contend with. We then commenced the survey of the 2nd Lake. This is very similar to the first and is about the same length. It is long and narrow, like a large steady. Near its upper end two good sized rivers come in. One on the south side called Traytown Brook<sup>583</sup> is evidently the main brook as it reaches a long way up country and has most water. The other, or River head Brook enters at the extreme head of the lake. We took this latter first and followed it up some miles till we came to a series of impassable falls, and chutes and had to abandon it. Returning to its mouth we selected a nice place in the woods to pitch our camps.

While the men were preparing the ground and getting up the camps I took one of the canoes and paddled down to the lake, then around the shore near its head when I struck a small channel leading into a kind of Cul de sac, or back water. This I entered and following it up found it brought me nearly back to the main river quite close to where the men were busy clearing away for the camp. I could hear them chopping and talking quite plainly.

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<sup>583</sup>Triton Brook.

It occurred to me to have a bit of fun at their expense. Paddling noiselessly up until I was just behind the camp some fifty yards or so from them without being observed. I then imitated the slap of a beaver's tail by striking the water sharply with the blade of my paddle. In an instant the noise made by the men ceased, and almost immediately a voice sung out to me from the edge of the woods. "You'd better mind, that dangerous ting to do, you soon get shot." I had not heard their approach, so stealthy were their movements. I was convinced that my imitation of the beaver was sufficiently good as to have completely deceived them. They were quite mad at being taken in so. If there is one thing an Indian detests it is being fooled in this fashion, especially by a white man. But they had often played similar tricks on me and I was only getting even with them, but no doubt it was rather a risky business for had it not been light enough to make out the canoe they might have fired. Once before while up the Gander River we were breaking up camp one morning and the men had thrown the brands from the fire out in the river, when I was not looking. All at once I descried a black object about the size of a seal's head moving along with the current away across near the opposite side. The morning being dull it was not easy to make out what it really was, but it looked so exceedingly like a seal that I seized my gun and took aim at it. "Now then" said Peter, "let him have it." I fired a ball at the object and very nearly hit it. This was great fun for the lads and they all roared laughing. Of course the object fired at was one of the fire brands floating

down stream.

We now moved to Traytown River and commenced to survey it. We found it to be a deep steady and exceedingly crooked brook for several miles. It ran through a well wooded valley and much of the timber especially the spruce and birch was very fine and large. The river wound about in an extraordinary manner. Sometimes after proceeding a mile or two along its course we found ourselves back again almost to where we started, with but a narrow neck of land between. Some of the spruce trees seen were very tall and straight and the people of Bonavista Bay come up here to procure spars for their schooners. It was about the finest spruce timber I had ever seen.

We followed up this river a long distance till we reached the forks where it divided into two streams which were so small and so devoid of water as to be unfit for our canoes. The river all along was very free from rapids or chutes and had it more water would be one of the best canoe rivers in the island.

Seeing that we could do little more here and as it was now getting pretty late in the season we turned back and commenced the descent. The water had in the meantime fallen so considerably that it was with the utmost difficulty we could get our canoes along. We had to wade nearly all the way down dragging and lifting them over the shoals. Our progress was of course very slow. When we had descended several miles we met an Indian from Gambo named Michael Joe who had come up in search of us. He

informed us that Mr. Murray, Mr. A.J.W. McNeilly<sup>584</sup> and J.J. Murphy were down below having come up to meet us. The river was too low for them to get their canoe along so they sent old Joe to look for us. That evening late we reached their camp. It appeared Mr. Murray had been on a cruise with the Circuit Court in the *Hercules*, and when in Bonavista Bay he and Mr. McNeilly left to see the Gambo. We all remained camped here for a couple of days. Peter and I went up to the nearest barrens to look for a deer, but though we travelled over a good deal of ground did not see any. We remained out one night near a large lake, called Little Deer Lake,<sup>585</sup> but though there was plenty of fresh deer footing everywhere they appeared to have left the locality.

We then all started down the lakes for Mint Brook where Mr. Murphy by this time had a good house built and was far advanced with his mill. We spent a couple of days here before proceeding on to Greenspond to catch the steamer for home.

Lord Dunraven<sup>586</sup> who was up country deer stalking and had hired the S.S. *Hercules* to take him back to St. John's had promised Mr. Murray that he would call for him at Greenspond. We got a passage down the Bay in a small schooner that came up for a load of lumber. We had to wait a few days at Greenspond till the *Hercules* put in an appearance. Mr. Murray and Mr. McNeilly stayed

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<sup>584</sup>A.J.W. McNeily (1845-1911), politician, lawyer, sportsman.

<sup>585</sup>Deer Pond.

<sup>586</sup>Windham Thomas Wyndham-Quin, Fourth Earl of Dunraven and Mount-Earl, a noted sportsman.

with Mr. Domney,<sup>587</sup> Agent for J. & W. Stewart,<sup>588</sup> while I had lodgings in John Murphy's house. Finally the Hercules came along just at dusk one evening and we all got aboard. Had a fine night with smooth water and arrived at St. John's early next day, nothing the worse for our hard season's work.

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<sup>587</sup>Possibly John Dominie, who lived in Greenspond in 1850 (Seary, *Family Names*, p. 137).

<sup>588</sup>St. John's fish merchants.

1877

## Mining Claims in Notre Dame Bay

Owing to the importance now assumed by the copper mining industry in Notre Dame Bay and the rush for mineral claims, it was found that a great state of confusion existed as to the correct boundaries of the grants and licenses. These had been issued indiscriminately on all sorts of descriptions without any attempt at actual survey and moreover, had been laid down on an old incorrect map of that bay. Things had got into a very bad state and litigation was the order of the day. It became absolutely necessary to have a true and correct survey made of the coastline and the boundaries of the various claims systematically and correctly laid down.

There being no one in the Government service at this time capable of undertaking such an onerous and intricate work, Mr. Murray was appealed to and asked to devote the time of the Geological survey to carrying it out.<sup>589</sup> Of course it was not the

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<sup>589</sup>The Surveyor General had one qualified land surveyor on staff, Thomas Long, but in his report for 1877 said he needed an additional one: "with the present staff it is quite impossible this Department can attend to the great number of applications now before it" (*JHA* [1878], Appendix, p. 313). The surveying of lots in rural Newfoundland, if done at all, was carried out mostly by deputy surveyors, who normally used only a boat's compass.

legitimate work of that survey, but seeing there was no other fit to undertake it, Mr. M. consented.

We were furnished with diagrams from the Surveyor General's Department purporting to give the boundaries and descriptions of the several lots granted but we found them hopelessly incorrect. Neither bearings or measurements would fit at all, and in some cases the locations even were unrecognizable. To disentangle this maze of complications and try and bring order out of chaos now became our task. It was quite evident that the very first requisite was to make a correct chart of the Bay, a work of no ordinary magnitude with such means as were at our disposal. Nevertheless, we must make the attempt. A small schooner was hired to take us around the Bay, when in reality such a work would require the services of a well-found steamer.

*Monday July 9th.* We left St. John's in the schooner *Rosetta* for Notre Dame Bay to survey mining claims.

The *Rosetta* is quite a new vessel built during the past winter by Soloman Snow of Black Island, Bay of Exploits. Soloman himself was now in Command. She had a crew of four hands besides the Skipper, George Ashman being second hand. Our party consisted of Mr. Murray, Chas Harvey,<sup>590</sup> C.E., Denis Clancey, cook, John Stevens and myself. We were to pick up Peter Stride at Exploits who is to walk across country from Conne to meet us.

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<sup>590</sup>Charles James Harvey, civil engineer, Moses Harvey's son. See his "Report of Road Survey from Green Bay to Bay of Islands," *JHA* (1879), Appendix, pp. 663-93. The survey was done in 1878.

After clearing the Narrows we had a nice time along but the wind was light and baffling. We passed Cape St. Francis about 2 P.M. and got through Baccalieu Tickle about 7 P.M. While crossing Conception Bay we experienced an ugly tumble and owing to the unsteady wind everything on deck was going helter to skelter. Poor Charlie Harvey met with a nasty accident which nearly cost him his life, caused by the jibing<sup>591</sup> of the main boom. Every rope and sail on the vessel was spack span new. The main sheet was particularly stiff from want of use. When the boom jibed this new rope formed into kinks or loops. Charlie was reclining on his elbow on deck near the wheel reading a book. Somehow one of those kinks fell right over his head and caught him around the neck. Had not the main boom stopped a moment and then swung back, his head would have been severed from his body as clean as if cut off with an axe. Fortunately for him the boom only swung over very lazily. Had it gone with a jerk as happens when a squall takes the mainsail and gone full out as far as the sheet would allow, nothing could have saved him. As it was, he had a nasty abrasion all across his cheek caused by the slipping of the new stiff rope which actually took the skin off.

I was below in the cabin at the time laying off as I was feeling rather quamish. The noise and scuffling on deck aroused me and jumping out I poked my head up the companion way to enquire what was the matter. Oh, said Ashman, who was at the

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<sup>591</sup>A variant of *gybe* "to swing."

wheel, "She is in the dildowns,"<sup>592</sup> meaning not under steerage way.<sup>593</sup> Harvey, poor young chap, is I fear not exactly suited to this kind of knocking about. However, any person might be caught accidentally as he was. In fact the jibing of the boom knocked down both the skipper and Ashman on the deck. I was sick all day and could touch no food.

Mr. Murray intended putting into Catalina had we reached it before dark but as the night promised to be fine and the wind favourable he concluded to keep on all night. The *Rosetta* is a good sailor and altogether a nice little craft. We passed one or two schooners which left St. John's before us and left them a long way behind.

*July 10th.* We slipped along all night under easy canvas<sup>594</sup> and were well across Bonavista Bay by daylight. Although my bunk was pretty hard I slept well. It rained a great deal during the night and was pretty cold. We had a good breeze from the N.W. all day and got along fast passing Cape Freels about 11 A.M. We then took the run between Fogo Island and the main, passing inside, or to the south of Change Island and arrived at Twillingate about 5 P.M. It came to blow hard just before we got in and we nearly came to grief on Long Point, owing to the rudder chains getting loose. In fact all the gear aboard is so new that it will take

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<sup>592</sup>?Doldrums (penciled note in typescript). Discussing Dildo Run, M.F. Howley writes, "Our people, speaking of a ship in the doldrums, say 'she is in the *Dilly dollies*'" ("Newfoundland Name-Lore," *NQ*, 3, 4 [1904]: 9).

<sup>593</sup>Not moving fast enough for her rudder to be effective, so unable to be steered.

<sup>594</sup>Not strained.

sometime before everything works smoothly. The *Rosetta*, however, is a capital vessel and if well handled would answer our requirements admirably.

After anchoring I went ashore and walked across to Back Harbour to see the Peytons. Had a chat with the old man who is still hale and hearty, though very deaf and apparently failing fast.

*July 11th.* Fine warm day wind S.W. Did not start for Black Island where we are bound, but went out to Long Point light-house to take some bearings. Charlie and I walked, while Mr. M. drove out in old Mr. Peyton's carriage. It was a very warm walk.

The light-house is a fine prominent object for triangulation<sup>595</sup> and from the tower we got a good set of bearings. The structure is well-built and the keeper's house very comfortable. He, Mr. Roberts, received us very kindly and gave us a good dinner. The situation of this light is very fine and overlooks the whole bay. There is a good road to it from the town, some 3 miles. It must however, be a dreadfully exposed cold place in winter. It was tea-time when we got back. The crew were engaged all day putting everything in ship shape.

*July 12th.* Dull, heavy, sultry day. Mr. Murray's foot is troubling him a good deal and he is otherwise sick. He was unable to eat his breakfast. Charlie, John Stevens and I went ashore on the Southern Island and measured a base to test our micrometer,<sup>596</sup>

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<sup>595</sup>See Intro., n. 63.

<sup>596</sup>I.e., micrometer telescope.

but it came to rain hard and we were compelled to give it up.

This being the great Orange Day<sup>597</sup> there was a grand parade with flags and gaudy-coloured scarfs, but the rain soon put a stop to their demonstration and they returned home like drowned rats. It poured rain all the afternoon and was very sultry.

The Coastal boat *Plover* homeward bound came in about 7 P.M. Capt. Cleary was aboard and came to visit us. He has so far not been very successful with his copper mining at Sunday Cove Island, though the indications are very promising.

*July 13th.* Bright warm morning with very little wind. Left for Black Island, Exploits Bay about 8 A.M. We were becalmed nearly all day and did not reach the island till 8 P.M., towed in and anchored in the Tickle. The last time I was here was in 1871,<sup>598</sup> but I see no change in the place. Someone has to go over to-morrow to Burnt Island to see if Peter Stride is there. If not we must send up to the mouth of the Exploits River for him. Charlie and I pulled around the smaller Island<sup>599</sup> looking for the remains of a Red Indian said to be buried in a gulsh<sup>600</sup> there but we could not find the place. After dinner Mr. Murray dispatched me with John and George<sup>601</sup> in our largest boat up the bay to look for Peter. We took a few days' grub and started about 5 P.M. As it was stark calm we had to take to the oars. Our boat was a

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<sup>597</sup>Protestant holiday and celebration commemorating the Battle of the Boyne.

<sup>598</sup>See p. 239.

<sup>599</sup>Little Black Island.

<sup>600</sup>Ravine with steep sides.

<sup>601</sup>George Ashman, second mate of the *Rosetta*.

heavy one and we made but slow progress. We reached the western end of Swan Island before dark, got into a deep, well-sheltered Cove where we camped under our boat sail. The mosquitoes were very thick here at first but we drove them off with a big smoke. Our camp was quite comfortable and we slept well. John and I who were used to camping out enjoyed it very much, but poor George did not.

*Sunday July 15th.* We were up at daylight. The morning was dull and foggy but wind blowing up the bay. We started about 4 A.M. and though the wind was light we slipped along under sail at a good pace. It was densely foggy all day. We only landed to have dinner at a place above the Point of Bay. It was a slip where a schooner had been built last winter. We reached Winsor's Mill, Dominion Point, about 2 P.M. only to find Peter had not arrived and nothing was heard of him. It was quite evident he was not coming so there was no use waiting for him. We turned about to begin our return journey. Just as we left it began to rain and blow hard. We rowed across Peter's Arm, but were soon drenched with the rain. Seeing a small house at Ship Cove (now<sup>602</sup> Botwood) we made for it, but when we reached there cold, wet, and hungry we found the house empty and all barred up. This was rather disappointing and as we had no camp with us the prospect for the night was not pleasant. We were indeed in a miserable plight. On peeping in at one of the windows we saw a fine cooking stove,

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<sup>602</sup>About 1914.

funnel and all, and the thought of a good warm fire to dry ourselves at, and a roof over our head overcame every consideration and scruple. Remembering that necessity has no law,<sup>603</sup> we determined if possible to effect an entrance. We tried all the windows which were tightly fastened down, but one very small one we managed to prize upward with some difficulty. It could only open about 8 inches which was a small space to squeeze through. As I was the smallest and thinnest of the three men it fell to me to make the attempt. But as the window was several feet above the ground, it was necessary to jump up, catch the sill, and then the others took me by the feet and raised them up till I was in an horizontal position. I got my head through somehow and then wriggled my body through. Once inside I soon had a bar which was nailed across the door removed, and let the two men in. It did not take us long to rig up the stove and get a good fire underweigh. We soon had all the heat we could stand and taking off our wet clothes dried them while cooking our supper. The little house was clean as could be, everything, even the floor, being as white as snow. There was a nice table and bench near the door and we were soon very comfortable. Spreading our blankets on the floor it was not long before we were in the land of nod.

*July 16th.* Still blowing from the north with fog. While at breakfast the owner of the house who was salmon fishing on the

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<sup>603</sup>An ancient aphorism.

opposite side of the Arm, came across in a great hurry. Seeing our smoke he thought his house was on fire. Poor fellow, he pulled his boat for dear life and as soon as he reached the shore he came up with fire in his eyes but seeing three great six-footers in possession of his house (he himself was quite a small man) he was taken aback. We were sitting at breakfast near the open door when he poked his head in. We explained the situation to him, told him it was a case of necessity and assured him no injury would be done to his property, that we would leave everything just as we found it. His name was Jure and John knew him. He said it was all right as long as we did no damage and put our fire out when leaving. We then invited him to partake of breakfast with us, which he gladly accepted. He told us that he thought we were some of the fishermen from down the bay who had no respect for other people's property and would just as likely as not burn his house down. Having settled matters satisfactorily and finished breakfast, we replaced everything, barred up the house again and were off down the Bay. It was very calm and exceedingly warm after a while, but the wind sprang up from the S.W. and the fog cleared off so we expected to have a fine run down, but our hopes were soon blighted. The wind died away and it became stark calm, then the wind came up from the N.E. again and blew so hard that we could not get along. We had to land near the Point of Bay and remain all day. We camped for the night in an old salmon tilt, but as the roof was off we had to put our boat sail over part of it to shelter us from rain. The night was cold

and we got but little sleep.

*July 17th.* Still foggy but calm. Started early and had a long hard pull all day. The fog cleared off and it became very hot, with occasional light drafts of wind from all points of the compass. Reached Swan Island by dinner time. While the men were boiling the kettle I went to look for Red Indian relics in a cove old Soloman<sup>604</sup> told me of, but I did not succeed in finding the cave. We reached Black Island again about 4 P.M. Mr. Murray and Charlie were on a hill taking bearings when we arrived. He was much disappointed at Peter's not coming.

*July 18th.* Very fine hot day. We started for Tilt Cove and had a splendid time across Notre Dame Bay. About half way across Mr. Murray's little dog Prince, a greyhound, fell over board and we were near losing him. We had to heave to and lower a boat to pick him up.

Arrived at Tilt Cove about 5 P.M. and found the place full of freighters loading copper ore. There were three large vessels at the wharf, besides Smith McKay's schooner, and a large Barkentine just outside. The harbour being an exceedingly small one, there was very little room for us. We were obliged to anchor off from the head of the wharf and get several lines ashore to secure our craft.

Tilt Cove is a peculiar-looking place, merely a gap in the huge towering cliffs which form the coast here. One would imagine

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<sup>604</sup>Soloman Snow, skipper of the *Rosetta*.

on approaching it that no vessel could lie here in safety, but the place is so well-supplied with buoys and ringbolts set in the rocks on either side, that this can be done with safety. Capt. Giles Foot, the Harbour master, is at hand with his crew ready to securely moor any vessel coming in.

The cliffs on either side of the Cove rise perpendicularly to a great height, and even seem to partly overhang in places. There is a small beach of boulders at the head of the Cove which has been much enlarged by filling inside with refuse from the mine. This separates the salt water from a considerable freshwater pond inside called Winsor Lake. This Pond is oval-shaped and entirely surrounded by lofty hills forming a perfect amphitheatre. It gives one the impression of being the crater of an extinct volcano, which may in reality be the case. At the base of the cliffs, surrounding the pond there is sufficient margin of low or level land for the erection of the miners' houses and for the construction of a good road.

The mine proper is situated on the left side near the lower end of the pond only a few hundred yards from the wharf, to which it is connected by a tramway. Numerous drifts are run into the side of the cliff at various levels. The mine Bluff itself is a great dome-shaped mass of rusty-coloured rock in which the copper ore occurs. The road is level and well-constructed, much of it being over made land filled in from the pond with debris from the workings. The miners' houses are all whitewashed and kept very clean, the whole forming a very pretty picture. The manager's

house is situated in a sort of gap near the upper right-hand corner of the pond where there is a larger area of flat land than elsewhere. He has a nice garden and grounds, some good vegetables. Here also are situated the Church, Parsonage, school house etc. Tilt Cove taking it altogether differs entirely from the ordinary fishing village. There is nothing in common.

Mr. Gill,<sup>605</sup> the present Manager, and his amiable wife received us kindly and welcomed us to his house. Mr. Murray took up his lodgings altogether with them during our stay. Charlie and I remained aboard the schooner. We took some observations to establish a true meridian, preparatory to laying off the mining locations. After dark Mr. M. also took pole-star observations for latitude etc. Dr. Eales, a friend of Sir John Glover,<sup>606</sup> is here prospecting for minerals. He was away however when we arrived.

*July 19th.* Very hot day. The sun pours its rays down in this cauldron-like hollow so as to render the place like an oven. We spent the morning laying down our meridian line<sup>607</sup> and triangulating the pond. After dinner Charlie, John, myself and a man belonging to the place climbed to the summit of Bennett's Lookout, a high bare hill immediately over the mine on the east side. It was a steep climb and the heat was excessive.

We took a set of bearings from here and obtained a splendid

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<sup>605</sup>Leander Gill was the way officer at Tilt Cove.

<sup>606</sup>Dr. Henry Eales, of London, was a speculator, engineer, and prospector; see p. 431. Sir John Glover (1829-85), naval officer, Governor of Newfoundland, 1876-81, 1883-85.

<sup>607</sup>Marked surveyor's line (using stones or pegs), defining true north and south.

view all around. Mr. Murray employed himself working out his calculations of yesterday's observations. We all had tea at the Manager's house. Dr. Eales who was away exploring all day joined us. He is a very jolly fellow and kept us all in good spirits with his yarns.

*July 20th.* We sent our canoe and camp across to Beaver Pond about a mile east from Tilt Cove. Charlie and I were engaged running out the southern boundary line of the mining location and after dinner we went over with John to the camp at Beaver Pond, carrying forward our meridian line so as to establish a base.<sup>608</sup> All bearings must be from the true meridian as in such a mineralized country as this is, the compass is useless, and has to be dispensed with.

We reached Beaver Cove Pond before dark. The country along here is very rugged and broken, completely bare except for a few patches of stunted woods. The path runs across in a depression between the hills and is fairly level and good going all except the first steep rise from the Tilt Cove side. We were greatly tormented with flies all day.

*July 21st.* Still very hot, but we had a good night's rest. We surveyed Beaver Pond and climbed a steep head on the eastern side of Beaver Cove from which we obtained a fine view and got a good set of bearings all around the bay. A man belonging to Beaver Cove came to pilot us up on the hill. On leaving we

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<sup>608</sup>A line from which the surveyor accurately calculates distances and positions.

erected a cairn and flagpole here as a mark for Commander Maxwell<sup>609</sup> to connect with, when he begins his survey of Notre Dame Bay.

There is a so-called Government road<sup>610</sup> from Tilt Cove to Shoe Cove which goes around Beaver Pond and close inside the head we were on. It is one of those roads not easily forgotten when once travelled over. It leads over precipices, up and down gulches, which would almost make one giddy, but the crowning point is near Beaver Pond where a precipice formed by a high cliff jutting out into the pond occurs. The difficulty is overcome by means of a long almost perpendicular ladder reaching up one side of the cliff and down the other.

We now returned to camp, packed up and returned to Tilt Cove leaving the canoe till to-morrow. Had tea again at Gill's.

*Sunday July 22nd.* An extremely hot day. Went ashore to prayers in the little chapel. There are three places of worship here, an Anglican Church, Roman Catholic Chapel and Methodist meeting house. None of the Clergymen of either were home. After prayers Skipper Soloman and I took a walk over the hills on the west side. Here a road leads up through a steep gulch and thence

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<sup>609</sup>The Admiralty Hydrographic Service, established in 1795, had been surveying the coasts and islands of Newfoundland since 1817, following the extensive charting of Captain James Cook. The *Gulnare*, a hired vessel commanded by Capt. William F. Maxwell, was surveying in Placentia Bay in 1877 (*Morning Chronicle*, July 5). For her later activities in Newfoundland waters, see L.S. Dawson, comp., *Memoirs of Hydrography*, in two Parts (Eastbourne: Henry W. Keay, 1885; rpt. 1969). Archibald Day, *The Admiralty Hydrographic Service 1759-1919* (London: Her Majesty's Stationery Office, 1967), pp. 25-26, 166-202.

<sup>610</sup>Grants were allocated to districts for work on local roads.

on to Round Harbour. We went as far as Long Pond but found it so desperately hot did not care to go further. Charlie and I again dined at Gill's with Mr. M. and Dr. Eales. The afternoon was too hot to go anywhere. After tea I paid a visit to Mrs. Boyle, mother of Mrs. Gill and a sister of Albert Bradshaw. I had met her previously in Placentia some years ago. She now resides here with her son Will and an unmarried daughter (now<sup>611</sup> Mrs. Dr. Freebairn). Dr. Eales is a very jolly fellow and a hard worker. He goes off every morning early with his hammer pounding at the rocks accompanied only by his dog and rambles over the hills looking for copper. As yet he has not been very successful. He says he sees nothing but crows which continually hover above him, crying out, "No copper, no copper."

*July 23rd.* Commenced a traverse along the road leading to Round Harbour, carrying along our meridian and measurement in the same way as we did on the eastern side. We reached some distance beyond Long Pond before evening and then returned. It was a very warm day, but on the high land we had a nice cool draft of wind. Flies of all descriptions tormented us dreadfully. They gave us a terrible flaying. The path or road from Tilt Cove to Round Harbour is very rough. The distance is about 4 or 5 miles. The country everywhere around is extremely broken and rugged composed chiefly of deep gulches or ravines with precipitous sides mostly clothed with low dwarfed trees or scrub.

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<sup>611</sup>About 1914; she was the wife of Dr. R. Jardine Freebairn, M.B., C.M.

Long Pond, close by which the road passes, is a beautiful picturesque sheet of water. It was surveyed by Mr. Murray in 1867, ten years ago.<sup>612</sup>

*July 24th.* We went on with our measurement but owing to the extreme ruggedness of the country towards Round Harbour made but slow progress. We got out to the seaside at Wild Bight but could not finish our work without a boat. This day was much cooler than any since we arrived here. The wind was N.E. and it was extremely cold on the tops of the higher and barren hills. Mr. Murray has been employed these days measuring angles to test the instruments and plotting my work. After tea Charlie and I with Frank Boyle and Maynard, the Capt. of the Mine, went underground and all through the workings. It is a desperate-looking place, all dark passages and huge open excavations several fathoms in height and depth, from whence great masses of ore were extracted. We saw the miners at work in one or two places. At one called the fluccan<sup>613</sup> slope, they were working on a splendid lode of ore. At present the mine is just kept going and employs only some 60 miners. This is owing to the low price of copper just now. It is a pity the mine is not in full swing. Although so long in operation it is far from being exhausted. There is undoubtedly a large amount of ore yet to be recovered.

*July 25th.* Rather dull. Mr. Murray is very sick and is looking very seedy, and I fear he is fast giving out. I was

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<sup>612</sup>Murray and Howley, *Geological Survey*, pp. 122-23.

<sup>613</sup>"A cross-course or transverse vein composed of clay" (*OED*, *flookan*).

employed most of to-day protracting<sup>614</sup> my field work, find my triangulation points to come in well, which is a great satisfaction. The *Plover* arrived about 4 P.M. and is bound on to Labrador.

*July 26th.* Rather dull wind S.S.E. and quite cold. Charlie, John, and I with one of the schooner's crew went off in Dr. Alexander's<sup>615</sup> boat to finish our measurement out to Round Harbour Head. There was a heavy swell on the shore which made it very difficult to land in some places. However, we succeeded in finishing the work. We then sent the boat back, when John, Charlie and I walked back by the road to Tilt Cove. Mr. Murray is in bed all day with gout in foot but feels better bodily. Dr. Eales left to go up to Burton's Pond where he is doing some mining work.

*July 27th.* Pretty hot again to-day. Spent the forenoon protracting my survey. Mr. M. still confined to his bed, but somewhat better. After dinner we went off to fix the boundary lines of the two Tilt Cove grants which took us all afternoon. The mining Capt. accompanied us to see the location of the corner posts. We then went up Long Pond to a place called the Sugar Loaf where some men were employed blasting. They had some fine indications of ore opened up. The appearance of the surface here indicates a probable development of the mineral band. This would be in the No. 2 grant.

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<sup>614</sup>See Intro., n. 63.

<sup>615</sup>James Alexander, physician at Tilt Cove.

Mr. Murray hired another man named John Morey with his whale boat for survey work, the boats belonging to the schooner being too small and unsuited for such work.

*July 28th.* Warm again to-day. Mr. Murray not much improved, still confined to his bed. Charlie and I with the two Johns<sup>616</sup> took the whale boat and canoe and started for Snook's Arm, taking along camps and provisions for a few days. Mr. M. will follow on Monday with the schooner if well enough. We put into Round Harbour and took a lot of bearings before dinner. We then continued our measurement along shore sending the boats ahead to Snook's Arm. We got a good distance along on foot but had a long wait for the boats before we could reach the camp. It was impossible to go along shore here.

Snook's Arm is a deep indentation walled in by tremendous cliffs on either side. There are some half dozen families living at the head of the Arm. Mr. Edwin Duder<sup>617</sup> of St. John's holds a grant of a square mile here for mining purposes which we have to lay off.

*July 29th.* Very hot all the forenoon but turned somewhat cooler later in the day. Charlie and I took a ramble inland, walked all around Snook's Arm Pond<sup>618</sup> and in to another large one called Red Cliff Pond. The travelling was very rough and we were pretty well tired out when we returned.

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<sup>616</sup>John Stevens and John Morey.

<sup>617</sup>On the Duder firm, see *DCB*, 11: 284.

<sup>618</sup>East Pond.

*July 30th.* Fine day again, got through a good deal of work. No sign of schooner up to nightfall.

*July 31st.* Raining hard all night and continued showery during the day. *Rosetta* arrived just as we were done breakfast, but Mr. Murray was not on board. He wrote me saying that as he still continued very ill and unable to do any work, he had concluded to go home in the *Leopard* or *Pert* man-of-war, both of which were expected to call at Tilt Cove. I believe the poor old gent is pretty well done up, and will scarcely ever take to the field again. Indeed he did wrong to come out at all this season as he was quite sick in bed the day before we left St. John's. It looks as though he would not long enjoy his C.M.G.-ship.<sup>619</sup>

I have now all the work and responsibility before me.

*August 1st.* Fine day went out to Snook's Head and ascended it. This was no easy task. In the first place we had great difficulty in landing under the head and then we had an awful climb up a very steep incline through tangled scrubby woods exceedingly thick and close. We were almost played out when we reached the summit. But the view was magnificent and we succeeded in obtaining a fine set of bearings. We could plainly see Twillingate Long Point lighthouse from this highland. Getting down again was almost as bad as climbing up.

*Aug. 2nd.* It blew very hard today. We intended going out to the Head again but could not attempt to land there. John and I

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<sup>619</sup>Murray was made Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George in 1877; the award was presented to him June 2 (DCB, 11: 632).

took the canoe and carried her into Snook's Arm Pond and from thence portaged her to Red Cliff pond. It was hard on the shoulders as the canoe was pretty heavy. It turned out a very pleasant day, as there was a good breeze blowing which kept the flies at bay. We went all around Red Cliff Pond which is a very picturesque sheet of water. We did not get back to the schooner till late in the evening.

Before leaving in the morning I fixed the boundary lines of Duder's grant. It was not a very easy matter owing to the extremely hilly and broken nature of the country, moreover the diagrams furnished us by the Surveyor General's Department were all incorrect and they did not state whether the bearings given were from the True or Magnetic meridian, and this was the case with all of them. It was only by survey and mapping out the whole locality that we could ascertain which was meant. In this case it turned out that the bearings were magnetic but in other cases they were true.

*August 3rd.* Went out again to the head and made some more measurements. It was difficult to land at our triangulation points owing to the surf on the shore. However, we got through all right by dinner time. After dinner we weighed anchor for Bett's Cove. But when hoisting our own we got foul of the chains of another craft anchored close by and as we were under sail we began to tow her off. There was great excitement for a while trying to clear the chains. The owners of the craft who were ashore came off in a hurry. We were delayed a considerable time

trying to get clear. We got two or three hard bumps from our tow running into us, and once it nearly carried away one of our boats from the davits. At last we got clear and were off. A crew from Bett's Cove who were down here to arrest a man for selling liquor to the miners, one of whom got so drunk that he fell and broke several of his ribs, asked us for a passage back. They did not succeed in catching the delinquent as he escaped to Twillingate in the morning when he learned they were after him.

It blew strong outside and we had to beat all the way up. We arrived at Bett's Cove before sunset and found the place filled with vessels loading copper ore, the S.S. *Neptune*<sup>620</sup> amongst the rest. We were ordered to make fast to the buoy outside in the Cove. It was a rather ugly place to lay if the wind should come in. Mr. Ellershausen<sup>621</sup> appears to be a regular autocrat here. He does pretty much as he pleases. We went ashore after tea and saw Mr. E. about letting us haul in. He told us we might do so in the morning. He asked us in and we sat chatting for some time about the survey.

*August 4th.* Desperately hot day. We set to work erecting cairns and flags on some of the more prominent hills for triangulation purposes. The climbing of the hills in the heat was very trying but we were compensated by the splendid view obtained

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<sup>620</sup>Famous Newfoundland steamship, built in Scotland 1872-3, mostly a sealer but used for other purposes.

<sup>621</sup>Francis von Ellershausen (1820-1914), German mining entrepreneur, bought rights to Betts Cove mining site, started mining copper in 1875; sold his interest in the mine in 1881. Died in Berlin (ENL).

of the mine and surrounding country. It is a desperately rugged broken locality. The mine proper is situated over a mile from the cove near a bluff Tolt and a little pond. It is approached from the shore by a very steep and crooked road. The ore from the mine is run out by a tramway, engineered by Dr. Eales and is admirably constructed. At first it has an upward incline from the mine and then is quite level till approaching the Harbour, where there is a very steep down grade of fully 20° for about 1,000 feet down to the wharf. However, as it does not answer their purpose extra well they now contemplate driving a tunnel right through the hills from the loading stage to the mine and running the ore out underground. They are to use Ingersol<sup>622</sup> steam or compressed-air drills in order to get through this work as quickly as possible.

Some 200 or 300 men were employed all day dragging in over the road a huge boiler weighing 10 or 12 tons to be used for this purpose. It was a desperate lug over the steep inclines. We watched them from the hills, it was quite a sight to witness the long line of men slowly wending their way along dragging their heavy burthen over the inclines. They succeeded in getting it to the mine before night.

Bett's Cove is a curious-looking place. It is fairly wide at first but runs inland like a V to a very narrow space at its head. Like Tilt Cove the land on either side is very high, rising almost perpendicularly from the waterside. A deep gorge extends

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<sup>622</sup>Simon Ingersol (1818-1894), U.S. inventor, notably of the rock drill in 1870.

inland from the head of the cove until it is lost amongst the hills in the rear. The hills everywhere are high and bare and very precipitous. The principal houses are crowded together in a small space of low ground at the head of the cove, but there are also several miners' dwellings in near the mine itself.

There does not appear to be anything here like the neatness and cleanliness seen at Tilt Cove, and taking it altogether it does not compare very favourably with the latter.

In the afternoon we took observations to establish a true meridian.

*Sunday August 5th.* Dull and foggy, wet day. Stayed aboard all forenoon. Dr. Eales came off to visit us and have a chat. He is getting rather dispirited about his Burton's Pond Mine.<sup>623</sup> He talks of going across to Bay Verte exploring. He wanted me to go ashore to Ellershausen's to dinner but I preferred staying aboard. Charlie however went and dined with D.J. Henderson.<sup>624</sup> After dinner I went ashore and walked out to the mine. I met Mr. Fisher<sup>625</sup> the engineer, who accompanied me. He is a nice fellow and I was glad to have his company. He showed me everything and explained the working of the new tunnel. Sunday here is very little observed. We found at the mine several men hard at work fixing up the boiler and housing it in. Forges were going and steam was up and work progressing as on any ordinary week-day.

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<sup>623</sup>For an account of Burton's Pond Mine (and of other copper-mining sites), see *ENL*, 1: 530-32.

<sup>624</sup>Head bookkeeper; speculator in mining properties.

<sup>625</sup>Carl Fisher.

Copper seems to be the only God worshipped here. There is no church or minister of religion here, everything in that line is evidently ignored. The houses of the miners here struck me as being in a filthy condition and I was disgusted with the place. In fact, the men are worked so hard they have no time to clean up.

*Aug. 6th.* Fine day, started our traverse, measuring up hill and down dale out towards Bett's Head. Came on to rain again which prevented us from going very far. However, we got through a good deal of work. In the afternoon I tried to measure some of the coast-line, but it was too rough to land anywhere.

*Aug. 7th.* Continued our traverse to Bett's Head and erected a cairn thereon. We then went on towards Burton's Pond. The day was cool and pleasant. All the country travelled over was exceedingly bare and rugged. We had difficulty in procuring a stick anywhere long enough to mark our stations<sup>626</sup> with. Our measurement terminated on a height overlooking Burton's Pond.

*August 8th.* Dull and wet again. Stayed on board protracting my work. In the afternoon Charlie and I took a tramp over the hills and had a look at the rock structure, which is peculiar. We saw a great deal of the country from the highlands which is all pretty much of the same character. There are several very pretty ponds behind the hills. As the bushes were loaded with rain we got a great wetting. The S.S. *Plover* came in just at dark, and a

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<sup>626</sup>Places where surveying poles are set up.

great crowd gathered as the visit of the Mail boat is quite an event. Several hundred people, men, women and children congregated on the wharf. The steamer hauled in alongside a bark which lay at the pier, a platform of deals<sup>627</sup> was laid from the wharf to the latter's gunwale, across her deck and then on to the steamer's rail. Such a crowd immediately gathered on this, trying to get aboard, pushing and shoving each other, that one poor fellow was pushed off into the water and drowned. I never saw such confusion. Everyone was shouting out to do this, that, and the other thing, but no one was acting. All seemed to lose their heads. So suddenly did the whole thing occur that no one seemed to fully realize what had happened. The man in the water made no outcry and scarcely a struggle, just a few kicks and then he went down like a stone. The water close to the pier is very deep. So great was the excitement that everyone was in everybody else's way. One poor fellow from the barque tied a rope around himself and got down over her side and actually grabbed hold of the drowning man, but he could not hold on, neither could he swim. At length someone got a boat and pulled around inside the ship, but it was too late, the poor fellow had sunk to rise no more. It was a shocking affair altogether, so many looking on and no one apparently able to do anything, while the man drowned before their eyes. There were lots of ropes and loose planks about, but all seemed to forget about them. I hope that I may never witness

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<sup>627</sup>Planks of pine or fir.

another such scene. The darkness made it all the more terrible. It is a scandalous shame that the wharf is not provided with any lights as it certainly should be on such occasions. Life is indeed held very cheap here. It was only another one to be added to the list of casualties for which Bett's Cove bears an unenviable notoriety. The poor fellow, whose name was Martin,<sup>628</sup> belonged to Harbour Grace and was a married man. Only last mail boat he had sent his young wife home. His body was fished up about an hour after but life was extinct.

Aug. 9th. Dull and raining. Capt. Cleary who came across last night in the *Plover* came on board to see us and had dinner with us. It was too wet to do any outdoor work all day. We heard this morning that another drowning accident at the same place was barely averted last night. Capt. Sam Blandford on returning aboard the *Plover* fell over the platform at the same place. Fortunately for him there were a few people about at the time and they succeeded in rescuing him, not a moment too soon. Had there been an excited crowd about as in the first instance, no doubt a second tragedy would have been added to the first. When our work was plotted we found the mining location as shown on the diagram furnished us was all wrong.

August 10th. Fine and cool to-day, went up in boat to Burton's Pond, Dr. Eales coming with us. We got through a good deal of work, finished our measurement to this point and laid off

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<sup>628</sup>For incidents involving Richard Martin and Capt. Blandford, see *Morning Chronicle*, Aug. 16, *Harbour Grace Standard*, Aug. 25, 1877.

the boundaries of the Burton's Pond Mining location. The Doctor delayed me a good deal examining his claims and workings. His prospects here are not looking very bright. According to our survey he is really working outside the boundaries of his claim as shown on the diagram furnished us. He is in a great way about this and no wonder, as he has expended much time and quite a lot of money developing the place. As the measurement and lines show that the square-mile block does not reach the coast on the east side, he and Ellershausen are determined to claim that it does, as the wording of the grant would imply, though the measurements given prove the contrary.

*August 11th.* Fine day, plotted all my work and finished the boundaries of the Bett's Cove location. A large steamer arrived to-day for ore, which left here only 27 days ago with a load. There are seven or eight large vessels principally barks here now awaiting cargoes and there are two more up at Nippers Harbour. The little harbour is as full as it can hold, and on shore all is hurry and bustle. It is certainly a stirring little place, but not one I should care to reside in. Almost every second person one sees here is a St. John's man.

I had a long talk to-day with Ellershausen and Dr. Eales. They are both very uneasy about the new boundary lines fearing someone may get wind of the discrepancy in the grant and apply for the vacant piece. After tea Charlie and I visited the barracks, or young men's quarters. This was formerly the church and school house, but evidently was more required for a dwelling.

The staff have a fine billiard table here and are quite a decent crowd. Mr. D.J. Henderson, who is head book-keeper here, invited us to dine with him to-morrow. Capt. Cleary stays with him while here. Barclay, the assayist, is a very nice fellow. He has quite an elaborate laboratory and showed us many interesting tests.

*Sunday August 12th.* Tolerably fine day. Dr. Eales who often visits us came aboard after breakfast and stayed quite a while chatting. He is a very nice fellow and I have taken quite a fancy to him. He says he is sending on an application for the vacant piece left out of his grant. We went ashore to dinner at Henderson's, where we had quite a treat in the shape of new potatoes and cabbage. Just as dinner was over, the coastal steamer arrived and Capt. Cleary left by her for Little Bay Island and Ellershausen for St. John's. We went down to see them off. Colchester,<sup>629</sup> Ellershausen's son-in-law and now in charge, invited us up to tea which we accepted. Engineer Fisher was also there. He, Fisher, Charlie and I took a walk in to the mine. I was astonished to find the boiler which was drawn up only yesterday week, not only in place but the engine and all the compressor machinery in full swing working away. We witnessed the whole process by which the compressed air was carried around to the shaft, and the drills set in motion. They have been underway these two days past and seem to work well. We had quite a nice tea at the cottage and stayed sometime after, chatting and

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<sup>629</sup>William Colchester; see Martin, *Once Upon a Mine*, p. 23.

smoking.

*August 13th.* Another fine day. Measured along shore westward from Bett's Cove. Found it difficult to land at some points. We reached a place called the low land and fixed the eastern boundary line of Burton's Pond claim. Sent the boat back and walked back myself and had a good look at the rocks and country all along.

*August 14th.* Fine day, all the forenoon plotting my work. In afternoon took observations for time. Charlie and I walked over to the mine to see the steam drill at work. We had tea at Henderson's. We leave to-morrow for Nipper's Harbour, being pretty well through here. I am not sorry to leave here, as I do not like the place although the people are all kind and friendly.

A large steamer called the *City of Exeter* came in this morning for copper. She has another engine on board for the crusher now being erected on an island in a small pond near the mine. There are six large vessels here now loading or awaiting cargoes and two more up at Nipper's Harbour.

*Aug. 15th.* A fine day. This being a R.C. Holiday many of the miners are not working, yet there are lots of these as busy as ever. The S.S. *Leopard* arrived this morning and old Mr. Fletcher,<sup>630</sup> M.E., came passenger by her. He is going to stay here for a few days and then goes over to Sunday Cove Island to visit Capt. Cleary. After a chat with him we went again to visit the

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<sup>630</sup>James Fletcher of St. John's, speculator in mining.

mine and saw the new drills at work. The compression from the engine passes through iron pipes to the mouth of the large shaft being sunk vertically to connect with the tunnel from the shore. These pipes are connected with the drills by stout rubber hoses which pass down into the shaft. The drills themselves are of the usual Ingersol pattern of compressed-air drills. These drills are kept firmly in position by heavy iron weights attached to the legs of the tripod stand which support the drills. When the air is turned on and the drill set over the place where a hole is to be sunk, the cross-bit drill works very rapidly and strikes the rock with great force, quickly cutting a hole. It is automatic and revolves itself after each stroke. Two men only are required to attend it and by means of a handle which one of them turns every now and again, he keeps the cutting edge down on the rock. Water has to be poured into the hole to wash out the sludge. The air after causing the stroke escapes into the shaft and thus supplies fresh air to the miners. This drill is a great improvement on the old hand method and is capable of doing many times as much work in a shorter space of time. It has been used successfully in several great undertakings, such as the Mt. Cenis and Hoosac tunnels<sup>631</sup> but it is liable to get out of order easily. One of them gave out while we were looking on.

On our way back from the mine we went to see the new

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<sup>631</sup>Early engineering achievements in the Alps and Massachusetts, U.S.A. See an account of the Mount Cenis tunnel in *Newfoundlander*, Dec. 15, 1868.

smelting house, and met Mr. Shepard<sup>632</sup> the man in charge, a nice gentlemanly fellow who showed us all around and explained the *modus operandi* to us. He then kindly invited us to luncheon. We went up with Dr. Eales to see Mr. Fletcher and had quite a talk with him.

We now prepared for a start for Nipper's Harbour. Just as we were getting underway the *Curlew* came in. We waited to get our letters. Heard all the latest news of St. John's from Capt. A. Jackman,<sup>633</sup> then left, but had very little wind, however, we reached Nipper's Harbour before sunset.

*August 16th.* Raining hard and blowing strong from the S.E., could do no out-door work all day. Nipper's Harbour is a peculiar-looking place and really comprises three harbours. The first, or outer, harbour is quite spacious being a fine place for vessels to lie in almost any weather. The second harbour is entered by a narrow channel. It is a round basin-like expansion and is an excellent safe place for small craft. From this again a narrow and shallow channel leads to the inner pond-like harbour. It has fine deep water inside enough for any-sized vessel, but cannot be entered except at spring-tides and then only by small craft.

The country around here still bears the same high rugged and broken character. There is not one acre of land fit for cultivation here. There are two large barks lying at anchor in

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<sup>632</sup>William P. Shephard.

<sup>633</sup>For Arthur Jackman, see *DCB*, 13: 502-503.

the outer Harbour, one being very leaky from having struck a rock somewhere off Fogo on her way here. A young English boy, a stowaway on her, came aboard our craft and wanted our skipper to take him. I think old Soloman will do so as he is a soft-hearted old chap. There is a big sea outside to-day after the S.E. breeze.

*August 17th.* Another dull, wet day. Rained in torrents all night. It looks as though we were in for a spurt of bad weather now. We could do no outdoor work today. After dinner I took my gun and had a long tramp over the country but saw no game of any kind. I only succeeded in getting a thorough wetting. This is a miserable place for sport of any kind. I was never so long out in the woods without finding some kind of game or fish. Our prospects for fresh fish or meat are poor indeed.

*August 18th.* Still dull but inclined to be fine. Sea gone down very much. We started off for Burton's Pond to measure towards Nipper's Harbour and reached as far as Pittman's Bight, when the rain came down again as if it had not rained a drop for a month. We got a thorough soaking and had to give up work and return to the schooner. This weather is very much against us and if it continue much longer we will scarcely get through our work till late in the season.

*Sunday August 19th.* Fine at last, but we still had some heavy showers during the day. I stayed on board most of the day reading.

*August 20th.* Fine morning. Started off again for Burton's

Pond and worked eastward as far as where Dr. Eales is mining. We then returned to Pittman's Bight and continued our traverse along shore toward Nipper's Harbour. Let the two Johns go back with the boat as we could do without her here. But we had barely commenced work when it again came to rain accompanied by heavy thunder and lightning, which lasted all the afternoon. Yet we continued our work in hope of its clearing up, but it did not, so at length we were obliged to give up and strike for the craft, which we reached like two drowned rats. I never remember such a continuance of heavy rains at this time of the year. We live in hope that next month may be finer.

*August 21st.* Fine day at last, finished the measurement to Nipper's Harbour. It was dull again in the afternoon. I thought to get some observations to establish a fresh meridian but did not succeed.

*August 22nd.* Beautiful day at last. Sun very hot. Succeeded in obtaining the observations and establishing a meridian line. We then continued our traverse towards Rogue's Harbour but had not gone far when one of the crew came after us with the news that Mr. and Mrs. Murray were at Bett's Cove and wanted the schooner sent down for them. We had to leave off work and go back to the craft. We none of us relished the idea of his bringing his wife along to take possession of the little cabin of the schooner, making it uncomfortable for us all and greatly hindering our work. Charlie and I have made up our minds so soon as they come up to go ashore and camp. We started for Bett's Cove

after dinner and had a nice time down. I did not go ashore until Mr. Murray sent for me. They came up on the *Leopard* with the Governor and his Lady.<sup>634</sup> The latter got off at Twillingate and is going up the Bay of Exploits and will visit Bett's Cove before returning to St. John's. We heard here of the *Plover* having a mishap somewhere along shore and that poor Capt. Sam felt awful bad about it. The *Gulnare*, surveying steamer arrived this afternoon. She has been about the Bay lately putting up survey marks on headlands etc. Capt. Maxwell is not aboard, having remained at Snook's Arm, but will be here to-morrow. The *Gulnare* takes the Governor's suite back to St. John's.

*August 23rd.* Beautiful day very hot. Delayed here all day getting Mr. Murray's things aboard and all dined at the cottage at 7 P.M. Had a sumptuous spread. Colchester, Ellershausen's son-in-law, is now in full charge during the latter's absence. I believe we are to start out for Nipper's Harbour to-morrow. I am feeling pretty disgusted at this interruption of our work. We have now lost two of the finest days of the whole month and may probably lose several others.

*August 24th.* Fine day again. After a good deal of delay Mr. and Mrs. Murray came aboard and we started for Nipper's Harbour. The wind being light we did not get up till evening. I immediately got all ready to go ashore and camp. We then went across to Burton's Pond to finish up the survey there, but it

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<sup>634</sup>Sir John Glover and Lady Glover.

came on to blow and rain so hard we did not succeed.

*August 25th.* Dull and wet in morning. Protracted my work. The *Gulnare* came in here last evening but left again this morning for Bay of Exploits after the Governor and his Lady. It cleared up in the afternoon, when we did a little measurement but as the sea outside was very rough we could not accomplish much. I caught a few nice trout after tea.

*Sunday August 26th.* Fine warm day, stayed in camp all day. Caught a dozen fine trout in the brook. Mr. M. came ashore in the afternoon to take some observations and again after tea to take the pole-star for Latitude. Had some carrots and turnip tops for dinner.

*August 27th.* Fine day, went back to Burton's Pond to finish up. Mr. Murray came down in canoe. After our return to Nipper's Harbour we laid off the boundary lines there. James Browning<sup>635</sup> and his brother came down yesterday from their mine<sup>636</sup> in S.W. Arm and were at our camp. They report that their claim is looking well. They have a man named Pill, a Cornish mining Capt., now examining it. They went to Rogue's (Rouge) Harbour today to look at their claim in that place.

*August 28th.* Fine again. Struck camp and started for Rogue's Harbour in our boats, measuring along shore as we went. Reached

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<sup>635</sup>James Browning was the son of Gilbert Browning (1821-82), a pioneer baker and businessman in St. John's. James took over the firm on his father's death; and James's brother John succeeded him in 1885. *The Book of Newfoundland* (St. John's: Newfoundland Book Publishers, Ltd., 1975), 2: 351-6.

<sup>636</sup>The Old English Copper Mine, Southwest Arm, operating between 1879 and 1882; also called Pill's Mine, after the mining captain, William Pill. Martin, *Once Upon a Mine*, p. 23.

there early in the afternoon. Just as we got our camp set, it came to rain again and we barely escaped a drenching. We camped at the head of the N.W. Arm<sup>637</sup> near an old deserted house, which we converted into a cook room. The meaningless name of Rogue's Harbour is undoubtedly a corruption of the French name Rouge or Red Harbour which latter would be quite appropriate owing to the preponderance of red feldspathic rock hereabout. The hills are very high and one very conspicuous peak is called Hammer Head. It is a fine large harbour having two arms, one of which is quite landlocked but has a narrow entrance with a rock in the middle.

*Aug 29th.* Fine again continued our survey and got a lot of bearings from Hammer Head which is a fine lookout, but difficult to climb. The schooner arrived in the afternoon and anchored near our camping ground.

*August 30th.* Another fine day, went on with our measurement and got up to Stocking Harbour, wind came in and blew hard giving us a hard pull back.

*August 31st.* Dull and wet, could do no outdoor work so spent the day plotting work, mending clothes etc. Find our cook house very convenient in this weather.

*September 1st.* Fine day but blowing fresh. Surveyed Rogue's Harbour and had a look at Browning's mine. They have not done much to prove it as yet but there has been some rich copper taken out. The schooner started for Bett's Cove about noon with Mr. and

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<sup>637</sup>Of Rogues Harbour; not Northwest Arm, which he reaches Sept. 4.

Mrs. Murray, the latter going home.

*Sunday Sept. 2nd.* Spent all day in camp reading etc.

*Sept. 3rd.* Fine day again blowing fresh. Laid off the boundaries of Rogue's Harbour location and then went up to Stocking Harbour and measured nearly up to N.W. Arm. Schooner not yet returned.

*September 4th.* Still another fine day but blowing very hard. Surveyed Stocking Harbour. The schooner beat up and put into Rogue's Harbour in evening. I walked over to N.W. Arm about a mile and there is a fairly good track across. N.W. Arm is a wide-open Bight, but has one snug cove to anchor in at the eastern end. I was in here 6 years ago in the *Alice Hooper*.<sup>638</sup> The country all around is still very broken, hilly and rugged but is a little less barren than the country to the eastward.

*September 5th.* A beautiful day. Schooner came up and anchored in the Cove. We went aboard and then started in boats for N.W. Arm, the schooner is to come on after us. Finished our survey of the North shore of the Bay and connected it with Mr. Murray's of the S.W. Arm made in 1875.<sup>639</sup>

We also did part of the N.W. Arm. There are several families here who have nice gardens cleared.

*Sept. 6th.* Dull morning, rained a little but cleared up after a while. Finished the N.W. Arm and then went across S.W. Arm for Jackson's Cove on the south side. Took some observations

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<sup>638</sup>See p. 253.

<sup>639</sup>Murray and Howley, *Geological Survey*, p. 411.

and established a new meridian. Jackson's Cove is rather open but is a good harbour with winds from the west. It is a nice place ashore being tolerably level and has very good soil. The people here have nice clearings. It also boasts of a good road across the narrow neck, of about a mile, to Harry's Harbour in Western Arm.

*September 7th.* Commenced measuring along the south side of the Arm, or rather Green Bay proper, towards Green Bay Point.<sup>640</sup> Reached as far as Nicky's Nose. This was a lovely day and we are in hope the fine weather will last. Should it continue we expect to get on fast with our survey of the coast.

*September 8th.* Another fine day, but blowing hard from the eastward. Stayed to protract my work all the forenoon. Went down to Nicky's Nose in the afternoon and took bearings, also doing some measurement. A mineral location belonging to the Messrs. Bowring<sup>641</sup> is located here which is to be laid off.

*Sunday 9th.* Calm, fine, and very warm day. We went up in morning to see Capt. White's<sup>642</sup> location but found it deserted. We looked over the workings but do not think much of the prospects. Were back at dinner time. We had not time to go as far as the

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<sup>640</sup>Green Bay Island.

<sup>641</sup>For an account of the St. John's firm Bowring Brothers, Ltd., see *The Book of Newfoundland*, ed. J.R. Smallwood, 2: 331-40. The Bowrings, like many other St. John's merchants and officials, speculated in mining properties. In 1877 Charles Bowring was president of the Notre Dame Mining Co., owners of the mine at Burton's Pond.

<sup>642</sup>Edward White (1811-86), sealing captain, politician, promoter of agriculture and mineral development. *DCB*, 11: 918.

Naked Man mine<sup>643</sup> where they are working. After dinner Charlie and I walked across to Western Arm and pulled up to the head in a punt. It is a long narrow inlet with straight shores. The road across is well laid out and very pretty being lined on both sides with trees like an avenue.

*September 10th.* Another fine day. Left the schooner, taking our camp with us and continued our traverse down the shore and reached Green Bay Island. It was a beautiful day for work. We camped here. This shore is not nearly so high or rugged as that on the North side, and there are several nice coves where people are living. The land in each of these is quite good. The people have nice clearings, and also several good cattle and sheep. They do well with their produce at the mines.

*September 11th.* Fine again, commenced the survey of Western Arm and reached a good distance up. The schooner came around and went into Harry's Harbour where we again joined her.

*September 12th.* Fine again. Protracted my work and then made a survey of Harry's Harbour. Mr. Murray came ashore to take some observations. He is beginning to be anxious to be home again and talks of cutting short the work.

*September 13th.* Again fine but blowing hard. We started off again with our camp and our baggage to continue the survey of the

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<sup>643</sup>See *ENL*, 1: 531. Edward White and Gilbert Browning were issued a mining lease for this mine in 1877. Probably it was named after a nearby cairn or landmark. These are sometimes named *man*, one of these being *Naked Man*. W. Colbourne and G. Reid, "Newfoundland's *Naked Man*," *Regional Language Studies (RLS)*, 8 (1978): 30-41.

Arm. We crossed over to Walsh's Cove on the south side, but it blew so hard we could not do much surveying and were obliged to stop here. Had a look at old man Norris's<sup>644</sup> mine which a man named Brown<sup>645</sup> is working. The lode here is under water and Brown is sinking<sup>646</sup> inside intending to drift out under to tap it.<sup>647</sup> It is impossible to say what the prospects are here as nothing can be seen at present to form an opinion upon.

*September 14th.* Another very fine day but rather cold, continued our measurement up to the head of the Arm. Here we camped for the night.

*September 15th.* Very cold in camp last night and cold all day. Nearly completed the survey of this Arm. We now go to the Middle Arm and then the Southern Arm, both much smaller than this one. After which we go across to Pilley's Island where we have two locations to lay off.

*Sunday September 16th.* Fine warm day again. So far this month has been very fine. I have scarcely ever seen a finer September up to this date. Took a walk in the woods to-day to see the country but it was so rough I could not go far. All around these Arms is taken up for mineral claims. Our grub getting short we returned to the schooner in the evening.

*September 17th.* Another fine day. Spent the forenoon

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<sup>644</sup>James Norris settled on Three Arms Island, Middle Arm, in the 1840s.

<sup>645</sup>James Brown, a resident of Halifax, was a speculator in the Notre Dame Bay mines.

<sup>646</sup>Excavating.

<sup>647</sup>To tunnel out to extract lode.

protracting my work. After dinner finished the survey of Western Arm.

*September 18th.* A beautiful day almost calm. Left for Middle Arm and continued our survey up it. This is the smallest of the so-called Three Arms and is a splendid harbour. There are several small islands off the entrance and one long one<sup>648</sup> in the Arm upon which some half dozen families live. Old Mr. Norris, a Waterford man, lives here and has a fine house and place. He came off to see us.

*September 19th.* Protracted my work as the morning was dull and wet. After dinner it blew hard, but we finished the survey of the Arm. Mr. Murray is now getting very anxious to be home and talks of giving up the work. There is much dissatisfaction amongst the crew at giving up so early in the season. I am most anxious to complete the survey to Little Bay Head if he will let me this season.

*September 20th.* Blowing hard, laid off Norris's location. Then started for Southern Arm. Had to beat up against a head wind. Anchored inside an island about half way up the Arm. After dinner took our camp and some grub and went over to Shoal Arm on the south side where Mr. Smith McKay has a mining grant. Here we took some observations and established a meridian. Set up our camp here. Mr. Murray accompanied us but returned to the schooner.

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<sup>648</sup>Three Arms Island.

*September 21st.* A beautiful fine day nearly calm. Got through a good day's work. After finishing Shoal Arm we continued on at the survey of the main Arm<sup>649</sup> and finished down to the entrance.

*September 22nd.* Came to blow hard and to rain, wind S.E. before daylight and continued all day. It was a perfect equinoctial. Could not leave camp all day.

*Sunday 23rd.* Still blowing hard, very wet, cold and disagreeable. The schooner dragged her anchor in yesterday's gale. To-day they shifted her position and came over to the entrance of Shoal Arm to anchor. We did not know she was there till Mr. M. and some of the crew paid us a visit to-day. After dinner I took a stroll over the hills on Little Bay Head and visited the mine.<sup>650</sup> It blew very hard and was extremely cold all the afternoon. Mr. Murray says he will not wait here any longer than Tuesday, two days hence, as we have yet to lay off two locations on Pilley's Island.

*September 24th.* Beautiful fine day again after the storm. Started early and worked up the Arm finishing it by dinner time. I then travelled in to the summit of a high mountain called Blow-me-down, partly to see the country and partly to look for some game. Had a desperate tramp through the thick tangled woods. I had a fine view from the summit of the mountain. The country inland is very hilly and broken, but all densely wooded, and

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<sup>649</sup>Southern Arm.

<sup>650</sup>It is not clear what mine is meant here.

dotted with several picturesque Ponds. I could see a long way to the westward, even recognizing hills which are at the head of the Humber River. To the eastward Notre Dame Bay with its numerous arms and islands lay spread out like a panorama before me. The entire northern shore of the Bay to Cape John and Gull Island was plainly visible. Saw plenty of old deer tracks but no fresh ones. Only saw three partridge, one of which I shot.

*September 25th.* Beautiful day again and very calm. We went back to the schooner and then got underweigh for Sunday Cove Island; becalmed nearly all day and only reached the Tickle between it and Long Island by nightfall. Did not get into anchorage till next morning.

*September 26th.* Wet morning. Capt. Cleary came on board and brought some letters. He is working about half a mile from our anchorage. He stayed for dinner with us. It then cleared up somewhat and we went ashore to see his mine.<sup>651</sup> He has a lot of the surface cleared away and costeamed several places along shore. He has also run a couple of drifts for short distances in to the cliffs. There are several bands of chloritic slate<sup>652</sup> here separated by layers of diorite.<sup>653</sup> Most of the former contain some indications of copper ore. The principal opening shows three or four solid strings of ore, varying from 1/2 to 3 or 4 inches. It looks quite promising.

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<sup>651</sup>On Sunday Cove Island.

<sup>652</sup>A green slaty rock; chlorite is green hydrous silicate, related to mica.

<sup>653</sup>A granular crystalline igneous rock.

*September 27th.* Fine day. Went over to Pilley's Island, anchored in a deep cove near the N.E. end of the Island where the first mining location is situated, commenced work at once and got through a good deal. It was quite cold again in the evening and blew hard.

*September 28th.* Continued our measurement of Pilly's Tickle towards Bumble Bee Bight and laid off the location there.

*September 29th.* Dull, wet and blowing hard, could do no outdoor work. Mr. Murray now became so fidgety and anxious to get home that he made us abandon the work. We got underweigh and ran over to Sunday Cove Island which we reached by dinner time and went ashore to see Capt. Cleary. He is now sinking a shaft so as to cut the slate bands holding the copper. He is very anxious to have a complete survey of the island made and succeeded in persuading Mr. Murray to allow me to remain behind a fortnight to accomplish this work. Charlie is going over to Bett's Cove to see his brother Dr. Harvey<sup>654</sup> who is expected there to take up a position as medical practitioner to the Company. Charlie also expects to obtain employment. Mr. Murray is undecided what he will do. He leaves on Monday if a good time offers to run over either to Bett's Cove or Tilt Cove, or perhaps Twillingate, and take the steamer for home, and let the crew take on the schooner. Old Soloman is just as anxious to get home, but the crew are very much put out at having to give up so early in the season. For my

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<sup>654</sup>Alfred Joseph Harvey, M.B., C.M.

part I am in no way anxious to go home yet, especially as the weather promises to keep fine.

*Sunday 30th.* Fine day but cold and feels very fallish lately. Capt. Cleary dined with us. The two Johns and I got our traps ashore and put up our camp near Capt. Cleary's tilt. Charlie remained on board.

*October 1st.* Charlie came ashore with his things and told us the craft was getting underweigh for home. I went off to wish them good-bye. They were just about starting. They had a fair wind and a good fresh breeze of it. They went north of Long Island. I immediately commenced my survey by establishing a true meridian. The day was fine but blowing rather hard, yet I got through a good deal of work.

*October 2nd.* Fine again. Measured across the island by the road. It was very tedious as I could only get very short sights. It took us all day to accomplish it.

*October 3rd.* Fine again but blowing fresh from the northward. Charlie left for Little Bay Island to meet the steamer. One of Capt. Cleary's men went with him for the mail. We continued our measurement along the eastern shore of the island and got a good day's work done. If the weather continues fine we will not take long to complete the round of the island.

*October 4th.* A beautiful fine day not blowing nearly so hard. Went across the island and measured along the western side to its north end. On our return to camp we were surprised to find

Father Brown<sup>655</sup> there. He was on his way from Hall's Bay accompanied by a crew of Micmacs and was bound for Leading Tickle, and put in here for the night. Capt. Cleary's man returned from Little Bay Island with letters but none for me. However, they brought a lot of late papers which were a great treat to us.

*October 5th.* Blowing almost a gale from S.W. could do nothing in boat all day. Father Brown celebrated Mass for us in the morning at Capt. Cleary's Tilt, the Indians sung the refrains in their own language. Their voices blended very well together and their plaintive tones were quite an unusual treat. Our congregation included seven Indians, four men and three women, John Stevens, Capt. C. and his son George, his two men and myself. Of course the inhabitants of the island<sup>656</sup> being all Methodists did not attend. The priest and his party left immediately after breakfast though it still continued to blow hard.

It blew too hard for boat work so I remained in camp protracting my work and then measured sections of the rocks.

*October 6th.* Still blowing hard and raining in torrents, very miserable day. The ground where our camp stands is low and the water soaked in under so that when I awoke this morning, I found my feet in the water. Could do no outdoor work all day.

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<sup>655</sup>Fr. James Brown (1825-87), ordained around 1850, whose extensive parish included Notre Dame Bay.

<sup>656</sup>There were at least three settled places on the island: Wellmans Cove (called Wellman's Bight in Howley), Miles Cove, and Sunday Cove Tickle.

*Sunday October 7th.* Still wet and blowing hard. Had to stay in camp all day too miserable out of doors to do anything.

*October 8th.* Still blowing but not wet. Struck camp and went around into Sunday Cove Tickle. The day was very cold and raw, but when we got well up the Tickle we had good shelter from the weather. Did a good day's work on this south side of the island. We camped about half-way up the Tickle in a nice cove. The Tickle separating the island on this side from the mainland is about six miles long and very narrow in places. There are several deep coves and bights on either side the Tickle. There are a great number of boats and schooners in here just now mostly engaged in cutting and loading fire wood. A few are catching mackerel which fish are very plentiful here just now. Both sides of the Tickle are densely wooded.

*October 9th.* It froze hard last night and was desperately cold in camp. We had to keep a good fire going all night. Some water in a pan outside had fully an inch of ice on it in the morning. The day turned out fine and moderate and we were able to finish up to the western end of the island. This end is very narrow and the Tickle also here is less than half a mile across. We found the island considerably longer than it is represented on the charts.

*October 10th.* Another fine day, got around the western end of the island and began to measure along the north shore, and succeeded in finishing our traverse all along the island. Had a good look at the rocks especially in Big Bight, where Capt.

Cleary did some considerable mining. He had men at work here all last winter. The showing of copper here in the chloritic slate bands seemed pretty good. We camped here for the night. John Morey went home as one of his children had died. So John Stevens and myself are alone in camp.

*October 11th.* Fine day again. All the morning looking at rocks and measuring a section. After dinner John and I went in over the hills to look for deer and see the country inside. It is extremely hilly and broken, consisting of steep wooded ridges and deep ravines. We saw no deer but a good deal of signs, some of the footing almost fresh. There are several small ponds in the lower levels. It came on to blow very hard again from the N.E. after we got back to camp.

*October 12th.* Still blowing hard, cold and raw. While at breakfast John Morey returned, bringing with him Revd. Mr. Hewitt<sup>657</sup> of Exploits, who arrived here yesterday. Hearing I was here he came up to see me. He is a nice friendly man. He wanted one of my geographies. Fortunately I had one with me which I gave him, also some reports,<sup>658</sup> but I learnt afterwards he lost them out of his pocket on his way back in the boat. John and I now struck camp and paddled up to Wellman's Bight, but as it was too windy to face around the north end of the Island, we left our canoe here, had a further examination of the rocks on this side.

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<sup>657</sup>John Hewitt, Anglican clergyman.

<sup>658</sup>*Geography of Newfoundland. For the Use of Schools* (London: Edward Stanford, 1876); Murray's reports to the government were published annually.

We then took the road across the island. When we reached Capt. Cleary's tilt I was surprised to find Mr. Fletcher here. I thought he had gone home long ago. He has been cruising around the bay all summer. He is going back by the steamer due next Wednesday, the same in which I take passage. Capt. Cleary's men have been engaged ever since, sinking the shaft and are now down a good depth, but have not yet struck the lode he was drifting upon outside. He is also extending his wharf.

*October 13th.* Pretty fine but still blowing. Spent the forenoon protracting my work. Brown, the man who is working for Norris at the Arms, came along just as we were at dinner. He and Fletcher are going over to Bumble Bee Bight. Brown has taken an option upon the Pyrites property there in which Fletcher is also interested. They left after dinner. Capt. C. and I walked along shore to look at the rocks but could not get very far.

*October 14th.* Mild day but wet. Capt. C., one of his men, John and I went off in boat to visit Rabbit's Arm<sup>659</sup> where a new find of copper has been made, which Capt. C. has secured. We got down early, but it came on very wet and cold. The mine is situated some distance from the shore by the side of a long pond. We walked in to the pond and then took a boat to go up about a mile, but after a long and fruitless search the Capt. could not find the place. It was a regular wild goose chase, so we returned to the boat soaking wet. As there was no sign of a clear-up we

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<sup>659</sup>Robert's Arm.

determined to push on at once and try to get back to camp before night. It began to breeze up and we had a hard pull back to Sunday Cove Island, which we did not reach till 9 P.M.

*October 15th.* As we had anticipated, it came to blow a regular screecher which soon caused a big sea. Could not move about much all day so remained in Capt. Cleary's tilt.

*October 16th.* Blowing harder than ever, tremendous sea on. Intended going over to Little Bay Island to-day to take the steamer for home, but could not venture across in boat. After dinner I walked across the road to try and trace out the mineral bands. But when I got into the woods I found it impossible to do so. I travelled about a good deal till it was time to strike for camp. I tried to make a shortcut for the road but somehow got astray. I cannot account for my doing so, as the road was not far from me and had I been at all careful of my direction I could scarcely have missed it. True it was foggy and wet and every place around was alike all dense woods and ridges. At all events I was hopelessly astray. I had frequently travelled whole days alone in the country and never before so completely lost myself. Yet here in a very small space I became quite bewildered. I rambled about till nearly dark and at length striking a little brook I followed it down to the sea-coast. I knew the brook must flow out somewhere on the shore. When I did reach the shore I found myself nearly at the extreme north end of the island. There was just sufficient daylight left to enable me to recognize some of the other islands across the Tickle. I now knew I was on the

same side as the tilt but a considerable distance from it. The land all along was high and broken and I could not attempt to follow the shore. I climbed up out of the gulch I was in and kept as well as I could along the ridges guiding myself by the noise of the sea on my left, as it dashed furiously against the cliffs. I had a desperate tramp up hill and down dale through almost impenetrable woods encumbered with rocks and numerous windfalls. It was intensely dark in a short while so that I could see nothing. Slowly, very slowly, I felt my way along, sometimes crawling on my hands and knees beneath the fallen trees. I believe I had struck about the very worst place on the whole island, one that I would not have faced in daylight. But as I had no desire to remain out such a wet, miserable night I determined to keep on as long as I could. Several times I got into some desperate tangles and was half inclined to give up the attempt to reach camp and make the best shift I could for the night, but I was so miserably wet and cold I concluded to keep on as long as I could. I knew also the men at camp would be uneasy about me and would undoubtedly begin a search for me did I not soon turn up. I did not wish them to get a ducking on my account, after their hard day's work.

When I at length believed myself to be about half way to the tilt I quite accidentally tumbled into a path. I was about to ascend a very steep hill which would have taken me right away from the tilt when I was fortunate to hit upon this path just at its base. I could not of course see the path, it was too densely

dark, but the moment my feet touched it I knew where I was. It was one of Capt. Cleary's paths leading up from his tilt and I had been on it before. I soon reached the tilt and found them all at supper. They were getting very uneasy about me and could not think what was keeping me. Poor old John Stevens in particular as I afterwards learned from Capt. Cleary was greatly disturbed. John could not bring himself to believe that I was astray in such a small place, "No," he would say, "Skipper not astray, something must have happened him." He could scarcely take any supper and was determined to be off in search the moment he was through. Fortunately my timely arrival saved them any further anxiety.

*October 17th.* Blowing harder than ever, a regular gale from the northward. A tremendous sea running in the Bay, no getting anywhere in boat. At all events the coastal boat cannot do much in such weather.

*October 18th.* Fine and moderate again, sea going down. Started for Little Bay Islands and got over in a couple of hours. No sign of steamer yet, not expected till to-morrow or Sunday. I got lodgings at a Mr. Mursell's,<sup>660</sup> who is a small supply merchant here. He is well to do and has a nice house. After dinner I walked across the island and had a look at the rocks on the other side which are interesting. We had an early tea and I was about retiring for the night when suddenly the *Plover's* whistle announced to us that she was right in the harbour. We immediately

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<sup>660</sup>William Mursell was a supplying merchant in Little Bay Islands in the 1870s.

went aboard and secured our berths. The Plover had a desperate time coming up being out in all the bad weather. On Thursday in the height of the gale they steamed from Greenspond to Fogo, making six knots against the wind. They say she did not go over the seas but through them. Everything had to be battened down. The passengers could not budge out of the cabin all the while and must have spent a very miserable time. It is to be hoped now that the storm seems to have blown itself out we may have a smooth time home.

Mr. Fletcher who arrived in time to catch the boat is adopting my idea to go aboard and take the round trip. The steamer did not leave till midnight and then started for Tilt Cove. I could not sleep very well owing to the noise and racket on deck.

*October 19th.* Fine day but cold. Reached Tilt Cove just after daylight but had a short delay here. We then went on to Bett's Cove just arriving at breakfast time. Here we had considerable delay owing to the large amount of freight to be landed. Mr. Fletcher and I went ashore and saw some of the staff, also Dr. Harvey. Charlie is here and secured a job surveying at the mine. We did not see him as he was away over the hill. After dinner we proceeded on to Nipper's Harbour, but stopped to tow a large bark into Bett's Cove which could not work her way in. She was off here two days trying to do so. We lay in Nipper's Harbour till evening and went back again to Bett's Cove where we arrived about 8 P.M. We did not go in to the wharf this time. A great

number of miners bound home for the winter came aboard. The steamer is now pretty full of passengers. She also brought up a number. These miners are constantly coming and going.

*Sunday October 20th.* Fine but very cold on the water. Blowing a strong breeze from the westward but the water is nice and smooth. Made a fine run to-day. During the night we revisited Tilt Cove and Little Bay Island and when I got up were just coming out of Exploits. We reached Twillingate by breakfast time, Fogo before dinner, and got into Greenspond just after dark. The Plover is a fast boat and does her work well. Her table is excellent and in everyway she is a great improvement on the old *Leopard* and *Tiger*. She is not so comfortable on deck however, having practically no rail, just a light one of rope supported by iron stanchions which looks very flimsy; in rough weather her decks are constantly awash and there is no shelter on them anywhere.

After a short delay at Greenspond we started to cross Bonavista Bay for King's Cove.

*October 21st.* When I got up this morning we were steaming into Catalina. It was a beautiful fine calm morning, but very cold. We reached Trinity by breakfast time, and Old Perlican, our last port of call, by dinner time and reached St. John's about 6 P.M. all well.

1878

Return to Mining Claims,  
Notre Dame Bay

This season we were again engaged in completing our survey of Notre Dame Bay and laying off the mining locations.

Mr. Murray again accompanied us, and Mr. Arthur White<sup>661</sup> came along as assistant. We left St. John's in the S.S. *Plover* about the last of June and arrived at Tilt Cove in a couple of days. Here Mr. M. hired a small schooner belonging to Mr. Gill, with Sam Peach as skipper. We also had John Morey again with his whaleboat, and as crew John Stevens and Louis John. From Tilt Cove we proceeded up the bay and ran up to the head of the S.W.

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<sup>661</sup>A government employee in the Crown Lands department.

Arm where we took up the survey commenced here in 1875 by Mr. Murray but not completed.<sup>662</sup> Triangulated the Arm and laid off the Colchester claim<sup>663</sup> on South side, also White's<sup>664</sup> and Bowring's.<sup>665</sup> On July 13th we went into the middle arm of Green Bay and surveyed it.

The S.W. Arm, or Green Bay proper, is a long, nearly straight inlet in the extreme N.W. corner of Notre Dame Bay. Its entrance lays between Stocking Harbour on the North shore and Green Bay Island. Its shores are for the most part high and steep but there is a good deal of woods on both sides towards its upper part. At its extreme head there is a fine basin formed by a low sandy spit called King's Point. Here an admirable harbour exists capable of holding a number of ships with deep water and no rocks or obstructions to navigation. From the head a low wooded valley extends inland towards the Indian pond on Indian Brook of Hall's Bay. It would afford an admirable route for a road or railroad across country to Bay of Islands. On the South side of the arm several very promising deposits of copper and pyrites have been located. One of which, called the Colchester Mine, is now being opened up. Having finished work in the S.W. Arm we next proceeded on to Little Bay and camped at a place called Wild Bight.

From this place we commenced the survey of Little Bay proper and completed the outer portion to Little Bay Head where we

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<sup>662</sup>Murray and Howley, *Geological Survey*, p. 411.

<sup>663</sup>After the manager, William Colchester (Martin, *Once Upon a Mine*, p. 23).

<sup>664</sup>See n. 642.

<sup>665</sup>See n. 641.

connected with last year's work. Owing to the exposed position of this prominent headland and the almost inaccessible character of the shore it was a difficult and dangerous undertaking to land anywhere on the shore.

While camped at Wild Bight, one evening on returning from our day's work we were surprised to find Dr. Eales at our camp. He told me that a new deposit of copper had been found somewhere in the neighborhood by a man named Colbert who resided here.<sup>666</sup> The deposit was supposed to be on a license of search held by Guzman,<sup>667</sup> Dr. Sterling<sup>668</sup> and some others on a neck of land near Indian Bight a few miles further in the Bay. The owners of the claim knew nothing of this find till quite recently and their license was all but expired and they were not likely to renew it. Their knowledge of the affair came about in this way. Colbert informed Browne, the Cornish mining Captain employed by Mr. Norris of Three Arms,<sup>669</sup> of his find and it was agreed between them to jointly apply for a license. Browne went to St. John's, but on enquiry found that Guzman etc. held the claim. These latter knew nothing and as the license was nearly out, Browne and Colbert determined to wait and watch closely so as to pounce upon it immediately it expired. This is what is termed "jumping a claim." But Browne while on a visit to Bett's Cove got on a

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<sup>666</sup>See the report of the Little Bay copper mine in Martin, *Once Upon a Mine*, pp. 21-22. The account gives the name of the discoverer as Robert Colbourne of Wild Bight, a hunter.

<sup>667</sup>Adolph Guzman, mining engineer, friend of von Ellershausen; mine manager of the Betts Cove Mining Company.

<sup>668</sup>Dr. William Stirling, physician in Twillingate.

<sup>669</sup>See n. 644.

time<sup>670</sup> and "let the cat out of the bag." It came to the ears of Ellershausen, who immediately despatched Dr. Eales up to try and locate it promising him at the same time an interest in the claim. Guzman was absent at the time so Eales was but too glad to undertake the task, but he was quite at sea as to how he was to get at the necessary information. He had only a very vague idea of where it was, and would in any case have had much hard work, even if successful in locating it. He asked what I would advise him to do. I replied, "go straight to Colbert let him know you were aware of the find and make him a decent offer to go and show it to you. If he refuses intimate that you knew sufficient of its whereabouts to make it all but a certainty that you could find it without him, but that it would save much time if he would accept your offer and come along with you." He did exactly as I recommended. At first Colbert refused point blank to tell him anything, but when he found how Browne had behaved and that he was likely to get nothing out of it, he caved in and promised to lead them to the place.<sup>671</sup> Eales immediately returned to Bett's Cove to report his success and next day the S.S. *Hercules* came up with Ellershausen, Guzman and Eales aboard. They called in for Colbert to take him up to Indian Bight. The latter had in the meantime blazed a trail from the shore into the deposit about a mile distant.

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<sup>670</sup>A drinking spree.

<sup>671</sup>According to Martin, *Once Upon a Mine*, p. 21, he revealed the location for "£10, a chest of tea and a tub of butter."

As we were just finishing our survey of the outer part of Little Bay and prepared to move further in, I asked for and obtained a passage up to Indian Bight on the Hercules. As soon as we reached it all hands went ashore, I with my crew to put up our camps, the others to go into the woods. We camped on a beautiful beach surrounded by thick woods just reaching down to high water mark. Here we observed several of those circular hollows characteristic of a former Red Indian encampment,<sup>672</sup> and this no doubt is what gave origin to the name.

So soon as we had all settled away and dinner over, I started off to see the new find. It was easy to follow the trail as it was well marked. When I reached the place<sup>673</sup> I beheld a great bare rusty mound sticking up out of the woods. It was beyond question the capping of a great mineral lode. Here and there the rusty gossan<sup>674</sup> was stained on the outside with green carbonate of copper. Ellershausen and Guzman were carefully inspecting it and exchanging their views, but as they spoke in German poor Eales could not guess anything of their opinion. He came to me to ask what I thought of it. The poor chap, to whom I had taken a great liking, had been pottering around the Bay for a year or more searching for copper and spending a good deal of money without success. I was now pleased to think he had at last fallen upon something of promise. When he asked me my opinion, I

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<sup>672</sup>See p. 358.

<sup>673</sup>A quarter of a mile inland.

<sup>674</sup>Decomposed rock or vein material.

took him by the hand. "Put it there Doctor," I said, "your fortune is made." He was quite overjoyed. Anyone who knew anything of mineral deposits could scarcely be mistaken in the indications presented.

This then is the story of the discovery of the Little Bay Copper Mine which subsequently developed into such a valuable property.

A contingent of miners were immediately sent up from Bett's Cove to open up this new deposit, and so successful did it turn out that before the close of navigation they had some 10,000 tons of fine ore ready for shipment.

We now continued our survey and after finishing Little Bay went around into Hall's Bay making a portage across a narrow neck between Little Wards Harbour and Salt water Pond. The survey of this inlet took us quite a while and as we had to conduct it entirely with our whaleboat and canoes it was at times very risky. Mr. Murray had come up in the schooner and anchored inside the island near the mouth of Indian Brook<sup>675</sup> while we camped on the shore of the narrow Tickle close by. At various times while paddling back and forth in Hall's Bay we had observed the fins of sharks schooling along just above the surface. One day a brute actually followed us quite a distance and as we were rather scared lest he might ram our frail canoe and send us to Davy Jones, or else devour us, I kept my gun ready loaded by my side

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<sup>675</sup>Logging and sawmilling in this area, dating from the 1870s, led to the establishment of the community of Springdale.

to have a shot did he come too near. At our camps inside the island all our grub etc. being aboard the schooner, we had to send off occasionally to renew our stock. Once when John Morey went off in the canoe, he was about half way across the Tickle when a shark made a rush at him and barely missed striking the tail of the canoe. Had he done so he undoubtedly would have broken a hole in her. The brute was evidently lying there in the deepest part of the channel, perhaps attracted by the scraps thrown over the vessel's side.

Before we were through with the survey of Hall's Bay Mr. Murray again took sick and had to go home. He went off to Tilt Cove with the schooner, and we saw her no more.

The 15th of August being a Holiday I, with the Indians, ascended the Indian Brook to the falls some three miles up and had a grand day's fishing. The fall is a high one and a great body of water tumbles over it into a deep, dark pool below. This latter was literally filled with fine sea trout. They were like capelin on a beach.<sup>676</sup> I fished from the canoe and hauled them in as fast as the Indians could unhook them. I half filled the canoe and could easily have completed doing so but got tired of the sport and we returned to camp. It was about the best day's sport I ever had, and moreover, was a very beautiful, warm day with no flies to torment us. After finishing Hall's Bay we next proceeded on down through Sunday Cove Tickle around Pilley's and Triton

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<sup>676</sup>Howley refers to the schools of caplin "rolling in" to spawn during the early summer.

Islands and on to Badger and Seal Bays without stopping. These two latter being open exposed places I was desirous of completing them first and then return up through the Ticks, thus leaving the less exposed places for the latter part of the season.

We went all around Seal Bay examining the rocks but did not stop to survey it, as up to this date there were no mining grants here. We then came back to Badger Bay and camped in a cove on its eastern side. In coming back to Badger Bay John Stevens and I had a very ugly time in our canoe. I had sent the other lads forward with canoe and whaleboat while we remained behind. In the meantime the wind came up from the N.E. which blows right into Seal Bay, and soon began to raise a nasty lop. When John and I followed the others we had to go across this sea and were broadside to it. All the time the lop increased and though our canoe under the skilful management of John rode the rollers like a sea-bird, nevertheless we shipped much water and at times we greatly feared she would be swamped or upset. It was a most anxious time for us, and as the wind was partly against us we had to paddle as hard as we could. Slowly we began to near the western point of the Bay, rounding which we were exposed to the full force of the wind and sea. At length we succeeded in overcoming the difficulty. We reached smoother water and soon got into the snug cove where the other lads had the camps erected. This canoe trip was a very ugly experience indeed, and I would not wish to repeat it.

We now commenced the survey of Badger Bay which is a fine

inlet having several islands and coves where good harbours can be found. But the outer portion of it is very exposed to out winds especially N. easters. I do not know what can be the origin of the name of this bay. Most certainly there are no badgers in Newfoundland, nor is it likely there ever were any. It is true old Capt. Richard Whitburn writing in 1622 mentions amongst the indigenous animals the badger, but he evidently mistook some other animal for it if indeed he saw what he describes himself.<sup>677</sup> Most certainly the badger does not exist here in our day, nor is there any account of any animal resembling it.

While camped at the head of Badger Bay old Louis John went off to look for a deer. He came across the fresh footing of an old stag and followed it up all day as only an Indian can. Finally he came up with the stag and shot him. He did not get back to camp till after dark, bringing the breast bone, heart and kidneys with him. This was our first meal of venison, or indeed of fresh meat for a long time. It was most welcome. Next day he with the others went in and brought out the remainder of the deer. We now had a supply of fresh meat for quite a while. We had seen very little to shoot at all the season except an occasional gull.

We continued the survey of Badger Bay till completed and then moved on towards Sop's Arm, inside of Triton and Pilley's Islands. Just before leaving Badger Bay we were camped in a snug

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<sup>677</sup>No reference to *badger* can be found in Whitbourne's *Discourse*.

little nook called Burton's Cove<sup>678</sup> well sheltered from wind and sea, when we were surprised one Sunday morning early by the sound of a steamer's whistle not far away. Looking out we observed the S.S. *Hercules* slowly approaching our camp. She lay to and lowered a boat which came ashore. In it was Dr. Eales who had been looking for us for a couple of days. The Doctor informed me that a dispute had arisen about the ownership of Little Bay Mine and that the parties claiming it had got an injunction from the Supreme Court to stop the work thereon. These parties claimed that their license of search adjoining that of Guzman really covered the mine. Ellershausen was in a great state of mind, but knowing that I had recently made a survey of Little Bay and all the coast line in that vicinity, he despatched Dr. Eales to try and find me and bring me back with my plans to see if the claim put in had any foundation, in fact. But I declined to go away from my survey work on any such private business. Moreover I had not my plans with me, they had been left in a box in care of Capt. Cleary at Sunday Cove Island. Eales went very hard upon me to go back with him and get the box. But the litigation did not concern me and I did not feel justified in leaving my work and my men idle for several days etc. However, I gave him a note to Capt. Cleary to deliver him my box and then he was to come back here with it when I would see what I could do for him. He then steamed off for Capt. Cleary's tilt and returned next day with

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<sup>678</sup>Burton's Harbour.

the plans. He had with him tracings of licenses of search in the neighborhood of the mine. These I took according to the date of issue and laid them down one by one on my plan. This proved pretty clearly that the claim set up by the other parties was unfounded. He went back to Ellershausen in great glee. However, the disputants were not satisfied and after my return home in the fall the dispute was still rife. I was requested by the Crown Lands Department to prepare a map from my field sketches of the district between Southern Arm and Little Bay, and was furnished with diagrams and descriptions of all the mining claims in that region to lay them down thereon in their order of issue, taking the first licenses on Little Bay Head and each one in succession according to date of application. When this was completed it was found that so far from the nearest license overlapping that of Guzman and Sterling, on which the mine was situated, it showed in reality that there was a narrow vacant strip between them. There were several parties to this dispute, and all concerned were invited to the Office to inspect the map. One gentleman in particular, he who held the claim nearest Guzman's, objected to the plan and claimed it was not correct. But the others, notably Mr. Strong<sup>679</sup> of Little Bay Island and Mr. Smith McKay equally interested were convinced it was all right. Mr. Strong who knew every feature of the coast in that locality affirmed positively that it was correct in every particular. Whereupon Mr. A.J.W.

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<sup>679</sup>Likely James M. Strong, partner in the firm of J. & J. Strong of Little Bay Islands.

Mc.Nielly, K.C. acting for the other parties said, "that is conclusive, it is no use in objecting further." Thus this survey which was not made in the interest of any party and was actually completed before the mine was discovered or opened, was the means of settling the dispute and allowing the work to go on uninterrupted from thence forth.

After finishing the survey of Badger Bay we continued on up the shore into Sop's Arm a long narrow inlet south of Pilly's and Triton Islands. We next moved across to these latter islands and commenced to survey the Ticks between them and the mainland. This was very intricate work owing to the number of small islands and crooked channels. The existing maps of this section were found to be extremely inaccurate. All the water-ways south of Pilly's Island and leading out towards Rabbit's Arm were represented as unnavigable and barred off on the map. Not only did our survey prove this to be erroneous, but by soundings made all along we were able to prove that a channel existed, though an intricate one, quite navigable for schooners and even small steamers like the Hercules. While prosecuting the survey in this neighborhood we picked up some loose masses of copper ore and observed good indications of pyrites. This led later to the discovery of the Pilley's Island pyrites mine at Salt Water pond, which developed into an enormous deposit, one from which a vast tonnage of pyrites has since found its way to market.

While we were here we had visits from Capt. Cleary and Dr. Eales, both of whom had heard of the new discovery. Capt. Cleary

however, was before hand and secured a license of search for the property. He afterwards sold it to a Mr. Andrews<sup>680</sup> of New Brunswick, who worked it for a short time and then sold it to the Pilly's Island Pyrites Company.

On completing the survey here we moved on to Rabbit's Arm a beautiful landlocked basin, where many ships could lie completely sheltered from all winds. Inside the bottom of this Arm, about 3/4 of a mile distant lies a beautiful lake some \_\_\_ miles long which discharges its water into Sop's Arm. The lake is quite narrow and shaped like a new moon, from which circumstance I christened it Crescent Lake.<sup>681</sup> Having completed the Arm we carried our measurement across to the lake and surveyed it to its extreme head. The discovery of copper near the north shore of this lake made last year was secured by Capt. Cleary who now sent down some men to clear away the surface and test the find. Before the survey was quite completed Capt. Cleary came up from Sunday Cove Island to visit his men at work uncovering the new find. He asked me to go in with him to see it which I did. He, John Stevens and I started off through the woods as there was as yet no path. The mine<sup>682</sup> was situated a couple of miles from the seashore and all between was dense forest. It was pretty tough travelling as the day was hot and the mosquitoes very bad,

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<sup>680</sup>Frederick W. Andrews, who came to Newfoundland in 1886; prior to operating the Pilley's Island mine, he had "run a brickyard and roller skating arena in Saint John, New Brunswick" (Martin, *Once Upon a Mine*, p. 25).

<sup>681</sup>Its local name was Rabbit's Arm Pond.

<sup>682</sup>For an account of the Crescent Lake mine, see Martin, *Once Upon a Mine*, p. 24.

besides the woods were full of windfalls, stumps and other obstacles. The poor old Capt. felt it very much. John and I did not mind much as we were used to such travelling and could go through the woods like deer. We, of course, took the lead. Several times found the Capt. lagging behind, and stopped to give him a rest. But he protested he was not tired and urged us to keep on. At length we arrived at the place in the heart of the forest where the men were at work. The poor old Captain was now thoroughly played out. He was perspiring like an ox and was terribly mosquito bitten. His face and neck were covered with blood. "Well," said he, "that is the first time I followed you fellows in the woods and I swear it will be the last." Of course to one unaccustomed to such travelling it was extremely trying. Stumbling and falling over prostrate logs, trying to fend off the limbs of the trees from one's face and eyes, and all the time tormented, almost beyond endurance, by the myriads of blood-thirsty black flies was enough to try anybody's patience.

The men had done quite a lot of work, first cutting down the timber and uprooting the stumps over fully an acre of ground and then removing as much as possible of the surface soil so as to expose the underlying rock surface. When first discovered by some woodsmen cutting timber for boat building there was about a square yard or two of rusty mineralized rock protruding through the moss-covered surface. The men broke off a few pieces of this with their axes, which they brought to Capt. Cleary. He seeing that it was charged with copper pyrites applied for and secured a

license of search covering three square miles of the surface. His men had now uncovered quite a large area of the rock and everywhere it showed most promising indications of mineral. I now laid out a plan of costeaning the surface for their guidance, which they afterwards followed out with excellent results. Even while I was there they dug from the surface covering, several nice lumps of good ore. The further operations here revealed a considerable area of well mineralized ground, and later on Mr. Ellershausen took an option upon this property and commenced vigorous mining operations.

Having now completed our season's survey which, with that of last year, embraced the entire coast of Notre Dame Bay from Shoe Cove Head to Seal Bay, including all the Arms and inlets in the upper half of that great Bay, we went back to Little Bay to take the steamer for home. This place had now become one of the most important in the bay. It was wonderful what a transformation had taken place here in the short space of two months. Where we had camped on the beach in the then unoccupied Cove of Indian Bight, which had previously known no other inhabitants but the Aboriginal Beothucks as indicated by the still discernible hollows of their Mammateeks, we now found rows of substantial houses and streets laid out in regular systematic order. A fine substantial wharf was built at the head of the harbour, which gave every evidence of a busy thriving town. At the mine itself all was bustle. A tramway had been constructed across the neck to the shore inside Otter Island where a substantial pier had been

erected and already vessels were arriving to take away cargoes of ore. A large force of miners were engaged attacking the mine Bluff which they had completely honeycombed. Blasts were going off day and night resembling a park of artillery in action, and indeed it was dangerous to approach too near. Rocks from the blasts were flying in all directions. The swamp which had existed close in front of the Bluff had been drained and filled up with debris from the mine, and now a large extent of dry level land appeared. Many hundreds of tons of fine ore were piled up upon this level, being dressed<sup>683</sup> and cleaned for transportation to the pier. The whole presented a scene of utmost activity. This then was the commencement of the celebrated Little Bay Mine which subsequently developed into one of the greatest mines in the island. Already they had raised some 10,000 tons of ore, and during the years following, Little Bay Mine contributed a large portion of our annual Copper output.

When the S.S. *Plover* arrived and pulled into the wharf the people crowded aboard and nothing could stop them. Poor Capt. Sam Blandford was half crazy. He could not keep them back, and would say, "come along take charge of the ship. You may as well." The same scene occurred at Bett's Cove every time the steamer touched there. Capt. Sam simply dreaded calling at these places. So eager was he to get off from here now that we left without the mailman Jimmy Batstone, or the mail, and did not miss either till we

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<sup>683</sup>Prepared for smelting by the removal of the non-metallic portion.

reached Little Bay Island. Here we had to wait till Batstone came over in a small punt to join us.

That night we had a very rough time in crossing the Bay to Leading Tickle. It blew very hard from the N.E., and kicked up an awful sea. Nearly all the passengers including myself were seasick. We had a number of miners going home for the winter. A.J.W. Mc.Nielly was a passenger and had a beautiful setter dog with him. Sometime during the night the poor dog was swept overboard and lost. Mr. M. was in an awful state about it. Nothing would convince him but that some of the steerage passengers must have pushed the poor animal over the side. I do not believe this was so as I can scarcely conceive anyone was so brutal as to have treated the poor dumb creature so cruelly.

The rest of the passage was without incident and we arrived home two days later all well.

1879

First Attempt at Boring for Coal at Grand Lake;  
Upper Humber River;  
Sandy Lake to Hall's Bay

Mr. Murray having located on the map the position of the proposed borings, I was sent in charge to pilot the party to Grand Lake, point out the localities and generally to superintend the work.<sup>684</sup> I was also instructed to complete the survey of the Main Humber River above the Big fall where Mr. Murray's survey of 1865 terminated.<sup>685</sup>

We left St. John's on the Coastal Boat Curlew in June and in

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<sup>684</sup>The work was under the direction of James C. Cooper, an experienced British mineral borer who had arrived in St. John's from Liverpool in May.

<sup>685</sup>Murray and Howley, *Geological Survey*, pp. 57-8. Big Falls is on the Upper Humber River.

due course arrived at Bay of Islands. This was my first visit to this beautiful Bay and to the Grand Lake. The magnificent Humber Arm has been so often described both in prose and poetry it is unnecessary for me to say much about it here. All who have seen it speak in glowing terms of its scenic beauties.

The ascent of the lordly Humber River to Deer Lake was accomplished with some difficulty owing to the river being pretty high and the rapids near the tide water being so strong. We hired a man named Watson<sup>686</sup> with his boat to carry up the machinery and the season's outfit of provisions etc.

Watson's boat<sup>687</sup> built specially for the river was a wide flat bottomed one and capable of taking about 11 or 12 tons at a time. Watson himself was a tall powerful Nova Scotian Lumberman, and though maimed in the left hand by a gun accident could manipulate that craft in an astonishing manner. At the rapids he sent men ahead, along shore with a large grapnel attached to a long rope, and when this was made fast to some projecting rock or a tree they would warp the boat up by a rude windlass on the fore part of the craft, he himself fending her off from the rocks with a long pole. Once the lower Steady was reached there was no trouble getting along till we arrived at Fisher's rapid within a mile of Deer Lake. Here the water was not only rough but shallow. By dint of warping and poling however, we managed to surmount this also, and were soon into the beautiful Deer Lake.

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<sup>686</sup>Arthur Watson, a contractor.

<sup>687</sup>A schooner with centreboards. See *JHA* (1879), Appendix, p. 683.

All the Lower part of the Humber River between the lake and the sea is extremely picturesque, but especially through the Cañon below the steady. Here the river is penned in between rugged cliffs and confined to a narrow tortuous channel through which the water rushes with terrific force.

Some of the hills along this section reach fully 1000 feet in height; the most conspicuous being the Marble Mountain composed almost entirely of white and variagated marble. This great mass of altered limestone crosses the river and forms equally conspicuous mountains on the southern side. Some of this marble has been utilized for tombstones and ornamental purposes and is very pretty; one band in particular having a pale pinkish cast is extremely beautiful when cut and polished. Other limestones of a pale bluish gray, or dove colour form the cliffs on either side of the river nearly down to its mouth. Some portions of this cliff are undermined by the force of the water, and at one point in particular, called the Devil's Dancing Point, it is quite dangerous to approach near the shore when the river is in flood. So pent up does the current become that the water rises in the centre considerably higher than at the sides, forming a rounded ridge like the deck of a vessel, but more convex. At such times the only safe way to run the river in boat is to keep exactly upon the crest of this ridge, and not allow her to swerve to one side or the other, else she be dashed against the cliff and smashed up or swamped. None but the most skilful river men should attempt to run this part of the river

under such circumstances. There is a tradition amongst the inhabitants of the Humber Arm, that once a man-of-war's boat and crew in trying to negotiate this dangerous place were swept underneath the over hanging cliff into a great cavern, and were never seen afterwards. Great pine logs have been frequently engulfed in like manner at this place. No one has any idea how far beneath the cliff the cavern extends as there is no means of ascertaining it. Beyond all question this section of the Humber presents the most magnificent scenery to be found anywhere in Newfoundland. It can scarcely be surpassed anywhere. Of late years<sup>688</sup> its praises have been written and sung by many visitors and photos of its beautiful scenery are familiar to all Newfoundlanders as well as to outside visitors.

There is a considerable salmon fishery carried on at the mouth of the river. It has been in the exclusive possession of one family, the Brakes,<sup>689</sup> for generations. The first of the name who settled here obtained a grant or monopoly of this fishery, as was the custom in those days when the mouths of all the larger rivers were held in the same way by individuals or firms, to the

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<sup>688</sup>I.e., years prior to the date of composition of the "Reminiscences," c. 1914. By then Robert Holloway's photos of the Humber were widely circulated. Howley's photographs appeared in *Newfoundland Illustrated* (Concord, N.H.: T.W. & J.F. Cragg, 1894), pp. 61 ff; the accompanying descriptions were by Howley (*Evening Herald*, Aug. 29, 1894). The beauty of the region was a stock theme in literature. See, e.g., D.W. Prowse, *The Newfoundland Guide Book*, 2 ed. (London: Whitehead, Morris & Co., 1911), p. 36; Ford Fairford, *Peeps at Many Lands; Newfoundland* (London: Adam and Charles Black, 1912), pp. 42-3.

<sup>689</sup>A pioneer family name in Bay of Islands (Seary, *Family Names*).

exclusion of all others.<sup>690</sup> At first this fishery was very remunerative but gradually declined, from over fishing, and is now quite insignificant.

It is said the elder Brake made a lot of money here but hid it away so safely that his descendants have never been able to locate it.

We sailed up Deer Lake with a fair wind, the Indians and myself in our canoes. I had with me again John Stevens, Louis John, Peter Stride, and a new man named Reuben Souliann; Mr. F. Balfour accompanied me as an assistant.

When we entered the river<sup>691</sup> above the Lake we were delighted with the country. The banks on either side were level and composed of magnificent soil capable of growing any kind of crops. One person only resided here, Mr. George Nichols, a lumberman who had taken to farming on a beautiful spot by the riverside. He had quite a large clearing and a lot of cattle and was carving out a splendid home for himself and numerous family away up here so far removed from the outside world. They were quite comfortable and as his family grew up and were able to help about the farm he prospered as he deserved. All honour to George

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<sup>690</sup>The respective rights of French and Newfoundland fishermen at the mouths of salmon rivers were in dispute until 1904. The French claimed the right of fishing in the rivers, though on occasion permitted a resident to fish in exchange for a share of the return. Private ownership of rivers was not approved practice anywhere in Newfoundland. In 1875 a select committee of the Assembly said "it would be most unwise to adopt any measure authorizing the granting of any exclusive rights" in rivers "to private individuals" (*JHA* [1875], p. 165).

<sup>691</sup>Upper Humber River.

Nichols the pioneer settler of the Humber. Yet, to this day<sup>692</sup> his good example has not been successfully imitated. Yet this tract of country, if properly opened up by road is capable of a high state of cultivation and of supporting a large farming population.

We hired George Nichols with his horse to haul our machinery etc., across the long portage between the main Humber and Grand Lake. This portage commences about a mile up the junction river<sup>693</sup> which connects the Lake with the Humber, some 6 miles above Nichols' farm.

This part of the river is wide and fairly deep but has a strong current all the way, though no rapids or broken water.

We went on with the canoes to the commencement of the Grand Lake portage leaving Watson with his boat to follow after.

Camped at the portage and began to prepare for packing across. Watson arrived next day. Also Nichols with his horse and dray.

We now had to face the long, rough portage of about nine miles from here to Grand Lake. There is a kind of a path cut by the lumbermen<sup>694</sup> some years ago, but it was greatly encumbered with wind falls and a young growth of timber and brush. All this had to be cleared away to render it passable. The inner half of

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<sup>692</sup>Around 1914.

<sup>693</sup>Junction Brook.

<sup>694</sup>Cutting pine, mainly for export, was now an established industry. A sawmill had been established at Corner Brook in the 1860s; another, on the opposite side of Humber Arm, was operating in 1872. By 1879 lumbering activity had extended beyond the Lower Humber and Deer Lake to Grand Lake, Hinds Lake, Sandy Lake, and Birchy Lake.

the track passes over extensive marshes very soft and wet in places. Here it was necessary to corderoy many of the worst parts.

Having purchased a boat at Bay of Islands to be used on Grand Lake, this was the first thing to be got over. With the aid of Nichols' horse and all the crew hauling and dragging it was accomplished in two days. Next tackled the drilling apparatus which was heavy material and which could only be taken in small loads, but at length all was over and we now portaged our canoes and camp outfit. The canoes had to be carried by the Indians, two men to each. Finally we got all across and camped on the shore of Grand Lake near the telegraph line crossing.<sup>695</sup>

I shall never forget my first sight of this great inland sea and the thoughts it engendered. Its vast extent stretching away westward till lost to view amongst the high lands of the Long Range Mountains, presented a magnificent sight. It was to the eastward where the Sandy Lake River<sup>696</sup> enters, our boring operations were to commence. The lake here at its upper and widest end is about five miles across. All this end of the lake is surrounded by low land, and there are extensive beaches of fine sand all along shore, that at the extreme head being fully three miles long. It is a beautiful curved strand of pure white fine sand. The Junction River which flowed from Grand Lake into

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<sup>695</sup>The line crossed Junction Brook at its point of outflow from the northwestern corner of Grand Lake. See Murray's and Howley's 1879 map *Newfoundland*.

<sup>696</sup>The Main Brook.

the Humber is a desperately rough Brook being one continuous succession of fearful rapids. No boat or canoe can be brought up or down this stream except at awful risk. A few years ago two lumbermen who were cutting pine at Grand Lake attempted to run it but the boat was smashed up and both men drowned. The logs which those lumberers tried to drive down the stream were nearly all lost, and piles of them could still be seen lodged on the rocks in many parts of its course.

There is one awful spot about halfway down stream, the same in which the two men lost their lives, which rejoices in the name of Kill Devil. I went down to have a look at this on my way over and it was a sight to cause one to shiver.

There were many Artic hares around the shores at this end of the Grand Lake in those days. They used to come out in the dusk of the evening to gambol on the sandy beaches. I killed three or four. They are fine animals fully as large as a spring lamb. In summer their fur is a pretty blue gray, but in winter it becomes snow white all except the very tips of their ears which are black. This provision of nature which causes so many animals in Northern regions to change the colour of their coats to suit the seasons is very remarkable. No doubt nature so ordained it to act as a protection for the animals by rendering them less conspicuous.

About half-way across from Junction brook to Sandy Lake River, there is a small island laying a short distance off from the shore, called Seal Island, because the Bay seal (*Phoca*

vitulina) is often seen here basking on some outlying rocks, just awash. These brutes follow the salmon and sea trout all the way from the sea and no doubt destroy great numbers of them. They are so wary that it is all but impossible to get a shot at them.

Having arrived at our destination near the junction of Kelvin Brook and Sandy Lake river preparations for drilling were immediately commenced. The apparatus consisted of a number of square steel rods about 12 feet long, connected by screw joints. To the lower end of these is affixed a chisel-shaped chopping bit. Some of these latter had a double or cross cutting edge.

Having selected the site for the first hole, a sort of horse or framework of stout sticks was erected with a strong beam across the top. On this rested a very long and stout stick, which projected a few feet on one side of the horse, while the other or longer end lay back from the intended hole. To this end a cross bar to be used as a handle was affixed. The rods were connected to the shorter end of this long beam by a swivel, and at the top of the rods two cross handles were attached. This latter contrivance was to enable the operator to twist the rods after each stroke just as in ordinary hand drilling.

When all was ready the men forming the crew would weigh down on the longer end of the beam and thus raise the shorter end so as to bring the rods well up clear of the ground, then let go when the drill would fall by its own weight and the chisel edge strike hard on the surface. This latter being all sand, gravel and boulders to an unknown depth, it soon became necessary to put

down a casing pipe to prevent the sand etc. from falling in and filling up the hole. This pipe was large enough for the drill rods and chisels to work inside. The pipe was driven by an iron weight and made to follow downward as fast as the drill cut and loosened up the material. The casing pipe was provided with threads inside and outside so that one could be screwed into the other as depth was attained.

Having seen everything in full working order I took a short trip up the Lake and also visited and inspected the coal seam on Coal Brook mentioned by J.B. Jukes in 1842.<sup>697</sup> It was but a small seam split in two by a layer of shale and clay in the middle. The thickest portion of the coal was about 11 or 12 inches and was of good quality.

I now with my men started back for the portage preparatory to ascending the main Humber above Junction Brook. When we reached the further end of the portage again we met Mr. Murray and Hon. J.S. Donnelly,<sup>698</sup> the then Surveyor General who had come up to see the boring operations. Mr. M. had a canoe with him and while at the mouth of the Humber he and Mr. D. went out in her to try their hand at paddling. They managed to upset her and came near being drowned. Mr. Murray swore it was Donnelly's fault, But Mr. D. said it was Murray's inexperience in handling canoes. Seeing that he, Mr. M, had almost lived in a canoe for many years

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<sup>697</sup>J.B. Jukes, *Excursions*, 1: 138. He visited Coal Brook on Sept. 2, 1839.

<sup>698</sup>W.J.S. Donnelly (1844-1914), politician, surveyor general 1879-82; see Murray's comments, Murray and Howley, *Geological Survey*, p. 519.

in Canada and here in Newfoundland, he felt pretty sore at being told he didnot know how to manipulate one.

We left them here as they were bound across the portage while we were to commence the ascent of the Humber proper.

The first part of the river<sup>699</sup> was pretty bad. There were a number of strong rapids to be overcome and not too much water anywhere. A mile or two above Junction Brook there is a large deep pool, called Seal pool, because numbers of those animals congregate here every season to watch the salmon ascend. There must have been 15 or 20 here basking on the rocks, but we could not get within shot of them.

After surmounting the rapids we entered upon a beautiful stretch of the river known as Willow Steady. Here the banks are low, well wooded and the soil excellent. It continued like this almost up to the big fall,<sup>700</sup> except at one point where a small fall or chute occurs known as John's fall.

At the Grand Fall we spent a day watching the salmon trying to get over it. The fall is formed by a bench of rock, lower carboniferous sandstone, which strikes across at right angles. It is about 10 feet high. Over this barrier the waters fall in a picturesque mass into a deep pool below. At one or two points breaks occur in the rock belt where the water rushes through with great force, but as these are the lowest parts of the parapet, it is at such places the salmon make the attempt to get up. They

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<sup>699</sup>Above Junction Brook.

<sup>700</sup>Big Falls.

would jump straight into the air and land just at the edge of the fall, but the force of the water would quickly throw them back again. Once in a while one would make a better jump and fall so far in over the wall of rock that by a desperate effort it would gain the water above. I noticed whenever they reached far enough up to get their tails in the water, they usually succeeded in surmounting the difficulty. All day long and every day they continued this exercise. They must be very powerful fish to perform the feat.

We commenced our survey of the Upper Humber here at the fall where Mr. Murray's of 1865 terminated.<sup>701</sup> For a mile or so above the fall the water was very broken and rough but beyond that we met a beautiful stretch of nine miles of steady water. The country on either side along here was very level and the soil of excellent quality. Much of it being intervale or alluvial land. The river spreads out in numerous channels cutting up the land into various sized islands, covered with alders and willows; much of it also supported a luxuriant growth of wild hay. This character prevailed up to the end of the steady, where a large tributary<sup>702</sup> comes in from the North East, taking its rise inside Sop's Arm, White Bay. Just inside the Junction a considerable expansion forms Birchy pond.<sup>703</sup> The intervale land continues up this branch and for several miles beyond Birchy Pond. Altogether

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<sup>701</sup>Murray and Howley, *Geological Survey*, pp. 57-8.

<sup>702</sup>Taylor Brook.

<sup>703</sup>Birchy Lake.

it is the finest and most extensive tract of good agricultural land I have yet seen in Newfoundland. Were it made accessible by means of roads it would be a splendid District for settlement and is capable of supporting a large population.

This steady is the home of the Beaver. We saw many houses and killed a few of the animals. But an Indian named Joe Brazil has been hunting here the past couple of years and has greatly reduced their numbers.

While Peter Stride and I were coming down the river above Birchy Pond in the canoe one afternoon, sitting in the bow I suddenly saw on a dry river channel something jumping about. I drew Peter's attention to the object, when he immediately recognized them to be two young foxes at play. We landed, I with my gun, and crept softly towards them. Peter took the lead and in a stooping position walked slowly straight for them. I followed close behind also stooping and hiding behind Peter's body; in this way we drew very near. The foxes continued to gambol, jumping around and over each other like two playful puppy dogs. Now and again they would stop and look suspiciously in our direction, but the moment they did so we also would stop and remain perfectly motionless. After satisfying themselves there was nothing to fear they would go on with their gambols. At length we got within easy shot, when I fired and killed one. The other made off for the nearest bush, but I pinned him also before he got shelter. They were both young patch foxes and at this season were poorly furred. However, as they were my first foxes I

prized their skins as a trophy.

Just at the Junction of Birchy Pond stream the main River<sup>704</sup> takes a sharp bend to the westward and continues that course up to Addie's Pond some miles further. This part of the river is again broken by rapids and chutes and is difficult navigation for canoes.

We killed a deer here, the first for the season and several black ducks so we were plentifully supplied with fresh meat.

On reaching Addie's Pond, which is a beautiful and expansive sheet of water, we spent about a fortnight triangulating it and exploring the surrounding country. The shores of the lake are well wooded and there is much fine pine up here.

The main inflowing brook<sup>705</sup> on the north side is still a considerable stream, but too rough for canoes. It continues northward well up into the Northern Peninsula and is then spread out in numerous branches some of which nearly reach both sides, in the direction of White Bay on the one hand and Bonne Bay on the other. Salmon were in abundance at the mouth of this Brook and old Joe Brazil who was camped here had speared several.

North of Addie's Pond the land rises rapidly and there is one conspicuous bare peak some miles back called Silver Mountain. We made an excursion to this Mountain and ascended it. The view from its summit was extensive and amply repaid us for the labour in reaching it. We could see a long way over the interior of the

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<sup>704</sup>The Upper Humber. At this point Adies River flows in from Adies Pond.

<sup>705</sup>Likely Whites River.

Northern Peninsula, taking in also part of the waters of White Bay near its entrance. A large iceberg lay off from Partridge Point, its immaculate whiteness forming a beautiful contrast to the dark intervening forest and the blue waters of the bay. This mountain proved by aneroid reading to be \_\_\_ feet above sea-level. Peter killed another Beaver in a small pond with my gun making a splendid shot.

On our return to Addie's Pond we made preparations for our return journey down the river. As our canoes were inadequate to take all our gear with ourselves, we cut a large pine tree and fashioned out a dugout boat with our axes. This was quite an undertaking and took all hands a couple of days to complete. Reuben Souliann and F. Balfour took charge of this boat and had a great time running the rapids. She was rather cranky and once they upset and lost all the contents of the boat. One good point about her was that she was unsinkable and so strong they could let her bump upon the rocks without fear of staving a hole in her bottom. Our trip down the Humber was pleasant enough as the weather remained beautifully fine. We arrived back at the Grand Lake portage in due time and commenced carrying the canoes and camp outfit across to the Lake again. Having no further use for our dugout we let her go here, and I afterwards learned she made the voyage down the river through Deer Lake and the Lower Humber to Bay of Islands where she was finally picked up. While the men were portaging the things over to Grand Lake Balfour and I measured the portage and took the levels with theodolite to

ascertain the probable height of the Lake above the main river. The result gave but this was afterwards proved to be much under the mark. When the Railway Engineers some years later brought up their levels from the salt water at Bay of Islands they found the Lake to be 250 feet above sea level. On arriving at Grand Lake we lost no time in getting across to see how the coal boring was progressing. Found they had reached a depth of 250 feet and passed through two small coal seams, one of which was 16 inches in thickness. They were now preparing to move to another site a couple of miles further up Sandy Lake River.

I was not long here when I received orders from Mr. Murray to proceed across country to Little Bay Mine, and make a survey across the Peninsula to S.W. Arm in order to fix the boundaries of the Colchester and some other mining leases in that Arm. Mr. Murray himself had attempted this work, but his health gave out and he was obliged to abandon it.

As I had not yet seen much of the Grand Lake except the eastern end of it I determined before leaving to make a trip up the Lake and around the great island.<sup>706</sup> Taking our two canoes and a week's supply of provisions, we started up the Lake, but when we reached Old Harry Mountain,<sup>707</sup> a terrific storm came on with the wind from the S.W. blowing right down the lake. Owing to the great stretch of open water between the Big Island and the

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<sup>706</sup>Glover Island.

<sup>707</sup>A hill, unnamed in *National Topographic Series* (NTS) map 12 A/14, to the north of Harrys Brook.

eastern end of the Lake some 25 miles in all, the wind blows here at times with terrific force, and owing to the lightness of the water soon raises an awful sea in which no boat could live. As we had to remain till the storm abated, I concluded to climb Old Harry and with Soulian traverse the high barrens on the south side of the Lake on foot rejoining the canoes at the Narrows on the South side of the great Island. The other men with the canoes were to proceed to that point so soon as the storm abated. Reuben and I had a very steep climb through the woods till we reached the barrens, but then we found the travelling good most of the way. Owing however, to deep gulches cutting into the mountain side wherever a brook tumbled down towards the lake, we were obliged to make long detours inland to avoid the very steep valleys. We saw several deer on the barrens and I shot one small one. We cut it in two and took half each. We also saw a couple of covies of partridge of which I killed a few. That night we encamped in a droke of woods and next day, Saturday, continued our tramp over the barrens. Some of the gulches cut so far into the mountains that in order to get around them we had to keep a long way back and at one time were nearer Red Indian than Grand Lake. Loaded as we were our tramp became very tiresome and I began to feel the effects of it very much. Late in the afternoon we reached a point where the barrens led out again towards Grand Lake. We had arrived at a point which we judged to be near about opposite the Narrows. From this down to the shore the land was very steep and densely wooded. About this time I gave out

completely. I became suddenly very weak and had to cry halt. Reuben lit a fire and boiled the kettle, but as we were out of tea we were obliged to use the old tea leaves left since morning. It was a very nauseous beverage but was at least warm. We also roasted some of our venison which we ate without salt. After partaking of this I felt a little better, and we started again. Reuben was anxious to continue on, though it was now dark. He wanted to get back to his friends, but I didnot see the force<sup>708</sup> of trying to get down that steep incline in the dark at the risk of breaking our necks, and as there was no immediate necessity of running such a risk I declined to take it.

We made our way down the slope far enough to get into the long woods where we had good shelter. As we had no camp with us we made a windbreak by cutting down some trees. Although we had to work by torch-light it being now quite dark, we soon had a good fire going and a nice bed of clean fresh fir boughs. The deer skin also which I carried made a nice blanket. We had a good night's sleep and I awoke next morning quite refreshed. After breakfast on vension we resumed our journey. It was very steep and rough getting down off the mountains. We followed deer paths which led upwards from the shores of Grand Lake and at length reached the bottom. We then had to tramp along shore a couple of miles and arrived at the narrows about noon. Here we found our lads encamped on a lovely level point on the south side of the

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<sup>708</sup>That is, "any compelling reason."

narrows, while immediately opposite on the shore of the great Island another point projects forming the narrows. The channel here is but a few hundred yards wide.

We found here also another lot of Indian hunters from Hall's Bay in the act of constructing a birch bark wigwam. These people, the Joes,<sup>709</sup> come up every fall to hunt and trap around Grand Lake and this is one of their favourite camping grounds. It was a charming spot well sheltered from all winds, and commanded a magnificent view up and down the reach between the island and the main.

I watched with great interest the building of the wigwam, which was quite a large one. At first the framework consisted of a number of long poles set around in a circle, which must have been 12 or 15 feet in circumference at the base. All these poles met together at the top and rested in the fork of a stout birch set at an opposite angle in front. A great hoop made of supple spruce was placed inside and made fast to the uprights with roots, so as to keep the latter in position and also form a rest for the other sticks which were not tied. Over the framework outside, great sheets of birch bark were laid like shingles on a roof. Beginning at the base all around, each succeeding layer overlapped the other and all were kept in place by heavy green or deal sticks laid against them outside of all. A small space only at top was left uncovered to allow of the exit of the smoke from

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<sup>709</sup>Joe, a surname of a Micmac family.

the fire.

When all was completed, which didnot occupy more time than a couple of hours, and a fire lit in the centre with fresh clean boughs laid on the ground, inside, it was indeed a most comfortable dwelling.

Our Indians and the newcomers had a great confab and during the afternoon the more religiously inclined indulged in singing hymns in their own language. This is the usual custom on Sundays. They are all provided with hymn books by the French Missionaries,<sup>710</sup> printed in curious hieroglyphics<sup>711</sup> which none but themselves can decipher. They sing in unison in a peculiar nasal tone, and the effect is very pleasing, especially when heard in the lonesome stillness of the long woods so far in the interior. I had learned some of those hymns from them and was able to join in at times. Though it is so difficult to pronounce some of their words, yet they all affirmed that I had mastered the pronunciation well.

Here is a sample of one of their best hymns.

MICMAC HYMN.

Dedugegaesolnuk, auchedaweenoo baquelljimpus  
dellaunuwaysedec.-Ulau. gedduwimpseddoweagee ulnu. Maule

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<sup>710</sup>Priests at St. Pierre and Miquelon.

<sup>711</sup>Surveyed in John Hewson, "Micmac Hieroglyphics in Newfoundland," in *Languages in Newfoundland and Labrador*, Second Version, ed. Harold J. Paddock (St. John's: Department of Linguistics, Memorial University, 1982), pp. 188-99.

wescauelemagel onsolaweligel goblealel, delimpchel denink  
wenixscotch onau nixcum. Ulua etc.

Gennuuk noxquel mescaudoonigau nidoo istowell kissi messegu  
nixum, Ulau etc

Gedoo-enemaoch nixcum miguagegel Gesus kigenuit lewad?eden  
Zesus, Ulau etc

Delimpsubenol goblealol maule?el socktook deleockel denink  
ellausumps enau nixcum, Ulua etc.

Gissimemulimpcus delipgegimmemulimpcus auk dotpau  
weskeedgenuit midduwayjeech, Ulau etc.

Gesus kidginuit sumptook noodoogick onsollaweugick wausuc  
weddeewintook, Ulau etc.

Maugamegeck aemuk welleausulteock wausuck ebulteock m?a  
doalluk nixcum, Ulua etc.

Geel onuauk keogeek gichculaukjeemaul demksquesauk-  
guellematch dilleadel ematch nixcum, Ulua etc.

Dellaeogeedelum gelluologem dempsquessauwellamatch genixcum  
midguajeech Ulau etc.

Gennuockock scudduwaarden eopsdu uladen aden wausuck auk  
utquewarden Zesus Ulau.<sup>712</sup>

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These Micmac Indians are a simple childlike people in many  
ways, though extremely cunning in others. They have their own  
ways of amusing themselves on wet days or leisure times in camp,

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<sup>712</sup>This hymn, as transcribed by Howley, has not been traced elsewhere in oral or printed sources.

many of their games being peculiarly Indian. They are inveterate card players, and one or other of them is always provided with a pack. They will play generally for tobacco till a late hour in the night. According as the tobacco grows scarce they divide up a plug into a number of small pieces and each one throws into the pool a piece.<sup>713</sup> Some of the lucky ones win enough to supply them for the season, or perhaps to sell back to the less fortunate. In this way individuals win or lose their whole season's stock. They are also adepts at playing drafts. They make the board by marking out the squares on the cover of a box, with a lead pencil, blackening every alternate square with the pencil or a piece of charcoal from the fire. The men are small square pieces of wood some blackened the rest left white. Some of the more purely Indian games are throwing stones with a kind of sling. They procure a slightly bent stick about a yard long to one end of which they attach a line, doubled and tied so as to form a loop. Into this loop they fix a flat thin piece of stone edgeways so that it is kept in place between the string and the stick which latter has a small groove cut in it to receive one edge of the stone. The loose end of the string is next brought down to the lower end of the stick and the right thumb hooked into the loop which is then drawn tight, while at the same time the end of the stick is grasped by the hand. The line being thus stretched tight pins the stone in its place. By making a vigorous sweep forward

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<sup>713</sup>This practice is also known among other Newfoundlanders; see *DNE gombeen*.

with the right arm and at the same time slipping the thumb clear, the stone is projected forward with great velocity. It is marvelous how far out in a pond the stone can thus be thrown.

Another somewhat similar game is the throwing of the tomahawk.<sup>714</sup> We usually carried such an implement for use about camp. They would cut off from a tree a small stick about a foot in length. One end is left quite square while the other is cut into a wedge. Then making a deep chop in a tree the wedge is driven in so that the piece stands out at right angles therefrom. Then standing off some distance they begin to throw the tomahawk at it. The object being to try and split the peg with the edge of the implement. Curiously enough in throwing it, the pole end is aimed at the object, but when cast from the hand it will turn over so that the sharp edge strikes first. One may try a great number of times and stick the tomahawk into the tree all about the plug without striking it. Of course whoever does so is the winner. This practice is evidently a survival of the torture of an enemy described in some of Fenny More Cooper's novels, when the prisoner is lashed to a tree and his captors try his nerve by slinging their tomahawks at him, not with intention of actually killing him, but to see how near they can go without touching him. It is related that in this way they would stick their tomahawks all around his head and body occasionally lopping off

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<sup>714</sup>A small hatchet.

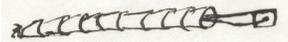
an ear, or shaving a piece from the victim's skin.<sup>715</sup> Another amusement is to take a canoe pole, plant one end out in the water and then jump forward, swing around the pole and land again without falling in. The one who can place the pole furthest out and succeed in swinging around and landing again safely is victor. I used occasionally to indulge in these games myself to pass away a dull time and became quite expert in all of them.

They have a very good game called "Sobboodedagan."<sup>716</sup> It consists of some 10 or a dozen small ankle bones of the caribou hollowed out so as to fit into one another like a nest of little cups. These bones when properly prepared are cylindrical, wide-mouthed at one end but tapering away towards the other. They then make from a deer's shin bone a long thin scower-like stick tapered away to a point at one end at one end. At the other end a flat piece is left with a hole bored through it. Into this hole is fastened one end of a deer skin thong about twice the length of the skewer. The other end of the thong is passed through the little bone cups which are strung on it. Then the projecting end of the thong is tied in a knot with a tuft of the deer's hair so as to form a plug or stop to prevent the cups from coming off. The game is played thus. Taking the big end of the skewer between the finger and thumb and letting the string with the cups hang

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<sup>715</sup>See James Fenimore Cooper, *The Deerslayer; or, The First War-Path, A Tale* (2 vols.; Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard, 1841), Ch. 29.

<sup>716</sup>See similar games in Stewart Culin, *Games of the North American Indians* (Washington: U.S. Bureau of American Ethnology, 1907), pp. 553-7.

loose, the string is then swung forward and upward and an attempt made to catch the cups on the point of the skewer. Sometimes one, two, or more are caught, while a dexterous player may catch the whole lot. The article appears like this . I once witnessed a performance, while encamped on the shores of Red Indian Lake which was clearly a relic of their pagan days. One of the Indians took a large tin boiler used for cooking meat etc. placed it upright on a clear space near the fire; and then began to dance around it in a circle hopping alternately from one foot to another, then making two little hops on each single foot. Another of the Indians lay on his stomach on the ground chanting a dismal song in a monotonous tone and all the while beating time with two small beach stones held between the forefingers and thumbs of each hand. The dancer assumed as ferocious an aspect as he could, gesticulated wildly with his hands, and simulating a great state of excitement. The rest squatted on the ground watching this performance, while I stood up smoking my pipe an amused spectator. Every time the dancer passed me he would utter a yell, and sing out to me, "look out, your turn next." This performance was evidently the death dance around a victim tied to a stake represented by the boiler.

While surveying George IV Lake I had landed on a point to take bearings. Peter with the disc-pole stood on the next point about 1/4 of a mile away. I sent John who was with me into the woods to cut a straight pole to mark the place before leaving. John came back after a while with a great air of mystery. He had

in his hand a small package tied up in a thin piece of birch bark which contained a number of small pieces of wood cut into various shapes. One represented a gun, another a hatchet, a sword, a canoe paddle and so on. One was a square piece about 3 inches long supposed to represent a balk or squared stick, another of similar length was round like a log. Each piece had a certain number of notches cut in it, running in number from one to a dozen. Besides these there were also a number of thin straight pieces of wood with no marks. John did not know what it meant, having never seen the like before. He told me he found it under an old stump where formerly there evidently had been a camp. I immediately concluded it was a relic of the Red Indians and was quite elated at the find. I asked John to come and show me the place, but he made all manner of excuses alledging that he would not be able to find it again. The truth was these Micmacs do not wish to see anyone examine or remove bones or relics of the Red men.

When we joined Peter I showed him our find and told him it belonged to the Red Indians. Peter fairly howled with laughter and then explained that it was a common Micmac game.<sup>717</sup> It was played in this fashion. The bundle of sticks were first grasped in the hand tightly, then suddenly released by opening the hand,

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<sup>717</sup>This game, known as "jack-straws," involves pieces made by hand by the Micmacs. The name is first recorded, in England, in 1801 (*OED*). A game identical to jack-straws was played by the Haida in Alaska. "It is obvious that...Indians have absorbed European ideas [as in their games], many of which have in time become difficult of recognition as foreign in origin." Culin, pp. 729-30, 789.

when they all fell apart. A thin slip of wood bent at one end was then taken and the pieces were removed one by one, great care had to be exercised in doing so, not to stir the rest. In that case you lost your chance and your opponent took his. Some of the pieces when not touching others were easily removed and the number of notches on them noted. All the thin slight sticks counted one only, but the more difficult ones to remove, such as the balk, the gun, hatchet, sword etc. had several notches, the balk about a dozen. Of course the winner was the one who made the highest score.

Sometimes when on the lakes in fine smooth weather we would indulge in a canoe race and the way the Indians would make those frail vessels nearly fly through the water was a caution.<sup>718</sup> Occasionally also we would have a chase after deer swimming across the lakes, not with any intention of slaughtering them but just to see how fast they could swim and try our prowess in catching up with them. It used to give us all we could do to overtake them for they swim exceedingly fast.

I would never allow my men to wantonly destroy those beautiful animals; only when we really needed fresh meat would we kill one. As a rule, most of the Indians themselves are opposed to their wholesale destruction, and become very wrathful with the one who would so far forget himself. Of course there are certain individuals amongst them who are hard to restrain, and who can

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<sup>718</sup>I.e., something extraordinary (U.S. colloquialism).

scarcely refrain from shooting any animal that comes in their way. I once heard them relate how such an individual having shot a deer, an old stag, which they didnot require at the time for food, the others censured him in no measured terms for his wilful act, and for the waste of so much good meat. He got his back up, declared that the meat would not be wasted; he then went off to where he killed the deer, lit a fire commenced to cook and eat the venison, and by morning had devoured the whole carcass; at least, they averred that when they visited him next day, there was nothing to be seen of the stag except a few bones.

Some of the Indians are great story tellers and I much regret I neglected to make a collection of those. Apart from their hymns they appear to have few songs, but there are some; I once heard Noel Bernard sing one which commenced thus.

"Colquejeech melpidenauneck."

I do not know the English of it, but that it had some reference to a little pig, or Boneen.<sup>719</sup>

From long association with them I had learned many Micmac words, and could often follow them when describing the water ways etc. to each other.<sup>720</sup> Indeed had I made an effort I should have been able to speak the language myself. In conversation they indulge a good deal in sign language. The hands are kept moving all the time, the shape of a pond is outlined in the air by the

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<sup>719</sup>A loanword from the Irish *bainbhín*, brought to Newfoundland by Irish immigrants.

<sup>720</sup>See John Hewson, "Micmac Place Names," and Howley's names noted on the Avalon Peninsula, Murray and Howley, *Geological Survey*, p. 282.

fore finger, similarly a brook or river is traced running in a winding course.

They will draw with great accuracy on a sheet of birch bark with a coal from the fire, maps of any part of the country they are familiar with. Thus one conveys to another a knowledge of the lakes and water ways not known to the latter. They have no idea of scale however, and as likely as not places many miles apart in comparison to others quite close appear on the same scale. They are not good judges of distance, as they usually estimate these by the time it takes to travel from one point to another. Of course this is open to serious error as one piece of country may take twice the time to get over as another of equal distance.

After a few days spent here at this delightful spot<sup>721</sup> we proceeded up the southern reach inside the island. The scenery all along was magnificent. Very high land borders the reach on the southside and the island also towards the western end is very high. Beautiful cataracts tumble down through the woods at frequent intervals forming a lovely contrast to the dense dark pine clad slopes. Having rounded the west end of the island we camped on a nice sandy point on the north side of the Lake. This is a famous point for deer crossing during their semi-annual migrations.

The northern reach between the Island and north side of the lake is very straight and is walled in by lofty cliffs on both

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<sup>721</sup>The "narrows," southwest of Glover Island.

sides where there are no landing places for many miles. In fact, it is a regular "cul de sac." When the wind blows strong either up or down this reach, it acts like a funnel and becomes very dangerous for canoes or small boats. Although the scenery is still very magnificent, yet, it is not so picturesque as that of the southern reach.

We sailed down<sup>722</sup> this long stretch with a favourable breeze and when we again reached the open water, clear of the island, it was a beautiful afternoon, so we continued on all day with a fair wind and arrived at the mouth of the Sandy Lake River just at sunset. Some idea of the extent of this great lake may be formed by the fact that it took us a whole day to sail and paddle with a fair wind from the west end of the island to the eastern end of the lake. There was still a stretch of some ten miles between the Island and the extreme western end of the lake which we did not visit.

We now found that during our absence the borers had removed their plant further up the Sandy Lake Stream and were putting down a second hole. We brought them some venison having killed a deer up the lake. Some of Cooper's men would not eat it, because as they said it was "wild mate"<sup>723</sup> and therefore not fit for food.

Cooper, like most Scotchmen, was an inveterate Waltonian and during the summer had caught a number of fine sea-trout in the river. He used a contrivance called an otter, for fishing which

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<sup>722</sup>Though using canoes, Howley's crew was adept at improvising sails.

<sup>723</sup>That is, "meat."

consisted of a piece of board or barrel head, weighted on one side with lead so as to cause it to float on edge. Into this above the water line was set a long wire staple, to which was fastened one end of a long line. Attached to this line in the manner of a trawl were a number of fly hooks which when the line was stretched tight, just tipped the surface of the water. The other or far end of the trawl was held in the hand of the operator who walked along shore. The end fastened to the board was so arranged that it caused the board to move along parallel to the person ashore and thus keep the trawl line extended. As the fish attached themselves to the hooks, two or three at a time, it was only necessary to give a sharp tug to the line, which then slipped to one end of the staple, when the board would turn end on and be easily drawn ashore. While not a very sportsman like contrivance, it certainly was a most effective one. It could be made to reach parts of the river much further out than any rod could cast a line.

Poor Cooper suffered awfully all summer from the mosquitoes. His face, neck and hands were in a dreadful state. His neck in particular being like a piece of raw beef. In order to protect his hands he got a pair of old kid gloves, cut off the fingers at the knuckles, but the mosquitoes bit and poisoned the exposed parts to such an extent, that the fingers swelling up so that he could not get the gloves off. Indeed he was so bad I was afraid he would have to give up the work and get out to the shore, but Scotchmen like he would not give in, and by this time, September,

he was much better.

I think the mosquitoes around the Grand Lake that year were as bad as ever I found them. They appeared to be extra vicious in their attacks. Once when we were encamped on the shore of the lake on a Sunday, it being a perfectly still, calm hot day with the surface of the water like a mirror. We were all laying in camp some of us reading. We kept a large fire and plenty of smoke going in front of the camp, our usual remedy when the flies were bad, but this time it did not seem effectual. They would get in around the smoke and I believe actually pass through the blazing fire. I could not read, their onslaught was so terrific. At length, I thought I would outwit them. Jumping up I ran for one of the canoes on the beach, taking my book with me shoved off and jumped aboard. Then I paddled off as fast as I could well out in the lake. Thinking I was now beyond their reach I lay down on my back in the bottom of the canoe, and for five or ten minutes enjoyed perfect immunity, but they were not to be tricked in that way. They must have followed me out, for very soon they swarmed about me, seeming more savage than ever at my attempt to get rid of them. It was no go, I had to give up and return to camp to endure them as best I could for the rest of the day. Even the Indians whom they do not trouble so much as whitemen, complained of them and tried every device to drive them off. One of these is to mix up some gunpowder with water and form it into a pyramid

like a pastile, which they call a powder devil,<sup>724</sup> put a little dry powder on top and then light it. The fumes of the burning powder drives them off for a time but so soon as that ceases they return again.

We now had to commence our trip across country to Hall's Bay by ascending the Sandy Lake and Birchy Pond Rivers, then portaging over to the Indian Brook and so down to the sea. We arrived at Sandy Lake and camped near the Old Telegraph Station, now<sup>725</sup> abandoned? The night proved a very cold one. It froze hard and to our surprise in the morning we observed all the higher hills white with snow. It looked very winterish indeed, and for this early date, September, seemed to forbode an early setting in of winter. In crossing Sandy Lake it blew hard from the N.W. and as the water is very shallow a nasty sea soon arose. It was especially ugly near the mouth of the inflowing Birchy Pond stream.<sup>726</sup> We had to run the gauntlet between huge rollers and barely escaped being swamped several times. However, we got safely into the mouth of the river and then had good going up to the first Birchy Pond. This and the upper lake are separated only by a couple of hundred yards of rapid which we soon surmounted. Both the Birchy Ponds are long and narrow and occupy a very straight valley surrounded on either side by lofty hills, one of which, Mount Seemore we ascended and had a good view all around.

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<sup>724</sup>According to the *English Dialect Dictionary*, this term also occurred in Scotland.

<sup>725</sup>Around 1914.

<sup>726</sup>Now called Birchy Narrows.

We now proceeded on to the extreme eastern end of the upper Birchy, and commenced to portage our canoes and baggage over the divide between it and the Indian Brook.<sup>727</sup> This was hard work but we got all over in a couple of days. We found the Indian Brook very low and extremely rough. The water is swift and the river-bed choked with large boulders. It required all our efforts to save the canoes from being swamped or stove in while descending this rapid river, but after arrival at Indian Pond it improved somewhat. Another day saw us at the mouth of the River in Hall's Bay, after a short portage over this picturesque fall of Indian Brook some three miles from the sea. This fall tumbles suddenly over a great ledge of rock and is precipitated into a chaldron like hole of great depth. So sudden is the plunge that the fall itself is not easily recognizeable when coming down stream, till one is right on top of it. There is a tradition that the first party of Micmacs to come across country by this route were descending the river on a raft, and not knowing much about it were precipitated over the fall and all drowned.

Here near the mouth of Indian Brook there is a settlement of Micmacs of pretty long standing.<sup>728</sup> They are nearly all of one family the Joes. But there are a few others, amongst them being two brothers and a sister of John Stevens.<sup>729</sup> John himself was born here.

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<sup>727</sup>A brook flowing northeast.

<sup>728</sup>At Dock Point and Beachy Cove (*ENL* Springdale).

<sup>729</sup>The sister is mentioned again on August 20, 1902, where Stevens is called "Big John."

We paddled down Hall's Bay to a place called Salt Pond, a long narrow inlet on the north side from the head of which a narrow neck of land separates Hall's Bay from Little Bay. We portaged across this into a small Cove called Little Wards Harbour, thence across to Little Bay mine. Here Mr. Guzman, the manager of the Mine insisted upon my staying at his house, which is beautifully situated near a pond on the north side of the Harbour. We found Mr. Murray had gone home sick and left instructions for me to complete the survey he had undertaken.

We commenced to measure across the peninsula which lies between Little Bay and S.W. Arm of Green Bay, following the telegraph line as the only feasible way to conduct a measurement. The country across was exceedingly rugged, being a succession of steep, narrow ridges and deep valleys, all densely timbered, except in the hollows which were frequently swampy or occupied by marshes. It was some of the hardest travelling encountered during the season. So steep were the ridges in places that it was only by clinging to the trees and shrubs we could haul ourselves up one side and down on the other. Of course our heavy packs made it all the more laborious. To add to our troubles the weather became exceedingly wet, cold and boisterous with frequent snow showers. It was too much for some of our party. Balfour and Souliann gave out from the excessive labour and hardship and had to be sent out to the shore.

Old Louis John tracked down and killed a fine deer and he took most of the meat out to Little Bay where he sold it, getting

a good price for the venison. We completed the measurement of the Telegraph line right out to the shores of S.W. Arm at Colchester,<sup>730</sup> and then returned as we came, but at a certain point on the line we struck off to make another measurement out to the shore of Little Bay near its head. We had to cut this line as no previous one existed.

By this time the weather had become quite winterish and snow covered the ground everywhere to a depth of several inches. As our survey was now completed we returned to Little Bay town to await the coastal boat for home. Little Bay was then in full swing, the mine turning out a regular bonanza. The whole place was a scene of the greatest activity. Steamers were coming and going with cargoes of ore. The town had grown wonderfully. Quite a large population of miners were here. Streets were being laid out and houses rapidly being constructed. Telegraph Office, Churches, Club houses, Hotels and all the other concomitants of a new town, had taken the place of the primitive wilderness we found here just a twelve month ago. So it is with mining towns everywhere, they are of the usual mushroom growth, and are just as liable to go to ruin so soon as the mines become exhausted.

We arrived home safe and sound after a nice run of days. Thus ended the season of 1879 which if not quite as interesting as some that preceded it was not without many pleasant experiences, especially as it was for the most part over new and

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<sup>730</sup>Colchester mine site.

untrodden ground.

1880

More Mining Claims in  
Notre Dame Bay

This season again saw us in Notre Dame Bay laying off mining grants, which had been applied for since last we were engaged in similar work.

Notre Dame Bay had now become the greatest industrial centre outside of St. John's. The copper fever was at its height, and new finds were being made almost every other day. Many promising properties were being exploited, and a great number of men were employed in mining for copper all around the shores of the bay and on several of the islands.<sup>731</sup> Pilly's Island pyrites mine was developing into a fine property. Rabbit's Arm Mine, now in the hands of the Bett's Cove company, was turning out well, and Capt. Cleary at Sunday Cove Island had made several good finds of ore. Away down in Seal Bay at a place called Thimble Tickle, a Capt. Pill, a Cornish man, was opening up a property owned by Mr. Browning,<sup>732</sup> and up in Hall's Bay and S.W. Arm active operations were being conducted on several properties.

We visited most of these during the season and laid off the

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<sup>731</sup>For accounts of the mines, see Martin, *Once Upon a Mine*, pp. 24-6.

<sup>732</sup>Gilbert Browning; the "find" was near Locks Harbour.

boundaries of the claims, on Sunday Cove island, the Rabbit's Arm mine, Thimble Tickle Mine and some other properties. At Rabbit's Arm we spent quite a time surveying the beautiful Crescent Lake close to the shore of which the mine was situated. The country was rough and the work very arduous. We found here the company had built a fine wharf and large stores and houses at the head of the Arm, a beautiful landlocked basin.

There was a tramway constructed from the wharf to the mine which was worked by horses. A large bark lay at the wharf ready to load and nearby was a pile of some 300 tons of the finest copper ore I had ever seen anywhere in the Bay. The mine was in full swing with quite a number of men employed. I paid a visit to the underground workings and was surprised at the exhibition of mineral displayed. It was one of the easiest mines to examine I had yet been in. At first an incline shaft at an angle of about  $45^{\circ}$  was sunk on a three foot band of mixed quartz and copper. Steps like a stair led down to the main level. This level extended Southward from the bottom of the incline towards the shore of the Lake. It passed through mineralized ground all the way and at about 150 yards struck two other great bands of mineralized quartz similar to the first. One of these bands was five feet thick and at the lower side of it was a band of prill ore two feet thick, i.e. solid pyrites ore. At the time of my visit they were just beginning to sink a second incline on the two last mentioned bands which was afterwards carried to a depth of feet, producing a goodly quantity of ore all through. From

the bottom of this incline a second level was started southward. On the surface a vertical shaft was let down to tap this lower level. Some distance in front of the main shaft. Owing to the peculiar character and colour of the rock here which latter was of a bright yellow, this shaft was called the mustard shaft.

Many surface openings were made at various points near the mine all showing good prospects of rich ore. One shaft sunk close to the shore of the lake produced some beautiful copper. During our stay here a prospector for the company had made a new discovery a mile or two back in the woods of mixed galena and copper, which seemed very rich.

Across on the opposite or South side of the lake the company had erected a stamp crushing mill<sup>733</sup> of the regular gold stamp pattern, ostensibly for crushing the copper ore, but there was a suspicion, amounting almost to a certainty that the quartz matrix of the ores contained gold, and that in reality it was for the purpose of collecting the precious metal this mill was established. Of course the company were very reticent about affording any information on this head. In fact the manager didnot seem inclined to let us know anything about the operations of the mine. It was only by stealth, as it were, while he was out to the shore that I managed to seize the opportunity of going underground.

The scenery about this part of Notre Dame Bay is very

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<sup>733</sup>A metal pestle designed to crush ore.

beautiful. Rabbit's and Sop's Arms are deep indentations perfectly landlocked by the outlying islands.

The group lying off in front of these Arms viz. Pilley's Island, Long Island, Traytown Island,<sup>734</sup> Hayward's Island<sup>735</sup> and several other smaller ones comprise a great archipelago separated by intricate channels, or tickles, as they are generally called. These are only navigable for small vessels and great care has to be exercised to avoid the numerous rocks and shoals, but few of the people of the bay ever venture through those channels. That to the south of Pilley's Island in particular is represented on the charts as unnavigable, and is barred off to indicate there is no passing through it. The deepest water shown in this reach is but 2 fathoms. When however, I made a thorough survey of the place and sounded it all through, I found a narrow intricate channel quite navigable for small vessels. Where the two fathoms of water was marked I found twelve.

The entrance to Pilly's Island mine through Raft Tickle is now made use of by large ore boats, where heretofore no steamer dared to approach. Having thoroughly surveyed this place I knew every rock and shoal and where the deep water channel lay. I offered the Capt. of the *Hercules* to pilot him through, but he was afraid to risk it; by doing so he would cut off many miles in approaching Rabbit's Arm or even Little Bay.

While at Rabbit's Arm a school of mackerel came in and

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<sup>734</sup>Triton Island.

<sup>735</sup>Haywards Gull Island.

nearly filled the basin. The people were not prepared for such unusual visitors and only secured a very few. It is very strange why this fish once so plentiful around our shores, has so completely abandoned our island. Mackerel are very rare visitors now-a-days. Old Mr. Jabez Tilley who lived in a small Cove on the south side of Sop's Arm secured a few which he canned. He presented me with a couple of cans, which were very good indeed. Tilley had a lime kiln here and was burning lime and supplying the mines with it. He is a most entertaining old man, and can relate many interesting tales of olden times, of Red Indians etc.

He it was who obtained possession of the mummified body of a Red Indian boy, found in Dark Tickle near Pilley's Island, which he exhibited in St. John's a year or two ago.<sup>736</sup> This relic is now in the St. John's Museum.

While at Little Bay awaiting the steamer for home, I took occasion to visit the underground workings of the mine, and was astonished at the great masses of ore being wrought. Here away down in the bowels of mother earth were a number of busy miners drilling and blasting out great masses of solid ore, which had to be broken up with heavy mauls to render them more easily handled in hoisting to the surface.

The descent and ascent to the mine by perpendicular ladders clinging close to the walls and not always too reliable, owing to broken steps etc. was anything but a pleasant sensation, and the

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<sup>736</sup>See Howley, *The Beothucks*, pp. 330-32; Marshall, *History and Ethnography of the Beothuk*, p. 413.

great dark holes so far down lighted only by the glimmer of the miners' tallow candles was not calculated to appease one's nervous system. While I was greatly interested in all I saw, I must confess it was with a feeling of relief I once more emerged into the glorious light of day when arrived at the surface. I was however, always imbued with the idea of seeing all that was to be seen, especially of Newfoundland's mineral wealth, and had I not made this perilous descent into the mine I would forever regret it. I believe I have been down in pretty well all our mines except Bett's Cove. Somehow I could not bring myself to attempt that. The mine bore an unsavoury reputation for reckless work and the frequency of fatal accidents.<sup>737</sup> Though my curiosity urged me while there to see the underground workings, yet my better judgement prevailed and I withstood the temptation. Perhaps had I not seen and known the danger in other mines that I had visited, I might have gone down. There is little more to add to this chapter but what remains may be of interest. Mr. Ellershausen who had the S.S. *Hercules* hired was about to proceed to St. John's in her preparatory to taking passage to England to meet the Directors of his Company. Some important changes were about being made and as he was desirous of presenting the most favourable account of his operations in Newfoundland to the parties at home, he was now about visiting the different mines in Hall's Bay and S.W. Arm to see what the outlook was in these localities. He very

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<sup>737</sup>See e.g., accounts of the deaths of three miners, *Newfoundlander*, Nov. 7, 10, 1876; a magisterial inquiry was conducted by D.W. Prowse.

kindly offered me a passage home with him. We went up to Colchester and together we inspected the work there. This mine though never a prolific one yielded a very superior grade of ore. Just before we arrived there, there had been a new find of ore away back over the ridge on a claim of Capt. White's under option to the Bett's Cove Co. He sent two parties of men in ahead to put in some shots and test the place. He was very anxious to see what the result would be like. One of the parties consisted entirely of Cornishmen, the other of Newfoundland fishermen miners, some of these latter being quite green hands. As the distance was considerable the men took their luncheon with them. I did not go in myself but he afterwards told me what occurred. When he arrived at the place he found the Newfoundland crew had made a successful blast, but the hole of the Cornishmen missed fire. They complained that the ground was wet and that they did not think it necessary to bring paper or candles with which to make water tight cartridges; as a consequence they were unable to get the shot off and were sitting around looking crestfallen at their failure. Presently a great big hulking Trepassey man from the other party came sauntering over smoking his pipe and seeing something was wrong, asked what the trouble was. "Oh," said the Cornishmen, "the hole missed fire owing to the wet, and we forgot to bring a candle and paper to make a cartridge with." I know, said the fisherman, and away he ran to where he and his partners had had their lunch. Presently he came back with a folded paper in which the lunch had been wrapped, in one hand, and a junk of

fat pork in the other with which he was busy greasing the roll. Here, said he, this will do, and so it proved. They put down the improvised cartridge, filled and tamped the charge then lit the fuze. Off it went in fine style and threw out quite a lot of rock and ore. Ellershausen was greatly pleased as he was most anxious to see the result of that blast but had concluded he would have to go back without doing so. In relating this incident to me he said I was very much struck with the superior intelligence of the Newfoundlander. He always spoke in the highest terms of them and considered them the best miners he had ever come across.

We now came back to visit Hall's Bay where he had promised to call for the Governor, Sir John Glover, Revd. M. Harvey and others who had been on an excursion to Grand Lake by way of the Indian Brook and Birchy Pond route, and were due back about this time.<sup>738</sup> We steamed up Hall's Bay and turned into a cove near another mine, which he wished to visit. As we neared the shore I was on the Bridge near the Capt. and in looking over the side I noticed the water looked very shoal with a white rock bottom, but I would not say anything as I knew the Capt. had been here before and it would be the height of presumption for me to speak. Presently we bumped right over the rock and tore away several feet of our keel. "Gosh," said poor Capt. Cross, "I forgot all

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<sup>738</sup>Howley was in the Notre Dame Bay mining area in both 1878 and 1880. His account here does not have the circumstantial detail of daily journal entries to support his statements. Through some confusion he records the meeting with Governor Sir John Glover and the author Moses Harvey (1820-1901) which took place on 14 October 1878. Harvey provided a narrative of the excursion to Grand Lake, lasting from 20 Sept. to 15 Oct., 1878, in *Across Newfoundland with the Governor* (St. John's: 'Morning Chronicle' Print, 1879).

about that rock, though I ran upon it the last time I was up." We went in to see the mine some distance from the shore, but it was not working at the time. There was considerable open cut surface work and a good showing of pyrites here but not much good copper ore.

We now proceeded on to the mouth of Indian Brook and found the Governor and party arrived. We took them all on board, also a young Englishman who had been in deer shooting, and then steamed away for St. John's.

The Governor's party had a glorious time and greatly enjoyed their trip. They had been all around the Grand Lake, circumnavigated the Big Island, which I have since named, Sir John Hawley Glover's, or shorter, Glover's Island in honour of the first visit of a Governor to the place.

We had a gale of northerly wind coming out of Notre Dame Bay and a terrific sea running. The old *Hercules* used almost stand on end at times, but the wind was fair and we made a splendid run home of only 23 hours. Sir John was most gracious during the trip and being an old sailor enjoyed the rough water as only a sailor can.

1881

## Gold Claims in Conception Bay

During my absence in Notre Dame Bay last year a discovery of gold had been made near Brigus in Conception Bay. Mr. Murray in company with the late John Foran, one of the claim holders, went over there to investigate taking a miner with drills and blasting material along with them.<sup>739</sup> Several shots were put in on small quartz veins out on Brigus Head.<sup>740</sup> Some of these were successful in revealing several nice specimens and small nuggets of the precious metal. From one blast in particular, at least half a dozen nice specimens were obtained. Mr. Thomas Scanlan<sup>741</sup> and others holding claims further in land also obtained fairly good samples of gold bearing quartz. When this news became public of course there was a wild rush for claims. A regular gold fever ensued. Every square yard of country for many miles inland and up and down the shore of the Bay was quickly taken up. Still the usual pessimistic view of the matter held sway. People did not hesitate to say the place was salted<sup>742</sup> and that the gold found by Mr. Murray had been dexterously slipped into the hole while his back was turned. The idea of gold occurring in Newfoundland was considered too preposterous altogether. So it was when copper was first discovered in Notre Dame Bay. But when the Union Mine Tilt

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<sup>739</sup>Murray and Howley, *Geological Survey*, pp. 532-6.

<sup>740</sup>North Head.

<sup>741</sup>Assistant Superintendent, Anglo-American Telegraph Co.

<sup>742</sup>Deceptively sprinkled with rich ore to induce investment.

Cove turned out a success the pessimists fell back upon the supposition that possibly there might be one copper mine in the country but there would never be another.

Of course in the case of the gold find scepticism knew no bounds. Nevertheless there were some firm believers in its genuineness. Had I any doubts myself they were soon dispelled. Mr. Murray had brought back with him from the locality a bag full of broken quartz which showed no visible gold, not even under a powerful microscope. Upon my return home from Notre Dame Bay I went carefully over this material bit by bit but could see nothing. I then took it out of doors and broke it up with a hammer into small fragments. In doing so several nice sights of gold became discernible even a few good nuggets as large as peas. There could be no further doubt on my mind. I had the evidence of my senses to clearly demonstrate that the quartz was gold bearing.

This season, 1881, Mr. Murray sent me to further investigate the region. In and around Brigus we found numerous small gash veins<sup>743</sup> of quartz but nowhere, except in one instance, did we come across a vein of any considerable dimensions. Several blasts were put in all these quartz outcrops but strange to say we did not find a single sign of gold; even where Mr. Murray procured his specimens, our blasts revealed nothing more. We blew out all the quartz that was left in that place without success. It became

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<sup>743</sup>V-shaped veins.

quite apparent that the gold was very scarce and confined to a few isolated spots. I made a minute survey of the region noting every occurrence of quartz and the particular bands of rock they were confined to.

We next traversed the country between Conception and Placentia Bays, tracing out the structure across the centre of Avalon Peninsula. We afterwards visited St. Mary's Bay and investigated that region with no better success. It appeared strange that over so extensive a district where quartz was frequently come across no further indications of gold could be found. The only conclusion to be arrived at was that the precious metal was too scarce and too much scattered to afford any promise of prolific Auriferous deposits anywhere here. Just enough had been found to wet the appetites of prospectors and for sometime after the gold fever held sway, but eventually died out owing to want of success. The prospecting extended itself to the neighborhood of St. John's and the Southern shore<sup>744</sup> in Ferryland District, but though reports of other finds were occasionally chronicled, no actual gold mines were enterprised.<sup>745</sup> Still the fact that the country was auriferous to some extent was undeniable, and possibly someone may in the future light upon more prolific deposits. Needless to say there is no reason, geologically or otherwise, why such should not prove to be the case. Our nearest neighboring Province of Nova Scotia has proven

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<sup>744</sup>The coast south of St. John's, "from Cape Spear to Cape Race" (DNE).

<sup>745</sup>Attempted.

rich in gold, and apparently we possess the selfsame auriferous rock series in Newfoundland.

Having finished the survey to Placentia Harbour I then sent the men back to the Rocky River to bring down the canoe. While camped there I went off alone one evening and killed a deer. I saw two and I believe I shot both but they got away from me and as it was late in the evening could not find them. When I got back to camp and told the Indians how the deer acted after I fired at them, they concluded I must have killed them. Next day old Louis, John and I went to look for them. As I was not sure of the place and the country all around bore so much of a sameness, viz alternately patches of woods, marshes and barrens with numerous ponds, it was very difficult to locate the exact spot. Late in the evening we finally found it and after a little search Louis came across the carcass of one of the deer quite dead. Of course it does not improve venison to lie thus exposed for nearly twenty-four hours without being paunched. The body was considerably blown but as the weather was cool it turned out, when skinned, not much the worse for the delay. At all events we were not particular as we had not tasted any fresh meat for quite a while. We cut up our deer, a young stag, and carried back some of it to camp. Next day the men went after the remainder and for a time we feasted on the venison. I now went overland from Placentia where I would meet them at Colinet. I got there before them and had to wait a day for their arrival.

It was now getting well on in October and the weather became

quite fallish. Before leaving Colinet John Barrington, Billy Davis and I took a tramp into the interior to look for a deer. We arrived at a great series of ponds which formed a regular maze of waters extending in all directions. Here we found a tilt used for hunting by the Late Robert L. Mare.<sup>746</sup> We took up our lodging in it and found it very comfortable. It was of the usual structure of tilt, built of upright sticks with gable ends, about 10 x 8 feet inside. A small low doorway formed the entrance at one end. At the other was a fire-place made of loose rocks plastered with mud. A hole above allowed the smoke to escape. When a good fire of junks was made on the hearth and the door closed up with loose blocks of wood it proved warm and comfortable. Of course, the floor which was simply the ground had a good layer of fresh fir boughs which made a first-class bed. After hunting about for sometime we saw no deer but I shot one black duck. That night after supper we all stretched out near the fire and indulged in ghost stories. The two men, John and Billy tried to out-do each other in spinning most extraordinary yarns. These people are awfully superstitious and in the end I really think they believed the stories each related. I, of course, was an interested listener to it all. Thus the long night passed away almost without our knowing it. At length our fire got so low that it was necessary to procure some more wood from outside to replenish it. But when I pointed this out neither of the lads would budge. They

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<sup>746</sup>R.L. Mare, a renowned outdoorsman, committed suicide in April, 1904 (Paul O'Neill, *A Seaport Legacy*, p. 827).

had worked themselves up to such a pitch of fear that they would not venture out of doors. I had to go out myself to procure the wood. What was my astonishment to find that day was breaking and as yet we had not had a wink of sleep. After spending another day here in which John killed a beaver by calling him out of his house to the no small astonishment of Billy, who was himself a great beaver hunter and deer killer but knew nothing of the Indians' ways of getting at the beaver. We had a good feast off the carcass. Beaver meat, to those who like it, is very fine and juicy, much more so than venison.

We now returned to Colinet and proceeded on to Salmonier camping near Cary's Inn<sup>747</sup> on the roadside. I had a look at the rocks along the river and Arm, but did not come across any quartz veins.

Having no further use for our canoe and wishing to get it home to St. John's, Barrington and I paddled down to Salmonier settlement and found a boat about to proceed to the city with the season's catch of fish. I succeeded in getting the skipper to take the canoe along. It was Sunday, and we went to Mass in the fine new chapel. Father St. John,<sup>748</sup> the Parish priest got hold of me and made me stay for dinner. So John went off alone to walk back to camp some 6 or 7 miles. I intended to follow after dinner but Father St. John would not let me go. He kept me till late in the evening and wanted me to stay all night. I was however

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<sup>747</sup>See pp. 14 ff., 160.

<sup>748</sup>John St. John.

anxious to get back and about 5 P.M. I finally got away and made all haste campward. I walked very fast along the fine road but night soon closed in. At one point the road dips rapidly into a deep wooded hollow where a stout brook flows out to the arm, crossed by a wooden bridge. When I reached here it was quite dark. The heavy woods on either side rendering it more so. All at once I remembered one of Billy Davis's ghost yarns about this very place and what he once experienced here coming from Salmonier with the priest, Dean Ryan,<sup>749</sup> on a sick call. Now I pride myself on not being the least superstitious, nevertheless, when I fully realized that this must be the very place Billy referred to, I must acknowledge I felt ill at ease and hurried on as fast as my legs could carry me. It was a great relief when I mounted the hill on the opposite side and got out of the deep, dark hollow. I certainly did not let much grass grow under my feet during the remainder of the journey. I arrived at camp about an hour after dark all right.

Next day we moved along the Salmonier road towards the half-way house, having hired Cary's horse and rig to transport our camps and baggage. We camped here by the roadside in the thick woods and explored the country on either side for some distance. It was now well on in October and the weather became quite cold with hard frosts at night. On the 20th a heavy snow storm came on covering up everything with at least two feet of snow. This was a

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<sup>749</sup>J. Ryan.

signal that it was time to quit the woods. The snow being light and followed by a thaw made it very wretched in camp and there was no travelling anywhere in the woods. Accordingly we hired Murphy's<sup>750</sup> horse and dray and packed everything on it and then proceeded for Holyrood. The road was now in a desperate state and as we had to walk all the distance up to our knees in wet snow and slush, we were all pretty tired when we got to our journey's end. Here we found that the snow storm came on so unexpectedly that few of the people along the south shore had their potatoes dug, consequently they were now all buried beneath the snow.

This was the year the Railway construction had been initiated. The line was graded up to Topsail and several miles of rail laid but the snow storm put an end to the work for this season. We hired carriages at Holyrood to take us on to town and as the snow was rapidly melting again we got along pretty well, though the roads were very heavy. Next day we reached town, all well.

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<sup>750</sup>Thomas Murphy, keeper of halfway house.

1882

## Surveying Exploits Valley Townships

This year, in view of the continuation of Railway construction, and to facilitate the selection of lands to which the company<sup>751</sup> were entitled under their contract, the Government decided to have the valley of the Exploits laid out in townships on a similar plan to that adopted in Canada.<sup>752</sup> Each township was to contain 36 square miles and to be subdivided into one-mile sections. All the boundary lines were to run on true astronomical bearings. The 49th parallel of Latitude was selected for the main base-line and the 56th Meridian for the principal meridian. The former cut across the Exploits River in the vicinity of the Bishop's Fall, and the latter, which is the central meridian of the Island, extends from Hall's Bay and would strike the base-

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<sup>751</sup>The Newfoundland Railway Company, owned by a syndicate based in New York, N.Y., represented in St. John's by A.L. Blackman. In 1881 this company was given a contract to build a railway to Halls Bay, with a branch line to Harbour Grace. Among various concessions by the Newfoundland government were land grants of 5,000 acres for each mile constructed. By the end of 1882 only 45 miles of track had been laid; the company went bankrupt soon afterwards. See J.K. Hiller, "The Railway and Local Politics in Newfoundland, 1870-1901," in *Newfoundland in the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries*, pp. 130-33.

<sup>752</sup>See Murray and Howley, *Geological Survey*, pp. 46-8.

line near Badger Brook on the Exploits.

Two parties were sent out to accomplish this work, the one under Mr. Chas. Harvey, C.E., the other under myself, while the direction of the whole undertaking devolved upon me. Having arranged our work and selected our parties, I directed Mr. Harvey to proceed to Hall's Bay and pick up the Meridian line which came out to the shore at Mansfield Head on its south side, while I proceeded to the Exploits to establish and run out the base-line. I arranged that we were to meet at the Badger, where the two lines would intersect. I also undertook to have a fresh stock of provisions there for Mr. Harvey's party, as owing to the long distance they had to travel on foot, it was probable they would run short before we met. When all preliminaries were arranged we left St. John's together in the S.S. *Plover*. She had orders to take our party up to Dominion Point near the mouth of the Exploits River and land us, Harvey's party going on in her to Little Bay. We had rather a poor passage. It was densely foggy nearly all the time and quite cold for the season (July). There were quite a number of other passengers on board, amongst others a Major Vallance, brother of Mr. Fred Vallance, Capt. Winsor's partner at Dominion Point. It was his first visit to the country and he had not seen his brother for a number of years. After leaving Twillingate we soon reached Exploits Burnt Island where we took on board Mr. Josiah Manuel,<sup>753</sup> a relation of the

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<sup>753</sup>Merchant in Exploits Harbour.

Captain's, to act as a pilot up the bay. Captain Manuel had never been there before. We soon ran out of the fog and into bright sunlight. The change of scene and in the spirits of the passengers was marvelous. All were charmed with the beautiful bay. The smooth water with scarcely a motion on it, the densely wooded shores with trees growing down to the water's edge, the clusters of white blossoms of the wild pear and dogberry trees hanging over the water, the numerous and variegated islands etc., all presented a charming scene.

At Dominion Point we disembarked and got all our belongings ashore in a short time. The steamer then proceeded on her way northward. After a few days spent in unpacking and arranging our stores we proceeded up the river. We had two canoes and four Indians with us for the river work and hired boats to take the heavy gear and crew up to Bishop's Fall. Mr. Arthur White of the Crown Lands Department came with me to act as assistant, and John Burke as chainman.<sup>754</sup> Our crew consisted of about 14 all told. Having portaged over the fall we proceeded on about a mile and camped. This was as near as I could judge to where the 49th Parallel crossed the river. A few days were spent in taking observations for Latitude and establishing the real position of the base-line, then we began to cut westward through the forest. Owing to the curvature of the parallel of Latitude we had to make a slight alteration every three miles so as to keep on the same

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<sup>754</sup>In surveying, a chain with one hundred links (66 ft.; 20 m) was employed to measure distances. It was called the Gunter's (or surveyor's) chain.

true parallel all through. We made fairly good progress though the work was heavy and the weather warm. Some of the crew were kept packing along the provisions all the time while others were cutting. Every few days I changed these so that all would share alike in the labour.

Before leaving the riverside I despatched the Indians with the canoes loaded to proceed up to the Badger and leave the things there, partly for Harvey's party, and for our own, when we reached there.

The country passed through was densely timbered with a magnificent forest growth, chiefly Spruce and fir, but there was scattered throughout it a great deal of very fine pine. In some places the latter timber occupied almost exclusively large areas. The trees were of comparatively recent growth and were consequently green and sound. Evidences of an older and previous growth were often come across in the hollow stems of large dead pine all showing, especially on the inside, unmistakable evidence of having been burned at some time. Indeed, there is a record contained in John Cartwright's journal of his trip up the river in 1768<sup>755</sup> that some 80 years previously an immense conflagration had destroyed the entire forest of this region extending from Red Indian Lake down to the Bay of Exploits, even out to its furthest headlands.

Owing to the heavy timber encountered, our progress in

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<sup>755</sup>Cartwright, *The Life and Correspondence*, 1: 33.

hewing our way through this dense forest was slow. At times we would spend hours cutting a track through piles of wind-fallen timber heaped up 10 to 12 feet above the ground, and through which it was impossible to penetrate till a lane was made by our axes.

The weather was very variable all the time, sometimes insufferably hot, then wet and sultry. It often rained very hard and when we had reached some half dozen miles, and were camped on the waters of Peter's Arm River,<sup>756</sup> a regular deluge of rain overtook us. It poured down in torrents all one night and though our camps were pitched on fairly high ground we were completely swamped out. All hands had to turn out in the storm to cut trenches around and even through the camps to carry off the water. All the lower grounds were flooded and for several days we had to wade through water up to our knees. During this time the flies of all descriptions were fearful. At night the little sand fly, or midge, gave us no rest. Their onslaught kept us in a perfect fever.

At one part of our journey we encountered the most terrific thunder storm I ever remember. It lasted with little intermission for five days and nights. Of course we could not be in a more dangerous position than here in the long woods, but fortunately we escaped any serious consequences. Nevertheless we were all very uneasy and had reason to be. One day not a quarter of a mile

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<sup>756</sup>Peters River.

from our camp we came across a place where the lightning had struck and caused considerable damage. Several trees were peeled of their bark and some were split from top to bottom. One large fir tree was broken off short, another had long slivers torn from the trunk and stuck on end in the ground several yards distant. At its root a great hole was made in the ground, the earth and rocks being torn up and scattered about. Some of the smaller fragments of wood were stuck into the neighboring trees. One small triangular piece was so firmly fastened in that it was with great difficulty and considerable exertion of strength that I succeeded in pulling it out. I would not have wasted time in doing so but that the Indians assured me that wood thus struck by lightning was a sure *cure for toothache*. I put it in my pocket to preserve it for future use, but when subsequently I was afflicted with this malady I had long since lost my charm.

We did not strike any open ground till we were beyond the 12th mile and then only a small barren of a few acres. But one small pond was met with till we were nearly over to the Badger. We saw no game in this thick woods, but one evening I ran across some fresh beaver cutting in a small brook and following it up I found a beaver house. Waiting till nearly dark for the animals to come out, I succeeded in shooting one large one. I was a considerable distance from camp and night was fast closing in. I hurriedly paunched my beaver and slinging him on my back made off as fast as I could. A full-grown beaver is quite a large animal and very heavy, fully as weighty as a small sheep. I made my way

slowly through the tangled woods and windfalls getting many falls and hard knocks, till I began to get tired and as it was now quite dark and I failed to locate our line I concluded to halt and make the best shift I could for the night. I was wet and hungry and selecting a place under a large fallen tree, I made a bough bed, collected some dead wood and proceeded to light a fire. While I was in the act of doing so, I thought I heard chopping not far away. I listened till I was quite sure and then shouldering my burden, I pushed my way through a thick clump of woods when I fell in with our line no distance away. There was quite a rise in the ground here, and I soon saw a great glare ahead. This was the camp fire. The men had heaped on a lot of dry boughs to make a good light for me and it was their striking the trunks of trees with the poles<sup>757</sup> of their axes to attract my attention that I had heard. I soon reached camp and after a good supper and a change of clothes was soon nothing the worse of my experience. But a short time after this I met with another and much worse one. We had moved camp to the end of our line one day. It was a wet, foggy, miserable afternoon, too wet to go on cutting, so while the men were at work fixing up camp I took my gun to go look for a deer. Travelling away north from the line, I passed through a good deal of thick woods and then struck a string of marshes which I followed up for a long distance. I saw one deer, a fine doe, but she had seen me first, and made off

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<sup>757</sup>Howley must mean handles here.

before I could get a shot. I then continued on till it was time to make tracks back for camp. I was now quite a distance away and was soaking wet from the moisture-laden bushes. It was still densely foggy with the wind about S.E. and a cold drizzling rain was falling all the time. However, I made my way back all right till I came to the long marsh where I had seen the deer. I travelled up this marsh in the direction of the camp with the wind partially in my back. All at once it dawned upon me that the wind had changed to N.E. and that I was going wrong. I was now nearly at the end of the marsh nearest camp, but somehow I did not stop to think the situation over. It became fixed in my mind I was going away from instead of towards camp. I then wheeled right round and began to retrace my steps across the marsh. I could recognize no landmarks owing to the fog, but I soon began to realize that I was astray and getting into a part of the country I had not seen before. As night was fast approaching I thought the best thing to do was to seek some dry place in the woods and make a shelter. I got into a fine grove of large open birch where I selected the best place I could find underneath a large tree. Stripping off a few sheets of birch bark I constructed a small leanto shelter, got boughs to make a bed, and then set to work to gather up some dead branches for my fire. Fortunately I had brought along a small tomahawk, and with this I hacked off the smallest birch tree I could find and junked it up. When I had the fire well underweigh I next took off all my clothes, wrung the water out of them, dried and put them on

again. I was now fairly comfortable but had nothing to eat. I however had my pipe and tobacco, so laying down I smoked till it was time to turn in. Replenishing my fire I lay down and soon fell asleep. I spent a pretty good night till coming on daylight when I awoke with the cold to find my fire nearly out. But I soon gathered a fresh supply of wood and got it underweigh again. I now had another good nap and when I again awoke it was broad daylight. But there was no improvement in the weather. If anything it was worse than ever, still very wet and densely foggy. It was no use making a move so I stayed where I was in the hope it would clear up about midday, but it did not. Then I thought I would try to locate camp and leaving the friendly shelter of my leanto I went on only to find I was getting deeper and deeper into the great forest. I climbed several large pine trees to have a lookout but could only see the tops of the forest for a quarter of a mile or so in any direction. I could not recognize anything at all to guide me. It was all alike in every direction. I was now sorry I had left my shelter and would gladly get back to it if I could, but that was out of the question. I did not know in which direction it lay. Fearing I would tire myself out if I kept on travelling aimlessly all day I stopped and tried to light a fire, but my matches were now all wet. I then tried to produce a light with my gun. Taking the shot out of a cartridge I looked over my clothes to see if I could find a dry piece anywhere. There was one little spot about the size of a dollar in the front of my shirt. This I cut out and put in the

cartridge and pulled the trigger but the charge disappeared down in the moss and did not ignite. I then did a very foolish thing. Taking off all my clothes I wrung the water out of them, and put them on again and lay down to rest, then dozed off to sleep wet and cold as I was. How long I slept I do not know but I awoke again thoroughly chilled to the very marrow, in fact almost paralyzed with cold. I at once concluded that come what may, I must keep moving. Again climbing a big pine I looked around to try and recognize some landmark but to no purpose. I could only see the tops of the trees for a short distance in any direction. I now concluded to follow as near as may be one straight direction which might lead me out somewhere. Making the best guess I could as to the position of our base-line, I kept myself fairly straight by selecting several trees in one line, and before reaching the last, take another lot, and so on. In this way I travelled on till late in the evening. All at once after forcing my way through a thicket of young firs I fell at last into the line. But I was now in doubt as to which way the camp lay. I had got it into my head that during my wanderings I must have passed the end of our line and had now approached it from the opposite side. If such were the case then I should turn to my left. I did so and of course took the wrong direction. After travelling a considerable distance I found one of our survey marks and soon ascertained my mistake. I then had to retrace my steps and after an hour or two finally arrived at camp about 5 P.M. pretty well played out.

I found that all hands except the cook were off looking for me, and I now became anxious that they would all go astray. I had the only gun in the party so I kept firing at intervals to attract their attention. They began to return two or three at a time, and before dark we had them all back to camp. This was one of my most trying experiences in the woods. I was so thoroughly chilled that it took several days to get my circulation back to the normal. Indeed I doubt whether I ever fully recovered from the effects of my involuntary exposure under such trying circumstances. From that day forth I have been filled with rheumatic pains in all my limbs.

We now continued our line westward through the dense forest and at length reached the Badger River. There was no sign of Harvey's party anywhere so taking two of the Indians and one canoe I went off up the river to look for them. In the meantime Mr. White continued the line across the Badger and on westward. Having ascended the Badger several miles we came to some ponds and continued on to the head of the last one.<sup>758</sup> The river and ponds led upward in the direction Harvey's line should come, but there was no sign of him. We searched around in every direction and climbed trees from which we could see a long way ahead but failed to see the smoke of their camps anywhere around. It was quite evident he must have abandoned his survey and turned back, and that it was no use in our wasting time looking for him. We

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<sup>758</sup>Perhaps Crooked Lake.

returned to camp and made ready to go back down the river leaving behind a stock of provisions for Harvey's crew in case they did come along later. We had to build several rafts and make a dugout boat from a pine log to accommodate our large crew. With the aid of these and the two canoes we managed to get along fairly well, as the river down to the Grand Fall, with the exception of one rapid not far from the Badger, was smooth and deep. Our flotilla made good progress and we reached the fall in a couple of days. A little above the fall there was one bad place with very strong water and a sharp turn. Here we had to hug the shore closely to avoid being swept down over the fall itself. John and I waited here for the rafts coming behind in order to direct them where to go. All came through O.K. except one. The fellows on this were either too stupid or too much frightened to heed our instructions and consequently kept too far out. It would have fared badly with them had they not run their raft on a rock which held them fast in the middle of the rapid. She swung around and hung there while the two thoroughly frightened occupants got down on their knees and held on as best they could. We then went to their assistance at great personal risk and succeeded in rescuing them from their perilous position.

On our way down the river near Rushy Pond, a place noted as a deer crossing during the migratory season, we saw some deer. One fine old stag was out on a sandbar sunning himself. He was apparently asleep. At all events he did not seem to notice us. We went after him in our canoe and allowing it to drift noiselessly

down the current we got between him and the shore and landing on the bar I had an easy shot. The ball entered his side just behind the fore shoulder. Nevertheless he made off and took to the water in an endeavour to swim to the opposite side. We paddled after him and had a good chase to overtake him. Just as he was getting his footing on the bottom I gave him another and final ball which did for him. We soon had him ashore paunched and skinned. He was a very fine, fat animal, just in his prime. All hands were delighted at the prospect of fresh venison, the first for the season. The portage over the Grand Fall was heavy work, but our stock of provisions being now pretty low, we had not nearly so much to carry. Of course we abandoned the rafts here as they were of no further use. After accomplishing the portage we took all we could carry in the canoes, the men with light loads tramping alongshore and thus arrived at our starting point a mile above Bishop's Fall. Here we camped while arranging our further movements. First I had to go down to Dominion Point for fresh provisions and to ascertain if there was any news of Harvey. We found him here in a schooner, having just arrived from Hall's Bay. It appeared that he had reached about 26 miles with his line when his provisions failed him. He had sent two men ahead to try and locate our line, but they could not, and on their return he abandoned the work and made a hasty retreat back to Hall's Bay. They were in pretty bad straits having completely consumed all their grub so that his men were reduced to one dough-boy a day before they got out. As they reached their former camping places

on their return journey, they groped about for any stray scraps lying around. The whole business was very regrettable and very stupid. Had Harvey given proper directions to the two men he sent ahead they might easily have found our line and camp. But Harvey did a most unaccountable thing for a surveyor. He gave his two men a pocket compass and told them to steer south and keep that course. Now while his line was running south true, he seemed to forget all about the variation of the compass, which is here about 35 degrees West of North. Consequently, his men in going South magnetic were travelling in an oblique course to our base and would not strike it till they got many miles to the eastward, almost out to where we commenced. The poor chaps probably travelled twice the distance they should have to go, before they turned back. Had Harvey told them to take a S.W. course or more properly S.W. by S. they would be approaching our line at right angles and undoubtedly have found us all right. There was nothing for it now but to refit his crew, send them up the river to take our line near the Badger and run North true till he met his own, then come back over our line, measure it out to the river, which owing to his failure to connect could not be correctly done.

In the meantime my party were to extend our base-line eastward towards the Gander River. The Railway Company had sent up a man named Cunningham<sup>759</sup> to be employed in some way in furthering the survey. Harvey did not like the idea of going up

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<sup>759</sup>L.M. Cunningham.

the river this fall. He seems terribly afraid of it. But as he now has a full supply of provisions and it is yet early in the season I could see no reason why he should not try and complete his line. His men landed all their stuff from the schooner and took up their quarters in one of Winsor's empty shacks.<sup>760</sup> They do not look much like men that were nearly starved. On the contrary they are all fat and strong, offering a great contrast to my poor chaps who look thin and worn in comparison from hard work. I fear they are an easy-going lot and that Charlie has been too soft with them. We spent the day packing up our stuff preparatory to proceeding up the river. Mr. C.X. Hobbs, railway magnate,<sup>761</sup> who sent Cunningham here, is expected up on the steamer to see how the survey is progressing. Should he not soon put in an appearance we cannot delay for him. Having decided on Harvey's going back to finish his work I hired two canoes and Indians from here to accompany his party, also giving him one of our boats and canoes but he fears this will not be enough. In fact he wants a whole flotilla though he is now much better provided than we were. I went across Peter's Arm to see Cunningham who is running out a Meridian line there to connect with our base. He has done very well having completed 21 miles in a short time. Poor chap is rather in a fix with his men, not having the means to pay them till Mr. Hobbs arrives and the men are greatly afraid he will not pay them at all. They are a fine crew of expert axemen belonging

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<sup>760</sup>Part of James Winsor's sawmill operations.

<sup>761</sup>A member of Blackman's syndicate.

to this bay, but are awful grumblers, he informs me.

It was very cold tonight, September 27th but I had a mattress at Winsor's and slept well.

*Thursday September 28th.* A fine day, packed up and made arrangements for a start tomorrow. Charlie also packed up. No sign of steamer. Poor Cunningham is in a stew. It is too bad to leave the poor chap unprovided with means to pay his men. Should Mr. Hobbs not come tonight or tomorrow morning I cannot lose any more time waiting for him, as the season is drawing on apace and we have yet much work to do. The weather just now is so fine I fear it is too good to last. Every day now is precious. I hate to lose one day. I had sent John Barrington and Jim Croke up to our camp on the River with some necessaries for the crew. They came back this evening and report Mr. A. White, who is running the line in my absence, has about three miles cut on east side of river. The S.S. *Plover* did not put in an appearance up to bed time. Capt. Winsor went off down the bay in a skiff this morning. He is to meet the steamer at Exploits Island. He took our mail down, also two quarters of my old stag which I am sending home. I slept in Harvey's camp tonight. It was desperately cold. They had no fire as yet in front of the door though it is quite time for one.

*September 29th.* Another beautiful fine day. No sign of steamer or Mr. Hobbs. Shall not wait any longer. Made a start up the river, Harvey's party also coming along. They procured a loan of Winsor's large punt to help them getting their provisions up

to Bishop's Fall. I had to tell Cunningham to stop work, try and settle with his men by giving them orders or paying them with his provisions, then go down to Exploits to see if Hobbs was come and, if not, go back to St. John's. We started on our journey up the river and got along fast so long as the river was smooth and we had plenty of water, reaching High Point by dinner-time. Soon after, we struck the strong water and when we reached the Little Rattle or first rapid Harvey's men could not stem it and had to warp up their boats. They are no good for river work and I fear they will have a hard time getting up to the Badger. They were boasting and bragging all the way of what they could do but when it came to the push, they were like a parcel of fools, not knowing what to do or where to go. Poor Charlie himself does not know the first thing about river work. However, their two Indians, if they will only be said by them,<sup>762</sup> will pull them through all right and show them the best places and what to avoid. We left them at the rapid and pushed on to the Bishop's Fall. Here we landed some of our provisions to be carried in on back by the way of Jumper's Brook. We then went on to our camp which we reached just at sunset. We found all well here and the line advanced over four miles eastward.

*September 30th.* Another beautiful day. Sent Arthur in to continue the line, while I and Peter John took the boats down to Harvey, as we had no further use for them. They only reached the

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<sup>762</sup>Be guided, directed by.

fall this morning having been stuck at the first rapid all night. We gave them our boats but found they did not even know how to load them properly. Peter and I had to direct them. We then placed one man in each boat to fend her off the rocks while the others warped them up with long-lines. Finally we had to take one of their boat loads, as they could not get it along. The two Indians, Pauls from Wigwam Point, in a small bark canoe took a load up to the Grand Fall portage. The others deposited their stuff opposite our camp intending to remain there till Monday. After dinner Peter and I measured up to the mouth of Great Rattling Brook. I then walked in the line about two miles. When I returned, Harvey's party were up and Charlie himself at our camp where he stayed all night.

*Sunday October 1st.* Another beautiful, fine, sunny day like midsummer weather. Charlie and Duder,<sup>763</sup> his chainman, stayed all day at our camp. His men also came over and we had a regular reunion. We had a good stock of papers to read as Capt. Winsor had brought up our mail. The day passed away almost without our knowing it. Harvey's two Indians returned from Grand Falls. They shot an old stag but never brought a bit of it down. After tea just as our visitors were about to depart, Cunningham came to our camp, with two other Indians in a canoe. He brought us the news that last evening Mr. Hobbs, Stewart<sup>764</sup> and some mining people

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<sup>763</sup>W.E. Duder.

<sup>764</sup>John R. Stewart, a Nova Scotian involved in mining enterprises in Notre Dame Bay; see Martin, *Once Upon a Mine*, pp. 23-4.

arrived from Little Bay in the *Hiram Perry*, and that Mr. Hobbs paid off his men and made arrangements for him to proceed to Gander Bay to work there all winter in continuing the Meridian lines started by Engineer McLeod a few years ago.<sup>765</sup> Hobbs himself though anxious to see me was in too great a hurry to come up. He wrote me a note however by which I learned he is very anxious to have our work connected with Mr. McLeod's survey on the Gander and now that Cunningham is going there I hope to accomplish it. I had already in anticipation of Hobbs coming up directed Cunningham to take up the end of McLeod's line and continue it westward 6 or 12 miles, then run south true to meet my line. If he can accomplish this work by the end of the month all will be well, and had not Harvey failed in carrying out his portion betimes we would have had a good season's work to show. Well, it is a satisfaction to know before leaving here that all the business with regard to Cunningham is settled and I am glad for his sake. He would have been in a fix with his men had not Hobbs put in an appearance and paid them. He tells some good yarns of how they watched him and his stores lest he should slip off without paying them. He is a good sort, full of quaint, dry humour and I rather like him. He kept us in roars telling us of his experiences with his crew all summer. He takes the baymen off to perfection. He stayed the night at our camp and goes back

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<sup>765</sup>In 1875 the Canadian surveyor C.H. McLeod, with his own crew, was employed by the government to survey timber lands on the Humber and in Gander Bay. See *JHA* (1876), Appendix, pp. 371-96.

tomorrow.

*October 2nd.* Dull, foggy and wet. Remained in camp till noon. Harvey's party left to ascend the river and Cunningham went down. We then took an early dinner, packed up and moved camp to end of our line. It was a hard tramp of 2 1/2 miles but we got in and had our camps all snugly arranged before night. I left John and Peter Stride to go down the river and take the things left at Bishop's Fall down to Jumper's Brook and then portage them in to where our line would cross it. After which they go down the River and take a canoe-load across to Little Rattling Brook and portage it in by way of several ponds which reach up nearly to where our line will run.

*October 3rd.* Fine day. Two of our men laid up. Larkin<sup>766</sup> complains of a pain in his shoulder and Rielly<sup>767</sup> with a sore foot having hurt it somehow yesterday. One of the cooks took their place on the line today. We got along fast cutting over a mile and a quarter, the best day's work for the season. If the weather holds good we will, I believe, get along faster now than during the hot summer weather. Today was so cold that the men could only keep themselves comfortably warm by cutting vigorously.

*October 4th.* Froze hard last night and very cold all day. Wind N.W. blowing hard with showers of hail. Did another good day's work and got down our 6th-mile post. We crossed one branch of Jumper's Brook and ascended a steep ridge on opposite side of

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<sup>766</sup>P. Larkin.

<sup>767</sup>John Rielly.

it.

*October 5th.* Froze very hard again last night. All the little pools of water covered with ice this morning. It was cold all day. Made nearly another mile today. Met John and Peter who came up to look for us by a path leading along the middle branch of Jumper's Brook. This is the path used by the Indian mail carriers during the winter. It was cut out and marked all through from the Bay d'Espoir a few years ago by Louis John and Peter John. Our two Indians left their loads some two miles down, not knowing how far we had reached. After dinner they went back again taking Jim Croke with them and did not reach camp till after night.

We are now nearly across the valley of Jumper's Brook having crossed two branches of the river and nearly reached the third or main branch. After this we rise over a steep wooded ridge which I think will bring us to the summit level of the country here towards Mt. Peyton. So far our line runs through green woods and the cutting is fairly easy, but I fear we will have much burnt woods to contend with, and consequently heavier cutting when we surmount the next ridge, judging from Peter's report.

*October 6th.* Fine day again, dull and much milder. Moved camp to main branch of Jumper's Brook and got all our things in early. The men had then to go after the things left by the Indians, and did not get back till after dark. Having now a full stock of provisions it takes a whole day to move a few miles, especially now as the days are growing so short. We have seen

much fresh deer footing, but have not met with any of the animals themselves so far. John and Peter say there have been a great many about here lately.

*October 7th.* Dull and mild again looks like rain, but it held up fine all day. Arthur White not well today, had to give up chaining after dinner and return to camp. Owing to delay in the morning we only made 3/4 of a mile today. We reached the top of the ridge east of Jumper's Brook and soon entered the first of the burnt woods. Passed through much fine timber today, a good deal of it large pine. This has been a fine week of weather though cold but pleasant to work in. If October continues like this I have great hope of getting through by the end of the month, if the burnt woods does not cause too much delay.

*Sunday October 8th.* Very dull and quite sultry all day. Looks for soft weather, but it may pass off. Remained in camp all the morning and after dinner took a stroll with my gun but saw nothing to shoot. Yet there were plenty of fresh signs of deer everywhere. The men are all busy today mending boots and patching their clothes. Arthur is much better.

*October 9th.* Very fine, sultry day again. Cutting through burnt woods all day which continues as far as we can see ahead and away to the southward. This is part of the territory swept by the great forest fire which devastated the Gander valley some years ago.<sup>768</sup> It presents a very desolate appearance, yet many of

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<sup>768</sup>1871.

the bare leafless and barkless trees are still standing and might be utilized. But the amount tumbled down and piled on the ground renders travelling all but impossible. It is desperate hard work cutting through this burnt district, nevertheless, we made good progress today and cut over a mile. We crossed one large marsh in which we saw an old stag feeding. I had not my gun with me but even if I had I don't think I should have shot him. This is the height of the rutting season and the meat is scarcely fit for food. John Burke and I were standing by the instrument when we saw him. The other men had gone ahead. The stag watched us very closely and looked as though he meant to charge us. He kept walking slowly towards us. He could distinctly hear the men ahead chopping but did not mind the noise. When it was time for me to move on with the instrument, the lad moved also in the same direction and eyed me very threateningly all the while, but I soon got out of his sight in the woods. John, who remained behind to put up a pole, now became the object of his wrath. After a while we saw John hurrying towards us. It appeared that as soon as the stag lost sight of me he made directly for John at a trot. Poor John was terribly scared but was fortunately able to climb a tree and escape him. The brute came right up close to him pawing the ground and tossing his horns like a mad bull, with fire in his eyes, but he sheered off after a while and went out our line. John then came down from his perch and ran to meet the rest of us. I had often heard of them facing people at this season but never till now actually witnessed it. Arthur was so much afraid

that for a considerable time he would not go back to chain the line up.

*October 10th.* Another very fine day. Made good progress till evening when we got into a very rugged, broken and hilly country with frequent rocky ridges cropping up. From all appearances we have a nasty piece of country ahead of us.

*October 11th.* Dull, cold morning. Moved camp and just reached the end of our line when it came to rain hard. Had to put up our camps hurriedly in a very exposed spot with little or no shelter. The rain continued all the afternoon and finally turned to wet snow. It was very raw and cold and blowing hard from the N.E. Altogether it turned out such a miserable evening we could not work out of doors.

*October 12th.* Desperately cold all night. Had hard frost. All the hills this morning white with snow and the pools near camp frozen over. But it turned out a fine day though very cold. Pushed on the line, but soon got into a very rugged piece of country. We had to cross two ponds, necessitating the construction of rafts, and Little Rattling Brook, all of which delayed us considerably. The cutting also was very heavy. At one place our line took us over the edge of a steep cliff. If we have much of this character of country we will scarcely get through before our stock of provisions is exhausted. The Brook we crossed today flows into a large pond about a mile to the North of our line, which is evidently that which our Indians are making for with our extra supplies.

*October 13th.* Froze very hard again last night. It was exceedingly cold in camp. But the day turned out very fine and sunny. Had to build rafts again to cross a large pond. This caused much delay. We then pushed on over a rugged country and only made about half a mile for the day.

*October 14th.* Froze hard again last night, but turned out another beautiful day. We were up early and finished breakfast as the sun rose. It was a splendid sight to see the myriad sparkling diamond-like specks of frost on the bushes and ground as the beams of Old Sol lit them up.

Moved camps to end of our line and pitched them in a hollow between two projecting shoulders of rock. It was a much more sheltered place than the last. Just as we had our camps up, Peter Stride made his appearance, coming up from the big pond passed yesterday, where I conjectured they would be. They got the grub all in but could not manage to carry the canoe along, it being over three miles from the pond to the salt water and very rough travelling. They, however, got the loan of a flat from old man Beaton of Upper Sandy Point, which he had here on the pond. With the aid of this they will get all up to the nearest point to our line and from thence will back it in. After dinner we pushed for about half a mile and reached a somewhat better country, but Peter says it is again very rugged towards the Blue Hill (Mt. Peyton). This is now quite visible and is only about 6 or 7 miles distant.

*Sunday October 15th.* Dull, mild day with S.W. wind. It blew

fresh and looks as if we were in for another mild spurt. It came to rain about noon and continued all the afternoon. John and Peter came up and had dinner at camp. Peter wants to go home, and I promised to pay him off in a few days when they get all the stuff into camp. I am beginning to fear we will scarcely succeed in making connection with Cunningham's line before it is too late, especially should we encounter much bad weather and heavy cutting. Peter informs me that Jure, the man who brought Cunningham around to Gander Bay, had returned and reported he did not think he would get a crew there. If that be the case, and he has much delay there he certainly will not get to us in time. I am also getting quite anxious lest the winter set in on us too soon and freeze up the lakes and rivers which would be serious for us with so large a crew and no grub. We must pull out now for all we are worth and try to finish by the end of the month. In any case I must try and communicate with Cunningham before I leave if he is anywhere within reach.

*October 16th.* Beautiful day. Continued our line eastward and made good progress across a wide valley covered with fallen timber. In some places the ground was dreadfully encumbered for many feet above the surface.

*October 17th.* Still another beautiful day, the heat being almost oppressive. Yet the frost lay heavy on the ground in the morning. We made good progress today. John and Peter came up and informed us they had all our stuff up to within a mile of us. So tomorrow after we move camp I will send down several hands to

fetch it up. Peter stayed at camp tonight and as he is anxious to get home I intend paying him off tomorrow. I have now decided to go out by way of the Gander River to Gander Bay where we finish our line and thence on to Fogo to catch the steamer for home. It would be a long weary tramp back to Exploits and probably delay us very much. I have now to send John Barrington and Jim Croke out again to bring more flour, some clothes, and other things required, and pack up the remainder carefully, and with a note to Harvey to take all our things home with him. Our time is now getting short as we have to be at Fogo not later than the 10th of November to catch the *Plover*. This leaves us but eighteen days including Sundays to finish up about 15 miles of line. It will be tight on us to accomplish it unless the weather continues favourable and the country improves.

*October 18th.* Still another beautiful day. Up and breakfasted at sunrise. Paid Peter off and wished him good-bye, then moved camp to end of our line, but here the ground was not favourable for camping. We continued cutting with but four men all the afternoon. The other five were away with John to cut a path and bring up the grub tomorrow. We reached our 14th mile before night and got up our camps.

*October 19th.* Continued the line with only four men and made good progress up to dinner-time when we reached a patch of green woods. The other four men came up with their loads and we had all hands at work again cutting after dinner. We struck a pond and some very bad broken, hilly ground which delayed us considerably,

yet we made 3/4 of a mile today. It was a beautiful day and the black flies were as busy as in midsummer. The nights are now so cold that the men keep good fires going all the time in front of their camps. Old Tom Ebbs particularly, gets up and replenishes his at all hours. He reports a curious phenomenon in the form of a great streak of light in the Eastern sky toward daylight for some nights past, but no one paid much attention to him. John Barrington however informed us yesterday that it was a comet<sup>769</sup> of extraordinary size and brilliancy, having a tail, as he described it, as long as a pine tree.

*October 20th.* Still another beautiful day, I certainly never experienced so much fine weather in October month before. Arthur and I got up last night to see the comet but only saw part of the tail. It was rather early in the night and it had not fully appeared above the horizon. The air was extremely frosty so we were glad to jump into our blankets again, and did not get warm for the rest of the night. Today we nearly reached our 16th mile but were short of three men who had to go back to the pond for the remainder of the grub.

We are now getting into a more open country and will, I hope, make better progress.

*October 21st.* The weather still remains beautifully fine.

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<sup>769</sup>Called the Great September Comet (named "1882II"; p.c., Garry Dymond). Editorials of a non-scientific nature appeared in the *New York Times* discussing reports of this comet being sighted in the United States (Sept. 4, p. 4, Oct. 4 and 10, p. 4). The photograph of the comet taken by Sir David Gill at the Cape of Good Hope (the first good photograph taken) is reproduced in Patrick Moore, *Comets* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1976), p. [102].

Geoffrey,<sup>770</sup> second cook, called us early this morning to see the comet and we had a good view of it as it was now well above the horizon. It is an enormous one with a tail like a huge fan lighting up the whole Southeastern sky. It knocks all the comets I have ever seen into the shade. It rises a little south of east or about E. by S. true and is not far behind Orion, the inclination of its tail being nearly the same as the belt of that constellation. This enormous tail spreads several degrees over the sky and is forked at the end like a fish's tail. The comet certainly must be very near our earth, judging from its brilliancy and large size. I should like very much to know what Astronomers have to say about it. I wonder if it is the one that is going to make a football of our poor little globe and knock it out of creation. The men all have great yarns about it.

This was our day for moving camp, but I deferred doing so to give John and Croke a chance to catch up to us. We continued on our line making great progress across a wide valley with scattered small timber and marshes, yet still burnt country.

*Sunday October 22nd.* Magnificent day again. I never remember such beautiful weather for this time of year. It is truly charming, the only drawback being the coldness of the nights. October so far has been decidedly the finest month for the season. We have not lost a day from work. We are now "making hay while the sun shines," as the old saw has it. Up before sunrise

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<sup>770</sup>Likely G. Kelly.

every morning and at work till dark pushing as hard as we can to get through. I often fear the weather is too fine to last and that we will be caught by bad weather before we get into the shelter of the green woods and get a drilling.<sup>771</sup> There is one thing in our favour we have plenty of dry wood and no trouble to keep our fires going, fortunately also the nights are very calm and bright but very frosty. Every morning the ground is covered with hoar frost and the small ponds caught over. When the sun rises clear and bright, as it usually does, the effect is truly beautiful. Trees, shrubs and surface reflect its rays as if from innumerable brilliants,<sup>772</sup> but as the sun gains power all quickly melts and the bushes then become laden with moisture and make travelling through them very disagreeable. Some of the days last week were actually oppressive. I frequently had to discard my coat and work in shirt sleeves, and as yet I have not put on my heavy underclothing. Nearly every day the black flies put in an appearance and even attempt to bite, but that spiteful venom so characteristic of them in summertime is gone, and the most they can now do is to torment one. All other animal life is remarkably absent. We have seen no deer since the old stag which treed John Burke, yet we see a good deal of fresh footing in the marshes, but the ring of our axes on the hard dry trees travels so far while the country is so open, the deer see or hear our approach and clear out of the way. Birds also are very scarce. We saw one

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<sup>771</sup>Get drenched, overwhelmed.

<sup>772</sup>I.e., diamonds.

partridge yesterday, one black duck and a couple of pie birds during the week. Only the ubiquitous Canada Jay, or Whisky Jack, is our constant companion everywhere. I am beginning to have a kindly feeling for this thievish rascal. He makes himself so familiar around our camps. The little Hudsonian Tit or Chick-a-dee<sup>773</sup> also follows us about, hopping from branch to branch. He often perches close to me when standing over the transit, peering curiously into my face. He seems to watch every movement of my fingers as if wondering what on earth I was doing. Occasionally the common Black-capped woodpecker flicks about from one dry tree to another seeking for the hidden worm or borer. He will peck away on the hard wood with such force and vigour as to cause splinters to fly from them. On a calm day he will make the woods re-echo as though it were a party of axemen chopping the trees.<sup>774</sup> We have seen some fresh signs of bears but have not yet had the good fortune to run across one. It is rather strange we do not see more partridge as the country hereabout looks very favourable for them. Arctic hares appear to be fairly plentiful yet we seldom see one.

Croke and John did not put in an appearance up to dinner-time. So I decided to move camp to end of line. Although it is Sunday the men were all willing to do so as they are as anxious as myself to get through now. We got in early and were all

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<sup>773</sup>Boreal chickadee.

<sup>774</sup>Howley was always a student of bird life. See his *Nature Studies With Observations on the Natural History of Newfoundland* ([St. John's], 1913), pp. 8-13.

settled away snugly before sunset.

*October 23rd.* Another beautiful day. Continued the line and made good progress. About an hour after we returned to camp John and Croke came bringing letters and papers. Found all going well at home but learn that poor old Mr. Murray had been laid up with another bad attack of gout. The papers were a great godsend, as we have been longing for some news from the outside world. Of course they are chiefly occupied with politics, both sides blackguarding each other as usual. John informs us that two of Harvey's men are out to Dominion Point. He finished his line last Wednesday and is now measuring our base line out to Bishop's Fall and expects to finish the coming Wednesday. Burfitt,<sup>775</sup> one of his men, is coming in our line to join Cunningham's party for the winter and will bring me the result of Harvey's work. John and Croke were unable to bring along all the grub and left three loads at the pond. This will cause more delay sending after it, but there is no help for it.

*October 24th.* There is a change in the weather today. It is dull and very foggy with misty rain, very disagreeable. I fear it is only the prelude to a general break-up and that the glorious weather of the past month is at an end. We went on with our work however, and did a good day's work. John and Croke went back for their loads and were very late getting to camp. They did not arrive till sometime after night and had much difficulty getting

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<sup>775</sup>William Burfitt.

along in the dark.

*October 25th.* As I anticipated, today turned out wet and stormy. We intended moving in the morning but had to give up the idea. The wind increased to a regular gale from the S.W., the first for the season and the day proved a very miserably wet one, especially in the exposed place where we are camped. The barometer fell to 28.02".

*October 26th.* Still blowing a gale, but the wind has veered more to the Westward and it became bitterly cold. Still it was pretty fine overhead and we were able to continue our cutting. Had to send an extra man out with John and Croke to pack in our stuff. We got through a good day's work and passed the Blue Mountain tolt (Mt. Peyton). We are now fairly on the Gander Valley slope and on Monday evening I saw the great lake from the top of a bare ridge near our line but the river is yet a long way off. Our packers were back when we returned to camp.

*October 27th.* Still stormy and very cold wind about N.W. Moved camp in morning and got into a small green patch near end of our line where we had more shelter. After dinner sent some of the lads back to bring up their packs from last camp. Did a good afternoon's work. When we returned to camp in evening Burfitt was there, with Bill Beaton who came to pilot him in. He brought me a letter from Charlie by which I learn he is out, having finished his measurement on Wednesday. He then left for Exploits on the same day.

*October 28th.* Still blowing a gale and very cold with

occasional showers of hail. I lent Burfitt my gun and he went up to the Blue Mountain to look for the smoke of Cunningham's camp. This was our best day's work for the season, we cut and measured nearly two miles but were very late in getting back to camp. The day was bitterly cold and terminated in a regular blizzard or snow storm. This makes the travelling very bad and even dangerous in the dark. As a consequence I was more tired than on any day for the season. Burfitt shot two large Arctic hares, which were snow-white as in midwinter. This would seem to indicate the early approach of winter, but perhaps the elevated position they occupied on the top of the mountain may have had something to do with their early change. He saw several more hares, which appeared to be plentiful. We rose a covey of partridge today but had no gun to shoot them with. They also were very white for the season. Burfitt saw no sign of Cunningham's camp smoke and I fear he is much behindhand. It appears he could not get a crew in Gander Bay and was obliged to go back to Change Island and Herring Neck, where he only succeeded in procuring nine men. I cannot now wait for him to make a junction of our lines as the time is getting too short, and we must leave the end of next week at latest, done or not. I must, however, try to see him if possible.

*Sunday October 29th.* A fine day but very cold in morning. All the ground covered with snow, but the wind has gone down and it is now quite calm. Arthur, John Burke, Burfitt and I started off after breakfast to ascend Mt. Peyton. We reached it after a

couple of hours' tramp and climbed to the summit. It was intensely cold up here, but on its southerly slope where the sun shone brightly it was much warmer. We had a splendid view of Gander Lake and surrounding country and a part of the river in front of our line. It seems yet quite a distance away. We could see no sign of any camp smoke to the northward in the direction of Cunningham's line. There were numerous signs of hares in the fresh snow and after a little search we saw several. They were sunning themselves on the bare rocks on the southern slope of the mountain. We shot four between us and one partridge, the only one we saw. It afforded a really pleasant bit of sport. These hares are fine animals almost as large and heavy as a spring lamb.

On our way back Arthur and I took a long round and struck our line quite a distance inside the camps. The men after their dinner took a load each in to the end of the line to lighten the work for tomorrow and got back at dark. They are all now anxious to get through so as to go home.

*October 30th.* Cold winterish day but fine. We moved camp in morning to end of line and then went on cutting. We again camped in a small green patch. It was a poor place but afforded more shelter than in the burnt woods. Came on foggy again with drizzling rain. It was so wet and miserable that we could not do much cutting.

*October 31st.* Dull and wet in morning but cleared off fine, though cold and raw. We got through a good day's cutting nevertheless. Burfitt went off in afternoon to look for

Cunningham but returned after dark having been as he says some 5 or 6 miles to the northward but could not get any further, being cut off by several large ponds. Could see no sign of smoke from trees that he climbed. Today we fairly entered the green woods, but still had small patches to cut through. I fear the river is still much further off than we contemplated.

*Wednesday November 1st.* Fine day, rather mild in fact. We actually had lots of black flies biting us all day. I never knew them so late. I really believe they would come out on a fine sunny day in midwinter. Got through another good day's work and we are now nearly 26 1/2 miles from the Exploits. Crossed Salmon Brook<sup>776</sup> tributary of the Gander.

*November 2nd.* A very fine day. Moved camp and had to cross a pond, which necessitated building a raft and consequently much delay. Camped in the green woods beyond the pond, which seems to continue right out to the Gander. Several of the men had to go back for packs left behind. I had only four cutting during the afternoon. They made over half a mile. We crossed another pond. John went to look for a beaver in the evening having seen plenty of fresh cuttings. Burfitt took another trip in search of Cunningham. They both saw a deer each but only John had a gun and he did not get a shot at the one he saw. There is a great deal of fresh footing about this pond. It is quite a relief to get into the long green woods once more, and we are very comfortable

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<sup>776</sup>Salmon River.

tonight with a good birch fire in front of our tent.

*November 3rd.* Cold day, began to snow in showers and continued all day at intervals. It was very cold on the line, and the men found it awfully disagreeable cutting, as the trees were laden with snow which fell in avalanches upon them all the while and soon wet them through but we kept on cutting and did a good day's work. Crossed another pond and are now nearly 28 miles, as far as I supposed the Gander to be, yet still no sign of it. Burfitt who went ahead nearly to the river reports it fully a mile further yet. He saw three deer and some partridge.

*November 4th.* Cold, winterish day, a good deal of snow on ground and trees, ponds nearly all frozen over. Cutting hard all day in hope of reaching river, but before leaving off I climbed a large pine and saw the water apparently a good half a mile ahead. This was the day I calculated on getting through and moving camp tomorrow, expected to make an early start on Monday to travel down towards Gander Bay so as to try and catch the steamer at Fogo on Friday or Saturday next. But as we failed to reach the river there is nothing for it but to continue the cutting tomorrow.

*Sunday November 5th.* Fine winterish day. Moved camp in morning in to end of the line and then went on cutting away for all we were worth till dinner-time expecting every moment to strike the river. After dinner I sent four hands and the two cooks out to put up camps while the rest continued cutting till dark, yet we did not succeed in finishing the line though we are

now nearly 30 miles from Exploits. We have fully half a mile yet before us and the river, which means several hours' work tomorrow, but we are bound to finish the line now whatever the consequence may be though we run a great risk of missing the steamer as it will leave us but three days altogether. It will take at least two days to get down the river, over 30 miles, and as we are now without boats we must either walk all the way or build rafts and try to run it. The men had the camps up on a nice point along side the steady below Gander Lake.

*November 6th.* Beautiful, sunny, day. Went back to line taking only half the men and continued cutting, while the others were packing out all our things and cutting raft sticks. We finished the line out to the river about 11 A.M., then had dinner, when we moved camps and all our baggage down to the mouth of Salmon River, below the first rapids. John Burke and I spent all the afternoon trying to make a dugout from a large pine log we found by the side of the river, but had to abandon the attempt after all, as it would take too long and moreover in trying to get it down to camp it got caught out in the river and we had to let it stop there. The men cut and made four rafts during the afternoon and tomorrow we will make a start down stream. I expect some of us will have to walk as the rafts are not able to accommodate us all.

*November 7th.* It was very cold last night the ground being quite frozen. We had to clear away the snow to set up our camps. We were all up at dawn and prepared for our voyage down stream.

There was considerable delay getting the rafts underweigh, none of the men except John Barrington had any previous experience in this sort of navigation. We first had to pack all our stuff across the river. Arthur, John Burke, the two cooks and I took small packs each and pushed on through the woods on foot. But as the snow lay over a foot deep and was wet and heavy we soon found it rather trying work. The day was beautifully fine and warm. The lads with the rafts had a hard time at first getting down over some rapids but after a few miles they had smooth water and soon caught up with us and when we all reached the commencement of the first pond or steady we stopped for dinner. Being pretty tired of our attempt at walking and having made such slow progress, John Burke and I went to work to make ourselves a raft which the men finished while we were eating dinner. We now had sufficient rafts to take all hands in the smooth water. As John Barrington had the best raft of the lot, I made him take A. White and McGloudery,<sup>777</sup> our cook and all the instruments. He also had with him on the front Jim Croke, the next best man at such work. All the others paired themselves off on the remaining rafts and they managed to get along fine in the smooth water. Some of the men thought they could not get sticks too large to float them. They cut huge dead pines which of course being light and dry floated high but they had the disadvantage of drawing too much water and were consequently grounding on the rocks and shallows.

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<sup>777</sup>J. McGloudery.

John Burke and myself had the smallest and lightest raft of the flotilla, and were able to keep in shoal water and nearer the shore. We got along fine. It turned out a very warm day. We all made good progress on the long narrow pond. We had to pole all the way as there was no current to help us along. Fortunately, it was calm and we were able to keep near the shore where we found good hold for our poles in the shallow water. We reached the lower end of the pond before sunset and camped on a nice point just where the river narrowed and where the water ran strong. We saw some of Cunningham's marks on opposite side and where his line crossed the river but he was not there to meet us. I expect he is now some distance on his line westward. We also saw Burfitt's tracks all along the steady and presume he has found Cunningham and joined him. We are now again very short of grub all except flour and tea.

*November 8th.* It was very cold last night and froze hard. Quite a large portion of the pond along the margins was covered with ice this morning. Croke and Arthur went across to Cunningham's line with Burfitt's bag and a note from me, and found a note addressed to me. They also found some stores and helped themselves to some pork and coffee which were much needed. Cunningham's note informed me he had only returned yesterday from Gander Bay with a new crew, his first lot having abandoned him. He is now only 2 1/2 miles west of the river and has only sufficient provisions to enable him to reach our base line. Mr. Hobbs has not written him or sent further supplies. He supposes

the idea of his remaining out all winter has been abandoned. I was sorry I could not spare time to pay him a visit. Having built another raft for Geoffrey, Tom Ebbs and Dalton,<sup>778</sup> we are now well furnished with craft, such as they are, being six in all. Immediately after breakfast we commenced our descent of the river. Made a good run down to the 2nd pond as we had a strong current and plenty of water in our favour. In some places it was pretty ticklesome going, and I was much afraid the inexperienced crews would come to grief. There were some very amusing scenes, rafts would get hung up on the rocks or turn broadside, or go sternforemost, but fortunately we all got through without mishaps. The day was a truly magnificent one for the season. A short run after dinner brought us to the 3rd. pond. Here we had a long tiresome pole. Near the lower end of this pond just where the running water again commenced we saw three deer swim across. John Barrington and I went ashore to try and cut them off but we were too late. Had we a canoe we would have had no difficulty in doing so. We now continued poling down the river and as the night was fine and calm we pushed on nearly to the lower end of the 1st. pond fearing lest it should come on to blow tomorrow and prevent our getting along. We kept on for about two hours after dark until we nearly reached the strong water below, when we decided to camp, not caring to risk the running water in the dark. We got our camps up in a nice place and soon made ourselves

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<sup>778</sup>Michael Dalton.

comfortable with good fires going. It froze very hard all day and for about an hour before stopping we were obliged to break the ice with our poles to enable us to get our rafts along. We had a good supper tonight of pork and doughboys. We made about 14 miles today and are now within 6 of Gander Bay, but the worst rapids on the river occur here and I expect we will have a bad time tomorrow.

*November 9th.* Very frosty again last night but turned out a beautiful day. Made an early start, our rafts are now quite waterlogged and heavy. Had a hard pole at first till we reached the running water. Here we soon got into some strong rough water. Some queer scenes now occurred and I was much afraid some of the lads would come to grief. In fact while running one bad rapid, Jim Croke on John Barrington's raft slipped and fell headlong overboard and was nearly drowned. He struggled manfully to keep himself afloat, but he could not have stood it long in the icy water. He was swept down stream while those on the raft were unable to render him any assistance. But for John Barrington's good management the poor chap would undoubtedly have been lost. John quickly sent the raft ahead and at the lower end of the rapid grounded her on a rock, and as Croke was being carried past he reached out his pole to him and dragged him aboard. The poor chap was almost gone. We went ashore and quickly lit a big fire for him. I had a little brandy in my flask of which I gave him a good hot dose, and when he got his clothes off and put on some dry ones he soon revived. McGlouderly was so scared at this

occurrence that no amount of money would induce him to again entrust his life to the raft. He took to the land and walked all the rest of the way down. After running another very strong rapid we met a Gander Bay man in a punt whom I employed to carry down a boatload of our things.

At length we reached the salt water at the head of Gander Bay about noon having performed the feat of running thirty miles of the river on our frail rafts, a feat which really astonished the people here, especially at such a season of the year. At the house of Elias Harris, one of the men who accompanied Mr. Murray in 1874, we were most hospitably entertained and given a good blowout of venison stew. Elias is a fine fellow and was exceedingly kind to us all. After dinner I went to try and hire boats and crews to take us down to Fogo, but it was not easy to induce any of the people to come along. I only procured one large boat and one punt which were not sufficient to take us all. There was a schooner here loading firewood but she would not be ready for several days. This would be too late, we must try if possible to get off tomorrow, or we will miss the steamer. Some of the Gillinghams<sup>779</sup> here killed several deer last week and I bought three quarters of venison from them. Our men camped out tonight, but Arthur and I were accommodated with a berth on the floor of Harris's kitchen near the cooking stove. But they kept it so hot I could not sleep a wink till it cooled towards daylight.

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<sup>779</sup>A big family in Gander Bay.

November 10th. After considerable delay looking for more boats since daylight I succeeded in getting three and purchasing a fourth for which I had to pay £2.0.0. though she was not worth half as much. I also had to pay £2. each to the men in each boat, while the larger boat cost us £4.10.0. We all got off about 8 A.M. and with a very light breeze proceeded down the Bay. Arthur and I were in the larger boat but as the wind died away we were soon left behind. The punts with their oars got along much faster. About midday when in the mouth of Gander Bay a nice fresh breeze sprung up from the westward and we soon began to bowl along at a smart clip. The other lads went ashore on the Dog Bay Islands<sup>780</sup> to boil their kettle but we pushed on and soon left them a long way behind. It was desperately cold on the water especially towards evening, and we were glad to take turns at the sweeps to try and keep our blood in circulation. By sunset we were in sight of the houses at Fogo and reached the canal at Seal Cove<sup>781</sup> about an hour after dark, but the other boats were fully an hour later. At last we were fairly out of the woods again and into civilization once more. We had the satisfaction of learning that the *Plover* had not yet returned from the northward having had to go to Labrador this trip. Our troubles were not yet over however. It was with the greatest difficulty we managed to procure lodgings for the night. But for Magistrate Fitzgerald<sup>782</sup>

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<sup>780</sup>Dog Islands.

<sup>781</sup>Seal Cove is the southern of Fogo's two harbours. The Canal is at the head of Seal Cove. It would be a landing point for Fogo.

<sup>782</sup>James Fitzgerald.

we certainly would not have succeeded. I went right to him and put our case before him. At first the old gent received us rather coldly. "D--n it," said he, "I don't know who you are." "Well," I replied, "I don't suppose you do. At all events we are Government officials and employees who have been all summer in the woods. We are now stranded and being perfect strangers here, naturally we came to the Magistrate to see if he could find lodgings for us." That fetched him and when I told him my name his whole manner changed. He at once sent his sons off to look up lodgings at some nearby houses, telling the people that they must take us in. Arthur and I secured comfortable quarters at a Mr. Picket's.<sup>783</sup> In the meantime he made us go up to his house to tea. Here we were treated with the utmost kindness. His daughter, mistress of the house and his son's wife, a daughter of old Capt. Hagan's,<sup>784</sup> were extremely kind. We were soon on good terms with all hands and the old man notwithstanding his cool reception and brusque manner at first, proved himself a splendid host. Irishman-like, he was full of queer old yarns and entertained us after tea for a couple of hours very pleasantly. He knew my father very well, in fact, I believe came from the same part of Ireland.<sup>785</sup> We then proceeded to our lodgings and found everything clean and comfortable. The house was kept by an old bachelor and a couple of old maiden sisters. As we were pretty tired after our long day's journey we

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<sup>783</sup>Perhaps Peter Pickett.

<sup>784</sup>Captain John Hagen, sealing skipper.

<sup>785</sup>Co. Tipperary.

soon retired to the luxury of a nice feather bed for the first time in four months.

*November 11th.* Very fine, warm day again but cold in morning. I took a walk after breakfast over the hills to see the country which is extremely rugged and barren. It is nearly all bare rocks with scarcely a bush anywhere. It has all been swept clean by fire, and was probably in that condition when first discovered, hence the old navigator's name Fuego, or Fire Island. We then took a survey of the town and made some purchases particularly some tobacco for the men, who were long short of that luxury. Father Brown<sup>786</sup> of Tilton Harbour<sup>787</sup> is here on his way to St. John's by steamer. There are also a number of other passengers awaiting her. She is not expected till Wednesday next as she had to proceed to Labrador with provisions for the destitute inhabitants who owing to a poor fishery are on the verge of starvation.

*Sunday November 12th.* Cold, raw, wet and stormy day. Went to Mass, and then had a chat with Father Brown. Too miserable all day to go about much.

*November 13th.* Fine day again. Got all our things over to Seal Cove as the steamer would most likely call in there as she usually does this time of the year. The entrance to Fogo Harbour is so narrow and exposed to N.E. winds that should the wind come out and a sea make after she got in, she might be days there

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<sup>786</sup>Fr. James Brown.

<sup>787</sup>Tilting Harbour.

without being able to get out again. Just as we had all over, we climbed up Brimstone Head to have a lookout and saw the steamer's smoke in the distance. We went back and paid for the men's and our own board, picked up all our belongings and were ready when she got in about 1 O'clock. We then got aboard and after a brief delay were off for home.

*November 14.* Fine day, were at Greenspond early in the morning. Made a good run today and called at King's Cove during afternoon.

*November 15th.* Still another fine day but cold on the water. Reached Trinity about dinner-time. I went ashore to send a telegram home. We left about 4 P.M. and had a fine time along.

*November 16th.* We reached St. John's just at daylight, being delayed by thick fog outside. Found all well at home and everything going on much as usual.

1883

### Surveying in Codroy Valley

The settlers, or rather squatters, on the West coast, particularly in the Codroy Valley and Bay St. George, had up to this time no legal claim to the lands they occupied. Most of them

had come over from Cape Breton and Nova Scotia and planted themselves down upon the lands and carved out homes for themselves from the wilderness.<sup>788</sup> Of course having established permanent homes and cleared up much of the land, there was no desire on the part of our Government to dispossess them. They were an industrious, thrifty class of settlers such as it was to the advantage of the country to encourage. Although hampered by the French Treaty rights, our government as far as laid in their power did what they could to help these people by opening up the territory with roads, ferries etc. A good road of some 30 miles from Codroy to Channel had been completed which enabled the people to get some of their produce to market. But as the country became more and more settled, misunderstandings arose and frequent disputes about boundary rights cropped up. There were some who wanted more than their rightful share of land and greater frontage than they had any right to expect. Poor Monsignor Sears whose heart and soul was in the country and people tried to keep the peace between them and see justice done to all parties. He drew a rough plan of the Grand River estuary and laid down thereon the lots claimed by each individual in as fair and equitable a manner as possible. Still there were many not satisfied with the boundaries he laid down. He applied to the Government to send up some responsible person to make a regular

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<sup>788</sup>Scottish Highlanders started coming from Cape Breton in the 1840s. See Rosemary E. Ommer, "Highland Scots Migration to Southwestern Newfoundland: A Study of Kinship," and John J. Mannion, "Settlers and Traders in Western Newfoundland," in *The Peopling of Newfoundland*, pp. 212-75.

survey and lay out the lands on a systematic plan and bring order out of chaos. I was selected to perform this work. Accordingly I got my crew and outfit ready and left St. John's on June 20th in the S.S. *Curlew* for the West. We were to have sailed at 10 A.M. but were delayed to await for the American mail due that morning. The *Caspian*<sup>789</sup> did not get in till 11 A.M. and it was another hour and a half before we got the mail aboard. But we did not get off till 2 P.M. owing to some trouble in the engine room. It appeared during the delay some of the steam pipes became overheated and just after leaving the wharf there was tremendous commotion. Steam began to escape in great volumes and all the stokers came tumbling up on deck in a great state of excitement. We all thought an explosion was going to take place and for a while things looked pretty ugly. The steamer was immediately stopped and the bearings etc. allowed to cool off.

We had a goodly number of passengers on board, amongst the rest Fathers Doutney and Phippard,<sup>790</sup> and Mr. Dwyer,<sup>791</sup> the newly appointed Magistrate for Bay St. George. Our party consisted of Mr. A White, Chas. Emerson, John Burke and myself in cabin. John Barrington, Tom Ebbs, Ned Morrissey, Ned Coady, Jim Croke, Walter Rose and Henry Garrett (cook) in steerage. It was densely foggy outside with a nasty swell on, caused by continuous Easterly and S.E. winds of late. Very soon several of the passengers succumbed

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<sup>789</sup>From Baltimore and Halifax; Allan Line steamer.

<sup>790</sup>William P. Doutney (1845-1919); R. Phippard (1856-86), born in Placentia.

<sup>791</sup>Michael E. Dwyer, Commissioner of Wrecked Property, Cape Ray to Little Harbour.

to Mal de mer.

After rounding Cape Spear the fog was still more dense and we had to steam slowly all the afternoon. It was very cold also and I thought the best thing to do was to turn in and have a sleep. We poked our way into Ferryland with some difficulty and all were glad to learn that Capt. Francis<sup>792</sup> decided to remain here till daylight. A lot of us went ashore to stretch our legs. I paid a visit to the Magistrate, my old friend and schoolfellow, David O'Mara. His wife<sup>793</sup> had been a passenger with us from St. John's and was very seasick. The Captain, Mr. Dwyer, and a young Nova Scotia Doctor bound for Bay St. Georges went to call on Dean Cleary<sup>794</sup> and remained till nearly 12 O'clock. We then all went aboard again. The night was desperately thick and cold and we were glad to take to our berths. In order to cause as little delay as possible in landing on the exposed shore near the mouth of the Grand River, I had sent all my provisions etc. forward by Schooner to be landed at Codroy Village. So we have only our camps and clothing with us on the steamer to look after.

They were doing very well with fish at Ferryland, also with salmon. One man last week caught 250 fine salmon in his codtrap and has now six or seven tierces ashore.

*June 21st.* Still desperately foggy. We got off about daylight. I slept till the breakfast bell rang and when I came on

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<sup>792</sup>Alonzo Francis.

<sup>793</sup>David W. O'Mara, married Mary Eliza Geddis on Oct. 28, 1875 (Newfoundlander, Nov. 2, 1875).

<sup>794</sup>Patrick Cleary.

deck the morning was fine and the sea as smooth as oil. We had rounded Cape Race and were nearly into Trepassey. There was still some fog hanging around especially to seaward, got in just after breakfast. I did not go ashore here as we anchored some distance off. Trepassey is a fine harbour beautifully situated and should it ever become a winter port with railway connection with St. John's is destined to become a place of much importance. The houses are very scattered and extend all around the shore. The people are doing wonderfully well with fish, boats loading twice a day since Monday last. After about two hours' delay here we went on our way and had a beautiful day. After rounding Cape Pine we had a good view of the shore all along. We passed the wrecks of two large steamers, one the *Langshaw*,<sup>795</sup> lay under an upright cliff near Broad Cove Head, with her decks awash at low tide and with masts and funnel still standing. The other ship was the *Lydesdale*<sup>796</sup> laden with cotton in bales. She was ashore near the celebrated St. Shotts<sup>797</sup> and stood perfectly upright wedged in between two projecting ledges of the slate cliffs, as if on dock. Her masts, funnels and all her deck houses etc are intact, but she is too firmly wedged on the rocks ever to come out of it. Her bow actually touches the gravel bank behind. The cliffs about and, in fact, the banks inland for hundreds of yards are strewn

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<sup>795</sup>Bound from Montreal to England and loaded with grain and 300 head of cattle, the S.S. *Langshaw* went ashore at Broad Cove, near Peter's River, St. Mary's Bay, on June 1. She became a total wreck. See *Eve Tel*, June 4, 1883.

<sup>796</sup>The *Liddesdale*'s loss was reported in *Eve Tel*, Dec. 4, 1882. She was out of New Orleans.

<sup>797</sup>The cove off St. Shotts had a long history of wrecked vessels.

over with cotton and present the appearance of a snow-clad country. It seems an awful pity to see two such fine vessels lying there useless. Fortunately, I believe, no lives were lost in either case.

We passed a great number of western boats fishing between Cape Pine and Holyrood,<sup>798</sup> all doing well. Reached St. Mary's just at dinner-time, but we had little delay here having only one package of freight, a harmonium for the convent,<sup>799</sup> to land. St. Mary's looks a dull place with scarcely a man, woman or child to be seen. It is the first place we heard the complaint of no fish. We were soon off for Cape St. Mary's which we rounded about 4 P.M. We saw an immense number of seabirds chiefly Hagdowns, but off the Cape Turrs seemed to prevail, especially about the Bird rock which is a detached portion of the cliff a couple of hundred feet high and perfectly inaccessible from any side. Yet it is stated that two fellows once essayed to climb it after eggs. They managed to throw a rope over from the cliff inside and made it fast. Then one shinned up followed by another. The first man succeeded in gaining the summit but the second lost his hold and was dashed to death on the ledges below. The fellow who got on top did not know this till he came down. His companions would not raise any alarm lest he should lose nerve and share the same fate. The birds breed in countless numbers on the top of this rock. I had several talks about these seabirds with some of the

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<sup>798</sup>Holyrood Pond, St. Mary's Bay.

<sup>799</sup>Presentation Convent.

passengers. One old fisherman named Hopkins gave me a lot of information. The Hagdowns are very bold birds, would scarcely move out of the steamer's way until she almost touched them with her prow. They are about the size of the Blue or Herring Gull and are rather pretty to look at, but I am told possess an abominable odour. Their heads and backs are of an umber brown colour, streaked with white. The under parts of the throat, breast and wings are pure white, and they have a white ring around the neck. The beak is shaped like the Blue Gulls, with a peculiar tube-like process on top. Its colour is black while that of the other is yellowish. With these Hagdowns are several of a rusty black colour, only the under parts of the wings being of a dirty white. These are probably young birds. The fishermen call them Black Hagdown. These birds belong to the family of Shearwaters and this is probably the Sooty Shearwater.<sup>800</sup> No one seems to know where they breed and there are all sorts of conjectures on that head.

The chief distinction between the Turr (Tinker) and the Murre<sup>801</sup> is that the latter has a white band all around the neck and a spot behind the eye while the former has all the head, neck and back coal black. Their eggs also differ considerably. That of the Turr is olive green spotted with dark brown or black marks, while that of the Murre has long streaks and brown blotches.

In crossing Placentia Bay I turned in and slept till tea

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<sup>800</sup>This is the widely known name for the hagdown.

<sup>801</sup>Tinker is the name for the northern razor-bill; turr and murre are alternate names of the Atlantic common murre.

time. This is about the best way to pass the tedium of the voyage, especially when far from the land and there is nothing to be seen. When I again came on deck it was quite foggy. We were nearing Burin and fortunate to get in before it became too thick. It was 11 P.M. before we reached the wharf. Most of us went ashore as it is the Captain's intention not to leave till daylight. Father Doutney leaves us here to proceed to his home at St. Kyrans. Father Phippard, Mr. Dwyer, the Captain and I went up to see Father Reardon.<sup>802</sup> He was just retiring for the night but we roused him up. He gave us a nice cup of tea etc. and we had a chat till nearly 12 O'clock when we all left to go on board.

*June 22nd.* I had a good sleep last night and knew nothing of our leaving Burin or calling at St. Lawrence. Got up when the breakfast bell rang and found we were on our way to St. Pierre in a dense fog. We were then somewhere off Lawn. After a while the fog cleared off and the day turned out fine with the water delightfully smooth. We reached St. Pierre just at noon and found the harbour crammed with bankers and baiting craft. It presented a strange scene. Numerous large old-fashioned French barks with bluff bows and painted ports reminding one of old line-of-battle ships. Their rigging, sails etc. bore the appearance of having weathered many a storm. In fact their whole appearance was that of derelicts. Suspended from the yards and rigging were old sails, nets and multicoloured sailors' underclothing hung up to

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<sup>802</sup>Vincent Reardon.

dry. Shock-headed French fishermen looked over their sides at us as we threaded our way slowly up the harbour through the maze of craft. Boats of all shapes and sizes were passing back and forth from the ships to the quay. Some of the larger barges were laden with salt and as they hauled alongside their respective vessels, half a dozen men or more armed with large wooden shovels all singing some chant in French began heaving up the salt on deck. This operation was performed in a methodical manner very unusual. They would poise their shovels for a moment or so then all stoop at once and plunge them into the bulk of salt and at a certain word or end of a verse in the song lift them up over the ship's bulwarks. It was very amusing to watch them. These men sing at all their work even when rowing their boats. One very curious custom is that all the men row on one side of the boat, except one who stands aft and with a long wide-bladed sweep keeps blaying<sup>803</sup> against the rest.

Most of the passengers went ashore here as it is about the only place on the route worth a visit. On the quay I met Mr. Scotland of the Telegraph staff whom I had seen in Placentia about two years ago. He came with me to look at some guns, as I desired to replace one I had purchased here in 1870 and which I had the misfortune to lose overboard last year when proceeding to the Northward. I saw a nice gun at one place but the price £6.0.0. was rather too steep for me. We then went to another

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<sup>803</sup>"Sculling, counteracting" (*DNE belay*).

place where I hoped to get a secondhand one, but failed. We then visited a cafe and had some refreshments. These cafes are gotten up in fine style very different from anything in St. John's. Altogether St. Pierre is a pretty and unique little town. Just a bit of old France transplanted here on American soil. Father Phippard introduced me to two French priests who spoke good English. One was a very intelligent man and he and I had quite a talk about the old French names upon our coast.<sup>804</sup> He was able to give me some clue to their origin and meaning which was quite interesting. He said the name Crémaillère referred to a toothed or notched piece of iron to be seen suspended from a beam in the old-fashioned chimneys of country houses. I believe the English term for this article is cotterel. I presume its application to a place must have arisen from the notched or toothed outline of the hills. We were off again about 2:30 P.M. When we came aboard dinner was over and we had much difficulty in obtaining anything to eat. The steward, an Englishman, is not at all an obliging kind of chap, and refused absolutely to give us even some bread and cheese. Dwyer and I went to the Captain and complained of the treatment. As he himself had been ashore at dinner-time he was now having a snack in the mess room so he invited us to join him, but the other poor passengers were left without anything to eat till tea-time.

We had it fine and clear as far as Fortune our next port of

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<sup>804</sup>See E.R. Seary, "The French Element in Newfoundland Place Names," *Onomastica*, No. 16 (1958). Crémaillère Harbour is near St. Anthony.

call. Here we landed a good deal of freight, and then proceeded on to Harbour Breton which we reached at dusk. Here we hauled into the wharf and landed a good deal of stuff. Father Phippard and I went to see Father Whelan,<sup>805</sup> another old schoolfellow of mine and had quite a chat with him. I met here also Joseph Sodero, Italian who knew me at once. I became acquainted with him some years ago when he was in McConnan's<sup>806</sup> bookstore. He is now Telegraph operator here and is also in charge of the Government wharf and store.

*June 23rd.* We remained in Harbour Breton till daylight as it was intensely foggy outside. I did not hear the steamer getting underweigh and knew nothing of her having been at Grand Jervois. I got up when the bell rang for breakfast and came on deck. It was still foggy with no land to be seen anywhere. Yet the sun was shining brightly overhead above the fog and it was quite warm. We were on our way to Burgeo and sighted Cape La Hune shortly after breakfast having come close in to make out the land. Shaping our course for Burgeo we arrived there just as we were through dinner. I went ashore with Arthur White to visit his brother<sup>807</sup> who is the operator here. We left again at 3 P.M. It was still very foggy outside. As we passed between the Islands we saw the remains of the old S.S. *Merlin*<sup>808</sup> stranded on the rocks. We had it somewhat clearer as we approached Rose Blanche, but it now came

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<sup>805</sup>James Whelan.

<sup>806</sup>Thomas McConnan, St. John's bookseller and stationer; d. 1892.

<sup>807</sup>George K. White.

<sup>808</sup>Sealing ship, lost in 1882.

to rain hard and turned out a very disagreeable afternoon. We reached Rose Blanche just after tea-time and had a run on shore. We started for Channel at dusk and arrived there about midnight.

*Sunday June 24th.* Had a good night's sleep and did not know when we left Channel. I awoke shortly after daylight and on looking out found we were nearly up to Cape Ray. As it was still pretty foggy and uninviting on deck I remained in my berth till I found we were in quite smooth water and I knew we were around the Cape. I then turned out. It was not yet 6 O'clock. We were well around the Cape and on our way for Codroy. It was still drizzling rain and pretty foggy. We arrived at the mouth of Grand River about 7 A.M. and made immediate preparations to get our things ashore. Capt. Francis very considerately hauled in as close as he could and with the aid of the ship's boats<sup>809</sup> we were all landed on the beach about a mile below The Gut<sup>810</sup> at the mouth of Grand River. Besides our crew, James Keating<sup>811</sup> of Channel and Captain Antle and wife of Codroy Village were landed here. We now had to get the loan of a boat to bring our things up to the river and then had much difficulty in finding a suitable place to camp. Finally we had to go over on the north side of the estuary into Gale's Cove where we succeeded in finding a rather indifferent place. Our next trouble was to get some breakfast. We had no grub with us, all was over at the village five miles away.

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<sup>809</sup>Boats carried (or once carried) on board ship.

<sup>810</sup>Now Searston.

<sup>811</sup>James W. Keating, merchant in Channel.

I succeeded in purchasing some bread, tea, sugar and a kettle from William Rolls<sup>812</sup> who has a store near The Gut. After a meagre breakfast, Arthur, John Burke and I walked over to the Village by the road. It was quite a tramp, but the road was good. The land along the road is excellent and there were several nice clearings here and there. At Codroy we roused out Mr. Hutchings, McDougall's<sup>813</sup> agent, in whose care our things were placed. We opened some of our packages and procured some plates, mugs, spoons, kettles, knives etc. and also some tinned meats for our dinner. We were treated to a drink of delicious new milk at a house nearby and then retraced our steps. Hutchings came along with us part of the way. We did not get back to camp till 4 P.M. when we got some dinner. John Barrington and I then went up in the canoe to pay a visit to Monsignor Sears. He received me most kindly and insisted on my stopping for tea. I also met here a Scotch priest, a Father McGinnis,<sup>814</sup> James Keating and Mr. James Doyle, who had just recently arrived here to settle down to farming on an extensive scale. He is a man of means and education and has brought over with him a stock of farm implements, some good cattle and horses. Monsignor Sears has a fine new house just completed. It is splendidly situated and commands a lovely view up and down the estuary. He is clearing a large piece of land and

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<sup>812</sup>The Codroy Valley's "largest merchant" (*ENL*, 5: 127).

<sup>813</sup>E.B. McDougall was a broker and commission agent in St. John's; George Hutchings was his agent.

<sup>814</sup>Like Sears, Fr. P. McGinnis [i.e., McInnis] was needed among the speakers of Gaelic in the Codroy Valley.

will soon have a splendid place here. I was, however, disappointed in the backwardness of the crops here, which are not nearly so forward as ours on the east coast at St. John's. We got back to camp just at dark. The latter is very poorly situated and we must move as soon as we can to a better locality. The water in the cove approaching it is so shallow that at low tide it dries for a long distance off.

*June 25th.* Fine, warm day. Had an early breakfast and then started Arthur<sup>815</sup> and Charlie<sup>816</sup> and all the crew off to Codroy to get our things aboard a craft and bring them around to The Gut. I made a commencement of a survey and with John Burke measured a base line along shore from which to begin the triangulation of the Grand River Estuary. This estuary runs up 7 or 8 miles, is quite wide but very shallow. There is a narrow crooked channel in the middle in which schooners can get up at high tide as far as the Chapel about 4 miles. We next went over to The Gut to see if our craft was coming. We spent several hours there but saw no sign of her. When we got back to camp we found Arthur, John Barrington, Ned Coady, Tom Ebbs had returned. Charlie, Rose and Morrissey<sup>817</sup> had gone in the craft. Arthur and I then walked out nearly to Point Rosey, i.e., Enragée, to have a lookout for her. We saw her a long way off and as it was dead calm all day she has no chance of reaching here tonight.

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<sup>815</sup>Arthur White.

<sup>816</sup>Charles Emerson.

<sup>817</sup>Walter Rose and Ned Morrissey.

*June 26th.* Another fine, hot day. After breakfast set Arthur and John at work measuring around the shore with chain and compass. I with the men went over to The Gut and found our craft anchored outside awaiting the turn of the tide to get in. In about an hour she was able to do so. We then landed all our stuff and put it in Mr. Rolls' store. We unpacked everything, put all the small gear in boxes to take over to camp in a couple of flats which we borrowed.

In the afternoon I sent John Barrington and Croke<sup>818</sup> off to put up some poles along the shore. The people here have great talk about our survey and some do not appear to relish it at all. I fear we shall have some trouble when it comes to fixing their boundaries by and by.

*June 27th.* Dull, foggy, wet morning but it cleared off fine. Continued the triangulation and fixed several points. Arthur, John and Charlie measuring the shore line. John B. and Croke putting up poles. The water in the estuary is so shallow that at low tide most of it is dry, which makes it very troublesome getting our boats about and the shore in most places cannot be approached even with our little canoe. The bottom is all mud and so soft in many places that one cannot walk upon it.

*June 28th.* Still dull and foggy with occasional showers. We got through a good deal of work today, finished up as far as the Chapel. A few days like this and we will have completed the

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<sup>818</sup>Jim Croke.

survey of the estuary. Then will commence our trouble with the boundary lines. The crew are having fine times just now. All the work devolves upon the chainman and myself. Only a few hands are required to put up poles and row us from point to point. The cooks are, however, kept pretty busy all the time.

*June 29th.* Very wet and foggy all the forenoon. Remained in camp protracting our work. It cleared off after dinner. I took a stroll along the road up to Broom's Brook. This road is very wet and muddy after the rain. There are several nice clearings along it and the soil seems of excellent quality. I came across a great number of sheep and some fine horned cattle. At Broom's Brook there is no bridge, but a very primitive kind of ferry, consisting of a flat-bottomed scow with a rope stretched across from side to side and made fast to trees. There is some beautiful interval land forming a delta at the mouth of the brook. These grassy flats have a wide extent but are cut up with numerous channels. Balsam poplar and large alders grow here profusely, also some maple, all indicating a rich soil. The brook is apparently subjected to heavy floods in springtime as there is a great accumulation of drift wood, often whole trees, roots and all, scattered about the shore and lodged on the flats.

*June 30th.* Still wet and very foggy. Most unusual weather for this place which is generally very free from fog. I went on with the triangulation but was greatly hampered by the fog which obscured a view of my poles. The chainmen were engaged all day on the southern side measuring the shore.

*Sunday July 1st.* Fine day at last but wind northerly and cold. It was extremely cold in camp last night. I had a sore throat and rheumatism in my shoulder today owing to so much wet lately. Went up to hear Mass. Monsignor Sears was not at home, so we had Father McGinnis. It was a high mass and he was very slow. He also preached a sermon. We did not get out till 1 O'clock. The little old Chapel is very rickety and out of repair. It was quite crowded with a motley assemblage of Highlanders, French, Indians, etc. and a considerable sprinkling of kids who kept up a suppressed squall all the time. The place was oppressively hot and the music and singing produced a very sleepy effect upon us. Had some difficulty in getting back to camp with our boats owing to the lowness of the tide. As Rolls' schooner is about to leave for Channel tomorrow I availed of the opportunity to write home. I then took a walk out the road towards Codroy Village and back by the seashore to Caplin Cove. Here I enquired the shortest way back to the road from two old women. Only one of them could speak very indifferent English. They however, showed me up to the house of a man named Hynes<sup>819</sup> who put me straight. I stayed awhile chatting with Hynes, of course, chiefly about the survey. I tried to assure him that every justice would be done the settlers as regards their boundaries etc., nevertheless they are all awfully afraid they may lose some of the land they claim. I am obliged at times to say things to ease their minds, which I fear cannot be

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<sup>819</sup>James Hines.

carried out. I certainly should have been furnished with more explicit instructions before leaving St. John's as to what to say to the people and not be left completely in the dark how to act. I wrote Mr. Murray stating exactly how the situation stood and asked him to speak to the Powers that be and obtain definite instructions how to act. I stated what I thought should be done, that the settlers, here from long occupation, and having done so much work clearing and improving their holdings and being unable up to this time to acquire titles to their lands, should be exempt from the conditions of a lease and be given free grants without any such restrictions as pertain to new settlers. Above all to be exempt from the farce of having their lands put up to auction and perhaps purchased over their heads by speculators etc.

*July 2nd.* Fine morning but gathered in cloudy. Last night I got an observation of Polaris for the first time by which I made the variation  $28^{\circ} 05'$ . Spent the day triangulating the estuary. The men report a heavy hoar frost this morning. There was a very brilliant Aurora borealis last night when I was taking my observations, about 12 O'clock. The day turned out cold and squally with a few showers of rain. It came to blow hard in the afternoon, a regular gale from the S.W. and we had a hard paddle back to camp in the canoe. I got out at the Chapel and walked down. Arthur and the chainman were at work on the outer shore below The Gut and along the road leading to Little Codroy River. Tom and Coady made a trip out to Point Rosey to put up a pole.

*July 3rd.* Fine day, wind west, rather cool but pleasant. The chainmen were at work all day on the South side of the estuary, John and Croke putting up poles outside The Gut. Tom, Ned and myself went out towards the village to establish a triangulation point on the shore near where our base-line should commence. I sent the two men on before me with the instrument and told them to await me on the road, but when I got there I could see no sign of them. I walked down to the shore but they were not there. I then went back to the road where I met an old man and woman coming from Codroy, but they had seen nothing of the two lads. I could not imagine what had become of them. I then walked along shore down to Capelin Cove where I at length found them. The stupid asses instead of doing as I told them had gone on out to Stormy Point. As a consequence I lost my whole morning looking for them and had some 7 or 8 miles of extra tramping to do. I now went back with Coady and took several bearings, while Tom went out to Stormy point to fix up the pole that had blown down. I then proceeded to the point myself and got a good set of bearings. After this we walked along shore and met John B. and Croke boiling their kettle on the beach. We were all pretty tired and hungry and were glad to get a mug up. After lunch we walked on to The Gut and away down the outside shore taking bearings from points already fixed. Then we returned to camp. At The Gut we found some fishermen hauling caplin and I procured a fry for breakfast tomorrow. This was a hard day's tramping. We must have walked fully 15 miles altogether and I was pretty tired.

*July 4th.* Fine, but dull morning. While Arthur and the chainmen continued their measurement along the outside shore, John, Croke and I went up the river taking bearings from several of our points. Met Monsignor Sears and had a chat with him about the boundary question. If it were not for his help I don't know how I would get along with the discontented ones. He does all he can to make things smooth for me. He offered me the use of a table in his house to do my plotting on, also a bed if I cared to stay. We proceeded on up the Arm<sup>820</sup> and did a good day's work. Reached as far as the beginning of the islands or flats to the high tide mark. It was very shoal in places and difficult to get along. It came to blow and rain very hard and we got a thorough drenching getting back to camp. The tide was so low we were obliged to leave the canoe and wade through the mud for half a mile or more.

*July 5th.* Rained nearly all the day, remained in camp protracting. In the evening it became desperately foggy. I tried to do some outdoor work but could not see 100 yards anywhere. We are pretty well finished the estuary now and will move camp tomorrow to a better place up the Arm. The weather since we arrived here, with the exception of a couple of days, has been very wet and backward, and cold for this season of the year.

*July 6th.* Dull but warm, commenced to move camp up the Arm. While the man were thus engaged and Arthur protracting his work I

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<sup>820</sup>The estuary of the Grand Codroy River.

took the compass and traversed the road up the north side, intending to return to camp for dinner. They put up the camp on a nice point on the South side where the water is deep enough at all times to get our boats in and land easily. The people over here are very kind and supply us with lots of fresh milk.

*July 7th.* Dull and warm again. This is my thirty-sixth birthday. Went down to see the Monsignor and protract my work on his table, while the chainmen continued their measurement along shore. Having a fine table and room to myself all day I got through a good deal of work. The Monsignor spent some time with me in the morning. Father McGinnis left for Little River<sup>821</sup> to say Mass tomorrow and preach in Gaelic to the Highlanders. Shortly after he left we heard the sound of music and gun firing coming up the Arm. This was produced by a deputation of Highlanders from Little River, headed by old Angus McDonald (Uncle Angus) with his bagpipes come after the priest. The music sounded very well on the water so long as it was some distance away. It was a genuine homemade Highland bagpipe, and as it was the first time I ever had an opportunity of inspecting one at close quarters I took particular note of it. The instrument consisted of a bag made of sheep or goat skin covered with an old blue cloth. From this three pipes projected upwards over the shoulder. These are called drones through which the air from the bag, when pressed under the arm, escapes and causes a continuous monotonous sound or drone.

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<sup>821</sup>Grand River and Little River were names loosely applied to settlements at the mouths of Grand Codroy River and Little Codroy River.

The bag is kept filled through a shorter pipe fitted with a stop and reaching the player's mouth. He keeps the bag inflated by blowing through this pipe. The wind once passed through cannot come back but is pressed from the bag by the left arm or elbow and made pass through a shorter pipe beneath, projecting downward called the chanter. This pipe is fitted with a reed and has holes above and below which are manipulated by the fingers and thumbs of both hands. It is this chanter which really produces the music. One of the three upright pipes is fitted with a stick from which depends a small flag. Old Angus came up to the house and we all came out to hear him play "The Campbells are coming."

I took up the instrument to try if I could play it, but it completely baffled me. It was about the first instrument I ever tried which I could not knock some sort of music out of. I guess it requires pretty strong lungs to keep the bag continuously filled with wind. Father McGinnis had not gone far and they soon overtook him and brought him back, and after a little while they all started off again in great fig,<sup>822</sup> Uncle Angus piping away for all he was worth, while the other lads kept up a continuous *feu de joie*.<sup>823</sup> It was quite an ovation to the Highland priest. After they departed I continued my plotting and then had a late dinner with Monsignor and Miss Sears,<sup>824</sup> his sister who keeps house for

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<sup>822</sup>In fine form.

<sup>823</sup>This normally means a bonfire. Here it refers to the habit, in Newfoundland outharbours, of firing guns to welcome dignitaries; for a striking illustration, see *ENL*, 4: 290.

<sup>824</sup>Honora Sears.

him. After dinner it came on to rain, having been threatening all day. Monsignor pressed me very hard to stay all night but I preferred to go back to camp which I reached about sunset.

*Sunday July 8th.* Fine again. Wind N.E. clear and cool. It had rained in torrents all night. Went over to Mass. The Monsignor took his time and we did not get away till dinner-time. I slipped away before he saw me as I knew very well he would want me to stay for dinner. After dinner Arthur, Charlie and I went across to Ryan's Brook almost opposite our camp and had some fishing but we only caught a few small trout. Had a grand drink of fresh milk at Ryan's<sup>825</sup> and then returned. After an early tea I took a walk along the road on this side which I found very well laid out. I then took a road leading across to Little River and followed it a mile or more when I came to a considerable clearing belonging to a man named McKeown.<sup>826</sup> Here again I was treated to a drink of delicious fresh milk. This is the favourite, in fact only beverage with them and they are very liberal with it everywhere we go. If we stop to boil our kettle by the roadside, some one comes forward from the nearest house with a large jug or pail of milk for us. They will not take any payment for it. I found old man McKeown and his family very talkative and intelligent and all so kind. All the people here are similar, they are not a bit like those in the outharbours on our side the island, especially in the northern districts. There is something

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<sup>825</sup>Ryans were farmers in this area.

<sup>826</sup>Possibly John McCown.

so open and frank about them. None of that awkward shyness or backwardness observable elsewhere, especially about the children. Born and reared as they are in the backwoods they are neither shy or fearful. All speak out manfully and answer frankly any questions put to them. Their accent however, is very peculiar and at once strikes one's attention. It is not like the Irish brogue and still more unlike the Lowland Scotch heard about St. John's. They are an industrious, hard-working people, but I fear not very thrifty. Their farms are capable of much improvement. But being poor and struggling, having neither money or good markets for the disposal of their produce, they cannot afford to purchase very elaborate farming implements. Had they such, I believe the district would soon be in a flourishing condition. The soil is certainly excellent and I find the Scotch invariably speak highly of it, while on the other hand the few natives of English descent try to disparage it. The French also are not so enthusiastic as the Highlanders. Of course there is a large percentage of rather indifferent land here. Yet all or nearly all is capable of improvement. Much that is really good soil is encumbered with boulders, nevertheless, there is an immense amount of really first-class land in this valley. Some of the interval land is exceedingly rich and fertile.

*July 9th.* Very fine day and quite hot, but a nice breeze greatly tempered it. Spent the day up the river above our camp,

while the chainmen were traversing the shore. Capt. Fane<sup>827</sup> of the Warship and some of the officers came up in a steam launch to go salmon fishing up stream. I met them as I was crossing the river and had a talk with them. After completing the survey up to the end of the tidewater, I then walked up a couple of miles to see what it was like. Found it a fine river with plenty of water for canoes so far as I went. I tried fishing at one or two places but only caught one trout. I saw plenty of salmon jumping but they could not be enticed to take my flies. The river takes a great bend southward beyond the tidewater which brings it away over towards the Long Range Mountains. The view of the latter is very fine. It is riven all along its northern slope at intervals with great gulches down which picturesque mountain torrents tumble often in foaming cascades. Large patches of snow still linger in the more sheltered ravines, and their dazzling whiteness contrasted with the dark green woods on the mountain side, and the bare reddish-brown tops of the peaks above lend a charming effect to the scene. But when the hill tops are enveloped in a dense mass of white fog and the sides of the valley below are quite clear and brightly lit up by the sun's rays the scene is dazzling. It then forms such a picture as Longfellow so beautifully describes in his *Evangeline*, thus:

Aloft on the Mountains  
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from  
the mighty Atlantic

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<sup>827</sup>Cecil G. Fane, of the British warship patrolling the fishery, H.M.S. *Tenedos*.

Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.<sup>828</sup>

I don't think the picture could be excelled for beauty in any part of the world. As usual we were plentifully supplied with milk today as we worked along.

*July 10th.* A very warm day. I went across to Little Codroy to establish a point there for the survey, having sent Tom and Ned over yesterday to put up poles. Had a hard tramp and when we got over had some difficulty in procuring a boat. Old John McNeil kindly lent me one. McNeil is a tall strapping old Highlander and must have been a powerful man in his younger days. He is 35 years settled here. He is the same man mentioned in my itinerary for 1874. He claims 400 acres of land and says he paid well for it and it would take powder and ball to dispossess him and make him leave it now. As he has several stalworth sons to share this land with, it is not too much. His farm is fine and level and I think the soil is even better than on Grand River side. His hay crop is decidedly the best I have seen.

We got through a good deal of work here before returning to camp. On the road back I stepped into old McKeown's who is a genuine Highlander. His wife could not speak a word of English. He had a grown-up daughter, a fine strapping Highland lassie who speaks and writes both English and Gaelic fluently. This girl, for one in her position, was very intelligent and had a frank open manner, perfectly free from any shyness or backwardness,

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<sup>828</sup>*Evangeline*, Part the First, I, 10-12 (Longfellow, 2: 21).

such as might be expected from one reared here in the heart of the woods. She went about barefooted, as indeed they all do. I had a drink of delicious milk and the old woman gave me a bottle of cream to take home. They had a clock which would not go, so I took it in hand, cleaned and oiled it up for them and set it agoing all right, for which I was profusely thanked. Miss McKeown has a homemade loom set up in an outhouse and was weaving homespun. She showed me the manipulation of this primitive contrivance. Almost every family here possesses a similar one. The men make and set it up. The only part they have to import is the reed. They certainly turn out admirable homespun, rather coarse, to be sure, but just suited to their wear. All the men and many of the women also wear clothes made of this homespun which needless to say wears well and is warm and comfortable. Some of them even weave blankets part wool and part strips of old garments interwoven. All the people here know Dr. Michael<sup>829</sup> and apparently think a lot of him.

On my return I found a letter waiting me from Monsignor Sears in which he expressed a desire to see me before he leaves for Bay St. George with Capt. Fane on the warship, but as that gentleman has returned and gone down the river I was too late and deferred my visit till morning.

*July 11th.* Fine day again wind N.E. and cool. Sent Arthur and the chainmen across to Little River to chain along the road.

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<sup>829</sup>Howley's brother, Michael F. Howley, assistant to Monsignor Sears 1871-73; see DCB, 14: 512.

I then proceeded down to the Monsignor's house but found he had left last evening with Capt. Fane. Father McGinnis was back from Little River however. I went to work protracting and remained at it steadily all day getting through a good deal of work. After dinner I had a long chat with Father McGinnis about the Highlanders, the land and various other subjects. He is a very nice refined priest. He told me a curious circumstance of which he learned while at Little Codroy. The beach near the Mouth of the River is composed of very light fine sand, which is piled up by the winds into dunes. These are constantly shifting or being altered, as the sand drifts about with every breeze. Sometime ago after a strong gale much alteration or modification of the dunes took place. In some places they were wholly cleared away, laying bare the underlying shingle over large spaces, when there was exposed a large ship's boat, bottom up, laying on the shingle. On raising this up three human skeletons were discovered beneath, but on exposure to the air the bones all crumbled to dust. Some charred wood was also visible. No one, not even the oldest English inhabitant, could throw any light upon the matter nor give the slightest clue as to who the nameless dead might have been. Everything pointed to some shipwreck at a very remote period of time. These poor mortals evidently reached the shore probably in winter or late autumn, and took shelter under their upturned boat, but must have perished miserably from cold and hunger. The settlers reverently gathered up their poor dust and deposited it in a more secure grave. The mystery attending this

catastrophe is never likely to be elucidated now.

Arthur and the others did not return till sunset having finished the road across, which turned out to be over five miles long. We have now finished the estuary of Grand River and have a fine plan of it. We are all ready to begin blocking off the land, which I fear is going to be a troublesome job. Monsignor Sears does not hold with laying off the unoccupied lands further up the valley on true bearings as he contends this would leave a number of lots inaccessible and no lots which have not a frontage on the river will be settled upon. There is a good deal of force in what he says and I intend to talk the matter over with him when I see him again. I am now studying how I can lay it off to the greatest advantage.

*July 12th.* A fine warm day. Arthur protracting his road work. John, Croke, Charlie and I went up the river to make a survey of the islands or intervalles. These are so cut up by channels running in all directions that it was no easy matter to accomplish their survey. I spent the afternoon again protracting. Charlie, old Tom and John Burke went over to Broom's Brook trouting and caught several fine fish. I sent Arthur down along shore to get the bearings of some lots of land to see how the boundaries would run so as to form some idea of them, and try if we can not make some arrangement to have them all run on North, South, East and West bearings. I have now concluded to abandon the idea of running out any boundary lines of the settled lands at present, leaving them till later on in the season and until

Monsignor Sears returns. This will also give the people time to get their hay cut, so that we may not have to tramp over it in going through their fields. In the meantime I intend starting a base line from the mouth of Ryan's Brook on a course East magnetic running up the valley of the river which will intersect the whole country so as to give the best possible shaped areas to lots on either side. At every mile we will run lines at right angles, North and South<sup>830</sup> to guide any settlers in taking up future claims, which should all conform to those lines. If this plan be adhered to, there can be no confusion later on about boundaries. The first North and South line will be 100 chains back from the starting point and from the back line of Ryan's lot. This line I intend carrying right across the valley and on over to Little River. It will run outside, or to the eastward, of all the settled parts, except for two claims further up the river. Whatever arrangement is arrived at with regard to existing settlers' boundaries no future settlers should be allowed to deviate from these lines and take up land how they please.

*July 13th.* A very hot day. Commenced running our base line East from Ryan's Brook first over part of Ryan's clearing, then through thick woods for nearly a mile and a half. It was desperately hot work and the flies were very troublesome, worse than any day the season so far. Arthur is at work all day taking

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<sup>830</sup>See Michael Staveley, "Saskatchewan-by-the-Sea: The Topographic Work of Alexander Murray in Newfoundland," *Association of Canadian Map Libraries Bulletin* 40 (1981): 12, for the direction and extent of Howley's mapping in the Codroy area.

the bearings of the lots along the south side of the estuary and ascertaining the names of the claimants. The men worked well all day cutting the line and had their first real hard day's labour. Some of the large witchhazel trees were very tough cutting. I have only five men at this work but will have to engage a few more from here, as I shall set Arthur at work running out the side lines and will have to divide my crew. Several young chaps have asked me for work and I have engaged two or three. We were all pretty tired after our hard day in the heat and flies.

*July 14th.* Another dreadfully hot day. Sent Arthur with Thos. Downey whom I have engaged as an extra chainman at measuring the road along the south side of the River, while I with the rest of the crew continued our base line. At 100 chains we turned South and ran out a line towards the main river which was over three quarters of a mile long. We crossed Muddy Brook and then over an extensive barren patch which reached nearly out to the river. The flies were very bad again today and the heat excessive.

*Sunday July 15th.* Dull, wet and blowing hard, wind from S.E. John Barrington, John Burke and I went down in canoe to mass. All the others remained in camp. We got a good wetting on our way back. We had the good fortune to get a few letters, which were brought up from Channel by a man who arrived yesterday. We had a regular swarm of visitors all the afternoon who came to see our camps. They were chiefly Highlanders and all their talk was about the land and survey. I shipped another man, which completes my

crew. This makes a total of 17 hands all told. We should now be able to get ahead pretty fast.

*July 16th.* Fine, warm day again. Continued our South line, crossing the river near Doyle's<sup>831</sup> farm and thence onward across a stretch of barren and marsh which reaches up the valley on this side, nearly to the forks of the river. The day was again very hot and the flies dreadful, especially the sandflies. After crossing the marshy patch we entered a wooded ridge. Here we met some very large witchhazel and fir timber. This is a good but narrow belt of land.

*July 17th.* Another extremely hot day. Arthur and Tom are chaining the North side of the river up to where our line crosses it. Continued our line Southward towards Little River which we crossed early in the afternoon and continued the line to the foot of the Long Range Mountains. This part of the country was very broken and uneven, covered with poor stunted timber. Along the sides of Little River there are narrow strips of good interval land. We crossed over one island flat about 2 chains wide and some 15 or 20 long where the soil was extra good.

*July 18th.* Still another very hot fine day. A young fellow from Little River joined us today named McQuarry.<sup>832</sup> He is a fine specimen of a young Highlander, broad-shouldered, thick-set and very good looking. We all went in the line together today and then divided our party, five going with Arthur to extend the

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<sup>831</sup>James Doyle.

<sup>832</sup>John McQuarry.

North line from the base towards the foothills of the Anguille Range. My party continued the base line eastward. Had some wet marshy ground at first, but then got into better country crossing Muddy Brook twice. Here there was a good deal of fine interval land, densely overgrown with Alders. Then we reached a much more open patch of large timber, the finest yet met with. Some of the witchhazel, birch and fir were very large trees. There is no pine anywhere here, this rich soil does not seem conducive to its growth. At the end of the first mile we put down a post and marked a North and South line for Arthur to run out. Today Mr. Pooke, Rolls' agent, kindly sent us a copy of the latest telegraphic news brought up by Mr. Rennie<sup>833</sup> from Cape Ray lighthouse. It contained some startling news relative to the English and French misunderstanding<sup>834</sup> and looks very like war between them. Should this happen and England come out on top, it is to be hoped an end would be put to those preposterous French Treaty claims on this coast. It is simply deplorable to think that this fine territory has been so hampered in its development and kept back for such a length of time when had those restrictions not been in force it might now be in a position to supply all our local demand for meat and vegetables. I trust a new era is about to dawn for this western coast.

*July 19th.* Another warm day. Commenced to run a line South

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<sup>833</sup>Ernest Rennie.

<sup>834</sup>The British government demanded an explanation for events connected with the French occupation of Tamatave, seaport in Madagascar. There were other points of friction. See *Eve Tel*, July 12, 17, 18, 1883.

from the first-mile post. Passed through a splendid tract of timber and land, but towards the river it was not so good. The surface became wet and marshy and this character extended almost to the river's bank.

*July 20th.* Dull and wet in morning but cleared off fine. Went on with my South line, Arthur extending the same northward. We were scarcely commenced when it came to rain but did not last long. Finished our line out to the river and for some distance beyond on the South side. We then went up the river about 1 1/2 miles to select a new camping place. Found a very suitable place in a bend opposite a long island. Just here two Codroy men have recently taken up claims and are clearing up the land. It is quite a long distance from the other settlers. There is but a narrow fringe of good land here but some interval. Downey,<sup>835</sup> one of the settlers here, has a fine lot of cattle which we saw grazing by the river side. While the men were clearing away for camp I walked up to the falls about 1 1/2 miles. Found the water very low up here. I had hoped to be able to utilize it for getting our things along in boat but unless we soon have plenty of rain I fear we cannot avail of it. While at the falls I observed several carbonized fossil trees embedded in the rocks and little nests of coal. These would indicate that their position in the series cannot be very much below the horizon where true coal seams may be looked for. The so-called fall is

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<sup>835</sup>John Downey.

merely a little step formed by a ridge of sandstone striking across the river. This is a great place for salmon fishing with the rod, but they are now all gone further up stream. I did not get back to camp till late.

*July 21st.* Dull, warm, sultry day. Thomas Downey awoke me early with the pleasant news that the mailman had arrived and brought letters and lots of newspapers for us. The letters and papers were a great godsend to us. We learn by the papers that the fishery all round the island continues good. A new Opera Co. created quite a sensation in St. John's.<sup>836</sup> That the Dock was progressing rapidly, but there is very little about the Railway except accounts of Sunday excursions.<sup>837</sup> I had intended moving up camp today, but decided to postpone it till Monday. We all went off to work, going by the newly projected roadline<sup>838</sup> to Bay St. George which is cut out here. The route is very well chosen and is comparatively level and runs through a good tract of land. I continued my base-line East while Arthur went on with his North line. We soon entered upon a flat country in the valley of Muddy Brook and after crossing a small marsh had over half a mile of alderly interval to cut through. This was a dead-level tract of very rich soil. Reached the end of our 2nd mile and then turned South. The day was very sultry with a few light showers of rain.

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<sup>836</sup>Paul O'Neill, *The Oldest City; The Story of St. John's, Newfoundland* (Erin, Ont.: Press Porcépic, 1975), p. 253.

<sup>837</sup>With the construction of the line to Conception Bay settlements, the novelty of day trips to Topsail, a summer resort, drew many people out of St. John's. Penney, *A History of the Newfoundland Railway*, vol. 1, pp. 28-9. The dry dock in St. John's was under construction.

<sup>838</sup>Surveyed by Thomas Long in 1872.

The black and sandflies were simply awful all day. This kind of damp warm weather is always the worst for flies. We had a long tramp back to camp in the evening and got caught in the rain, all getting a good drenching.

*Sunday July 22nd.* A very hot beautiful day. Went down to Mass, after which I paid a visit to Miss Sears, who pressed me to stay to dinner but I preferred going back to camp to read my papers which occupied all the evening. The Codroy men all went home to see their friends and most of our other lads went visiting. They are now very well acquainted with a lot of the people here. John Barrington spent the evening with his Micmac friends over the way.

*July 23rd.* Dull morning. Moved camp up the river. Sent all the boats off with loads and directed the men to put up the camps at the place we cleared Saturday. Some of them had to return with the boats for a second load. Charlie and John Burke went up with them while I remained to protract my work. It came on to rain about noon and continued all the afternoon, accompanied by heavy thunder. When the boats returned we all went up to camp and had everything fixed away by tea time. Charlie gave his hand a nasty cut with a tomahawk in helping to get up camp.

*July 24th.* Still dull and heavy. Went in to continue the line and got a drenching from the wet bushes. Arthur ran North and South from the 2nd-mile post. We got out to the river early. Had several heavy showers during the day which rendered it very

disagreeable. One of Arthur's men, Gabriel<sup>839</sup> cut his knee with his axe today and was obliged to go out. This is bad work. We have now two laid off from the same cause. We will soon be as bad as Harvey's<sup>840</sup> crowd, six of whom I hear have received cuts in a similar manner, one I believe a very bad one. I was obliged to give Arthur one of my men and am now rather shorthanded myself. I am obliged to help John B. myself with the chaining which causes considerable delay.

*July 25th.* Dull and misty, but cleared off fine with a few light showers only. Continued our base line East and had a good deal of heavy cutting. Owing to this and to being shorthanded we only made 1/2 a mile today, but when Arthur's crew on their return joined us we cut another 1/4 of a mile, 3/4 in all. Charlie and Louis are laid up in camp all day but are both doing well.

*July 26th.* Fine, bright, cool day. All at work except the two wounded men. Louis was however, able to go down in the canoe to The Gut and bring up a load of grub. All hands at the base line till we reached the 3rd mile when we separated, Arthur running North and I South. We had some heavy cutting at first but struck a large marsh and we got out to the river a little east of our camp just at sunset. Louis got back with the canoe-load all right. Arthur reports a good country heavily timbered on his north line. In fact the best land appears to be all on that side

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<sup>839</sup>Louis Gabriel.

<sup>840</sup>C.J. Harvey, Howley's rival, in 1883 surveying on the Avalon Peninsula.

of our base.

*July 27th.* Fine, warm day again. Continued base line East from 3rd-mile post. Towards evening we crossed an extensive marsh and shortly after struck Tom Downey's road for the first time, a little beyond which we reached our 4th mile.

*July 28th.* A very hot day. All hands at work again, Arthur running North and I South from 4th-mile post. We reached the river close to the fall, this being the longest south line to the river yet run. After tea all the Codroy men went home for Sunday, and as we afterwards learned to a breakdown tonight. These Highlanders, like the Irish, are all fond of dancing.

*Sunday July 29th.* A blazing hot day. Remained in camp all the forenoon. After dinner Arthur, John, and Croke went down in the canoe to look for hide to make moccasins. John Burke and I went up to the falls to try for some fish. We did not rise any however, either they have all gone up or have not yet reached here. I went exploring the rocks up a small brook looking for coal but did not find any, but on the main river just about the fall there are several fireclay beds and a few thin coaly layers. Some of the beds of sandstone contain fossil trees, sigillaria and stigmaria roots, the bark being generally converted into coal shiny black and hard.

*July 30th.* Continued our base line East. It was another of those dull warm days and towards evening came to rain. Finished our 5th mile. We got another drenching coming home and it rained very hard at night.

*July 31st.* Raining hard in morning but cleared off fine. The River being now pretty high we availed of the fact to get two boats and a canoe-load up about 2 miles above the fall, near Limestone Brook, our next camping place. They had considerable difficulty in getting along as the river is still very shoal in many places. They however succeeded and after dinner took two loads more as far as the fall. I sent Hugh Gillis and McQuarry down to The Gut to fetch up more flour. I took a stroll up the river myself and tried for trout at several places but found none. Then I went some distance up a tributary on the South side known here as Mollychignek Brook. I picked up a few small fragments of coal but found no seam as far as I went. The rocks here seemed to be even lower<sup>841</sup> than those at the fall.

*Wednesday August 1st.* Dull morning. Sent Arthur with most of the crew in to cut a line South towards the river from the 5th-mile post, which line should come out near the mouth of Limestone Brook, our next camping place. All the rest of the crew began to move up the river. We had much difficulty getting the boats along, the water was so low. We were obliged to tow the boats most of the way, up to our waists in water most of the time. However we reached the falls all right and then had to pack most of the things. It came to rain again. But we succeeded in reaching our destination and getting up our camps. After dinner the men went back for the remainder of the things at the fall. I

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<sup>841</sup>Of an earlier geologic period or formation.

took the little flat and poled up to a large salmon hole to try for a fish but did not succeed in rising one. All hands were back at camp when I got there.

*August 2nd.* Dull, heavy-looking morning. Eastern sky very black and threatening. Started for woods, Arthur to continue his line South across the river, and I to go on with my base line East. The weather cleared off fine with only a few light showers. Finished our 6th mile by evening.

*August 3rd.* Fine day but dull with a few light showers. Running South from 6th-mile post and crossed the river by dinner time. We struck the South side near the mouth of Mollychegneck Brook and continued on for a mile crossing the latter Brook but ran into a very rugged country with bouldery rocky soil and numerous bad windfalls. After leaving off work I walked up the river to see the rocks and look for coal. It was very rough walking along the river bed, as it was choked with boulders and loose rocks. Saw no indications of coal except some fragments here and there. Yet it looks as though coal might exist here. A few underclays such as underlie coal seams were come across, but I believe these rocks are too low down, probably of the Millstone grit<sup>842</sup> series. Just as I turned to come back it came to rain hard and I got a thorough drenching. Did not get to camp till night.

*August 4th.* Fine day blowing strong. Continued our base line and reached the 7th mile early in afternoon. We then turned to

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<sup>842</sup>A hard siliceous rock belonging to the carboniferous series, and found immediately below the coal-measures.

run South towards the main river which was here only 11 chains distant. Most of the land passed over today was rather poor and barren and overgrown with small black spruce. We skirted a great marsh which lay north of our line and extends up to and beyond the forks of the river. At the big salmon hole, a beautiful stretch of steady water, there are two large islands of interval and a long strip on the south side of the river of similar land. These are covered with some fine Poplar trees and thick alders indicating superior soil. There are also a considerable variety of other trees not often met with such as White and Red Maple. Cherry of two varieties, the ordinary Wild Cherry and the Choke cherry, which latter is known to the Northern people<sup>843</sup> as Chockly plum. Elder, a tree with a large soft pith and clusters of small red berries is plentiful here. Willow or Sally and Wild pear trees, with an abundance of Hazel-nut trees, grow on these flats. The other forest trees are Black and White birch, Witchhazel, or Yellow Birch, which latter grows to a large size and is the best timber here; Red, White and Black Spruce. I have only seen one miserable pine tree as yet and no Aspen.<sup>844</sup> We did not get home till nearly night. After tea all the Codroy chaps went down home for Sunday.

*Sunday August 5th.* Beautiful fine, and very hot day. Hugh Gillis and Croke went off up on the Anguille Range shooting.

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<sup>843</sup>Residents along the northeast coast, the area north of Trinity Bay.

<sup>844</sup>See the treatment of "Timber" in Howley's *Geography of Newfoundland* (2 ed.; London: Edward Stanford, 1877), pp. 42-4.

After dinner old Tom and I went down to the falls fishing. I hooked one large trout or salmon and old Tom two or three, but we lost them all. I then tried a little Brook and caught a few small trout. I then walked up the little Brook till I reached a gorge in the Long Range Mountains. Came across several falls. The travelling was awfully rough. Did not find any coal but one bed of carbonaceous shale and a few underclays. On my return I hooked a large trout at the falls but lost him. It was after dark when I reached camp. All the lads had returned and we were glad to find letters from home brought up by Tom Downey. The deer hunters saw nothing but one bittern. Monsignor Sears has returned from his tour of his parish.

*August 6th.* Very fine, warm day. Continued our line South from 7th-mile post across the river. We passed over a splendid strip of interval land on the South side about 1/4 of a mile wide, but immediately beyond this we struck a wide patch of barren and marsh; beyond this again met a good strip of wooded upland which extends to the foot hills of the Long Range. Arthur and crew were employed today running North from 7th post.

*August 7th.* Dull, heavy morning. We were preparing to move up the river when a heavy rain storm came on lasting a couple of hours. There were several very heavy showers. We were in hope this would raise the river so as to enable us to use our boats but it did not last long enough. But it cleared off. We then began to pack our things up as far as the Salmon hole. John B. and Croke with the canoe went up as far as the forks. After

dinner we all started packing and had a hard evening's work. Henry and I took the little boat loaded and had to wade in the water and drag her along all the way up. We reached the forks and had our camps pitched before sunset, but there are still several loads left behind at Salmon hole. Just below our camp there is a long pool full of Salmon and trout. I caught three very large trout after tea. Some of the lads went further up and speared seven salmon. This was the first bit of sport we have had. Old Tom was in his element. He is an inveterate Waltonian.<sup>845</sup> He told some great yarns about the wonderful fish he hooked. I had hold of one salmon but my line gave out. We lost several hooks each in a large trout. There is a fine interval here at the forks where we are camped. The trees, witchhazel and Poplar, are very fine also.

*August 8th.* Very hot day. Continued our base line while Arthur's crew went back to bring up the things left yesterday. We met a good deal of poor barren ground today with little soil or wood upon it. The heat was intense and we suffered much from it especially while crossing the open ground. It was quite calm and the sun's rays poured down upon us with great intensity. We finished the 8th mile and then cut out to the river 3/4 of a mile below our camp. Had another go at the trout after tea, but I only caught one about 3 pounds weight. None of the other lads caught any, though nearly all hands tried. They hooked several fine ones

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<sup>845</sup>A fisherman, like Izaak Walton, author of *The Compleat Angler* (1653).

but lost them.

*August 9th.* Continued our base line east from 8th-mile post, while Arthur ran North. We reached the Northern Branch of the river in exactly 9 miles and then cut across the point of land to the South Branch. This was another scorching hot day and we all suffered much. The trout are getting very shy and would not take the hook at all this evening.

*August 10th.* Still another blazing hot day. Continued our line South across the South Branch and on to the foot of the Long Range. Found good land and fine timber nearly all the way for a mile South of the river. Arthur also met pretty good country running the North line especially towards the Anguille Range.

*August 11th.* Desperately hot, by far the hottest day yet. Continued our base line East, between the forks and after a short while struck a great barrens and marsh extending 1 3/4 miles along our line. While crossing this open space the heat was so intense I really feared sun stroke. It was dead calm and not a breath of wind to modify it in the least. This heat took all the good out of us. After dinner we struck some woods and then came upon a splendid strip of interval land along the north side of the South brook. We crossed a bend of the river before leaving off work. This interval is not very wide but extends for a considerable distance up and down the river. The soil upon it is about the richest I have seen. For the most part it is covered with a dense growth of Alders, but one part comprising several acres is covered with a thick growth of wild hay. Notwithstanding

the desperate heat we made 2 1/2 miles today. Old Tom Ebbs and I followed the River down on our return to camp. We had great sport chasing some shell ducks and killed one. The South Branch is wide and very shallow. When it is high must be a fine river for canoes as there are no rapids so far as we have been. There is a great deal of fine interval on both sides all along, and the banks are lined by fine Poplar trees. It was dark again when we got back to camp.

*Sunday August 12th.* Very warm fine day again. After breakfast, Louis, Hugh Gillis and I went across the river and climbed a peak of the Long Range. It was very steep and so warm that we had to stop several times to have a blow, as the men say. It was a hard tramp and the perspiration rolled down off us in streams. When however, we reached the top we found it cool enough. There was a nice fresh breeze blowing on the summit. We had a magnificent view up and down the Codroy Valley which included the entire space between the Long and Anguille Ranges. It was rather disappointing to find so much of the valley was occupied by barren and marsh or low scrubby spruce land. The spots of really good land were small in proportion and they are chiefly confined to the margin of the river. Of course the largest and best patches of land are well down the valley near the estuary. We cruised over the hills for some distance. It was all one vast waste of rocky summits and deep gulches with occasional small ponds and some patches of low green bushes. In some places there were considerable areas covered with grass and

it appeared to be capable of supporting a large number of sheep and cattle in summertime, could a way be found to get them up here. We saw no game except one covey of partridges. There were no fresh signs of deer though it looked a splendid place for them. We got back to camp about 4 P.M. pretty well tired out and very hungry.

*August 13th.* Dull morning, continued our line East and reached our 12th mile. It came to rain about midday and continued all afternoon. We all received a ducking and had a nasty wet tramp home in evening.

*August 14th.* Another dull day, went on with our base line and got our 13th-mile post down. Rained again during the evening. Had a tramp of nearly five miles back to camp along the South Branch of the river, which our line crosses and recrosses several times. We are now so far away from camp and the river so very low it is impossible to get our loaded boats along. I have concluded to carry up a few days' grub on our backs and remain till we finish the line. Judging from the character of the country we have now reached, it will not be worth while running more than another mile eastward as we are pretty well past all the good land.

*August 15th.* This being Lady Day I gave the men a holiday. It was a very fine warm day. Remained in camp all forenoon. After dinner took my rod and proceeded up the Northern Branch several miles and found it very dry. I stopped to fish at one pool and caught a dozen very large sea trout weighing fully 25 or 30 lbs.

I also caught two young black ducks nearly as large as old ones, altogether I had a fine evening's sport. Saw the footing of two or three deer, one a large old stag. My catch made quite a display when I returned to camp.

*August 16th.* Fine, warm day again. We all took a pack each today including grub and blankets and started on foot up the South Branch intending to camp out till Saturday. It was 12 O'Clock when we reached the end of our line. We then commenced cutting, Arthur and crew running South from 11th-mile post. We continued on Eastward and again crossed the river and continued on the North side but soon came upon pretty rugged country with small timber. Left off early in order to erect a shanty as we did not bring our camps along. We built two fine side tilts facing each other covered with birch bark and made a fire between which sufficed for both. John Burke, Charlie, Old Tom and I took one side, the other lads the opposite one. Old Tom acted as cook as we had left Harry and Rose behind. We had a fine night but old Tom nearly roasted us. He is an awful man for fires and is never content till he has a roaring blaze underway. We all slept well and had a comfortable night.

*August 17th.* Another fine day but dull and looks for rain. But it held up and we finished our 14th mile and then turned South and recrossed the river and continued a considerable distance on the South side, but the country became so rocky and poor-looking it was not worth following further. We had another fine night in camp and another roasting by our fireman Tom. At

one time he nearly succeeded in setting me on fire, blankets and all. This was a bad day for flies being one of those close warm days they so much enjoy.

*August 18th.* Still very dull and sultry. Went back to 13th-mile post and ran a line North from thence. I sent John Barrington off to look for a deer. We crossed the river again and ran a considerable distance on the North side, but the rain came on and we gave it up at dinner-time. We then packed up our things and returned down the river reaching our camp about 5:30 P.M. Arthur's crew came shortly after us, so we are now all back at the forks.

*Sunday August 19th.* Very hot bright day. Remained all forenoon in camp. After dinner old Tom and I walked up the North Branch trouting, but for a time met with little success. Tom caught a few small ones at the pool I fished in on Wednesday but it was quite evident the fish had moved on. But we struck some other pools filled up with large trout and had a good piece of sport till it became too dark to see them. We caught between us 32 fish which made two strings, as much as we could carry home. One of my fish was the largest I ever caught. It was 21 1/2 inches long and 12 inches around the body, and must have weighed at least 6 lbs. I regretted I had no means of weighing or preserving it. We had several others which must have weighed between 3 and 4 lbs. Tom hooked two very large ones and had them nearly ashore, but he became so excited he lost them. We had to make back loads of them strung across a stick which rested on our

shoulders and caused them to ache from the weight. On our arrival we created a great sensation in camp. It was then nearly 10 O'clock at night. Old Tom is in his element and will have something to talk about for the remainder of the season. Had we struck the right place earlier in the evening we would have made a great catch. They were just like capelin they were so thick. It was the only really decent bit of sport I have had this season. Tomorrow we begin to move down stream again and will be employed for the rest of the time laying off the lots of the settlers along the estuary.

*August 20th.* Dull, cloudy morning. Struck camp and commenced to move down the river. We were just started when it came to rain hard, however, we continued on and got a drenching. It is quite remarkable that every time we moved camp the season we were sure to be caught in the rain. Had this only come on yesterday and raised the river for us it would be very welcome. As it is, the river is very low and the boats being all overloaded we had a hard job getting along and had to drag them most of the way by main force over rocks and shoals and frequently to unload them and carry all the things considerable distances. We reached our last camping ground by dinner-time, and as far as Downey's clearing before sunset, all very wet, cold and miserable. Everything in the boats, clothes, camps and grub was wet. When we got our camps up and started good fires we were not long in drying ourselves and were quite comfortable once more.

*August 21st.* Fine day again. Sent John and Louis down to The

Gut for a bag of bread and letters. The other lads had to go back to fetch some of the things left behind yesterday. I remained in camp all day drying my clothes. John and Louis came back a little after dark bringing letters and papers, so we had all the latest news. The Stewart Cumberland discussion<sup>846</sup> was quite interesting, also the account of the Regatta.<sup>847</sup>

*August 22nd.* John Downey one of the men settled here came to ask me to lay off his land for him, but his brother Pat does not believe in any survey or in anything very much. He thinks himself a wonderful smart fellow, one of those knowalls, and a regular sea lawyer. I then continued the South line from 3rd-mile post across the river, while Arthur went up to the falls and ran out the line crossing the river there. Found very little good land on the South side except the narrow fringe of interval the Downey Bros. have taken up. Beyond this it is mostly black spruce barrens, with a small fringe of good woods towards Little River.

*August 23rd.* Fine day again. Having measured a quarter of a mile west on the barrens, we then ran north again. Arthur went down the river and continued the first South line.

*August 24th.* Pouring rain all the forenoon could not work out of doors and when it cleared off in the evening it was too late to do anything.

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<sup>846</sup>Stewart Cumberland's appearance in St. John's as a thought-reader in early July, 1883, stimulated many correspondents to attack him as a mountebank. *Eve Tel*, July 14, 24, 1883.

<sup>847</sup>The Regatta has been an August holiday since about 1826, featuring boat races held on Quidi Vidi Lake, near (later in) St. John's (ENL).

*August 25th.* Fine warm day again. Continued our line South to the big barrens and then ran back again to river, Arthur running the 2nd-mile line South.

*Sunday August 26th.* Very fine warm day. Remained in camp all day plotting my work and trying to arrange the lots down the Arm in uniform shape. I expect from what I can learn that I shall have much trouble and annoyance. In fact I doubt whether I can make any satisfactory arrangement with most of the settlers at all.

*August 27th.* Dull, cold day with cold showers. Moved down the river and camped on Andrew Gabriel's land near the upper end of the islands. In the afternoon Arthur and I went to some of the nearer settlers' houses to see if we could come to terms about running the boundary lines as arranged, North-South, East and West. Found some quite willing and indeed glad to have them so, but others very much dissatisfied, especially one French family named Cormier who were quite noisy about it. Found I could not succeed in satisfying them all, so I informed them I would not run any other lines and consequently they could not get grants for their lands.

*August 28th.* Raining hard all morning. Sent Arthur, John and Louis to The Gut for flour. Commenced running western boundary of Doyle's land. He has but a narrow strip of wooded land. Ran his back line E & W. Arthur saw Monsignor Sears who is very anxious to see me, but just now I cannot spare time to go down.

*August 29th.* Fine day again. Commenced Joe Gabriel's line.

Arthur at Andrew Gabriel's. Had a good deal of bother at first getting at their correct starting points. We finished these lots before dark.

*August 30th.* Raining all forenoon then cleared off fine. Went to work after dinner at back lines of Gabriels' lots. Had another talk with the Cormiers and McIsaac today but could make no cloth of them. I now intend leaving them alone and let them go whistle.<sup>848</sup>

*August 31st.* Dull day again. Had a note from the Monsignor requesting to see me as he is soon going away. I accordingly went down with John in the canoe and spent the day with him. He was in a great state because the people had gone to him saying I was going to enforce my ideas about the boundaries upon them. I tried hard to persuade him into agreeing with me about the N.S.E. & W. lines and endeavoured to prove to him what an advantage it would be to all concerned to have regular uniform blocks and parallel lines but to no purpose. He says it is too late now to attempt any alteration and it would only create disturbance. I was compelled to give in, sorely against my grain as I feel sure the way they wish their lines run will cause lapping over and create endless confusion later on. Every man has a bearing of his own which will take in all the good land he can get hold of and cut out the bad. This is what they all aim at. I remained to dine with him and received an invitation to the wedding of his niece

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<sup>848</sup>*Could make no cloth* means could not make any headway; *let them go whistle*, let them follow their own inclinations.

to Mr. Jas. Keating which takes place next week. I tried to excuse myself but could not succeed. Dr. Ryan, our fellow passenger on our trip up, is here staying at the Monsignor's. Mr. Dwyer the new Magistrate was also here last week and settled some cases quite satisfactorily.

*Saturday Sept. 1st.* Fine day moved camp down opposite the Chapel on South side of Arm. Arthur continued Doyle's eastern line. We got everything down the river and our camps up before dinner-time. I made a commencement of running the western boundary of the Glebe lands<sup>849</sup> South and intend to carry that line across to Little River. It also forms the boundary between the Glebe land and Dunot's on the west. We ran about  $\frac{1}{2}$  a mile before night.

*Sunday Sept. 2nd.* Very fine warm day. Went across to hear Mass. Found the Keating family with the bridegroom expectant, Father Phippard, Dr. Ryan, Miss Rennie and her brother from Cape Ray, and a host of others assembled for the wedding which was to take place today, but Monsignor postponed it till tomorrow. I was surprised to find all these folk here as I did not think the wedding was to take place till the middle of the week. I received a parcel of letters, which the wedding party kindly brought up for us. The Circuit boat<sup>850</sup> *Leopard* got into Codroy Harbour last night and Monsignor sent down to invite Judge Pinsent<sup>851</sup> up to

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<sup>849</sup>Land assigned to a clergyman, here Monsignor Sears.

<sup>850</sup>Transporting judge and lawyers.

<sup>851</sup>Robert J. Pinsent (1834-93), lawyer and politician, appointed Supreme Court judge in 1879.

dinner. They pressed me to stay also but I managed to get away on the plea of reading my letters. Michael O'Mara<sup>852</sup> came up with the party from the *Leopard* and I had a chat with him about affairs at home. I went across again in the evening and found they were all gone up the Arm to view the scenery and land and had only just returned to dinner after I got across, so I had to join them. Miss Sears gave us a capital dinner; there were present Judge Pinsent, Sheriff Carter,<sup>853</sup> Hugh and Henry Carter, Michael O'Mara, Mr. Morrison,<sup>854</sup> Father Phippard and myself besides the Monsignor, quite a party. We had a very lively talk at dinner. The lawyers are disappointed with Codroy and the Judge does not think it comes up to Salmonier. George Emerson<sup>855</sup> and his father who is very sick and Bob McNeilly remained on board the *Leopard* and Charlie and Arthur walked out to see them. The party broke up immediately after dinner and the legal gentlemen started for Codroy, some mounted on nags, others on hay carts etc. I accompanied them as far as Broom's Brook. They presented a curious picture and I was sorry I had not a camera to take a snapshot of them. I then remained at the Monsignor's till evening, when John came over for me in the canoe.

*September 3rd.* Dull, heavy morning misty rain. This is the eventful day upon which Mr. James Keating of Channel and Miss

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<sup>852</sup>St. John'sman, lawyer, politician; active in the Temperance movement; d. 1892.

<sup>853</sup>James Carter, deputy-sheriff for Burgeo and LaPoile district.

<sup>854</sup>Perhaps lawyer Donald Morison (1847-1924), later a politician and judge.

<sup>855</sup>Lawyer, politician and judge; d. 1916.

Annie Sears are to be made man and wife. I went across to the wedding, which took place in the little old Chapel about 9 A.M. The ceremony was performed by the Monsignor the bride's uncle and was immediately followed by high Mass and a bridal exhortation and a sermon, the text being St. Paul to the Corinthians anent the married state.<sup>856</sup> It was rather a long tiresome ceremony and must have been very trying to the bride and groom who had to kneel nearly all the time. To use the regular expression the bride looked charming, but I cannot say how she was dressed, not being versed in bridal costumes. Dr. Ryan acted in the capacity of best man and Miss Frances Sears, another niece of the Monsignor, as bridesmaid. After the ceremony we all adjourned to the Monsignor's and had music and refreshments. We then adjourned to the dining room and partook of a very splendid dinner. The day had now brightened up and promised to be fine. Old Uncle Angus the piper was present and played the wedding march on the pipes as the party marched from the church and continued to discourse sweet (?) music outside the open window as we sat at dinner. All went "merry as a marriage bell."<sup>857</sup> Yet there was a kind of restraint on the part of the young people before the Monsignor, who abhors dancing and merry making. So the bridal party who are bound off for Channel on Rolls' schooner the first chance, retired to the house of Sandy Gillis at The Block, down below The

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<sup>856</sup>1 Cor. 7.

<sup>857</sup>*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* (1813), Canto III, xxi, in George Gordon (Lord) Byron, *Poetical Works*, Frederick Page, ed., (3 ed.; London: Oxford University Press, 1970), p. 212.

Gut to keep up the festivities. I was pressed to go down and take with me Arthur and Charlie. I now returned to camp, spruced up a bit and when the lads returned from work, we prepared to start off for the Block. Arthur would not come, he considered the tramp of some six miles down and the dark, especially as it promised to rain, was rather too much. So Charlie and John Burke came along. These latter were only too pleased being always ready for a dance. We started after tea, just as it commenced to rain and before we got halfway it came down in torrents. It was a pitch-dark night, nevertheless once on the road we determined to keep on. When we reached The Gut the rain increased to a perfect tempest and the mud on the road was awful. I don't know how we managed to get along in the dark, we were constantly falling over sticks and stones and several times we were nearly precipitated over the bank of the seashore. At length when we thought we had reached the place we climbed over a fence and found ourselves into a potato garden and oat field. We stumbled about nearly up to our knees in clay and mud and were soon in an awful condition. In this predicament we heard a voice hail us which proved to be that of Mr. McLean<sup>858</sup> the owner of the field. He very kindly put us on the right track and pointed out Gillis's house to us. At length we reached it thoroughly drenched and mud almost up to our shoulders. I would not have ventured inside in such a condition had not the night been so dreadfully wet and dark and stormy.

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<sup>858</sup>Possibly John McLean, general dealer.

Under the circumstances there was nothing for it but to put on a bold face and seek shelter. We found the bridal party and several friends assembled. It was some relief to us to find several of the guests in as bad a condition as ourselves. Poor Mrs. Gillis was very kind and insisted on my changing my wet stockings, but all the boots and shoes had already been appropriated and I was glad to get the loan of a pair of india rubber shoes to put on over the stockings. We were soon regaled with a splendid supper and then the dancing commenced. I was too wet and tired to take part in this and further knew nothing of their Scotch reels etc. Charlie and John however took part and notwithstanding their miserable condition seemed to enjoy themselves thoroughly. But the awful weather seemed to throw a damper on the festivities and several of the invited guests failed to put in an appearance. We had an abundance of refreshments of all kinds and plenty of music, such as it was. About midnight the fun seemed to lag, the dancing could not be kept up owing to the scarcity of the female element. The bride and groom retired about 2 A.M. and soon the guests began to move also. The weather had now cleared off and the morning was cold and bright. We were very uncomfortable in our wet clothes all night and though pressed to stay till daylight we decided to return to camp. We had a long nasty tramp in the dark but not quite so bad as when coming down. It was just about dawn when we got home. The walk back warmed us up considerably and after a change of clothes we turned in for a few hours' rest.

*September 4th.* Fine morning. Slept soundly till about 8 A.M. when we got up quite refreshed and started off to work, I to continue my line towards Little River, while Arthur went across to commence the boundary of the Monsignor's land on North side. It turned out a fine day and we got through a fair day's work. Our line passed over some fine land covered with heavy timber, some of the witchhazels being of very large dimensions.

*September 5th.* Dull again, continued our line South towards Little River. Arthur again on North side. We crossed the road near McKeown's and passed through a splendid tract of upland all densely timbered with very fine timber, chiefly fir and witchhazel of large size. This central strip between the two rivers is the finest land I have yet seen. The weather is now getting quite fallish, especially at night.

*September 6th.* Dull, cool day. Still at South line and reached the slope towards Little River. Still splendid land and timber all along. The cutting is very heavy owing to the large timber and hard birches. Arthur did a good day's work on North side.

*September 7th.* Still dull but warmer. Continued our line and reached Little River just at dusk. Passed through splendid land all the way and a beautiful patch of interval along the river. Had a long tramp home in the dark. Poor Coady gave his foot a nasty cut today and had to give up work and return to camp.

*September 8th.* It was very cold last night. Froze hard. There was about 1/4 of an inch of ice on our water bucket this

morning. We were up early and commenced the eastern boundary of the Glebe property and ran out about a mile before night.

This was a fine day in the woods bright and cool. There were no flies, Arthur at work today on the North side of the estuary up near Downeys'. Had a good deal of trouble with two Highlanders, Angus McDonald and Sandy McArthur about their boundaries. These two have been always at logger heads and are very cantankerous individuals.

*Sunday September 9th.* Fine day again. Went across to hear Mass, afterwards dined with the Monsignor, Miss Sears and Dr. Ryan. After dinner I went up to see poor old Mike Downey with the Doctor. The old man has been very sick lately and Dr. Ryan has recently performed upon him a painful operation in removing one of his eyes which was deprived of sight for many years and recently caused him such excruciating pain as to call for its removal. The Doctor did not remain long as he had a call to Little River. A man named McIsaac, another of that long-tailed<sup>859</sup> family was awaiting him with a horse on the other side. He is then going on to Channel and thence to Nova Scotia his home. He is picking up a good practice and intends returning here. I went across with him and he remained a short time at our camp before proceeding on. As usual every Sunday our camp is besieged with Highlanders talking about their lands. They are all very keen on this question. They are very jealous of each other and greedy

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<sup>859</sup>With many lateral branches.

about every foot of land. They are afraid that in running their boundaries one should gain the slightest advantage of another. We have christened them the "Land-leaguers."<sup>860</sup>

*September 10th.* Dull day, continued the eastern line of the Glebe land Southward with all the crew except Coady and Morrissey, both being laid off with cut feet. It came to rain and turned out very miserable in the woods. Finished the side line and back line.

*September 11th.* Commenced boundary line between McIsaac and McArthur. This line took a good slice of McArthur who is in a great state about it. Arthur again at work on North side. The day was fine and we got through a good deal of work.

*September 12th.* A beautiful fine day. Continued the same lines. Arthur still working on North side.

*September 13th.* Another beautiful day. Ran the back line of several lots. One of Arthur's men sick today and he had only two of his crew at work. The sky was very smoky all day, there is evidently a large fire somewhere across the Gulf in Cape Breton or Nova Scotia. Finished our East and West line.

*September 14th.* Commenced running a line South between Dan McIsaac and John McNeil. This is to be a long line of 190 chains to form the back boundary of several lots on a bend of the shore. A very fine day and did good work. The mail arrived today and I

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<sup>860</sup>Howley adapts this from the Irish National Land League, formed in 1879. Coincidentally, Anthony Trollope's novel *The Landleaguers* was published in 1882-83.

received three letters and a bundle of papers. Mr. Murray writes me to come home soon as he cannot get along without me and he wishes to see me before he leaves the country for good.<sup>861</sup> I have therefore concluded to leave the boat after next about Oct. 14. I had not intended leaving before the end of that month but have now decided to do so. The papers contained the sad news of Governor Maxse's<sup>862</sup> death.

*September 15th.* Very sultry day nearly as hot as any day the summer. Black flies very fierce. Continuing our lines all day.

*Sunday September 16th.* Very fine day again. Went over to Mass. Father McGinnis was celebrant. The Monsignor preached. I dined with him and we had a long chat about the land question. Our camp again besieged with visitors.

*September 17th.* Desperately hot day one of the hottest for the season. The black flies very troublesome all day. Running South line through thick woods and just finished it by dusk. Dense smoke all day evidently from a great forest fire somewhere across the Gulf.

*September 18th.* Dull and cool but fine day. Running lines between various lots. Owing to the irregular way the settlers have taken in and cleared land no straight lines can be run without causing overlapping of one another. It is a case of give

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<sup>861</sup>Murray left St. John's late in 1883, headed for his birthplace, Crieff, Perth, Scotland. He died there a year later on Dec. 18, 1884, at the age of 74. His death was briefly noted in *Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society of London*, 41 (1885): 45.

<sup>862</sup>H.B.F. Maxse (1832-83), soldier, Governor of Newfoundland, 1881-83; died in St. John's.

and take, but some are not satisfied to lose a single yard. As a consequence we have a lot of trouble with them.

*September 19th.* Fine day. Still running the boundary lines between various settlers. Arthur at work on North side.

*September 20th.* Wind N.E. cold and showery very fallish-looking. Still running out boundaries.

*September 21st.* Fine again. Went across to run out some lines on North side near Ryan's Brook.

*September 22nd.* At work on some back lots, McKeown's and Hugh Gillis's. The day turned out beautifully fine. Arthur again at work on North side further down. Our time is now getting short. We have barely another fortnight and as we yet have a lot to do here on Big River I do not expect to be able to touch Little River this season.

*Sunday September 23rd.* A dull heavy sultry day. The tide today very low. It looks for bad weather. I remained in camp nearly all day plotting up my work. Pestered as usual with "land-leaguers."

*September 24th.* Fine day again. Continuing boundary lines. Arthur at North side again.

*September 25th.* Blowing a gale and raining hard all the morning. Our camp nearly blown away. Remained home all forenoon. An old miner named Capt. Foley came up from Channel and spent nearly all day with us. He has been prospecting for minerals along shore for several years. He has minerals especially gold on the brain. He is an old St. John's man but has lived a number of

years in Prince Edward's Island. He has done well there, owns a vessel, and two of his sons are Captains. He complains much of Confederation, says it has ruined the Island and taxes are now so excessive it is hard to live there. He praises the fertility of the island but does not think much of Agricultural prospects in Newfoundland. He admits he never experienced so fine a summer as this has been here.

*September 26th.* Fine day again after the storm but very wet everywhere. Running out back lines of several lots. Arthur on North side.

*September 27th.* Again another fine day. Still at back lines. Found the land inside very superior to that on the front and the situation beautiful. Some of the large witchhazels are very fine trees with huge branches spreading out like an umbrella. These afford great shelter to the cattle which congregate beneath them in wet, stormy weather. This ridge midway between the two rivers is by far the finest part of the whole valley.

*September 28th.* Very fine again. Moved camp down to The Gut and in about 1/2 a mile on the Mill Pond road, where we found good shelter and plenty of firewood. After the camps were all up, we started running Mr. Rolls' lines, already pretty well cut out, but requiring straightening. Arthur measuring the road.

*September 29th.* Fine again continued Rolls' line and then ran east behind several lots. Arthur over on North side in Jocketty Gale's cove. One of these Gales refused to allow of our line running over his claims.

*Sunday September 30th.* Dull heavy morning. Wind S.E. blowing fresh. Went up to Mass myself in canoe and had a hard paddle. Remained to dinner with Miss Sears and Father McGinnis, Mr. James Doyle and his daughter. Poor old Mike Downey who had his eye taken out was at Mass today. I had a long chat with him. He is now quite smart again. Downey is one of the pioneer settlers in the river and is a fine old fellow. It came to rain pretty hard in evening and I received a drenching getting back to camp. McArthur's boat from Channel brought a mail but nothing for any of us. Miss Sears kindly lent me some late papers by which I learnt of the loss of the S.S. *Proteus* and the failure of the Greely relief expedition in the Arctic regions. I was sorry to learn of the loss of this fine seal hunter. It appears Lieut. Garlington who was in charge was a very incompetent person to have sent. He is an army officer, utterly unused to the sea or ice conditions. It does seem very short-sighted on the part of the U.S. authorities to have placed such a person in charge instead of one of their naval men.<sup>863</sup>

*Monday October 1st.* Raining and blowing hard all day. Very cold and miserable. Remained in camp till afternoon. Then took a

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<sup>863</sup>The *Proteus*, strongly built for engaging in the Newfoundland seal hunt in northern waters, was hired by the U.S. government in 1881 to engage in Arctic exploration. It was crushed in ice in 1883 and as a result could not reach Lt. Adolphus W. Greely, U.S. Army, and his men, who spent from October to the following May in Smith Sound. ENL, "Proteus." Adolphus W. Greely, *Three Years of Arctic Service; An Account of the Lady Franklin Bay Expedition of 1881-84, and the Attainment of the Farthest North* (2 vols.; London: Richard Bentley and Son, 1886). Ernest A. Garlington, *Report of Lady Franklin Bay Expedition of 1883* (Washington: Signal Office, 1883). Leonard F. Guttridge, *Ghosts of Cape Sabine; The Harrowing True Story of the Greely Expedition* (New York: G.P. Putnam's Sons, 2000).

stroll along the road.

*October 2nd.* Rained hard all night and blew a gale but it cleared off fine today. Continued running the back lines.

*October 3rd.* Very cold last night and this morning but turned out a fine day. Mr. Doyle spent last night in camp with us. He came down to try and pick up some idea of surveying. But the night was such a miserable one he did not care to try another. Arthur at the road again today.

*October 4th.* Very cold raining and blowing a gale. Some showers of hail. Miserable conditions to work under, but we ran out several lines.

*October 5th.* Yet another miserable day. Snowed during the night. Long Range all white this morning. Desperately raw and cold. Blowing and sleeting all day. Went out on the shore to run some lines there. There was an awful sea on after the high winds. Arthur went over to Stormy Point to run some lines there.

*October 6th.* Snowed a good deal last night on the hills. Both ranges today garbed in spotless white. It looks very beautiful but is enough to give one cold shivers. At work today on outside shore. It was piercing cold with frequent squalls of rain and sleet. It was colder than anything encountered last fall on the Exploits and Gander valleys. This month seems to have set in bad.

*Sunday October 7th.* Fine again but still quite cold. Wind and sea gone down. Went up to Mass and dined again at the Glebe house. I then wished them all goodbye as I am about to give up

work on Wednesday for the season and go on to Channel in order to catch the steamer for home about the end of the week. We are now pretty well through with Big River. After tea I walked down to Mr. Rolls to see about sending on our canoe in the morning by craft of his about leaving for Rose Blanche. I spent an hour with him chatting.

*October 8th.* Fine day again. Working along the outer shore and finished that part.

*October 9th.* Still fine and warm day. Snow fast disappearing from Mountains. Running back line of shore lots through heavy timber.

*October 10th.* Dull and looking for rain. At work on back line. Held up fine till we got through. Arthur at Gales', North side. Today's work finishes the work on Grand River. Came to rain again.

*October 11th.* Wet in morning but cleared off. Wind came off from N.W. Rolls' craft ready to leave at the rising tide. Got all ready to be off. Paid off all the Codroy men and packed our things down to The Gut. When we had nearly all down found the craft underway so we had to bundle aboard in a hurry without our cook Harry and two others, John Barrington and Croke, for whom we waited as long as the skipper could venture to delay. We had to leave without them. Had a splendid time down to the Cape and across to Channel which we reached in 4 hours. Steamer not yet arrived from the East. We put up at Keating's where we were very comfortable. The *Curlew* came in about 8 P.M. We all went aboard

to hear the news. Arthur and Charlie wished to go on to Bonne Bay in her so I let them go.

*October 12th.* Charming day. Dried all our camps and clothing and then had a walk about the place.

*October 13 & 14.* Two wet disagreeable days. Spent most of the time indoors reading. Our stray men joined us today having walked all the way from Codroy Rivers.

*October 15th.* Wind off from N.W. fine day. *Curlew* arrived back about 8 A.M. and we got off about 10 O'clock for home. Passage home uneventful.

## 1884

## Surveying in St. George's Bay

This season was again devoted to blocking off the land on the South side of Bay St. George into townships of 36 square miles each. Owing to the conformation of the country the idea of running true North, South, East and West lines was found inapplicable to this district; instead it was decided the best way to divide it up was by running lines conformable to the general trend of the coast. A base line was to be run through the central part of the flat country lying between the coast and the

base of the Long Range Mountains, at an average distance from the shore line of 6 miles, and at every sixth mile along the base, side lines were to be run to the shore on the one hand, and inland on the other, as far as the land was suitable for settlement.<sup>864</sup>

Part of the crew to be employed were shipped in St. John's, the rest at Bay St. George. Mr. A. White again acted as assistant, with C. Emerson and A. Bayley.<sup>865</sup> John Hennebury, a former Telegraph line repairer, was engaged as Boss packer. Denis Thoomey as cook, with three of last year's men, Tom Ebbs, Ned Coady, and Ned Morrissey axemen. We left St. John's on the S.S. *Curllew* June 3rd. We had quite a number of passengers and there was a crowd of persons on the wharf seeing their friends off. The day was rather foggy with light S. Easterly wind, similar weather to that experienced for the past month. The harbour was crowded with fishing craft in for their summer's supplies.<sup>866</sup> It was no easy matter to get clear of the wharf head and thread our way down the harbour without colliding with some of these craft. However we were soon clear and steaming through the narrows. It was very cold and the presence of a huge iceberg just outside, which nearly filled up Black Head Bay<sup>867</sup> tended no doubt to add considerably to the low temperature. As we steamed past this

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<sup>864</sup>C.J. Harvey, C.F. Twining, and John Haddon were also carrying out land surveys in 1884.

<sup>865</sup>Albert J. Bayly, an employee in the Geological Survey, later Howley's assistant in the field.

<sup>866</sup>Outport schooners arriving in St. John's to get fishing gear, provisions, etc., from supplying merchants.

<sup>867</sup>Just southeast of the entrance to St. John's harbour.

berg, I noticed layers of clay and mud in several places near the top of it, either carried thus from its Arctic home or torn up from the bottom by the berg upsetting. Several large streams of clear, beautiful water poured in cascades down its sides. The berg was very regular and even on top, possessed none of those picturesque features so often seen. But the great white mass was dazzling in its purity, rendered more so by the contrast with the dark water which laved its base, as well as by the gloomy atmosphere. Fishing craft were still coming in and going out the narrows in considerable numbers. We steamed rapidly around Cape Spear and then entered the dense fog which lay off the coast. It was not so thick but that we occasionally caught glimpses of the shore. Towards Cape Broyle it became much clearer. We entered Ferryland about 2.30 P.M. and remained an hour. I went ashore and paid a visit to my old friend, Magistrate O'Mara. He was not looking at all well.

Ferryland under existing weather conditions looked cold and gloomy and nearly deserted. The vegetation was very backward much behind that of St. John's. The fishermen are only just commencing the season's operations and as yet have done nothing with fish. We left at 3.45 and had it very thick outside. I turned into my berth to read but soon fell asleep and did not awaken till tea-time. We passed Cape Race in a dense fog, but heard the horn and answered it. Arrived at Trepassey at 9 P.M. This day was cold and raw throughout but fortunately the water was comparatively smooth. Still the Curlew rolled considerably and many of the

passengers were seasick; poor Bayley very much so. I was rather quamous myself at first but it wore off. My setter pup Flockko, was very sick, poor brute, but after a while he recovered.

June 4th. I slept well last night and did not get up till the breakfast bell rang. I found we were well into St. Mary's Bay. It was still very foggy and drizzling rain and began to blow fresh from the S.E. before we reached St. Mary's Harbour, where we arrived at 9 A.M. By this time the wind had increased to a fair sized gale with heavy rain and dense fog, so the Capt. decided to remain all day. It was miserably cold on board. It calmed down after dinner-time but still remained densely foggy. Several of us went ashore with Mr. Michael Tobin<sup>868</sup> and spent sometime at his Agent's, Mr. Costello's house. Tobin has a fine stage and a large icehouse<sup>869</sup> here.

St. Mary's seems to have pulled up a bit since we saw it last year. There are several new houses building, and the fields look nice and green. A number of boats were at anchor and others were coming in all day running out of the weather. It was quite a sight to see them coming along under reefed sails making harbour. They are doing very well with fish, better than for many years past. One of Tobin's boats caught 130 qtls.<sup>870</sup> since Thursday last. It remained densely foggy all night and we did not budge as

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<sup>868</sup>Fish merchant at St. Mary's; MHA, Placentia and St. Mary's, 1882-5; the agent was perhaps James Costello.

<sup>869</sup>Icehouses stored ice for sale in spring and summer, often to American bankers wanting to preserve fresh bait.

<sup>870</sup>Quintals.

the Capt. expected it would be difficult to make Burin, while the discomfiture of a night out was anything but an inviting prospect.

June 5th. When I turned out this morning we were off Cape St. Mary's still in dense fog and no land could be seen. It was quite raw and cold and the Curlew rolled very much. Towards noon it cleared off fine with the wind from the N.W. We then had a beautiful time along across Placentia Bay. The fine day cheered us all up immensely. Arrived at Burin by dinner-time and had a run ashore. I took the pup with me. He has now got over his seasickness and is as lively as a cricket.

We left about 3.30 P.M. and had a fine run up to St. Pierre where we arrived just at sunset. Most of the passengers went ashore but I did not. Left again about 11 P.M. I turned in just as we were getting underway. I received a dreadful scorching from the sun reflected off the water today and my face and neck were very sore.

June 6th. Beautiful, bright, sunny morning, water smooth as oil. When I came on deck we were nearly into Harbour Breton, having called at Grand Bank and St. Jacques during the night. Arrived at Harbour Breton at breakfast-time. Had a good walk to stretch our limbs. It was very hot here and everything seemed in advance of St. John's in the way of vegetation. Father Whelan<sup>871</sup> came on board for Grand Jarvis.<sup>872</sup> We left about 11 A.M. and were

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<sup>871</sup>James Whelan of St. Lawrence.

<sup>872</sup>Great Jervis Harbour, at the entrance to Bay d'Espoir.

at Great Jarvis by dinner-time. Here we landed Father Whelan, Richard Mallowney and Elliot, also a lot of freight.

This is the place where a man murdered his wife and then committed suicide last fall. I can scarcely wonder at his becoming crazy in such a miserable hole. Reuben Soulian (Micmac) and wife came on board here. He is going up to Codroy to meet Capt. Fane of the warship who is salmon fishing on the Rivers. We left Great Jarvis about 2 P.M. and had a long run up to Burgeo our next port of call, which we reached about 10 O'clock. We learnt here that Monsignor Sears' fine new house at Grand River with all its contents had been burnt to the ground on Wednesday night last. This is a terrible blow to the poor Monsignor and will, I fear, put a damper upon his keen interest in the place. Both he and Father McGinnis were absent at the time, even his man was away. We left Burgeo at 11.30 P.M. when I turned in.

June 7th. A beautiful day. When I got up we were on our way to Channel having been at La Poile and Rose Blanche during the night. Reached Port aux Basques at 11.30 A.M. I walked across<sup>873</sup> to see old Man Keating, found only himself and his son James at home; the women folks had gone across to Antigonish.<sup>874</sup> We remained till nearly dinner-time and then started for Bay St. George. I telegraphed to Mr. Lilly,<sup>875</sup> Collector of Customs, to ship some men for us. Had a splendid time around Cape Ray,

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<sup>873</sup>To Channel.

<sup>874</sup>In Nova Scotia.

<sup>875</sup>George R. Lilly, magistrate in St. George's Bay; d. 1918.

passing close to the land and exchanging signals with the Light-keeper. Just after leaving Channel we sighted a large Ocean liner bound up the Gulf. She was only a little outside of us and we had a full view of her fine proportions. She passed us just off the Cape and soon steamed out of sight. As we steamed past The Codroys<sup>876</sup> we had a good view of the coast and could easily recognize places made familiar by last year's survey. Could distinctly make out with the glass, the ruins of the Glebe house.

It turned out a truly beautiful evening with perfectly smooth water as we steamed into Bay St. George. We passed close along the highlands of Cape Anguille and had a better view of their sea-fronts than ever before. The cliffs are for the most part vertical with occasional deep fissures and steep valleys extending far inland. Here and there little sandy beaches occur at the base of the cliffs. The rocks are of Lower Carboniferous Age, and present a variety of brilliant colours chiefly red and green, relieved here and there with masses of snow-white gypsum. The slopes of the hills are well wooded, some of the valleys even showing large witchhazel, fir and birch trees. Some of the slopes display considerable patches of good land, not too steep for cultivation. Several beautiful cascades tumble down the cliffs like bridal veils and add a charming effect to the scenery, which taken as a whole is exceedingly beautiful, especially when viewed on such a gloriously bright summer afternoon. The contrast to the

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<sup>876</sup>Grand and Little Codroy Rivers.

miserable barren granite hills of the Southern coast just left behind was very marked. A great deal of snow still remains lodged in the gulches on the northern slope of the Long Range. After passing the Anguille Range we came upon the low level coast of the Bay St. George proper. With the aid of the glass we could obtain a good view of the various settlements at the Barachois or mouths of the Rivers. Their neat, white houses looking very nice and tidy. All these settlements appear to be growing rapidly. Those of Crabb's and Robinson's being quite large. We arrived at Sandy Point at 10 P.M., a very awkward hour indeed, and being Saturday night made it still more so. Mr. Lilly came aboard to see me. He had boats ready to land our stuff with and storage secured ashore for us, also lodgings engaged at Miss McKay's. After a good deal of fuss and delay we at length got all ashore and safely stored. It was a fine calm night and fortunately the tide was high. This being a very shoal water place, it would have caused us much more trouble and delay had the tide been out. When all was secure we returned to our lodgings about 11.30 P.M. and found them quite comfortable.

Sunday June 8th. Fine, warm day. There being neither priest nor parson home we did not attend our respective churches. I walked about most of the day, called to see Magistrate Dwyer and had a long chat with him. We had some heavy thunder and lightning after dark accompanied by heavy rain. Sandy Point has not

improved much since last I saw it.<sup>877</sup> There are a few new houses being built and quite a number of new liviers, but most of the houses and stores are poor concerns. The telegraph line is quite an addition to the place. There is a fine wide track cut all along it. As usual there are several wrecks here. One large ship<sup>878</sup> which came in here last fall lumber laden, lays embedded in the soft sand, with nearly all her cargo still aboard. She stands perfectly upright with all her spars and rigging intact. Her Captain, a German, came up with us on the *Curllew*. He spent all the winter here watching his ship. Another barque, also lumber laden, lays at anchor in the harbour; she was condemned and sold and was purchased by parties here and now she is like a white elephant on their hands. Dwyer finds the place pretty dull and lonesome. He is very well liked here. Lilly and wife, and Bishop<sup>879</sup> and wife called to see me after tea but I was away up the shore.

June 9th. Rained hard all night. Dull and wet all forenoon. Unpacked all our things and took out a month's grub. After dinner I sent Arthur and Albert with the men across to Seal Rocks<sup>880</sup> on the south side of Flat Bay, with a boat load of grub, while I stayed to ship the other men. Only four of those selected by

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<sup>877</sup>In 1873; see pp. 287-8.

<sup>878</sup>The German barque *Heloise*, of Straslund, bound from Caraquet, N.B., to Glasgow, with a cargo of hardwood plank, pine, and staves, went ashore at Harbour Point Nov. 18, 1883, was surveyed and condemned. Her captain was named Steinort. See *Eve Tel*, Nov. 19, Dec. 18, 1883.

<sup>879</sup>C.R. Bishop, postmaster.

<sup>880</sup>Directly east from Sandy Point across Flat Bay. The population in 1884 was 185. Now incorporated in St. George's.

Lilly signed, two others backed out, objecting that the pay was too small. I shipped one Sandy Gillis as assistant cook. After writing some letters for home I paid a visit to Mrs Bishop, nee Miss Le Grandy, and found her considerably changed. I would have scarcely known her. Poor woman she has had much trouble since I saw her last. She lost her Mother and sister and last winter, her father. One brother was drowned in New York and now her only remaining sister Mrs McDonald<sup>881</sup> is dying. She has still one brother left, who is at school in Nova Scotia and she is now going up to see him. We had a long chat about old times and friends, but she has lost all her former gaiety. Saw Mr. Dwyer again after tea. He was trying to get a run on to St. John's by the return boat but could not obtain leave. Mrs. Bishop and Lilly go by the boat due tonight. It turned out a very cold, raw evening.

June 10th. Cold, raw and foggy and wet morning. After breakfast Charlie<sup>882</sup> and I got the men together and all proceeded across to Seal Rocks where we found the other lads waiting. They had put up the camps in a hollow about 1/4 of a mile back from the shore. It was a poor place with no shelter or wood of any kind near. All had long since been denuded by fire and by the settlers. Got all our things into camp. The afternoon turned out fine. So I sent the men off to gather firewood which they had to go quite a distance to obtain. Arthur and I adjusted our

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<sup>881</sup>Julia McDonald kept a boarding house.

<sup>882</sup>Charles Emerson, one of his crew.

instruments and I took a set of observation for time and variation. They turned out well. Made the variation  $31^{\circ} 50' 20''$ . Towards sunset it again became very raw and cold and we feel it very much in camp in our exposed position.

June 11th. Up at five O'clock to try and get some morning observations but it was densely foggy and cold. It was a very cold night in camp especially coming on daylight. Flockko lay at my feet and kept them quite warm. Seeing no chance of getting an observation I turned in again and slept till after seven when the cook called us to breakfast. It was now a fine sunshiny morning. After breakfast I commenced our first line running towards the mountains.<sup>883</sup> As the country was all clear and burnt over with but an occasional patch of bushes, I only took two men with me, old Tom and Ned. John Hennebury with the rest of the crew commenced to pack some of the things into Flat Bay Brook where we intend to pitch our next camp. We finished nearly a mile of line by evening. The packers were back to dinner and afterwards made another trip which was very good work. The distance is about four miles, thus they travelled back and forth between 16 and 17 miles for the day with their heavy packs. Hennebury is a fine Boss and will get twice as much work out of them as I could. The Bay St. George chaps behaved very well. They are all strapping young fellows and are used to carrying loads. There are two Parsonses, Blandford and Thomas. This turned out a fine day though the wind

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<sup>883</sup>Long Range Mountains.

in the evening blew quite cold. I had my hands and face dreadfully sunburnt and quite sore. I always find this on first coming out after being housed in all winter. The skin after a while completely peels off as if burnt with a red hot iron.

June 12th. Another fine day but wind still cold in morning and evening. Went on with my line. The country for many miles is quite clear of woods so we had little cutting to do. We reached a large marsh and barrens by dinner-time. The packers did well again today and now have most of our grub in. We now have about 2 1/2 miles of line done. A French man-of-war<sup>884</sup> came into the harbour just as we were returning to camp. I intend moving tomorrow if fine. Had a note from Father Phippard inviting me over to dine with him on Sunday, but I expect by that time to be too far away.

June 13th. Pouring rain all the morning with strong breeze from N.E. Very cold and raw, yet last night was somewhat warmer than those preceding it. Could not move camp today. After dinner it was somewhat finer, so I sent most of the lads in with packs, while the rest did some cutting outside. It continued very stormy, wet and cold all day. I walked down as far as the Little Barachois River and found some nice clearings. One man named Madore had a fine farm. The land though pretty good does not come up to that of the Codroys. The vegetation is very backward in comparison to ours at home. Much of the country inland is marshy

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<sup>884</sup>See n. 432.

and barren and often chock full of boulders. It does not at all come up to my expectations and is very uneven. The Man-of-war went off again this evening.

June 14th. Dull, cold morning with showers of cold rain, almost snow. Struck camp after breakfast and started for Flat Bay Brook. This was our first real packing and we all found it desperately hard work. I was quite played out when we got in. The day cleared off fine and the sun shone out bright yet the wind blew cold and raw from the N.W. All the country between the shore and the river has been burnt and is very bare. We camped about 1/4 of a mile from the river just behind Le Grandy's farm. Poor Le Grandy spent a lot of money here and cleared a large flat of 50 or more acres along the side of the river close under Cairn Mountain. His barn containing all his farming implements was burned a few years ago, and though he has a snug farm house on it, he could get no one to live there. It is a very pretty place and the flat or interval is a beautiful piece of land. The soil seems excellent. It has, however, never received any manure and in consequence the land is getting run out. The situation alongside the broad steady or Salmon pool is beautiful and were some energetic farmer to take it in hand it should afford a good living. After dinner and when all our camps were up, we went on with our line and made another 1/2 mile. We had some heavy cutting and a good long walk back to camp. This was a hard day's work and we were all pretty tired when we got home.

Sunday June 15th. Slept soundly last night. Beautiful, fine,

warm day. After breakfast Albert and I started off to ascend the Cairn mountain, or as it is more commonly called here, Steel Mountain.<sup>885</sup> It was a good long journey and a pretty steep climb, but we had a splendid view from the summit. All the country North out to the coast has been swept by fire as also several large patches to the south of it. Near the base of the Long Range the country generally is very hilly and broken. To the eastward over the Range we could see the bare rugged summits a long way inland. Flat Bay Brook runs through a deep gorge in the mountains and passes close under the base of the Cairn Mountain.

There are two cairns erected on the top of the mountain, one said to have been placed there by the celebrated circumnavigator Capt. Cook as a survey mark about 120 years ago<sup>886</sup> while engaged in his survey of the coast. Sandy Point with all its houses and stores looked quite a town from here. But it is a case where "distance lends enchantment etc."<sup>887</sup> The great, long, low spit of sand beach stands out like one of those low Coral Islands of the Pacific Ocean. There is quite a lot of last winter's snow lodged in gulches, especially on the distant Louis Hills, Port a Port Bay, and the Blo-mi-don Mountains of Bay of Islands. It is probably this presence of the frost king which still keeps the weather so cold. Our tramp up and down was a tiresome one, yet

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<sup>885</sup>These are two distinct mountains.

<sup>886</sup>In 1767; James Cook's surveys in coastal Newfoundland and Labrador took place 1762-7.

<sup>887</sup>"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view." Thomas Campbell, "The Pleasures of Hope" (1799), Part 1, l. 7. In *The Poetical Works of Thomas Campbell* (London: George Routledge and Sons).

notwithstanding the cool atmosphere we found plenty of mosquitoes. On our way back we visited the Gypsum cliffs near the flank of the mountains. There is an immense mass of this useful material here. The way the surface is weathered and disintegrated presents a peculiar appearance like the ruins of a white marble structure of immense proportions.

Some of our lads tried the river for fish today and I had a go at it after tea, but we found none except a few small trout. Evidently neither the salmon or sea trout have yet reached up here. I scarcely expect any good fishing for another month.

June 16th. Pouring rain all the forenoon. Dull and foggy during the afternoon. Remained in camp.

June 17th. Very fine morning again. Had an early breakfast and were off to work. We reached the foot of the mountains early in the day and then turned off at right angles or on a bearing of  $S44^{\circ} W$ . True which is the course of our main base line. But as I could not get the exact position where we turned off owing to the rugged character of the surface I had to turn off 13.3 chs. short, until reaching a more favourable place down on the flat and then lay off the difference. We now continued our course down over Le Grandy's farm all through burnt woods till we reached the river. The day turned out an extremely warm one, in fact the first real summerlike day we have had. The black flies came out in swarms, and I suppose being extra hungry after their long fast, seemed determined to make up for lost time. Not expecting they would be so bad we came away unprovided with the usual tar

and oil remedy and suffered accordingly. They were simply awful I believe worse than I ever found them. My face, neck and hands were very sore in the evenings from the combined attacks of those fearful pests and the broiling sun.

June 18th. Another fine, hot day. Continued our line across Flat Bay Brook where we entered heavy green timber, chiefly spruce, fir and birch, some wichhazel and a scattered pine. Most of this latter had been culled out. We soon found the country becoming very uneven and began to mount upwards rapidly. We finished a mile before evening. Flies bad again.

June 19th. Another very warm day, but a nice breeze kept it comparatively cool. Went on with our base line. Arthur took sick and had to go back to camp and lie up. We found the country more and more broken and towards evening we descended into a deep gorge, through which Coal Brook runs. The banks rise nearly perpendicularly on either side. So far, this beats the Exploits country for ruggedness and reminds me of that between Little Bay Mine and Colchester. It will be a dreadful place to pack over and we shall only be able to make slow progress. I hope, however, to find the country improve after we reach the summit of this ridge. On Coal Brook, just east of our line, an immense mass of snow white gypsum crops out and forms a high cliff. It presents a pleasing contrast to the dark foliage of the forest. I ascended this gypsum cliff to examine it. It is hollowed out by the action of the river in the form of a huge amphitheatre. In climbing the steep slope I came suddenly upon a bird's nest in the low scrub.

I did not clearly see the bird as it flew out but I think it was a Sparrow Hawk. There were four beautiful eggs in the nest of a pale chocolate colour prettily spotted with darker brown. They were about the size of a pigeon's egg.

We have found a number of birds' nests lately and seen several birds new to me which are never found on our side of the island. Just now the woods are alive with them. It would be a fine time, had we leisure to collect birds and eggs, but having no means of preserving them, I must forego the pleasure. All I can attempt to do is to take notes of their colouration etc. for future reference.<sup>888</sup> I noticed one pair, evidently male and female of a small species about the size and shape of a yellow hammer. They were both the same colour, a dusky yellow or olive green on the back, wings and tail, with lighter yellow breasts and under parts. The throat of the male was a bright chrome yellow. Both sides of his head and neck jet black covering the eye and extending to the beak. Over the eye was a thin streak of a nearly white band. It was evidently some variety of Warbler.<sup>889</sup> Another bird of the same size as the female of the first had a very black patch or cap on the crown of the head. This I think was Wilson's Warbler, *Wilsonia pusilla*? Another pretty little bird striped black and white, with the sides of the cheeks and neck dull yellow. This may have been the Black and White Warbler *Mniotilta varia*? Sparrows of several varieties are numerous, particularly

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<sup>888</sup>Howley published an address, *Nature Studies*, in 1913.

<sup>889</sup>Northern yellowthroat.

the Fox Sparrow or Tom fox *Passerella iliaca*, around our camp in the burnt woods and we have found several nests. The Hermit thrush *Hylocichla guttata pallasii* is often heard and I have seen its nest on the ground with 4 pale blue-green eggs in it. Its plaintive note has a very mournful sound. The song of all these feathered beauties is very pleasant music more especially in the early morning just after dawn. I never remember hearing so many sweet notes and such a variety of sounds. One very much resembles that of a canary.

June 20th. Fine day again pretty warm. We took a load each to the end of our line this morning but owing to the extreme ruggedness of the country could only carry small packs. It was very heavy and warm work and it was late when all got in. We then went on with our line and did a good day's work crossing two or three more deep ravines. By evening we reached the summit of the rising ground as seen from our camp. To the East of our line an extensive barrens and marsh lays. I saw some deer tracks here but none very fresh. Today we found a Woodpecker's nest in an old dead tree close by our line. It was one of the small black variety. I believe it to be the Arctic Three toed Woodpecker *Picoides Arcticus*. It had a small and perfectly round hole, like an auger hole bored through the outer hard shell of the wood into the soft decayed interior where the nest lay. This hole was about 6 inches above the nest. We could scarcely believe the bird could get through until we saw it pop out and heard the young ones inside. We cut away some of the wood to have a look at the nest.

I was in hope of finding an egg or two, but they were all hatched out. Some of the shells were still there which were snow-white and about the size of a Robin's egg. We had a long tiresome walk home to camp.

June 21st. Dull, foggy and drizzling all morning but cleared off. I had intended to move camp today but finding it was necessary to renew our stock of provisions first, as our flour, pork, beef and butter were getting low, I sent Hennebury with four hands out to the shore for a fresh supply and Arthur with them. The others took a load each in the line. Charlie, Albert and I remained in camp reading etc. It turned out a very hot day and the men reported the flies simply awful on the line. After dinner they went out to meet the others and got most of the stuff in. Arthur remained out and Charlie went out in the evening. I tried my new rifle today and made some good shooting at 60 and 130 yards. We have now a good stock of grub in but will have much delay getting it along over the rough ground. However, we hope soon to find it improve after our next camping place. I tried for trout in the river again this evening but found none. All the Sandy Point men went home for the week end after tea. I gave them till Monday morning to be back and to bring the pork and beef left behind with them.

Sunday June 22nd. Dull and cool. Remained in camp most of the day reading. Took a stroll in the afternoon. We had a visit from several Sandy Point men today looking for employment. I engaged one, Wm. Delaney, who seemed an able chap. Arthur and

Charlie did not return till dark.

June 23rd. Desperately cold last night could not sleep. Found this morning that it froze hard. There was about 1/8 of an inch of ice on the water in our bucket. This is early for such a hard frost, after midsummer day. It however turned out a very warm day. Moved camp and had a hard pack over the line, 3 1/2 miles of the roughest kind of travelling. The men who went out on Saturday did not get back till dinner-time. A new man, Abraham Morris, also came but I dont think much of him. They gave him the pots and kettles to pack for his first load to try his metal. This is about the ugliest load a man can carry. We did not succeed in getting all in today, as our stock is now large and should last us quite a while.

June 24th. Fine day again. Men packing all day. After dinner I went up on the barrens to look for a deer. Had a long tramp all over them but only saw a few signs of deer, though it looks a fine place for them, but this time of the year they keep to the woods. I came across an old partridge and the pup Flockko behaved very well. It came to rain and blow hard with the wind to the Southward and I got a thorough drenching before I reached camp. The men also received a good wetting while taking in their last loads. Skipper<sup>890</sup> Abraham gave out and left his load after him on the line.

June 25th. Wet and foggy all the forenoon could do nothing.

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<sup>890</sup>A sarcastic use of the normally respectful word *skipper*.

Cleared off after dinner when we went on cutting. Did a good evening's work and reached our 4th mile before leaving off work.

June 26th. Fine day again. Continued our line and did another good day's work reaching our 5th mile by evening. The country is now greatly improved being much more level, but the timber is small and soil poor. Indeed we have seen no good land yet except on Flat Bay River. Our line skirts by a great barrens which lies to the Eastward of it along the slope of the Long Range. At our 5th mile post it reaches out to our line and a deer path leads right up through the barrens. Here there was a good deal of fresh deer footing all about. Today we saw a bird's nest right in the line, with four beautiful sky blue eggs all spotted with brown on the larger end. The bird is of a grayish mouse colour, has a speckled breast and throat, and has some yellowish colouration on the sides of the head; neck black. When startled it emitted a low quick single whistle like an otter. It is probably another Warbler or Flycatcher.

June 27th. Very fine, hot day. After taking in a pack each we went on with our line. While awaiting the men I went up on the barrens near the 5th mile post and saw one old partridge. The dog behaved very well indeed. Reached our 6th mile before leaving off work. This is our first Township corner. The country is now improving somewhat. Saw several good patches of land today. It was very smoky all day. There evidently being a great forest fire somewhere to the westward apparently across on the other side of the Gulf. Having now reached our first Township corner we will

commence to run out the side lines at right angles to the base.

June 28th. All hands packing, hottest day yet. The smoke is very thick today. I took a long round over the barrens on my way back to camp in evening but only saw one partridge. Heard a Royal salute of 21 guns fired by some English Man-of-War in the Harbour. This being, I suppose, in honour of the Queen's coronation, June 28th. We got most of the heavy stuff in to end of line and then continued fairly level country with excellent soil and heavy timber of birch, fir and spruce. The day which threatened rain suddenly clouded up about 4 P.M. and we were overtaken by a heavy thunder storm with very vivid lightning and a regular deluge of rain. We had to give up work and make for camp, where we arrived thoroughly drenched. It continued to pour down all night and was very close and hot.

July 3rd. Still raining and dull, had more thunder and heavy rain in the forenoon. Remained in camp all day. The "Curlew" being due at Sandy Point today I sent out Paul Thomas with and for letters, and orders to wait for the mail and hurry back.

July 4th. Fine day again after the rain storm. Continued our lines. Did a good day's work and got down our 8th mile post early in the evening. Saw some very fresh signs of deer today.

July 5th. Fine day again. Continued our base line and crossed over a wide marsh and barren and also a small pond and thence through burnt woods. Made a desperate effort to reach

Fishel's River,<sup>891</sup> but had to give it up at dusk when within a hundred yards or so of it. We then had a long heavy tramp back to camp. The day was so very warm it took the good out of us. The flies were simply dreadful. P. Thomas came back this afternoon with our letters and papers. The latter were a great godsend to us and were eagerly devoured.

Sunday July 6th. Fine day again, remained in camp all day reading the papers etc. Most of the Sandy Point men went out last evening and returned this afternoon.

July 7th. Another very hot day. Arthur's crew continued their line towards the shore but returned in the evening with their axes as we intend moving camp. My crew took a pack each in morning and then continued cutting down to the river. Found it a very rough rocky brook with strong running water. After dinner the men continued packing and got in all the things deposited along the line. I tried the river for trout but found none. But I rose one salmon and lost him. My gear is not strong enough to hold such big fish. I then walked some distance up stream but it was such bad travelling and not meeting any good salmon pools I gave it up. I then went upon the barrens but the flies there were so dreadful I had to give up and return to camp, completely worn out. When I reached camp Arthur and crew just arrived, having made 3 and 3/4 miles on their line towards the shore.

This was my 37th birthday, so I am mounting up in years

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<sup>891</sup>Fischells Brook.

pretty fast.

July 8th. Another pretty hot day though not quite so hot as yesterday, the air being tempered by a nice breeze. Moved camp to Fishel's River. It was a hard drag of fully four miles mostly over soft marshes. It took all day to get the whole of our stuff in and put up the camps. After dinner I again went down the river to fish and hit upon a pool where salmon were plentiful. I got a great number of rises, but only succeeded in landing one fish of about 7 or 8 lbs. Had I stronger gear and a good rod and reel I might have caught several, but I would require a man with a landing net. My hooks are too small and gut not strong enough. My rod also is an old one and much patched up. It is rather a strange coincidence that I have only caught two salmon with hook and rod in my life before and both in this very same river but at intervals of 11 years. I have frequently tried and often hooked fish but never succeeded in landing any.

July 9th. Fine warm day. Continued our line across the river and reached our 10th mile. We crossed another stout brook, a tributary of Fishels. The country is very uneven again but covered with large timber and some very good soil. Towards evening we got out into more open spruce country. Flies as usual very bad all day and the big ferocious stouts or deer flies are now putting in an appearance. Those brutes are nearly as large as a bee and give such a savage bite as to cause one to jump with pain. Fortunately they only come out during the hottest part of the day, returning before evening, and only last about a month,

but while their brief existence is on they certainly can render life a torment. I dont think however that their bite leaves any such bad effects as that of the mosquito.

July 10th. Dull, close, hot day again, went on with our line and got down another mile post. The day turned out wet and squally with frequent showers of drizzling rain and a high wind from S.E. It was apparently raining hard all day to the Southward. On our return to camp to our surprise we found the river so swollen and extremely rough, the water foaming over rocks, that it was with no small difficulty and considerable risk we were able to get across to our camp. Arthur and Charlie were nearly carried away down stream. I managed with the aid of the transit legs for support, to get across without much trouble. It must have rained in torrents up country to have caused such a sudden rise of the river. We crossed the Telegraph line leading from Sandy Point to Garia<sup>892</sup> today.

July 11th. Fine, warm day again. Continued our line. Brook fallen considerably this morning. Reached our 12<sup>th</sup> mile post or 2nd township corner today, and then started our side lines. Passed over a good deal of poor spruce, hummocky ground and reached a very extensive marsh in the evening. A short distance to the Eastward of our line the country is all marsh and barrens for a long distance. Hennebury calls this barren Fishel's Brow. The telegraph line runs right across it. On our way back to camp

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<sup>892</sup>A south coast community just east of Harbour Le Cou, later abandoned.

I took a stroll with my gun but saw no game of any kind. Flies very bad all day.

July 12th. Warm day again. Men packing to end of line. Being again short of butter, molasses, tea etc. had to send three men out by the telegraph line for a fresh supply. I went down to the salmon pool and rose several fine fish but did not succeed in landing any, the day was too bright. Had a very pleasant bath in the river this afternoon. After tea old Tom and I went fishing again, but only got a few rises. Tom hooked one salmon but lost him together with his hook and line. He only had a pole cut in the woods.

Sunday July 13th. Very fine day. Spent the forenoon in camp. After dinner Tom, Albert and I went down fishing again. We rose a few salmon but did not land any. Old Tom however caught two fine saltwater trout.

July 14th. Another fine day. Moved camp to end of line and then did some cutting on the side lines, Arthur and crew again running towards the shore.

July 15th. Dull, cold day, went on with our base line. We crossed the large marsh and a deep gulch through which a stout brook runs. This is Rattling Brook. It turned out a wet miserable afternoon and we of course received another ducking.

July 16th. Continued our line across the big marsh which is over a mile wide here and several miles long running up and down country. Saw several signs of deer and rose a covey of partridge. Showery again all afternoon; wind East, raw and cold.

July 17th. Still cold and dull, continued our line and nearly reached our 15th mile, when we again got into the long woods on the slope towards Robinson's River. The country here much improved, in fact met some of the best land yet seen. Had a long tiresome tramp back to camp. One of Arthur's men, Young, gave himself a bad cut in the leg. Denis had his camp nearly burnt down today.

July 18th. Wet and foggy all day. Could do no line work. Sent the men ahead with loads. We are again running pretty short of grub, it is no easy matter to keep up an adequate supply. Therefore I arranged for Arthur and his crew to continue their line towards the shore with all despatch, then go on to Sandy Point and bring up a boat load of provisions to Robinson's River. In the meantime we will continue our line and at the end of the 16th or 18th mile cut out towards the shore to meet them. The men saw a deer today on the big marsh and on their return I went off to look for it, but tramped all over the marsh to no purpose. Saw fresh footing in several places. The evening was again very cold raw and miserable.

July 19th. Beautiful fine day. Moved camp to end of line. Arthur and crew took their leave and started off to continue their line towards the shore. We got all our stuff in and cut nearly half a mile before evening. Crossed a stout brook flowing into Robinson's River. Saw some very fresh deer tracks in a small marsh. The country is now improving very much and is densely wooded as far as we can see up and down the valley of the

Robinson's and away across to the highlands of the Anguille Range.

Sunday July 20th. Fine day. Spent the forenoon in camp. At dinner-time John Gillis from the Highlands came in looking for work and I shipped him for the remainder of the season. After dinner old Tom, Charlie, Albert and I went fishing. Charlie caught 3 saltwater trout. I went down the brook with my gun quite a distance, following up some fresh deer tracks. At length I saw a fawn and fired at it. I hit it hard but did not kill it. It got away from me in the thick woods and though I saw it again twice I did not get a second shot and I lost it. After a vain search I had to give it up. This was a very bad piece of luck and I greatly regretted having lost the first chance of fresh meat for the season; furthermore as I believe the wound was a fatal one through the body the poor little animal must surely die. I returned to camp very much down in the dumps at my ill success.

July 21st. Fine morning. Charlie and I were up at 4 A.M. and off down the brook to look for the fawn but after a vain search had to abandon it and come home. The men were just done breakfast when we reached camp. After breakfast we all went off to continue our line. I despatched John Gillis with a note for Arthur to send one of his men with John to Sandy Point to bring up a boat load of grub. Bill Delaney gave his foot a nasty cut and had to go back to camp, thus reducing my crew to four hands. It began to rain hard again in the evening and we got another drenching. We had reached within 1/4 of a mile of Robinson's River before

leaving off work and Charlie went out to the river and managed to get astray coming back. He just escaped being caught out all night in the wet and cold.

July 22nd. Fine morning, continued our line out to Robinson's River when we found the river so swollen by the recent rains we could not get across it, so I sent the men back to pack in loads preparatory to moving camp tomorrow. It rained hard again this evening.

July 23rd. Pouring down in torrents all the morning which prevented our moving camp till after dinner when it cleared off. The weather latterly has been constantly wet and disagreeable. In fact July so far has been more like a wet October month than a summer one. We are obliged to keep fires going constantly in front of our camps. We got all over to Robinson's River and camp up before night. The River is very high, in fact, a raging torrent.

July 24th. Fine morning, river fallen a little but still very high. However we managed to get across at no small risk of being swept off our feet and then continued our line up a very steep incline through heavy timber. We then reached another stretch of barrens and marsh where we saw some very fresh deer footing. It came to rain again so hard and was so cold and miserable in our wet clothes that we were obliged to give up work about 4 O'clock and return to camp. We found John Gillis back having arrived back from the Point yesterday with a boat load of provisions. He had walked up the river today to meet us.

July 25th. River higher than ever today. Sent John Hennebury, Ned Coady and Clem Parsons down to the shore to procure a flat and try to get the grub up the river now while it is high. The rest remained all morning in camp, it was still wet and disagreeable. After dinner I went back to the brook near our camp and followed it up a long distance. I then attempted to cross over to Robinson's through the woods but lost my way and was rambling about for a long time. I was soaking wet and very cold and there seemed every prospect of my having a night out and a similar experience to that I had on the Exploits two years ago.<sup>893</sup> I climbed several trees, but could see no where owing to thick fog. Finally I had the good luck to strike a little brook which I followed down a long way till it brought me out just where our line crossed the Big Feeder, a tributary of Robinsons about a mile from camp. I was, of course, exceedingly glad to escape a night of misery, without either food or fire.

July 26th. Somewhat finer, but still dull and drizzling rain. Remained in camp all day reading and sewing. Just after dark the men returned from the shore, having left the loaded flat about 1/2 a mile below. This was good news as we were just on our last loaf of bread. We had built a raft today for crossing the river.

Sunday July 27th. Fine at last, got the flat up to camp O.K. I went back to the last Brook after a stick of tobacco I had left

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<sup>893</sup>Pp. 560-64.

behind on Friday. Saw another bird's nest with three beautiful blue eggs in it same as those seen before. I think either the Hermit or Wood Thrush's. This nest was on the ground under a low spruce. All the similar blue eggs seen were also laid on the ground, while the blue spotted eggs were either on trees or on the upper side of the stumps of large trees. I also saw a bird not before observed. It was about the size of yellow hammer with a brownish back and head, yellow belly and dark, nearly black, throat. Another had a black back, whitish stripes on wings and yellow belly. I think this latter was the Black and White Warbler (*Mniotilta varia*). After dinner went down on raft to a fine salmon hole and fished for some time. I had hold of several salmon but lost them all, only caught one trout.

July 28th. Fine day, continued our line and got down our 17th post. Passed over a good deal of barrens with low black spruce and small marshes. Saw great signs of deer but had not the good luck to come upon one. Flies awful all day.

July 29th. About the finest day this summer. Cut out to the Middle Barachois River. One of Arthur's men came up for the flat. They were about three miles up the river with a lot of grub. I sent orders for them all to come on and leave most of the stuff there till our 18th side line is cut out, when we shall pack it in. Arthur sent us word that the *Bear* and *Thetis* had returned having succeeded in finding Lieut. Greely and six of his party in the last stages of starvation. The remaining 18 having died near

Cape Sabine.<sup>894</sup> The poor fellows, it appears they reached Littleton Island all right last September in the full expectation of finding the promised supply of provisions which Lieut. Garlington was instructed to leave for them, but which owing to the loss of the *Proteus* he failed to do last year.

July 30th. Fine and very hot day. Flies dreadful. Continued our hike across Middle Barachois River and started side line on both sides from 18th mile post. I took a long round through the marshes in the morning looking for deer but saw none. I came out on Barachois Brook and followed it down some distance to our line. Arthur and crew at camp when we returned, having left the flat and grub about a mile below on the Brook.

July 31st. Dull showery morning. Moved camp across to Middle Barachois and pitched it on west side of the river. Tom Ebbs, John Gillis and myself spent the day up Robinson's River looking for the coal seam I had discovered in 1873 but could not find it. The Brook was now so high and the banks all fallen down it was completely hidden so we had to give up the search and return to camp.

Friday August 1st. Fine day. All hands at work on base line in morning and on side lines in afternoon.

August 2nd. Very fine warm day. Sent all the crew with Arthur to cut out towards the sea-shore. Sent John Gillis and Blandford out for letters. I walked up the river to look for

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<sup>894</sup>See n. 863. Cape Sabine is on Smith Sound, which lies between Canada and Greenland.

something to shoot. Saw plenty of fresh signs of deer but did not come up with any of them. I however caught some fine sea trout and one nice salmon. Fine day was remarkably fine and a nice breeze along the river kept the flies at bay.

Sunday August 3rd. Another beautiful day. All morning in camp. Took a walk up the river after dinner.

August 4th. Still another beautiful day. Commenced side line from 18th mile post, Arthur running towards sea-shore, I towards the mountains. We passed through some heavy timber and much windfalls.

August 5th. Very fine warm day. Continued our lines which took us across a bend of the river, the banks on either side were very steep and it was a difficult place to run a line over. Arthur and crew took their camps along today on their line. John Gillis arrived at dinner-time with letters and papers. Had good news from home. Papers gave us particulars of the rescue of the unfortunate Greely party. Papers also full of Politics and outlook rather gloomy. Denominational appeals rampant.<sup>895</sup>

August 6th. Fine again. Continued our line now on South side of Barachois River. Fine, level country, good land and timber. Made 2 1/2 miles. Had a hard tramp back in evening. Old Tom and I caught 4 fine sea-trout.

August 7th. Very fine warm day again. Decided to move up

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<sup>895</sup>In the wake of the Harbour Grace Affray of Dec., 1883, which was a bloody clash between Protestants and Catholics, sectarianism became more conspicuous as a force in politics. The Greely rescue was related in *Eve Tel*, July 18, 1884.

river so as to be nearer our work. Did not take our camps as the weather is now so fine and warm we do not need them. We only took a blanket each and a week's supply of grub. Had a hard tramp along the river over the rocks; about five miles. We then selected a place near where our line was likely to strike out and built some birch bark side tilts. After dinner I went up the river and came upon a nice steady with Aldery intervals. Saw a good many fresh signs of deer, but not the animals themselves.

August 8th. Went down the river to take up our line and continued it Eastward. Did a good day's work, the best for the season, 85 chains in all. We passed over a splendid tract of country with a gentle southerly slope all covered with large timber consisting of birch, spruce and fir. It came to rain again in evening and we got another drenching.

August 9th. Fine again. Continued our line and did another good day's work, passing within a few hundred yards of our camp, making about 4 3/4 miles altogether. Land all good along here with many fine birch and wichhazel trees and several Aldery intervals including one large grass marsh.

Sunday August 10th. Very fine warm day. Had a nice bath in river this morning. After dinner I took a long stroll over the marshes and then up the river. Saw plenty of deer slots and also a bear's footing, but had my usual bad luck in not seeing anything to shoot. Old Tom and Clem Parsons went fishing and saw a fine old stag. Such is luck.

August 11th. Very sultry day. Continued our line and reached

5 3/4 miles. Our stock of provisions is now running low, our tea being all gone. Had to be content with spruce beer and tomorrow we must make a push to finish our six miles and then cut back to the river.

August 12th. Very fine day, warm and sultry. Had a hard day's cutting and just succeeded in finishing out to the river by dusk. We then had a hard tramp back to our wigwams. Had spruce beer for breakfast varied with cappillaire<sup>896</sup> tea for dinner and spruce again at night. This was too much for my stomach and completely upset me. It was the only approach to sickness I had experienced for the summer.

August 13th. Very fine day. We had but one small bun each, some brawn<sup>897</sup> and cold water for breakfast. We then packed up and commenced our return journey down stream. Charlie and some of the lads preferred to take the line back. Old Tom, myself and two others kept the river where it was somewhat cooler and as the water is now again low we got along fine. Tom and I caught some fine trout at some of the holes on our way down. We also uncovered the outcrop of the Jukes Coal seam for a few yards and took out some specimens. This seam is a good three feet including upper and underclay in thickness. About 2 1/2 feet of good coal. When we reached the camp we found Arthur and crew had been back since Monday and were then about 1 1/2 miles on the base line cutting. I sent my crew in to join them after dinner, taking a

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<sup>896</sup>A herb, maidenhair.

<sup>897</sup>Potted pork.

pack each with them. I went down the river myself with my gun about two miles. Saw plenty of fresh slots of deer, but without seeing the animals themselves. Arthur was back when I returned to camp. He reports a fine country and very heavily timbered.

August 14th. Dull day, came to rain in afternoon. Sent four men down to the shore for more grub. It is wonderful how much they can consume, but I believe if one expects to get good work out of one's men, in feeding them as well as circumstances will permit. Old Tom and I again walked over to Robinson's River taking a pick and shovel to have one more look for the coal seam which we failed to locate on our last visit. All the others went with Arthur cutting. When we arrived at the place where we tried before I satisfied myself after a close scrutiny that it was the right place. And as the river was now much lower than when last here, I felt confident we could not fail to find the coal. There was not the slightest indication to be seen not even the smallest particle to be picked up. This seemed remarkable because upon discovering the seam in 1873 we uncovered it for several yards and cleared away the banks inside to a considerable extent. Moreover we took out a lot of coal and lit a huge fire on the margin of the river. Yet all trace was entirely obliterated, not a fragment of any kind being visible, nor was any trace of our former work to be seen. To make quite sure of the place we went up some distance to view some low outcrops which I well remembered and which convinced me we were right at the seam. Although I had not placed any mark there at the time yet I

distinctly remembered certain very red rocks a few yards below and a grassy bank on the North side immediately opposite. These were readily recognized. There was also a large white granite boulder exactly in the line of strike. We then commenced to dig and clear away the boulders and gravel, but all to no purpose, we could not locate it. I now almost began to doubt if I ever saw the seam; was it not all a dream? Had I not had specimens from it in the Museum? It began to rain again and it looked as if we would have to abandon the attempt. I was rather down in the mouth at this second failure after our long tramp over from the camp. But I was not to be baffled thus. After our lunch and a smoke I determined to make one more attempt. I took the pick in my hand and walking slowly along step by step up to my knees in water I continued to drive down the point into the gravel at the bottom and then prise up so as to bring up some of it on the pick. All at once I observed one tiny fragment of coal. "Eureka," I called out to Tom and held up my find in triumph. We then set to work with a will and soon located the bed rock but it was not so easy to find the seam. We continued to work up stream foot by foot as it was clearly above us, that fragment having come down, not up stream. At length amongst a mass of large boulders and coarse gravel we struck other and larger fragments. We then cleared away down to the rock bed and sure enough there was the long looked for coal seam. Owing to the depth of water we could not get at it satisfactorily so we worked towards the bank till we got above the water line, but just here a mass of large boulders lay right

on top of it. We cut some sticks for prizes and by dint of great exertions succeeded in moving them to one side. We now uncovered a good portion of the seam and were able to procure a number of fine specimens; several of which we put in our packs to carry back to camp. We then made a fire with all the smaller pieces to try its burning quality. It is a pretty hard coal and in its bed was like any of the adjacent rocks so firmly wedged was it. It burnt well and seems very bituminous. The lumps when ignited burst abroad and swell with the heat. In fact it is what is termed a good caking coal. It does not give off much smoke, at least in the open and the ash is fairly white. I imagine it would produce an extra good quality of coke. The seam including under and upper clays measures fully 6 feet wide or say 5 feet in vertical thickness. At least 4 feet of this is all good solid coal. It is somewhat shaly at top and bottom but very hard in the middle. It is certainly a valuable coal seam. It is an awful pity to have it lying here unutilized<sup>898</sup> when it is so much required in our markets.

We now started back for camp each carrying as many large pieces as we could to show the lads. Just at dark the men returned from the shore with a load each, having done a hard day's work, about 14 miles of heavy packing for half the distance.

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<sup>898</sup>The "St. George's Coal Fields" had not been developed at the time Howley was writing, c. 1914. By 1920 a company was attempting to mine the seams. See *Eve Tel*, July 31, 1920.

August 15th. Beautiful fine day. Being Lady Day I gave them all a holiday. Old Tom and I went trouting but only caught a few. They now appear to have nearly all gone up the river.

August 16th. Fine day. Moved camp to end of line or 20th mile. After dinner Arthur went on with line. I walked up a small brook near camp to look for coal but found none. Saw plenty of deer footing. Evidently deer are plentiful in this part of the country. Whenever we go either in the woods, marshes, or along the rivers there are lots of fresh signs, but probably the noise of our chopping scares them away. I have spent most of my spare time looking for them but have seen none except the one little fawn I found on Northern Feeder.

Sunday August 17th. Very fine and warm. Spent most of the day in camp reading. In the evening I walked to the end of our line and thence about 1/4 of a mile to a little brook where I had a nice bath. All the land about here is very fine. The timber is large and good. Some of the birches and firs are of exceptionally large size. I saw one birch which took my arms twice to span and another, one and a half. These trees must have been fully 12 and 9 feet in circumference respectively. Ever since crossing Robinsons River the country has been improving, and on our side line towards the mountains we passed over excellent land most of the distance. On the base line also it is very fine. Wherever the land is of good quality the timber is usually birch of large size and there is also much undergrowth of ground Hemlock and fern. Another indication of superior soil. The spruce seems to occupy

poorer and more rocky soil with mossy surface often wet and with little undergrowth. The small stunted black spruce indicates still poorer or peaty soil. The barrens when not marshy are usually covered with low crooked spruce and goldworthy<sup>899</sup> bushes and are often hummocky.

August 18th. Another fine day. Had heavy cutting all day but got along fast. The country was very level but not quite so good in many places. Got down our 21st mile post early.

August 19th. Another beautiful day somewhat cooler with wind from N.E., made good progress and reached Crabb's River early in afternoon. The land on the slope towards this river was beautiful. It consists of a series of steps, the last two or three being wide and level. The soil here is very superior and the timber large; fir, birch and witchhazel. After dinner I took a stroll up Crabb's Brook and again saw abundant fresh signs of deer also some fresh footing of bears and foxes. The river is very dry and has scarcely any water just now. It is wide and boulder bestrewn and when full must be pretty rough. The banks on either side are low and level and covered with magnificent birch and fir etc.

August 20th. Dull and threatening rain. Moved camp to Crabb's River. We had a few light showers but it held up fine. While putting up our camp on the South side of the river I saw three deer; stag, doe and fawn, on a point about 1/4 of a mile up

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<sup>899</sup>Sheep laurel; often spelled gold-withy.

stream. I got my gun, waded across and succeeded in crawling up to within about 100 yards of them, when they heard me. They were feeding behind a fallen tree, and I could not get a clear view of them. But the stag, a fine young beast, came out to have a look. I then fired and hit him hard. He walked to the water's edge and laid down. I fired again but apparently missed him. Then the doe and fawn jumped out and ran at a great pace across the river. I fired at the doe believing the stag to be all right. I missed the doe as she ran too fast. In the meantime the stag got up again and managed to hobble across the river after the others. I fired at him again as he reached the other side but as the distance was considerable I apparently did not hit him. He managed to get up over the bank and disappear in the thick woods. Some of the men now came up with my dog but he would not take up the scent. We hunted till dinner-time and could not locate him. Again after dinner Tom and I went off but all in vain, we could not find him. It was a beastly piece of luck. After looking about all summer, here at last we found deer right at our camp and such a splendid chance for procuring some fresh meat which we were all so greedy for, yet we lost it. I felt pretty disgusted at my ill luck, more especially as the poor animal was so hard hit he must die. It was terribly disappointing to lose our fine deer. Had I an Indian with me he would, no doubt, have found the deer. I think my powder is not strong enough to send a ball with sufficient force to kill. Tom and I spent the afternoon up the river but saw nothing more. While we were looking for the deer before dinner

Arthur saw some ducks and a black fox. They continued the line after dinner through heavy timber much encumbered with windfalls.

August 21st. Fine day, continued cutting all day, still through heavy timber and windfalls. The land was fine all through. It was oppressively hot all day and the flies were dreadful. We got down our 23rd mile post.

August 22nd. Another fearfully hot day. A dull, dead heat which made it very depressing. Continued the line and got down our 24th mile post. Then commenced the side lines but also continued the base running towards River or Highland Brook.<sup>900</sup> Had some desperate heavy cutting and tremendous windfalls to get through. We are now approaching the foot hills of the Anguille Range, which commenced to rise immediately south of Highland brook. These mountains are well wooded on the Northern slope so far as we can see. It came to rain in evening with much thunder and lightning after dark.

August 23rd. Another warm day. We had intended moving camp today but found our provisions running short so had to send two men down to try and get our stuff up in boat to the mouth of Crabb's river. We then went in and continued our line towards River Brook. All heavy cutting and exceedingly warm. Came to rain in evening and poured down in torrents accompanied by heavy thunder and lightning which continued nearly all night.

Sunday August 24th. Fine day much cooler after the rain.

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<sup>900</sup>River Brook is another name for Highlands River; see below, Sept. 13.

Remained in camp all forenoon. After dinner walked up the river and saw more fresh deer footing. Had a nice bath. Arthur and Charlie went down the river and saw two deer, just my usual luck. They had no gun with them, in fact, I had the only gun in camp. Rained hard again during the night.

August 25th. Quite a change of weather today. Blowing hard with squalls of rain, very cold and raw. All the men went down the river to bring up the grub. After dinner I took a stroll down stream, found it very cold. The men did not return tonight.

August 26th. Still blowing hard and very cold. The men came back at dinner-time with a pack each. John Hennebury has a very sore foot. He burnt it a few night's ago and the walking has rubbed the skin off. It looks very bad. I went off to some marshes near our line on the north side of the river, saw a great deal of fresh deer slot but not the deer.

August 27th. Dull, showery day. Sent the men in on the line with loads to the 24th mile post. Could not move camp owing to Hennebury's sore foot.

August 28th. Fine today. Moved camp. John managed to hobble in. After getting up the camps we had an early dinner and continued our base line towards River Brook and got about halfway. We started our side line from 24th post and cut about 3/4 of a mile. Met some very heavy windfalls.

August 29th. Dull, warm day, flies very bad. Arthur and crew continued the inside line, while I went on with the base and got across River Brook and some distance up the slope on the other

side. The brook where we crossed it is a good size but has not much water just now. Just after dinner a deer came along the river. I had not my gun unfortunately, not expecting to see any deer today. This makes the 9th deer seen this summer and yet not a taste of venison. It is really very hard luck.

August 30th. Very close warm day. I have a bad attack of lumbago today brought on, no doubt, by the frequent wettings. It was very troublesome all day. Continued our line up the slope of the Anguille hills and found it not nearly so steep as we expected. After the first steep rise out of the river it continued to slope upwards at an easy grade for a long distance. All the land here is of excellent character and the timber fine and large. On returning to camp this evening we saw a large black bear in the middle of our line. On coming out in the morning, fearing rain I had carried along my oil coat, but as the rain held off I threw the coat on a stump. This was what arrested the lad's attention. He was engaged in pawing it to pieces when we came along and spoiled his game. We stole cautiously up the hill and succeeded in getting within pistol shot of him before he was aware of our presence. My dog who suspected nothing till we came over the last rise within a short distance, at length spotted the bear. His hair all stood up along his back with fright. He gave one yelping bark which the bear hearing caused him quickly to jump off the line and disappear in the woods. As usual I had again left my gun in camp today. Thus we lost another good chance of fresh meat.

Strange as it may seem, during all my years traversing the interior this is but the second bear I have seen or ever had a near view of. Had I the gun I could scarcely have missed him, moreover as he had no suspicion of our presence, I believe I could have got within a couple of yards of him by going cautiously.

Sunday August 31st. Very bright warm day. After breakfast I went off with the gun and spent the whole day up River Brook. Had a long tramp but saw nothing. I however, came across one deep hole full of fine trout. I had but one hook with me and lost it after catching one fish. I then walked up the S.W. branch<sup>901</sup> which comes down a valley inside the Anguille mountains, where I had a good view up this valley from the top of a tall tree and noted how admirably it was situated for the construction of a road or railway.<sup>902</sup>

Monday September 1st. A fine warm day. Continued our line up the slope of the Anguilles, while Arthur and crew went on with the side line. Sandy Gillis whom I had sent out for our mail came back about midday with letters and papers, which were a great break to our monotony. Learned all was going well at home. We reached well up on the hill side where we found a long stretch nearly level of excellent land and fine timber.

September 2nd. Fine day again. Moved to end of our line

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<sup>901</sup>Of Highlands River; the branch is Rainy Brook.

<sup>902</sup>"As a matter of fact the railway surveyors afterwards followed it in constructing the line." (JPH's note).

leaving the camps where they were and building side leantos covered with birch bark for shelter. Arthur and crew also moved in their line. We continued our base after dinner and got well up on the mountain almost to the commencement of the barrens.

September 3rd. Fine day. I went up on the barrens before breakfast, saw some partridge and killed one. We continued our line across a deep gulch. The line takes the edge of the woods on the eastern slope of the range. We now have a good view of the valley between the Anguille and the Long Ranges. It is narrow but comparatively low and level and is well timbered throughout. It is certainly admirably adapted for a main line of road between Bay St. Geo. and the Codroy Valley. It came to rain again in the evening. I crossed the barrens on my way back to camp and saw three partridge but did not get a shot at them.

September 4th. Fine, warm day very foggy for a time. But it cleared off and turned out a beautiful afternoon. Having reached our 28th mile and got well out on the barrens, I did not see the use of continuing the base line further, and as our grub is again getting low I decided to go back to the 24th mile and then start a line towards the shore. Took a stroll over the hills with Charlie and Old Tom and killed four partridges. The other men took a load each back to the River Brook.

September 5th. Very fine warm day. All hands started to return to the river and our camps. I took a stroll down the valley east of our line and then followed down Rainy Brook, to its junction with River Brook. Here I stopped to fish and soon

had a lot of fine sea trout ashore. Tom and Charlie then came up and we made a day of it fishing. We caught over 10 dozen between us. All large fish, averaging over a pound weight. I also shot 4 shell ducks. It was as much as the three of us could do to lug our catch home. Each of us had two or three strings of trout which were very heavy and were an awkward load to carry without a basket or bag. It was tiresome work in the heat and wading down the stream all the way to our line. So we were pretty well tired out when we reached camp. Arthur and crew had returned having finished their line. They report a very level country with some marshes and small ponds. They met with many signs of deer and saw one old stag.

September 6th. Fine in morning but turned wet in afternoon. Delaney asked to be paid off so I let him go. Put all hands cutting outside line towards shore with the intention of getting out to the coast and working there for the remainder of the season. Made 1 3/4 miles today, best day's work for the season. We crossed two marshes. The country here is very level and for the most part good land and well timbered. Very cold and wet in evening.

Sunday September 7th. Fine but cool. Remained in camp till dinner-time. I then took a walk in along Arthur's inside line to see the country there. I went nearly to his 5th mile post. I saw one fine stag but unfortunately missed him. It was a poor chance as I was to windward of him and he took the scent before I saw him. The dog also bothered me, I could not keep him quiet. This

makes the 12th deer seen this summer and not one secured. My luck is really phenomenally bad. To think we have seen so many and not yet tasted a bit of venison, and we want fresh meat so badly, having been living on salt pork and beef all through. Nor have we sufficient provisions to carry us out to the shore. Used the last of our molasses today and have barely flour enough to last two days more. We have concluded to push on short or not rather than send out again such a distance for supplies.

September 8th. Dull day threatening rain but cleared off. Moved camp and continued cutting and got well on our 3rd mile. Country rather poor with small spruce barrens, but very level.

September 9th. Fine day, continued cutting and did good work nearly reaching our 4th mile.

September 10th. Very short of grub now. Flour nearly gone. Reached our 5th mile before leaving off work. Had a long tramp back to camp. Country still level and improving both in soil and timber.

September 11th. Fine, cool day. Weather now quite cool, especially at night with very few flies these last couple of days. Moved camp in morning and then continued cutting. Had barely enough bread for dinner. So I sent two men out to Crabbs for bread and molasses. We finished our line out to the coast. It came out about a mile from the mouth of Crabb's River. Got up our camps on a nice place near the end of the line. The distance from our base turned out 6 miles and 15 chains. It is very cold and raw out here on the high bank overlooking the sea, also blowing

hard.

September 12th. Blowing a regular equinoctial gale all day with cold rain. Went up to Crabbs for flour, tea, molasses, fish etc. Met a lot of the Crabb's folks and had a chat with them about laying off their lands. They are greatly afraid they are going to lose it. They have a line cut some three miles back, extending from Crabb's to Highlands Brook which they claim is their boundary. We had a regular deputation at camp in evening and I succeeded in talking them into reason about laying off their claims. They appeared satisfied with what I proposed which was to divide up the frontage equally amongst them. They scarcely deserve to get any land considering very few of them have done any clearing worth while or made any use of it up to this time. Yet they will not allow any one else to come near the place to settle. They and the Highlanders who occupy the shore west of River Brook are very jealous of each other. I am told when first these Highlanders came over in a schooner from Cape Breton to settle down, the whole population of Crabbs turned out and marched down the shore to prevent them landing. At that time they had neither a clearing or ghost of a claim within two or three miles of River Brook. The Highlanders landed in spite of them and were prepared to do battle if necessary. Seeing this the Crabbs crowd thought better of it and agreed to let them alone, but stipulated that they should not settle or claim any land between River Brook and Crabbs. Now they seem to get on fairly well so long as they keep apart.

September 13th. Blew a gale all night from Westward and continued all today. It was very cold and the sky looks awfully wild and fallish. There is a heavy sea on the shore which is here much exposed. Had frequent squalls of cold rain during the day. We commenced cutting the front line along shore parallel with our main base inside. This we carried Westward and crossed River or Highland Brook, as I have named it, before leaving off. Found the land good and level except at the Brook where there is a very steep, high bank. After dark had squalls of cold rain and hail and it was a very cold night.

Sunday September 14th. Still stormy and very cold with wind abating. The tops of the Long and Anguille ranges quite white today, looks winterish. Had some delicious mutton for dinner having purchased a carcass from a man named Shears. This was the first fresh meat we have had since leaving Seal Rocks. After dinner I walked down to the Highlands and spent sometime at John Gillis's house where I met a lot of the Highlanders and had a talk with them about the land question. They all appeared to understand and be quite satisfied with the plan I proposed for subdivision. Arthur and Charlie went up to Robinsons Head after some of their warm clothes. It calmed down toward night fall but still remained very cold. Saw some strange birds this evening about the size of a sparrow with a somewhat similar chirp. They were of a bluish gray or slaty colour on the back, head and tail, with some darker almost black feathers in the wings, but their most distinguishing feature was a long white feather on either

side of the tail. Their beaks were short and yellowish very like a snow bird's. In fact it was a snow bunting as I afterwards learned. It is the Slate coloured Junco. *Junco hyemalis*.

September 15th. Cold, raw showery day. Continued line across River Brook and got down our 2nd mile post. Line passed well inside all the houses. Met many windfalls and heavy cutting.

September 16th. Dull, cold day. Continued line and got down 3rd mile post. Level country and wet ground with small patches of spruce partly burnt and cleared ground grown over by young timber, very hard cutting. Blowing hard all day.

September 17th. Fine calm day. Continued line and got a good distance down the shore. Came out again close to the houses near a deep bend of the shore where most of the Highlanders live. Put down our 4th mile post and crossed the new line of road leading in to the pond<sup>903</sup> on River Brook where there is a fine piece of interval land. We had a long tramp back to camp. We are now so far down that we will have to move camp tomorrow. Met a number of people building a new bridge across Gillis's Brook<sup>904</sup> and had a talk with them about the land etc.

September 18th. Beautiful, fine, calm day. Set Arthur at work running up towards Crabbs River. I and my crew took some grub and moved down to the Highlands but only brought along one little camp, the men having secured lodgings in a hay barn. Continued our line after dinner and did a good deal of cutting

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<sup>903</sup>Loch Leven.

<sup>904</sup>Butter Brook?

all pretty heavy work. On our way down today we stopped at one McDonald's to buy some butter. The father of this man now in his 98th year was out cutting up wood, an occupation which he spends all his time at. I had a long talk with this wonderful old man, who told me he came out to Nova Scotia with his parents when about a year old. They settled near Pictou, then a wilderness. At that time there was not a white family on the whole Gulf shore. He says the times were very hard. Both France and England were at war and frequently the fishermen were taken out of their boats by the press gangs and carried off. Few ever returned. He himself however, escaped. Prices of provisions at that time were awfully high. A barrel of flour cost £6, Pork £12, and everything else in proportion. He remembered all about Bonaparte and asked us if we ever heard of him. He recalled Waterloo as a great battle which if Bonaparte had carried it would make him master of the whole world etc. This old man is a native of the Island of Eix of Hebrides. He never experienced a day's sickness in his life, and is still hale and hearty and has all his faculties, but that he is now nearly blind and shrivelled up like a red herring. He cuts all the wood for the fires and has now an enormous pile of billets behind the house. He spends every day here axe in hand chopping away for dear life. His son is a man of about 60 who has one married daughter. They are quite comfortable and are close, cute people reported to have some £400 in bank.

September 19th. Fine again. Continued our line and got down our 5th mile post early. Had hard cutting all day. After tea I

paid a visit to old Hugh Gillis and had a long chat with him chiefly about the land. Like the Codroy Scotch men they are all very keen on this question and are all pleased to have their lines run out so that they may obtain grants thereto.

September 20th. Desperately cold last night. Froze hard. Ground quite white with hoar frost this morning, yet it turned out a very fine warm day. Continued cutting westward and finished out 6th and last mile and ran on 15 chains out to Ship's Cove.<sup>905</sup> Some of the young men went out fishing today and caught some fine cod. Poor old Tom Ebbs was very sick all day.

Sunday September 21st. Cold, raw and wet nearly all day. Spent most of the day at Hugh Gillis's house. Wrote a letter to Monsignor Sears which I gave to a Maronite<sup>906</sup> pedler who is going across the hills tomorrow. Had a good deal of talk about the land. All are most anxious to obtain grants. The young men remain here and are taking up plots for themselves inside the already settled portion. They are now making a new road which gives access to the fine interval land behind near the pond.<sup>907</sup> They can scarcely be called farmers in the true sense and none of them make as much of their holdings as they might, nevertheless they are all comfortable and are very eager for grants. All have some cattle and sheep. The women spin and weave the sheep's wool and make a good but coarse homespun. Every house has a home

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<sup>905</sup>Ship Cove.

<sup>906</sup>Some Maronites, a Lebanese community of Christian Arabs, had settled in Nova Scotia by the 1880s and worked as back peddlers.

<sup>907</sup>McLellans Pond or Loch Leven; he likely means the latter.

manufactured loom. They make a good deal of butter and sell it chiefly to the people of Crabbs who make very little themselves. The latter are all of English descent and boast of being settled here nearly a century, yet they have cleared very little of the land and few of them make any butter.

September 22nd. Fine day again. At the boundary lines all day. Had a good deal of trouble in trying to straighten them out and satisfy all parties.

September 23rd. Very fine day. Still laying off the boundary lines. Got on pretty fast and finished up to John Gillis's second lot from the River Brook, then went on to our camp near Crabbs. Found Arthur had reached Robinson's River with his line.

September 24th. Fine but blowing very hard. Sent men on to McPherson's<sup>908</sup> beyond Robinson's Head with packs preparatory to moving camp tomorrow. Arthur, Albert and I went back to Highland River and measured about a mile up its course with the chain, but found it very slow work. I then walked on to see the river, and country, and Pond while the others returned to camp. Had a good view of the country up here which is very fine. There is an immense tract of splendid interval land around the pond. I think the finest I ever saw. I followed the line of road from the pond out to the settlement. Overtook the road makers going home from work and they were astonished to see me up here again. As it was now late they pressed me to stay all night at Gillis's but I was

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<sup>908</sup>The McPherson family settled near Rattling Brook, now Heatherton.

anxious to get back to camp as we are to move tomorrow. It fell dark after I got across River Brook and I had considerable difficulty to find my way along the bank and through the bushes. However, I reached camp all right but pretty tired.

September 25th. Fine day again. We moved up to McPherson's. All hands packing camps and grub. I stayed behind to settle some of the claims along our line keeping Charlie and Albert with me. Old Peter McKay at Little Barachois gave us a fine dinner of mutton chops etc. We had some delay at Robinson's River where we were met by a deputation of the inhabitants on the land question.

September 26th. Fine again very calm and bright also quite warm. Went back to Robinsons River and commenced laying off the lots there fronting our line. Arthur continued the township's line over Robinsons Head. I had a good deal of trouble and annoyance in trying to get the people to adopt my lines and explaining to them the advantage of having regular well defined boundaries. Hitherto they have just cleared a patch here and there as their fancy dictated; as a consequence these clearings are every how and often overlap each other, there are no marks or boundaries to indicate to whom they belong, and no lines I can propose will suit all parties. So far as the land outside our township line on the immediate coast is concerned it does not much matter, but inside our line I insisted on laying off all the land in regular parallel blocks. Fortunately there are very few clearings inside this line and I succeeded in getting them to agree, so long as I left the outside as it was. Albert and I had

dinner at George Shears's who is the spokesman for all the others. The people are all very hospitable everywhere along here. Arthur finished six miles of the front line. Hennebury and Parsons went off to Sandy Point to spend the week's end. Sandy Gillis went yesterday for our letters. We saw the *Curlew* go in the Bay last evening at sunset.

Sunday September 27th. Dull and foggy and raining all day. Sandy returned with our mail. Learned from the papers that the Labrador fishery is almost a failure and shore fishery, especially Northward, not much better. Cholera is raging in Naples and has reached Spain.<sup>909</sup> The French and Chinese still at war. Gordon<sup>910</sup> relief expedition has started up the Nile. Charlie received a bundle of *Illustrated London News* which was a great godsend.

September 28th. Densely foggy in morning, could not see to use instruments. Sent the men on to Fishels River with packs. It cleared off in the afternoon. Albert and I went back to Robinson's River and commenced laying off lots there. Had the usual difficulty settling matters with the people but managed to get along pretty smoothly after a while.

September 30th. Commenced to run a line inland from 5th mile post in order to get position of some back lots, especially that of one Wm. Morris who has a clearing about a mile back from the

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<sup>909</sup>The news that cholera had reached Spain was reported in *Eve Tel*, Sept. 5, 1884.

<sup>910</sup>Charles George Gordon, famed British officer, appointed governor-general of the Sudan, was besieged by rebels in Khartoum and killed 26 Jan. 1885.

shore on the river side. It was a fine day but blew very hard. Arthur still running main front line.

Wednesday October 1st. Very cold and raw with showers of cold rain. Continued our inside line and then cut out to Robinson's River. Poor old man Morris was in a great state of excitement all day lest our line would take away some of his clearing, but it fell short about one chain to his great delight. He sent us a leg of cold roast mutton, and some beautiful bread and butter for our dinner and promised us a goose and some cabbage for Sunday. He was very much concerned about a roadway along the riverside which I insisted should be left. I had great difficulty in persuading him that in any case there must be a reserve of 100 feet along all watercourse or shore lines. It came to rain hard in the evening and we got another drenching going back to camp.

October 2nd. Very cold winterish day, blowing a gale from N.W. with showers of cold rain and sleet. Arthur running line. I remained in camp till dinner-time plotting up the work. I then went back to Robinson's Head to put down some posts and then tried to lay off McPherson's land, but it blew too hard to do anything.

October 3rd. Very cold wet night, quite winterish weather. Still stormy and cold. Moved camp to Fishel's. Charlie and Albert stayed behind laying off boundaries. Had a good deal of delay and humbug with the people along shore but succeeded in settling matters. The day was very cold with frequent squalls of cold, wet

snow and sleet. Blow-mi-don Mountain, Bay of Islands is quite white and snow capped, evidently to remain permanently for the season. We had to go some distance inside Fishels to get a sheltered place to camp in. The country hereabout is nearly all marsh and barrens.

October 4th. Still cold, raw and stormy. Everything looks as though winter was about to set in in earnest. Arthur at work running out main line towards the head of Flat Bay. Sent Sandy Gillis and another hand off to the Point in boat for fresh supplies of flour and Pork. I ran a line out to the shore from 3rd mile post. After dinner took a walk down towards Bank Head to see where Arthur's side line came out and what the country was like. Found the land here very poor. There being but a narrow fringe along the bank worth anything and this is much cut up by deep gulches. All inside this fringe is marsh, and barrens, and burnt woods. Saw several boats going up to Sandy Point from down the shore taking advantage of a fair wind and smooth water. Poor old Bill Morris whose land we laid off last Wednesday has gone clean off his head. He was on his way up to the Point in a boat today with another man when the attack came on him. He nearly broke the boat up, smashing a three inch thwart with his foot. He wanted to put out to sea and it was with the greatest difficulty his companion could control him and run the boat ashore near Fishel's River. He then made off for the point screeching mad. It appears the poor old chap has been crazy before. I fear the excitement about his land lest he lose it may have brought on

this attack. He is now a raving lunatic. It is very fortunate for us he did not break out when we were laying it off or he may have taken it into his head to do us some bodily harm. It is also well he did not find our camp today. Notwithstanding this mad fit the poor old chap did not forget to send us the promised goose and cabbage which his poor wife brought up. She said he was all right in the morning and told her when leaving home not to forget sending these things to me.

Sunday October 5th. Somewhat finer but still cold and stormy. Heard poor Morris had to be locked up at Sandy Point and is a very bad case. I went to look for some ducks at a pond near camp where Arthur saw some yesterday, but did not find any. On my way back I came across a covey of partridge, six in all and shot them. Went off again after dinner with the dog and killed two more, also saw a covey of five more all of which I shot which was not a bad day's sport. They were all prime birds and very white for so early in the season, which seems to indicate an early winter. I closely examined their feathers to try and ascertain how the change of plumage is brought about. I have concluded that the old summer coat begins to blanch at the tip of the feathers and gradually whitens all around the edge leaving a small dark speck in the middle. But besides this change of the summer coat, it is quite evident that an additional growth of young feathers came out at this season from beneath the old ones, which are all white. Numerous fine soft downy feathers of this description were appearing all over the body. Had several cold showers of wet snow

again in evening, but the appearance of a rainbow seems to indicate a fine day tomorrow.

October 6th. Still dull and cold but calmed off and turned out fine. Sent men up to head of Flat Bay to meet the boat and procure grub. Arthur's crew took up their camps also, then to continue his first side line from where he left off at the early part of the season and run it out to the shore some three miles. Charlie, Albert and I cut out our line to Fishel's River and measured it. I then went to look for something to shoot and killed two fine Black ducks but did not see any partridge. The men returned just at dusk.

October 7th. Fine day, continued cutting and made nearly a mile. The days are now growing so short it is too dark to work at 5 O'Clock.

October 8th. A nasty cold raw day with showers of snow and rain. Continued our line and joined with Arthur's side line at Barry's Brook.<sup>911</sup> It was a little short but agreed within 9 links in distance to his post on the bank. Reached some distance beyond before dark. Intend to move camp tomorrow.

October 9th. Continued line past Middle Brook and then at right angles till we got into the true line again. Owing to a great curve inland of the shore from some distance beyond Robinson's head the Township's line went out over the back and we had to go back a few chains and run a parallel line up to here

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<sup>911</sup>Barry Brook.

where the shore tends outward again, which enabled us to resume the correct position. We now continued across a great marsh towards Journois Brook.

October 10th. Beautiful, fine day. Moved camp about a mile along the Government Road beyond Journois Brook and then pitched it in burnt woods. It took nearly all day to move and set up again. Took a stroll over the big marsh but secured no game.

October 11th. A fine day. Continued our line across Journois Brook where there was a considerable strip of green woods and some good land. Then struck marshes again and burnt country. Here the woods were very thick and we got along very slowly as the cutting was heavy.

Sunday October 12th. A beautiful fine day. Took a walk up to Flat Bay, where I found Arthur had finished out his line yesterday. I stayed to dinner with him and was treated to some delicious venison which he bought from some of the hunters here. Several of them have been in the country lately and saw plenty of deer. I have decided, as our work is now nearly finished and we will have some ten days to wait for the steamer, that I will go in taking John Hennebury with me to try and get a deer to bring home. I returned to camp early in the evening. The road along here is pretty good except in a few places where it required side drains to carry off the water. It is however laid out very crooked. All the woods back from Bank Head have been burned and there are a great many marshes and small ponds in our track.

October 13th. Very fine day quite warm. Arthur's crew came

up to join us and we then got along fast getting down our 2nd and 3rd mile posts and well on towards the 4th before dark.

October 14th. Blew a gale last night with heavy rain. Dull cold morning. Arthur's crew with Hennebury moved camp and things up to Flat Bay while I with four men continued our line. It turned out a most miserable, raw, cold, wet day with snow showers. Succeeded in getting down our 4th mile post. The cutting through the burnt woods was very heavy. We just reached a patch of green timber before leaving off.

October 15th. Dull, cold morning with snow showers but cleared off a fine day. It was snowing all day on the mountains.

Having now nearly finished our season's work I am about to have a few days shooting before the steamer arrives. One Peter Bennoit an old trapper and hunter with his two sons who live here at the Mouth of Flat Bay Brook is coming along with John and myself to the Long Range. Peter has a tilt near the foot of the mountains. He has a favourite part of the range for hunting over where he assures us there are sure to be plenty of deer. Today I went down to Sandy Point to settle up my accounts and pay off some of the men and make preparations for our deer shooting trip. Arthur is to continue the line till finished and then return to the Point to await the steamer. We had a cold pull down and up Flat Bay. Old Peter Bennoit came up with us. He and his two sons, Paul and John are fine strapping fellows all expert woodmen. It was long after dark when we reached camp.

October 16th. Fine but cold morning. We got all ready for

our hunting expedition and started off about 8 A.M. It snowed a little after we left which made the bushes rather wet.

We travelled pretty fast though our packs were rather heavy. Old Peter took the lead with a long swinging stride. He has a path blazed all the way in. It leads us for the most part through marshes and small barrens avoiding the woods, except in a few places. The only river we crossed was Journois Brook, where we stopped to boil our kettle about 11 O'clock. We crossed our base line about three miles beyond Flat Bay Brook and reached Peter's first side camp at the foot of the mountains early in the evening. Here we had another snack. Paul, John, Hennebury and I then went up on the mountain and strolled around till dark. Old Peter went to examine his otter traps. We only saw three partridge and shot one. Saw very little signs of deer. It was extremely cold on the hills. Our side camp was a poor concern not nearly enough to accommodate us all. However, we managed by close storage to fit into it. Kept a good fire going all night but nevertheless it was very cold, but we got through it fairly well. It snowed a little during the night and all the hills were covered in the morning.

October 17th. Fine but cold. Up at daylight and after breakfast we started for the inside tilt some 5 or 6 miles over the hills. It proved a pretty hard tramp but we got in early. When approaching the hollow in which the tilt was situated in a patch of woods near a pond, we espied a large black bear feeding on the side of a bare knob. We made sure we should have no

trouble in bagging him and made tracks to the foot of the hill where we laid down our packs. Old Peter, John and I cautiously climbed the leaward side of the hill which was pretty steep and encumbered with thick bushes but when we reached the top the lad had disappeared. There was no sign of him anywhere. The weather was just beginning to change. It began to blow hard with showers of cold rain and we concluded that the bear having finished his breakfast and scenting the approach of bad weather had made tracks for the nearest woods. Anyway he completely dodged us. We came back for our bundles in no very pleasant mood and then commenced to ascend the hill. We reached the side tilt and had dinner. After which we took a round of the hills near camp but it blew and rained so hard that no game was to be seen except a few partridges, one of which I shot. John Bennoit saw a covey and also killed one. The great deer country which we were to hunt over formed a high plateau on a neck of land between two branches of Fishel's River. The ascent from our camp was very steep.

October 18th. Foggy and wet all day, no time to venture up on the deer country so we remained in camp all the morning. After dinner we made a round of the foot hills but saw nothing. Our prospects so far look very poor.

Sunday October 19th. Froze hard and snowed a good deal last night. Still very cold and blowing hard. Although it looked so discouraging we ventured up on the mountain where we found it dreadfully cold and stormy. We saw a few partridge and one old stag, which young John got a shot at and wounded badly breaking

one of its fore legs. Yet the brute got away and though they followed it up a long distance they did not get it. The weather had now become so bad blowing and drifting that we could not look to windward. In fact, it turned out a bad winter's day. We were obliged to retreat lest we should become lost. It was not quite so bad down near the tilt. After dinner Peter and I went around to look for some partridge. We came across some in a thick patch of burnt woods and I shot them all. It is evident the weather has turned out so bad that all the wild animals are in hiding.

October 20th. Turned mild again but still blowing a gale of raw wind with sleet. Made another attempt to hunt up on the mountain. We first traced the wounded stag which was an easy matter owing to the quantity of blood stain on the snow. We found him quite dead and skinned him. As it was in the height of the rutting season the meat was no good and we did not bother to lug it out. We only took the skin and horns. It now came to sleet badly and finally turned to rain so hard and became altogether such a wretched day that we had to give up our hunt and retreat again. This is the day the Curlew leaves St. John's on her way up and should be here by Friday if all goes well.

October 21st. Still cold, raw and blowing. Found our stock of provision nearly gone, particularly tea and as this commodity, especially at this cold season is a regular essential, and seeing no prospect of an improvement in the weather we concluded to strike for Flat Bay again. After breakfast we packed up and started on our return journey and reached the first camp early.

The day began to turn out fine, but the wind still continued blowing and very cold. I shot two more partridges on the way and afterwards killed a pie bird *Golden Eye*. We had a long hard tramp now especially as the marshes were soft and wet. We reached Peter's house just at sunset. After a cup of hot tea they put John Hennebury and I across the Bay to the long beach and from there we walked down to Sandy Point. We found Arthur and crew had finished their line on Friday last and then come down. When we arrived at McKay's they were all off enjoying themselves at a dance. John and I took french leave and got our own supper.

October 22nd. Blowing a gale all day and very cold. Paid off my bills and began to pack up for home. Steamer only as far as Har. Breton today.

October 23rd. Still blowing a gale from S.W. with rain. This will delay the Curlew. Settled all my accounts.

October 24th. Fine day at last. Light S.W. wind. Old Mr. McLean from South side<sup>912</sup> came over last night to ask me to survey his land up near the main River. Albert, Old Tom and I went over with him and spent the day at his place. It turned out a nice day though cold. The old man was delighted to get his lot laid off. He is an old Scotchman who lives entirely by his farm and is quite comfortable. He has a very nice place and the land is good.

October 25th. Another beautiful day. Anxiously awaiting steamer. After dinner I went across to Seal Rocks with Mr. Dwyer

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<sup>912</sup>South Side was the original name of St. George's.

and Serg. O'Rielly<sup>913</sup> to select a site for a new Court house and lay off a piece of land for Mr. Dwyer and the Sergeant, 20 acres each. The *Curlew* did not arrive till about midnight. Went aboard but did not stay long. No letters this time.

Sunday October 26th. A beautiful fine day. Walking about all day. Father Phippard not home consequently no Mass today. Spent a few hours with Mr. A Nardini.<sup>914</sup> He is an Italian who came here a few years ago to do business and getting on very well. I believe he does more business than all the others at the Point put together. He speaks English quite well and is a fine fellow. I often go over to have a smoke and chat with him.

October 27th. Still another fine, mild day with a fresh breeze from S.W. Spent the day roaming about the Point. It is very monotonous but there is no other way to pass the time here. Heard the *Curlew* left Bay of Islands on her return voyage at 11 A.M. today. She should be here about 12 tonight. Our lads are giving a return dance tonight to the lads and lasses of the Point. I spent my time looking out for the steamer but she did not put in an appearance till nearly 2 A.M. It took us about an hour to get all our things aboard. She had a lot of freight to take in here and will not get off till daylight. Albert and I went aboard and turned in; all the other lads remained ashore till daylight.

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<sup>913</sup>Likely Head Constable Joseph O'Reilly of the Newfoundland Constabulary.

<sup>914</sup>Antonio Nardini, an Italian businessman living in Sandy Point; he had a lumber mill at Main Gut.

October 28th. When I got up we were well out the Bay with a strong head wind, very cold and disagreeable. There were only two passengers, Haliburton<sup>915</sup> and myself at breakfast. I was not feeling A 1 and soon had to cave in and go on deck. I then turned in and slept it off till dinner-time. It turned out a nasty, wet evening. We reached Channel about 8 P.M. It was now raining hard. I went across to see the Keatings.

October 29th. Fine day wind N.W. and cold. Left Channel at 4 A.M. and reached Rose Blanche early then on to Great Jarvis which we reached about 9 P.M. We had a splendid run all day. The old Curlew rolled tremendously after leaving Gt. Jarvis and I was pretty seasick for a time.

October 30th. Fine day with smooth water but very cold. When I got up we were in St. Pierre. I did not go ashore as it was breakfast time and remembered how we had been served coming up. A number of Frenchmen bound home to France for the winter came aboard. We had a good run to St. Lawrence and Burin which latter place we reached just at dusk. Left again after a short delay and had a beautiful bright night crossing Placentia Bay.

October 31st. Another lovely day not nearly so cold as yesterday. Were at Trepassey early in the morning and were going into Ferryland when I got up. After leaving Ferryland had a fine time along. We had a few showers of light snow but it was not very cold and the water was smooth and the wind fair. We reached

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<sup>915</sup>Henry Haliburton, Nova Scotian in origin, businessman located in The Gravels (see Mannion, "Settlers and Traders," pp. 264-5).

St. John's about 1:30 P.M. all well. We were here put on quarantine till Dr. Shea<sup>916</sup> paid us a visit. Owing to the prevalence of Cholera in France this summer it was necessary to guard against its introduction from St. Pierre. But there was no sign of it at the latter place, and even if there were we had been into St. Lawrence, Burin and Trepassey, Ferryland on the way and had communication with the people in each. Dr. Shea soon put in an appearance and gave us a clean bill of health. We had nearly an hour's delay in getting into Bowring's wharf which was crowded up with small craft. It was nearly 4 P.M. when we got in, just in time to escape a S.E. gale which was fast blowing up. Found all well at home.

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<sup>916</sup>Henry Shea, superintendent of the Fever Hospital in St. John's, 1870-89.

1885

## Surveying in the Avalon Interior

The work of this season did not afford much of an interesting character to record. It was another year of land subdivision and was confined to the central part of the Peninsula of Avalon. The work had been commenced the year previous by Mr. C.J. Harvey, C.E. who ran out a meridian line through the central section of the Peninsula and also an East and West base-line from Salmon Cove, C.B.<sup>917</sup>

There were three parties sent into the field to continue this work. One under the above named C.J. Harvey, another under Mr. Wm. Reid a Canadian Surveyor, and the third under my own supervision with Mr. Arthur White as assistant. My party left St. John's on June 10th and proceeded by Rail<sup>918</sup> to a point on the

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<sup>917</sup>Avondale, a name imposed in 1906. Seary, *Place Names of the Avalon Peninsula*, p. 64.

<sup>918</sup>A branch line to Harbour Grace had been completed in 1884.

Spaniard's Bay and New Harbour Road about midway between Conception and Trinity Bays. Here we took up Harvey's Meridian line and then ran West and North towards the Trinity Bay side. One of our lines took us out to the shore near New Harbour. Most of the land in this section was poor and barren or covered only with scrub timber, but towards Witless Bay,<sup>919</sup> Trinity Bay, there were some well timbered ridges where the soil was of good quality. We then ran South six miles through a diversified country studded with innumerable lakes and ponds, some of very considerable area. These lakes afforded some good trout fishing and one has since become famous as a resort for Waltonians. Now known as the Nine Mile Post.<sup>920</sup> This line carried us not far from the North East mountain of Placentia. From this we ran out an East and West base-line to Long Harbour in Placentia Bay on the one hand and towards Whitbourne on the other. From this a six mile block was laid out on the North which took in the Spread Eagle Peak inland from the head of Trinity Bay and also included a fine valley of land and timber extending up country from Chapel Arm, T.B. This block was subdivided by two central lines running E and W, N and S. Most of the land in this block was of superior quality and the timber also very fine. The inhabitants around the head of Trinity Bay utilize much of this timber for fishery purposes. While cutting the central line of this block our men

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<sup>919</sup>Now Whiteway Bay.

<sup>920</sup>Rhodies Pond, located nine miles from Whitbourne, two miles southwest of Placentia Junction, on the railway to Placentia (p.c., William Power, St. John's).

came across a large bear trap, snapped, in which they found the hind foot of a deer. The bone had been broken off at its thinnest part just above the hock and the poor animal had torn himself clear, leaving his foot behind in the trap. Deer footing was fairly frequent in this section and sometimes quite fresh. Our one Indian, John Stevens, managed to secure one in the vicinity of the N.E. Mountain, which afforded us a very acceptable supply of fresh meat while it lasted.

Having finished this section we moved to Whitbourne and ran South for 8 miles or to the limit to which the railway company's claims extended. This line took us over a suite of lakes on the Hodge Water and Rocky Rivers. There were a great many of them of all shapes and sizes, some of them being very picturesque. Round about these lakes the land was exceptionally good and the timber of large size, especially the white and yellow Birch or Witchhazel. It was altogether the best land and timber come across for the season. Having run out the eight miles we then began to subdivide it in which we were joined by Mr. Reid's party. From the eight mile limit a base-line was produced East and West and at each sixth mile, or township corner, others were run North and South. Thus the whole central part of the peninsula was blocked off and subdivided. Towards the eastern half the country was very diversified consisting of extensive marshes and barrens, innumerable ponds, at times forming a perfect labyrinth of waters. We met them on all sides. There were, however, several extensive patches of good land and timber particularly in the

valley of the Rocky and Collinet rivers. The latter river afforded some excellent trout fishing. The large sea trout find their way up quite a long distance.

Late in the Autumn while we were running lines inside the Salmonier road a curious thing happened. While I was continuing my base eastward Mr. White was engaged some three miles North of us running a parallel line west. I had occasion to communicate with him and sent Mike Cole off to locate his camp and deliver a note to him. I lent Cole my gun in case he should see any game. He returned the second day bringing with him a quarter of venison. On his way back from White's camp he ran across a fine stag feeding in a marsh, and managed to get within easy range and shot it. He noticed before he fired that the stag walked very lame. What was his surprise when he came to paunch it to find that the stag was minus one hind foot. The leg had been broken off and the skin grown down over the injured part and here the skin was quite thick. It had nearly covered the bone except that just in the centre the end of the broken bone was still visible. Another curious feature was the growth of the antlers. That on the right side of the head was quite normal, but the other horn on the injured side had bent over towards the first so as to appear as though both bays sprung from one side of the head. They were certainly the most curious set of antlers I had ever seen. Notwithstanding the maimed leg the animal was in good condition and the venison, which was very welcome, first class meat.

I at once concluded that this must be the very same animal

that had left its foot in the bear trap over near Chapel Arm, fully 20 miles distant. How the poor brute must have suffered hobbling about all the summer in this maimed condition having to place the torn limb on the bare ground at every step. It is wonderful what they can endure when badly wounded.

Not long after this we finished our season's work and returned home. It was probably the most uneventful year of any spent in the woods during my whole career.

1886

#### Surveying in Bay of Exploits

The Thorburn Government<sup>921</sup> having adopted a new Agricultural Policy and passed an Act<sup>922</sup> to carry out the same, whereby it was proposed to encourage settlement of fishermen farmers on small holdings in localities contiguous to the fishing grounds where conditions were favourable for both, I was requested to point out such places as would be most suitable. I selected the Bay and estuary of the Exploits River as in every way a most desirable locality. Here there was a large area of good land on the

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<sup>921</sup>Robert Thorburn (1836-1906), leader of a Reform party, became premier in 1885; he was defeated by Liberals under William Whiteway (1828-1908) in 1889.

<sup>922</sup>49 Victoria, cap. III, passed May 19, 1886; *Acts of the General Assembly of Newfoundland* ([St. John's]: 1886), pp. 51-9.

immediate sea-board with an abundance of splendid timber available for boat and schooner building. The idea was to try and induce a large portion of the people to leave the bleak, exposed, barren outer Islands and headlands to come into this beautiful bay and settle down. They would have abundance of employment during the winter months cutting timber and in building operations; gradually to clean up their plots and prepare the ground for crops of vegetables etc. Then during summer they could just as easily carry on the usual fishing operations, especially along the Labrador coast and French shore, northward. Everything seemed to favour this locality. Here when the fishery was over they could bring back their season's catch and would have a much better climate for the curing of their fish, with safe harbours everywhere, away from the boisterous outer coastline. Hitherto little or no settlement had taken place in this Bay, but in winter a great many people came up and built tilts in the woods to make what they called a winter's work. Instead of this mere temporary occupation there seemed no reason whatever why they should not make it permanent, build good dwellings instead of the miserable tilts and render themselves and families far more comfortable than they ever had been. The Government were pleased to adopt my suggestion and I was instructed to proceed to the Bay and carry out the idea. All the land available was to be blocked off in small lots of about 20 acres each with a frontage on the water side. The lands behind could later, when required, be made available by means of roads extending inland, at intervals of a

mile, from the shore line.

Having completed all my arrangements, procured a stock of provisions and shipped a crew, I was ready to leave about the latter part of June. Seeing that the work would involve a good deal of boating I procured a boat for the purpose. She was a fine ship's boat sufficiently capacious to take all our crew and their belongings about the Bay. I was very fortunate in finding one exactly suited to our needs. She was an English clinker-built<sup>923</sup> ship's boat belonging to the steamship *Grassbrook*<sup>924</sup> recently lost on the Southern shore. She was buoyant and light, drew very little water and could be easily handled or drawn up anywhere; moreover, was an easy boat to row and not a bad sailor.

Thus equipped we left St. John's in the S.S. *Plover* on Tuesday June 22nd at 10 A.M. Capt. Manuel had instructions to take us up the Bay of Exploits and land us at Winsor's Mill, Dominion Point. Our crew consisted of Albert Bayley Assistant, Thos. Hann and William Emerson chainmen, and a crew of six including two cooks. We had a great number of passengers, amongst them Capt. James Winsor for Dominion Point. Mr. Andrews<sup>925</sup> and Geo. Cleary of Pilly's Island Pyrites Mine. Mr. O'Meara of Mings Bight<sup>926</sup> etc. It was densely foggy all day with a nasty sea on

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<sup>923</sup>With overlapping boards along the sides.

<sup>924</sup>Driven ashore at Seal Cove, near Cape Ballard, the German steamer was refloated and some of her cargo (consisting partly of schnapps and champagne) saved. She was towed into St. John's for repairs on Aug. 9, 1885. See *Eve Tel*, June 24, June 25, Aug. 10, 1885.

<sup>925</sup>Frederick W. Andrews, first mine manager at Pilly's Island, arrived in Newfoundland in 1886; George Cleary was Philip Cleary's son.

<sup>926</sup>Site of a gold mine in the 1880s.

which caused the steamer to roll considerably, in fact the *Curlew* and the *Plover* seem to have been especially designed for rolling. I nearly succumbed to Mal de mer at first, but it wore off after a while and I was able to eat all my meals. Poor Bayley was exceedingly sick. We had a fairly good time along notwithstanding the fog and reached Bay de Verde about 2 P.M. This place looked more wretched than ever. No doubt the abominable weather tended to make it look so bad. There was no fish here as yet. We remained about an hour and then steamed off for Trinity which we reached at 6:30 P.M. Here we went ashore and had a walk about the town. Trinity is quite large and very pretty place, with one of the most magnificent harbours in Newfoundland. But just now it looked awfully dull. It has gone down very much of late years. Brooking's splendid premises now Bremmer's & Grieve's<sup>927</sup> is shut up and gives a desolate forsaken appearance to the whole place. The houses here are neat and well built. All painted or washed white and look clean and tidy. There is no fish here also, not even one to eat. We left about 8 O'clock and had a very disagreeable run up to Catalina. The fog was awfully dense and we could only steam at half speed owing to the presence of numerous bergs and loose floating pans of ice about. We passed within about 100 yards of one huge berg before we saw it. At length we heard the fog alarm on Green Island<sup>928</sup> and then felt our way

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<sup>927</sup>Alexander Bremner and Walter Grieve had operated premises once occupied by the old firm of Robinson and Brooking. See *ENL*, Trinity.

<sup>928</sup>Just south of the entrance to Catalina harbour.

carefully into the Harbour. Even when close in we could see nothing ashore, so dense was the atmosphere. It was 10 O'clock when we reached the wharf; I then turned in for a good night's rest.

June 23rd. Still densely foggy, got into Bonavista by breakfast time. It was somewhat clearer here. Still no fish is the cry. We arrived at King's Cove about 10 A.M. It was fine and clear here but the fog lay outside as thick as ever. King's Cove looks poor and the houses dilapidated. Father Veitch<sup>929</sup> has a handsome church and new house built. Bishop McDonald<sup>930</sup> is now here but we did not see him. Scarcely a fish here yet. Had a good run across Bonavista Bay and got into Greenspond about 3 P.M. Still no fish here. All the craft are ready to leave for the Straits and Labrador. Mr. Rice,<sup>931</sup> J.P. of Twillingate came aboard here for his home. It was still very foggy all the afternoon. We made the Wadhams<sup>932</sup> about 6 P.M. and passed Round Head, Fogo Island just at dusk, got into Fogo Harbour about 10 P.M. Here we landed a number of passengers and a large quantity of freight. I then turned in.

June 24th. Were at Twillingate when I got up, having called at Herring Neck during the night. It was still densely foggy which is rather unusual for Notre Dame Bay. We hauled into the wharf here which is a very fine one, probably the best Government

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<sup>929</sup>William Veitch (1843-1917), parish priest in King's Cove 1875-91.

<sup>930</sup>Ronald R. MacDonald (1835-1912), bishop of Harbour Grace diocese 1881-1906.

<sup>931</sup>Richard P. Rice, politician and merchant, appointed magistrate by Thorburn.

<sup>932</sup>Wadham Islands.

wharf in the island. Went ashore for a stroll. I met Thos. Peyton,<sup>933</sup> son of old John's, late J.P. of Twillingate. This is a fine place but very dull just now. It was as dense as ever on our way up to Exploits Island. Had to poke our way along at half speed, sometimes stopping altogether. But we got into the harbour at last and spent about an hour here. We then started to run up the Bay of Exploits and in a very short while got out of the fog into bright sunlight. The change was truly delightful, and as we steamed up the beautiful Bay it became extremely fine and hot. The spirits of all on board rose with the bright, clear sky and all the passengers, most of whom had never been in this bay before, were in raptures. Andrews, the New Brunswicker, who all the way up was decrying our horrible climate and the desolate barren appearance of the coast towns now became interested and had to admit that the country in the upper half of the bay looked fine. It certainly presented a beautiful aspect as we steamed along in perfectly calm, smooth water. The low rounded hills and dense forest covered valley of the noble Exploits River stretching inland as far as the eye could reach. The beautiful shades of the forest foliage now in its full summer bloom gave a great charm to the scene which only a sylvan forest can present. All along shore clusters of Dogberry and Wild pear blossoms peeped out through the woods or hung gracefully over the banks. It was extremely beautiful. We arrived at Dominion Point about 3

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<sup>933</sup>"Elias Peyton" ("Journal," CNSA 262.02.017; further references to the 1886 Journal are to this MS).

P.M. and as Winsor had a schooner ready to haul alongside to take aboard some new machinery for his mill, we availed of the chance to get all our stuff aboard her. Then when all was landed we pitched our camps on the shore near the mill and made all snug for our first night under canvas. Our old friends the mosquitoes immediately called upon us and gave us a hearty, if not affectionate welcome.

June 25th. Very fine hot day. Slept well all night till daylight, when the flies managed to find an entrance into our camps and soon put an end to our slumbers. Albert and I occupy one small camp. Tom. Hann and Willie Emerson another. Tom Ebbs, Ned Coady and Mike Cole another. Connors, Feild, and Parsons<sup>934</sup> in the fourth with the two cooks in the fifth. It turned out a very hot day and the flies were simply awful. Spent the forenoon unpacking our things. In the afternoon I took several observations to establish a true meridian. We made a mast for our boat and fixed our sail. Winsor busy all day getting his machinery ashore and up to the mill.

June 26th. Dull, sultry morning. Tormented with swarms of flies. After breakfast I sent the men off in the boat to put up poles along shore on the East side the Arm for triangulation purposes. Albert and the chainmen began to measure along shore. Tom Ebbs and I spent all the morning about our canoe fixing her up and stopping leaks etc. till dinner-time. After which it came

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<sup>934</sup>"Clem Parsons" ("Journal").

to rain hard and turned out a very wet evening. I succeeded however, in getting bearings on most of the poles put up. Went over to Winsor's after tea and had a long chat with the old Captain. He is full of information and old yarns but does all the talking himself. The night was dark I<sup>935</sup> had to get the loan of a lantern to find my way back to camp. The men all received a great wetting coming home this evening.

Sunday June 27th. Blowing almost a gale from N.E. very cold and raw. Our camps being situated in an exposed place facing out the bay which rendered them very uncomfortable.<sup>936</sup> After breakfast I walked around into Peter's Arm where Winsor has all his logs boomed. It was quite a sight to see some 10,000 odd pine logs all together. It is a fine lot of timber, not large sticks, averaging perhaps from 18 inches to 2 feet in diameter, but all nice, clean, straight sticks. Winsor expects to make 1,000,000 feet of lumber out of the lot. They were all cut during the winter up Peter's Arm River<sup>937</sup> near where our base-line of 1882 crossed it, and successfully driven out. Phillips<sup>938</sup> in New Bay was not so successful. All his logs are yet hung up in the woods. There was a great fire in New Bay lately which destroyed several houses. The Mill was barely saved by the greatest exertions. I saw a fox at Peter's Arm out on the shoals watching a gull. I could easily have shot him had I my gun with me. It came to rain hard at noon

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<sup>935</sup>"so dark I" ("Journal").

<sup>936</sup>In editing the TS, JPH interlined "which" by hand, probably in error.

<sup>937</sup>Peters River.

<sup>938</sup>Joseph W. Phillips, operator of a sawmill in the southwest arm of New Bay.

and the wind increased to a smart gale. It must be very heavy outside judging from the sea in here. I dined with Winsor and his Nephew, and his partner, Mr. Murray.<sup>939</sup> The afternoon turned out still more wet and disagreeable, and we found the cooks' fire quite comfortable after tea.

June 28th. Very fine, hot day. Albert and the chainmen went on with the shore-line. Tom and I spent the morning repairing the canoe while the other lads were putting up poles. After dinner I went across to the eastern side of the Arm and commenced measuring along shore from Burnt Arm Point<sup>940</sup> with the micrometer telescope to Gill's Point, or rather Indian Point, as it is called.<sup>941</sup> The evening turned out very hot and the flies were pretty bad. The shore along this side is fairly straight and well wooded to the water's edge. The land is very good but rocky.

June 29th. Dull and threatening in morning blowing a stormy breeze. Went over again to Gill's Point to take bearings and get in my points.<sup>942</sup> James Jure gave me a small salmon. They are very scarce this season, in fact, scarcely any at all. Like everything else the salmon fishery is almost destroyed. The catch at one time in this bay amounted to about 500 tierces. Now it has dwindled down to about 20. Before we got through with our work it came to rain hard again and we received a thorough drenching. Had a hard pull back to camp against the wind. Went over to Winsor's

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<sup>939</sup>The engineer at the mill.

<sup>940</sup>In the vicinity of Burnt Arm.

<sup>941</sup>Called Gills Point at present.

<sup>942</sup>I.e., poles.

after tea and had a long chat. Winsor told me all about the Peyton family. Old John's father first carried on the salmon fishery here and built the old house at Upper Sandy Point now occupied by Alfred Beaton, one of his old time employees. They had a number of salmon berths, as they were termed, all along the shores of the Bay and estuary, where crews were stationed during the summer season. During the winter these same men were employed in the woods furring i.e., trapping and shooting the furred animals. Peyton also had another establishment at Lower Sandy Point. In fact he claimed the exclusive fishery of the whole bay. If anyone dared to set a net, Peyton's men would immediately put one down in front of it. No laws regulating distances apart for nets in those days.<sup>943</sup> Mr. Peyton sent his son John to England to school and on his return he, John, took up the business. John jr. married a Miss Jure,<sup>944</sup> daughter of one of the salmon fishers. The old man<sup>945</sup> had acquired some sort of a title to the land at Upper and Lower Sandy Points. The latter extended across into Kite Cove. When the fishery began to fail, John Peyton<sup>946</sup> fell in debt to C.F. Bennett and Co. and finally made over all his property to Mr. Bennett whose heirs now claim it. Quite recently, Alfred Beaton purchased out the Upper Sandy Point property which extends along shore down to Little Rattling Brook, from Mr. T.R. Smith.

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<sup>943</sup>In the late 19th century, minimum distances between nets and traps, size of meshes, etc., were set by government regulation. See, e.g., select committee report on cod traps, *JHA* (1882), pp. 69-70.

<sup>944</sup>He married Eleanor Mahaney; the "widow Jure" was a servant in Peyton's household. See Howley, *The Beothucks*, pp. 182, 317.

<sup>945</sup>"His father" ("Journal").

<sup>946</sup>"John jr" ("Journal").

Winsor's father-in-law, Menchington<sup>947</sup> of Exploits, Burnt Island was one of those who accompanied Mr. Peyton to Red Indian Lake in 1819 and was present at the capture of Mary March.<sup>948</sup> He often related to Winsor the whole story of this event.

June 30th. Wet all day, could do no outdoor work. Albert and I went over to Winsor's, got a table to ourselves and commenced protracting our work. My triangulation turned out well. The men busy fixing our boat and putting up poles. It cleared up late in the afternoon when I got a set of bearings from Peter's Arm Point. Went over again to Winsor's after tea. The old man gave us a great dissertation on the fisheries, especially the Herring and Seal which was very interesting and instructive. He certainly knows a great deal about such subjects having been engaged in their prosecution all his lifetime. He says the seal has as many bones as there are days in the year less two, that the intestines are many fathoms long, that they carry their young eleven months and come together again just one month after whelping. The young harp of the second year is a bedlamer and the third year, a jinney. There is a round, fat seal called a Jar, a distinct species. This is the ringed seal (*Phoca hispida*). He believes in three distinct patches of seals. They normally only produce one at a birth, but sometimes two or even three. The Bay Seal whelpes in May or June. Those in this Bay on the rocks below the grand falls, 20 miles up the Exploits River.

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<sup>947</sup>William Minchington, in 1857 a Road Board member (Seary, *Family Names*).

<sup>948</sup>See Marshall, *History and Ethnography of the Beothuk*, pp. 162-7.

Thursday July 1st. Cold raw northeaster. Foggy and wet. Remained in camp till dinner-time, then went off in the boat to Norris's Arm and put up a lot of poles. Too foggy to use the transit. Desperately cold coming back and had a hard pull.

July 2nd. Fine in the morning, commenced measuring Peter's Arm, then went across to North point of arm, but it came on so wet again that we could do no work. We only got another ducking on our way back. The weather so far has been very wet and stormy, retarding our work very much. There has been very little real summer as yet.

July 3rd. Fine day at last. Went down to Peter's Arm Point and took a lot of bearings. Then measured around into Jure's Cove till we reached commencement of Cunningham's meridian line of 1882.<sup>949</sup> We then rowed across to Burnt Arm and commenced triangulating it. Had a hard pull back in evening against wind and tide. This was decidedly the finest day we have had so far for the season.

Sunday July 4th. Another beautiful, fine day. Dined at Winsor's on venison etc. After dinner Willie Emerson and I paddled up in canoe to Alfred Beaton's, Upper Sandy Point. This is a beautiful spot and forms the mouth of the River proper. It was originally the Peyton residence here while engaged in the salmon fishery. The old house built by him is large and roomy and must have been very comfortable; as timber was plentiful it is

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<sup>949</sup>See p. 569. The line was about 49° 9'.

all studded inside and then clapboarded outside. It has two chimneys, one at either end. It is situated on a level plot of considerable area all cleared and cultivated. The land is good and there is a lovely green lawn extending along in front of the house and down to the river side. The land altogether claimed by the Peytons extended along shore some two miles to the mouth of Little Rattling Brook. Alfred Beaton who now owns it paid the executors of the Bennett estate £120 for it. He occupies the old house and has a splendid property here. Alfred still carries on the salmon fishery here and at Rattling Brook as well as up the river. But he has done very poorly this season. In Peyton's time the usual catch for the Bay was some 500 tierces annually. The first old John Peyton was a servant of a Mr. Miller<sup>950</sup> who was the original possessor of the salmon fishery here. Peyton struck out on his own account and soon induced all Miller's employees to join him and in the end compelled Miller to give it all up to him. John Jr., the late Magistrate of Twillingate, after being at school in England, on his return took up the business of salmon catching and fur hunting, but did not prosecute it with such vigor as his father and after a while fell in debt to the Bennett firm and made all over to them. I believe in Miller's time a man named Hooper fished here and had the reputation of being a great Indian slayer. Alfred Beaton is now a very old man, but still

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<sup>950</sup>Harry Miller; for his "hostile acts" against Beothucks, see Marshall, *History and Ethnography of the Beothuk*, pp. 103-04, passim. William Hooper (below) was a servant of Miller's.

hale and fresh. He has been married three times and has a numerous family of sons and daughters. He came out from England in 1844 and was a fine specimen of the old English youngster. He seems to be now very well off. Has several cattle and good crops of hay and vegetables etc. Old Tom Ebbs spent his day at Wigwam Point on the other side of the river where some Micmac families, the Pauls live. He caught a lot of fine trout. The Pauls seem well to do. The land is good and they have fine gardens of potatoes. The old man, Paul, whom I met here in 1875 died last winter aged 75 years. I am told he was the only Indian in the country who could build a birch bark canoe. He has left three or four sons and a daughter and also some grandchildren who all reside here. They have no grant of their land and unless I can secure them one, are very likely to be robbed of it some of those days.

July 5th. Fine day, very warm, and not blowing hard, got through a good deal of work. Went down to Northern Arm and put up a number of poles, then crossed over to Lower Sandy Point and measured in towards Burnt Arm. Albert and chainmen traversing shore of Peter's Arm. Had a long pull back in evening.

July 6th. Dull morning blowing fresh, went down again to Burnt Arm and finished it. It came on to rain and blow a gale in evening from the S.W. We then made for a small island in the bay and barely succeeded in reaching it. Nearly swamped our boat once or twice. She is however a good sea boat. It blew a desperate gale all the evening and no small boat could live in the sea it

created. We were obliged to put up on the island for the night without camps or supper. It rained and thundered with very vivid lightning and our plight was a miserable one. We could not keep a good fire going and spent a wretched night without sleep.

July 7th. Much calmer but dull. We started for camp at daylight and got back at 5.30 A.M. Had breakfast and then took a couple of hours' rest. I went over to Winsor's to plot my work and spent all day at it. After dinner the men took a boat load of things up to High Point entrance to Norris's Arm preparative to moving camp tomorrow. It came to rain again in the evening with fearful thunder and lightning and for a time the rain came down in torrents. The men got a dreadful ducking on their way back. This is my 39th birthday so I am mounting up in years pretty fast and of course do not feel quite so young as I used to. A few years more if spared will see me on the downgrade of life's journey.

July 8th. A beautiful fine day, remained plotting till dinner-time, then moved camp across to a nice cove inside High Point, Norris's Arm. I remained at Winsor's till evening protracting up my work, then walked up to Wigwam Point when the men came across for me. It was a very hot evening and the mosquitoes were awful, especially along the path to Wigwam Point. Our camp is now pitched in a nice sheltered place near High Point. This Bluff is composed of a coarse conglomerate rock. There are growing on the head a few so called pitch pine, in reality the yellow pine, (*pinus sylvestris*), the first I have

ever seen in the country. Old Tom Ebbs and some of the lads caught a nice lot of sea trout off the head. It turned out a beautiful fine night and I succeeded in getting a good observation of Polaris to establish a fresh meridian.

July 9th. Fine again. Sent the men putting up poles along North side Norris's Arm. I then commenced the triangulation from the observation point and connected it with former work at Gills Point or D. of first triangulation. Found it to agree very well.

July 10th. Beautiful day. All day surveying the Arm and got through a lot of work. There is some nice land in this Arm on both sides, but the fringe on South side is narrow and has a high ridge behind it. This ridge runs along the East side of the Exploits River, crosses Rattling Brook and continues up the Arm fully halfway, when it dies down. On the North side of the Arm the land is comparatively level and extends a long way back and is all densely timbered.

Sunday July 11th. Rather a dull sultry day. Spent all the forenoon in camp. After dinner Old Tom and I went over in canoe to Little Rattling Brook to try for a salmon or trout. But the river was very high after all the rain and was exceedingly rough, being a regular succession of falls and rapids where it cuts through the trappean<sup>951</sup> ridge. We only caught a few trout. On returning to camp we found Thomas Peyton<sup>952</sup> and his two sons who came up to see me on his way to Hall's Bay where he is about to

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<sup>951</sup>Composed of trap rock. See n. 112.

<sup>952</sup>Son of John Peyton, Jr.

lay off some mining claims. Tom and Alfred Beaton had tea with us and remained up till twelve O'clock yarning. They then left for Alfred's to spend the night.

July 12th. Fine, warm day again. Continued the survey of Norris's Arm and finished it. There is but one settler as yet in this Arm, a man named Menchington living on the North side. Winsor claims possession of Bent's,<sup>953</sup> a beautiful spot on North side. Bent was a young Englishman, I think a retired Army officer who with another companion came here several years ago to settle down. They built a snug house and outhouses. Cleared up quite a large plot of land and for a time seemed to get along very well. They had cattle and sheep and lots of poultry. But after a while they tired of the place. I guess it was too lonely and out of the world for them so they abandoned it and it is now going to ruin. It is a great pity to see it so, for it is a beautiful place and would be an ideal locality for an enterprising farmer to settle down on. I believe an industrious person could make a very comfortable living here.

July 13th. A lovely day. Commenced to survey the main river<sup>954</sup> from Wigwam Point and reached several miles up. Alfred Beaton's boys caught a shad in their net today. This is the third or fourth they have now netted. One when I was here in 1882. I did not then know what it was, but have since seen thousands in

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<sup>953</sup>"Bents farm" ("Journal"). Perhaps C.M. Bent.

<sup>954</sup>The Exploits.

Fulton Market, New York,<sup>955</sup> and have also eaten them.

July 14th. Very fine warm day. Continued the measurement up the river and reached nearly up to Bishop's Falls. The river along those lower reaches is very beautiful. It is a splendid stream and could easily be rendered navigable for small craft or steamers of light drafts as far as we went, nearly 10 miles. It came to rain again in evening accompanied by thunder and lightning. Very heavy for a time. Of course we got another wetting, which has been our experience almost everyday since we came here. Albert and chainmen at work on West side of river all day.

July 15th. Very fine warm day. Spent all day at Beaton's plotting my work, chainmen at work on east side of river. Thos Peyton left today for Burnt Arm to mark off some land. I have been giving him instructions in the use of the transit the last few evenings. He has a fine new instrument but knows little about it. However, he picked up a good deal while here. He is a great fellow to yarn as he says himself. He told me a good deal about the old salmon fisheries and the Red Indians. The first salmon catchers, that is regular firms here, were Hodge & Miller.<sup>956</sup> Then Miller & Peyton, Tom's Grandfather. His<sup>957</sup> father succeeded. He, old John, was sent to England to school and came back in 1811 just a year after Capt. Buchan's first expedition up to Red

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<sup>955</sup>Howley visited New York in the spring of 1885.

<sup>956</sup>See n. 949.

<sup>957</sup>"Toms" ("Journal").

Indian Lake. His father<sup>958</sup> lived at Exploits Harbour in summertime where he carried on the Cod fishery business and in winter came up to reside at Upper Sandy Point where old Alfred Beaton now lives. Peyton was very well to do for a time and lived well, but later falling into debt to Chas. Fox Bennett had to make over all his property to that firm. He married a Miss Mahoney? a Carbonear woman, not Jure as Capt. Winsor stated. (I have an idea that he must have married twice). Tom tells many stories about Nancy (Shanawdithit) the Red Indian woman, who lived six years in his father's house. Of course they are all hearsay mostly learnt from his mother, whom he says could speak several Beothuck words acquired from Nancy. When Nancy<sup>959</sup> was asked where her people were, she would invariably reply "Winnum"<sup>960</sup> gone to sleep. She became saucy<sup>961</sup> and troublesome in the end and would run off into the woods when asked to do anything, saying, "all gone *winnum*, Nance go *winnum* too." She often absented herself for a day or two at a time, but came back when hungry. There is an old woman now living in Kite Cove named Jure who was a servant at Peyton's at the time Nancy resided there who knows a good deal about her. I went over to Winsor's to find out about our mail. Thomas Winsor<sup>962</sup> is coming up with it.

July 16th. Another fine day. Prepared to move camp down to

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<sup>958</sup>"Peyton" ("Journal").

<sup>959</sup>"Shanandithit" ("Journal").

<sup>960</sup>See Howley, *The Beothucks*, pp. 297-321, for treatment of the Beothuck language.

<sup>961</sup>"very saucy" ("Journal").

<sup>962</sup>Of Exploits Island; trader, nephew of Capt. James Winsor.

Lower Sandy Point and sent the men down with a boat load of things. I remained in camp writing, and plotting my work till dinner-time. I then walked down to John Gill's at Indian Point to take some bearings. It came to blow hard in evening and rained a good deal. Men did not get back till late.

July 17th. Fine day but still blowing hard. We could not move camp today. Had to remain home plotting my work.

Sunday July 18th. Dull and cool, wind N.E. Rained hard all night. In camp all the morning. After dinner went across to Winsor's to see if mail was come. Met a boat on the way with our letters and papers. Learned the steamer does not go to Labrador this trip, and as she will be back again today we will miss the mail home the second time. This is rather annoying. Stayed at Winsor's sometime chatting and then returned to camp to devour the news.

July 19th. Fine, calm day. Had an early breakfast and then started off down the bay. Called on the way at the mill for a fresh stock of provisions from our stores. We left the canoe here as she will not be much use outside and hired a punt as our one boat is not sufficient. We had a long pull down to Sandy Point, but reached there all right and got all our camps up on a nice cleared spot, once the site of Peyton's establishment, by dinner time. After this I sent the men off putting up poles. Albert and chainmen travelling the shore. It came to rain again in evening. I walked around the shore to Kite Cove and made out old Mrs Jure with whom I had a long chat about Shanawdithit. She gave me a lot

of interesting information, but at first was very reticent and did not care to talk Red Indian. She says Nancy was very similar to the Micmacs in appearance, was of about the same shade of complexion,<sup>963</sup> broad featured with jet black hair. In person she was rather inclined to be stout though tall. She was a good worker and performed most of the usual household duties, such as washing, scrubbing etc very well. At times she took fits of melancholy and would then go off in the woods for days at a time<sup>964</sup> as she used to say, to have a talk with her mother and sister. Then she would come back singing or talking to herself<sup>965</sup> and laughing out loud. She would also frequently talk to herself at night and when asked what was the matter, would say, "Nance talking to her mother and sister." But you cannot talk to them, they are dead? "Oh yes" she would reply "I see them here."<sup>966</sup> Nance claimed to have been married and had one child, her husband having been shot. When asked what became of her people she would say *widdun*,<sup>967</sup> not *winnum* as Thos. Peyton had it, gone to asleep.

Mrs Jure also pronounced several words for me which from the fact of their being derived direct from Nancy whom she said perfectly understood them when she pronounced them may be taken as quite correct.<sup>968</sup> For instance a man was Buggishaman; Boy, Buggishamish; Woman, Mammuset; girl, E'mammuset. These words were

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<sup>963</sup>"color" ("Journal").

<sup>964</sup>"a day or two" ("Journal").

<sup>965</sup>"to herself" not in Journal.

<sup>966</sup>The exchange from "But you cannot" to "I see them here" not in Journal.

<sup>967</sup>"widdum" ("Journal"). JPH changes the *m* to *n* by hand in the TS.

<sup>968</sup>"nearly correct" ("Journal").

all pronounced short and<sup>969</sup> quickly with the accent on the last syllable in the three first but in the last the emphasis is laid on the letter E which is somewhat lengthened.<sup>970</sup> All the letters are given their English sound. The old lady has promised to give me further information on this interesting subject.

July 20th. Very fine warm day. Commenced survey of Northern Arm and did a good day's work. It came to rain hard again in the evening with heavy thunder and lightning but cleared off again. I came across an old man named Antle<sup>971</sup> from Brigus, C.B. who has come here to settle down and who had lived four years at Griquet or Cricket as he pronounces the name. There he failed to make a do of it. We had a hard pull back to camp in evening.

July 21st. Beautiful day very hot. Continued the survey of Northern Arm and finished it. At this date Antle was the only settler in this Arm. More thunder and lightning in evening. In fact during this and the seasons of 1875 and 82 we had a much similar experience. This would seem to indicate that the Exploits Valley was particularly subjected to electric disturbances. Albert and chainmen spent the day measuring the shore of Kite Cove.

July 22nd. Very calm and hot all day. The warmest day so far this season. Commenced measuring from Phipps Head<sup>972</sup> out along the

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<sup>969</sup>"short and" not in Journal.

<sup>970</sup>"distinctly accentuated & somewhat lengthened" ("Journal").

<sup>971</sup>A Thomas Antle lived at Northern Arm in 1886. Seary, *Family Names*, p. 10.

<sup>972</sup>Phillips Head.

western shore towards Point of the Bay.<sup>973</sup> Had a glorious day, but in the evening an Easterly breeze soon cooled it down. Had a grand sail home with a fair wind. Every day we see some Bay seals (*Phoca vitulina*), but so far I have not succeeded in shooting any of them. They are extremely yarry and it is next to impossible to get a good shot at them. We are just one month left home today and we do not feel it nearly so long and tedious as we would in the long woods. This coast work in such a beautiful locality is quite a pleasant change for us all and very much easier work for the men, who have no packing to do.

July 23rd. Very hot again today. Went off down the Eastern side of the bay and into Fryingpan Tickle,<sup>974</sup> a very suggestive name. Put up a number of poles<sup>975</sup> and did a good deal of triangulation. Thwart Island, quite a large one, forms one side of this reach. It is a very pretty place and there is much good land both on the main and island side. Met a man with two young seals one of which he caught in a net, the other he shot. I fired at one but did not hit him. As a seal swims very low and fast just showing the crown of his head almost level with the water he affords but a very small mark to a single bullet, more especially when shooting from a boat. Albert stayed in camp today plotting his work. We had a pull of some ten miles back to camp this evening, but the water was as smooth as a mill pond. Altogether

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<sup>973</sup>Point of Bay; the name given to it in the Journal.

<sup>974</sup>The tickle in which Frying Pan Island is located, east of Thwart Island.

<sup>975</sup>"on Thwart Island" ("Journal").

it proved about the most pleasant day for the summer. After tea when it was almost dusk I made a magnificent shot at a seal off Sandy Point. He was basking in the water just at the bill of the long Point or sandy spit and was at least 300 yards from where I fired. The ball took him in the back of the poll and came out between his eyes and killed him instantly. Fortunately the seal floated and we soon got it ashore, more frequently they sunk when shot. I dont think I ever made a better shot in my life. All hands in camp and two boats with men outside were watching me firing and I felt quite proud of the exploit. The skin of this young seal is very prettily marked.

July 24th. Yet another beautiful day but with occasional showers. The sand flies were very bad last night and the night before. I stayed behind all day protracting my work. We intend moving camp again on Monday down the bay to the end of our measurement.

Sunday July 25th. Dull day with some light showers and much lightning but cooler. Spent all morning in camp reading. After dinner I walked over to Kite Cove intending to have another interview with old Mrs Jure but she had taken her departure. Met several of the people here. Kite Cove is one of the few places in Exploits bay inhabited and has some 15 or 20 houses. It is a pretty place, the land is good and the people seem comfortable.

July 26th. Fine morning, packed up all and moved down the Bay. Had a fair wind but light. We went a long distance before we could find a nice camping place where fresh water was convenient.

Had intended camping near Charles' Brook but found all the woods here about burnt by the recent fire in New Bay which reached across the neck of land between it and Bay of Exploits and rendered all the place bleak and desolate. We at last found a snug little nook where an old clearing had been made in a little cove where there was just room enough for our camps. After getting them pitched and all made snug, we went back to continue our triangulation but had scarcely begun when it came to rain hard and we were obliged to give up work and return to camp. Saw some lobster catchers fishing for a factory situated at Black Island,<sup>976</sup> we also saw people from Kite Cove cutting wild hay. They go around the bay in their boats looking out the little plots where grass grows to cut it, losing days in the search and expending much labour therein rather than clear up the land near their homes. I am beginning to lose faith in the fishermen, especially of this bay ever turning seriously to cultivating the land. The extent of their energies in that direction is confined to setting out a few small patches with potatoes. These they stick in the ground anywhere there is a partially cleared spot, often miles away from their homes.

July 27th. Dull, wet morning, remained in camp plotting my work. It cleared at noon when we went off and got through a good

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<sup>976</sup>Often called Upper Black Island. Black Island had a population of "nearly two hundred" by 1884. A lobstering industry, little noticed by Howley whose eye was always on agriculture, had sprung up in Notre Dame Bay and elsewhere to meet demand in the American market. Black Island had eight lobster factories in 1901. *ENL, Black Island.*

afternoon's work. We have now reached a part of the bay where the shores are greatly indented with deep coves and nooks and studded with numerous islands rendering the work of surveying it much more tedious.

July 28th. Fine day again. Very warm but blowing a fresh breeze. Several lobster catchers about all day, got through a good deal of work.

July 29th. Fine again, got through another good day's work and completed the triangulation as far down as Grego Island.<sup>977</sup>

July 30th. Wind N.E. dull and foggy in morning but cleared off, got through another good day's work and finished down past Laurence Harbour a long way below our camp and only 7 miles from Exploits Harbour. Although Laurence Harbour is a magnificent one and has some very good land on the north side, yet there is nobody living in it.<sup>978</sup>

July 31st. Dreadful thunder and lightning again last night and again this afternoon but there was very little rain accompanying it. The day turned out fine and warm. As remarked before this locality seems a great place for thunder and lightning. Every season I have spent in the Exploits Valley was similar in that respect. Today we were occupied in surveying an

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<sup>977</sup>High Grego Island.

<sup>978</sup>"This is now, 1914, quite a populous settlement known as Marshallville J.P.H." (Howley's note.) In fact, Lawrence Harbour remained unsettled. Marshallville, a new name given to Burnt Bay in the 1890s, was later changed to Lewistown (map, D.W. Prowse, ed. *The Newfoundland Guide Book* [London: Bradbury, Agnew & Co., Ltd. 1905]) and Lewisporte. Lawrence Harbour is 20 km to the NW.

intricate inlet known as Winter Tickle which is filled with coves, islands, rocks etc. It is here the narrow isthmus separating Exploits Bay from New Bay occurs. It is only about one mile across from water to water. This was formerly a great resort for Red Indians, owing to the facility with which they could slip across from one bay to the other when pursued and thus escape their enemies who were unaware of their proximity. There is a path across this neck and about midway a pond<sup>979</sup> which nearly reaches out to New Bay. The fishermen make use of this as did formerly the Red men for portaging their boats over. It is a great short cut when passing up or down, shortens the distance by water around to New Bay by fully 30 miles.

Sunday August 1st. Beautiful fine day. Spent all day in camp reading and plotting my work. Had a nice saltwater bath in afternoon.

August 2nd. Very fine, warm day. Moved camp down to a place called Muddy Hole.<sup>980</sup> After dinner I went across to Exploits Harbour about 4 miles distant after letters and papers which I received all right. Had good news from home. Steamer gone to Labrador and is expected back on Wednesday. Heard that an amalgamation between Government and opposition has been finalized.<sup>981</sup> W.J.S. Donnelly to be given the position of Receiver

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<sup>979</sup>Winter Tickle Lake.

<sup>980</sup>Great Muddy Hole.

<sup>981</sup>In the general election of 1885 Thorburn's Protestant Reform party had promised no amalgamation with Catholics, but in 1886 such an amalgamation in effect took place when Catholics Donnelly and Maurice Fenelon (1834-97) entered the cabinet. See *Eve Tel*, July 28, 1886. Others mentioned by Howley are: Richard J. MacDonnell, the Harbour Main MHA; George H. Emerson, MHA in

General; Fenelon, Colonial Secretary. Mc.Donald to get Magistrate of Harbour Main; Emerson or Scott to be made Speaker of the House of Assembly; Penny<sup>982</sup> to be Surveyor General. So much for the catch cries<sup>983</sup> of no amalgamation,<sup>984</sup> no coalition with present stagnation party etc., so much for political weathercocks. However, perhaps it is all for the better, especially as I hear the new government intend to adopt progressive measures and that the Placentia branch Railway is to be built as soon as possible.<sup>985</sup> Poor Sir William! poor Bond and Morine are badly left. All reasonable beings in the island must now see the folly of attempting to carry on the Government on sectarian grounds.

August 3rd. Blowing a gale from N.E. accompanied by thick fog and rain. Heavy sea on the shore, could not do any outside work. Spent the day in camp protracting up my work.

August 4th. Still blowing hard, cold and raw. Fearful sea on shore. No doing anything outside. All day in camp reading papers. Had a visit from two men from Little Muddy Hole, the next cove to this and where there are a few liviers. They came up to ask me for some medicine and spirits for a sick woman. They could not get over to the harbour these couple of days. I, of course,

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Placentia and St. Mary's; Patrick J. Scott, MHA in St. John's West; Alfred Penney, MHA in Carbonear, Surveyor General 1886-9; Sir William Whiteway, the former premier (1878-85), who did not run in the 1885 election; Robert Bond, elected by acclamation in Fortune Bay, but now in opposition; and A.B. Morine (1857-1944), defeated in Bonavista.

<sup>982</sup>"Penny save the mark" ("Journal"); in 1882 the Geological Survey, hitherto a separate department, was placed under the Surveyor General.

<sup>983</sup>Repeated phrases, used in political controversies.

<sup>984</sup>"Amalgamation with R.Cs" ("Journal").

<sup>985</sup>Thorburn reluctantly agreed to construct a branch line of the railway to Placentia, overwhelmingly a Catholic district. It was completed during his premiership.

supplied them.

August 5th. Fine day again but still a heavy sea on shore. We went up to Grego Island to complete our work there as the place was well sheltered. We then continued along shore. It was difficult work landing in some places. But we completed the survey down to Muddy Hole Point. Steamer not yet returned from Labrador.

August 6th. Fine day again, sea gone down somewhat, but still heavy on the outside shore. Finished survey up to North Head which forms the Western point of the entrance to Bay of Exploits. Here we connected with Commander Maxwell's survey of outer coastline. Steamer not yet arrived, must have met very heavy weather.

August 7th. Beautiful, calm warm day. Went over to Little Muddy Hole to lay off a plot of land for a man named Hooper. I engaged his son-in-law to come with us as pilot to gratify an old time longing to explore a Red Indian Burying place<sup>986</sup> on Swan Island which I had been unable to locate. We had a nice time across to the island and reached the place early. It is situated on the eastern end of the island just inside two white island rocks. One would never find the place without being shown.<sup>987</sup> It presents a bold rugged cliff to the sea front at the base and

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<sup>986</sup>There was much interest in Beothuck artifacts in 1886. Jabez Tilley found the skeleton of a child and skull of an adult in a grave on Pilley's Island, which contained as well toys such as miniature canoes, bone instruments, etc. He exhibited these in St. John's. See *Eve Tel*, Oct. 21, 1886.

<sup>987</sup>Plate X, opp. p. 288 of Howley, *The Beothucks*, indicates the location of the cave in the cliff. A "sketch" of the location is included in the "Journal".

sides of which a thick growth of trees and bushes conceal everything inside. On entering a little gap leading up to the cliff we found a rock wall striking inland and upon squeezing ourselves between the projecting rocks and trees we came to a slight elevated slope where the cliff on one side overhung some 20 feet or more and formed a complete shelter from the weather. It was a sort of a semi-cavern. The floor of this cavern was a mass of large loose angular fragments of rock intermixed with gravel and sand. Amongst all this loose debris we found fragments of birch bark and of human bones. There was quite a lot of bark and most of it was as sound as the day it was placed there. Some pieces exhibited rows of small holes showing where the pieces were stitched together. The place had been ransacked so often that almost everything worth having had been carried away. I was informed that some of the people of the nearby settlements had carried away large quantities of carved bones such as usually accompany the dead bodies of the Beothucks. Everything within reach had been removed except the few broken fragments of human bones. The rocks covering the remains were supported upon horizontal pieces of sticks laid across the cavity. Most of this wood was very much decayed and had given away under the heavy top weight so that now all was a jumbled mass of debris. Some of these sticks exhibited clear evidence of having been hewed off with stone axes, but the majority were evidently cut with steel implements. After removing several of the larger masses of rock and getting down to the more gravelly soil we commenced to dig

with pick and shovel. We rooted and delved for sometime, but were only rewarded with an occasional fragment of much decomposed bones. At length we unearthed a few carved ornaments of bone or ivory. The men became very eager in the pursuit and tried to outdo each other in procuring relics. Mike Cole, the most eager of the lot, managed to crawl in on hands and knees as far as possible under the cliff and rooted away with both hands, soon began to find a number of these ornaments. They consisted of narrow flat strips of bone, wide at one end but tapering away towards the other in which a small hole was drilled through. Some of these at the wider end were cut square across, others obliquely, while one or two were forked or swallow tailed. All had some sort of rude design carved on both sides, but the designs all varied, there were no two exactly alike. All had the small holes drilled at one end and it was pretty evident they were intended to be tied onto something by strings. There were also a number of square or oblong blocks of ivory about an inch and a half wide and 1/2 inch in thickness. These were carved on one side only, very elaborately. What the designs indicated or for what purpose the blocks were used can only be conjectured. I have an idea they were used for gaming, somewhat in the manner of our dice throwing. Some of the designs looked as if intended to represent wigwams. Conical shaped figures wide at base and running to a point. One differed from all the rest. It had a figure exactly like the letter H in the middle with a fine fringe around the edges. The other ornaments found were small circular

disks of bone and shell with holes in the middle. A few fragments of iron and some fragments of clay pipes, evidently of French manufacture. The latter would seem to indicate that the Beothucks smoked, though all authorities say not. Numerous fragments of broken shells of mussels and clams and some pieces of lobster claws. Very few flint chips were seen. There were several fragments of iron pyrites, or firestones. A few fragments of bows and arrows all much decayed but still retaining traces of the red ochre with which they had been smeared.<sup>988</sup> We did not find any arrow or spear points. There were no perfect skulls, merely fragments of such, but some loose human teeth. There were several small bones of animals and birds. A dog's and pig's tooth.<sup>989</sup>

We set to work again after dinner and gave the place a great overhauling. One of the men, Connors<sup>990</sup> a St. John's man, did not hold with such ghoulish work and would not leave the boat or take any part in the search. He said neither luck nor grace<sup>991</sup> would follow our robbing the dead in that manner. I must confess it looked like a great act of desecration. But when to add to the weird scene in the cave amongst the crumbling dust of the poor Red men, all at once an awful storm of thunder and lightning came

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<sup>988</sup>"Also two combs made of bone." follows in Journal.

<sup>989</sup>"A tooth evidently a dogs." ("Journal").

<sup>990</sup>"Pat Connors" ("Journal").

<sup>991</sup>The phrase is possibly from Irish tradition. In 1834 a boatman in Bonavista Bay reportedly said "that neither luck nor grace would follow such doings, as robbing the grave [of a Beothuck]" (Howley, *The Beothucks*, pp. 334-35). In James Joyce's 1916 novel set in Dublin this comment occurs: "--There could be neither luck nor grace, Dante [Mrs. Riordan] said, in a house where there is no respect for the pastors of the church." James Joyce, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, ed. Seamus Deane (London: Penguin Books, 1992), p. 32.

on. The thunder reverberated amongst the rocks and seemed almost to loosen them from their foundations. They seemed to groan and give out hollow sounds as if disapproving of our operations. We actually feared the loose fragments of rock above would tumble down upon us.<sup>992</sup> This altered the whole aspect of things. It soon became apparent that the lads were thoroughly frightened though they would not admit it. All their excitement; their merriment; their talk and joking ceased at once. It was quite clear to me our work here was ended at least for this time, but if I can manage it I shall have another search yet. We accordingly gave up the search after the storm cleared away. We then proceeded to another island well up the bay where I was informed some remains were seen. This was situated southeast of Long Isld. and is called Yellow Fox Island. The water was beautifully calm and we had a nice pull up. We were fortunate enough to hit on the right place located under a very dangerous overhanging cliff of loose rock and a great mass of fallen fragments forming a talus underneath the cliff. On the top of this loose material was a small ledge which once was a cave but the fallen cliff had now completely obliterated everything. We only found a few loose fragments of human bones, & one very perfect bone ornament of the forked type, the spout of a copper kettle, with some fragments of birch bark, but it was getting late and the cliff looked too dangerous to tarry there long, so we made for camp. Had a long

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<sup>992</sup>The next five sentences misrepresent what happened next. The men, in fact, "worked away dilligently till we completely ransacked the place" ("Journal").

pull back and only reached camp just at dark. It was a most interesting and exciting day. We were laden with the spoils of the Poor Red men whose unfortunate and mysterious existence no doubt lent zest to our exertions in trying to gather these poor relics of the departed aborigines of our Island. The subject has had a fascination for me always.

Sunday August 8th. Fine warm day. Spent all forenoon in camp. After dinner Albert, Hann, Tom Ebbs, Mike Cole and I went up in boat to explore a cave we heard of in Laurence Harbour. We succeeded in finding it after a little search. It was a remarkable place pretty high up in the cliff but easily accessible, but was almost completely hidden by a thick growth of bushes in front. It was one of those cavities in the rock wall of a semi-cavernous description. A small hole or opening about 4 feet gave entrance to it. A wall of loose rock and clay stood across the entrance with thick bushes growing upon it which appeared to have been the work of many hands. From the opening the cavity extended under the cliff fully 10 or 12 yards but was so low inside that one had to crawl in on all fours. The floor consisted of a deep layer of fine peaty soil and what at first appeared to be coarse sawdust. But upon close inspection this material proved under the microscope<sup>993</sup> to be fish bones, sections of the vertebral columns of some animals with such sharp projections as to stick into our clothing and flesh. These were

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<sup>993</sup>"aided by the magnifier" ("Journal"). His field equipment included a magnifying glass.

evidently the bones of small fish, such as Perch, tomcods which had been carried here by otters and devoured leaving only the bones behind; & accumulated here perhaps for centuries. There must have been fully two feet of this deposit on the floor. We rooted away here for a long time without finding anything except fragments of birch bark and some charred wood. It was quite evident the Red Indians must have frequented this place perhaps using it as a dwelling or place of observation but scarcely as a place of sepulchre. Its position commanded a view out the bay as far as Exploits, Burnt Island. One might lay concealed here forever without being detected. Persons rowing along shore in boats would not dream of its existence. It was discovered by a man who chased an otter up amongst the loose rocks and saw it go in this hole.

August 9th. Beautiful fine warm day quite calm. Moved camp and proceeded up the bay to the entrance of Frying Pan Tickle, east side of Thwart Island. Here we camped in a nice cove with a fine sandy beach. This place rejoices in the name of St. John's Harbour. After dinner I went across the Tickle in boat and put up a number of poles on the east side and out as far as South Head.<sup>994</sup> I made another splendid shot at a seal today. Killing it stone dead but it sank before we could reach it and we lost it. It came to rain again in evening.

August 10th. Dull, foggy, wet morning. It was very sultry

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<sup>994</sup>Southern Head.

last night and the sandflies were awfully troublesome. Since visiting the Red Indian Cave all hands have been talking and joking so much about it that now they have taken to dreaming of the Indians. I had told them a lot about these poor people from time to time, described their appearance, dress, canoes etc. etc. I myself dreamt the other night I saw them plainly and heard them talking. I could not catch the words but they appeared very strange. Tom Hann also dreamt he saw some painted red, and dressed in deer skins. But it was Mike Cole, our best relic hunter, who had the strangest dream of all. When all hands but myself were fast asleep I suddenly heard some commotion in the camp next to my own. Some one yelled out and then there was great laughter. I jumped out to see what the rumpus was about. On enquiring what was the matter Ned Coady spoke up. "Oh" said he, "Cole has got the Old Hag<sup>995</sup> Sir, thats all." Next day I questioned Mike about his dream and this is what he told me. He thought he was searching for remains all alone on the top of the loose cliff on Yellow Fox Island which we visited a few days ago. When suddenly he was surprised by the appearance of two canoes filled with Red Indians in all their war paint. Before he had time to hide or make his escape, one brawny Indian threw a tomahawk at him and struck it into his skull, killing him. He felt the blood streaming down his face and neck, but before he was dead they mounted up over the rocks from either side and

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<sup>995</sup>A term for nightmare. Stories are often told of the sleeping person being pinned down by a horrible creature; see *DNE hag*.

seized him, tied his hands and feet firmly together. Then some of them took him by the heels, others by the head and lifting him up began to swing his body back and forth so as to heave him bodily well out over the cliff down into the water. He tried to call out but could not, but just as they were giving him the third and last swing he made one desperate effort to screech. At this juncture Tom Ebbs who slept next him was awakened by his moaning and shook him up. We had great fun on Mike all day about the old Hag which nearly did for him last night.

It cleared off about noon when we went all around Thwart Island and commenced the survey of it. The wind was easterly cold and raw all day and it looks very like bad weather again.

August 11th. Dull, foggy and wet all morning. Cleared off a little in afternoon when we did a little work, but the thick fog made it bad for seeing.

August 12th. Wretched day blowing a gale with thick fog and rain. It rained hard all night. We could do no outdoor work so remained in camp.

August 13th. Still another miserable day, cold, raw, foggy and wet though not quite so bad as yesterday. Went off to work but owing to the high wind it was hard to do anything. It blew so hard in the evening we had to leave our boats on the south side of the island and walk across to camp. It was a nasty tramp as the tide was high and we had to wade a great part of the way along shore. The bushes also were dripping wet.

August 14th. Fair at last. We went around into the tickle

and got through a lot of work. Finished Lord's Arm and Scissors Cove.<sup>996</sup> We are now run out of tea and meat again and will have to go down to Exploits Island tomorrow for a fresh supply as it is too far up to the Mill. We will also be enabled to get our letters now due. The Plover must have had an awful time coming up this trip.

Sunday August 15th. Lady Day. Beautifully fine with nice westerly breeze. Wrote letters for home and after dinner started for Exploits Har. Had a fine time down the bay and reached it about 5 P.M. Got our letters and the things we required from Mr. Thos. Winsor and then left to go back but stopped at Swan Island to have another search for Red Indian relics. We reached it before sunset, intended to remain all night. The night was cold but fine and by keeping a good fire going we got on fairly well. We whiled away the first few hours singing and spinning yarns and then slept.

August 16th. A fine day but blowing hard from S.W., could not venture up the bay till wind moderated. Spent all forenoon making a more thorough search of the burial place. Found a good many additional carved bone ornaments, all however of the same type except two large boar's tusks and a seal's tooth, with holes drilled through their points. Found several pieces of clay pipe stems, clearly French as one piece had a raised Fleur de Lis and a lion rampant on it; also several pieces of arrow shafts and

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<sup>996</sup>Milord Arm and Stanhope Cove.

what I took to be a section of a bow all coloured red. These with a few fragments of shells made up our find. We left after dinner and had a long hard row up against wind and tide. The wind still blew so strong that at times we had all we could do to make any headway against it. However, our boat behaved well in the rough sea running. On reaching Upper Black Island we stopped to take a rest. As the evening drew on the wind moderated considerably and the sea became smoother, so we managed to get up to camp about an hour before sunset.

August 17th. Very fine moderate day, continued the survey of the Tickle towards South Head. Came to rain towards evening and turned an awful night of wind and rain. It blew a perfect hurricane, but we are well sheltered. I shot another seal today, this time an old dotard. He was of large size and handsomely marked. I intend skinning him round to have him stuffed for Museum.

August 18th. Still wet and stormy, wind N.E. Big sea on, could not work on the shore outside. Tom Ebbs and I spent most of the day skinning the seal which was a very tedious undertaking. It cleared up about noon and turned out a fine evening. Manuel's<sup>997</sup> schooner from Exploits came up to look for us. She has just returned from St. John's and has our second supply of provisions on board. I sent her up to the Mill to land it.

August 19th. Beautiful fine warm day. Finished the survey of

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<sup>997</sup>The Manuel family of Exploits Burnt Island were traders and fish merchants.

Thwart Island which completes the survey of the Bay. We now proceed up to the head to commence the blocking off of the land in lots suitable for settlement. Our work will be confined to the seaboard as we will not have time to lay off the rear lands. We have now but two months more to do this work. I intend commencing from the end of Cunningham's Meridian line of 1882 South side of Northern Arm.

August 20th. Beautiful fine day light S.W. wind. Struck camp and had a long hard pull up the bay against wind and tide. Fortunately the wind remained light all day which enabled us to get up in good time to pitch our camps and make all snug before dark. We camped on the shore of Apsey Cove<sup>998</sup> just inside of Killick Island. Had to send up to the Mill for some tea. The Mill is now fully equipped but owing to the illness of Mr. Murray, the Engineer, is not working yet.

August 21st. Beautiful fine day but blowing fresh. We were fortunate in getting up yesterday as we could not have done so today. Set Albert and chainmen to work measuring along Cunningham's line to a point 20 chains<sup>999</sup> from the end, where I intend beginning the blocking off. I then proceeded up to the Mill to unpack our stores and bring down a fresh stock. Found all the folks here well. Mr. Murray much better and is now nearly recovered from his recent attack of illness. Capt. Winsor is going on to St. John's as soon as he has a cargo of lumber ready.

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<sup>998</sup>Near Killick Point.

<sup>999</sup>1320 feet.

The Mill is now in fine order and all ready for work. Several men here are looking for employment on the survey but I am not ready just now to take on any more but may next week. Spent the evening cleaning and stuffing the seal skin. We got several buckets of new potatoes, early roses<sup>1000</sup> from Winsor's garden. They are very fine. All his crops are growing luxuriantly.

Sunday August 22nd. Beautiful fine and very hot day, but blowing a strong breeze from the westward. Spent all day in camp reading and drawing. Had a number of visitors including old Noel Paul and his wife (Micmacs).

August 23rd. Fine warm day. Commenced blocking off from Cunningham's line, then ran west till we struck out on the shore of Northern Arm near Antle's.

August 24th. Fine, warm day again. Continued the line west and from the end began to measure off lots, 10 chains wide, which is to be the average width of each 20 acre lot. The flies are again pretty bad these couple of days notwithstanding all the wet stormy weather latterly.

August 25th. Continued the blocking off on South side of Northern Arm and got through a good deal of work.

August 26th. Dull today. Continued blocking off all day. Came to rain again in afternoon and blew very hard for a time. One of my men Connors gave out today, complains of a weakness in his limbs and says he cannot walk. This man has been queer all

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<sup>1000</sup>A reddish variety of potato.

along and I imagine is in low spirits. He has asked to be paid off and allowed to go home. As there is no difficulty in filling his place I shall comply with his request. Heard today that General Dashwood<sup>1001</sup> is up the river hunting and has been down to the Mill with his Indians for grub.

August 27th. Very fine warm day. Staid in camp all morning plotting and squaring up Connors' account; also writing letters to go by Winsor's schooner tomorrow. Albert off running out the lines with crew. After dinner I went up to the Mill with Connors and Tom Ebbs. Found old Capt. Winsor very sick but able to be about. The schooner will not be ready to leave before Tuesday. Mill working at full swing now and turning out some nice pine board. Got a passage home for Connors. Did not leave letters as there will be a chance of getting another mail now due before the schooner leaves.

August 28th. Very fine hot day. Flies pretty bad. Went on with the blocking off towards the bottom of Northern Arm. There is some fine land here.

Sunday August 29th. Very fine day. Mr. Murray and Dalton<sup>1002</sup> called at our camp at breakfast time on their way down to Kite Cove with our letters and papers. All well at home except poor Dr. Tom<sup>1003</sup> who is very ill. Strange to say I dreamt a few nights ago he had died suddenly. No other news of importance. Fishery

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<sup>1001</sup>British big-game hunter and writer Richard Lewes Dashwood; see Intro., p. 75.

<sup>1002</sup>Likely Henry Dalton of Kite Cove.

<sup>1003</sup>J.P.H.'s brother; see Intro., p. xxxvi.

prospects no better, except on the Banks and at Trepassey where they are good. Revd. Mr. Chamberlain<sup>1004</sup> brought our letters up from Exploits. Albert, Will Emerson and Rody<sup>1005</sup> went up to Mill in evening. The Capt. pressed me very hard on Tuesday to dine with him today but I preferred to remain home reading.

August 30th. Fine day. Continued the blocking off work and did a good day's work. The day was hot and flies bad.

August 31st. Dull close day. Dense smoke from a forest fire somewhere inland. Continued blocking off near Northern Arm River. This finishes Northern Arm. All the rest of the land in the Arm is already taken up and granted. I shall now run a line across to Peter's Arm and block off the land there. There is a wedding underway tonight in the latter Arm and Albert, Will and Tom Hann are going over to it.

Wednesday Sept. 1st. Fine day, commenced running township line South from end of Cunningham's line across to Peter's Arm. Came on wet and foggy in evening.

September 2nd. Ran south from 1st mile post towards the bottom of Peter's Arm. Passed over some good country with fair soil and fine timber.

September 3rd. Fine day. Having shipped James Jure to replace Connors, we continued our line Southerly and reached the head of Peter's Arm. Passed over some good land near the Arm and some splendid intervale in the valley of Peter's River. The flies

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<sup>1004</sup>George S. Chamberlain, Anglican priest.

<sup>1005</sup>Rody Hanrahan, a cook.

these two days have been very troublesome.

Sept. 4th. Fine warm day. Moved camp over to Peter's Arm and camped near the mouth of the river. Continued our line after dinner.

Sunday September 5th. Very fine warm day. Spent all forenoon in camp reading. After dinner I took a stroll up the valley<sup>1006</sup> and was surprised at the extent and fertility of the interval land. It is magnificent low flat land covered with a thick growth of large Alders and other trees indicating a superior soil. I caught a few trout in the river and found a grepe's nest (Bald Eagle) on the very top of a large dead pine tree. Regretted I had not my gun with me as I could have easily killed the old bird which swooped down several times almost on my head. In fact I was afraid it would attack me. It was an immense brute. There was one young one in the nest almost as large as the old bird. It stood upright and loomed very large but there was no getting at it. Old Tom Ebbs caught a fine lot of trout.

September 6th. Commenced blocking off the land on the South side of Peter's Arm. It was a very fine hot day and the flies were as busy as usual. In fact worse than any day the summer.

September 7th. Very warm again. Still blocking off. Flies are awfully bad all day. This was one of the very hottest days we have had.

September 8th. Still another very hot day. Continued

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<sup>1006</sup>"of Peters Arm River" ("Journal").

blocking off till we reached Winsor's boundary then ran across east 20 chains to the townships line 3rd mile post.

September 9th. Somewhat cooler today wind northerly, cut out to shore of Arm.

September 10th. Fine and very warm again. Continued line South and passed through a lot of burnt woods inside the Mill across a marshy valley and then up a long wooded sloping ridge on which the land is all very good.

September 11th. Dull, foggy and misty with occasional showers. Continued our line over the ridge through a fine forest of birch, fir and spruce. Excellent land all over the top of this ridge. Reached within about 30 chains of the Main Exploits river before evening. It came to rain again pretty hard. We had a long tiresome wet tramp back to camp.

Sunday September 12th. Fine day, remained about camp all forenoon. Tom Hann and I went up after the grepe's nest in the afternoon. I shot the young one standing up on the edge of the nest but did not see the old one. The nest is composed of a huge bundle of sticks as large as broom handles, fully a cart load in all and was resting on the forks between the topmost branches of the tree. Albert took our letters over to the Mill.

September 13th. Fine warm day again. Commenced to run a line east from 2nd mile post to the shore above the mill. Intend to carry this line across the bay here at its narrowest part and from it lay off the land on the Eastern side. My poor setter Flockko got a terrible mauling today up by the mill from a lot of

useless mongrel brutes which came from all quarters. He came up to us on the line bleeding profusely in the hinder parts and barely able to crawl. At first I thought he must have run a sharp stick through himself, but afterwards learnt the truth at the mill. The people there thought he was killed he bled so much. I was terribly incensed and had I my gun at hand would have made short work of the savage brutes. Should they come near our camp woe betide them. I am afraid my poor dog will scarcely recover.

September 14th. Fine day again. Commenced blocking off on North side of Peter's Arm. Flies dreadfully thick all day.

September 15th. Another beautiful day. Continued blocking off on North side of Arm. The black flies were simply awful all day.

September 16th. Still another beautiful day. Finished the north side of Peter's Arm and then went up the bay, carried base line across to the east side and cut about 20 chains on that side. Flies again very bad.

September 17th. Very cold last night, froze hard. Quite a scum of ice on water<sup>1007</sup> this morning. Intended moving camp this morning to Norris's Arm but decided to put it off till tomorrow and run out two extra blocks here instead. Alas! fatal decision. We had run 10 chains west and then turned North and passed over a splendid piece of interval land striking the Peter's river at about 20 chains. The men with Albert had crossed the river and

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<sup>1007</sup>"in water basin" ("Journal").

were cutting away on North side. They were some 10 or 15 chains beyond when Albert signalled to me to come on with the instrument, Tom Hann and Willie Emerson were with me as they always followed last with the chain as soon as I moved on. Previous to my leaving them they were discussing the best way to measure across the river. It was quite shallow where the line crossed, not over one's knees in the middle. I told them there was no need to wet themselves more than necessary, the water being now very cold after last night's frost. Hann had been down to look at it and said it was only about a foot or so deep at the far side and was not more than a chain and a half wide. I advised them to chain out as far as the water was shallow, then Willie could go across a little above where the water was quite shallow. Then by tying a stone onto the end of the chain Hann could easily sling it across to him. Willie, however, who had been all summer anxious to learn to swim, professed his intention of taking off his clothing and after finishing the chaining to have a bath. I tried to reason with him against this on account of the coldness of the water telling him there was no necessity for him to undress at all. If he wished to keep dry he need only remove his boots and stockings, tuck up his pants and wade across where the water was shallowest. Thinking he would abide by my advice I then left; crossing the brook myself without going nearly to the top of my skin boots I reached the spot where Albert stood with the

picket<sup>1008</sup> and began to set up the instrument. In doing so I found the legs so loose I was obliged to take out two of the screws, ply<sup>1009</sup> the holes and put them in again. One of them dropped from my hand and fell amongst the loose leaves and grass on the ground. Albert and I were stooped diligently searching for this screw when we heard Hann sing out but we could not hear what he said and never dreamt anything was amiss. The chainmen in directing each other were accustomed to sing out loud at times. When however, Hann sang out two or three times at the top of his voice and we distinctly made out the words, "Willie is drowned or drowning" the truth flashed upon us and we started to run as fast as we could back to the river. We both reached the river a few yards below our line where there was a deep pool not before observed. Hann still on the other side said, "Will is drowned, he went down there" pointing to the deep dark hole. I could scarcely believe my senses, so sudden and so unexpected was the whole unfortunate occurrence that I could not realize it. I did not wait to think however, I just asked Hann to point out to me the exact spot where he last saw the poor fellow and where he went down. Although I was out of breath from running I did not hesitate a moment but plunged in clothes and all just as I was in the vain hope that I might see him and dive after him. I saw some bubbles come to the surface in front of me and swimming out I

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<sup>1008</sup>In surveying, a pointed peg used to mark positions. A picket man would presumably carry, hold, and drive pickets.

<sup>1009</sup>The sense is "stuff into." "Journal " has "ply up." He put something, perhaps paper, into the holes so as to make the screws tighter.

tried to peer down through the deep, dark water but could see nothing. I let my feet down as far as they would reach, thinking if he had life enough left he might grasp them. By this time I was so exhausted from my efforts and the weight of my heavy wet clothing, that unless I was to add another tragedy to the first it was necessary for me to pull out for the opposite shore. I could not have kept myself up much longer; as it was, when I reached the bank which was steep and slippery I had all I could do to drag myself up. I then pulled off my boots and clothes intending to try again if any signs of the body were visible. In the meantime all the men had arrived on the scene, and I sent some of them off for the camp for a line and jigger. We began to realize the fact that the poor young fellow was gone beyond rescue into the centre of that great deep, dark hole never to rise again in life. I was frantic and for a time nearly lost my reason. Could such a tragedy have occurred in so sudden and so foolish a manner? It was hard to believe.

Rody, our cook, who was an expert swimmer and diver, now arrived on the scene and having divested himself of his clothes and fastened a line around his waist got out into the pool. He then dived repeatedly to a considerable depth, but failed to see any vestige of the body. He then tried with the jigger but with no better success. Some of the men had gone down for our boat and by hard work managed to drag her up over the shoals, the river below being nearly dry most of the distance. At last they got her up to the pool and after a while they succeeded in hooking the

body and getting it up to the surface. We immediately carried it up on a nice sunny bank and laid it out, then tried all the means of resuscitation we knew of. Rubbing the body vigorously, working the arms back and forth and against the sides, placing his clothes under his forehead to raise it so that the water might escape from his lungs etc. but it was all to no purpose, life was extinct sometime, and all hope for his recovery had to be abandoned. The poor young fellow's days on earth were numbered and no efforts of ours could now restore him. It was a terrible blow to us all. Such sorrow and feeling shown by the men and indeed everyone about I never witnessed. During my twenty years in the woods this was the first fatality that had happened to anyone with me and I felt it all the more keenly on that account. In fact I dont think I would have felt much worse were he my own son. The poor little chap was a favorite with all hands. A dead silent gloom settled down on all, scarcely a word except in a whisper was uttered by any one for the rest of that day. Of course all work was at once suspended. We now got the body down to camp, carried it up and laid it in his own sleeping place where he looked as though quietly taking a rest. No one not knowing the truth would have thought him dead, so natural did he appear. But he was "sleeping the sleep that knows no waking."<sup>1010</sup>

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<sup>1010</sup>Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,  
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;  
 Dream of battled fields no more,  
 Days of danger, nights of waking.  
 Sir Walter Scott, *The Lady of the Lake*, Canto First, Stanza 31. *Selected Poems*, ed. Thomas Crawford (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1972), p. 157.

The thought of his poor mother<sup>1011</sup> who so recently lost her husband and son-in-law, the former also dying away from home, made it all the more depressing. How could I break the news to her? Now that all was over with poor Willie I had to consider the best mode of getting the body home to his friends. I at once proceeded to Winsor's Mill to procure a coffin. Here every one expressed the greatest sympathy and willing hands set to work at once to help us. The best they could do was to make a plain pine coffin and cover it with white sheeting. The seams were all pitched inside and made quite tight. As it was uncertain how long it would be before it could reach St. John's we decided to fill the coffin with coarse salt of which we had a good supply. It was 1 O'clock in the morning before we got back to camp with the coffin when we laid down for a few hours' rest. Hann<sup>1012</sup> now came over to our camp to stay with Albert and myself. He then gave us the full particulars of the sad drowning. He said when they reached the river, Willie took off all his clothes and went across with the end of the chain, scarcely going above his knees in the water. He finished the measurement and then stuck the pins in the bank. He then waded back again to the middle of the river and lay down dabbling in the water remarking at the same time it was very cold. Hann who was recording his notes and folding up the chain said to him go ashore and I will fetch over your

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<sup>1011</sup>Sophia (Hanrahan) Emerson, wife of Lewis W. Emerson; he died in 1883 (p.c., John F. O'Mara).

<sup>1012</sup>Who had shared a tent with Emerson.

clothes. He answered, "all right, bring them over." Hann then turned and walked up to where the clothes were, some 10 or 12 yards away. When he turned round again he saw poor Willie being carried back by the current into the deep hole. His arms were spread out and only the top of his head visible as he sunk backwards into the water. He never uttered a sound as he disappeared. We concluded he had gone out again and laid down in the water facing up stream. There was very little current yet sufficient to carry him back towards the edge of the hole. Whether he took a cramp or whether he was so frightened when he tried to stand up again and found no bottom with his feet it is impossible to say, but at all events he appears to have slid down over the edge of the hole and made no effort to save himself but with his arms extended simply allowed himself to go down without a struggle. Hann who unfortunately could not swim a stroke then grabbed up a loose stick from the bank and ran out as far as possible and reached it towards him, but he was now under water and made no attempt to grasp it. Poor Hann would have jumped in if there was any time or if Willie had made any struggle at all, though in that case he would have been undoubtedly drowned also. We learned afterwards that this hole had been once the spot where an old Mill stood and the deep excavation in the bed of the river was caused by the water wheel. It must be fully 15 feet deep and the banks on every side are undermined. The water here at flood time forms a regular whirlpool.

September 18th. A very warm day; as there were no craft

going down the bay from anywhere near I hired Alfred Jure with his decked boat to run us down to Twillingate. Alfred had all his sails unbent<sup>1013</sup> and could not get ready before evening. In the meantime we placed the body in the coffin having previously washed and dressed it. Jacob Winsor, the Captain's nephew, kindly supplied us with a new white shirt and tie of his own for the purpose. All the people about were most ready and anxious to lend us aid, and showed the greatest possible sympathy which under the sad circumstances was duly appreciated. It was indeed fortunate we were so near them. Mr. Murray, Lewis and George Winsor from the Mill came over to the camp to see the poor fellow laid out in his coffin. We first put in some clean dry shavings and I placed my own pillow under his head. We then filled in all around the corpse except the face with coarse salt, then put on the cover and screwed it down. When all was ready we carried it on board our boat and shoved her out into deep water before the tide would fall too low. About 2 O'clock we all rowed over to Ship's Cove, (now<sup>1014</sup> Bottwood) where Jure's craft lay and found Alfred quite ready to proceed. We hoisted the corpse into the boat and covered it with our tarpauline.

I determined to accompany the body down and in case of a Magisterial enquiry took with me Albert Bayley, Tom Hann and Tom Ebbs. The others returned to camp.

We then started and had a beautiful time down the bay. There

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<sup>1013</sup>Not fastened to mast.

<sup>1014</sup>About 1914.

was very little wind and were it not for the melancholy circumstances of our journey it would have been a quite enjoyable trip. We had intended going right on to Twillingate but on nearing Exploits Harbour it became very dark and threatening to blow some so we concluded it were best to put in here for the night. We reached Mr. Thos. Winsor's wharf about 10 P.M. He was not at home himself but his wife, daughter and son were and made me very welcome to their house where I had a comfortable bed for the night. Mr. Josiah Manuel's son was equally kind and took Albert and Hann over to his father's house. They all showed us genuine sympathy in our misfortune. It was indeed well we put in here as during the night it blew almost a gale from the N.W. and had we gone on we would have had a very ugly time and got a terrible tumbling about and run a great risk of being cast upon the Twillingate shore in the dark. Moreover I afterwards learnt that skipper Alfred knew very little about that place.

Sunday September 19th. Still blowing so hard with such a loup on outside we dare not venture across. Albert and Tom went to church. Mr. Manuel kindly invited me over to spend the evening but as the wind began to moderate we started after dinner and had a pretty fair time over though rather rough. Poor Albert was awfully seasick and I came near being so myself at one time. However, we reached Back Harbour, Twillingate, before dark and hauled into a stage head. Albert, Hann and I then walked across

to Twillingate proper. I went to Mr. Joseph Tobin's<sup>1015</sup> to enquire if there were any schooners soon to leave for St. John's that would take the corpse home. We were too late for the S.S. *Plover*, she having gone south on Thursday. Mr. Tobin fortunately had one<sup>1016</sup> which would be leaving on Tuesday and kindly undertook to forward the body. He and Mrs. Tobin were very kind indeed and insisted on my staying at their house in the meantime.

About two hours afterwards the Circuit ship *Leopard* arrived with Judge Little<sup>1017</sup> and number of the Legal fraternity aboard, amongst the rest Willie's brother George. They all came ashore in high spirits. It was now my most painful duty to break the sad news to poor George whom I met just as he landed and called aside. The poor fellow could scarcely speak. The thought of his poor mother's grief, she being now in a delicate state of health was the worst blow of all. I hope and trust it may never be my lot again to pass through or put others through such an ordeal as this meeting was. As soon as he became calm enough I gave him full particulars of how the whole thing happened. The news soon flew around and all the Lawyers showed so much feeling and sympathy which tended to buoy him up somewhat. George went back aboard the *Leopard* and remained in his berth all night. Perfect quietness reigned on board where usually all is so gay.

September 20th. Albert, Hann and I called by appointment at

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<sup>1015</sup>A merchant.

<sup>1016</sup>The *Bonny*.

<sup>1017</sup>Joseph Ignatius Little, judge in the Supreme Court from 1883; d. 1902.

Magistrate Berteau's<sup>1018</sup> home, who took down our depositions. Then George came over and he and I went to the telegraph office situated in the new Court House. I sent a message to Archdeacon Forristall<sup>1019</sup> and asked him to break the sad news to Mrs Emerson and Boone.<sup>1020</sup> George telegraphed to his Uncle Prescott.

The court opened at 11 O'clock and we were all present. Judge Little who had seen our depositions, in his charge to the Jury very feelingly alluded to the sad affair and took occasion to completely exonerate us all from any blame whatever in connection therewith. Poor George could not stay in court. While the grand jury were out preparing their presentment the Judge called me into his private room and we were talking away when George came in with a telegram from his brother Otto, informing him that his mother was bearing up better than they had hoped, and that he need not go home himself as he had intended doing with the body, she did not wish him to run the risk in a small schooner. Later on he received a message from Alex. McNeilly, K.C. urging him to remain with the Court and that all necessary arrangements for the funeral would be attended to. We all advised him to abide by his mother's decision so he concluded to remain. He staid at Tobin's with us tonight.

September 21st. Blowing very hard from N.W. with a heavy sea

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<sup>1018</sup>Francis C. Berteau, justice of the peace; later Comptroller and Auditor General; d. 1945.

<sup>1019</sup>William Forristall, Irish-born Roman Catholic priest in St. John's.

<sup>1020</sup>John Hoyles Boone, lawyer and politician, d. 1894, married to Eva Eugenia Emerson, Willie's sister.

on in the Bay. Tobin's schooner not being ready we went up to the Court House to hear the trials. There was very little business only one prisoner on trial for stabbing another fellow fisherman in the back while on the Labrador this summer, and a few minor cases of trespass. It blew a gale towards evening and continued all night. Tremendous sea on outside.

September 22nd. Gale at its height, regular equinoctial. It continued all day blowing fiercely. Nothing could venture out. Will Tobin ready to leave for French Shore loading and collecting fish but could not venture across the bay. All flags here are halfmasted these three days for poor Willie Emerson. Court terminated its sittings today and was ready to leave again, but there is too much wind and sea for them to risk going into Fogo.

September 23rd. Gale abating, fearful sea outside and at Back Harbour. Tom Peyton's whaleboat broken into pieces last night. Tobin's schooner *Bonny* ready to leave as soon as wind and sea comes down, got the body over from back Harbour and put it on board. Had it firmly secured on top of cargo under main hatch. I am sending Albert home with it by schooner. All that we could do being now accomplished I am anxious to get back to my crew and work.<sup>1021</sup> Hired Thos. Peyton's son Henry to replace Will Emerson as chainman for the remainder of the season.

September 24th. Still blowing but sea coming down rapidly. Leopard left for Fogo about 8 A.M. As the *Plover* was now due from

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<sup>1021</sup>The body arrived in St. John's on Sept. 25, and was buried next day. See *Eve. Tel.*, Sept. 25, 1886. Emerson was "not quite sixteen."

the south I concluded to await her arrival for our letters. She is due tomorrow and I shall avail of the chance to go up in her to Exploits Island. So I sent Jure and his boat off in the evening to await us there.

September 25th. *Plover* came in about 3 A.M. Will Tobin called me and we went on board. Morning nice and calm but cold. Steamer staid till 6.30. Capt. James Winsor was a passenger from St. John's. He is not well having met with a bad accident on his way up when he fell and broke three of his ribs. He is looking pretty seedy. His schooner passed up yesterday. He informed me of all the latest news from home, amongst other items of the safe arrival of my 8th child, a boy, rather before expected. He of course and all aboard heard the news of Willie Emerson's drowning before leaving St. John's. We had a nice time up to Exploits where we found our boat awaiting us. She got up about 10 P.M. last night. It was very cold on the water quite fallish like. Capt. Winsor avails of our boat to get a passage up the Bay. After answering my letters and getting a nice cup of tea at Thos. Winsor's we started and had a splendid time along with a fair wind all the way up to the Mill. It was cold and showery at first but fine as we proceeded. We reached the Mill about 4 P.M. and after landing some flour for Winsor got a cup of cocoa. Hann, Tom Ebbs, and I then walked over to camp where we found all well. The men had employed themselves during our absence cutting one of our lines south, across the river. Keeping themselves straight with pickets. They were all glad to have us back again.

Sunday September 26th. Nasty wet, half snow. Remained in camp all forenoon reading. It cleared up in afternoon. Mike Cole and I went up to examine the hole where Will Emerson met his death. We found where he crossed with the chain was not as I supposed on the brink of the cavity but was at least 10 yards above it, that the bottom here instead of being slippery mud was tough gravel and loose stones. That he could have walked down from the crossing at least 5 or 6 yards without going over his depth, that the current here was so gentle as not to be sufficiently strong to take him off his feet. The bank where he landed on other side of the river was neither steep or slippery but shoaled gradually out to the middle of the river and the bottom all stones and gravel affording a good footing. The depth of water in the deep hole was sounded by the men last Sunday and was found to be 13 feet. It was hard to understand how any person could be drowned or get from the line crossing into deep water unless he swam or walked down, and the only conclusion I can come to is that he laid down and swam with the current, he was able to go a few yards. Then when exhausted with his efforts he had just reached the deep water. He probably tried to stand up but finding no bottom he became so frightened as to let himself go down without a struggle. The deepest part where he crossed might be about up to his waist for perhaps 2 yards. One could wade out from either side to this point without going above the knees. Where I crossed was about 20 yards above the line and here the water was quite shoal. The really deep part of the hole is not

above 10 or 12 yards square. It shoals again rapidly and at 20 yards below is not over one's ankles. The station where Albert and I stood when we heard Hann call out is about 5 chains beyond the river. It came to rain again after night.

September 27th. Blowing almost a gale from eastward with half rain, half sleet and was very disagreeable. Could not move camp today as intended.

September 28th. Fine again. Moved across to East side of Bay and camped near Indian or Gill's Point. We then started a meridian line on this side and got through a good evening's work.

September 29th. Dull but fine day. Continued line Northward. Rained again in evening but not much.

September 30th. Beautiful fine day, one of the finest for the season. Continued line Northward. Black flies very troublesome all day. We had hoped they were pretty well gone now after all the recent cold wet weather and heavy breezes of wind.

Friday October 1st. Dull and blowing hard from S.W. all day. Very sultry with occasional showers. Black flies awfully bad. Went on with our line. It runs for the most part over fine land with large timber of spruce, fir, and birch.

October 2nd. Fine day blowing fresh. Continued line on to Burnt Arm. Not so many flies today.

Sunday October 3rd. Fine day again. Remained in camp all day reading etc. Paid a visit to old John Gill after tea. He is a fine hearty old man who has by his industry and hard labour carved out a comfortable home for himself in the woods. He has a

large family, has a fine new house and barns and everything about him has quite an air of comfort. He informed me he will have about 200 barrels of potatoes this season. Potatoes grow well here and are of fine quality, dry and sound, not a particle of disease amongst them. John and his brother George are the only settlers on this side of the bay.

October 4th. Fine day again. Went up to Burnt Arm and blocked off the land there doing a good day's work.

October 5th. Wind N.E., raining in morning and during night but cleared off fine. Commenced marking off the frontages, 10 chains each, along shore and did a good deal of work. Quite a number of craft from outside came up the bay today, after fire wood etc. The weather is now getting pretty cold and fall like. Leaves falling fast.

October 6th. Went down again to Burnt Arm and continued blocking off there. It blew very hard all day and was cold and raw.

October 7th. Fine day but cold. Continued laying off frontages along shore and finished to Burnt Arm. John Gill paid us a visit after tea and we had a great talk about the Red Indians. It appears John's mother was also a servant at Peyton's with Mrs Jure and Nancy. He heard many stories about the latter from his mother. Amongst others that Nancy had two children in the woods and often expressed her anxiety about them. She said her tribe were very strict about their morals. The penalty for transgressing the moral laws, such as adultery etc. was to be

burned alive at a stake. All the tribe singing and dancing around the victims in a circle. Nance was shot at once while washing a piece of venison on the Exploits River. The gun was fired from the opposite side of the river by an old scoundrel of a Micmac named Noel Boss. He waited till she turned to walk up the bank when he fired. She dropped the meat and limped off into the woods. She would act the part and show how she limped off. She still carried several of the shot embedded in her hinder part. She was perfectly aware who it was who did the dastardly act and was dreadfully frightened whenever she saw this old scoundrel or even his dog approach. Running to Mr. Peyton and clinging to him for protection. Mudty Noel (Bad Noel) she would say. This same old villain used to boast that he had shot 99 Red Indians and wanted to complete the 100 by killing another. He afterwards disappeared through the ice on Gander Lake with 6 heavy iron traps on his back. It was altogether too good a fate for such a monster. Nance was very pert and saucy at times and clearly defied old Mrs Peyton. When the old lady was inclined to be cross with the servants Nance would laugh in her face saying, "Well done Missus I likes hear you jaw, or that right Missus jawing again."

October 8th. Had a very cold frosty night. Thick hoar frost on ground this morning and very cold. Continued laying off frontages along South side from camp. Got a chance to write letters by a craft going down the bay today.

October 9th. Blowing fresh from S.W. much milder today; in

fact, quite warm again with lots of flies. Finished the frontages on the South side and continued section line east one mile. Quite sultry in evening and during the night. Looks for more rain.

Sunday October 10th. A mild day blowing fresh from S.W. Went over to John Gill's after dinner and had another chat with him about the Red Indians. As stated John's mother was a fellow servant of Mrs. Jure and Nance at Peyton's. They called her Nance April from the month in which her capture took place. Her sister was called Easter Eve that being the day of the capture and the old mother was named Betty Decker because the men who effected the capture were engaged at the time putting a new deck in their schooner.

October 11th. A fine day cutting line South towards Norris's Arm. It came out near High Point.

October 12th. Dull and blowing strong. Moved camp up to Norris Arm and camped near Bent's old house. Went over to Mill in afternoon to see if our letters had arrived but found none. Capt. Winsor not back yet.

October 13th. Blowing a strong breeze from Westward and pretty cold. At work all day laying off frontages of lots North side of Arm. Sent over to Mill again to see if mails were come, as we could see Winsor's schooner at anchor. Received letters from home and found all well. I also got a letter from new Surveyor General Penny ordering me to proceed to Fogo to run a road from there to Seldom-Come-by where it was proposed to make

some alterations.<sup>1022</sup> Well this is the climax of absurdity to leave the really important work here, and at this late season too and proceed to Fogo on such a paltry errand. It proves how much faith the Government have in their boasted Agricultural policy. I am greatly put out at this order and scarcely know what I had best do. It is no joke to go away down there now and even if I could get down I should have to spend at least a fortnight there with all my crew idle and under heavy expense for board and lodging, there being no place to camp at this inclement season, while in all probability the actual work of the survey could be accomplished in a couple of days. It would probably cost no less than £50, all for a useless undertaking. Of course it is a political job and if I don't go I suppose it will be construed into ignoring the S.G.'s orders. In any case I have decided not to give up my work here till finished and take the consequence. At least I must leave the work in such a condition that it can be taken up again at some future period and carried to completion.

October 14th. Blowing hard very cold with some showers of hail. Still laying off the lots on North side of the Arm.

October 15th. Still blowing hard but much milder. It was very cold last night. Continued laying off the lots.

October 16th. Blowing almost a gale. Laying off lots all day. Had a few showers of rain. Flies very troublesome. There is

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<sup>1022</sup>The MHA for Fogo was James Rolls, a Thorburn supporter; employment on public works was thought to be necessary in view of the poor fishery. See *Eve Tel*, Sept., 29, 1886. The road work proceeded (*Ibid.*, Oct. 15).

some fine land towards head of the arm.

Sunday October 17th. Still blowing hard from N.W. but fine. Dont feel this wind much in the Arm. Had some few flakes of snow falling. I walked over to John Gill's in the evening to see him about going down to Fogo next month. He would not give a decisive answer. There is a craft of Scott's<sup>1023</sup> up here buying up potatoes in truck.<sup>1024</sup> They give 1 barrel of flour for 5 of potatoes which comes to about 5 shillings per barrel.

October 18th. Very cold day. Snowed a little during the night. Still laying off frontages of lots on North side of Arm.

October 19th. Still very cold but fine. All day at work on North side.

October 20th. Fine day but blowing almost a gale from Westward. Laying off the lots on South side of the Arm.

October 21st. Fine but blowing very hard all day. Continued blocks on South side. Could not get across Arm in little boat so had to give up early in evening.

October 22nd. Beautiful fine day. Had a visit last evening from some French shore men named Noseworthy and Taylor about taking up land. They want to settle down in Northern Arm on some of the lots we laid off sometime ago. They come from Griquet, which they have abandoned, being unable to make a living there. I gave them all necessary information as to where to locate etc. They remained all night as it blew too hard for them to get back.

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<sup>1023</sup>Robert Scott, merchant and J.P., trader at Fogo.

<sup>1024</sup>I.e., by barter.

This makes 10 lots now taken up on the south side of Northern Arm by French shore men since we have commenced the survey. I went up to the head of the Arm and laid off lots on both sides towards the bottom. We saw seven geese, two foxes and some black ducks. The men also saw a black bear, but I did not get a shot at any of them.

October 23rd. Beautiful fine day. Moved camp over to Silver Cove<sup>1025</sup> opposite Alfred Beaton's, Upper Sandy Point. Got everything snugly fixed away and had dinner. Then went into our main South line which was extended out to and across the river<sup>1026</sup> by the men while I was absent at Twillingate. I found they had run it very straight for 1/4 mile, but then they got out of alinement and we had to recut it the rest of the way. The evening turned out wet, raw and cold, with showers of wet snow and it began to blow from the N.E. becoming very miserable. About 4 O'clock five of the men, viz. Coady, Parsons, George and Alf Jure, Richard Field took suddenly sick on the line, all nearly at the same moment. They were attacked with violent vomiting and great weakness. Mike Cole came up to inform me of it and when I reached the place, I was simply appalled at the scene I witnessed. The poor fellows lay groaning and writhing in agonies stretched out on the ground, perfectly helpless, reaching<sup>1027</sup> or endeavouring to do so in a most violent manner. It at once

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<sup>1025</sup>Not marked on modern maps.

<sup>1026</sup>Exploits River.

<sup>1027</sup>I.e., retching.

occurred to me that the men were poisoned and the cause was soon apparent. It appeared that at lunch time they partook of a can of brawn which did not look good and must have been very poisonous. Cole and Ebbs who did not like the appearance of the meat refused to eat it and they were the only two not affected. I was simply terrified at the sight of these strong hearty men stretched out in all sorts of attitudes on the cold snow covered ground. It was undoubtedly a case of Ptomain poisoning. There was no time to lose so I at once despatched Cole and Ebbs off to the camp to bring up our boat. In the meantime Hann, Henry Peyton and myself managed to get them out to the side of the river which fortunately was only about 100 yards distant. We had to lift them up, lead and support them along one by one. Only Coady and Clem Parsons had strength sufficient to get out themselves. Poor Field was awfully bad, so much so that he lost his head and began to talk foolishly. We afterwards learned that he had eaten most heartily of the meat. What added to the misery of the situation was that a cold, raw, wet snow was falling and they became wet and chilled to the marrow and shivering awfully. They were perfectly helpless and groaned in agonies all the time with violent cramps and pains all over their bodies. Coady who tried to get to the camp by himself fell down in the woods. When the boat arrived we had to lift them bodily aboard where they lay stretched out fore and aft like so many corpses perfectly inert. We got down to camp with all haste, although it was now blowing a N.E. gale right against us. No time was lost in getting them

ashore and up to the camps where a good fire was got underway. I immediately dosed them with hot mustard and water which acting as an emetic undoubtedly saved their lives as it caused them to vomit freely and get off much of the poison. We now made them as comfortable as possible with good fires in front of their camps and warm blankets over them. But all through the night they remained awfully bad and were so desperately cold all we could do scarcely kept the life in them. They suffered most awfully from cramps in the stomach, hips and legs. After a little while I gave them all hot ginger and other doses to warm them, but in this I was not quite sure whether I was doing right or not. We had to heat plates to press to their stomachs and place hot water to their feet. By degrees they grew somewhat easier and finally fell asleep. I shall never forget the scene when I first witnessed them stretched out more dead than alive in the woods. They appeared like men suddenly stricken with some plague. It was a most fortunate circumstance that Cole and Ebbs had not eaten the tainted meat or in fact that we had not all done so which was a mere chance. Had not the cook in the morning put into the lunch bag a small knuckle of ham for myself and the chainmen we too would most likely have partaken of the brawn. Had we all been stricken as these men were not one of us could have reached camp alive or do anything to help ourselves, we would all undoubtedly have perished miserably. It turned out the worst night of weather we experienced so far. The cold, wet snow continued to fall while it blew a fierce N.E. gale. Although the worst was now apparently

over with the men I felt dreadfully uneasy all night about them.

October 24th. Still blowing a N.E. gale all day with frequent snow squalls. The higher hills around were quite white and presented all the appearance of winter. The men were decidedly better today, though still very sick and weak and suffering with cramps, headaches and general debility. Only Coady and Parsons as yet able to move about. The other three lay all day in camp but are rapidly on the mending hand. After dinner I went down to the Mill and had a talk with Capt. Winsor and Murray. They were very much surprised to learn of our latest mishap. The news of the poisoning soon spread about. I only hope it may not reach St. John's as if it should it is easy to imagine how it will grow, probably in the poisoning to death of our entire crew. There can be no doubt this canned meat is not to be trusted and for my part I shall give over eating it in future.

There should be some kind of Government Inspector of all tinned foods before it is allowed to be sold. Winsor strongly advises me to give up the idea of going down to Fogo at this late season. It is too risky, besides the whole business of the road is a piece of political jobbing. I have decided to take his advice and he says he will bear me out. I got back to camp just at dark and found the invalids much improved, but Coady who eat a hearty dinner today is again sick tonight.

October 25th. Fine again today, men all better but only Coady able to come to work. So with our crew now reduced to three hands only, we went off to work, Hann, Peyton and myself lending

a hand with the axes to keep ourselves warm. We finished the line out to the river and laid off one lot.

October 26th. Another wet miserable day raw and cold, N.E. wind blowing strong. Could not take the sick men out this weather. So we went down to the Mill and commenced to pack up for home. In fact since the latest mishap we have all lost heart in the work and with such weather as we are now experiencing it is about time to close up. Beaton's boat which went down on Saturday with General Dashwood and Capt. Murphy<sup>1028</sup> returned today but brought no mail for us. The steamer only got up to Exploits on Monday evening and is now down on French shore with relief stuff.<sup>1029</sup> Dashwood had poor sport only killing 13 deer.<sup>1030</sup> We did not see him before he left as we were then up in Norris's Arm. I went over to Alfred Beaton's after and had a chat with him.

October 27th. Froze hard last night and very cold this morning but turned out a fine day. All hands able to go to work again today on north side of river.<sup>1031</sup>

October 28th. A beautiful day rather cold in morning. Continued laying off lots on North side river and then ran out Alfred Beaton's back line at Wigwam Point.

October 29th. Froze hard again last night, could scarcely break the ice in our wash basin this morning. We did not feel it

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<sup>1028</sup>An associate of Dashwood's; he left for Liverpool with Dashwood on Nov. 10.

<sup>1029</sup>By late August the fishery in the north had been judged a failure. In White Bay and Green Bay "the fishing population are already seeking relief" (*Eve Tel*, Aug. 24, 1886).

<sup>1030</sup>A rare example of JPH's irony.

<sup>1031</sup>I.e., the Exploits.

very much in camp however. Very cold but fine calm morning. Went across to the South side of Norris Arm near Little Rattling Brook. It turned out a beautiful sunny day and after a while became quite warm. Finished all the lots on this side up to Beaton's boundary.

October 30th. A regular summerlike day, calm as a mirror and perfectly cloudless all day. Went up to bottom of Norris' Arm and finished all the lots there. This day was really magnificent, actually very warm with lots of mosquitoes. Saw some very fine land and timber at head of Arm. Saw hundreds of ducks, divers etc. of all kinds but could not get within shot of any of them.

Sunday October 31st. Another magnificent day calm and warm, in fact almost sultry with lots of flies. The past few days have certainly been beautiful for this late season. I fear we will make up for it on our way home. I went down to the Mill after dinner and had a long talk with the old Captain. His schooner is now nearly loaded and they are about shutting down the Mill on Tuesday next. He expects to leave for St. John's on Thursday. We shall probably start the same time for Exploits Harbour. John Gill whom I engaged to take us down is to get his boat up from Burnt Arm on Tuesday and on Wednesday we break camp, go down to the mill and pack up for home.

Monday November 1st. Dull, mild morning. Laying off lots up Main River on North side. Came to rain about noon and for a time it was pretty heavy. This made it very disagreeable in the bushes. Thought we would have to give up work but as it was not

cold and cleared off after dinner, we continued on and laid off five lots of Section 36, Township 1.

November 2nd. Froze hard again last night and very cold in the morning but turned out another charming day, bright sunny and dead calm. Laid off 5 more lots of section 36 up river and finished the work in that place. We are now pretty hard up for grub, especially meat and fish and our time to give up the survey has arrived. I shall break camp tomorrow, go down to the Mill and prepare for a start. As it now turns out had I decided to go on to Fogo yesterday, we would have made no progress owing to the calm weather and then we would be too late to catch the steamer.

November 3rd. Still another beautiful day with a slight breeze in the morning, but soon calmed down again. John Gill got his boat over and we packed up all and got our things aboard, but owing to the dead calm did not leave. In the evening I went across to Gill's for potatoes and to High Point to procure a junk of the yellow (so called pitch) pine. Capt. Winsor is now all ready awaiting a time down the bay.

November 4th. Slept on board the boat last night. The men in the hold, I in the tiny cabin where four of us were packed. The berth was very hard only boards and I feel all my bones sore this morning. There was no wind till nearly noon when a slight breeze sprang up. We then got underway and had a beautiful time along, bright and warm but very calm. But the tide carried us along nicely and we reached Exploits about 8 P.M. I could not procure lodgings for the men so they had to stay on board the boat. H.

Peyton and Hann and I managed to get beds at Thos. Manuel's where we were tolerably comfortable.

November 5th. Another beautiful fine day. Blowing a nice breeze. Winsor's two craft got in during the night and started again about dinner-time for St. John's. I spent all day rambling about, found it desperately lonesome. This is a miserable place, nothing but bare rocks and great gulches. The roads, such as they are, too steep and muddy for travelling over.

November 6th. Still another fine day, blowing fresh. I went across to the opposite side of the Harbour<sup>1032</sup> in afternoon and called to see old Mrs Jure now residing here. I got from her a few additional facts about Nance and some Beothuck words, but she seems disinclined to say much on the subject. According to her Nance was tall and stout, very gentle in disposition, not at all viciously inclined. She was very quick to learn anything and an adept at drawing or copying anything put before her. She was a good clean washer and cook, in fact a fine worker when so inclined. Capts. Buchan and Jones<sup>1033</sup> took her on board their warship in the Harbour, gave her paper and pencils. Buchan then showed her a portrait of his mother, which she copied very faithfully. She would make neat combs of deer's horn and carved them all over elaborately. She would take a piece of birch bark,

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<sup>1032</sup>To the Exploits Island side; Winsor's establishment was on Burnt Island.

<sup>1033</sup>William H. Jones was captain of H.M.S. *Orestes*, which called at Exploits Burnt Islands in 1826 and '27. David Buchan, who was more closely associated with Demasduit than with Shanawdithit, was captain of H.M.S. *Grasshopper*; it is not clear when Shanawdithit was on this ship.

fold it up once or twice, then bite out patterns with her teeth, representing leaves, flowers etc. She possessed very white and even teeth and long black hair. She was strictly modest and would allow no freedom on the part of the male sex. One individual who attempted such was so rudely repulsed as to never repeat the attempt. She called him a "mudty man" (bad man). She thoroughly understood the difference of what was right and wrong. Knew when a person cursed or swore he was doing wrong, was a mudty man. When captured all three women were smeared over with red ochre. It was quite difficult to wash it off. She was fond of colour and fine clothing. Capt Buchan sent her a pair of silk stockings and shoes etc. from St. John's. She took great pride in them, frequently putting them on and exhibiting them.

Heard today the steamer did not leave Tilt Cove yesterday so we need not look for her before tomorrow.

Sunday November 7th. Yet another beautiful fine day. Bright, warm and calm. Steamer came in about 8 A.M. Went aboard and found she had to go down to the French shore. Albert Bradshaw was aboard bound down to see his constituents and distribute flour to the needy. Dont know when to expect her back probably not before Wednesday or Thursday. It will be very hard to put in all that time here. Bradshaw wanted me to go down and I felt half inclined to do so but for my men. I dined today at Thos. Winsor's and spent a pleasant afternoon with them. They are all very nice kind people.

November 8th. A great change in the weather today. The

morning was dull and wet but quite sultry. It cleared up in the afternoon. I went for a ramble over the hills with Flockko. Country very rugged. It came on to rain again and I nearly got wet through. Hann and I had tea at Josiah Manuel's and spent a very pleasant evening. Night fine and calm again but I am afraid we are in for a N.E. blow which will make it ugly for us getting home.

November 9th. Dull and raining but calm. Went over<sup>1034</sup> to see an old man named George Wells, 76 years of age who remembered Nance and Mary March. I got a good deal of information from him. He confirmed the statement of Nance's being a tall stout woman nearly 6 feet. He says his great Uncle Rousell of New Bay saw much of the Red Indians and could tell a lot about them. This Rousell was killed while taking salmon out of a pound in New Bay River.<sup>1035</sup> The Indians were hidden in the woods and shot him with arrows wounding him severely. He ran for his gun which he had placed near his salmon house but he fell dead before he could reach it. The Rousells had many stone implements belonging to them also canoes. He confirms the shape of the canoe as to its high bows etc. but says it had not a sharp bottom but was round just like that of the Micmacs. (In this the old man is evidently mistaken. All other authorities distinctly state it was V shaped on the bottom.) He says their dress consisted of a single robe of

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<sup>1034</sup>Across the harbour.

<sup>1035</sup>This flows into New Bay Pond. Marshall, *Reports and Letters*, p. 130, supplies further details of this killing in 1789.

deer skin without sleeves, belted around the waist and reaching midway between the knee and the ankle. Their moccasins were the shanks of the deer cut off at the hocks and sewn round to form the toes and reached up to the swell of the calf where they were tied around with deer skin thongs. In summer they went barefooted and wore scarcely any clothes. They never washed themselves but smeared their bodies over with red ochre. Their bows and arrows were very powerful, the bows being fully 6 feet long and made of spruce or fir. They were thick in the middle but flattened at either end and where the spring chiefly lay. The line was platted (twisted) deer skin. There was a strip of skin fastened along the middle of the convex part. The hand was placed inside this to guide the arrow when holding it. They could arrange 5 or 6 arrows at a time between the fingers of the left hand and fire them one after another in quick succession. The point of the arrow was at least six inches long? and made of iron. They were well shaped. He is positive the Indians knew how to work the iron by forging it. They would keep it several days in the fire to soften it. For an anvil they used an old axe set in a junk of wood with the sharp edge up. Upon this they would work the piece back and forth till it was cut out, then grind it down to a sharp edge on either side. Rousell,<sup>1036</sup> Wells' grandfather on the Mother's side, frequently watched the Indians at work and saw a good deal of them. Once when rowing along in his boat he saw several of them

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<sup>1036</sup>Likely George Rowsell. Marshall, *Reports and Letters*, pp. 130, 139.

on a hill, who shouted out after him. They were ensconced behind a big boulder to shelter themselves from shot. As he could not be induced to come nearer than within several gunshot distances, one huge Indian stood up and drawing his bow shot an arrow in the air with such strength and precision that after poising a moment it fell into the after part of his boat and pierced through an iron or tin bale bucket pinning it to the bottom of the boat. They frequently laid in ambush for the fishermen and even used decoys such as seabirds with lines attached to them which they gradually drew in when they saw a boat approach so as to induce the people in it to try and get within shot. They also at times used dummy arrows with blunt wooden points which by reason of being so light in weight would fall short and thus lead the fishermen to think they could not send their arrows far enough and that they might approach much nearer in safety, but when they did so they were met by a shower of iron tipped arrows which went much further. They once stole a salmon net from Rousell in Hall's Bay and carried it over to Exploits Bay, then cut out every second mesh and used it to catch seals. I was also informed here that some Red Indians were killed in White Bay several years after Shanawdithit's capture but this I do not believe.

November 10th. Fine cool day. No sign of the steamer yet. John Gill being desirous to get home I paid him off and let him depart, putting all our things into our own boat and sending her across to Winsor's wharf. Got a loan of a gun from Jabez Manuel and went to look for a partridge but could not find one. Spent

the afternoon reading the papers. Tom Hann and I were taking a walk and were some distance away when quite unexpectedly the Steamer's whistle sounded in the outer Harbour. We hurried back and got aboard with all our traps. She was full of passengers and we were barely able to secure berths. We were soon underway. Both Thos. Winsor and Josiah Manuel are fellow passengers for St. John's. Had a quick run over to Twillingate where I went ashore to see the Tobins and had a nice cup of coffee. Mr. Tobin also came on here as a passenger and has a berth in my state room. Soon after leaving Twillingate I turned in and slept fairly well though the bed was awfully hard.

November 11th. Fine, clear day smooth water but cold; off the Wadhams when I got up. It turned out a beautiful day warm and bright with water as smooth as oil. Reached Greenspond before dinner-time and were at King's Cove by tea-time; Bonavista at 9 P.M. After rounding Cape Bonavista we experienced a nasty roll supposed to be caused by heavy gales at sea. This made things pretty disagreeable and finally succeeded in upsetting my gastronomic organs completely.<sup>1037</sup> We got into Catalina about 11 P.M. when I turned in.

November 12th. Fine, mild, calm day again, were at Bay de Verde by breakfast time. Had a lovely time across Conception Bay and down the shore to St. John's which we reached at 11:30, all well after an absence of five months less 10 days. Everything

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<sup>1037</sup>The Journal records that he was seasick.

here much as usual. Streets filthy with mud. Business lively and weather overhead fine and mild.

Thus ended the most disasterous season in my many experiences in the woods. Although in some respects it was pleasant enough, yet it was marked by the sad drowning fatality in which the bright young life of poor Willie Emerson was snuffed out, and nearly ended with a still more appalling tragedy in which five hearty men in the prime of life came so near being wiped out of existence.

I dont imagine I am in the least superstitious, yet I must confess that latterly my thoughts frequently reverted to old Connors' prognostication. "That neither luck nor grace would attend our rifling of the sepulchre of the Poor Red Indians."

1887

Cross-country, Fortune Bay to Bonavista Bay;

Bay du Nord and Terra Nova Rivers

Tuesday June 21st. This is the day set apart to celebrate the Jubilee or fiftieth anniversary of the accession to the throne of Her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria. It is a general holiday, all public offices and places of business are closed. Every one is preparing for a day of pleasure. Excursion trains are to run all day with their train loads of holiday makers, all bent on enjoying to the full, and celebrating in a suitable manner, the auspicious event. Our townsfolk are about to hold a Jubilee procession with bands and banners through the principal streets of the city. There is to be a grand Jubilee Service at the English Cathedral.<sup>1038</sup> All the shipping on the harbour are gaily decked in bunting, and every available flag is hoisted on public buildings and private dwellings throughout the city. In fact, St. John's is en fete and her citizens are attired in their best to do suitable honour to the occasion.

In the midst of all this gaiety, or rather just at its commencement, we take our departure for the interior. The regular coastal boat, *Curlew*, being placed on quarantine owing to the sad death of her Captain Francis from diptheria last trip west, the old sealing steamer *Kite* has been put on to take her place. In this dirty, miserable old tub we are compelled to take passage for the westward. Capt. Pat. Delaney who succeeds poor Francis on the western route is in charge. Capt. Pat. is a general favourite and is very popular amongst all classes. He is a most competent

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<sup>1038</sup>The Cathedral of St. John the Baptist, St. John's.

navigator and no better selection could have been made.

We left the coastal wharf about 10.30 A.M. A large crowd of holiday makers filled the wharf to see us off. Our party are bound for St. Jacques in Fortune Bay, from whence we proceed in schooner up to Bay du Nord where we take the country. It is the intention to cross that section of country lying between Fortune and Bonavista Bays and map out the lakes and rivers all across from shore to shore.

My party consists of Mr. Albert Bayley, assistant; Mike Cole, picket man; Thos Ebbs, cook. At St. Jacques we are to be joined by four Micmac Indian canoe men, viz. Peter Stride, Noel Mathews, Joe Brazil, and Joe Jeddore, all from Conne River. We intend ascending the Bay du Nord River, the largest in Fortune Bay, crossing over to the Terra Nova and down that River to Bloody Bay.<sup>1039</sup> We had a goodly number of passengers on board including several ladies, though we had not accommodation for half of them. We steamed slowly out the narrows taking our last look for a long time at St. John's in its holiday attire. It was a very fine day with the water beautifully smooth. The old ship is just like a log in the water and moves along slowly and steadily, which to some extent counterbalances her filthy condition and other drawbacks. We had a fine time all day with a light breeze from the S.E. but no fog, although a heavy bank lay outside of us and not far away. We saw several icebergs, one

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<sup>1039</sup>Alexander Bay.

pretty large one which we passed very close. It was of the most dazzling whiteness I ever remember seeing and was truly a beautiful sight.

We arrived at Renew's, our first port of call, about 4 P.M. several hours behind the time the *Curlew* would have taken. We heard here they were doing very well with the fish lately. One boat just arrived had 18 qtls. since yesterday. Made but short delay here and then proceeded on for Cape Race which we rounded just before dark, thus taking fully 9 hours to accomplish the 60 miles which is usually done in 6 hours. As we crossed Trepassey Bay I turned in and did not know when we reached that Harbour.

June 22nd. Dull, calm and foggy. We were halfway across St. Mary's Bay at breakfast time. Learnt that the Trepassey people are all doing well with fish; boats averaging 40 qtls. per day.

It was densely foggy and calm all day, we could not see Cape St. Mary's land as we passed it. Spoke several fishing boats all doing well. When we were well into Placentia Bay they sounded and found over 100 fathoms. Hauled in and after a while spoke some fishing boats, who informed us we were about five miles off Point Verde, which bore about E. by S. We then ran in till we got out of the fog and made Point Moll<sup>1040</sup> and were in Placentia about 3 P.M.; went ashore and had a walk. The bankers here are doing pretty well, but not so well as last year. Two of Sinnott's vessels average 1,000 qtls. each. There is a great lot of fine

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<sup>1040</sup>Moll Point.

fish spread out on the beach drying. We took a few more passengers aboard, amongst others Father Walsh<sup>1041</sup> of St. Lawrence, and Richard Bradshaw of Gaultois; old Mr. Fowler<sup>1042</sup> and a Yankee Pedler. Fowler is bound over to Lawn where he has men at work mining. He is nearly crazed on the subject of mining. He reports three distinct parallel veins aggregating 30 feet wide, and at Little Placentia he says he has 7 feet of ore, assaying 497 ounces silver per ton. He says old man Bennett, Smith McKay and Gisbourne were all fools and did not know what they were doing, looking for copper where they should have looked for lead and silver.<sup>1043</sup>

The fog had cleared off a good deal and it was not nearly so thick when we left Placentia and we had a fine time across the bay arriving at Burin about midnight. The Capt. and I had some rifle shooting today. We both killed a Hagdown each with single bullet. We left some of our passengers at Burin for which we were not sorry as it gave us a little more room.

June 23rd. Still a little foggy but cleared off a fine warm day. Were at St. Lawrence sometime during the night; off Lamaline at breakfast time, and arrived at St. Pierre about noon. We steamed in amongst a crowd of bankers and baiters<sup>1044</sup> which

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<sup>1041</sup>John Joseph Walsh, d. 1890 (p.c., Michael Long).

<sup>1042</sup>Charles F. Fowler of Placentia.

<sup>1043</sup>For mining efforts at Lawn in the 1860s, see Martin, *Once Upon a Mine*, pp. 9, 11; Frederic Gisborne (1824-92), best known for his role in early telegraph communications, was in Newfoundland in the 1850s searching for minerals; "old man Bennett" is C.F. Bennett.

<sup>1044</sup>Boats supplying bait to the bankers. Selling bait to the French was now banned by statute. See below, June 24, 25, 1888.

literally filled the harbour. It was marvellous how the Capt. manoeuvred his ship so as to get in between them without having a collision. It was a very intricate piece of navigation, but Delaney was the man to do it if anyone could. No one but an experienced ice hunter,<sup>1045</sup> used to threading his devious way through the ice floe and taking advantage of every small opening and lead of water, would attempt it.

We landed a number of passengers and some freight here. As our stay was very short I did not go ashore. We left about 1.30 and had another tight squeeze getting out between the vessels. The bankers are now all in taking caplin bait with which our people are liberally supplying them. They pay as high as 25 francs a hogshead for them. There must be a lot of money in this business of bait running. The bay outside was alive with craft coming along with caplin. The Fortune Bay fishermen are reaping a rich harvest, but it is a business they should not be engaged in, supplying our competitors with the means to cut inside of us in our best fish markets. Here one beholds a large fleet of banking vessels with their large crews employed in this great bank fishing industry, while our people are merely supplying them with the means to catch the fish, acting as it were the part of "the hewers of wood and drawers of water" for them. St. Pierre at such a time as this is a very lively little place.

We had a fine run over to Grand Bank with a free wind and

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<sup>1045</sup>Sealer.

arrived about 4 P.M. Diphtheria is still prevalent here and in other parts of Fortune Bay. We had it thick again after leaving Grand Bank but made St. Jacques Island all right and got into Belloram about 10 P.M. We expected to find Burkes'<sup>1046</sup> schooner which we engaged to take us up to Bay du Nord here awaiting us, but she has not arrived. The steamer does not call at St. Jacques this trip, but Capt. Delaney very kindly offered to run in there at daylight and land us. This was very good of him as it was a wet, dirty night and we could make no arrangements for landing or securing lodgings at dead of night in a strange place; besides diphtheria is raging here and it would be risky to go into any of the houses, even if we could find lodgings. We therefore turned in and had a good night's rest till daylight.

June 24th. Was awakened by the steamer's whistle and stopping of her engines. I thought at first we were only leaving Belloram but on turning out found we were in St. Jacques. This was about 4.30 A.M. But the Burkes were all astir and soon had the little schooner alongside. She was a nice, clean, trim little craft of about 15 or 20 tons burthen. We soon had all our things except one small box (our medicine chest) which could not be found. This was most unfortunate as besides the medicines, it contained all our mosquito liniment, soap, pepper, mustard and other necessary articles.

We landed just as the steamer left and were all kindly

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<sup>1046</sup>Burke Brothers were merchants in St. Jacques.

received and treated by the Burke family noted everywhere for their great hospitality. Had a good breakfast at Mr. Denis Burke's, the owner of the craft. His son Mike comes with us in charge and is a good pilot up the bay; John Kearney, Customs Officer<sup>1047</sup> and his wife are here. Our Indians were here awaiting us having arrived yesterday and are camped by the road leading to Belloram. We walked in to see them after breakfast. Noel Mathews, Joe Brazil and Joe Jeddore were here, but not Peter Stride. He backed out at the last moment and Peter John came in his place. I am not sorry for the change after what General Dashwood told me of Peter's behaviour to him last year.<sup>1048</sup>

We got them out as soon as possible and then of course they each wanted a fit out, and before we were ready to leave they put the nice sum of £10.0.0. in Mr. D. Burke's pocket which with £10.0.0 more for the hire of the schooner makes £20.0.0 a good day's work for him. We started about 11 P.M. in a dense fog with light S.W. wind and got around to Belloram in half an hour where we sent a boat ashore to land the mailman and look for our missing box but failed to find it.

It was very calm getting up the bay and we did not arrive at Bay du Nord till 3 P.M. We anchored inside the mouth of the river, and immediately sent the Indians off to find a suitable camping place. We then obtained the use of a small store from a

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<sup>1047</sup>With another official, "watching for smugglers" (1887 "Journal," CNSA, 262.02.018; subsequent references to this 1887 Journal are to this MS).

<sup>1048</sup>Howley did not give details of his conversation with Dashwood.

Mrs Brine and landed all our traps and stores. Had tea on board with the Burkes; Mike's two cousins and a boy constitute the crew. They are now bound on a trading cruise around the bay and have the little craft filled with goods of all kinds. They are staying here a few days. The country around here is very rugged and surrounded by high, bare granite hills. The houses are all huddled together under the cliffs with a few miserable gardens scattered here and there in nooks and crannies amongst the rocks. These gardens, and in fact, the whole place are covered with rotting fish, chiefly herring, which emits a fearful odour. It is not to be wondered at that sickness of a bad type should lurk around such places. True at present there is no diptheria here but it has been here and can scarcely fail to come again. I think of all the obnoxious effluvia my olfactory nerves were ever treated to that of rotten herring is the worst.

The river<sup>1049</sup> here is walled in by cliffs of granite but is tolerably deep and is navigable for row boats some six miles or more. There is a high fall called the Smoky Fall beyond this and the mist therefrom rises high in the air like a column of smoke, hence the name. The day cleared off fine and very warm for a time. We found some difficulty in obtaining a suitable place to camp. It came thick again in the evening.

June 25th. Dull and foggy all day. Had several showers of rain in the forenoon. Busy unpacking our stores and getting them

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<sup>1049</sup>Bay du Nord River.

up to camp. The Burkes came up in the evening and had tea with us. After which we went in the evening up the river a mile or two. Found the scenery very grand. The hills on either side are very high. In fact the river runs through a gorge or cañon in the granite hills. In a small way it bears a strong resemblance to the Sagounay in the St. Lawrence Valley. I caught one small salmon or grilse in the morning and Mike Cole caught another in the afternoon. It was a very close, warm day. The thermometer went up to 68° in the shade. Black flies were numerous and very vicious all day.

Sunday June 26th. Very fine warm day. Stayed about camp all the morning reading etc. The Burkes came up and had dinner with us. Mike would very much like to come with us up country. After dinner Mike Cole and I climbed the hills behind our camp to get a view of the country inland. It appeared to be desperately rugged and barren in all directions. Hills succeed hills with many deep ravines in which a few stunted trees only grow. The day was very hot and the black flies numerous. Thermometer reached 79° today in shade.

We went down the river and had tea on board Burke's schooner. They are leaving here to-morrow. Dr. Fitzgerald<sup>1050</sup> from Harbour Breton arrived in his boat just at sunset to go fishing up the river. There are also some Indians here from Conne going in deer shooting. The beggars seem determined to scour the

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<sup>1050</sup>Conrad Fitz-Gerald, British-born physician. "I suppose he heard we were here & wanted to get before us" (1887 "Journal").

country ahead of us and drive away all the game. This is quite characteristic of them.

June 27th. Dull day, wind N.E. but still very warm. Thermometer reached 74° during the day. Our men are busy all day overhauling the two canoes and covering the bottoms with pitch and canvas to make them tight. I went down to the settlement<sup>1051</sup> to hire a dory for use in surveying this lower part of the river. Some of the men were engaged putting handles in our hammers and making moccasins etc. This took up all the forenoon. After dinner we commenced the survey. Two or three Indian families have taken up their station near our camp which is constantly infested with them. If we dont soon get away they will eat us out of house and home. These are some of the good-for-nothings, of whom there are quite a number at Conne.

My face, neck, and hands are dreadfully sore from the mosquito bites and hot sun of the past few days. We miss our mosquito liniment very much.

June 28th. N.E. wind and cold today. Fixing up the old dory and finishing the canoes. After dinner went around and got a number of bearings from station points. The sun came out and enabled me to get observations to establish a true meridian. Found the variation of the compass from mean of six observations to be 27° 19' W.

June 29th. Very warm day again. Continued survey up river

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<sup>1051</sup>Bay du Nord.

and reached the first rapid or chute. We also got a boat load of things up to the first fall. Men report river pretty good up to that point and also above. Old Tom, our cook, caught some grilse or small salmon.

June 30th. Very fine, hot day again. I started in the dory with Mike and the two Joes to examine the shore outside the River's mouth over to Lolly Cove<sup>1052</sup> and around East Bay. Found the cambrian rocks to have a considerable spread all along the shore to East Bay on one side, and over to Cing Isle Bay<sup>1053</sup> on the other. It was a beautiful day all through and we enjoyed our trip around the coast. To-day the Thermometer reached 76° in shade.

Friday July 1st. A very fine, hot day again. Struck camp and prepared to move up stream intending to go as far as the first fall. We found a nice camping place just above the fall and got all our things up before dinnertime. We then went on with our survey and reached about two miles further. The river is very good so far, and the scenery very pretty. Saw some fresh beaver cutting. The black flies were simply awful and not having any tar and oil we suffered dreadfully. My face and hands are quite sore from the heat and flies. We caught a few small trout under the fall but rose no salmon. River still surrounded by high hills with but a narrow fringe near the edge with stunted timber growing. As we are now fairly underway I have arranged my crews.

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<sup>1052</sup>Lolly Cove.

<sup>1053</sup>Cinq Islands Bay.

Noel Mathews takes charge of my canoe. He is a first class canoeman. Though of a rather surly taciturn disposition, a man who never laughs, I have found him trustworthy and reliable. He is the most intelligent Micmac I have ever had employed. He can read and write both in his own and the English language and is quite a genius in his way. He has built and rigged a small schooner himself and is able to navigate her. Having made a trip to Sydney in her with a couple of his fellows. With him in my canoe is Joe Jeddore a strapping young fellow, not a full blooded Indian. He had a rather French cast of countenance and undoubtedly French blood in his veins. He is a good tempered chap but not very expert in handling canoes not having had much experience.

Old Joe Brazil with Peter John takes charge of the second canoe in which Mr. Bayley goes. Joe is a wizened old chap, short and stooped, but is a most expert and fearless canoeman. He is always in good humour. Peter on the contrary is sullen and rather stupid though a good canoeman also. Old Tom and Mike take turns with one or the other so that with all our provisions, camps etc. our canoes are very much overloaded. We really would require another, and as old Joe has one at Conne for sale I intend when we get to the first lake to purchase her and send him out with another to get her in. She is an old fashioned birch bark canoe, rather small, but will be a great help to us on the lakes.

July 2nd. Dull and foggy in morning but cleared off fine. Sent Albert and the Indians down again to get up the remainder of

our things. We have to make double and treble trips owing to the incapacity of our two canoes to carry all at once. I remained in camp protracting my work. Old Louis John and three other Indians from Conne came to our camp having some venison. After dinner old Joe Brazil and I went up the river in canoe and then walked a long distance up. Found it pretty good but very much encumbered with rocks and shoals in some places, and where we turned back it was very bad and from what I can learn continues so up to the Smoky falls a few miles further. We shall have to cut a portage over the fall. Above that Louis John informs me it is a fine brook with many large ponds. We saw the fresh footing of a bear on our way up.

Sunday July 3rd. Dull and foggy again in morning but cleared off and turned out a very hot day. Thermometer reached 77° in the shade. Remained in camp all day reading etc. Had a nice bath in evening. Old Joe and Peter went spearing salmon last night below the falls and came to grief by upsetting their canoe and nearly drowning themselves. They had caught one fish and were fast to another when Peter fell backward and overturned the canoe. They lost the fish and spear.

July 4th. Fine warm day again but tempered by a nice breeze up the river which kept the flies at bay. Sent the men back with the dory as we have no further use for her up here. Joe and Peter were employed taking things up the river. Mike and I went on with our measurement and got up about 7 miles. Here the river is walled in by cliffs and was so bad we could not follow it on foot

so we were obliged to carry our measurement up over the barrens. Found the walking very bad especially the last couple of miles, but the river is not so rough. It is however encumbered with boulders and almost dry in many places. Will have much difficulty in getting our provisions and traps over this bad part. Thermometer to-day 78° in shade.

July 5th. Raining hard all the morning and nearly all last night. This is the first rain we have had since leaving the salt water. It is to be hoped it will raise the river so as to enable us to get along better. It cleared off at noon and turned out a fine evening. Struck camp and moved up the river to Indian Islands about 2 1/2 miles. This is the commencement of the bad part approaching the Smokey Falls. It is exceedingly rough and walled in by cliffs on either side. Camped in a nice place near the river. The flies were very thick all the afternoon.

July 6th. Fine again. Cold last night. Thermometer dropped to 39°. Sent the two canoes up the river with light loads as far as they could go. Mike and I went on with our measurement up stream. Had great difficulty in getting along, sometimes over the hills and again down on the river. Reached the Smokey Falls and pond or steady above. Desperate travelling along river side, canoes could not be got within a mile or so of falls. Had a three hours tramp back to camp, for a long distance over the hills but finally had to take to the river again. Mike saw a deer crossing the river in forenoon but we had no gun with us. We also saw a covey of partridge on our way back. The Indians saw three others.

Had a few showers during the day, evening dull and foggy. We were completely tired out when we reached camp. Joe Jeddore strained his back badly to-day and is laid up. Thermometer at camp 66°. Our aneroid readings gave a rise of 216 feet from our camp to top of fall. This fall is very picturesque. The whole water is hemmed in between walls of rock in a narrow cañon and then plunges suddenly over a precipice into a chaldron-like hole below and is dashed with great force from side to side. The water is so churned up that a constant mist rises out of the hole high in the air like a column of smoke and can be seen a long distance from the hills. It is this appearance which gives rise to the name, Smoky fall, a very appropriate one indeed. The flies were not nearly so bad to-day owing to the comparative coolness.

July 7th. Dull day with a few light showers. Remained in camp all day. Joe still pretty sick. Sent Noel and Mike down to fall to bring up some things still left there. Joe Brazil and Peter took another light load up the river, and after dinner Noel and Mike went a part of the way with a load. Hope to get all our stuff up to-morrow and on Saturday move ahead. To-day again some Indians from Bay Despoir came up and camped near us. They are becoming quite a nuisance and seem determined to dog our steps. I wish we were beyond their reach. Last night the thermometer was 52° but rose during day to 63°. This is my 40th birthday, and I begin to realize I am fast climbing up the hill. I suppose I may now consider myself about on the summit and henceforth will be on the down grade.

July 8th. Very fine and very hot day. Sent the two canoes up again with loads, Mike taking Jeddore's place. After dinner I took a stroll over the barrens and saw two covies of partridge and a hare. The Bay Despoir Indians left for home to-day for which I was not sorry. The country all around here is dreadfully barren and rugged. All composed of granite and gneiss rocks. Although we had a nice breeze on the hills, still it was very hot and towards evening the black flies were simply awful. Last night the thermometer stood at 53° but rose today to 75°.

July 9th. Very fine and hot again. Had an early breakfast then struck camp and moved on up stream. Albert and I walked on ahead and commenced cutting portages over the bad places. The river is very low, has fallen several inches the past few days. They had a hard time getting the loaded canoes along. They got up to where the things were cached about a mile below Smoky fall by dinner-time. After dinner we made a push to get our camps and a few days' provisions up to the first pond above the fall. We succeeded in getting up and camping in a nice place just at the foot of the pond where we have a good view all round. This pond is only a wide steady on the river about a mile long. It seems a nice looking place for deer around here and we are in hope of soon seeing some. We are now out of the narrow river valley and it is quite cool and clear of flies on this higher ground. There is some timber here along the margin of the steady and it is altogether the nicest place we have yet camped in. The travelling along the last few miles has been desperate, and owing to the

numerous rapids and chutes it was with the utmost difficulty and labour we succeeded in getting the canoes along with very light loads. It has taken us the best part of a week to get so far and will take at least 3 or 4 days more to get all our things up to the pond. Before we carry up the canoes and camps I must send down the river once more for letters and pitch for the canoes, and also give orders to have the remainder of our stores sent round to Long Harbour, as we can never get it all up here. Had the river been high we could not have looked at it. Fortunately it is very low now owing to the hot dry weather. Thermometer today 78° in shade.

Sunday July 10th. Another beautiful day. Very pleasant up here with a nice breeze blowing off the pond. We caught a lot of fine trout just where the river leaves the pond. Had a good look at the Smoky fall today which is about 1/4 of a mile below camp. At first the water tumbles over a ledge of granite and then rushes through a narrow chasm plunging down into a great dark hole, walled in by vertical cliffs, against which it dashes with awful fury and is thrown off at right angles into a deep pool below, from which a constant white mist rises high in the air, which when taken by the wind is blown about in a fine shower. After dinner I took a walk up the side of the pond and saw plenty of deer footing, some quite fresh. I saw one brood of black ducks quite large for this early season. Noel and Joe Jeddore went across the river and climbed a high hill from which they had a

good view. They report the river very much better with numerous ponds. One very large one about 10 miles off which they call Koskaecoddee. They also report much signs of deer. Some of the lads caught several dozen trout of fine size. Not very hot, Thermometer 68°.

July 11th. Very fine, warm day again. Sent the men down after breakfast portaging things up along the river. Albert and I built a raft to cross the pond with and then set to work to cut out a portage over the falls to enable the men to carry over the canoes. As we had but one axe, the cook's, we had to take turn about<sup>1054</sup> cutting. It was awfully hot and the black flies simply dreadful. We worked hard all day and succeeded in finishing a fine track fully a mile long. Our hands were very sore and welted from this work. Our men did not return till late with a load apiece, having brought nearly every thing across the first long portage. No sign of deer yet. Thermometer to day 69° at camp. The men caught a large number of trout last evening.

July 12th. Still another hot day. Men again portaging all day. Sent the two Joes down the river for our mail now due. Albert and I did some surveying on the pond. Not nearly so hot today, a nice breeze off the pond kept it pleasantly cool.

July 13th. Cool in morning but turned out very hot. The men got one of the canoes over early. We then went off up the river surveying. Found it very good for about a mile above the pond,

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<sup>1054</sup>Take turns.

but after that it was desperately rough and choked with large boulders and utterly impassible for canoes. Will be obliged to cut portages over all the bad places which will greatly delay us. We saw a doe and fawn crossing the brook but didnot get a shot at them. Mike saw an otter. We returned to camp, and after dinner I sent the lads up with a canoe load. I then took my gun, crossed the pond and had a long stroll over the hills and got a fine view of the surrounding country which is all similar to that already described. Saw very many ponds, one very large one; also plainly saw Cormack's Mount Sylvestre about 20 miles distant to the N.E. Deer footing was seen everywhere but still no deer moving. I believe the weather is too hot lately and the animals are keeping to the woods. We are now longing for some fresh venison. I saw a covey of partridge which appear to be fairly plentiful over this country. I next made my way back to the river and found the canoe, but had to wait about two hours before the men turned up. They report the river very rough for over a mile, then there is a pond about a mile long. When we returned to camp we found the two Joes back with letters and papers, which are a great godsend as we have been longing for some news from the outside world. We learn that Sir Ambrose Shea has been appointed Governor of the Bahamas and that Sir Henry Blake<sup>1055</sup> of that place comes to us. So Sir Ambrose's ambition is now gratified at last. We will miss his familiar form in St. John's. Perhaps his next step would be as

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<sup>1055</sup>Henry A. Blake (1840-1918), Governor of Newfoundland, 1887-89.

Governor of his native land.<sup>1056</sup>

July 14th. Dull and raining hard all forenoon. First real rain for sometime. Remained in camp reading the papers and protracting my work. It cleared off after dinner; sent the canoes up with a load and got second canoe across portage over the falls.

July 15th. Fine day not nearly so warm. Struck camp and moved up to the end of the smooth water. Mike and I then went on with our measurement up to the second Pond. River awfully rough again for over a mile and a half; no possibility of getting loaded canoes along here. Had to get the men at work cutting another portage through the woods over the bad spot. Mike saw two deer on second pond, but as we had no canoe we could not get near them.

July 16th. Dull and drizzling rain all day. Men still cutting portage and carrying up some of our grub. Albert and I remained in camp all forenoon protracting our work and reading. After dinner I walked up to second pond and traversed its western side to another pond beyond. Didnot see any game except some black ducks and shell birds. Ducks are fairly plentiful in this section of country but as yet the young birds are not worth killing. I had a very long, tiresome tramp and it was misting rain all the time.

Sunday July 17th. Rather dull but fine. All forenoon in camp

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<sup>1056</sup>Newfoundland.

reading etc. After dinner Albert, Mike and I went up by the portage to 2nd pond and back by river. We saw some black ducks and caught one young one. We then went to see a fish hawk's or Osprey's nest which was on the top of a big pine tree. It was built of sticks like the gapes or White headed Eagles and seemed fully as large. Albert managed to climb and knock the nest down. There were three young ones in it all covered with fine down of a fawn colour with a broad white stripe down the middle of the back. They were very pretty birds quite as large as a full grown fowl. They had most beautiful eyes, clear blue balls with a golden iris. The two old birds were in great distress, and we fully expected they would attack us but they kept out of gun shot. On our way back we saw two young gulls perched on a rock in the river. I shot what the men called a Lady Duck, a small plump little bird of a dusky brownish black colour with a white spot behind each eye. It is the golden eye.<sup>1057</sup>

July 18th. Dull morning men portaging across to 2nd pond all day. I remained in camp. It was misting heavy and finally turned to rain in afternoon which continued all night, first heavy downpour we have had for a long time.

July 19th. Fine cool day, wind Northerly. Got our canoes across portage and then struck camp and had all over to 2nd pond by dinner-time. We then took everything up the pond in the canoes and camped on a nice point with a long strip of gravel beach.

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<sup>1057</sup>*Bucephala clangula.*

When the camps were all up, Noel and I went up the pond and crossed into the 3rd Pond and from thence over a short piece of rough water into a 4th pond. At the head of this we again found the river very bad. We left the canoe here and walked up about 1/4 of a mile and came to a little steady. From thence upwards it is again very rough in some places, but we expect to be able to warp the canoes up. We reached a 5th pond filled with innumerable boulders. Near the head of this latter we saw the posts of the Telegraph line across country<sup>1058</sup> which passes here. We then turned back and had a hard tramp to where we left the canoe. We then had a fine time down stream running a couple of pretty bad rapids, but Noel's skill in handling the canoe carried us through safely. Saw no deer though there was plenty of footing everywhere. Saw some more black ducks, but didnot shoot any. In the morning however, when we first got up to the pond and Albert and I went ahead with a canoe load, we saw a number of old ducks and I made a fine shot killing and wounding five, but we lost two of them; but for my dog Flockko rushing out when I fired I would have had at least another brace.

July 20th. Very calm and desperately hot all the morning. Went on with survey and triangulation of the ponds till dinnertime. We got up to head of the fourth pond. After dinner I remained in camp protracting my work. Sent Albert to measure an arm of the pond, while the Indians took up loads and then cut a

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<sup>1058</sup>The route for the telegraph across southern Newfoundland was surveyed in 1851 by Frederic Gisborne and his crews; the line was completed in 1856.

portage over the bad place between 4th and 5th pond. No one saw any game today. It is strange we dont see more deer about these ponds; it would appear to be an ideal place for them. Although we see lots of footing everywhere none of it is very fresh. Probably we are too near the telegraph line and the repairers may have been along here and scared them away.

July 21st. Another fine warm day. It certainly has been glorious weather so far. We are exactly one month left home today and have made but slow progress owing to the desperately rugged nature of the country and the very rough river. After breakfast we struck camp and moved everything up to the beginning of the next portage. Mike and I then went on measuring. After dinner all hands commenced to pack the things across, while Albert and I continued the survey. We got up to the Telegraph line and camped there. Had all snugly fixed off by sunset. The line crosses a narrow channel between two ponds.

July 22nd. Calm day, desperately hot again. Thermometer went up to 82° in shade, hottest yet, men engaged all forenoon bringing up things from last camp. Joe Brazil and I went up in canoe to a very large pond<sup>1059</sup> above our camp and paddled all around it and into another pond<sup>1060</sup> beyond. This latter is a magnificent sheet of water, fully five miles long and there are some 15 or 20 islands in it and innumerable rocks above the surface of the water. Saw no deer in all our round. I only shot

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<sup>1059</sup>Western Pond.

<sup>1060</sup>Medonnegonix Lake.

two black ducks. It was quite dark when we reached camp and we had some difficulty in negotiating the rapids in the uncertain light, but we got through all right.

July 23rd. Very fine, hot day again, but blowing a stiff breeze which greatly tempered the atmosphere and kept the flies at bay. Noel Mathews asked leave to go out to Conne which is about 12 miles from here,<sup>1061</sup> so I let him go. Joe Brazil and Peter carried up the things to the big pond, while Joe Jeddore, Mike and I went on with our survey and also got up to the big pond. After dinner I protracted all my work. Joe Brazil and Peter also went out to Conne to bring in the small bark canoe I have purchased from Joe. This will be of great assistance to us in getting along as the two canoes we have are altogether inadequate to the work. It looks as though we were now over the roughest of the work and have struck a great series of lakes with short connecting brooks. They are of all sizes and shapes many of them very intricate to survey. It is in fact a perfect labyrinth of waters. The Indians say we will now have ponds and steadies for a long distance. Owing to the lack of room in the two canoes, Albert, Tom, Mike and I have had to walk along shore most of the time when moving camp. I am sending Joe Jeddore out now to Long Harbour tomorrow with a letter to Mr. Ryan the operator<sup>1062</sup> to ask him if he can manage to get our grub over from Bay du Nord and

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<sup>1061</sup>Across country, to the southwest.

<sup>1062</sup>Philip Ryan (R.L. Mare, "A Month in the Woods," *Eve Tel* [Christmas Number] 1891). See also J.G. Millais, *Wanderings and Memories* (London: Longmans, Green and Co., 1919), pp. 120-25.

store it for us till we can send after it. It is quite a tramp from here to Long Harbour fully 30 miles.

July 24th. Dull and raining all night very close and warm. Joe left after breakfast, this leaves us without a single Indian at present, but we are quite well able to manage for ourselves. Remained in camp protracting till dinner-time. After which I went down the river alone and into another large pond which connects with the main brook by a short channel. This pond again reaches up to the Telegraph line about two miles beyond our camp. I crossed the pond and then went up on the barrens, but saw nothing. The black flies and mosquitoes were awful all the evening on the barrens. I had a very hard time getting back to camp myself. I had to pole, drag and warp the canoe over the bad places and only reached camp just at dark. I was pretty well jaded out and very wet. Saw no signs of deer nor of any other kind of game only a few gulls and loons. I killed one shell bird.

July 25th. Dull morning again threatening rain but cleared off and became very sultry. Albert, Mike and I went up the river in canoe and did a good deal of surveying on the big pond. The Indians call this Lake Meddoneegonnix. We had a hard time, poling up the rapids and nearly upset our canoe in the first one. Towards evening the rain which was threatening all day came down in torrents. Of course we got a drenching and returned to camp thoroughly soaked and cold. Had an exciting time running the rapids. We found Joe Jeddore back from Long Harbour, but no sign of the other lads. Ryan sent me a favourable answer. He will get

all our things over for us in a week or so. This relieves me of a good deal of anxiety.

July 26th. Rained hard all night and this morning very warm and sultry. It cleared off fine and became excessively hot. Peter arrived back this morning and says Joe Brazil is patching up the old canoe, which from Peter's description, is all but worthless. I fear Mr. Joe has rather taken me in. Noel Mathews went home to Bay Despair yesterday. I suppose he is waiting for Joe and the canoe. Sent Joe Jeddore and Peter up with a load before dinner-time. Then we packed up all and started<sup>1063</sup> camp. Peter and I taking the biggest canoe. Joe and Mike in the other. Had hard work poling up the rapids with our heavy loads. Found these rapids much stronger today after the recent heavy rains. We got up to the big pond all right just as a storm of thunder and rain came on. This was the first thunder storm for the season. As soon as the first heavy showers were over we continued up the pond. On our way saw three otters. I fired at them twice but missed. They are very difficult to shoot in the water being so exceedingly nimble. They just pop their heads up for a second and are down again like a flash.

Another very heavy shower overtook us before we reached our intended camping place. This is on a sandy point about midway up the lake on its western side. Here we have a splendid view all around and is the nicest place we have struck so far. We got our

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<sup>1063</sup>Often means "struck."

camps up and all snugly fixed away and got into dry clothes before tea time. No sign of Joe or Noel up to dark. They should be along by this time. About 9 P.M. when we were all turned in for the night we heard two guns, the regular micmac signal, at the foot of the pond. The two Indians went off in one of the canoes and returned about 10.30 bringing along Joe's old canoe and another Indian, Stephen Joe.

July 27th. Dull and cool. Commenced the survey of this big pond; first we went into a large Arm on the eastern side full of coves and islands and spent all day surveying it. Peter and Joe put up poles around the shores for triangulation purposes. They saw some geese at the head of the pond and killed an old one.

Joe Brazil spent all day patching up his old canoe which is very much out of repair. It is a Melieste<sup>1064</sup> canoe and is very light and frail but good enough for smooth water. Bad as it is it will be a great help to us and save us much hard tramping around the shores of the lakes.

July 28th. Dull and foggy again in morning but cleared off a very fine day and a desperately hot one. Noel, Mike and I spent all day surveying. It took us till 2 O'clock to finish the eastern Arm above. We then came out into the body of the lake. Peter, Joe, and Albert went up after dinner with a canoe load to another large pond.<sup>1065</sup> They saw a deer and four geese, one of

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<sup>1064</sup>Maliseet or Malecite, Indians of New Brunswick. ("Melicete" in "Journal" 1887).

<sup>1065</sup>Between Medonnegonix Lake and Koskaecodde Lake.

which Albert shot, but didnot get a shot at the deer. Old Nicholas Jeddore, Joe's father, Bernard John; Peter's father, and a boy came to our camp yesterday ostensibly to see their friends and bring in some moccasins to sell, but in reality to sponge upon us. Old Tom Ebbs, our cook is furious and will scarcely give them anything to eat. I do wish we were beyond their reach. The country hereabout is beginning to be somewhat more level and better wooded, but there are still several high hills and extensive barrens around. All the shores of the pond are boulder bestrewn and are very rough for travelling along. Some of the Arms are literally choked with islets, rocks and bars. This is the general character all around the eastern end of the lake, but on the West and North sides the country is more level and there are nice gravel beaches here and there.

We are beginning to get into the great central region now. Ponds are numerous all around us. I believe as we get further inland they will be still more numerous, in fact, almost interminable.

July 29th. Dull and foggy nearly all day with occasional showers of mist. Cleared off in middle of day. This was in reality the first genuine foggy day we have experienced since leaving the coast but it was not at all so dense as outside fog. The men are gone up with loads, while I remained in camp protracting my work which was very tedious owing to the complicated nature of the arms and lakes. In the evening I sent Albert and Mike off to finish a Bight on the western side of the

lake. It came so thick they had to give it up. The other lads returned late with two more old geese. Mike caught two young ones which were almost as big as the old. Our boarders, as Tom calls them, went off in the morning, after coolly asking for *their allowance*. Peter and Joe started an old stag but didnot see him.

July 30th. Fine and warm but blowing a good breeze from N.W. all day. Albert went off to finish the survey of the Western Arm. I remained to protract my work which was getting ahead of me. After dinner I went down the pond, visited all the stations and took a fresh set of bearings. I then went into the next pond, crossed it to the entrance of the river from another still larger lake called by the Indians Koskaecodde, or Mackeral Gull Lake. There is but a narrow strip scarcely 50 yards separating these two lakes. We then went on up to the head of the middle pond where there is a splendid looking deer country but we only saw some ducks and geese. I shot one old gander. We passed through another channel out into the big pond again and then back to camp. Tonight the moon is very bright and clear and as there is no wind the surface of the lake is like a mirror. It is a truly beautiful night. We remained out of doors sitting on the beach till bedtime.

Sunday July 31st. Dull, close day, blowing hard from the S.W. Spent all day in camp reading and protracting my work. Noel and Joe went up on a hill behind our camp and had a fine view. They say the country ahead is nearly all water so numerous are the ponds and lakes. Had one of our geese for dinner today. It

was pretty good. Will move camp tomorrow if fine.

Monday August 1st. Very calm, warm day. Struck camp and moved up to Koskaecodde Lake and camped just where the brook flows out. After dinner Noel, Mike and I went on with the survey, Joe and Peter putting up poles.

Aug. 2nd. Another desperately hot day. Took observations for time and variation of compass, latter  $28^{\circ} 45'$  W. Protracting my work till dinner-time while Albert went off filling in some details. After dinner we commenced the survey of Koskaecodde and did a good afternoon's work. It came to blow hard with heavy thunder to the northward. Had a tough time getting back to camp. Old Tom, our cook, is complaining of a desperate pain in his back. I hope he is not going to give out on us. He is getting rather old for such hard work. It is strange we see so few deer although there is plenty of fresh footing. We are longing for some fresh venison. Joe shot another goose this evening.

Aug. 3rd. Blowing hard all day from N.E. quite cold. Could do no work on pond. Sent the canoes up with loads to the head of the pond. I remained in camp protracting my work. The men had a tough time getting along. In the evening Albert and I went across to survey a small arm on the North side and had a look over the barrens which come out to the shore at this Arm. We did not see any deer but plenty of signs. Mike reports seeing where a deer laid down. There was a quantity of fresh blood about and as there is no one here shooting just now the Indians conclude the deer must have been attacked and torn by a wolf. If those bloodthirsty

brutes are about it is no wonder deer are so scarce and we cannot get one. They are evidently scared away.

There is a large forest fire raging today away to the north of us. Old Tom's back very bad today, he is scarcely able to move.

Aug. 4th. Fine, warm, calm day again, continued our survey and got through a good day's work. We visited the low bar or island on which the birds koskes breed. It has a long sand spit extending from its southern end for several hundred yards and it is on this spit the birds nestle. Hundreds of them young and old were seen, the young in all stages of growth. There were also lots of eggs as yet unhatched. They make no nest but simply a shallow hollow scooped in the sand. I took some of the eggs and shot one old bird as a specimen. It was a very pretty, graceful bird and belongs to the sea swallows or terns, but it is not the common Artic tern, so plentiful near the eastern coast. This is a much larger bird. Its whole back and sides is of an ashen or bluish gray shade. Breast and underparts immaculate white. The top of the head is coal black also black legs, but the long beak is vermillion. It is fully three times as large as the Stearine.<sup>1066</sup> I believe this bird is the Royal Tern (*Sterna maxima*)?<sup>1067</sup> We saw several black ducks today but did not succeed in bagging any of them. No deer, though one would expect to see them on the shores of the lake in the evenings. Old Tom's back

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<sup>1066</sup>Arctic tern (*Sterna paradisaea*). See *DNE stearin*.

<sup>1067</sup>Rather, the Caspian tern (*Hydroprogne caspia*).

much better today.

Aug. 5th. Dull, cool morning, blowing a fresh breeze. Struck camp and moved up to head of pond. It came to blow hard and we had a rough time getting along with the loaded canoes till we rounded a long point which afforded some shelter. We then had the wind more fair. Peter, old Tom, myself and the dog Flockko were in the big canoe, which was heavily laden. She began to ship water at such a rate as to nearly swamp her. We had to land Tom and the dog, who walked along shore, we then made better weather. The other two canoes kept more to windward under the lea of the shore until they brought the wind free and then came across before it all right. Once around the long point we got along fine. We camped on a nice point near the head of the lake with a fine sandy beach in front. The dog having missed us after he landed ran back along shore towards our last camp and Tom could not get him. I was afraid he was gone for good. But old Joe went back after dinner and found him at a cove where we landed on our way up. The poor brute was greatly excited and scared, but when he saw Joe he evinced the greatest joy. After dinner we went down and continued the survey of the pond up the eastern shore to camp. Had great difficulty and a hard paddle against wind and sea. We saw some very fresh signs of deer today. One crossed the river this morning just where we stopped to camp.

August 6th. Fine day but blowing very strong. Heavy loup on pond. Sent the canoes ahead with loads. I remained in camp protracting work. Sent Joe Brazil off to look for a deer but he

returned without seeing one. But when the other lads came back at dusk, having been up to Sandy Lake<sup>1068</sup> some three miles beyond this, they brought back part of a young stag which Joe Jeddore killed on the way up in morning. At last the spell was broken. This is our first deer and while it lasts we will revel in delicious fresh venison. It is indeed a very welcome addition to our larder. We have been longing for a fresh steak ever since leaving the coast. We had a grand supper, my choice being roasted kidneys and marrow bones, two most delicious morsels; food for a king. Albert went down the western side to fill in some details. Joe Brazil went off again for deer and saw one old stag but didnot get a shot at him. I was very glad of this now that we have a deer. I never liked killing them unless we were absolutely in want of fresh meat, and always put my foot down on useless slaughter. The men report the river leading up to Sandy Pond very rough and shallow.

Sunday August 7th. Dull, foggy and very close and warm. It came to rain in afternoon and continued a steady downpour all the evening. Rained in torrents all night. This is very welcome rain as it will raise the rivers and enable us to get along with much less labour. I remained in camp all day reading and protracting.

In the morning early while all hands were asleep I went out on the beach to get the morning air. While walking up and down, my eye alighted on one of the deer's hind legs which had been

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<sup>1068</sup>Renamed Jubilee Lake by Howley.

thrown aside. I thought I would have a bit of fun by getting off a joke on the Indians. Picking up the shin bone with hoof attached, I paced along the beach and impressed the fine sand with the deer's hoof, at such distances apart as I judged a deer would step. Then throwing away the bone I sang out to the lads. "You are a pretty lot of sleepy heads to be sure, here has been a deer pass along in front of your camp. It was a wonder he didnot walk upon you." In an instant they were all out to inspect the footing, but cute old Joe Brazil was not easy to fool in such matters. He glanced at the marks, without a word took a few steps, and then said, "That queer deer, he only have one foot." It never occurred to me the difference would be so noticeable. Of course they all laughed at the ruse.

August 8th. Dull, cool day after the rain. Sent Joe and Peter up again with canoe loads. Mike and I continued the survey of the lake and river and got within a short distance of Sandy pond. It came to blow hard from the northward in afternoon and increased to a gale during the night. Found the river very much higher after the heavy rains. Albert, Mike and some of the Indians sick from eating venison. It is strange how it affects some people. Poor Albert suffers dreadfully whenever he touches it and has to forego it altogether for a day or two at a time. Still he is very fond of it and as soon as he begins to feel all right again, eats as heartily as any of us, only however to have another dose of awful pain. Strange it has never affected me in the least. I can eat it at all times and scarcely know when I

have enough.

August 9th. A very cold stormy night, but it calmed down toward morning and turned out a fine day. Moved camp and had a hard time getting up the river which was very rough in places. However, by poling and warping the canoes over the bad spots we succeeded in getting up to Sandy Pond by dinner-time. We then went up the Pond and camped on a nice Sandy Point, some miles upon the North side. This is quite a large pond, by far the largest we have yet met. It has a number of islands towards its upper end. The country is very rugged and much of it on the south side very barren. The name of Sandy pond is not very appropriate there being little or no sand about it. The shores for the most part are a continuous line of boulders often of large size. They are piled on each other like great walls built by human hands. On the S.E. corner a river<sup>1069</sup> of considerable size comes in which leads southward towards Long Harbour, and it is by this we intend going out after our provisions. The main river above flows into another Arm in the N.E. corner of the lake and comes from another large lake about two miles above called Kaegudeck. The river beyond this leads up towards Mount Sylvester and Meelpaeg Lake. The latter being on the Long Harbour River.

August 10th. Broiling hot day, hottest yet. Thermometer went up to 86° in shade. Commenced the survey of Sandy Lake. Peter and the two Joes went back for the things left at foot of lake

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<sup>1069</sup>An unnamed river.

getting it all up to camp. We did a good day's work notwithstanding the desperate heat which must have been well over 100° in the sun. This being the day set apart for the celebration of the Queen's Jubilee, I have concluded to call this lake Jubilee Lake, Sandy pond being a ridiculous misnomer, and besides the name occurs in several other parts of the island.

August 11th. Fine day, light S.E. wind, not nearly so hot as yesterday, still the thermometer stood at 74° in evening. Got through another good day's work, as it was almost calm and so fine and clear we were very much favoured, in the weather. Had it been blowing hard we could have done nothing on such a large open expanse of water. We reached the bottom of the S.E. arm where the brook leading towards Long Harbour comes in. This has several fair-sized ponds on it also, and from the furthest up called Hungry Grove pond, a portage of some four miles has to be made to Long Harbour River at a point above the Telegraph Station at its mouth. There is a perfect labyrinth of islands in the upper part of this lake<sup>1070</sup> and it will be an extremely difficult piece of surveying to get them all in. Some of these islands are over a square mile in area and equally a mile long. There are hundreds of intricate channels between them. We caught a glimpse of the bare white summit of Mount Sylvester today for the first time. It lays about N.E. and does not appear to be more than 7 or 8 miles distant.

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<sup>1070</sup>I.e., Jubilee Lake.

August 12th. Another broiling hot day and almost calm. Did another good day's work nearly finishing the lake except some of the islands. Albert and Joe Brazil went along the northern side and sketched in the shore line between the different triangulation poles. We saw no game of any kind around this great pond, though there is abundant signs of deer everywhere.

August 13th. Had intended moving camp today up to where the main river comes in but it blew too hard and caused such a lop on the pond we could not venture with our heavily laden canoes. So I staid in camp protracting my work. I was not sorry for this as the accumulation of work owing to the fine weather had got away ahead of the protracting.

August 14th. Still blowing harder than ever, almost a gale with a tremendous sea on the lake. Had another day protracting my work in camp. In the evening I went in on the barrens behind our camp and had a good view of the surrounding country. Could see most of Kaegudeck the next great lake which is fully as large as Jubilee lake with more Arms and islands. It will take quite a while to survey it. From a cove near our camp the distance across is not much more than a mile. Could see Sylvester quite plainly from here. The country towards the North and east is tolerably level or rolling and consists chiefly of immense stretches of marsh with small patches or strings of woods and many small lakes. To the south it is more barren still with innumerable lakes and tarns dotted all over the surface. Shoe Hill ridge to the south east of Jubilee lake is a bare conspicuous range of

hills which separates that Lake from Meelpaeg. The country in that direction is indeed very uninviting, and except for its sporting attractions has little to recommend it.

August 15th. Still blowing very hard, could not attempt moving as the canoes could not live on the lake. Remained in camp protracting till dinner-time after which Joe, Peter and I went up on the barrens again and walked across to Kaegudeck lake. Roamed over the barrens all the afternoon. Saw plenty of fresh deer's footing but no deer or any other game. It is strange we see so few. I have myself only seen one doe and faun since coming into the interior. We are now again in want of some fresh meat. Joe's stag is all gone and we are all ready for another.

August 16th. Somewhat calmer but still blowing fresh, made an early start and got up to the mouth of the inflowing River before the wind came too heavy. Peter, Old Tom and I in biggest canoe crossed the pond so as to get under the lea of the shore and islands, the other lads made a straight cut and got up long before us. We camped in a nice place just at the inlet of the river into the lake. After dinner, as it was now blowing too hard to do any work on the lake we set to work cutting a portage up the side of the river towards Kaegudeck. This river is dreadfully bad in places where there are successions of rapids and chutes hemmed in by walls of rock. There are however, two fairly long steadies which will be a great help to us. Noel and Joe got up the smaller canoe and we then went on a voyage of discovery across Kaegudeck. Leaving the canoe we walked into and ascended a

high mountain<sup>1071</sup> near the eastern end of the lake. This mountain was not more than three or four miles from Sylvester. We had a good view of the country to the south and east but it was too hazy to the northward to see anything. We could plainly see the tolt about SE near the head of Piper's Hole waters, which poor Mr. Murray ascended in 1868,<sup>1072</sup> the first year I was with him and from which he got a bearing on Mt. Sylvester. This brought vividly back to me that eventful year of my first introduction to the interior of the island. How quickly time flies to be sure. It seems like yesterday. We saw several other high hills in the distance including those near the mouth of Piper's Hole river and out towards the head of Fortune Bay. The entire surrounding country is occupied by extensive barrens and marshes with but a scanty proportion of woods, especially to the southward of Sylvester, where it is extremely barren. We could not see Meelpaeg lake, but could judge from the depression of the surface where it lay. There is a lead of ponds reaching across from where we were with only short portages which would enable us to get over to it were we going that way. Joe thinks however, it will be much easier to follow up the main river as there are two other ponds above Kaegudeck, the furthest laying close under Sylvester and no great distance from Meelpaeg.

I have now concluded to go out to Long Harbour for our

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<sup>1071</sup>Unnamed mountain; 1029 feet.

<sup>1072</sup>See Murray and Howley, *Geological Survey*, p. 140, and above, 1868, Aug. 17, for discussion of the tolt, but Murray's view of Mount Sylvester is not mentioned.

provisions stored there before bringing up the other canoes, or commencing the survey of Kaegudeck. I have also a couple of days' work yet on Jubilee Lake and shall probably also visit Sylvester to satisfy myself about our route northward before going out to Long Harbour. We left the small canoe at Kaegudeck and travelled back over the barrens to camp. It was a long tiresome tramp. Again saw plenty of fresh signs of deer but no deer themselves. It is most remarkable where judging from the abundance of fresh signs we cannot run across any of them.

August 17th. Again blowing a strong breeze. Went off to survey the islands and did a good day's work. It calmed down towards evening and was a very fine pleasant summer's day and not too hot.

August 18th. Another fine and calm day. Sent the men down the lake to bring up the remainder of the things left at last camp. I then went off to finish the survey of the lake and succeeded in completing it. The two Joes continued cutting out the portage above on the river. Tomorrow I intend paying a visit to Sylvester and on Saturday start for Long Harbour.

Aug. 19th. Dull, blowing and threatening rain. No day for our proposed visit. Remained in camp protracting. Sent men up with loads to the Steady below Kaegudeck. It did not rain much till evening.

August 20th. Fine day. Noel, Peter and I started for Mount Sylvester. The two Joes portaging while Albert and Mike began to measure up the river. We walked across to where we left the

little canoe on Kaegudeck and then crossed that lake to the inflowing river. It blew pretty hard and there was a nasty loup, but by keeping the shelter of the islands we got up all right. As we neared the river we saw a deer run along shore but he got into the woods before we could get within shot. We now ascended the inflowing river which has become a comparatively small stream and pretty shallow, but it is smooth and not broken by bad rapids for a long distance. Should we be favoured with a couple of good rain falls it will be easy to negotiate. I went ashore to walk up through the wood so as to lighten the canoe and to meet them further up stream. I soon reached an extensive piece of barrens leading up towards the mountain. There was abundant signs of deer some quite fresh. After travelling quite a while I sat down to rest and have a smoke and await the lads with the canoe. I was no distance from the river and would be able to see them passing. After waiting fully an hour growing ravenously hungry still there was no sign of them. At length I grew quite drowsy sitting there in the sun and before I knew anything I fell off into a sound sleep with a dry mossy mound for a pillow. How long I slept I do not know, but when I awoke and looked about me there stood a noble old stag in the middle of the barren quietly contemplating me. He no doubt could not exactly determine what sort of an animal I was and he was evidently trying to get my scent. He was rather far for a shot for my smooth bore gun and I dare not stir to approach nearer him, there being no kind of shelter near while all the time he stood eyeing me very particularly. I caught up my

gun and remained motionless, but he was very cautious. Slowly one or two steps at a time he approached nearer me, but when he was within about 100 yards he turned off towards the river. I then fired both barrels but missed him each time. I was mortified at this, he was such a splendid animal. Had I had a rifle there would be no trouble to shoot him. It was the first chance I had during the season which made me feel it all the more. I suppose I was somewhat nervous and careless in my aim. He ran down across the river and I saw no more of him. Noel who had started him above and was following him up was coming directly towards me when I fired but I did not see him. He said one of my balls whistled close by himself. He saw the stag cross the river and went after him but did not get a shot. It appeared that while I dozed the canoe passed up and they were waiting for me about 1/2 a mile above. Just as they landed they started the stag which was laying down by the side of the Brook. Peter had the kettle boiled when we reached the canoe and after a lunch we hurried on and began the ascent of the mountain. It was now 3 O'clock and we had no time to lose. It took us an hour to get to the summit. It was open and good going but my boots galled my feet and made it pretty tough for me. On reaching the bare summit of Mount Sylvester we were repaid for our toil. The view all around was glorious. We could see a long distance in every direction. Again the country in all directions bore the same general appearance and was characterized by extensive marshes and barrens dotted over with innumerable lakes. In fact the amount of fresh water

visible was really astonishing. To the south and east especially the country was extremely desolate and appeared to be composed of a continuous barren waste with very few isolated patches of woods. Much of it had been swept by fire and what little timber it once supported was completely devastated. It was now nothing but a vast boulder bestrewn waste. Towards the north and west there was more wood, but still marshes and ponds predominated. Meelpaeg Lake, or rather Eastern Meelpaeg, for there is another lake of the same name further west on the Little River, lay spread out before us. It was some 5 or 6 miles from us but we could follow its innumerable complicated arms and bays. It is an extraordinary sheet of water and in reality is a vast number of small lakes joined together by narrow crooked channels and is studded with numerous Islands and peninsulas of land. I presume it is this extraordinary appearance which gave rise to its Indian name, which so well as I could ascertain, means many lakes in one. We could trace the course of the river upwards for several miles above the mountain and saw several considerable sized lakes further up. And two larger ones on the Terra Nova River. This then is our route across country and we were glad to find no grave difficulty presented itself except the lack of sufficient water in the streams. But should rain come, which is now due us this will vanish.

I believe I have already stated Mount Sylvester was so named by that intrepid traveller, Mr. W.E. Cormack, in his journey across the island in 1822, after his Micmac companion, Joe

Sylvestre.<sup>1073</sup> Cormack ascended it on that occasion and erected a cairn on its summit which is still there. He placed a note and a large copper, English penny in this cairn, but the latter was found and carried away by the railway surveyors in 1875. I now placed a two cent piece in it and also a note of my visit with date and names of my companions thereon. The mountain is composed entirely of coarse granite which disintegrates freely on the surface. The exact summit is not more than an acre in extent. From this it slopes steeply downward on nearly all sides. These slopes are worn quite smooth and in some places actually polished so as to glisten in the sun by the action of a mass of moving ice which must have covered it during the glacial period. On the slope facing the south there was a curious semi-cavern caused, I believe, by a large mass of the rock having fallen away at sometime. It left a semi-circular wall of about 4 or 5 feet high with a flat space below covered with heather. It was so inviting that we jumped down over the wall and lay down in the shelter on the soft carpet of heather and grass. Here we spent an enjoyable hour basking in the sun and smoking the pipe of supreme content. While here on the summit of Mt. Sylvestre my thoughts reverted back to Cormack. Most probably he rested on this very spot

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<sup>1073</sup>"In the whole of this savanna territory, which forms the eastern central portion of the interior, there rises but one mountain, which is a solitary peak or pap of granite, standing very conspicuous about forty-five miles north from the mouth of the west Salmon River of Fortune Bay on the south coast. It served as an object by which to check our course and distance for about two weeks. I named it Mount Sylvester, the name of my Indian." Howley, *The Beothucks*, p. 144.

contemplating as we did the country around him. The selfsame scene presented itself to his view and notwithstanding the many changes the world has witnessed since Cormack's time, nothing has changed here. Everything is in as primitive a condition as when the intrepid traveller looked down upon it nearly 3/4 of a century ago. Cormack, in his philanthropic endeavour to find and bring to civilization the poor persecuted Aboriginal Beothuck, left the comforts of home and civilized society to brave the toil and hardship of a tramp across this great island in 1822 accompanied only by a single Micmac Indian. The courage and nerve of such a man in carrying through an undertaking such as this in the then utterly unknown territory is worthy of all praise. I have the greatest respect for his memory and admire him as a hero who should have been decorated with one of the most coveted gifts the crown of England could bestow upon him. He undoubtedly was the first whiteman who ever sighted Mt. Sylvestre or stood upon its summit. In 1875 Engineer Lynch<sup>1074</sup> of the Sandford Fleming R.R. Survey in company with John Barrington, Indian, was probably the next whiteman to visit it. He it was who left a one and two cent Newfoundland copper coin<sup>1075</sup> wrapped in a piece of birch bark of dates 1873-74 in lieu of the English penny left by Cormack which they took away. Who will be the individual to ascend it 65 years hence, I wonder. Will the great desideratum of a cross

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<sup>1074</sup>Francis J. Lynch; see Penney, *A History of the Newfoundland Railway*, vol. 1, pp. 4-5.

<sup>1075</sup>"which we now found wrapped up in a piece of birch bark stuffed into the cairn" ("Journal" 1887).

country railway have then become a "fait accompli"? With what different sensations will he be actuated when from its summit he beholds the distant smoke of the locomotive speeding across country or hear the toot of the engine as the train winds in and out around the hills and lakes.

We added to the cairn and erected in the center a tall flag pole bearing a red flag on top and then took our departure for our long journey back to camp. It was now growing late so we had to make as much haste as possible down the mountain side and thence down the river. I had the ill-luck in jumping across a small brook to slip and fall flat on my back into the river getting a thorough ducking. It was after sunset when we reached Kaegudeck, but fortunately the wind had gone down, and it was now quite moderate. But darkness overtook us before we got across the lake and we had to travel as best we could over the barrens in the dark, back to camp. We could only go very slowly feeling our way carefully along. The Indians threaded their way surely and safely. Although it became very dark they seemed to know by instinct just where best to go. It was with the greatest difficulty nevertheless we made our way slowly along. I was greatly impressed with the sagacity of Noel Mathews who took the lead, and seemed to remember every rock and tree we passed on our way up in the morning. Occasionally he got astray, but he knew it at once and invariably took the right direction to regain our track. It was interesting to listen to him explaining the different points and objects recognized. "Here," he would say,

"is that little pond, dont you remember?" "There is the rock we sat down on to wait for Peter." "Somewhere here we jumped over a little brook." "That is where I fell down, you remember, when I cut that little spruce." "Yes, here is the spruce itself." "We followed a deer path here somewhere." "This is where we crossed that little steady." "I dont know how we get on in woods, spec<sup>1076</sup> we have to light torch," and so we had. Stripping off some sheets of birch bark and rolling them like a funnel, frayed and lit at one end and held aloft, they emitted a great glare which enabled us to see things almost as clear as in broad daylight. Peter now took the lead and forming a torch light procession we slowly wended our way through the woods and finally reached camp about 10 P.M. tired and foot sore and ravenously hungry. We found all hands turned in for the night as they did not expect we would get back. Thus ended our day's journey to Mt. Sylvestre which notwithstanding the fatigue I enjoyed immensely. We soon had the kettle boiled and made a hearty supper.

Sunday August 21st. Fine and cool stayed in camp all day reading, and writing letters.

August 22nd. Up early to start for Long Harbour. The two Joes had first to go up to Kaegudeck and bring back the little canoe. We then went across Jubilee Lake to the river leading up towards Long Harbour. Found this river very low and choked with boulders, but after a short while it improved very much and we

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<sup>1076</sup>Expect.

got up to the first pond by dinner-time. We then had a long stretch of ponds and steadies which enabled us to make good progress. We came across a beaver house the first seen for the season. We drove the beaver out of the house and all escaped except one papoose, which Albert shot. The two Joes caught up to us here; we then proceeded onward and got up to the last pond, called Hungry Grove pond, before sunset and camped for the night. This pond received its rather ominous name from the fact that during the construction of the Telegraph line across country a crew of men found themselves caught here with scarcely any provisions and before they could get in a fresh supply they were half starved.

August 23rd. Fine day with a few showers of rain during the night and early morning. Noel called me early to say there was an old stag coming along shore, but before I was up and ready he took to his scrapers,<sup>1077</sup> having heard the crackling of our fire. After breakfast we got up to the head of the pond. Here we had to leave our canoes and all the gear we could do without and started over the barrens for Long Harbour. The wind was N.E. which kept it nice and cool for travelling. We concluded to camp about half-way so as to make easy stages for portaging. The distance from Hungry Grove pond to Long Harbour is about 12 miles. All the country around here is one continuous barren waste with scarcely a tree or bush anywhere to be seen. We reached our camping ground

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<sup>1077</sup>Left; took to his heels (Anglo-Irish).

early, after a toilsome tramp, and then had to send the men a mile or more to procure poles for our camps. In the meantime it came on to rain, but did not last long. We camped on the bare barrens with no shelter of any kind. Albert and I then commenced to measure towards Long Harbour and made about two miles before sunset. We saw several partridge and killed a few, which with Albert's beaver afforded us a great blow out for supper. The little papoose was delicious. Found the night very cold up here on the high bare ground.

August 24th. Up early and after breakfast started on for Long Harbour. Wind still N.E. fine and cool for travelling. It turned out a very fine, warm day and we got out to the Telegraph office about 10 A.M. Found Mr. Ryan absent but his nephew Meaney in charge. Got some letters from home which were very welcome. All were well except my poor brother, Dr. Tom, who is very ill.

We found all our stores here and began at once to open them up and prepare for packing them in. It was dinner-time before we were ready to go with our loads. I fear if it should be hot we will suffer a good deal going back. Some of the Indians are getting tired of the hard work and Noel Mathews wanted me to let him go, but I could not think of doing so at this junction. Got them all off with their packs, Albert and I remaining for the night so as to finish our measurements in the morning. It was very hot all the afternoon which had the effect of rendering us very tired. We took a stroll up the river side to have a look at it. It is wide and shallow and filled with boulders, no river for

canoes except perhaps after continuous heavy rains. The whole country is extremely bare and desolate. Here and there along the river banks there are a few stunted trees. The soil is coarse, rocky and hungry looking, incapable of supporting any vegetation worth while. It is composed chiefly of disintegrated<sup>1078</sup> granite, sand and gravel with numerous perched<sup>1079</sup> boulders. To add to the extreme desolation fire has swept over it several times burning not only the bushes and scrub but the very dry peaty soil that once covered it. I do not know that I ever saw such an extent of utterly barren country. I sent a message home and had an answer back before the office closed. Found all well. This is now the last chance I shall have of communicating with my friends till I reach the other side of the land.

August 25th. Dull and foggy with some rain showers. The men came out about 10 A.M. and as it looked for much rain, Albert and I held on till after dinner while the lads went back with a load each. As the rain held off we started about 3 O'clock and began to measure in over the barrens towards camp but we did not get halfway when night overtook us. We then had to make tracks for camp. Three of the lads Joe, Peter and Mike came out again, intending to stay all night and make two loads tomorrow. Noel and Joe Jeddore remained at camp. We did not reach camp till sometime after dark very tired and hungry. All hands had turned in. We

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<sup>1078</sup>In geology, used of rocks worn down by atmospheric influences.

<sup>1079</sup>Left resting on hills, etc., through the action of glaciers; a geological term.

roused up old Tom to boil the kettle and get us something to eat.

August 26th. Dull, cool and foggy again. It rained very hard nearly all night and was still very threatening looking. The wet came into our camp and made it very miserable. Noel and Joe went out after breakfast. It came on a regular rainstorm about 10 A.M. and continued all day also blew very hard from S.W. with thick fog. I expected the men would remain out till it cleared off, but Joe and Mike came back in the height of the storm with a load each and were drenched to the skin. Peter arrived sometime after and late in the evening Noel and Joe Brazil arrived. They had a load each and had carried three more up to the barrens above the station. As this was flour I fear it will all be spoiled. We have been very unfortunate to be caught here in this bad weather, just at the very time when we were most in need of fine weather. Still we have been praying for rain to raise the rivers, but if we only could have had a say in the matter we certainly would have postponed it for at least two days more or till we got back to the pond. Of course we could do no surveying all day in such weather and were obliged to remain in camp. Towards night the wind increased to a gale and blew fearfully all night with a constant downpour of rain which found its way through our camps. It was an awful night and I dont know how our camps stood it. Every moment we expected them to be blown to ribbons, or carried away wholesale leaving us exposed on the bare ground to all its fury, but fortunately the camps were new and strong and held their ground bravely. Of course we could not sleep. Albert on his

side of the camp got soaked with wet. We could not possibly have been caught in a worse place at such a time. Here on the highest and barest part of the barrens fully 1,000 feet above sea-level with no shelter of any kind to break the force of the wind.

August 27th. Storm all over, wind gone around to N.W. but still blowing hard. We passed through a desperate night. Old Joe Brazil who usually camped by himself near the fire in a side camp had to fly and get into the big camp with the other men after he became thoroughly drenched. We determined not to remain here another night under such conditions. So we made an effort to get down to Hungry Grove pond. But three of the men had to go back after the things still left outside. While Albert and I continued our measurement over the barrens, Mike and Joe Brazil went on to the pond with a load each. We were all back to camp by dinnertime. It was now fine and bright though still blowing hard. We struck our camps and packed all down to the pond. Albert and I continued our measurement and succeeded in getting to the pond before dark. The lads had the camps all up and snugly fixed in a nice grove of tall timber near a sandy Cove. It was indeed a pleasant change from our last night's lodging. We saw one covey of partridge. Would that we had all our provisions here now, there are some fifteen loads yet out on the barrens and it will take the best part of two days to accomplish the work of packing it in.

Sunday August 28th. Dull, cold day and still blowing fresh from the northward. All hands taking a good rest after the hard

labour of the past few days. In the evening I took a stroll and got a fit of botanizing, no doubt prompted by reading Rev. Mr. Waghorne's papers on our wild plants and fruits.<sup>1080</sup> I was particularly struck with the beauty of the Goldworthy flowers and examined them very minutely. This beautiful plume-like flower looked into closely is extremely lovely. Outwardly it is a cone shaped cluster of minute blossoms, forming the extremities of the stalks or woody stems of the shrub. The colour of the flowerlets generally is yellowish white with a faint pinkish tinge. But when looked closely into especially with a magnifying glass, its real beauty is seen. My curiosity being aroused I took the trouble to carefully count and estimate the number of seeds contained in a single cone with the following results. There were 234 distinct blossoms each containing in the centre 5 seeds or in all 1170 seeds. The flowers are all arranged in groups varying in number, becoming less and less towards the tapering end. First one slender stalk branches out from the parent stem about 1/4 of an inch long, from this four others branch off, from each of which again four short stems terminate in four little blossoms with minute white leaves having a greenish centre composed of seeds with tapering points curving outward. Around these a number of

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<sup>1080</sup>Arthur C. Waghorne (1851-1900), Anglican priest, botanist; his articles appeared in the *Trinity Record* (established 1886) and were later collected in *A Summary Account of the Wild Berries and other Edible Fruits of Newfoundland and Labrador* (1888). In his 1887 "Journal" Howley says he saw Waghorne's "botanical effusions in the *Colonist*," referring to the St. John's newspaper of that name. Waghorne was appointed Secretary for Newfoundland of the Botanical Club of Canada, in connection with the Royal Society of Canada (*Eve Tel* July 24, 1891).

hair like projections proceed with small balls on the top of each. The flower then comes under the head of pollyandrous.<sup>1081</sup> Sometimes the number of flowers on a stalk is five, but towards the top they grow less and dwindle down to four, three and two, or but one. The great number of seeds accounts no doubt for the luxuriant growth of this shrub in many parts of the country, especially on poor soils and near river margins. Botany is certainly a beautiful science and I only wish I could devote more of my time to the study of our native flowers and fruits, wild grasses etc.

August 29th. Dull, cold fall-like day; men all off after the provisions left on barrens. Albert and I surveying Hungry Grove Pond. It still blew fresh all day from the N.E. and we could not do much with canoe. Yet we got through a good day's work. The men succeeded in getting in all the things and Noel shot a small deer, a young doe, not far from the pond. This is a great godsend as we are a long time now without any fresh meat, and a good feed of venison is indeed very welcome. This is only our 2nd deer for the season. It was too late when they got back to cook any of it to-night. It became very cold and miserable towards night with raw wind from the N.E.

August 30th. Dull, raining and blowing a gale all forenoon but cleared off when wind went round to N.E. It then blew very hard and we could not get about on the pond. It was so cold all

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<sup>1081</sup>Polyandrous, i.e., having numerous stamens.

day we had to keep fires going in front of our camps and remain in all day. We feasted luxuriously upon venison which was very delicious.

August 31st. Fine, calm day after the storm, summer-like again. August is going out like a lamb. Started for Sandy Pond or Jubilee Lake, measuring the river as we went. We had hard work now to stow all our gear in the canoes so as to make only one trip. We got along pretty well down to where the beaver house was before sunset and then pitched camp. Went to look for the beaver. They were all young. I succeeded in killing two papooses with the only two cartridges I had left. Made two very good shots. We are now about half way down and if tomorrow be fine hope to reach Jubilee Lake again and connect the survey.

Sept. 1st. Beautiful fine, warm, calm day, continued on down the river and got along pretty fast except for a few short portages. Got back to Jubilee Lake and finished the measurement about 4.30 P.M. We then went across to the mouth of the inflowing brook<sup>1082</sup> and camped on the former site. Had all snugly fixed away and supper over before dark. We are now fairly ready to continue our journey across country. We were fortunate in getting everything in from Long Harbour in so short a time, and with the exception of the terrific storm on the barrens the weather on the whole was not too bad. We have now a good two months' stock of provisions and with an almost certain prospect of being able to

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<sup>1082</sup>Inflowing from Kaegudeck Lake.

shoot some deer it should last us out to the Salt water in Bonavista Bay.

Sept. 2nd. Raining and foggy all morning, remained in camp. We intended to get the canoes up after dinner to the first steady, lest the river rise so much as to make it impossible. The four Indians with Mike Cole and myself, two to each canoe, went off up stream. Had a desperate time getting along warping and lifting the canoes most of the distance over the chutes and rapids. The river here for over a mile is walled in by precipitous cliffs with very little footing anywhere, consequently we had to wade nearly all the way up to our waists in water. However, after a hard struggle we got up. Peter and I with the largest canoe nearly came to grief. Peter had hold of the end of our tow line pulling for might and main up a chute when somehow the tide took her bow and slewed her across the current. In an instant she heeled over and began to fill rapidly. Peter had to let go the line and the canoe immediately turned about and headed down stream. She shot through the chute into somewhat smoother water below fortunately without striking any of the numerous rocks. Had she done so and got broad side on them she would have been broken in pieces. As luck would have it Mike and Joe coming up behind us pinned her just in the nick of time and saved her from destruction. After baling out the water we again tried the chute and this time succeeded in getting her over it safely. It continued dull and misty all the afternoon.

Sept. 3rd. Fine day again. Struck camp and portaged up to

the Steady. Then while the men returned for other loads Albert and I took a canoe load up to the 2nd. steady. We had about a mile good going, but then for nearly another, it was very rough and we were obliged to warp and drag her all the way. Wading to our waists in water we got up after a hard time and left our loads at the foot of the 2nd. Steady. We then went back to our dinner. Had a pretty exciting time going down. We ran two chutes which I did not intend attempting; however, failing to stop the canoe in time above the first there was nothing for it but to face the music, so aiming for the deepest water we went ahead escaping capsizing, by mere good luck. Before we could possibly avoid it we were right on to the second chute, which was almost a small fall. Over this, we made a clean jump hanging for a moment on an edge of the rock. The force of water lifted us off and we escaped another capsize. Indeed we were very fortunate and I must confess, rather scared. If they could have been avoided we never should have run such risks. The Indians would scarcely believe we canoed over those chutes. When we reached our depot, the lads were all back finished dinner, and feeling somewhat anxious about us. After dinner we took our camps with their equipments, and started up again, reaching Kaegudeck early enough to select a nice wooded place with sandy beach on which to camp; we were soon quite snug.

Sunday September 4th. A beautiful, calm warm day. I remained in camp all morning. Noel and Joe Jeddore went off up to the head of the pond to Reuben Lewis's tilt. After dinner Peter, Albert

and I went across the pond and followed up a long steady for several miles, expecting to see some ducks, beaver or deer, but failed to see anything. There was one old beaver house down on the steady, but it was not inhabited. We saw where some one had recently camped, supposed to be Peter Stride. On our return, while crossing the pond we saw a young stag, leaving a large wooded island to swim to the shore. We cut him off just as he was getting his footing on bottom, and making a splendid shot, I killed him. I hit him in the neck just in front of the fore shoulder. He turned his head partly around and the bullet went right through his lungs across his body and out the other side, lodging just inside the skin. Making a desperate effort he turned to go off again but only went about twenty yards, then turned on his side and succumbed. He floated and we towed him ashore, paunched him, lifted him bodily into the canoe, and were off again for camp, all within twenty minutes. It was quite dark now, and was nearly nine O'clock when we reached camp. We had the kidneys roasted for supper, a most appetizing repast. Thus by shooting my first deer, for the season, did I break the spell, and test the qualities of my new gun (one of Governor Maxse's) which I had purchased. The venison came just in the nick of time, as Noel's doe is pretty well eaten up. Noel and Joe saw nothing, neither did they find Reuben at his tilt. They say the pond is very big. It is full of great Islands, all thickly wooded, and is a very picturesque sheet of water, by far the prettiest we have yet seen. The rocks here appear different, being chiefly slate.

There are more fine sandy and gravelly beaches and less barrens. The channels between the numerous islands are intricate and almost perplexing.

On the east end of the lake two high mountains rise pretty abruptly from the shore. One of these I have called Mt. Cene,<sup>1083</sup> the Micmac name for a kind of hawk which has its nest there.

Monday Sept. 5th. Another beautiful day, but blowing pretty hard. Men went over to portage the things from Sandy Pond. Albert and I went down to the first steady and continued the survey of the River upwards and made a beginning on the pond. The men all got across to the first steady.

Tuesday Sept. 6th. A beautiful, calm, warm day. Men went down with a canoe to get the provisions up. Mike and I went across the pond in the little canoe, erected poles all around the head of the pond, and sketched in the shore. Albert remained in camp protracting the River. We had a delightful day and were extremely fortunate in having it so calm, otherwise we would not have been able to get about as this part of the lake is wide and greatly exposed to Easterly winds.

Just now we are living high on venison.

Wednesday Sept. 7th. Still fine, with light wind. We made a fair commencement of the survey of the lake and did a good day's work. This morning it was foggy, but cleared off fine. We found the North side of the lake very intricate and studded with

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<sup>1083</sup>This hill has no current name. From Micmac *ksiney* "hawk" (p.c., J. Hewson).

numerous islands. All well wooded and all very picturesque.

Old Joe went up to the head of the pond with a load of things. He saw a fine stag.

Thursday Sept. 8th. In the morning it was dull, foggy and windy, with a little rain, but cleared off fine later. Remained in camp until dinner time, protracting my work. Noel and Peter went up the lake putting up poles. After dinner, Joe Brazil, Mike, Albert and I went surveying on the South side and did a good evening's work.

Friday, September 9th. Densely foggy all morning, very close and warm, with a little rain. I remained in camp protracting until dinner time. It then cleared up, for a little while, when I went off with a canoe to finish up my work at the head of the lake. It came to rain and blow very hard and I had a tough time returning. The rain continued all night and it was very sultry. Our venison was all spoiled from the heat and flies.

Saturday Sept. 10th. Foggy, dull, and wet in the morning, but cleared off a very fine, warm day. It blew a good breeze. I again went up the lake surveying and got through a fine day's work. Old Joe took another load up to the head.

Just before finishing up in the evening, I saw a deer coming along the shore of an island. Joe Jeddore and I chased it. It crossed the island and swam to another one. We followed and just as it was nearing the land I fired twice, but owing to the lop missed each time. I could not take a proper aim in the canoe as she jumped about so much. The deer was a small doe, I fired

again, only to meet with another failure. It then took to the water, and we still gave chase, coming up with her about half way across to the South side. This time I succeeded in killing her by a ball in the back of the head. I never witnessed such an instantaneous death. The moment the ball struck her the poor brute dropped dead and floated up without a kick. The ball shattered the neckbone, immediately behind the head, into atoms. We then towed her ashore and commenced paunching and skinning. Joe went after the other boys to call them back while I looked after the deer. It was dusk when they came and we did not reach camp until after dark.

This, then is my second deer. I should have preferred not to have seen it until we had finished the first.

Sunday September 11th. Very fine, warm day. Remained in camp reading and protracting my work. Albert and I made a first rate venison pie for dinner. We have now a great supply of fresh meat and have not been a day without it since Noel killed the deer on our return from Long Harbour.

Monday Sept. 12th. Fine day, but was very cold last night, and blew a good North-westerly breeze. We started early and continued our survey. Today we saw six deer. Just after leaving camp we espied three and later, on the North side of the pond, we saw three more. I purposely left my gun at home, so that I would not be tempted to kill any today.

We got through a good day's work finishing the head of the lake. We then began at an Arm, on the North side, but had soon to

return however, as it became too late to finish our work.

Thursday Sept. 13th. Blowing hard again today, but fine. We went up the lake and continued our survey of the arm, which was very difficult. We thought it connected further down, with another arm, but found it did not, so had to return to camp without finishing it.

Wednesday Sept. 14th. Another fine day. We went across to the Arm opposite our camp, and spent the day surveying it. We then began to measure up the Steady, which flowed into this arm which we found to be the same one, Peter, Albert and I had visited on Sunday week.

Here we saw five deer, coming along the shore of a small pond, and I, having my gun, could not resist the temptation. They proved to be three does, a fawn and a young stag. We paddled across the pond after them, and just as I was ready to fire, they made for the woods. We then went back to where the brook flows out, at a narrow place, and we expected to see the deer cross, but having waited sometime without results, were on the point of abandonment, when out they came just near us. I fired at the stag and hit him hard, breaking his fore leg just at the shoulder joint. He began to hobble away, while the rest disappeared around the pond. I fired again, hitting him in the fleshy part of the hind quarter, but still he did not fall. He could not go far, so I got ashore, and soon put him out of pain by a third bullet, in his side. This is my third deer within ten days.

We left Joe Jeddore to skin the deer while we continued up

the steady, but it grew too dark so we were obliged to return home; however, we finished our survey of this beautiful Lake Kaegudeck.

Thursday Sept. 15th. Dull, misty, and blowing hard from the south west. Too much lop on the lake to move. Remained in camp all day, plotting our work, which I found a most tedious and tiresome job, being cramped up as I was with only a small tin box, for a drawing table. I felt more tired than I had been after my hardest day's work outside.

Friday September 16th. In the morning it was dull and wet. Later it cleared off, and the wind veered round to North East. We took advantage of the calm to move; getting across the pond alright, we ascended the River up which we are to proceed towards the Terra Nova waters, for about a mile to where our things were cached and camped here. Spent the evening protracting while the men proceeded upwards with loads. Towards night it came to blow and rain, and the tired out weary men returned, reporting the river very shallow. All along they were obliged to remove the rocks to make a channel and only got up about half a mile. It blew and rained very hard during the night and became very cold. The rain is just what we want, to swell the river.

Saturday Sept. 17th. Miserably wet, cold and stormy all day. A regular equinoctial. Remained in camp at usual indoor work. Towards evening the wind increased, and blew furiously all night. Very cold. The thermometer went down to 34°, only two degrees above freezing.

Sunday September 18th. Still blowing and actually snowing early this morning. We were very fortunate in getting up here when we did, as our last camping place would be dreadfully exposed to this wind. Towards noon it cleared off but remained quite cold and fallish. After dinner all hands including old Tom started for Mt. Sylvester, now quite near us, and after half an hour's travel reached the top. We saw some geese and one deer on our way up, but did not get a shot at either. We remained sometime on the Mountain taking a good view of the country and exploring the heights. On the Eastern side there is a very curious place where the rocks are all fissured with deep wide cracks, and large square masses of rock seem to have been lifted bodily from their beds, even to a distance of several yards. It resembles the effect of an earthquake shock. Some of these coarse granites are very friable<sup>1084</sup> and masses perched on the slopes have been weathered away beneath so as to rest now only upon a very small surface. Several large blocks of a different rock of grayish colour giving out a ringing sound when struck with a hammer, and which belong to the ridges below are perched on the top of the mountain. This is a species of trap called Phonolite.<sup>1085</sup> In many places the exposed surfaces of the granite are polished like glass clearly evincing the action of an ice sheet passing over the mountain. We spent a couple of hours on the summit taking in all the surroundings. Then we started to

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<sup>1084</sup>Easily crumbled.

<sup>1085</sup>A name given to volcanic rocks that ring when struck.

return, first placing a pickle bottle containing a paper inside upon which all our names were written with the date of our visit etc. This was placed in the middle of the cairn erected by W.E. Cormack in 1822. It was bitterly cold on the mountain and we hurried down to get into a more genial atmosphere.

On return to camp, Noel, Peter, and Joe Jeddore went off to look for game, but returned at dusk without having seen anything. It was quite calm again at sunset, the storm being now over, and the sky indicated a fine day tomorrow.

Monday 19th. Fine day again. Men getting things up river. Albert, Mike and I went back to Kagudeck and began to measure up the river. Had a hard day's work, but succeeded in reaching the steady about a mile above our camp before night. Had a tough tramp back through the woods.

20th. Dull morning, moved camp up to the end of the steady and were just comfortably settled when the rain came on in a heavy downpour. Remained in camp protracting all afternoon.

21st. Fine again, commenced measuring the steady while the men were making a short portage over to the next pond, the river here being too shallow for our loaded canoes. We measured across the portage and after dinner finished the pond above.

22nd. Dull and threatening rain again. Moved camp across portage up the first pond then on through some steadies to another pond,<sup>1086</sup> the last on the river. We just succeeded in

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<sup>1086</sup>Rainy Lake.

reaching a good place and getting the camps set up when it came to blow hard from the S.W. with heavy rain. Our camp is situated in a snug nook near a small inflowing brook.

This pond is the extreme head waters of the Bay du Nord River, up which we have been toiling the last two months. A portage of about half a mile from here reaches a small pond on a branch of the Terra Nova River flowing north into Bonavista Bay. This is the course we are to follow downward to the sea. It blew very hard and rained all the afternoon. The men went up to the head of the pond to cut a portage across. Albert and I went to look for a deer and travelled over a great deal of ground but saw no deer but plenty of fresh signs. It turned out very wet and disagreeable. We returned to camp drenched.

23rd. Dull, foggy sultry day. Black flies dreadful all day, worse than they have been for a long time, got the remainder of our things up. Noel and Joe took all across the portage to the Terra Nova water, while we continued the survey of the pond we are camped upon and finished it, as well as the portage. Peter Stride and a young fellow named Bennoit came to our camp. They came in hunting. This being Peter's section of country. It may not be generally known that the Micmacs have the whole island divided off in sections and parcelled out amongst themselves.<sup>1087</sup> Each family having a certain well defined territory for hunting

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<sup>1087</sup>Two lists may be found in J.G. Millais, *Newfoundland and its Untrodden Ways* (London: Longmans, Green and Co., 1907), p. 222, and Frank Speck, *Beothuk and Micmac* (New York: Museum of the American Indian Foundation, 1922), p. 130, reprinted in Jackson, "On the Country," pp. 125-7.

in and must not infringe upon another's section. The old chief at Conne arranges this matter and in fact all others pertaining to the tribe. Peter's camp is about three miles distant. He has been in the country about a fortnight and has killed five beaver, six otter, and saw lots of deer. He is going out to Conne next week and is taking our mail. As Peter knows this part of the country thoroughly, he was able to afford me much valuable information. He says that after making another portage of about a mile we will reach a long pond on the Terra Nova called Kepenkeck, from whence we will have little difficulty in getting down to John's Pond,<sup>1088</sup> a large lake some 8 or 10 miles above the great fall where Mr. Murray turned back in 1869.<sup>1089</sup> We are not on the main branch of the Terra Nova. It lies further west and connects at John's Pond.

Sept. 26th. Still wet, foggy and stormy, could not move camp. Peter Stride took his departure after breakfast and Joe Jeddore went with him to get a skin for moccasins. Peter and I went off about a mile from camp to inspect a boulder containing some sort of mineral Peter had seen the day before yesterday. Had a wet, nasty tramp. It was very sultry. The boulder proved to be a greenish coloured rock apparently a peridotite<sup>1090</sup> containing some copper and iron pyrites and there was no rock in place<sup>1091</sup> here like it. We thought we would be able to move after dinner,

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<sup>1088</sup>Lake St. John.

<sup>1089</sup>Murray and Howley, *Geological Survey*, p. 189.

<sup>1090</sup>Peridotite is an igneous rock made up mostly of olivine (magnesium-iron silicate).

<sup>1091</sup>In its original or proper position.

but the weather became worse than ever. It was dreadfully wet and stormy. Such weather as this, if it continue, will delay us very much.

Sept. 27th. Rained hard and constantly all night and still continues. But it calmed down. It showed signs of clearing up after breakfast and we were just about to pack up and move forward, when the rain came down again in torrents. After 12 O'clock however it held up so we decided to move. It remained fine all the afternoon when we got all across the portage. The marshes were awfully wet and soft and we went up to our knees at every step. The atmosphere remained very heavy and sultry so that the portaging, especially in getting the canoes over, was trying work. The canoes were so water logged and choked with sand as to be fully twice their original weight. I made an attempt to carry Joe's little canoe single handed, but found the task too much for me on the soft marshes. Finally we got all over and then proceeded to the foot of the pond where the river flows out, running towards the north east. Here we came across the Railway survey line of 1875 still quite distinct close by the foot of the pond. Found it difficult to get a dry place to pitch our camps, the ground everywhere being thoroughly soaked with water. However, we got all snugly settled away before sunset. The late heavy rains have compensated somewhat for their drawbacks. We found the small river flowing to the N.E. from this lake sufficiently supplied with water to enable us to get along empty to the next pond, thus saving a mile or more of very heavy

portaging.

We are now at last left the Bay du Nord waters and all the south flowing rivers, are over the height of land and fairly launched on the Terra Nova. Our course henceforth will be down stream to Bonavista Bay. It is to be hoped it will prove less arduous than our long toilsome upward journey. The sunset this evening was glorious and gives promise of a fine day tomorrow.

September 28th. Fine at last. Rain seems to be all over, but it is still hazy from the evaporation. It was very cold last night and froze a little. There was a white hoar frost over the ground and thin ice near the margin of the river, but as our camp was well sheltered in the woods the thermometer indoors only went down to 34°, two degrees above freezing.

Spent the day surveying this pond and across the portage to the next below, some 3/4 of a mile. The men got all the things down to the lower end of the first pond and ran the empty canoes down stream. This brook is very rough and at one point where there is an ugly fall walled in by perpendicular cliffs. They got two of the canoes safely through, and also portaged most of our things across before night.

September 29th. Another fine day. Very cold again last night, but not as cold as the night before, got all across portage and down to the next pond. At one place where there is a narrow channel and a fine sandy beach we camped. On our way down this pond we saw a fine old stag coming along shore towards us. As the wind was favourable we had no difficulty in getting within

easy range, but just as we rounded a point he was at the other side and saw us at once. He stood for a minute looking and trying to make us out but then turned outward as though he intended crossing the pond. This was my chance, the moment he bent his neck so as to expose his fore shoulder. I let him have it. The ball struck just in front of the shoulder blade. He fell dead where he stood without making a single step forward. He was a noble animal very plump and fat. He had a large set of Antlers but not a handsome one.

We got the three canoes in line and towed our prize down to the beach where we camped; as we now have a clear course before us and may not get such another chance again I decided to skin the Stag whole to have mounted for the Museum. The weather also promises to be cool and the flies are not so plentiful.

Had a grand dinner on Kidneys and marrow bones. After dinner Albert went on with survey of the pond while Joe, Noel and I skinned the stag. It was a very tedious and troublesome job but we succeeded in finishing it before dark. The wind came up from the N.E. and blew hard with showers of rain, very cold and raw. Our two biggest canoes are now so very leaky that we have to try and repair them before proceeding further.

Sept. 30th. Fine day again, wind still N.E, blowing fresh. Albert continued the survey of the pond, which is a long narrow one. Noel and Peter are repairing canoes. I spent nearly all day cleaning the stag skin. Having no coarse salt I stuffed out the skin with moss and boughs and then placed it on a scaffold near

the cook's fire where the smoke circulating around it kept the flies off. It was half dry before night. Had much work trying to stop the leaks in the canoes and not having any resin left we could not make a good job of it. Albert got through a good day's work finishing the long pond and getting down to the next one. This lake is called Kep-n-Keck. It really consists of two long ponds with about a mile of smooth running water between. Kep-n-Keck means Eel pond. The Indians say there are no Eels in the Bay du Nord river or lakes. It was very cold at times today and we had several showers of half snow and rain.

Saturday Oct. 1st. Another very cold night. Thermometer down to  $34^{\circ}$  last night. It turned out a fine day however, bright and sunny but blowing hard from N.W. The big canoe is not yet finished. Noel and Peter remained to complete the work, while the rest of us moved on and got down to the end of Albert's measurement on the long pond and camped on a nice point where there was a beautiful fine sandy beach. Noel and Peter did not join us till after dinner and report the big canoe just as leaky as ever. This is a bad lookout for us, in getting our things along. The other canoes are however, fine and tight. The two Joes and Mike went back after dinner to bring on the remainder of our baggage and returned just at sunset.

Albert and I remained in camp protracting our work. I got some good observations of the sun this evening by which I found my watch over an hour fast. The variation of the compass was ascertained to be  $29^{\circ} 18'$ . The evening turned out very fine and

the night beautiful and bright with a full moon.

Sunday October 2nd. Beautiful fine bright warm day. Remained at camp all day. Albert and Joe Jeddore went off to look for something to shoot, but saw nothing. In the evening Noel and Peter went across pond. Noel went down to the outlet to see the condition of the river. He reports it pretty good with the exception of a small fall just below the pond. They saw three otters but did not get any of them. The wind changed to east in evening and blew hard and it became quite cold.

October 3rd. Blowing hard from E.N.E. very cold and raw with a few light showers of snow. It was very cold last night. Commenced survey of pond and got through a good deal of work, but it was very cold handling the instruments. The wind was piercing. We had to wear our gloves and frequently to light fires to warm our hands. Did not get back to camp till about an hour after dark. Our camp is well sheltered, from the cold wind. For sometime past we are obliged to keep good fires in front of our camp doors at night.

October 4th. Very cold morning. Last night the thermometer went down to freezing point 32°. Cleared off bright and fine, warm day. Moved camp to foot of pond and pitched it again just at the outflow. After dinner while the men went back for the second load, Albert, Mike and I continued the survey of the pond and finished it. Became very cold again towards evening with a fresh northerly wind. Noel, Peter and Joe went down the river to see how it looked. Noel shot an old stag about 3 miles down. They

report the river pretty good except just below the fall where it is quite shallow.

October 5th. Much milder today, wind S.E. with a few showers. Men went down the river<sup>1092</sup> with loads. Albert and Mike surveying. I remained in camp protracting my work. In the evening, I took a stroll down the river for about a mile below our camp. It is very rough and there are a few bad chutes and rapids, but beyond these the water flows evenly for a long distance. Albert carried the survey on about three miles, and got back to camp just at dark.

October 6th. Dull, foggy and drizzling rain all day with a few heavy showers. Commenced the descent of the river portaging over the bad places. We then all got aboard the canoes and had a fine time down to where the men left the things yesterday and had dinner. There is a nasty chute just here. The men ran the empty canoes over it safely. It was very exciting work to watch them and the skilful way they handled the canoes. Fortunately it was a short and fairly straight run with plenty of water and was not really so dangerous as one would be led to believe.

After dinner Albert and Mike went on with the survey, while the rest of us pushed on and got down about two miles further before stopping to camp. The river here is very shallow in many places and necessitated a good deal of wading. Our canoes are all again very leaky and we have no resin to stop the leaks with. We

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<sup>1092</sup>Flowing from Kepenkeck Lake to Lake St. John.

camped on an island in a pretty grove of fine birch trees.

The country now is rapidly improving and becoming more level. The timber growth being larger and finer as we proceed but there is an immense extent of marsh land on either side the river.

Noel went back after Albert and Mike, and young Joe went down to have a look at the river. He reports that a short distance below it improves very much and is almost steady water. He shot a deer on his way up but it was too dark to go after it. I was very vexed with him for doing so as we have not yet finished my stag, and Noel's is still up the river. It is wilful waste to kill another before we wanted it. Some of those Indians cannot let a deer pass without shooting. I gave him a bit of my mind about his action and Noel and old Joe joined with me.

It rained hard again in evening and continued a steady downpour all night.

October 7th. Still raining. River rose considerably which is just what we wanted. It cleared up about noon. A large stag with very big antlers came close to our camp on opposite side of the river. He was snorting defiance at us, it being now in the height of the rutting season when the stags are afraid of nothing. I believe he would have come across to us did we not drive him away. I, of course, would not shoot him or allow any of the men to do so. The meat is now absolutely unfit for food. Albert begged so hard to be allowed to fire at him that I at length acceded, believing he would miss him. He did so the first shot

but tumbled him over dead the second shot as he turned to run away. It was a chance shot but nevertheless a good one. The ball struck him just in the back of the head and passed through the brain killing him instantly. After towing him across to camp we commenced skinning him. Albert wished to save the head and neck for mounting.

After dinner I sent the men and canoes up to bring down the things left above, while Albert and Mike continued their measurement. I remained at camp skinning the stag. The men returned at dusk. Noel brought the carcass of his stag which is all right, not the least ratty, and is very fine meat. The horns are not so large as Albert's but much more symmetrical. They found plenty of water in the Brook today and it is still rising and we had several heavy showers during the evening. This is very fortunate for us just now and comes just in good time. The weather is, of course, very disagreeable but mild and on the whole preferable to cold, especially while surveying the river which necessitates much wading.

October 8th. Still dull with alternate showers but tolerably fine day. Sent Albert and Mike back with old Joe in small canoe to continue the survey while the rest of us proceeded down the river. There was plenty of water and the river was fine. We had a grand run down to John's Pond some six miles further. The last couple of miles were deep with steady water. After reaching the Pond we put up our camps before dinner-time. Shortly after we had several heavy showers but it cleared off again. Noel, Joe

Jeddore, Peter and I then went back for second loads. It took us nearly three hours to pole up stream against the strong current. We reached the last camp and had all aboard before 5 O'clock. We met Albert and party about a mile down. We had a grand run down again as we now knew the river so well and how to avoid the bad spots so we could proceed boldly. When we again overtook the surveyors about two miles below, they joined us and all got down to camp before dark, having made the distance in one hour and twenty-five minutes.

Sunday October 9th. Dull, cool day, wind N.E. As this blew right up the pond there was a good lop heaving in on our side. All hands busy cleaning skins and tanning them for moccasins. I set two dead-falls for woodcats<sup>1093</sup> as it seemed likely there were some about here. There is an old side camp of Peter Stride's here. Our cook is making use of this to shelter his fire.

After dinner I went up the river a short distance and then took a walk around the head of the pond. John's Pond, or as I now designated it, St. John's Lake,<sup>1094</sup> is an open sheet of water about three miles long and nearly the same in width. It is a fine lake with low well wooded shores and nice beaches all around. There is a good deal of pine here the first seen for a long time. The land about the head of the lake and along the steady is pretty good and there are some large tracts of intervale covered with sedge and wild grass. The appearance of the forest now that

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<sup>1093</sup>Pine martens.

<sup>1094</sup>Lake St. John.

the birches have assumed their autumn tints is exceedingly beautiful.

October 10th. Blowing a gale from the N.E. with fog and rain. A most miserable day. Could do no out door work. All hands remained in camp sewing, cobbling etc. No sign of martins near my dead-falls.

October 11th. Still wet and dull but calm. Gale fairly spent out before daylight. It blew fiercely all the earlier part of last night. Albert with two canoes went up the river to finish his measurement. The two Joes were employed putting up poles around the lake for triangulation purposes. It cleared up at noon and turned out a beautiful bright sunny afternoon and perfectly calm. I regretted very much I had not the canoes and Micrometer Telescope to commence the survey of the lake.<sup>1095</sup> It was a pity to lose such a favourable time as this, but then the completion of the river was equally important. I, however, succeeded in getting a number of bearings from points near our camp. Albert and party finished the river down to the lake just at sunset.

October 12th. Again dull and foggy and misty with occasional showers. We saw four deer this morning at head of Lake and another later on but as we were well supplied with venison we did not shoot any of them. Commenced survey of the lake, and though delayed by fog and wet, we did a good deal of work.

Joe and Noel took a canoe load down to the foot of the lake

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<sup>1095</sup>Albert had them, upriver.

and about two miles down the river<sup>1096</sup> which they report pretty good with the exception of a few very strong rapids. One just below outlet from lake. It cleared off in evening but the sky suddenly overcast with immense masses of inky black clouds, rendering it almost dark. Then the wind suddenly chopped around to the westward and blew a regular tornado for an hour or so. It raised such a lop on the lake that we could do nothing with the canoes and it looked as though we would have to spend a night out. But it died away again before dark, almost as quickly as it came on. We then made our way back to camp. The night turned out bright, starry and frosty.

October 13th. Fine cool day, blowing fresh from N.W. Very cold last night; white hoar frost over everything this morning. Noel, Joe Jeddore and I went around the pond to sketch in the shore line and take angles from the various poles. The others engaged in moving camp to the outlet of the river. It blew hard all day and was very risky getting along with the loaded canoes. After the camps were up Albert, Mike and Peter arrived foot of pond, while old Joe went back for the remainder of the things. We saw a fox on the north shore of the lake, but he winded us before we could get within shot of him. I also rose one patridge on the shore of the lake.

I met with an accident today which had nearly proved a serious affair for me. At the very first place where we landed I

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<sup>1096</sup>Terra Nova River.

got up on a large boulder to take bearings. Owing to last night's frost it was coated with a thin layer of ice. All at once my two feet shot from under me and I fell with all my weight on my right elbow. I had the compass in one hand and my note book in the other. In trying to save these I came down with great force on my elbow and I felt my shoulder spring out of its socket but fortunately it went back again. It was very stiff and painful all day and the strength is quite gone from the limb. I never in all my time in the woods came so near breaking my bones or hurting myself so much. As my back also came on the boulder I felt sore all over. It would indeed have been a very awkward business for me had I broken any bones, and I would suffer a great deal before I could get within reach of a Doctor to have the bones set. Strange to say I dreamt last night I was sent to Hospital with some disease which was pronounced incurable. My shoulder was very stiff and painful at night, gave it a good rubbing with liniment.

October 14th. Wet, dull and foggy again in morning. The weather so far this month had been exceedingly wet and stormy which has greatly hindered us in our work. It cleared up at noon for a short while. We got an early dinner, I then sent two of the canoes down with loads. Albert and Mike continued the measurement of the river. I went off alone along shore to finish some bearings on the pond. I had however scarcely reached my first point when the rain came on again worse than ever and for a couple of hours it poured down in torrents. It drove Albert and Mike back to camp thoroughly drenched. I held on under shelter of

the trees and when it cleared up again I went on with my work and finished my bearings before dark. The men went down as far as the next pond, which they say is about four miles below, and report the river pretty good, but with several strong short rapids. Old Joe shot a fine otter, he also saw a deer on next pond. This makes 39 seen to date. If tomorrow prove fine we will move down stream. Next week should the weather favour us I am in hope of finishing the survey by connecting with Mr. Murray's work up stream in 1869.<sup>1097</sup>

October 15th. Still wet, foggy and stormy. Rained constantly all night and this morning. It cleared off a little about noon. Wind came around to the N.W. and blew hard. We packed up and started down stream. We got on fine though the rapids were very rough. We ran most of them without accident, but at one or two we were obliged to get ashore and line the canoes down. Found the river mostly small ponds or steadies, with arms extending in various directions. There were several channels and between each small pond there is a rapid more or less strong, but quite short and there was plenty of water everywhere. After all the recent rains the river is now top high and consequently the rapids are at their worst. On the whole however, it is a fine river here. We got down to the next pond, called by the Indians Mollyguaheck, or many armed pond. We just had time to get up our camps in a nice grove of young birch, spruce and fir, where we were well

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<sup>1097</sup>Murray and Howley, *Geological Survey*, pp. 190-92.

sheltered from the cold wind, now blowing very strong. We had all snug by sunset. All our things were very wet, but we soon had good fires going and were quite comfortable by bed-time.

Sunday October 16th. Fine, cool day wind still N.W. but not blowing so hard. All day in camp. Frost again last night. Thermometer just down to 32° for the second time this season. Got all our things nice and dry again. As there is a new moon today which begins so well we are in hope of having some decent weather at last. Last moon was a Saturday's moon which amply fulfilled the old saying, that Saturday's moon once in seven years comes once too soon.<sup>1098</sup> After dinner I sent Noel and Peter down to have a look at the river below the lake and find out how far the big fall was. The two Joes went off in different directions hunting. Young Joe saw nine deer and shot one old stag. It was a great shame to kill him merely for the skin. This makes 48 to date. Noel and Peter were down below the fall which is only 1 3/4 miles from pond. The river here is very bad but they think they can get the canoes down to within 1/4 of a mile of the fall and they found a good lead for a portage across. They saw Terra Nova Lake. All this is good news and if the weather keeps fine I hope we will finish the survey by Thursday the 20th. I was greatly disgusted today on looking over my old stag's skin to find the legs all tainted owing to the constant wet weather. It is too bad after all the trouble I took with it and getting it along so far.

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<sup>1098</sup>I.e., foretells bad weather; brings ill luck; an English proverb.

Of course if I had the good luck to bring some coarse salt I could have saved it all right. I should have taken out the shin bones also. I shall know better the next time.

October 17th. A splendid fine day. Went up river with two canoes to continue the survey down. Sent Peter to put up poles around the lake. We got up to where we left off in a couple of hours. Just after we commenced work three deer; stag, doe and fawn, came out on one of the little ponds. As we are now just on the last of our venison I shot the doe and fawn but let the stag go. He was but a small one with poor horns, and the meat was no good. He would scarcely go away and seemed inclined to face us once or twice. I had the doe and fawn skinned round for stuffing. Had not the old stag's skin been spoiled I would now have a nice group; stag, doe and fawn. However, I am in hope of getting another good one before leaving the country. Peter also saw two deer, making five today, or fifty-three altogether. We got a good deal of work done and reached within two miles of our camp, besides bringing down all our things left behind as well as our two deer.

October 18th. Another fine warm day, but threatening rain again. Sent Albert, Mike and Joe to finish survey of river, and Joe Jeddore and Peter down to foot of lake with a load of things and orders to cut out the portage below the fall. I remained in camp cleaning and dressing my deer skins. It was very tedious work. Four more deer were seen today making fifty-nine in all. We at last seemed to have struck the real caribou country and they

are evidently plentiful about here. One fine doe came quite close to our camps this morning but getting the wind turned back. Of course having now plenty of venison we did not shoot any of them. Albert finished the river down to the lake which latter I expect to triangulate tomorrow.

October 19th. Back to the old weather again. Wind S.W. foggy and raining all day. At dinner-time it cleared up somewhat when we started work on pond, but it soon thickened up again, became misty; continued work till dark, Albert working the transit while I sketched in the shore between our triangulation points. It was very miserable all the evening but fortunately quite mild and warm. We would have completed the pond today but for the weather. Albert could not see across the lake to get his bearings.

Mollyguajeck is a good sized lake and a very picturesque one with several islands and the country around is all well wooded.

October 20th. Very wet and sultry all night, never ceased raining. It is cooler this morning with a N.E. wind, blowing hard and foggy.

Sent Albert off to finish pond and try and get down to fall. The other men making paddles till dinner-time. After dinner sent Noel, Peter and Joe down to portage to carry over some of our things. They took two loads each about half-way across. They saw one old stag. Albert, Mike and Joe did not get back till after dark but succeeded in completing the measurement down to the fall. They report the river awfully bad all along. However once clear of the big fall another shot or two will finish the work

for the season. We can then continue right on down to the sea without much delay.

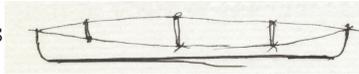
October 21st. Still dull and foggy and raining. Wind N.E. Packed up and started from pond and then took a load each across the portage down below the fall and camped there. After dinner the four Indians, Mike and myself went back for the canoes. We had a desperate task getting them along. The river in places was awfully rough but by careful manipulation and lining down the canoes over the worst spots and running some other ugly places we reached the first of the series of falls and chutes. From here we had to cut a portage and carry the canoes and all our belongings over a high ridge of rock, then launch them again into a hole below the first fall. From this we could only run across to opposite side of the river and by lining down reached the top of the last fall before dark. Here we had to leave all till tomorrow. We then walked to camp which was about 1/4 of a mile below. I think this section of the Terra Nova River is about the worst we ever negotiated, it was dreadful to look at, and of course after the recent rains is now at its very worst. I scarcely wonder that Mr. Murray and his men were afraid to face it in 1869. He turned back from here and gave up the attempt to cross the country to the south coast by this route. The two Joes saw four more deer today on opposite side of river as we were crossing the portage. This makes 62. We have now decided to remain here tomorrow and Sunday and make a skin canoe, so as to enable us to take all our things in one trip and with as little

delay as possible. We are trying now to catch the steamer leaving St. John's on Tuesday 25th on her return. As yet we have only got one stag skin and require another to cover the framework of the canoe.

October 22nd. Still dull and foggy and misting rain but very mild weather for the time of year. We got our canoes down all right and all our baggage from above 1st fall, then set the lads about constructing the skin canoe. Joe Brazil and Peter went off to kill another stag, one on each side of the river. After dinner Noel, Joe and Mike went up again after some loads left on portage. It came on to rain hard after they left. They returned soaking wet. It was too bad to send them back again. They brought news that Peter had shot the old stag we required for the canoe quite near our portage. Peter returned early with the skin. Old Joe did not come till dark. He only saw four does but did not shoot any of them. We are now all ready for constructing our skin canoe and tomorrow all hands will get to work on her. The six deer seen today make 68.

Sunday October 23rd. Pretty fine at last with occasional glimpses of sun and frequent showers. Wind N.W. Men all at work about canoe, Noel being chief of construction. It is a very interesting operation. First a long straight stick is prepared for a keel to either end of which a stem piece is firmly fitted and nailed. These stem-pieces are short and strong, almost as large as those of a punt. The gunwale consists of two long

slender spruce poles rinded and pared smooth. These are fastened to the upper end of the stems and are bent like bows being kept spread by three slight spruce thwarts. When all these pieces are ready they are securely fastened with lines or strips of deer skin and this forms the framework thus



. The ribs are flattened pieces of spruce cut to about 1/4 of an inch thick. Between these ribs and the outside skin long thin slabs of fir similar to those used in bark canoes are placed lengthways. These give shape and firmness to the structure. The skins are prepared by shaving off all the hair with a sharp knife. They are then placed back to back, and the wider or tail ends, stretched between two trees and the two sewn tightly together; this seam is turned over and hemmed as it were, so as to make a strong tight seam being sewn with the sinews from the back of the deer, care being taken not to put the needle holes quite through the skin. Then all shot or bullet holes are sewn up tightly. The skin is next stretched over the frame while green and drawn tightly. The projecting ends of the ribs put through holes cut in the edge of the skin and then bent so as to fit up inside the gunwale. Then the whole is laced tightly up to the gunwale and the canoe is complete. Three stag skins make a fine large canoe, ours is made of two skins only and is about 14 feet long. It is spread wide in middle by the central thwart so as to give good bearing. Though

by no means a handsome structure yet it is a good serviceable boat capable of carrying two men and quite a lot of baggage. I went up to have a good look at the falls today. The river is broken by ledges of rock and has a great body of water pouring over them. It is not by any means a picturesque fall. There is one fine jump<sup>1099</sup> on the North side but has several separate channels in the middle and on the south side. All pour their combined water into a sort of oblong cavity formed by a projecting ridge of vertical cliff. It then rushes out sideways with great impetuosity to join the main stream. In the evening Peter, Joe Jeddore and I went back to the portage after the remainder of our things. On looking at Peter's two stags I found one of them had a decidedly better head of horns than mine so I carried it back with me. I also took the shanks of the stag to replace those tainted ones of my own skin. Noel and old Joe spent all day at the canoe and have now the frame and timbers all ready for putting on the skin.

October 24th. Bright, warm day. It took all the forenoon to complete the canoe. The Indians claim this is the very best kind of a boat for the rivers. As the skin will give<sup>1100</sup> when a rock is struck much better than wood and this prevents its being broken

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<sup>1099</sup>Unimpeded cataract.

<sup>1100</sup>Yield to pressure, without breaking.

or cut through. Although it was late when the canoe was finished, we determined to start immediately after dinner. We were now enabled, with the aid of our new boat, to take all our gear with two hands in each canoe. Our baggage though still bulky is much reduced in weight. The crews were distributed as follows:- I remained with Peter in the big bark canoe. Albert goes with Noel; old Tom our cook, with Joe Brazil; and Mike with Joe Jeddore, in the skin canoe. We all started together and soon came to several bad rapids filled with boulders where the water ran very strong. Some of these were so bad we were obliged to get out and line down the canoes, but we ran most of them. It was pretty ticklesome work at times, still we gained courage as we proceeded and the river improved as we went along. Finally we reached a long stretch of steady water with only one strong rapid between it and Terra Nova Lake. The smooth, yet swift current, carried us along rapidly and we reached the head of the lake in good time. This was great work, I did not expect when starting to get halfway. It was nearly night when we stopped to camp a little above the lake, but we had all snug before it became too dark. Our journey down the river was full of exciting incidents but happily was unattended with any mishaps. It was very pleasant barring the wettings received when running the rapids, where we frequently shipped heavy seas in the lops striking the bows of

our canoes and tumbling in over the gunwales.

This part of the river is fine, being wide and deep most of the way with low level banks all densely timbered. Towards the lake shore it becomes a good deal burnt where fire has denuded the forest.

October 25th. Blowing a gale from the westward all night and all day. We were obliged to lay to as we could not venture down the lake with such a lop on. It is a wide open sheet of water without any islands to afford shelter. As a consequence this wind sweeps its whole surface. I remained in camp all the forenoon plotting up my work. After dinner Noel, Joe and I went down the lake a bit to have a look at it. While the men were cutting birch to make paddles, I walked quite a distance down the shore. It is low and level land all along with many nice sand beaches. It was splendid going. The land is fairly good but the soil rather sandy. It blew very hard all the afternoon and the whole surface of the lake one mass of white horses. Most of the timber on the south side of the lake has been burned but it is still green on the north side and there appears to be a considerable amount of fine pine there, especially on a long projecting point. Old Joe shot two splendid black ducks in a pond near our camp. They are now in prime condition being very large and fat.

October 26th. Cold last night, froze hard not much wind this

morning. Made a start, but had scarcely got well out in Lake when the wind sprang up again fresh from the N.W. and it was very cold. We continued on down the lake as fast as we could, but before we reached the lower end it blew so hard and kicked up such a sea that our boats were nearly all swamped. At last it blew such a gale and our big canoe shipped water so fast we could not keep her free, and were obliged to run her ashore to save being overwhelmed, when we were within only about two miles of the end of the lake. Here we were obliged to stay all day awaiting the wind to drop but it continued to blow just as strong till dark and we were obliged to camp where we were. This is a great drawback, we have lost two whole days now which we can badly spare. If the river below should turn out very bad, our prospect of getting down time enough to catch the steamer looks anything but promising. Four more stags were seen today. Old Joe saw two large stags behind our camp and when leaving we saw a doe and fawn on the shore of the lake. This is 72 to date. We did not try to kill any of them. The high wind rendered it desperately cold in our exposed situation.

October 27th. Fine and calm at last but very frosty. Thermometer 28° last night. Ice everywhere today. Continued on down pond and then down a large, wide steady till we reached about 4 or 5 miles. Here the river turned sharply to the

northward and then commenced a series of desperate rapids, falls and chutes etc. over which we were obliged to drag, pull and portage all the rest of the day. Putting the things in canoes just to run a couple of hundred yards, only to take them all out and carry them about as far again. This continued all along. It was desperate work. At times it was touch and go with canoes to get them along. This kind of going delayed us greatly and we had not made much progress when night overtook us. We were obliged to camp at the first place we could find fit to put them up. It was a very poor place, indeed, the whole country here about on both sides of the river is exceedingly bare and rugged having been all swept by forest fires. It presented a very desolate appearance.

October 28th. Another fine day, bright but cold. It froze hard again last night. It took us two or three hours in the morning to clear the bad places before we got into a fine steady of several miles in length at the lower end of the lake, but by dinner-time we again came upon another desperately bad place where the work of landing and portaging at every few hundred yards and lowering down the canoes at the imminent risk of losing them took us all the afternoon. It was desperate work. I never saw a worse river than this proved to be. How Mr. Murray got up here in 1869 or how the log cutters manage to get up their grub is a marvel. We were again obliged to camp hurriedly in a

miserable place without shelter and could get no boughs to lay upon except a few very coarse ones. We could see the salt water in Bonavista Bay this evening from the hills. It seems about 5 or 6 miles distant. We have another desperate place to face in the morning just below camp and if there are many more such we will scarcely get through in another day as we hoped to do. Poor Mike Cole is very sick all day, and all hands are nearly used up, while the canoes can scarcely be kept afloat.

October 29th. Very cold night, froze hard. Thermometer went down to 20° i.e. 12° of frost. There is ice everywhere this morning, but it turned out a nice mild day.

Had to undergo the same desperate work, even worse than ever, all day till about 4 P.M. The river was simply awful. There was no let up at all. It was one continuous dragging, lifting, carrying with just a few hundred yards now and then where it was possible to get aboard the canoes. Finally after portaging the canoes and all our things across a large rocky island, we reached a point from whence we were able to run down a mile or so, then after lining down we ran another bad rapid and at length reached a long steady down which we paddled till after dark, only stopping when we again struck a very rough place which it was too dark to attempt running. We did not reach the mouth of the river though we were evidently not far from it now. We met evident

signs of life near in freshly cut sticks, bundles of hay piled up and piles of birch bark. Late as it was we managed to fare off much better than last night in the choice of a camping place, as we are now again in green woods where the ground is level. We saw where the telegraph line to Greenspond crossed the river about a mile above our camp. We saw a few fine black ducks today but did not get a shot at them.

This has been as desperately hard a week's work as I have ever gone through, attended as it was by great danger all the time. It certainly proved about the roughest river I ever traversed and I hope never to experience another as bad. We have reason to be thankful that we have succeeded in overcoming all the difficulties which beset our path, without any serious mishaps. I fear notwithstanding all our desperate labour we are now too late to catch the steamer at Greenspond.

October 30th. Fine day. Got underweigh to proceed on our journey and after a short run came to another bad spot, but we found a nice little channel inside an island, which now owing to the continuous rains had water enough to enable us to get through and in a short time we reached the salt water of Bloody Bay. We came out just alongside John Stroud's house where I was in 1869.

Old John and some other men came out to see us, all greatly surprised at observing four canoes full of men appearing so

suddenly amongst them. We soon explained matters to them and in return got all the latest news.

We learned that a craft was now ready at Traytown about two miles down the bay leaving about midnight for St. John's and that her skipper might be prevailed upon to land us at King's Cove or Catalina. Albert, Stroud and I went over and saw the skipper, John Ralph by name, who agreed to give us a passage and if convenient land us at Catalina. We then walked back and had our dinner, and picked up all our traps. John Stroud in his punt took all over for us to Traytown. It was about five miles to where the craft lay at anchor. There was a cold, raw N.E. wind with rain, but when we got all on board we put a fire in the bogy and were soon warm and snug. The craft is a miserable old tub with scarcely a rope on her fit to hang a dog with. She is so filled up with birch bark even on deck that there is scarcely room to turn around anywhere. We remained on board all the afternoon as it was too wet and miserable to go anywhere. The rain finally turned to snow and the ground was soon covered in a white mantle. We must now have presented a rather sorry spectacle. Our clothes were ragged and nearly all worn out from the incessant toil of the past month. We were of course unkempt and worn out ourselves.

Ralph and his crew did not come aboard till sometime during the night and it was then so stark calm that we could not get

underweigh.

October 31st. Ground all white, real winterish looking, but still calm. We were indeed fortunate in getting out of the country before winter set in as appears now imminent. It remained calm all day. We got up our anchor at ebb-tide and drifted down a mile or so, but were obliged to anchor again. The Skipper and crew went home in evening to await a favourable time. It was wretchedly dirty and miserable on board, but then beggars cant be choosers; we were fortunate in getting a chance at all to get out of this place. The people about here are mostly recent settlers except the Strouds. Most of them are poorly off but they seem to have good potatoe crops this season. New settlers are coming in. One man named Ledrew,<sup>1101</sup> who had lived a time at Bally Healy<sup>1102</sup> and another named Wyatt, from Prince Edwards Island, have come up to settle down farming at Traytown. The land there is level and the soil seems fairly good and requires little clearing, all the forest having been denuded by fire. Wyatt has already commenced ploughing and finds no obstacles in the way of boulders. The soil is a sandy loam and grows splendid crops of potatoes as high as 16 and 20 barrels to one of seed the first year. There is a small

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<sup>1101</sup>William LeDrew and William Wyatt paid for their substantial land grants in 1887. *JHA* (1888), Sessional Papers, pp. 546-7.

<sup>1102</sup>Bally Haley in "Journal" (1887), the name of the large farm established to the north of St. John's about 1800 by Brigade Captain William Haly (1771?-1835).

saw mill here at Traytown and I saw a fine lot of logs ready for cutting into boards.

Tuesday November 1st. Got underweigh during the night and were well around Cape Bonavista by daylight. Had a fine time along with fair wind and water smooth. After rounding the Flower's Point it came to blow very hard from N.W. Had to beat into Catalina which we reached in early afternoon before the wind got too high. Here Albert and I left the craft having learned that the S.S. *Plover* was on her way South and was expected sometime tomorrow. We also wanted some decent clothes to go home in. They were sent to Albert's father's<sup>1103</sup> at Bonavista sometime before. We cut awful figures just now and were ashamed to be seen about with clothes torn and patched and worn out at elbows. Albert drove over to Bonavista to stay all night while I took up my lodgings at Mrs. Colbourne's<sup>1104</sup> where I found everything very comfortable. The men remained on board the craft all ready to push on for St. John's as soon as the wind abated. Albert sent back my clothes by his driver and after a wash up I was soon somewhat presentable.

November 2nd. Beautiful, fine sunny day. The craft left sometime during the night. I walked about a good deal while

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<sup>1103</sup>Rev. A.E.C. Bayly.

<sup>1104</sup>The 1887 "Journal" has "a Mrs. Coldudys"--perhaps a different establishment from Mrs. Colbert's "hotel" in 1869?

awaiting the arrival of the *Plover*. She came in about 3 P.M. when I got aboard. After a short delay we were off and had a fine time across Trinity Bay to Old Perlican. Night fine, but very cold. We reached St. John's about 4.30 A.M. where we found everything much as usual.

Thus ended an eventful season and one of the most trying in my experience. The desperately cold, wet, stormy weather of the past two months, the exceedingly rough travelling and awful character of the Terra Nova River rendered it exceptionally trying and arduous. In that respect it exceeded the long journey up the Exploits in 1875. There was however one compensation, we were never short of grub, and had a plentiful supply of fresh venison nearly all the time.

Cross-country, Bay d'Espoir to  
Bay of Exploits; Meelpaeg Lake

*Saturday June 23rd.* After a week's delay waiting for the S.S. *Curlew* to come off dock where she had been undergoing some repairs, we finally started on our season's exploration. This was to be through the heart of the interior by way of Bay D'Est and Exploits rivers.<sup>1105</sup> Our destination was the Bay D'Espoir, from whence we intended entering the country and where we are to meet our canoemen. We then proceed up the Bay D'Est river surveyed by Mr. Murray in 1870.<sup>1106</sup> From the head of this river we will first cross over to the Little River<sup>1107</sup> waters, and having completed the survey in that direction, return to the Bay D'Est Waters, and then push on northward towards the Exploits, probably by way of Noel Paul's river, a large tributary of the latter, thence down the main Exploits.

Our party at starting consists of Albert Bayley, assistant; R. Hanrahan, Cook, M. Cole, poleman, and myself. At Bay D'Espoir we will be joined by four Micmac canoemen viz: Noel Mathews, Joe Brazil, Joe Jeddore and John Ings,<sup>1108</sup> a new man I had never

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<sup>1105</sup>By Bay d'Est (East Bay) river, Howley means Salmon River; by "Bay d'Est Waters" he means the string of interconnected lakes extending north from Long Pond.

<sup>1106</sup>Murray and Howley, *Geological Survey*, pp. 212-17.

<sup>1107</sup>I.e., Grey River.

<sup>1108</sup>This name is sometimes spelled *Hinx* (Millais, *Newfoundland*, p. 222).

previously employed.

We were taking with us nearly all our season's outfit of provisions etc. and four canoes. Some of our stock will be sent northward to be stored at Winsor's Mill, Dominion Point, Bay of Exploits, near the mouth of that river to be held in reserve till we get near enough to send for it. This precaution was necessary, as we could not take the full supply along with us over such an extent of country, and we hope by the time we require it to be within reasonable distance of our reserve, coming on the fall.

The *Curlew* was full of freight and had quite a large number of passengers. Just as we got outside the Narrows an accident occurred in the engine room by the blowing out of the pillar gauge<sup>1109</sup> with such an escape of steam, that engineers and firemen were obliged to make a hasty retreat to the deck. For a time we were all somewhat scared fearing she would blow up, but when it was ascertained no serious consequences were likely to ensue the fears soon subsided. However, we were obliged to lay to, rolling about in an ugly sea caused by last night's heavy southerly breeze for four hours, till all steam was blown off and the engine room sufficiently cooled down to permit the men to return to their work. This delay was very disgusting, especially as it was extremely cold and nasty on deck. Nearly every passenger

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<sup>1109</sup>Pressure gauge.

aboard became very seasick. I held out till after dinner myself but finally gave up and became quite sick. I was not sorry for this as I believe it did me good.

At last we got underweigh again and had a good run down to Ferryland, our first port of call, arriving there about 4 P.M. We passed several large icebergs on the way. At Ferryland we all went ashore and while the freight was landing, had a good walk. There were several Bankers in here looking for bait.<sup>1110</sup> The fishery is not at all promising so far. We started again about 5 P.M. and reached Cape Race about 9 P.M. I then turned in for the night.

*Sunday June 24th.* Found my berth very hard, yet I slept fairly well. I did not get up till the breakfast bell rang at 8 A.M. The morning was fine but very cold. There was a considerable swell on. We were now well across to Point Lance, having visited Trepassey and St. Mary's during the night and early morning. By dinner-time we were nearing Burin, where we arrived at 2.30 P.M. Nothing of note here except that a schooner recently captured and brought in by Capt. Robinson<sup>1111</sup> for running bait to St. Pierre. Her skipper is in jail and the craft confiscated and ordered to

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<sup>1110</sup>They would not be French bankers, to whom selling bait was illegal; see below.

<sup>1111</sup>Commander George Robinson, who was put in charge of enforcing the 1887 Bait Act (prohibiting sale of bait to the French) at the end of May. He replaced D.W. Prowse.

be sold by the magistrate. There are also several bankers here and some fish, but reports are not at all encouraging. We left Burin about 3 P.M., reached St. Lawrence about 5 P.M. Here we met the Admiral?<sup>1112</sup> in the *D.P. Ingram*.<sup>1113</sup> We then started for St. Pierre but did not reach there till 11 P.M. There were a great number of French bankers here awaiting bait supplies.<sup>1114</sup> Quite a number of our passengers went ashore, but I did not do so as it was so late in the night and the ship's boat was overcrowded.

*June 25th.* Beautiful fine day. Sun scorching hot. We were almost at St. Jacques when I came on deck this morning having been at Fortune and Grand Bank during the night. We got into St. Jacques about 9 A.M. but I did not go ashore. We then left for Harbour Briton stopping off English Harbour to land John Kearney, Customs officer. Reached Harbour Breton at 2 P.M. where we had an hour's delay, then on to our landing point Push Through, which we reached at 6.30 P.M. just in good time to get all our traps ashore before dark. Here two schooners came alongside for freight. One small one was for our stuff. She belonged to Mr. Camp<sup>1115</sup> doing business here and was hired before leaving St. John's to convey us up to Bay Despoir. When we got all our things

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<sup>1112</sup>I.e., Robinson.

<sup>1113</sup>*D.P. Ingraham.*

<sup>1114</sup>The French succeeded in getting bait, i.e., herring and caplin, despite the Newfoundland government's effort to stop the traffic. They were supplied by Americans and Nova Scotians as well as by Newfoundlanders.

<sup>1115</sup>Perhaps William Camp, trader.

on board Albert and I went ashore to stay at Mr. Camp's for the night. Had it not been stark calm we would have gone right on. Bay Despoir is 27 miles from here. Mr. Camp kindly gave Albert and me a bed for the night. The Skipper of the craft housed Mike and Rody. Young Leslie<sup>1116</sup> and his Aunt who came up with us on the *Curlew*, started right away for Bay Despoir. Larner from Bay Du Nord Telegraph Station is also here taking in supplies.

*June 26th.* We spent an awful night at Camp's. We were given a poked up little cupboard of a room right over the kitchen stove. It was insufferably hot, but we might have withstood that but for the assault of a whole army of bugs. We were no sooner laid down than they commenced the attack. There must have been thousands of the brutes if one. They were simply awful. Poor Albert could not stand them, he jumped out of bed put on his clothes and sat up all night on a hard chair near an open window. I held my ground, but sleep I could not, and we were glad indeed when we were called at daylight by Rowsell the Skipper of the craft, and were soon underweigh. The wind was light and dead ahead and it was very cold. We had to beat up all day which was awfully tedious. We did not succeed in getting up to Bay Despoir before dark. Albert and I took the canoe and paddled some five miles up to the Telegraph station. Our canoe was very leaky and

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<sup>1116</sup>Son of James Leslie.

we could scarcely keep her afloat. We had to land several times to empty out the water. Mr. Leslie,<sup>1117</sup> the operator, was just about retiring for the night when we arrived. He, however, treated us kindly and after a chat and a smoke gave us a nice bed for the night when we were soon in the land of dreams.

*June 27th.* We both slept like stones after our tiresome trip and our previous night's discomfort. We were up before 7 A.M. and had a walk round. The schooner had arrived early. After breakfast, and as soon as the tide rose sufficiently high, we got all our stuff ashore and camps up just as it came to rain. It rained nearly all the afternoon and was quite miserable. Commenced to unpack when we found one box containing our supply of medicines and mosquito oil had gone astray just as happened last year. This is a bad beginning for us and was all owing to the carelessness of the steamer's crew who had all the freight in such confusion that it was impossible to look after the things. They bundled it out in such a hurry it was found out of the question to take note of everything. Everybody's goods were heaped together on the deck.

The Indians have not yet put in an appearance. They reside at Conne River a few miles below here and evidently did not see

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<sup>1117</sup>For a later portrait of James C. Leslie, see Millais, *Newfoundland*, p. 196. In 1906 or 1907 Leslie left Newfoundland and settled in Nova Scotia (*ibid.*, p. 265, n.).

us coming up. I am not feeling very well today and am suffering from a dreadful headache. We went down to see Leslie again after tea and had a long chat with him. He is a very nice fellow; a tall, powerful man, with long, black, straight hair and wonderfully thick moustache. Thin face and very dark eyes. He puts me in mind of a perfect type of Texan Ranger. He has been up here in charge of this station for 27 years and has not visited St. John's since the *Curlew* and *Plover* were put on the Coastal route, in fact, he never saw either of them. He has a large family of boys and girls, but lost his wife, a Miss Hennebury, a few years ago. He is a thorough woodsman and a splendid shot either with rifle or shot gun. He hunts a good deal in the surrounding country. His boys also take after him and are all trappers and hunters and think nothing of staying out a few nights in the woods by themselves. They trap a number of foxes every winter. The situation at the office is in a nice place and has a fine clearing around it. The land is good and yields good crops of potatoes and other vegetables. Leslie, however, is not much of a farmer preferring hunting. Early frost has cut down all his potatoes and he is greatly disgusted. He says this is the coldest spot in Newfoundland in winter. The thermometer frequently goes down to 10° and 20° and he has known it to reach 30° below Zero. It is equally hot sometimes in summer. It is

quite cool today and there are not many flies about.

*June 28th.* Our first night in camp was very cold but we slept fairly well. Pouring rain all the morning but cleared off about 7 A.M. and began to blow hard from the N.E., miserably cold and raw. Unpacking and assorting our things in bags convenient for carrying. Noel Mathews who lives at the head of this Arm came over in morning. He seems half inclined to come with us but has not made up his mind yet. When I telegraphed him from St. John's he declined. I am sorry for this as he is about the best all round Indian here, and moreover, knows every inch of the country we are about to traverse. I should much prefer to have him to any of the others, but I do not wish to let him think so. He is now going down to Gaultois, but will be back on Saturday. I have given him an order to get me some oil and resin for our canoes. We spent the afternoon trying to repair the cedar canoes. One of Leslie's boys and the repairer brought a fine bear down from the head of the Arm which they trapped. This is the first bear I ever saw dead, or examined. Leslie himself helped us about our canoe. Two Indians came over in boat from Conne. One of them, John Ings is of my crew. He did not know we were come. Noel finally made up his mind to come with me. I gave him a week to complete some work he had to do about home. I was glad to consent as he will be an invaluable man to have. I took a long walk after tea.

*June 29th.* It was very cold last night. Thermometer went down to 36°. Found it nearly as cold as any night last fall. Wind N.E. blowing hard and raining all morning, repairing the canoes. The other Indians put in an appearance at dinner-time. Joe Brazil, Joe Jeddore, John Ings and Peter John. The latter is much put out because I had no room for him. After dinner I sent Joe Brazil off to get some birch bark to mend the canoes with and the other two up to head of the arm with a boat load of things. Leslie came down to the camp and spent most of the evening with us. After tea we walked back with him. On our way we picked up a dead fish I never saw before. Leslie says it is a Ling. It is much like a Tomcod but has a somewhat flattened head and a very narrow tapering tail. Long dorsal and ventral fins, and two hair-like appendages extending backwards from each side of the throat, and bifurcated at the ends. Leslie showed me a curiosity in the shape of a large sponge-like coral, a Madreporite which was brought up in very deep water in Hermitage Bay. It grows on the rocks at the bottom like great trees. The fishermen sometimes get their hooks foul of it and break it off. They say it grows to a height of some hundreds of feet with branches like a tree. When their hooks get foul of these they often lose them or otherwise pull off some of the branches. There are many curious fish and birds here about. All the Fortune Bay men are quite wrathful about the

Bait Bill<sup>1118</sup> which deprives many of them of their principal source of livelihood. It is said that notwithstanding the close watch kept upon them, many manage to elude the cruisers and get on to St. Pierre, apparently loaded with wood and with herrings beneath. One man is said to have cleared £900 this spring and then sold his schooner and made off to the United States.

*June 30th.* Cool day again, wind still northerly looks for rain. Last night was not nearly so cold. Black flies awfully busy and viciously hungry all day. We spent the entire day repairing our canoes, patching them up for the river, but did not half finish them. I am not feeling well at all these days suffering from acute indigestion. We suffered awfully from black flies all day. They are a dreadful nuisance.

Noel Mathews has not come back yet from Gaultois with the oil and resin so that we are at a standstill with the canoes till he arrives.

*Sunday July 1st.* Warmest day yet. I was up at 6 O'Clock and it was then very fine. I turned in again and slept till nearly 10 A.M. The day turned out dull but very sultry. Albert and I dined

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<sup>1118</sup>The Bait Act passed by the Newfoundland legislature in 1886 in effect forbade the sale of bait fish to foreign countries "without a special license, in writing, obtained from the Receiver General of this Colony." The Act caused controversy at home and abroad; south coast fishermen were accustomed to selling bait to the French. The British government refused to give its sanction to the Act, whereupon the Newfoundland legislature passed a second Act (1887), this time with the eventual consent of London. Neary and O'Flaherty, *Part of the Main*, p. 100.

with Leslie and family. Had a very nice dinner of roast veal, potatoes, pudding etc. washed down with a glass of Newman's best port.<sup>1119</sup> Leslie is a fine fellow and very off handed. At first we thought him rather reserved but as we got to know him better, he turned out a genuine good and very hospitable fellow indeed. I could not enjoy his good dinner today as much as I would wish owing to my miserable state of digestion. He afterwards came up to camp and had tea with us. Rody treated us to some capital jam and marmalade tarts. So far he is proving an excellent cook, about the best I ever had.

We were visited today by nearly all the liviers hereabout, both white and Indian. Noel Mathews arrived this morning and came over with his Missus to introduce her. The other lads went home to Conne last evening for their clothes etc. and returned again this evening, and as usual accompanied by their sisters, and their cousins and their Aunts,<sup>1120</sup> who all came to have a feast at our expense. They are a most shamefaced crowd and will hang around so long as we are within reach or they see a chance of getting a fodge.<sup>1121</sup> Several of them have been loafing around all the spring doing nothing, but are now bound in the country

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<sup>1119</sup>See above, July 9, 1870.

<sup>1120</sup>The song "Ruler of the Queen's Navee," in *H.M.S. Pinafore*, has a variant of this refrain. W.S. Gilbert, *Plays & Poems of W.S. Gilbert* (New York: Random House, 1932), p. 109.

<sup>1121</sup>Free meal obtained by a hanger-on.

ostensibly hunting but in reality to go over the ground before us and scare away all the game. This is an old trick of theirs. I shall soon give them a cool reception if they think they can sponge upon us all the season.

*July 2nd.* Very heavy dew last night, almost a frost. thermometer fell to 36° but as it is not working very well was probably lower than that.

We were up at 6 A.M. and at the canoes again. We spent all the forenoon trying to finish them. It turned out a desperately hot day. The thermometer reached 71° at Leslie's. After dinner as soon as canoes were finished we packed up and started for head of Arm.<sup>1122</sup> I went down to wish Leslie good-bye. He gave us a nice leg of veal which was very acceptable. The Indians held on to the last and got their breakfast and dinner. Just as they left another boat load came up. This is getting to be too much of a good thing, so I determined to stay here no longer but get off at once. We had a nice time up to the head of the Arm and got our camp snugly fixed near the Telegraph line before sunset. This is a nice location much better than the one we left. Most of our things are still left nearly a mile below as owing to the low tide we could not get the boats up.

We have to make a long portage of some 5 miles from here

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<sup>1122</sup>I.e., Head of Bay d'Espoir.

into Long Pond,<sup>1123</sup> the first of the suite of the Bay D'Est River lakes. The first three miles is along the Telegraph track up a very steep hill. It will be very trying work, especially if the weather keeps hot. Having now our full outfit of grub, camps, canoes, etc. to get along, I expect it will take us fully a week, if not more, to reach Long Pond. This heavy work at the very outset will no doubt take much of the superfluous moisture out of our bodies.

*July 3rd.* Fine, warm day but tempered with a nice breeze. Noel's substitute came up and I set all packing into first little pond about half-way to Long Pond. Albert and I walked down the shore to Noel Mathews' clearing which I promised to survey for him. Noel is very comfortable, has a nice house and fairly large clearing. He is now at work on a large decked boat or rather small schooner, he has been building the past two years. She is a good model and will be a fine craft. He asked me to allow him a few days before leaving to caulk and tar her bottom so as to prevent the sun from splitting her planks. After a smoke and chat and a glass of milk, Noel put us across the Arm and we walked back to camp. On my way I hired two brothers named Barnes (white men) for a few days to help us over the portage. It would

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<sup>1123</sup>Long Pond and Brazil Pond became part of Long Pond Reservoir as water levels were raised in the hydro-electric development of 1964-7 (*ENL*, 1: 755-6).

otherwise take us ten or twelve days. Peter Stride and Reuben Lewis stayed at our camp last night and took the usual French leave for supper and breakfast. They are certainly the coolest customers in existence.

After dinner as soon as the tide was high, Albert and I brought up all our things in canoe. The men did good work today getting in twenty loads in all. The black flies were particularly vicious all day.

*July 4th.* Fine day again. The two Barneses came up when I sent all hands over the portage and got the bulk of our baggage etc in and also three of our canoes. After dinner I walked up the Bay D'Est river some three miles to a small fall beneath which was a fine deep salmon hole. But I tried and tried to rise a salmon without success. Not a fish would show itself. I only caught one small trout and had my tramp for nothing. The men got nearly all the things in, which will enable us to move camp tomorrow.

*July 5th.* Fine warm day. Packed up and commenced our journey into the interior. It was desperately hot work, carrying heavy loads up the steep hill from the shore along Telegraph line, and the flies were awful. We succeeded however, in getting over the rise and as far as the first little pond where we camped. Poor Rody, our cook, went astray and instead of turning off from the

line where we all did, he kept on along it. When we were all in and having a bite we found he had not arrived. Joe Jeddore went off to look for him. He had all our tea kettles and most of the cooking gear. So we were obliged to make tea for dinner in a boat's kettle. Joe found him away in on the line and fetched him back. This portage as far as the little pond is very steep, fully as steep and high as Signal Hill, without any level or gently sloping ground whatever. It is all lined with thick woods, and as there was not a breath of wind and the sun poured down on us all the time it caused us to perspire very much. Albert and I found our loads, only our own personal belongings, very heavy and the work took the good out of us pretty well. After leaving the Telegraph line the country was level and open and down hill to the pond so we had it easy for the rest of the way. Our camping ground by Small Pond was a very poor one. All the woods had been burned off and the country bare and rough. But as we shall only spend a few days here we don't mind much. Joe and Rody reached camp just as we were done our dinner. As we suspected, the poor chap followed along the line and was about two miles beyond our camping place. He had a heavy awkward load and was pretty well fagged out, poor fellow! I blamed the lads very much when they met him coming in not telling him where to turn off.

After dinner while the men went back for the last of our

things, I walked on to see Long Pond about two miles from camp. The going was good, chiefly over dry barrens and fairly level ground. Long Pond, the first great lake of the Bay D'est system, is a long narrow sheet of water. It is some 12 or 14 miles in length about 1 mile wide. From the outlet of the lake to the seashore head of Bay D'Est, the river is all broken by falls and chutes and entirely unfit for canoes. Hence the approach to the lake by the portage from Bay D'espoir.

The men took a load each, seven in all in to the side of the lake before tea-time.

*July 6th.* Dull, foggy and misty. Noel joined us this morning. Set all hands portaging. After dinner I went in again to the lake taking part of my baggage and gun, so as to lighten my load tomorrow. I got caught in the rain which had been threatening all day and just escaped a good ducking. Fortunately I was nearly in before it came down heavy. The men also got caught and all received a wetting. We found a wigwam at the side of the pond into which we all crawled and lit a fire to dry ourselves by. I now had my oil coat to put on when returning, and as the rain held up a little after a while I started back for camp and got there by tea-time, very wet about the legs from going through the low bushes.

*July 7th.* Rained hard during the night but our camp proved

quite tight. It is still dull and foggy and drizzling rain. Noel's substitute went home this morning but the two Barneses stayed.

Continued packing till dinner-time, when we got all in except the canoe and a keg of molasses. This is an ugly load to carry. All the lads fight shy of it and it is generally left till the last. It cleared off fine at noon and turned out a beautiful evening. We then moved camp into the lake and pitched it in a snug place near the shore. We had all in by supper-time.

At last we are through the desperate portage and fairly launched on the Bay D'Est waters. Paid off the two Barneses and they and all the Indians went home after tea to spend Sunday with their friends. The latter return tomorrow evening. This is my forty-first birthday.

*Sunday July 8th.* Fine warm day. Albert and I had a nice bath in the lake. We found the water very cold. After dinner I took a stroll over the barrens, saw two old and one young partridge, the latter just able to fly a little. The country is very bare around here. The little timber that once covered it has all been swept by fire. John Ings came back just at dusk, Noel and Joe stayed till morning.

*July 9th.* Fine day again. Noel and Joe arrived by breakfast-time. They saw a deer on their way in but did not get a shot at

it. This looks promising, we did not expect to see one so soon or so near the seashore. It blew so hard all the morning we could not venture across the lake in our canoes. This part of it is very open and exposed to West and S.W. winds. After dinner it moderated somewhat, when we started for the inflowing river on opposite side. We had a tough time getting across and shipped a good deal of water, but we succeeded after a time. Once we got shelter under the lee of the north shore we had the water smooth and wind fair up to the mouth of the inflowing river. Here we found some pretty tough rapids, over which we had our first bit of poling. Got up all right till we reached a point where a short portage has to be made. Here the river makes a great sweep northward and then back again for a distance of nearly three miles all of which is pretty rough. By a short portage of about 1/4 of a mile across a narrow neck of land, we reached the steady water above, just below Souli's pond. While the men were portaging I walked across the neck and along the river side in hope of seeing a deer. Saw plenty of footing but no deer. Just at the outlet of Souli's pond I saw two otters and shot one fine old one. This was my first shot for the season, not a bad beginning. We had a fine time back to camp as it was now quite moderate on the lake.

*July 10th.* Fine day again. The mail being now due at Bay

D'espoir, I despatched Joe Jeddore out for it, with orders to await its arrival as it will probably be our last chance to get letters for a long time. Sent the other lads with two of the canoes up Souli's Pond. After dinner we struck camp and pushed across the pond. It is now blowing fresh with a very nasty lop on. We were all nearly swamped. One of our canoes is particularly bad in a heavy lop. We left the little one with some grub for Joe on his return. Once across to the other side we had a fine time up to the portage. We then carried the two canoes and our camps and reached the outlet of Souli's Pond where we found a nice camping place. After tea we had some fishing and caught a lot of fine trout, some quite large, fully two pounds in weight. The river is celebrated for its large-sized fish. There have been some run up to five, six and even seven pounds.

*July 11th.* Blowing hard all the forenoon. Men portaging across neck, while Albert and I brought the things up to camp in the canoes. It continued to blow so hard we could not venture across the pond. I expect we will be much delayed in this way, the ponds are so open and exposed. About 4 P.M. it moderated, when we started with loaded canoes for the head of the pond. Noel and I in big canoe, Albert and Joe Brazil in the other, and Mike and John in the big bark canoe. It was pretty tough crossing owing to the wind and lop, but we got up to the inflowing river

all right. Here we had some heavy poling for about a mile of so to Brazil Pond, where we left our things. We got back to camp about 7 P.M. Joe Jeddore arrived with our mail as we were at tea. Had good news from home. After tea we had another spurt fishing. Found the trout plentiful, chiefly salmon peels. I caught one large mud trout, the finest I ever saw. He was as big as a small codfish, measuring 22 inches in length, 13 inches round the body, 5 1/2 inches in depth, from back to belly, and 3 inches thick. Having no means of weighing him I improvised a scales. Shaping a long straight stick which was laid across the edge of my knife blade stuck in a tree, I then tied my trout to one end and balanced the other end with a 4 lb. tin of coffee and a stick of tobacco. It must have been at least 5 lbs. After my return home, I had similar objects properly weighed and they turned out 5 lbs. 2 Oz. I also caught a large salmon peel but not nearly so large as the mud trout. We hooked several other large ones but lost them.

*July 12th.* Blowing fresh again. Started up pond with all four canoes loaded. Had to contend with a very ugly lop in crossing to North side but we got under the lee of the shore just as it began to blow very hard. Got up to Brazil Pond all right. It was now blowing half a gale from the S.W. right up the pond. We could only go about a mile to a long sandy point. Here we were

obliged to land our things and wait all day in hope the wind would moderate. But instead it increased in strength to a perfect gale. We did not come provided to stay over night and were somewhat poked to get a dinner. We had plenty of grub but no cooking utensils. A dinner without tea was not to be thought of so we had to exercise our ingenuity to manufacture a tea kettle, which we did out of a coffee tin, after emptying its contents. The tea so made did not taste very nice. We waited till after 6 P.M. but as it still continued to blow hard we concluded to get down to Souli's pond, and if unable to cross it, remain all night. To add to our discomfort it began to rain and looked for a wet night. When we got to Souli's pond, there was an awful lop running but after a little hesitation we determined to risk crossing. It was a desperate undertaking and when about halfway over, I would give a good deal to get back again. This was not to be, we could never stem<sup>1124</sup> the wind and sea. We had to go forward across the sea making little headway and all the time drifting sideways right down the middle of the pond. At times the wind nearly lifted our canoe out of the water and how we escaped being upset I don't know. Had we done so we would certainly have both been drowned as we could not swim so far to shore in such a sea.

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<sup>1124</sup>Make headway against; they were running "across" the "sea" (rough waves), i.e., parallel to it.

We did get across at length and then ran down before the wind. The two Joes fared better and got through all right by hugging the shore, but John Ings and Mike in the little canoe could not stem it. Their canoe was nearly swamped several times, so they very wisely ran her ashore on the north side of the lake and hauled her up on the beach. They then walked down along shore. Several times I thought it was all over with us as the waves rose high over our heads and then tumbled down upon us as though to fill her. Again when she rose on the crest of a wave and exposed fully half her bottom to the fierce squalls we fully expected she would turn over.

Fortunately she being now empty was like a cork on the water and we did not actually take in a great deal of water, yet sufficient to thoroughly drench me kneeling in the bow. Rody had given us up and did not expect to see us tonight. He did not imagine we could get along in such a sea. It now came on to rain hard and we were thankful indeed to get back to our snug camps and get on some dry clothes and a good supper, then to turn in on our bough beds. John Ings who walked all along shore got back all right without the canoe. While at Brazil Pond waiting for the wind to drop, Albert, Joe and Noel went up to some gullies and killed a goose and a black duck.

*July 13th.* It blew a gale all night and continued all day

harder than ever. We could not budge from camp. There is an awful sea on the pond and it is quite cold. I remained in camp reading and skinning my trout which I will try and stuff for the Museum. We saw a fine old stag swim across the lake not far from camp. At first I thought his horns were an old tree drifting across, but we soon made out it was a deer. As I had left my gun and cartridges at Brazil Pond yesterday, I got a loan of Noel's gun and he and I with John Ings went after the stag in the canoe under lee of the shore. Owing to the strength of the wind we could only get along very slowly so he landed before we could reach within shot. He then trotted along shore and we were slow gaining on him. He stopped to nibble some grass and in five minutes more we would have been within easy shot. Suddenly we heard a shot and saw our coveted stag make off in the woods. Mr. Joe Jeddore after we left camp took his gun and walked up through the woods, got within twenty yards and fired a load of small shot at him. I was wrathful with Mr. Joe and gave him a good talking to, so also were Noel, John and all hands. Had it not been for him we would undoubtedly have bagged the stag. He did not see us and could not hear anything owing to the high wind. I believe we would have got within pistol shot of him. Joe said he did not see us coming but I did not believe him. Noel and he then went off after the deer, John and I returning to camp. But they failed to

come up with him. Thus we lost a splendid chance for a supply of prime, fat venison. It never ceased to blow till late in the night. I caught another very fine trout after tea but not nearly so large as the first. It would be about 3 or 3 1/2 lbs.

*July 14th.* Still blowing but not so hard. Packed up and started up the pond. Had a tough paddle along shore against the wind and sea, reached a point where the pond narrows somewhat and as the wind seemed to moderate we continued on. We got across to the inflowing river all right, and stopped a little while to fish. I caught one fine trout about 3 lbs. in weight. When we reached Brazil Pond it was again blowing hard but being westward and tripping somewhat off the north side we were enabled to continue on up the pond. Reached the inflowing river where we had dinner. Continued on up the stream and reached Burnt Pond after some hard poling, having to use our lines at one place to warp the canoes up. Went on up Burnt pond and the river beyond till we reached a small fall. Here we had to make a portage of about 1/2 a mile over to the foot of Round Pond, leaving all the canoes but one behind for bringing up the grub and camps etc from Brazil Pond.

All the country here around these ponds and for many miles on either side has been swept by fire and presents a very desolate appearance. Nothing but bare bleached poles and white

boulders cover the surface in every direction. We were obliged to camp in the midst of this desolation on Round Pond and had much difficulty in procuring sufficient green boughs to just cover the floors of our camps. While putting up the camps, a stag came right along side. Mike Cole who was out at the shore saw him and foolishly sang out to us at the top of his voice. Of course the deer which was within twenty yards of him made off before I could get my gun out of its case and loaded. I just got a glimpse of him as he made off. This is the fourth deer seen and not one shot yet. It is really too bad, we may not get such good chances again the season.

*Sunday July 15th.* Dull and perfectly calm all morning. Storm fairly blown out. Were it not Sunday it would be a grand day getting up our things. Albert and Joe Jeddore went off hunting. We had our goose for dinner today. Rody cooked it in fine style, stuffed with potatoes and onions, flavoured with savory. It was rather tough however. After dinner Noel and I went off in the canoe up the pond and crossed into another on the eastern side to look for something to shoot, but saw nothing except a few gulls and pie ducks. Round Pond is an immense sheet of water with several islands in it. Its surface area is about 18 square miles and it is by far the largest lake in the Bay D'est system. The water is quite shallow in many parts and contains numerous rocks

and shoals. Huge boulders stick up in many places high above the water level, especially on the eastern and Southern sides. Most of those masses of rock are angular, and indicate the seat of a glacier. All the country on every side has been burnt and looks very desolate. Only on the North side is there still left some green woods, remnants of the fine forest which once covered the country hereabout. The shores also on that side are more sandy or gravelly and form a nice contrast to the south and east sides.

It was a beautiful calm evening and the flies were pretty thick. Albert and John returned without seeing any game.

*July 16th.* Fine day. Started after breakfast back for the things left at Brazil Pond. It was a nice calm day and we had a fine run down the river and across Burnt Pond. Having such a favourable time we were able to take all our things, in one load each. Had a good paddle and some hard poling coming back. Reached the portage below Round Pond before we stopped for dinner, after which we carried all across to foot of Round Pond. It was a heavy day's work and all hands were pretty tired when we reached camp.

*July 17th.* Calm again, fine time to cross Round Pond with loaded canoes. It was a long tiresome paddle. It took us just two hours and twenty minutes to cross this great lake to the inflowing river, so the lake cannot be less than 10 miles long. It is a very fine sheet of water. A fine steady extends above the

pond for quite a long distance. Then the river becomes pretty rough again with several strong rapids. We got over all these and up to a fall where a short portage had to be made to another steady, or rather a long narrow pond. Here we left our canoe loads and returned down stream for the remainder. It was a very hot day and the journey up and down was very fatiguing. I was quite fagged out when we got back to camp. We saw no deer today but abundant fresh signs.

This steady was a beautiful-looking place to expect to see one. We now want a deer badly. All our fresh meat is used up, indeed we had very little as yet.

*July 18th.* Another fine, calm day. Made an early start with all our gear in order to get up the lake before it came on to blow, which we just succeeded in accomplishing when the wind breezed up again. We have been fortunate in this, had it been blowing as hard as it did last week we could not look at the pond. We got up to the small pond by dinner-time, and then on to second portage, where we stopped to camp. Saw much signs of deer all along. After getting up camps the men all went back for the remainder of our stores. I took my gun and walked up along the shore of the steady looking for something to shoot. I had only gone a short distance when I espied a fine young stag feeding on the opposite side of the river, but how to get at him I could not

determine. The river here was wide and deep and the deer was almost exactly to leeward of me. There was a small islet about halfway across and I waded out carefully up to my waist, but found I was still fully 250 yards from the deer, which for my small smooth-bore gun was too far. However, I risked a couple of shots, but apparently shot under him. He did not run away as he could not see where the shots came from. Loading again quickly I fired and this time broke his fore leg. He then made off over the bank. I fired as he ran, saw him turn and I thought lie down. I had now to wade across again to a point above me and then traverse around a deep cove. When I reached nearly across I saw him on the farther side of the cove, apparently very hard hit. Blood was flowing from his nostrils so I must have hit him twice. Had I let him alone I believe he would have died where he was. But fearing that he might yet give me the slip, I fired again and put a ball into his fore shoulder. Yet he managed to get into the woods and get away. I ran after him but for sometime could not find him. At length I saw him and gave him a final shot, which brought him down. I was quite elated at my success in killing my first deer for the season. I now had quite a job to skin and cut him up, having only my pen knife to do it with. However, I managed after a fashion and then carried out the carcass, half at a time to the river side. All this time I was within sight of

camp, yet the lads who had returned did not see me, nor hear my shots. I took the kidneys, heart, breast bone and marrow bones and trudged back to camp. Noel came across for me in the canoe. All hands were glad at the prospect of fresh venison. Noel and Joe then went after the meat. Had kidneys and marrow bones for supper.

*July 19th.* Fine, warm day again. Pushed onward with our loads and had a good deal of paddling and poling and two portages to make. We got up to within three miles of Pipestone Pond where we left our things and then had a splendid run down stream to camp. We saw no less than seven deer along the upper steady. Four does, one young stag, and two fine old stags. We might have easily killed them all had we been so minded, but being already well supplied with fresh meat, we did not fire at any of them. Deer are now becoming quite plentiful. I hope they will continue so that we may be able to get one when we want more meat. This part of the river is very picturesque and on the whole a fine one for canoes. It is mostly steady water with only a few bad places here and there. The shores are very rocky but it is well timbered on either side with a good deal of pine scattered through the forest, and many fine groves of birch, spruce, fir and tamarack grow everywhere. We got back to camp early pretty well tired out.

*July 20th.* Dull and raining in morning but cleared off and

turned out the hottest day yet. We struck camp and proceeded up stream and had another hard drag, but we reached our dump by dinner-time and then continued on for Pipestone pond. For about one mile below the pond we met the toughest place yet encountered. It took us a good while to surmount this. However, we got up all right early in the afternoon and crossed the pond to where the inflowing river enters, where we camped. We saw one deer again today just below the Ponds. We saw the first of the serpentine rocks of this region on the east side of the river. They form a high bare ridge which has weathered bright reddish colour characteristic of such rocks. It presented quite a contrast to the surrounding green foliage.

*July 21st.* Rained again last night, very close and hot. The sandflies were awfully troublesome in camp. We all went back for our things left down the river and got back by dinner-time. We saw a doe and fawn on our way down.

We have now reached the termination of Mr. Murray's survey of 1870<sup>1125</sup> and where our survey in continuation of the river and thence across country to the Exploits is to commence. Of course the river below, which we have just ascended being already mapped out, we made as little delay as possible on the way up. It is only now our real work of surveying commences. After dinner while

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<sup>1125</sup>Murray and Howley, *Geological Survey*, pp. 215-17.

the men were portaging over a small chute above the lake, I took one of the canoes and paddled up the lake to have a look at the rocks. This is a most interesting locality, geologically and mineralogically. Cormack makes particular mention of it in his itinerary of 1822.<sup>1126</sup> He says he stopped here several days to examine the rocks which gave promise of mineral deposits. There is a conspicuous peak to the N.E. of the lake which Mr. Murray called Mount Cormack in honour of this intrepid traveller. The hills all around the lake are chiefly composed of serpentine, and it is from the occurrence of steatitic magnesian rocks,<sup>1127</sup> soapstone, peridotites, and such like from which the Indians here used to manufacture pipes, hence the lake derives its name of Stonepipe or Pipestone pond.

The lake is long and narrow, and about midway up contracts to a couple of hundred yards caused by two projecting points, one on either side. Just beyond this narrows I landed on the southside and walked up over the barrens. This is a bare, gravelly ridge of very peculiar looking material, all derived from the disintegration of serpentine rocks. The country is very bare of vegetation, as is usually the case, where magnesian rocks prevail. I observed many fragments, large and small, of a heavy

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<sup>1126</sup>Howley, *The Beothucks*, p. 146.

<sup>1127</sup>Steatite, a variety of talc (hydrated silicate of magnesium) with a very soapy feel, is another name for soapstone.

black material, which on close inspection proved to be Chromite, or Chromic iron ore.<sup>1128</sup> It was scattered about in such profusion, sticking up from the gravel as to indicate clearly that there is a large deposit of this valuable mineral substance in the immediate vicinity.

I also saw several very beautiful wild flowers entirely new to me. One is very like the garden pink; another, a yellow daisy, while a third, was a small purple blossom growing down on a low bed of peculiar green moss which was very pretty. I had a good view of Mount Cormack which was between 2 and 3 miles distant N.E. from the head of the lake.

*Sunday July 22nd.* Raining hard all the morning, but cleared off a fine warm day, with strong westerly breeze. Remained in camp all forenoon. Had a nice bath in the lake, while in the water a doe came along quite near me. This makes 15 deer to date. We also saw a fine black fox over on the south side of the lake opposite our camp, but before we could get near him he took to his scrapers and was off in the woods.

We enjoyed a luxuriant breakfast and dinner of roast venison and venison steak. After dinner I again went up the pond nearly to its head. Took another walk over the serpentine ridge and found a lot more of the Chromite ore scattered almost everywhere.

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<sup>1128</sup>Chromite; an abundant ore of chromium.

Most assuredly there must be a large deposit of the ore here. I did not see any game but abundant signs of deer.

*July 23rd.* Fine day. Albert and Mike commenced the survey of the river above Pipestone pond. The lads and myself with the four canoes loaded, proceeded up the river and met with several bad rapids choked with boulders, where the water was very strong and rough. There were, however, several little intervals of steady water between, which greatly facilitated our getting along. We reached the portage just below Burnt pond, the next lake of the suite and had all our things across by dinner-time. The river along here, as well as the country on either side, is becoming more and more rugged. There is a sparse growth of timber, chiefly spruce here and there. Had a fine time running the rapids upon our return journey. Albert reached within a mile of the portage with his survey. He and Mike saw three deer and we saw one young fawn, making 19 to date. We did not shoot any of them as we are now well supplied with venison.

*July 24th.* Rained hard all night and all the forenoon but then cleared off. Started camp after dinner and had another tough time getting up to Burnt pond. It came on a thick mist again and was very disagreeable. However, we got up all right and camped near the outlet. It was a poor place very rough but about the best one we could find. The country hereabout is one mass of

boulders piled upon one another everywhere. It came to rain hard again at night.

*July 25th.* Raining at intervals all day, cleared up a little after breakfast so that Albert and Mike went on with their survey taking old Joe in his canoe with them. The canoe Joe Jeddore has charge of, the large bark one, is so leaky that we were obliged to take off the canvas that covered the bottom and procure birch bark to mend it with. It was very wet and disagreeable all the afternoon and looks as if we were in for a regular spurt of such weather.

*July 26th.* Still raining at intervals all day. Sent Joe Brazil and Mike off putting up poles around the shores of the pond. The other lads remained to repair the canoe. They put in several new timbers and a lot of birch bark strips along her bottom. Albert remained to protract his work. It was too disagreeable to leave camp all day.

*July 27th.* Dull, cold day, but fine. Commenced the survey of Burnt pond and measured along the south side. Found it a most intricate piece of work owing to innumerable islands, rocks, bays, and arms. The shores were jagged and nasty. Nothing but huge boulders piled on top of each other. The country all around was of the same character. There was not a yard of beach, nor yet a decent landing place anywhere on the shores of the lake. I

never saw such an accumulation of similar boulders. They are so numerous and of so many shapes it is utterly out of the question to sketch them all in. It would take nearly all the season to do so.

The lake is quite a large one fully 5 miles long and nearly as wide. It is a nasty place, I don't think I was ever on a lake I so much disliked. There are no deer about here either. In fact they could not travel along its shores anywhere. We got through a good day's work, but owing to the numerous islands, bays, points etc, the poles put up yesterday are useless. They were all shut out and I only saw one distinctly during the day. Noel Mathews has a fine wigwam on one of the largest islands in which he stores his hunting gear. This and Crooked Pond, the next above with the country surrounding them, is his particular hunting territory. We visited his wigwam on our return to camp. It was a fine roomy one and apparently quite comfortable. While we were away Joe Jeddore and John Ings took a canoe load across the pond to the inflowing river.

*July 28th.* Very cold last night, but turned out a fine, warm day. Moved camp across to the inflowing river. It was a miserable place to camp with no fir boughs to be had for our beds anywhere near. But we had no choice, everywhere was alike. Continued our survey after dinner around the head of the lake, while Joe and

John went back for the remainder of our things, and then cut a portage up to the steady water above our camp. Found the east end of the lake equally rugged and filled with islands and rocks, arms and coves beyond counting.

*Sunday July 29th.* Dull, cold day with east wind. Towards evening it looked very threatening and showed us we were in for a regular rain storm. Remained all day in camp reading and protracting my work. Could go no where; inland the country is too rough to travel over, and there was nothing to be seen on the lake. I hope to finish it tomorrow if it should prove fine but I very much doubt it.

*July 30th.* Cold, raw and stormy and wet, could do nothing on the lake. Got our things across the portage after dinner. Joe Jeddore and I went up as far as Crooked Pond, the next great lake to look for something to shoot, but saw nothing. Crooked Pond, like Burnt Pond, is also very rugged and filled with islands.

*July 31st.* Still dull, wet and foggy but not blowing so hard as yesterday. Sent Joe and John up to Crooked Pond with a canoe load each. The rest went on with survey of Burnt Pond and finished it. We had a most miserable day. Showery and squally all the time. Joe and John did not return this evening.

*Wednesday August 1st.* Still the same sort of weather. Albert and Mike surveyed the river up to Crooked Pond. After dinner we

struck camp and moved upward. When we reached Crooked Pond it was blowing a gale but fortunately was off shore on the south side. We then went up to where the pond narrows, which is about halfway up the lake. We were obliged to stop here and camp. We could not proceed further as the lake was very open above this and the wind right ahead. We were in hope of seeing a deer on our way up but did not. Our fresh meat is now all exhausted. It looks as if we had passed the best deer country and left them all behind us. All the country here about is too rough. I don't believe deer could travel over it.

*August 2nd.* Still blowing a gale with squall of rain. Could not proceed up lake, so I went back with two canoes to mouth of river and commenced the survey of the lake from there. Joe and John went across to put up poles on the north side. The day was disagreeably cold and miserable. Just as I commenced work I met with an accident by which my transit was blown down and rendered useless, being much bent and one part broken. I tried to fix it but could do very little to it. This is a serious misfortune and will, I fear, hamper me very much in my further operations. I was obliged to get the Prismatic Compass<sup>1129</sup> from Albert to continue the work. Nevertheless, we got through a good day's work.

*August 3rd.* Wind northerly, cold and squally, but going

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<sup>1129</sup>See Intro., n. 63.

across to the north side of the lake we had some shelter as the wind blew off that shore. Joe and John carried up our things to the head of the lake. I saw a deer swimming across the pond in the morning but too far off to go after it. Joe Brazil saw another during the day but did not get a shot at it.

We nearly reached the head of the lake before sunset and then had a long paddle back to camp. It is quite a large sheet of water and will take several days to complete the survey, but I do not intend to delay here now, but will finish it on our return from Meelpaeg. It is from this lake we will shape our course northward for the Exploits. There is a small river entering this lake from the northward which leads up in that direction and finally takes its rise from a small pond on the height of land, from whence the water flows both ways. One branch runs into Noel Paul's River, a large tributary of the Exploits. It is by this route we intend to cross the interior when I have finished the survey of Crooked Lake. In the meantime I am merely making a connected measurement along shore and across to Meelpaeg Lake.

*August 4th.* Cold in morning, wind light but it turned out a fine day quite warm. In fact, the finest for a long time. The weather during the past ten days has been simply abominable like the worst fall weather. I hope now that it has taken a change for the better we will be treated to something like summer weather

for a time at least.

Moved camp to the extreme head of the lake, after cacheing all our spare things, including clothes, upon a small island out of reach of bears which appear to be plentiful here about judging from the footing observed. We only take about six weeks supply over to Meelpaeg. We also leave one of our canoes here in case we have to send back for anything.

The portage to Meelpaeg is a long one fully 3 miles, but is over a bare burnt tract of country. After getting up our camps and having dinner we continued measurement up to the end of lake and took one long shot up to the height of land on the portage, fully a mile. While the men were looking out the best place to make the portage, Albert and I climbed to the top of a high hill near and had a good look out over the surrounding country. It was all bare and burnt covered with boulders, marshes and small ponds, except to the eastward which appeared to be well wooded. We saw part of Meelpaeg away in the distance, westward. Did not see any deer or game of any kind today.

*Sunday, August 5th.* Fine, warm, calm day. Spent all forenoon in camp reading, sewing etc. After dinner Noel and I went down to our cache to leave some of our clothes and my shot box. We then continued down the lake and landed in a deep Bay on the southside where a little river runs in. We had seen some signs of beaver

here on our way up. We had a long tramp through the woods and visited several small ponds without any success. There was some fresh cutting at one pond but the beaver had left or been killed out. It was a lovely evening, calm and very hot, and we were pretty tired when we got back to the canoe. It was a long paddle back to camp. We saw abundant fresh signs of deer but did not run across any. We saw five geese flying.

*August 6th.* Another fine day. All hands portaging across to Meelpaeg, Albert and I measuring across. We got across the burnt country to a ridge overlooking Meelpaeg. The men carried the canoes and most of our stuff about halfway over, and one load each all the way. There were two small ponds to be crossed and these with the aid of the canoes helped us a good deal. The country all across is rugged and the travelling very heavy. Having walked about a good deal all day I was very tired when we returned to camp.

*August 7th.* Fine day again, nice and cool with an easterly breeze. Struck camp and crossed over to Meelpaeg, which we reached by dinner-time. Saw a deer on the shore of the lake across on opposite side of a deep Arm, but not having the canoes over yet could not get at him. In evening we got over the canoes and most of our things. Albert and I finished the measurement out to shore of lake. The portage proved to be just three miles

across. We then went to look for some game and had just left camp when we saw a deer in the same place and presumably the same one as seen before dinner. Unfortunately we were directly to windward of him and he scented us and was off along shore. I fired twice at him, but as the range was too long I missed as I fully expected I would. We then paddled up to the head of the Arm near camp and walked in over some marshes to a little pond. Here we saw three black ducks, but I found I had left all my shot cartridges in the canoe and had only one with me. I fired at one of the ducks on the wing but missed. I could have killed two young ones but as it was not likely we could get them I let them go.

It is just one month today since we made our first camp on the shore of Long Pond, July 7th. As yet we have seen but little of Meelpaeg but from that little we can form some idea of its general character. It will prove a most intricate Lake to survey and I expect will take us the best part of the season.

*August 8th.* Dull, foggy and raining again all day. Remained in camp plotting my work. Albert, Noel and Joe went off after dinner shooting, but had no luck. They saw five geese but did not get a shot at them.

*August 9th.* Dull again and stark calm, rather sultry. Found the sandflies very bad last night in camp. The men went back

after the remainder of our grub. Albert and I commenced the survey of the Lake and after dinner got Noel, Joe and Mike with us, while Joe Jeddore and John went off to put up poles. As we proceeded down the lake it became more and more complicated. Such a maze of islands, points, Arms and bays presented themselves everywhere and running in all directions. It was a perfect labyrinth and almost bewildering us as to which way to turn. It is the most extraordinary sheet of water I ever beheld. Yet we are merely at the commencement of it. The Indians say it is 50 miles long altogether, but this I do not believe, and that we will find it more and more intricate as we proceed. It is all but useless to put up poles anywhere as we can scarcely see any of them a second time, nor can we tell what is or where is the main shore. We certainly have as difficult a piece of surveying before us as could be found anywhere. I would like to complete it if only to see what sort of a picture it will present on paper, but I scarcely hope to be able to do so with the time at our disposal. I must, however, try and accomplish sufficient to give some idea of this most extraordinary natural feature of the country. This lake which is the second of the name in the Island is distinguished as Western Meelpaeg<sup>1130</sup> or Koskaecodde.<sup>1131</sup> The

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<sup>1130</sup>Meelpaeg Lake, now flooded by the Newfoundland hydro authority. Most features of the lake noted and mapped by Howley are under water.

<sup>1131</sup>For Howley's derivation of this name used by the Micmacs, see 1887, July 30. He surveyed a second Koskaecodde Lake near Jubilee Lake in 1887.

other on the Long Harbour River is the Eastern Meelpaeg. This lake is the head water of the Little River<sup>1132</sup> flowing out on the south coast of the island.

Joe Jeddore shot two partridge on one of the larger Islands in the Lake. Several of these islands are over a square mile in area and they appear to be the resort of a good many partridges. No doubt the birds' instinct has caused them to select these places so as to be rid of foxes and other enemies. There is also a good sign of deer on some of them.

*August 10th.* Fine warm day, light breeze from S.W. continued our survey of the lake all day and did not get back to camp till after dark. The more I see of this extraordinary sheet of water the more I am amazed at its intricate character. It is a perfect labyrinth. I am sure there are over 1000 islands in it, large and small. Several of them are quite large, over a mile in extent. While the peninsulas separating its numerous arms and bays are equally as numerous, many of these are of great extent and often joined to the main by mere narrow necks of land. I am fairly bewildered and almost despair of ever getting anything like a fair outline of it. Often when we thought we had hold of the main shore we found on further survey that it was either a large island or extensive peninsula. As yet I have not been able to

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<sup>1132</sup>I.e., Grey River.

establish one single station I could be sure of on the mainland. I believe it would take me the rest of my life to make a thorough detailed survey of all its various intricacies. However, I am determined not to leave it till I have a fairly reliable plan of perhaps the greatest natural feature of our island. I can only expect at best to get a fairly tolerable outline of it. As yet we have only completed one small section near its head. We saw no game of any kind today though we are now again all ready for more venison.

*August 11th.* Fine again but blowing hard from the westward. We continued our survey in the more sheltered Arms and bays and did a good day's work. The lake possesses one advantage, no matter how the wind blows there is always some sheltered arm to work in. Joe and John have a good many poles up and I got bearings on most of them.

Saw no game today. Deer appear to be very scarce here, yet everywhere in the woods and on most of the larger islands there is abundant signs of their presence. It is said to be a great place late in the fall for deer. The shores are so very broken and crammed with boulders it is almost too rough for them to travel. The timber around the lake, except on some of the islands is of stunted growth and the whole surrounding country rugged in the extreme.

*Sunday August 12th.* Very fine but cool day. Remained in camp all day plotting my work and writing letters. I intend to send one hand out to Bay Despoir with and for our mail. I presume our friends are now getting anxious to hear from us. We have not written now for over a month. This is probably the last chance we will have of communicating with the south coast unless we go out to Little River arm, but I don't think we will have time to do that. All the Indians went off hunting after dinner in different directions. Noel and Joe Jeddore returned without anything, but Joe Brazil killed a small doe. This will supply our craving for fresh meat at least for a short time.

*August 13th.* Beautiful, fine calm day. Sent Joe Jeddore off with our mail for Bay Despoir. He goes across to Crooked Pond and there takes the little canoe as far as the foot of Burnt Pond, or perhaps Pipestone pond, thence by foot the remainder of the distance. I expect it will take him 8 or 10 days to go and return.

All hands off surveying, determined to make the most of this choice day. John Ings takes Joe's place with Noel in my canoe. It was a charming day quite hot and calm, finest summer day yet. We were able to take the most open part of the middle of the lake from Island to island and were thus enabled to see most of our poles on either side. We reached a long way down the lake before

evening and had a good paddle back to camp which we did not reach till late. In the middle of the lake we came across a small island on which hundreds of gulls, large terns, which the Indians call Koskae breed similar to those seen last year on Jubilee Lake. On account of the presence of those birds here the Indians call this lake Koskaecodde. As we landed on the islet, they hovered about over our heads screeching at us. They have a most peculiar cry unlike any other bird I have ever heard.

The more we see of this great lake the more it enlarges. It seems to be water, water, everywhere<sup>1133</sup> in all directions with Islands and peninsulas multiplying so rapidly that I am almost in despair of ever getting even an approximate representation of it. Our greatest difficulty is to find out what is and what is not the main shoreline. Almost invariably when we fancy we have hit it we find on further examination that it is only some cluster of islands and at every turn new and extensive arms open out. Frequently narrow channels lead us again into great concealed arms and bays filled with islands, large lakes in themselves. These again only lead on to others and so on *ad infinitum*. I can only liken it to an old garment torn into shreds and tatters. It looks now as though we will scarcely have time to finish it

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<sup>1133</sup>A phrase from S.T. Coleridge's "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner." *The Portable Coleridge*, I.A. Richards, ed., (New York: The Viking Press, 1950), p. 85, lines 119, 121.

before we will be obliged to return to Crooked lake to commence our long journey towards the Exploits. On returning to camp this evening we found one of Joe Jeddore's brothers there. He with four other Indians have been in beaver hunting, ever since we left Bay Despoir and were away north of us over towards Harpoon River<sup>1134</sup> on the Exploits water. They are now returning home with their spoils, consisting of 48 beaver skins. If Joe had not gone this morning he would have had their company and assistance getting along, but perhaps it is just as well. We enjoyed a delicious meal of venison at tea time.

*August 14th.* Dull, raining and blowing hard nearly all day also quite cold. In fact we were obliged to keep fires going all day and have had one nearly every night lately. I remained in camp protracting. This owing to the complications of the survey and the cramped position in camp is really more trying work than the survey itself. It is a most difficult task to unravel the complicated sketches and figures in my note book. However I am gradually getting it into some sort of shape on paper. The whole squad of Jeddore's spent the day at our camp and of course helped to dispose of a good portion of our venison and hard tack.

*August 15th.* Dull, cold and blowing a gale with squalls of rain. All the morning in camp still protracting until my back and

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<sup>1134</sup>Harpoon Brook.

limbs ached and my head became almost dazed. The Jeddores left after breakfast for Crooked Pond. In the afternoon Albert, Mike and I went up on the hills behind our camp to have a look over the lake and take some bearings. We brought with us one of our sheets tacked on a drawing board made for me by Noel and a protractor to put in the bearings as we read them off. A plain table would be the correct thing had we had one. But it was so beastly cold like November weather and blowing so hard we could scarcely do any work. I had my gun with me and took a stroll over the hills to look for something to shoot. Saw nothing but one Artic hare and my dog Flockko made that get out in a hurry before I could get a shot. Noel also went off with his gun and did not return till nearly 10 P.M. He had a fine beaver, the first we have met with for the season. He killed two over near Crooked Pond, but one sank and he could not get it. The summer is generally considered pretty well over by this date, but this season I should say it has not commenced yet. We certainly have not had half a dozen summer days altogether.

*August 16th.* Fine day but cool, with occasional light showers. Went across to north side of lake and got through a good day's work. Did not get home till after dark. Rody reports having had a visit from a bear during the day. He did not actually see him, but heard him, and the dog kicked up an awful row. We saw

nothing to shoot today and though I carry my gun along in the canoe I might as well leave it home as I never see anything except gulls to shoot at.

*August 17th.* Beautiful calm day and very hot. Decidedly the finest real summer day we have had, although it was quite cold last night. Noel went off early to look for his other beaver but did not get it. The water was too deep. We moved camp up the lake to an island well situated for prosecuting the survey. It was level and well wooded and there was a nice sandy point which commanded an extensive view over the lake. It was an ideal spot. After dinner we went on with a survey up the middle of the lake, measuring from island to island, till we reached a part so fearfully complicated by islands, points, Bays and arms that I almost despair of unravelling it. New and extensive arms appeared on all sides. Such a waste of waters can scarcely be duplicated anywhere. It is extremely picturesque and I do wish it were situated somewhere in the vicinity of St. John's. What an attraction it would prove to tourists and others. It is well stocked also with fine trout, mostly salmon peel. I caught one very large one. Owing to the perfect calm all day the lake of course appeared at its best. Islands, points and rocks stood out in fantastic relief on all sides being reflected in the mirror-like surface of the deep, dark water.

Noel did not come back till late, without his beaver. The water was too deep and he could not find it. I fear today was too fine to last, at sunset it looked very much for bad weather again and we expect a wet day tomorrow.

*August 18th.* As we anticipated it was raining hard all the morning and continued dull and foggy all day. Remained in camp protracting my work. It is a very tedious and tiresome job. Sent the two canoes and lads off in different directions to put up poles. They did not return till sometime after dark. It was so foggy and dark that I was getting very anxious about them, it is so easy to go astray on the lake. We lit a large fire on the point outside of our camp to guide them. They saw it a long way off and were thus able to locate the camp. They had been up to the extreme end of the lake and saw plenty of fresh signs of deer. I visited another large island near our camp to look for partridge but saw none. Albert was out in the morning and saw one old one.

*Sunday August 19th.* Fine bright day with a good breeze from the N.W. In camp all the morning protracting and in the evening took some observations for time and variation of compass. Found the latter to be  $30^{\circ}07'$ . I then strolled around the island we are camped upon. It is quite large and very irregular. I saw one old partridge but had no gun with me. Noel went off again to look for

his beaver. After dinner John went back to last camping place to leave one of the canoes there for Joe Jeddore whom we expect back from Bay Despoir tomorrow or next day.

Judging from the men's report yesterday of the lake, I am very doubtful of being able to complete the survey of it this season, in time to go across country to the Exploits but we have yet a full month to devote to it and Crooked pond, and I intend to make a great effort to finish it. I should greatly regret having to leave it unfinished.

*August 20th.* Cold, stormy, squally with frequent showers of cold rain accompanied by some thunder. I spent the day along the north side taking bearings and measurements.

*August 21st.* Still wet, cold and stormy. Could only work along shore amongst the islands where there was not much lop. It was miserably cold towards evening, but the wind calmed down after dark. When we returned to camp Rody reported having heard guns up the pond. After supper we again heard two guns not far away. As we knew it must be Joe returning with our mail, we answered the signal and lit a beacon on the point, and in about half an hour he arrived. He had been at the head of the lake all day but it blew so hard he could not venture down. He brought me three letters and several bundles of newspapers, also a letter for Albert. We were quite charmed to get letters from home and

such a budget of news, as we had not heard anything from the outside world since the first week of July. Joe also had a small budget from Bay Despoir, amongst other things, Leslie's marriage to his deceased wife's cousin, Miss Hennebury, who had come up with us from St. John's. Leslie sent us the latest telegraph despatches. They contained little of importance except the collapse of the Parnell-*Times* lawsuit.<sup>1135</sup> We learn from the papers that the two new Coastal mail boats, the *Conscript* and *Volunteer* are both now running, the former in charge of Capt. Sam Walsh, the latter with Capt. Pat Delaney in command and that both boats are giving every satisfaction. We also learn that Governor Blake is taking a cruise around the island in H.M.S. *Pylades* and is receiving a great ovation everywhere he lands. The accounts of the fishery are not at all encouraging so far.

*August 22nd.* Dead calm all forenoon and pretty hot. We went down the pond and got through a great day's work towards the bottom of the lake. It began to breeze up towards evening from the S.E. and looked very black and threatening, with heavy drops of rain. We just reached camp when it came on to blow and rain hard and continued to blow a fierce gale all night. The weather the past week has been exceptionally boisterous and very fallish.

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<sup>1135</sup>Charles Stewart Parnell (1846-91), Irish M.P., leader of the movement for Irish Home Rule. A letter in the *London Times* in 1887 accused Parnell of complicity in the infamous Phoenix Park murders in Dublin in May, 1882. Parnell sued. The letter was proven a forgery.

*August 23rd.* Still blowing fresh but it held up about noon and wind went round to the S.W. Finding our provisions running low, I had to send Noel, John and Joe Jeddore back to our cache on Crooked Lake for fresh supply. I spent the whole day protracting in camp. I was nearly murdered over it. Such a complication was never seen. I am almost inclined to give it up, but my motto is, "never say die." It would be too bad to have to abandon it now after nearly three weeks' work. I will see how I get along this week. My plan of it is now beginning to assume some sort of a definite shape on paper at least. If I left the protracting till after I got home I would never make anything of it.

*August 24th.* Still another stormy, squally day with showers of cold rain. Joe Brazil, Mike and I went off in Joe's canoe along shore taking bearings and sketching in the shore line to the southwestward. After dinner we went into a great arm and explored it a good deal. Saw plenty of fresh deer footing and some beaver cutting. Towards sunset we thought to take a short cut back to camp, but found ourselves embayed at the extreme head of the great Arm we were working on. We came across a fresh beaver house but did not see the beaver themselves, though we waited till dusk. They had apparently gone out before we arrived. We now had to find our way back as best we could and it proved a

very difficult task. We poked around a long while trying to get out into the body of the pond, but after several attempts and a good deal of paddling about, there seemed to be land around us everywhere. Had it not been for the poles we erected in the forenoon by which we guided ourselves we certainly would have had to spend the night out. When at length we did extricate ourselves from the entanglement and reached the more open water we could not tell where to go. It was now quite dark and every place seemed alike. As a matter of fact we were heading away across toward the south side of the lake when suddenly, between two small islands, we caught a glimpse of the beacon fire the lads at camp had lit for us. We were pretty near before we saw it, as it was shut out from view by the numerous islands. However, we got back all right with the fire to guide us. The other lads were back from Crooked Pond with the grub. They saw a fine old stag and a marten but got neither. They had a tough pull up the lake against wind and lop.

*August 25th.* Fine morning. Sent Albert and Joe Brazil across to the south side to sketch the shore and take bearings from the poles. I with the other two lads went into Great Arm on the north side and commenced to survey it. It came to blow hard again and about noon we had two or three desperate showers of rain accompanied by a few very loud claps of thunder and some

lightning. It cleared off fine in the afternoon when we went on with the survey till about 4 P.M. Then we went to look for the beaver at the house we found yesterday but they had left it. We then searched several small ponds near but did not find them. Went up another Arm to take bearings and just at dusk we saw fresh signs of beaver in a little brook, but it was too late to look for them. We did not get back to camp till late after a long, hard paddle. It was quite dark and we had a poking time finding our way.

*Sunday August 26th.* Raining and dull all the morning. Cleared off in afternoon. Protracting my work till dinner-time. Noel, Joe Jeddore and I then went to look for the beaver and also a small screw I lost out of the instrument<sup>1136</sup> last evening. We found both. The beaver were in a little steady just inside the Arm, and were out when we reached there. There were two old ones. We got quite close to them and when they were both swimming along together I fired but somehow the charge in my cartridge was very light and did not send the shot with sufficient force to kill either. I wounded one but he made off at once, the other swam about slapping his tail as is their wont when frightened but he would not come within range again. Finally he also made off up the steady and across into another little pond. We followed him

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<sup>1136</sup>Prismatic compass.

up and came across him again on shore. I now had a splendid chance but again the cartridge proved too light. Yet I hit him hard and for a time he struggled in the water, but he revived and got away from us. Just then, however, three otters made their appearance a little above us and alarmed by the sound of the guns, they came along under water. When close to where we were crouched down, one of them stuck his head up to try and wind us. I fired at his throat and killed him dead. A second one came up below us, when I fired again but lost him. An otter is exceedingly quick in his movements and is very hard to shoot. He will just stick his nose up for a second and then dive quickly. One has to be very sharp to see him at all and then lose no time in drawing the trigger. We saw no more of them. The one I killed was a fine young dog and had a very good coat of fur. We went to look for the wounded beaver but he had hidden away in some hole and we could not find him. We afterwards saw one of the otters out in the pond but did not get within shot. We were very unfortunate in losing the two fine beaver, but it was all owing to the bad cartridges. Joe Jeddore, who was stationed near the outlet from the steady all the time, did not get a shot. I felt much put out at my bad luck and was sorry I did not fire ball cartridges at them at first, had I done so I believe I would have had at least one of them. It takes a heavy charge of powder and

large shot to kill a beaver.

We did not get back to camp till after dark. We found Joe Brazil and John Ings had gone off in another direction, intending to stay away all night. We saw no deer but plenty of fresh footing everywhere.

*August 27th.* Fine day with moderate wind from the south. Went across to south side of the lake and commenced the survey of another great arm. Found it, if anything, more complicated than any yet met with. Towards evening the sky began to get overcast and looked very threatening. Joe Brazil shot a fine old stag which was just in good time as our supply of fresh meat was exhausted. We had him skinned and cut up before dark and then started for camp. There was now a good breeze blowing and a pretty nasty lop on the lake but the wind was fair and we reached camp all right, not, however, a moment too soon, as it came on to blow and rain very hard just after we got home.

*August 28th.* Blowing and raining hard all day, could do no work out of doors. I spent the day plotting in camp which is awfully tedious work. We are three weeks at Meelpaeg today and yet are far from completion of the survey. We had a grand breakfast and dinner of venison today cooked in various ways.

*August 29th.* Still wet and stormy all day. It blew very hard all night and this morning. We cannot budge on the lake, but as I

have a large accumulation of plotting to do I was not idle, in fact, rather glad of the chance to devote a whole day to it, as I did not wish to lose a fine day.

*August 30th.* Fine, bright day at last but blowing harder than ever, with a heavy sea on the lake. We could not venture on the water. This is becoming rather monotonous. Here we have been three whole days in camp out of one week unable to go anywhere or do an outdoor work. But as I have not all my plotting done I find plenty of work to fill in the time.

*August 31st.* Very fine day at last, comparatively calm. We were up early in order to make the most of it. Went away into the great Arm on the north side and finished it. Sent Joe and John down to the foot of the lake with a canoe load of things and to look out a good camping place as we intend moving tomorrow if fine. We saw two deer, a doe and fawn, the first I have seen alive since the first day we came over here. As we were now well supplied with venison for the present in Joe's stag we of course did not fire at them. Joe also saw a beaver and had a shot at him, but did not get him. It came to blow again in the evening and blew a stiff breeze after dark.

We are now at length pretty well finished the northern side of the lake, but still have a good deal of work to do on the south side and towards the bottom.

*Saturday September 1st.* Blowing a gale again, could not move camp nor yet attempt any out door work. There was a great lop on the lake so we had to stay home, plotting up our work. This has been a desperately stormy week and I have only had two days out of it fit to get about. It will throw us back very much. I had calculated being able to finish the survey by today but it was not to be.

Our camp on the island is badly situated in one way. It is too far out in the open part of the lake and we cannot get about when it blows hard. Had we been nearer the shore we could always find some shelter among the islands.

*Sunday September 2nd.* Rained and blew hard all night. Continued all day dull, foggy and wet. I had intended if the day were fine to avail of it to move camp down to the foot of the lake. But truly "*L'homme propose, et Dieu dispose.*"<sup>1137</sup> There seems not to be the least prospect of a change for the better in the weather. It is terribly monotonous in camp so long. One gets tired of reading and sleeping.

I have heard during the summer several anecdotes and traditions relative to the Red Indians from Noel Mathews who had them from his mother and other old Micmacs, especially the Chief, Maurice Lewis. Lewis's father John was one of the party of

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<sup>1137</sup>"Man proposes and God disposes," an old proverb.

Indians who accompanied Cormack in 1827 to Red Indian Lake,<sup>1138</sup> when he went in search of the natives. I noted down all Noel told me and it is now embodied in my book on the Beothucks. I regret very much while at Conne I did not know about the old Chief possessing so much information, or I should have interviewed him. He is a very old man now<sup>1139</sup> and almost blind.

*September 3rd.* Fine, bright, warm day at last not blowing nearly so hard. Packed up and moved to the foot of the lake. Had some difficulty in finding a decent camping place near the outflowing river. This river here is quite large and it is only about a quarter of a mile to another pond or rather steady below. After dinner we went on with our survey and got through a good afternoon's work.

*September 4th.* Beautiful, warm day, quite calm. Went off to the great Arm on the south side of the lake and spent all day there. It is perhaps the most intricate and complicated place yet seen, and I will have to give another day or two surveying it. Albert shot a young fawn, and I saw an old doe but did not fire at it. We were again very late in getting home to camp and it was so very dark we had a poking time and did not arrive till about 8 P.M. We all had good appetites for our venison soup etc. Joe and

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<sup>1138</sup>Howley, *The Beothucks*, p. 189.

<sup>1139</sup>About 1914.

Mike took a short cut by making a portage over a neck of land and were back sometime before us. Joe Jeddore made a splendid shot at a loon this morning, putting a ball fairly through his head. This is one of the most difficult birds I know of to shoot. So quick does it dive upon the report of a gun that its head is under water before the charge can reach it. As it swims so low in the water only its head can be well seen. When making a shot at it, the usual practice is to watch where it dips its long beak in the water and aim for that spot, then as it dives it is apt to catch the shot just before going under water.

*September 5th.* Dull and threatening, blowing pretty fresh from southward. Cleared off after breakfast. Went off again into the great southern arm and by making a portage of about 80 yards, we cut off a long round by water. We spent all day at this Arm and found it more intricate as we proceeded, but we succeeded in finishing it before the rain came on. Had a miserable, cold, wet time getting back. We saw another doe today but would not shoot it. This makes a total of thirty-one deer to date not including three Joe Jeddore saw when returning from Bay Despoir.

*September 6th.* Very cold last night and all day with a strong breeze of piercing northerly wind. Went off to survey an Arm near the portage which we expected to finish before dinner-time, but it opened out inside and spread itself in several

directions. It took us all day to complete it. We then had to make about half a mile of a portage to save ourselves a long paddle. We got back at dusk thoroughly chilled with the cold. I fear we are in for an early and cold fall. Today's weather would be bad for October or even November. Saw no game today.

*September 7th.* Very cold all night and morning but it turned out a fine but cold windy day. Commenced the survey of the river and steady below Meelpaeg. Found it equally intricate and labyrinthine. Could scarcely work with the cold and high wind. We were obliged several times to light fires while standing around the instrument to warm ourselves. Nevertheless we got a good deal of work done. On our way home we saw a young fawn which I shot, as I wanted to skin it for the Museum. It was about as large as a two month's calf. Albert's fawn was delicious meat as I expect this will prove to be. A fawn does not last us at the outside more than two days when eating venison at every meal. We left the canoes behind and walked to camp to avoid a bad chute just below camp.

*September 8th.* Very cold night again still cold and blowing hard from N.W. Can scarcely realize how it can be so cold this early in the season. Too stormy to go on with the survey of the lower pond, which the Indians call Pudops, Wolf Pond. Remained in camp protracting my work all day. Sent Albert to do a little work

near camp till dinner-time. As the sun rose higher the day turned out much warmer, but the high wind continued. After dinner old Joe and John went up the pond to look for beaver and Noel went across to South side. Joe and John stayed away all night, but Noel returned late. He saw one deer a fine doe, but did not fire at it. Towards night the wind went down and it turned quite mild with a S.W. breeze. Looks for rain again.

*Sunday September 9th.* Raining in torrents all the morning, cleared up about noon, but remained dull and blew hard all day. Remained in camp protracting my work. Joe and John returned in evening. They saw three beaver but missed them all. They also saw a fawn which makes thirty-seven to date. The deer are now beginning to move about, and we see some nearly every day. It is well for us we do, as otherwise we would be pretty short of meat. All our stock of provisions here is now getting pretty low. Our molasses and butter are just about finished and we will soon have to make tracks back to Crooked Lake, even there we have no sugar or butter left and very little molasses or meat of any kind. Our flour only holds out well. I expect I shall have to send down to Exploits Bay immediately on arrival at Crooked pond for our reserve of grub. We are now fairly finished the survey of Meelpaeg or Koskaecodde, proper, and a tedious and arduous work it has been. Yet, I am glad I stuck to it as it will be a curious

picture when protracted and form a most interesting feature of our maps.

This is the lake called by Cormack in his journey across country, Jameson's Lake after his great friend and tutor Prof. Jameson of Edinburgh University.<sup>1140</sup> But the name was never recognized, and that of the Micmacs is so well known it cannot now be well altered. It was on an island in this lake Cormack met the Mountaineer Indian James John and his wife encamped in 1822. This meeting he graphically describes in his itinerary, thus:

"October 11th. While surveying a large lake in the south west we descried a faint column of smoke issuing from amongst islands near the south shore, about five miles distant. The time we hoped had at last come to meet the Red Indians. Rivers rise here, as they had throughout our journey, owing to our track being central, that run to both sides of the island, but it could not be seen to which side this lake contributed its waters. The Red Indians had been reported not to frequent the South side of the island. It was too late in the day to reconnoitre and my Indian<sup>1141</sup> went in pursuit of a herd of deer in another direction, we having no provisions for supper. At sunset he did not meet me at the appointed wood in a valley nearby, nor did he return by midnight, nor at all. I dared not exhibit a fire on a hill, as a beacon to him in sight of the strange encampment.

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<sup>1140</sup>Howley, *The Beothucks*, pp. 149-50. Robert Jameson (1774-1854), regius professor of natural history at Edinburgh University, a noted mineralogist and author.

<sup>1141</sup>Joseph Sylvester, Cormack's Micmac guide. Howley, *The Beothucks*, pp. 130, 135.

His gun might have burst and injured him; he might have fled, or been surprised by the party on the lake.

"*October 12th.* At daybreak the atmosphere was frosty and the slender white column of smoke still more distinctly seen. There were human beings there, and deserted, I felt an irresistible desire to approach my fellow beings whether they should prove friendly or hostile. Having put my gun and pistols in the best order, and no appearance of my Indian at noon, I left my knapsack and all incumbrances, and descended through thickets and marshes towards the nearest part of the lake about two miles distant. The white sandy shore formed of disintegrated granite, was much trodden over by deer and other animals, but there were no marks of man discernible. The extent of the lake was uncertain; but it was apparent that it would require two days at least to walk round either end to the nearest point of the opposite shore to the occupied island. I therefore kept on my own side to discover who the party were. By firing off my gun if the party were Red Indians they would in all probability move off quickly on hearing the report, and they having no firearms my fire would not be answered. If they were other Indians my fire would be returned. I fired. By and by the report of a strange gun travelled among the islands, from the direction of the smoke, and thus all my doubts and apprehensions were dispelled. The report of this gun was the first noise I had heard caused by man, except by my Indian and myself, for more than five weeks, and it excited very peculiar feelings.

"In about an hour my lost Indian unexpectedly made his appearance from the direction where we had parted on the preceding evening, brought to the spot by

the report of my gun. He accounted for himself, 'that after having shot a stag about two miles from the spot appointed for our encampment, he attempted to get round the west end of the lake to reconnoitre the party on the island, but found the distance too great, and getting benighted, had slept in the woods.'

"Soon afterwards, to my great delight, there appeared among some woody islets in front, which precluded the view of the other side of the lake, a small canoe with a man seated in the stern paddling softly towards us, with an air of serenity and independence possessed only by the Indians. After a brotherly salutation with me, and the two Indians kissing one another, the hunter proved to be unable to speak English or French. They however, soon understood one another, for the stranger, although a Mountaineer<sup>1142</sup> from Labrador, could speak a little of the Micmac language, his wife being a Micmac. The Mountaineer tribe belongs to Labrador, and he told us that he had come to Newfoundland, hearing that it was a better hunting country than his own, and that he was now on his way hunting from St. George's Bay to Bay Despair to spend the winter with the Indians there. He had left St. George's Bay two months before and expected to be at the Bay Despair in two weeks hence. This was his second year in Newfoundland, he was accompanied by his wife only. My Indian told him that I had come to see the rocks, the deer, the beaver and the Red Indians, and to tell King George<sup>1143</sup> what was going on in the middle of the country. He said St. George's Bay was about two weeks walk from us if we knew the best way, and invited us over with him in his canoe to rest a

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<sup>1142</sup>The Mountaineers or Montagnais (with the Naskapi now termed the Innu) were migrating Indians of Labrador and Québec.

<sup>1143</sup>George IV.

day at his camp, where he said he had plenty of venison, which was readily agreed to on my part.

"The Island, on which the Mountaineer's camp was, lay about three miles distant. The varying scenery as we paddled towards it, amongst innumerable islands and inlets, all of granite, and mostly covered with spruce and birch trees, was beautiful. His canoe was similar to those described to have been used by the Ancient Britons on the invasion by the Romans. It was made of wicker-work covered over outside with deer skins sewed together and stretched on it, nearly of the usual form of canoes, with a bar or beam across the middle and one at each end to strengthen it. The skin covering, fleshside out, was fastened or laced to the gunwales, with thongs of the same material. Owing to decay and wear it requires to be renewed once in from six to twelve weeks. It is in these temporary barks that the Indians of Newfoundland of the present day navigate the lakes and rivers of the interior. They are easily carried owing to their lightness, across the portage from one water to another, and when damaged easily repaired. There were innumerable granite rocks in the lake a little below and above the surface; on one of these our canoe struck and rubbed a hole through the half decayed skin and was attended with some risk to our persons and guns. His wigwam was situated in the centre of a wooded islet at which we arrived before sunset. The approach for the landing place was by a mossy carpeted avenue formed by the trees having been cut down in that direction for firewood. The sight of a fire, not of our own kindling of which we were to partake seemed hospitality. It was occupied by his wife, seated on a deerskin, busy sewing together skins of the same kind to renew

the outside of the canoe, we had just found which required it. A large Newfoundland dog, her only companion in her husband's absence, had welcomed us at the landing place with signs of the greatest joy. Sylvan happiness reigned here. His wigwam was of a semicircular form, covered with birch rind and dried deer skins, the fire on the foreground outside. Abundance and neatness pervaded the encampment. On horizontal poles over the fire hung quantities of venison steaks, being smoked dry. The hostess was cheerful, and a supper, the best the chase could furnish, was soon set before us on sheets of birch rind. Kindness so elegantly tendered by these people of nature in their solitude commenced to soften those feelings which had been fortified against receiving any comfort except of our own administering. The excellence of the venison, and of the flesh of young beavers, could not be surpassed. A cake of hard deer's fat with scraps of suet, toasted brown intermixed was eaten with the meat; soup was the drink. Our hostess after supper sang several Indian songs at my request. They were plaintive and sung in a high key. The song of a female and her contentment in this remote and secluded spot, exhibited the strange diversity there is in human nature. My Indian entertained them incessantly until nearly daylight with stories about what he had seen in St. John's. Our toils were for the time forgotten. The Mountaineer had occupied this camp for about two weeks, deer being plentiful all around the lake. His larder, which was a kind of a shed erected on the rocky shore for the sake of a free circulation of air, was in reality a well stocked butcher's stall, containing parts of some half dozen fat deer, also the carcasses of beavers, of otters, of musk rats, and of martens, all methodically laid out.

His property consisted of two guns and ammunition, an axe, some good culinary utensils of iron and tin; blankets, an apartment of dried deer skins to sleep on and with which to cover his wigwam, the latter with the hair off; a collection of skins to sell at the sea coast consisting of those of beaver, otter, marten, musk rat and deer; the last dried and the hair off, also a stock of dried venison in bundles. Animal flesh of every kind in steaks, without salt smoke-dried over the fire for forty-eight hours, becomes nearly as light and portable as cork and will keep sound for years. It thus forms a good substitute for bread and being boiled two hours recovers most of its original qualities.

"October 14th. We left the veteran mountaineer (James John by name) much pleased with our having fallen in with him. He landed us from his canoe on the south side of the lake, and we took our departure for the westward along the south side. Truly could this man proclaim:

'I'm monarch of all I survey.

My right there is none to dispute;

From the centre all round to the sea,

I am lord of the fowl and the brute.'"<sup>1144</sup>

I regretted very much time did not permit of my following this river down to the southern sea-coast as I intended to do at first, but the season is now all too short to accomplish our

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<sup>1144</sup>This follows Howley's text in *The Beothucks*, pp. 147-50, rather than the "Reminiscences" typescript. Quatrain is from "Verses Supposed to be Written by Alexander Selkirk," by William Cowper, in *Cowper; Selected Poems and Letters*, A. Norman Jeffares, ed., (London: Oxford University Press, 1963), p. 61. Cormack, *Narrative of a Journey*, rpt. in Howley, *The Beothucks*, pp. 130-68.

long, arduous journey and extensive survey by way of Noel Paul's River to the Exploits and thence down to the northern sea-coast. Any way we have not now left here a sufficient stock of provisions to carry us through. Of course we had no idea the survey of Meelpaeg would take us so long, though Leslie told me it would take all summer and he was quite right. It certainly is a most extraordinary sheet of water; the innumerable islands, peninsulas, coves and bights etc. are surprising. Although I believe I now have most of these features fairly well represented I am well aware there must be many more which it is impossible to get in, without going into every nook and cranny and around every island to clearly distinguish single ones from groups, they are so diversified and so separated by narrow, crooked, hidden channels etc. I estimate roughly that there cannot be less than 1,000 to 1,500 islands, probably many more in all, constituting this maze of land and water.

*September 10th.* Beautiful, fine, calm day at last. Started off after breakfast and continued down Pudops Gospen to the foot of the pond a distance of nearly seven miles from our camp. Commenced work here and continued to survey up the pond till we connected with Friday's work. Could only attempt a rather rude survey of it now, as our time is getting so short and our stock of provisions so low. We saw no game today.

*September 11th.* Dull and wet again, rained hard all night and this morning, but cleared off fine. Sent Albert to finish off the lake while I remained in camp plotting my work till dinner-time. After which Noel, Joe Brazil and I started to visit a high range<sup>1145</sup> near the foot of Pudops to get a look at the river below. We provided for staying out all night. It was about 4 O'clock when we reached the foot of the pond. We then ran down the river<sup>1146</sup> about a mile or two. It was a large one with plenty of water and no bad rapids so far. We stopped just above another little pond and ascended some bare knolls to look ahead. About a mile below we saw another long narrow pond and from all I can learn the river continues good with several ponds and steadies all the way down to the crossing of the Telegraph line, but below that point, none of the Indians could say much about it, except that about three miles from the salt water there is a big fall. I very much regret time did not permit of my following it down to the sea, which I fully intended to do at first. Had not Meelpaeg taken up so much of our time, I certainly would have done so. Had we continued on down the river when first we came over here and then surveyed upwards I believe we would have accomplished it by this time. It is decidedly the largest and most important south-

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<sup>1145</sup>Wolf Mountain.

<sup>1146</sup>Grey River.

flowing river in the island, though so ridiculously and by contrariety named Little River. The country along its course partakes of the same rugged boulder-bestrewn character. Whatever timber once grew here has all been burnt. We came across an abundance of wild raspberries, the first we have seen the season, also any amount of blueberries. We next poled back to the foot of Pudops where we found a fine wigwam belonging to Ben Louis, where we took up quarters for the night. This wigwam was one of the largest and finest I have ever seen. It was about 15 feet square, built of logs stogged with moss rising to about 5 feet from the ground. On these rested the rafters supporting the roof which was covered outside with birch and fir rinds weighed down with heavy logs. At the apex of the roof there was as usual a space left uncovered for the smoke from the fire to find egress.

When we had laid down a new bed of nice, clean, fir boughs and started a good fire in the centre it proved exceedingly comfortable. One can scarcely realize without experience how comfortable this sort of habitation can be made, even in rough, cold, winter weather. Both outside and inside it presented all the characteristics of a regular Indian wigwam. Sticks suspended by rootlets for drying clothes upon. Notches cut in the logs for various purposes, two good bakepots, a wooden dish, a pile of

otter boards<sup>1147</sup> upon which were written with chalk or coal from the fire the names of various hunting parties who had lodged here. There was an awl stuck in a log, a few deer shanks hung upon the beams. A wooden pot hanger and several others made of telegraph wire all suspended from a beam over the fireplace. Outside were many broken or decayed deer's and beaver bones etc. etc. also frames for drying skins upon and frames for hanging up meat to dry. There were dugout wooden troughs in which to tan the deer skins, great piles of deer hair shaved off the skins, poles and paddles and the frame of a skin canoe etc. All strewn about in the utmost confusion. This wigwam now belongs to Ned Pullett, Ben Louis having died. Pullett we learned from one of the inscribed otter boards was here on the 2nd of August. Outside a stick stuck in the ground and pointing northward, indicated he had gone hunting in that direction towards Pit paeg<sup>1148</sup> on the upper Exploits. It is in this way an Indian conveys to his fellows his whereabouts. Apparently he had not yet returned or the stick would have been removed, and a note somewhere of his arrival. We followed the Indian custom when leaving, recording the date of our visit with our names and leaving a stick outside with three chops in it made with an axe. Meaning we were three

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<sup>1147</sup>Pieces of wood on which otter skins are stretched to dry.

<sup>1148</sup>Lloyds Lake.

men and had gone towards the mountain.

*September 12th.* Dull, close morning and quite foggy at first. After an early breakfast we paddled up the lake some distance into a bay from whence the country leading towards the mountain<sup>1149</sup> was pretty clear, being all burnt. We had a long, warm tramp to reach the summit but were well repaid by an extensive view of the country all around. Pudops and Meelpaeg lay spread out just beneath us. It was a perfect panorama with its innumerable arms and islands. The valley of this river and lake system was surrounded by hills, and a very extensive plateau spread out in every direction, dotted with numerous lakes, several of which were quite large, one in particular, to the east of Meelpaeg called by the Indians Pidau Gospen<sup>1150</sup> which was long and narrow. Another to the southward close under a high hill called Hare Hill must have been 6 or 7 miles long. This they called Deer Lake<sup>1151</sup> and is on the Bay de Lievre River.<sup>1152</sup> We could not see much of Little River below as our point of view lay too far back but we could easily trace the valley a long distance. A great number of hills and tofts were visible to the south, west, and North. Annieopsquatch Mountain Range near George IV lake was plainly recognized, also several of the sharp tofts on the White

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<sup>1149</sup>Ebbegunbaeg Hill.

<sup>1150</sup>Cold Spring Pond.

<sup>1151</sup>Dolland Pond.

<sup>1152</sup>Dolland Brook.

Bear Bay waters. But the highest and most rugged-looking land was towards the seacoast near the head of Bay de Lievre<sup>1153</sup> some 25 miles distant. The day turned out a charming one and we greatly enjoyed our trip to the mountain. We could see that it was densely foggy out about the coast. Shortly after we got on the mountain I saw a fox, but not having my gun at hand and he winding me made off. Later on while the lads were boiling the kettle I took a stroll around the hill when I saw him again and succeeded in getting close enough to shoot him easily. He was a young red fox not of much value and had a poor shaggy coat of fur. There was abundant signs of deer everywhere yet we did not see any. Blue berries in vast abundance were seen everywhere over the burnt country and on top of the mountain. Joe picked and made jam of some for dinner. After taking all the bearings I required and erecting a cairn on the summit with a flag staff set in the centre and a piece of birch bark for a flag we left a record of our visit and then descended to our canoe. We started three fine geese but got no chance to shoot any of them. We now had a long paddle back to camp which we reached just at dark.

*September 13th.* Raining in torrents all the morning but cleared off after breakfast. Being now pretty well finished the survey here and all but out of grub we packed up and started up

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<sup>1153</sup>Hare Bay.

the lake for the portage, but decided to go back to Crooked Lake by way of Island Pond, the last or upper lake of the Bay D'Est waters. The portage to this lake from Meelpaeg was much shorter and easier than that by which we came, furthermore, we would see some new country. We reached the head of Meelpaeg about 4 P.M. and got our canoes up a small brook into a fairly long pond and portaged to another smaller one before dark, where we camped for the night. It was a very rough place. In fact the country hereabout is awfully rugged. I never saw anything to equal it. It is one mass of huge blocks of granite as big as a house piled on top of one another in such confusion as to render it a difficult matter to find any way through them. It reminded one of a gigantic ruined city. A ruin it certainly is, not of a city but of a country. It is the result of glacial action where the rocks were torn out of their parent bed and lifted, as it were, on one another or what would occur at the seat of a great glacier.

*September 14th.* Raining in torrents again all the morning. Cleared up after dinner. I then sent the men ahead with loads for Island pond. We also got our canoe over before night. I went to look for something to shoot as we were now living on dry bread and tea, without sweetening. I did not see anything. Joe Jeddore saw one beaver but did not get a shot at it.

*September 15th.* Blowing a cold, raw northeaster. Started

after a very early breakfast and had all across to Island Pond by 10 O'clock. We then proceeded down the pond. It was desperately cold with showers of cold rain and as we were all wet through from the bushes we suffered greatly. My poor dog Flockko nearly perished from the wet and cold. He became all cramped up and could not stand or move, we were obliged to go ashore on an island and light a big fire to keep the life in him. I thought sure it was all over with the poor brute. We had a nasty loup when nearing the lower and more open part of the pond, which added to our misery. However, we reached the outlet all right. Here we stopped to boil our kettle and get a mug up of hot tea. We also lit a large fire and gave ourselves a good heat. It began to clear up by this time and the sun shone out gloriously. We then began to descend the river towards Crooked Lake and found it exceedingly rough. I walked over through the woods and got across two hours before the men and canoe. However they came all right and we were soon snugly camped again on Crooked Lake. Noel and Joe then went off to our cache for grub and we were able to have a good supper.

*Sunday September 16th.* A very fine, bright day but still a cold breeze blowing. Had all our things out to dry and air. Stayed in camp all day protracting and reading. Albert and Joe Jeddore went to head of lake for a load.

*September 17th.* Fine, sunny day again. Remained in camp protracting my work while Albert, Mike, Joe and John went across to the South side to finish up a bay there. Noel and Joe Jeddore went up to the cache and brought down all the remainder of the things and carried them down the pond to Sugar Brook, so named because General Dashwood had his bag of sugar accidentally spilled here.<sup>1154</sup> This is the brook up which we are to work our way to the height of land and thence to Noel Paul's River. It came to rain and blow again about noon, but cleared off a fine evening.

*September 18th.* Beautiful, calm, warm day, the finest for a long time. Started for Sugar brook where we camped before dinner-time. After dinner I sent the two Joes off to look for a deer as we are now very short of meat. Noel, John, Mike, Albert and I went on with our survey and got through a good afternoon's work. Tomorrow I intend despatching Noel and Joe Jeddore with the best canoe for the Bay of Exploits to bring up our reserve supply of food which should be there awaiting us long ere this time. It is a long, arduous and dangerous journey and will take them a fortnight, if not more. Once on the main Exploits River they will go down fast enough but the return journey with the loaded canoe

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<sup>1154</sup>No current name. This incident perhaps occurred on a trip of 1886, which Howley refers to on Oct. 26 of that year.

will be a very arduous and a slow one.

Joe Brazil killed a fine doe, and Jeddore a doe and a stag. I was very vexed with the latter for killing two deer, as there was no occasion at all for such waste. He only brought back one foreshoulder of the doe which was a good distance from camp. The stag is not so far from the river and we can get it on our way up. Joe Brazil brought two hind quarters of his deer with the skin, breast bone, heart etc. We had the kidneys for supper; they were delicious. Joe Brazil also saw two other deer making forty-one to date.

*September 19th.* Fine day wind N.E. cold but calm. It became quite warm after a while. Noel and Joe started for Exploits after breakfast. We then went on with our survey of the lake and nearly finished it.

*September 20th.* Beautiful, fine day nearly calm. In fact, one of the very finest for the season. Continued our survey of the lake and finished it by dinner-time. I then went on a bare ridge on the north side to take some bearings and get a view of the country ahead. It was very flat to the northward covered with marshes and barrens interspersed with small timber and not a great many ponds. We could just make out the bare summit of Hodge's Hill away in the distance. It was a charming evening and quite warm.

*September 21st.* Another still finer day quite calm and warm. Albert and Mike commenced to measure up Sugar Brook, while John took up a canoe load. Joe and I went upon another bare ridge west of the river to take some bearings on islands in the lake and also to bring down the remainder of the doe he shot. It was a delightful day and so warm that we perspired freely. The black flies which have been absent for the past month came to life under the genial rays of the sun and soon showed us they had not forgotten how to bite. They appeared to be making up for lost time. Joe and I then took up all the spare gear about a mile and portaged it across to a little pond, the first of a string of ponds on the river. Albert and Mike got up quite a distance and John took his load still further.

*September 22nd.* Cold and raw again, wind back to the N.E. and threatening rain, but it cleared off fine. We struck camp and commenced the ascent of the river, Joe and Albert in one canoe. John and Rody in the second; Mike and I in the third. Found the river after the first portage not too bad, except between the little steadies and ponds which were often quite shoal and filled with big boulders. Fortunately these intervals were short but they became worse and worse as we proceeded. We had a hard drag all day wading through the water with frequent short portages. Found the water very cold. We stopped on the way up to go after

Joe Jeddore's stag, which we found on a marsh unflenched. It took us sometime to skin and cut it up. It is a fine animal and in splendid condition. We took all the best parts of the meat, only leaving the head, neck and backbone, for the foxes. Then we had dinner and proceeded onward and reached the second last pond at sunset and had just light enough to get up our camps before dark. We were all pretty tired after our hard day's work dragging through the cold water and were glad to have tomorrow Sunday to rest.

*Sunday September 23rd.* Fine sunny day but quite cool with N.E. wind. Remained in camp protracting till late in the evening. I then walked up about a mile to the last and largest pond. The river between this and our camp has very little water in it and is spread out in several small channels. We were in hope of having rain today to raise it a bit but were disappointed. Our canoes are now very leaky after yesterday's dragging over the shoals. I fear we will have to portage them most of the way along up to the big pond.

*September 24th.* Beautiful, fine, warm day. Albert, John and Mike went back down the river to continue our measurement, while Joe and I continued on down to bring up our things left by John on Friday. We got back to camp by dinner-time. Rody saw a splendid old stag swimming across the little pond near camp. This

makes forty-two seen to date. After dinner we tried to get up the river, but spent the whole evening making channels, by prizing out the boulders with which the river is choked. It was desperate hard labour and we made so little progress that we decided to abandon it and portage across to the next pond a distance of about  $3/4$  of a mile. Albert succeeded in carrying his measurement up to this last pond.

*September 25th.* Another beautiful, fine day. Struck camp and moved forward. Had a hard tug over the portage, especially in carrying the canoes. Albert and I took the smallest one over in two spells. The going was for the most part soft and marshy which made it all the more trying. We got up to the head of this long pond by dinner-time, then made another short portage to a small gully where we camped in a nice place, near the river on an old otter rub. We have to make another portage of about  $1/4$  of a mile to a small pond, then another short one to a pond about  $1/2$  a mile long; then still another portage of a  $1/4$  of a mile to a pretty large pond which is the headwater of the Bay D'Est River in this direction. It is from this latter pond the water flows in opposite directions. But the north flowing brook is small and rocky and takes a long turn before joining Noel Paul's River. We will take another route recommended by Noel Mathews, by making a portage across from here to another branch of Noel Paul's which

is more direct and has more ponds on it, but again joins the same river before reaching Noel Paul's River.

*September 26th.* Another beautiful day and really very warm. In fact, it is only now we are experiencing any real summer weather, but the nights are getting quite cold now. It froze hard last night. Altogether the past week has been the finest for the whole season and as a consequence it is very enjoyable. However, we would not object to a good dash of rain just now in order to raise the rivers. Albert, Mike and John surveying all day; Joe and I portaging. It was desperately hard work, more especially carrying the two now water-soaked canoes over four portages in succession. We got up to the extreme head of this river and carried our grub across to the first small pond on the Noel Paul's water before evening. We then went to look at the place where the water runs both ways, North towards Noel Paul's River and South into Crooked Pond on the Bay D'Est river. There can be no doubt that they are two distinct rivers flowing from this one pond. I have called it Overflow pond because it is so situated on the very summit level of the country that the water seems to flow over as it were. Thus is the island cut in two at this part, and another similar occurrence takes place at Eastern Meelpaeg on the Long Harbour River. This is a phenomenon not often met with in any country. We got back to camp just at dark pretty well tired

after our strenuous day's work.

*September 27th.* Dull and foggy with a S.W. wind and threatening rain, but held up fine. Started forward and made good progress. With the aid of a map drawn by Noel Mathews on birch bark and left for us at Overflow pond, we were able to follow his track easily. It was also blazed at the different portages which was a great help. We got over all the portages and up to the head of the upper Lake early. I then sent Albert, Mike and John back to continue their measurement, while Joe, Rody and I kept on. Joe and I again portaged the two canoes and most of our stuff over to the other branch where we had dinner. Then we proceeded up the pond to where the river flows out. Here we found a wigwam of Noel's in which we camped. It was rather a poor place and we could procure no fir boughs for a bed and had to use spruce, which are not nearly so nice as they will not lay smoothly. The country up here on the height of land is rugged and barren with very little wood of any kind. Just behind our camps an extensive plateau stretches away for a long distance all covered with boulders and marshes. It was here General Dashwood camped when deer hunting two years ago. When our camps were up I went off to look for a deer as we are now again run out of fresh meat. But though I took a long tramp over the barrens I saw nothing to shoot. It was extremely mild and close all the evening, and the

black flies were as thick as at anytime the summer. The country all around is very flat. We crossed the Railway survey line of 1875, Austin's Division B, just where we had dinner today at the head of the pond.

*September 28th.* Dull, but fine day rather close and sultry. Saw a deer swim across the pond in the morning but did not fire at it. Albert, John and Mike went back again to continue the survey. Joe went up with them and brought down the things left at the portage yesterday. I remained in the camp protracting the work till dinner-time. After dinner Joe and I started down the river with a canoe load, but after proceeding a short distance found it so dry and so choked with boulders we abandoned the attempt of trying to follow its course and went ahead on foot to look out the best place to make a portage. We found by taking a straight cut across the barrens we could reach the first pond of any size in about 3/4 of a mile and decided to avail of it. We saw one deer but it was running fast and we did not get a shot at it. John, Albert and Mike saw three more today, making forty-seven to date. We have still a good portion of Joe's stag left, but as we now have no other meat, and indeed very little of any kind of grub, except flour we will soon want another deer, unless indeed Noel and Joe put in an appearance, with our supplies. They are ten days gone today, but judging from the difficulties we

have experienced so far I don't expect them for four or five days yet. The rivers are now very low and so choked with boulders it is useless to try and get our canoes along by them. We are anxiously looking for rain, but nothing less than a continuous downpour of several days would be of much use to us. Even then the best we could expect would be to get the empty canoes along, even that would be a great help and owing to the shortness of our provisions we have little else to carry except our camps and clothes.

*September 29th.* Dull, foggy and misty nearly all day, wind from S.W. Albert and his crew again off surveying. Joe and I got the two large canoes across the portage before dinner-time. It was a desperate hard tug and my shoulders were quite sore from the weight on them. After dinner we carried over two loads each including all our flour, bags, etc. We then launched one of the canoes and went down to the foot of the pond to have a look at the river below. We found that another short portage to the next pond would have to be made. Here we left our things and went back to camp. Saw no deer today though one crossed our footing while we were having dinner. It came to rain a little just at dusk.

*Sunday September 30th.* Rained pretty constantly all night but not heavy. Still we were thankful for small favours and trust it will raise the brook somewhat. It continued densely foggy and

misty with some heavy showers all day. Remained in camp reading and protracting our work. We had the very last of our pork for dinner and pretty well the last of our venison also. Unless we kill another deer or meet the other lads returning within two days we will be hard up for meat.

*Monday October 1st.* Still raining hard all the morning cleared off at dinner-time and became quite fine, but it was too late to move camp. All hands except Albert, who remained in camp protracting, went across the portage with loads. I then took a long stroll over the barrens with my gun but saw nothing to shoot. While Joe and John were portaging the little canoe however they saw a stag and doe and John fired three times at them and missed each shot. He appears to be a very poor shot for an Indian. He has not killed a thing this summer though he had several shots at beaver etc.

There is no sign of our voyageurs yet returning from Exploits. Our tea is now all but gone and that will be the worst deprivation of all.

*October 2nd.* Tolerably fine day, moved camp across the portage and continued down the river a considerable distance. It was nearly night before we reached a suitable place to camp, but at length we hit upon a fairly good one. We had the last of our tea tonight, also of our venison.

*October 3rd.* Fine day. Joe Brazil went down to look at the river in the morning and fortunately ran upon six deer, two of which he shot. We are now well supplied with meat again for a time, we also still have a good stock of flour, but have no tea, salt, molasses etc. nor anything to drink except water and lime juice.<sup>1155</sup> Albert, John and Mike went back to continue their measurement. Joe and I went after our flour and other things left behind and got back to camp by dinner-time. After which we carried the empty canoes down to a little pond about a mile below. Here another large branch of the river comes in and below this it is much larger with frequent steadies and small ponds. We skinned one of Joe's deer and brought the meat back to camp. Albert reached with his measurement a good sized pond about a mile above camp. I am now growing very anxious about our two men on the Exploits. They are now gone fifteen days and should be showing up by this time. Of course the journey back and forth is a long and toilsome one, and the rivers between this and the main Exploits are very small and shallow and the portages are numerous. Still I think unless they met with some mishap they ought to be here now.

*October 4th.* Dull and raining. Blowing almost a gale. Albert

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<sup>1155</sup>As in the British Navy, lime juice was known as a preventative of scurvy. In his notebooks, Howley lists "lime juice" among provisions to be taken on his surveys.

could do nothing on the pond so had to remain in camp protracting his work. After dinner John, Joe, Mike and I took a load each across the portage and got the canoes over to the pond. Joe and I then went down a mile or two to see the river.<sup>1156</sup> We climbed a rocky ridge from which we could see ahead quite a distance. The river looks pretty good, being large with a good deal of water and several ponds, but is very full of boulders. In fact the whole country hereabout in all directions is strewn over with them; often of huge dimensions.

While on this ridge I observed some animal crossing a small marsh on the further side of the river which I took to be a deer, but on calling Joe's attention to it, he at once pronounced it to be a wolf. On taking up my glass I could see clearly that he was right. There was no mistaking the long, slinky, foxey-grayish brute, which seemed to walk along with that peculiar hang dog gait, characteristic of his kind. He appeared to be about the size of a very large dog. We had left our guns behind in the canoe, but in any case we were too far from him and as he was making for a patch of wood we could not intercept him in time to get a shot. After all my years in the interior, this was the first, and indeed the only wolf I had ever seen alive,<sup>1157</sup> though

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<sup>1156</sup>It is not clear which river he is seeing.

<sup>1157</sup>Timber wolves became extinct in Newfoundland by 1930, probably because of the dwindling numbers of caribou and beavers (ENL).

we had frequently come across very fresh footing of the brutes. I should very much like to have got a shot at him and save the skin for the Museum.

It was nearly dark when we reached our camp. We saw no sign of our lads except where they stopped or made portages on their way down. I am growing very anxious indeed about them, and about our own prospects for food. Tomorrow if they should not turn up, old Joe and I intend going on as far as Noel Paul's Steady<sup>1158</sup> to look for them. Should they not be there I have decided to give up the survey and push on with all haste, trusting to kill some deer on the way. We still have flour enough left to take us nearly through. Our only drink now is cold water which at this season is rather hard luck, but at the worst I trust we will not quite starve.

*October 5th.* Beautiful fine day at last. Albert, Mike and John going on with the survey for one more day. Joe and I after crossing the portage took one of the canoes with all our gear and proceeded down stream. We made good headway notwithstanding encountering frequent bad places, where we were obliged to get out and line down the canoe. Everywhere we found traces of Noel and Joe's outward journey. At one place they had killed three

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<sup>1158</sup>At this point, the crew has reached the north-flowing stream, Noel Paul's Brook.

beaver and we also saw where they had put up the third night after leaving us. At length we came to where they had cut a portage. We landed here and went ahead on foot. I would have given a good deal now for a cup of tea and having given expression to that desire, Mister Joe took a small kettle of his out of the canoe, filled it and having lit a fire put it on to boil. "What is that for, Joe," I asked, "what are you going to put in it?" He produced a dirty cotton handkerchief from his pocket with something tied up in one corner. Then with a peculiarly knowing grin, he said, "I got a pinch of tay here," sure enough he had. It immediately became quite apparent to me that all this time while we were without that fragrant beverage Mr. Joe had appropriated a stock for his own use before our supply became exhausted. I felt pretty mad at this, nevertheless when in a few minutes he put it on the kettle & helped me to a cup I forgave him. It proved indeed very refreshing. We travelled over some ridges crossed the river then over another ridge, perhaps a couple of miles altogether when we came across another branch with a large pond or steady. This we took to be Noel Paul's steady.<sup>1159</sup> Here we saw where they launched their canoe and cooked dinner on the fourth day but there was no sign of them anywhere. What can have happened them? I began to fear they had

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<sup>1159</sup>But it was not. See below.

come to grief in trying to run some of the bad places on the Exploits, especially the chute below the Grand Falls. Once before when with Mr. Murray in 1871 Noel and Noel Bernard tried to run this place, upset their canoe losing its contents and came within a hair's breadth of losing their lives. Noel often talked of it and used to say had he another good canoe man he believed he could have run it all right. Bernard was young and inexperienced, besides it was not a canoe but a flat they had at the time which of course was not so easy to handle. Old Joe Brazil though quite a stoic in his way began to have misgivings, and thinks something must surely have happened. It would look now as if there was no other course for us but to abandon the survey and make tracks for Exploits. We ran across a fine herd of deer at least 15 or 20 feeding in a marsh by the side of the river. There were two very large stags amongst them, but being in a very open place we could not get near enough to them to have a fair shot. I fired at one old doe but missed her. Then as they all ran off I fired again but missed the whole lot. When a number of deer are running like this it seems much easier to miss than when firing at a single one. We ran and cut them off and I gave them two more shots as they ran past me but without effect. I suppose I was too much excited at seeing so many all together. This makes about seventy deer to date.

It was now getting late and we had to hurry back and get across the portage before dark and up the river, but before we reached the pond night overtook us. We then had a tough time for an hour or more trying to get the canoe along amongst the numerous rocks and the very worst rapids here. It was very dark and as we could not well see anything we simply had to wade along all the way dragging the canoe with us. We however, succeeded and reached the pond we started from in the morning. Here we left the canoe to travel on foot to camp. This proved even worse than the river. The whole country was strewn so with boulders between which there were dangerous holes which we could not see in the dark. This made the risk of breaking our legs extremely imminent. Old Joe cut two sticks about 6 feet long one of which he handed me. By prodding the ground in front as we slowly moved along we managed to avoid the holes. But we could only travel at a snail's pace. At last we reached within sight of the camp fire about 8 O'clock. They had a great blaze going and other indications told us our long lost voyageurs had returned. Sure enough there they were quietly stretched out smoking their pipes and not a feather out of them.

To say that I was greatly relieved and overjoyed would be to put it mildly. It appeared Joe and I had not reached Noel Paul's steady at all but a brook leading into it. The lads had arrived

at the Steady that morning and taking a pack each travelled overland to look for our camp, at which they arrived shortly after we left, but having taken a shorter cut we missed each other.<sup>1160</sup> We were all of course overjoyed to see them, especially as they brought along tea, sugar, milk, onions, pork, bacon etc. They had a hard time both going and returning and made no delay Sunday or Monday. They brought us several letters and papers by which we were glad to learn all was going well in the outside world. My letters informed me of another increase in my family of a daughter. This is No. 9. We were annoyed beyond anything at old Capt. Winsor sending back the letters we had written home with the others. On looking over the papers I was rather annoyed at some anonymous scribbler<sup>1161</sup> in the *Telegram* writing in a most malicious and cowardly manner, stating that all Mr. Murray's and my own reports were false and unreliable.<sup>1162</sup> The contemptible creature, whoever he may be, went so far as to utter deliberate falsehoods as to alleged conversations he had with me which never took place. It was of course quite evident that the cowardly

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<sup>1160</sup>"It appears we were not at the Steady nor yet within 3 or 4 miles of it" ("Journal" for 1888, CSNA, 262.02.019/020).

<sup>1161</sup>Howley picks up this phrase from a letter defending him, in *Evening Mercury*, Aug. 20, 1888; see also Aug. 22, 25.

<sup>1162</sup>The attacker was "A Newfoundlander." See *Eve Tel*, Aug. 18, 21, 24, 1888. The first, under the headline "Dashwood is right," was a response to a letter by Howley, dated May 14, 1888, in *Evening Mercury*, Aug. 17. The annual reports to 1880 are in Murray and Howley, *Geological Survey*, and those by Howley after that date in Murray and Howley, *Reports of Geological Survey*, 1918. The *JHA* printed most of the reports annually.

creature took advantage of my absence in the far interior, where no doubt he calculated I was not likely to see his effusion. Whoever the fellow was he is a most contemptible scoundrel, and can only be actuated by spite or jealousy. My friend, General Dashwood,<sup>1163</sup> has also taken advantage of my absence to air his little opinions on scrub etc. This brave representative of the British Army does not hesitate to stab an absent opponent in the back. After the *German manner*. I certainly am rather surprised at Mr. Alex. Parsons,<sup>1164</sup> the Editor of the *Telegram*, for permitting such cowardly creatures the use of his columns. The papers also inform us that the fishery is rather poor and the crops damaged. Wheat especially in Europe has been much damaged and it is expected flour will be high this winter. The new coastal boats are doing good work. We enjoyed a glorious supper tonight. Tea with milk and sugar was a great treat. Noel and Joe report that two Canadian lumber men are up the river prospecting the timber.<sup>1165</sup> They saw a great number of deer both going and coming and saw six today coming over the barrens. John and Albert also saw one. We now have lost all reckoning of them.

*October 6th.* Dull and foggy. Misting nearly all day. Albert going on with survey, we remained in camp waiting for them to

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<sup>1163</sup>Dashwood's letter appeared in *Evening Mercury*, Aug. 16, 1888.

<sup>1164</sup>Alexander Parsons (1847-1932), first editor of the *St. John's Evening Telegram*, which began publishing in 1879. He remained editor until 1904.

<sup>1165</sup>Likely representing the Hall family of Québec.

catch up with us. They succeeded in getting down some three miles below camp. Noel saw four more deer today but did not shoot any of them.

*Sunday October 7th.* Charming day. Remained in camp reading papers. It was like a summer day. In fact it has been very mild for sometime past with a good deal of rain and not nearly so cold as during the greater part of the summer.

*October 8th.* Dull and threatening, wind southerly. Struck camp and moved across portage, then commenced the descent of the river.<sup>1166</sup> Mike and Albert remained behind measuring. It soon began to rain and turned out a miserable wet day. We however, continued on and got down to the last portage by dinner-time. As this was a poor place to camp we decided to push on across the portage to the steady Joe and I were at the other day. Here we found a pretty good place. After having dinner we put up our camps and soon had good fires going to dry ourselves by, and by night-time we were pretty comfortable again in the long woods. Albert and Mike had to give up work and come to camp about 4 O'clock like drowned rats. Fortunately both the rain and water are now warm, much more so than a month ago. We saw two deer today.

*October 9th.* Another beautiful day again. Albert, Mike and

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<sup>1166</sup>Noel Pauls Brook.

John gone back to continue the survey. The two Joes, Noel and I portaged the canoes and baggage across. Then Noel and Joe went down to bring up some more grub from Noel Paul's Steady. After Dinner old Joe and I went down and after crossing another portage we met Noel and Joe Jeddore returning, we then continued on and finding a log boat<sup>1167</sup> of Noel's we went down to Noel Paul's Steady and paddled some distance up it. It was a glorious evening and the scenery along this beautiful steady was simply delightful. I dont think I ever witnessed a prettier sight than it presented. The smooth, winding River was as placid as a mirror, and the dense forest on either side now in full autumn tints gave a peculiar brilliancy of effect to the scene. A high wooded ridge on the west side formed a charming background which was reflected in the water and in the bright setting sun formed a glorious halo to the truly charming picture. I regretted very much I was not provided with a camera so that I might photograph it.<sup>1168</sup> Such a picture would tend greatly to dispel the illusions about the interior. The country down here is altogether different from what we have been passing through of late and presents a very pleasing contrast indeed. All the boulders have disappeared and in their stead we have low ledges of slate rock and a dense

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<sup>1167</sup>Hollowed log.

<sup>1168</sup>Howley first took a camera with him in 1890.

heavy forest all around. On our return to camp we saw an otter and though we both fired at him he managed to escape us badly wounded I fear. It soon grew dark and we had three nasty rapids to surmount between the two ponds. We poled first two all right but when nearly over the third our poles slipped on the smooth rocks and we could not get a good hold of the bottom. I fell partly overboard on my back with one leg still in the canoe. She heeled over and nearly filled with water and I received a nasty ducking. This little canoe of Joe's is very cranky when quite empty. We got back to camp all right and found Albert had carried his survey down to the pond near camp and nearly finished it also. We will thus be able to push on tomorrow and get down to Noel Paul's Steady to camp.

*October 10th.* Close warm day. Dull and stormy in morning with frequent showers but cleared off fine. Moved camp down to Noel Paul's Steady. We had one heavy portage but got down early and camped near Noel Mathews' wigwam on a nice point in the long woods. It was a very pleasant change, especially at this late season to get off the bare bleak barren country and be able to seek the welcome shelter of the forest. Albert and Mike continued the survey down to the steady. After dinner Noel and I went down about a mile and then followed a tributary called Red Indian Brook, to look for beaver. There is a long steady here with a

good deal of fine intervale land on either side. We came across one occupied beaver house, and waited till dark for them to come out but they did not appear so we concluded they must have been disturbed. We were more charmed than ever with the scenery on Noel Paul's Steady especially in the gorgeous sunset. It was a delightful evening and the autumnal foliage of the forest was beyond the powers of the pen to describe. It would make a most magnificent picture, could it be transferred to canvas in all its variegated hues. The whole was reflected with its profuse colouring in the mirror-like surface of the water. Here and there along the margin of the river a yellow marsh added a golden fringe to the picture, such as would cause an artist to go into ecstasies. Bright red clusters of dog berries hung over the banks at frequent intervals. They are very abundant this season which it is said portends a hard winter.

*October 11th.* Another beautiful day; calm, warm and fine. Albert commenced survey of the Steady. Noel and John repairing our canoes which now need it badly. I remained in camp. There is much fine timber here both spruce and pine. I measured one stick 8'4" in circumference and another 6 1/2 feet close to our camp. There is some very fine soil on an island near the lower end of the steady and the timber also is fine. After dinner Noel and I again went after the beaver on Red Indian Brook. We poled up the

steady about two miles. Found the interval land to extend all the way and to be about 200 yards wide on either side. The soil here is excellent and admirably adapted for hay growing. As the beaver would not come out of the house we had to drive them out. Only one appeared. I fired at him four times but did not kill him. They are exceedingly difficult to shoot, as they swim so low but a very small portion of the top of the head is visible. We had some cold showers and the night turned out extremely cold.

*October 12th.* Cold northerly wind today with frequent showers. Remained in camp as it was too bad to do any outdoor work. Albert had a lot of work plotting his survey which kept him occupied. Noel saw two deer and Joe Jeddore three.

*October 13th.* Fine day but desperately cold. Froze hard last night. Albert, Joe, John and Mike at survey. Joe Jeddore, Noel and I went up the steady to look at the timber and view a nice fall near its head. Just as we started we saw three deer on opposite side, but they took to the woods before we could get within shot. We climbed up a high wooded ridge about two miles above camp, from which we obtained a good view up and down the valley and across country towards Harpoon Brook. To the west as far as the eye could reach it appeared to be one vast forest with very little open marsh and only a few ponds visible. A considerable belt of woods also extends up and down the river on

the east side with barrens behind. Pine is not very abundant and is chiefly confined to the margin of the river, but in some places it extends a mile or more back. The largest patches were along the base of the ridge we were on and immediately opposite on the east side. We saw three more deer while the lads were boiling the kettle but I did not have my gun with me. While on the hill we had a few showers of snow and it was desperately cold. We then proceeded up the steady and met the other lads coming back. They had been up to the falls and saw 6 deer. Joe fired at one but did not get it. We also went up to the fall and climbed over to see the river above which is still good for canoes. The falls are very picturesque. On our way back we saw two more deer. I fired at both but missed them. I had but a poor chance. That is 14 deer seen today. They appear to be very plentiful along this river. Albert did not quite succeed in finishing the Steady.

*Sunday October 14th.* Cold raw but bright day; blowing hard from N.W. with occasional showers. Remained in camp. Noel went up on the barrens and saw three deer and shot a doe.

*October 15th.* Very cold and frosty in morning. Slight fall of snow covering ground, with ice along shore. Albert going on with survey of Steady. Noel at work making new juniper timbers for canoes.

It turned out a beautiful fine warm day. I went across the river to look at the timber. Saw a good many fine pines, but of small size averaging about 1 1/2 feet through. After dinner Noel and I again went up Little Red Indian Brook to have another go at the beaver. We drove them out of the house, but did not succeed in getting a shot at them. They hid away somewhere. Joe and Albert saw two more deer today. Joe fired at one but missed it. They finished the steady and a part of the river below.

*October 16th.* Last night was very cold but the day turned out very fine. Struck camp and commenced the descent of the river.<sup>1169</sup> We soon struck a bad place, over which we had to make a portage. When Noel and I who were behind came down we found Joe Brazil's canoe adrift in the middle of the river with a load of things in her and half filled with water. Owing to some mismanagement in lining her down, she got broadside and they had to let go the line. Fortunately she brought up against some rocks without capsizing. Noel and I managed to get down to her and after a good deal of trouble bailed her out and got the line ashore so that we were able to haul her in. It was a rough place and the tide was very strong. Had the rocks not brought her up she would have gone over a chute and broken to pieces when all her contents would have been lost or destroyed. Of course

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<sup>1169</sup>I.e., from Noel Pauls steady north towards the Exploits.

everything aboard was saturated with water. We now proceeded onward several miles leaving Albert with two canoes to continue the survey. After the chute was passed the river improved much, but was wide and shallow in many places. However, we got along fairly well and about 12 O'clock we stopped so as to allow the others to catch up with us. Here we decided to camp. Noel and I after dinner and getting our camps all fixed, poled up stream about three miles and then followed up a little tributary on which we knew there were some beaver. It was a long crooked steady with wide grassy intervals of excellent land on either side. At length we came across a beaver dam, and some distance beyond found the house. We waited patiently till nearly dark before they came out. After a while one old one came swimming along close to where we were standing. I fired and killed it. Shortly after another, a smaller one, made its appearance. Noel fired and killed this also. In about 1/4 of an hour three more came along. I fired at the first and killed it. Noel fired at another and missed it. We then both fired at another but both missed. It was now growing pretty late, but there was a bright moon shining. It began to freeze hard and became very cold. Noel's beaver having sunk, we had great difficulty in getting him. But by wading out some distance and with the aid of a long pole I managed to get hold of him. We then had to go up stream a

considerable distance before we could get across, my two beaver being on the opposite side. We got one but could not find the other which floated away with the tide, so after a vain search we had to give up and make tracks for home. We had a long tramp first to the main river, and the beaver, especially my large old one, were quite a load to carry. This one would weigh fully 50 lbs. Fortunately for us it was now nearly as bright as day light. We now had to run down the river amidst the rocks and shoals by moonlight a pretty difficult undertaking, but as it was not very rough down to our camp, we got along all right, only just grazing one rock. It was about 9 O'clock at night when we reached camp, very wet and cold.

*October 17th.* Had a cold frosty night everything covered with hoar frost this morning and thin ice along the river sides, but it turned out a magnificent day bright and sunny. Albert with the two canoes continued the measurement down stream. Noel and I went back to look for my other beaver and brought the canoe up into the little steady. We found it after a while, it was another large one. We then drove the others out of the house, but all got away from us. I fired at one papoose but missed it. When we got back to camp it was getting late so we had a hurried dinner and then packed up and were off. Noel and I, John and Rody, in a canoe each. Just as we started I saw a splendid patch fox on the

opposite side, but he saw us first and made off before we could get a shot at him. We then made all haste down the river knowing the others would now be a long distance ahead. It was not long till we came to some very strong, ugly rapids. We had a lively time running these. For fully three miles it was one continuous rapid. It was quick and exciting work to negotiate these rapids. We had to dodge in and out between the numerous rocks, all the time going at railway speed. One had to act quickly, there was no time to look out the best channels or see which was the best way to turn. Noel in the stern and I in the bow stood bolt upright poles in hand and as we glided swiftly along each in turn had to keep a sharp lookout. Had we made any mistakes there was no remedying them. Sometimes our poles slipped on the smooth rocks, then we had to recover control as quickly as possible. Noel proved a splendid canoe man and without blowing, I certainly proved myself a good second. Noel congratulated me on my work as bowman, and said I was as good as any Indian. In this kind of work all one's senses have to be centred upon the one object viz: to keep the canoe from striking the rocks or getting across the tide. There is no time to think of anything else. We dodged in and out often striking right across the current, only to come back again after a few yards. Thus we ran in and out with really marvelous dexterity, at times barely escaping a smash up by a

hair's breadth. When we were almost near the end of the rapid and approaching smooth water below I just for a moment relaxed my vigilance turning to Noel to make some remark, but in that moment the canoe struck broadside on a rock and we were both all but precipitated head long into the river. Noel was thrown half over the side but managed to regain his hold. It was all my fault. I should not have turned until we were clear of the rapid. However "All's well that ends well," in another moment we shot out into comparatively smooth water. Here the river widened out considerably and became so shallow that we had difficulty in finding water enough to float the canoe. Travelling at such a rapid rate all day we could not pay much attention to the timber. Both sides were densely wooded and it appeared to be of fine large size and quality. Near our last camp there were some magnificent spruce and fir trees about the finest I ever saw. Pine also is plentiful in many places, and birch exceedingly abundant. We did not catch up with the other lads till just at dusk. They had reached the lower fall or chute, about two miles from the junction with the main Exploits River. We now stopped to camp. The lads saw two more deer Flockko made off after them and did not return to us till late in the night.

*October 18th.* Wet all day remained in camp. Noel went down for some grub left at the mouth of the river.

October 19th. Fine morning. Started onward. Albert coming behind to finish the survey of Noel Paul's River. We reached the main River Exploits in a short while and there concluded our central survey for the season. Found the Exploits very full of water after all the late rains, but the water was smooth running in a rapid current. We launched our canoes upon this noble stream and glided quickly along, there being now no fear of rocks, there being plenty of water everywhere. About two miles below Noel Paul's, we stopped at a pond to look at the remains of several Red Indian wigwams, or rather the circular hollows where they once had stood. They are still quite distinct. In the centre of those circles where the fire had been, we dug up wood ashes and charred deer bones but found no other relics. It was quite evident this had been a place of considerable resort by the Beothucks, being well situated for intercepting the herds of crossing deer. It was in fact a considerable Indian Village in its time.<sup>1170</sup>

A little further on we stopped to take in some things left by Noel and Joe on their way up at an old Micmac Wigwam. We then pushed on, Noel and I in one canoe. John and Rody, Mike and Joe

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<sup>1170</sup>Recent archeological excavations of Beothuck sites are illustrated in Ralph T. Pastore, *Shanawdithit's People; The Archaeology of the Beothuks* (St. John's: Atlantic Archaeology Ltd., 1992), pp. 36-44. For accounts of the wigwams and circular hollows, see Marshall, *History and Ethnography of the Beothuk*, pp. 350-63.

Jeddore in the big bark canoe. Albert and Joe in Joe's little canoe. When we reached Red Indian fall about three miles below, we had to make a portage. Here we cooked dinner. It now began to grow wet and showery and turned out a miserable afternoon. We continued on however and reached the Badger Brook about 4 P.M. after a splendid run down stream. Had it not been so wet it would have been very enjoyable. We saw six more deer on our way down but did not get a shot at them. We camped near some old Red Indian hollows in the long woods near the mouth of Little Red Indian River. Here we intend remaining till Monday as I am desirous of getting a good stag skin for the Museum. When we got our camps up and good fires going we were soon quite comfortable. We saw a good deal of fine pine all along both sides of the river today.

*October 20th.* Fine day with several showers of wet snow. Joe Brazil went off to look for beaver. I went up Little Red Indian River about a mile and then travelled over a recently burnt patch to a long marsh where in a short time I saw a fine old stag coming straight towards me. I crouched behind a bush, till he came within twenty yards when I fired at his neck and put the ball through him. Nevertheless, he ran off so quickly that I was afraid I might lose him. I gave him the second barrel and tumbled him over. He was a fine animal but had rather a poor set of

antlers. Not having my sheath knife with me I began to skin him with my penknife. It had only one blade, and that was rather blunt. However I stuck at it, skinning him round<sup>1171</sup> till late in the day, when I began to grow pretty hungry. Just as I was thinking of going to camp, a splendid doe came along and was passing within 60 or 70 yards of me. It was too tempting to resist, besides I wanted her as well as the stag to mount for the Museum, and furthermore, the stag meat was not fit to eat. I fired and put the ball through her side. She ran very fast for about 100 yards and then fell into a deep, muddy brook and when I reached her she was quite dead. I pulled her up on the bank and then made off for camp. Joe Brazil was back having seen four more deer which he missed. John Ings also saw one going across the river in the morning. I sent Joe and Mike to skin and cut up the deer while I was eating my dinner. I then went back to help them. We had a good deal of trouble skinning them round and barely got through by dusk. It was dark when we got the skins and meat out to camp. Albert spent the day plotting his work, and Noel making new paddles and dressing the beaver skins.

*Sunday October 21st.* Ground covered with wet snow this morning. It had been snowing nearly all night. It was very raw, wet and disagreeable all day. Mike and Joe spent the best part of

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<sup>1171</sup>Skinning the whole, uneviscerated body.

the day skinning the heads and legs of the deer. It was a very tedious job. I intend bringing the skins out green<sup>1172</sup> and when we reach the shore get some coarse salt to preserve them. I hope I will meet with better success than I did last year. We saw no deer today.

In rummaging about here near our camp I came across a pile of large pine logs, almost buried in earth & overgrown with moss. At first I supposed them to be wind fallen trees, but on removing the moss from their larger ends I saw clearly that they had been cut down with an axe. It must have been a long time ago, that these logs were cut judging from the state of decay & the thickness of the moss covering them.<sup>1173</sup>

*October 22nd.* Dull morning but cleared off fine. Packed up and started down the river. At first we got along splendidly but soon met bad rapids about a mile below the Badger. We ran most of these but had an exciting time. The river being so full the force of the water was very great. The current is awfully strong. Joe Jeddore nearly came to grief. The strong current almost tore his canoe in two parts. We had to make another portage here and then had dinner. Then we went on again and had a lovely smooth time all along that stretch of the river between Badger and Rushy

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<sup>1172</sup>Fresh; undried.

<sup>1173</sup>This paragraph is written on the verso of page dated Oct. 20th and 21st.

Pond. The strong smooth current swept us along at a great rate and without any exertion on our part. We soon began to come across deer hunters who come up here every fall to intercept the crossing herds, and get their winter's meat. One was the son of old John Gill, of Indian Point. They had four deer killed. Gill had letters and papers for us, which were quite an unexpected and pleasant surprise. We continued to glide along smoothly passing several other parties of deer slayers<sup>1174</sup> camped on the islands in mid-stream.

The river along here is truly majestic the broad, deep, smooth-flowing current carried us swiftly along. The scenery was beautiful. All along both sides the banks are clothed with magnificent forest and the islands in the centre which were chiefly covered with birch looked beautiful. The many hues of the fading foliage presented an enchanting picture. There were all shades of colour from the dark sombre green of the pines and spruce to the lemon yellow of the birches and apple green of the aspens. All relieved here and there with the beautiful scarlet of the maple leaves and the brilliant red clusters of dog berries. It was simply gorgeous. No artist could do justice to such a picture, and no pigments known to exist could portray all the

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<sup>1174</sup>Perhaps this is an echo of Deerslayer, one of the names of the hero in Cooper's novel of the same name.

various shades of colour. To still further enhance the charm of the scene, all the forest with its shades of colour was reflected deeply in the smooth waters around us. Could some of the tourists and others who annually visit our shores and who may be endowed with an artistic eye, witness such a scene, I feel certain they would go into raptures over it. In all my time traversing the interior I never before witnessed such a gorgeous scene. Near Rushy Pond in particular where there are several islands covered with large birches and aspens it reached the sublimely beautiful. I doubt whether such a scene could be duplicated anywhere. Saw several other parties of deer slayers all along and met others still coming up. They visit here every fall and spring and kill an enormous number of poor animals. It is about time this wholesale slaughter were put a stop to. Plentiful as the deer undoubtedly are in the island, this sort of thing must sooner or later deplete the herds if not prevented in time. Here the hunters locate themselves all along this favourite crossing place of the animals and with their long-barrelled muskets and sealing guns<sup>1175</sup> filled with powder and slugs deal death and destruction amongst the poor brutes. Of course they do not kill more than half they fire at. The badly wounded make off only to die

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<sup>1175</sup>Very long, heavy guns were used on the ice during the annual seal hunt. They were called "long toms" in the 1950s.

lingering deaths in the forest. Many of these hunters have old army muskets with bayonets attached and when a herd of deer is seen swimming across they intercept them and shoot and stab them unmercifully in the water. All of these crews had some deer, from three or four up to eight and nine. It made me feel bad to see such wholesale slaughter, yet when I reflected that many of the poor fellows are perhaps hungry and have large families depending on them, and that at all events they will bring out and make use of the meat, my feelings softened down somewhat. I felt quite overjoyed however after passing the various crews and entering upon the rapids once again where they could not use their boats, to see a fine company of eight or ten deer make a dash across the river and get clear off in the woods on the south side.

We at length reached a particularly bad section of the river not far from the Grand fall, where a ledge of rock forming several islands stretches right across and where a short portage has to be made. Here we camped for the night. During this day we performed some daring feats of canoeing. In one place in particular, Noel & I landed to look at a very rough rapid before venturing down. It certainly looked a mighty risky undertaking to attempt running it. "What you say?" asked Noel. "You think we able to run it?" "Certainly," I replied. "What, you not afraid?" said he. "Afraid? No." "Very well, den let us try it." Away we

went shooting in and out dodging the worst parts, and moving at the rate of a fast Railway train. It was mighty exciting and dangerous work but we came through all right. This was only one of several similar experiences.

*October 23rd.* Fine day again. After running a couple of very bad and dangerous rapids we got down to the Grand Fall portage early in the day. It took us all day to carry over our canoe and baggage to the lower end of the portage, owing to the late heavy rains. It was a desperate lug, especially carrying our now water-soaked canoes. On the way we met three more boats and crews of deer slayers coming up to the slaughter. We got over and down to the head of the long rapid or rattle as it is called before dark. Here we camped. Met more hunters below the falls going down. They had several fine carcasses of venison stretched out on the bank at one place.

*October 24th.* Dull, cold N.E. wind. Moved onward and had a most exciting time running the long rapid which is fully three miles. All strong and broken water. Fortunately there was plenty of water now and the numerous rocks with the water boiling over them were all plainly visible so we were thus enabled to avoid them. But it was ticklesome work and several times we shipped a lot of water which flobbered in over the bows of our canoes. However we came through without accident only receiving a good

wetting. A short distance above the Bishop's Fall we met several more very bad rapids, but negotiated them all right. At the Bishop's fall we had to make a portage of a few hundred yards. From this down, the River is wide and deep and we reached to High Point, the head of navigation on the river by dinner-time. Here again we met other crews bound up after deer. In fact they were coming all the time. From this down we had a head wind and it was very cold. We reached the mouth of the great river after a hard paddle and continued on for Winsor's Mill at Dominion Point. After rounding Wigwam Point we had a heavy lop to contend with. We found the Mill in full swing. Capt. Winsor informed us we were too late to catch the coastal boat now bound south. As we could find no shelter near the mill to camp in we struck across for the woods near Peters Arm Point and just got our camps up and comfortable before dark.

*October 25th.* Blowing a gale from the N.E. with heavy rain all day, and very disagreeable. Had a visit from some of the residents nearby, amongst the rest old John Gill from the east side, whom I hired to put us down in his boat to Exploits, Burnt Island Harbour. I went over to the Mill for letters and papers.

Next day we started down the bay and reached Exploits Harbour before night. Here we obtained lodgings till the Steamer's return and were hospitably entertained by Mr. Jabez

Manuel, Thomas Winsor and others during our stay. In due course the *Conscript* came along and we got aboard for our voyage home which we reached without further incident. Thus ended this long, arduous and toilsome journey across the very heart of the island which notwithstanding the dangers and trials endured, was one of the most enjoyable of the many years of exploration in the interior of this great Island.

Having now seen so much of the noble Exploits River and the country through which it wends its course, I cannot do better than append the following description of it as published by me in the Magazine "Our Country" 1907.

"The River of Exploits is by far the largest and most important of the drainage systems of this great island. The extent and magnificence of its forests, fertility of its soil, grandeur of its scenery, and the historical reminiscences connected with it, of the once proud aboriginal Bæothuc, who roamed at will along its woody margins, or paddled his frail canoe up and down its noble waters, place it before all others in the island in point of interest. Metaphorically speaking, the river itself may be likened to the aorta of the human body, proceeding as it were from or through the heart of the country. Taking its rise in the high bare table lands of the southern coast range, and at a comparatively short distance from the head

of the Bay of LaPoile, it flows thence in a general course about N.E. by E. to the sea, where it embogues at the head of the beautiful Bay of Exploits, one of the deepest indentations of Notre Dame Bay. Its total length is nothing under 200 miles, and it drains an immense area of the central interior, probably not less than 4,000 square miles.

At first, spread out in a network of ramifications like the tentacles of a gigantic octopus, whose numerous suckers draw tribute from the small lakes, tarns, and spongy marshes, which abound over those higher elevations of the country. The various streams, uniting after a while in one main channel, soon assume the proportions of a river of considerable size. It becomes navigable for canoes about ten miles above George IV. Lake. This Lake, so named by the intrepid traveller Cormack, who crossed the island from east to west in 1822, is known to the Micmacs as Pluchiopaeg or Crosspond. It bears a rude resemblance to a cross, or rather to the letter T, hence the name. It is the first lake of any considerable size on the river, having a surface area of eight square miles. It is picturesquely dotted over with several small wooded islets, and its shores are also for the most part well wooded. A little to the south of the lake, a high rugged range of bare-topped mountains begins to rise, which, extending

down the valley of the Upper Exploits, crosses the river above<sup>1176</sup> Red Indian Lake, and thence bears away northeasterly towards the Topsails, or height of land. The Indians call this range Anneopsquatch, which means rugged or unsightly looking. It nevertheless forms a magnificent background to the scenery of the lakes and rivers.

Eighteen miles of very turbulent water, frequently choked with enormous boulders, separate George IV. from Lloyd's Pond, the next lake-like expansion of the river. The scenery along this section is wild and beautiful. But a narrow belt on either side of the river is wooded, while towering above the trees on the south the serrated peaks of the Anneopsquatch present a constantly varying panoramic landscape.

Lloyd's Pond is 6 1/2 miles long, and has a surface area of six square miles. It is a deep, trough-like basin, owing to the proximity of the mountain range, which here rises abruptly from its southern shore; the Indians have given it the name of Pitpaeg, or deep dark water. Some of the peaks of the Anneopsquatch, near Lloyd's pond, attain an elevation of 2,500 feet above the sea level, and fully 2,000 over the level of the lake itself.

Sixteen miles below Lloyd's Pond the river enters Red Indian

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<sup>1176</sup>Southwest of.

Lake, a magnificent sheet of water, 36 1/2 miles long, with a surface area of 69 square miles. Between the two lakes the valley is still quite narrow and bounded by high hills, wooded almost to the summits. These are simply the continuation of the Anneopsquatch range, through which the river has, in the course of ages, cut its way, and formed for itself a channel. At some points the hills close in so as to form deep ravines, with perpendicular cliffs, through which the water swirls in a rapid current. The scenery here is very grand and at times simply superb. About five miles above Red Indian Lake a magnificent cataract tumbles over the side of the mountain in majestic grandeur. I find the following description of it in my note book for 1875:—"Opposite our camp on the right hand side there is a range of wooded hills, rising very precipitously a short distance from the river to fully 1000 feet in height. Just here a superb cataract is seen, leaping and bounding over the cliffs from the dizzy height above. It is one of the most picturesque sights I have yet witnessed in the Island, especially just now, after the heavy rainfall of the last few days. The water makes two or three tremendous plunges down the mountain side, occasionally lost to sight by the intervening foliage, only to reappear again, bounding out as it were from the very heart of the forest-clad slopes, and finally rushes headlong, seething and foaming, into

the comparatively placid water of the main river. At one place there is a clear jump of at least 150 feet, whence a perpetual smokelike column of thin white spray rises nearly to the level of the highest summits of the hill range."

The timbered area along this upper valley is comparatively limited in extent and confined to the narrow fringe of fairly level land bordering the river. It is chiefly composed of spruce, birch, fir, tamarack, and a fair sprinkling of pine. Small patches of good soil are met with all along, especially on the islands, or intervals in the bed of the river, but perhaps the chief interest attached to this part of the Exploits Valley is in its fine scenery and the facilities it offers for the construction of a future highway to the southern seaboard of the island.

At Red Indian Lake we enter upon the really magnificent valley of the Lower Exploits. Gradually the hills recede from either side of the noble lake, leaving a wide margin of gently sloping and densely timbered country, stretching away from its shores on either hand. On the south side the land rises regularly till it attains a height of several hundred feet, then falls again to form another river valley, that of the Victoria, one of the largest tributaries of the Exploits, which flows into Red Indian Lake about four miles from the exit of the main river.

Away to the north some bare, isolated peaks of the Anneopsquatch range are still to be seen. One of which having a double peak, or saddle, is called Notched Mountain, or Mt. Janus of Cartwright, and another Halfway Mt. Towards the lower end the lake averages three miles wide, and a great arm trends away northeasterly for about four miles, which receives a considerable sized tributary at its head. This I have named Waunatoake, or Mary March's Brook, after the Red Indian woman who was captured near here in 1819.

Several other tributaries pour their waters into the great lake, Shawnawdithit river,<sup>1177</sup> on the north side, the latter, also named after another Red Indian captive woman, being the largest. But the Victoria, already mentioned, is by far the most important. It extends upwards through a beautiful wooded valley forty-eight miles, till it expands into Victoria Lake, a fine sheet of water sixteen miles long. The lower reaches of this river are broken by many rapids, chutes, and falls often of great beauty, it then runs in a smooth steady, or quiet water channel, with few interruptions for over twenty miles, but becomes rugged again for several miles before reaching the lake. It is a fine valley, well wooded throughout, and contains a large area of excellent land.

From Red Indian Lake to the sea, a distance by the course of

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<sup>1177</sup>Shanadithit Brook.

the stream of 71 miles, the Exploits, now a great river, flows on continuously without any other lakes or ponds. Many strong rapids, a few chutes and falls interrupt its course to the sea, but there are frequent long stretches of smooth water, where the current sweeps swiftly, but placidly along. Little Red Indian fall, 20 miles below the lake, is the first place where a portage has to be made. It is but a short one, not more than a few hundred yards. From thence to the Great Bend, near the confluence of the Badger the river is magnificent. Fifteen miles of wide open waterway, with a deep smooth current, running at the rate of ten or twelve knots, here greets the voyageur, the low level banks on either side are clad with a tall forest of pine, birch, fir and spruce, which spreads away from the river for many miles. Another strong rapid ending in a chute and necessitating a second short portage, is met with, three miles below the Great Bend. This is succeeded by a stretch of twelve miles of the finest portion of the river. It flows onward in a wide channel, studded with several large beautifully wooded islands. Many of them are entirely occupied by large straight pine-trees, others by birch, aspen and maple. The scenery here, especially when the foliage assumes its brilliant autumnal tints, as was the case when our party descended the river last October, (1888,) is simply gorgeous. To those among you

"Who love the haunts of nature,"

"Love the sunshine of the meadow;"

"Love the shadow of the forest,"

"Love the wind among the branches."

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"And the rushing of great rivers,

Through their palisades of pine trees."<sup>1178</sup>

I would say, visit this magnificent valley in autumn, and I feel confident your highest conceptions of the sublimely beautiful, will be realized. The pure golden yellow tint of the birch foliage, lacking only the metallic lustre, intermixed with the pale apple green of the aspen, the scarlet and lemon yellow of the maple and whitewood, and the various hued shrubs and grasses which fringe the borders of the river and islands, all relieved by the dense background of evergreens; which of themselves exhibit such a variety of shade; presents a scene of beauty, which for height of coloring, can scarcely be surpassed anywhere. To add a still greater charm to the picture, clusters of bright, red dog-berries, suspended from the mountain ash, hang out over the water, or peep through the variegated foliage every here and there. But, no words of mine could convey an adequate idea of its loveliness and no pigments art has yet invented could

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<sup>1178</sup>"The Song of Hiawatha," Introduction, 67-73 (Longfellow, 2: 115).

transfer it to canvas.

On approaching the Grand Fall, the river for a few miles becomes very turbulent, and one short portage has to be made. The rapids in this section are difficult and dangerous especially when swollen by excessive rainfalls. It is most exciting work running these rapids, and requires the utmost vigilance and skill of the most experienced canoemen, to accomplish the feat successfully. The slightest mistake or mismanagement, would almost inevitably result in the upsetting of the canoe and drowning of her crew.

All at once the river narrows to less than half its ordinary width, and a dull booming sound like some half-smothered subterranean explosion together with the smoke-like vapour rising high in the air, indicates that the fall is at hand. For some distance above this point in descending the river the left bank has to be closely hugged and as soon as the falls is fairly brought open, after rounding a point on the shore, a vigorous pull must be made to reach a bay of somewhat smoother water where the Grand Fall portage commences. This is a very uneven swampy path about a mile in length which cuts off a considerable bend of the river occupied by the fall and rapids below. Jagged perpendicular cliffs of red sandstone and trap rocks rising to a height of 150 or more feet close in on either side to form a

crooked, tortuous cannon,<sup>1179</sup> through which the pent-up water tumbles, roars and foams, dashing furiously first against one side of the chasm then against the other in its headlong career. The fall proper is at the upper end of the chasm. It is a grand, awe-inspiring sight to witness the entire volume of water plunge over the parapet of rock which gives rise to the fall, bound off across the ledge, fall again in foaming, surging masses into a rock-bound cauldron below, where it seems to wrestle in fury with some unseen monster. The deafening booming roar, the seething, hissing swish, accompanied by the thick white column of ever-rising spray, almost takes one's breath away. In summertime a cloud of white-winged gulls are seen constantly hovering over the fall watching to seize the unwary salmon or trout in the basin below. They nestle here in great numbers, on the rocks and ledges in the river.

Towards the lower end of the rapids the scenery is if anything even more picturesque than at the fall itself. Mural cliffs<sup>1180</sup> of jagged aspect bound the river while one great pillar of rock stands erect in the centre of the channel, crowned on the top with a few ever-green trees. The water in its last grand effort at freedom surges madly around the base of this column and

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<sup>1179</sup>Canyon.

<sup>1180</sup>Cliffs resembling a wall.

debouches into a wide basin below, where, all its fury spent, it whirls and eddies in ever-increasing circles till it regains its steady mystic onward course.

From the Grand Fall portage to the sea there are several rapids, one a mile long but the only other portage is a very short one at the Bishop's Fall<sup>1181</sup> or chute 10 miles from the mouth of the river. Here again a ridge of hard red sandstone crosses the channel giving rise to a very rough rapid which ends in a chute where the water is discharged with tremendous velocity through a narrow passageway in the rock wall with an incline of perhaps 20 degs., but there is no actual fall or jump. A sad accident occurred here a year ago in which a poor fellow with a loaded boat was swept down the chute and drowned, the boat being dashed to pieces under his feet. A little over three miles below Bishop's Fall, High Point, a bluff on the left side marks the head of navigation for schooners, but large boats can, during spring tides, ascend to the chute. From High Point to Upper Sandy Point, which marks the entrance to the river, the distance is about five miles. The channel here is wide and deep and runs very straight. The scenery all along is very beautiful and when first brought open from the estuary outside it presents a charming

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<sup>1181</sup>"So named after Bishop Inglis, of Nova Scotia, who visited it in company with Mr. John Peyton, J.P." (H's note).

effect. The great wide glittering river seen of a calm summer's afternoon, with the slanting rays of the declining sun lighting up the water looks like an avenue paved with burnished silver, and overhung at the sides by all the most magnificent of our forest trees. A mile or so back from the banks of the river birch-clad ridges of exceeding beauty rise to considerable elevations sheltering the lovely valley from the cold northerly and easterly or south-easterly winds.

Between Red Indian Lake and the sea many large tributaries coming from the height of land far in the interior join the main river, all combining to increase the volume of its waters. I shall merely name the most important. Great Rattling Brook, Chute Brook, Sandy River, Noel Paul's, and Harpoon Rivers come in on the south side; Badger River and Little Red Indian River on the north side. The two latter, though flowing from opposite directions, are only a quarter of a mile apart where they enter the main river at the Great Bend.<sup>1182</sup> Badger River and Noel Paul's are the only two of these as yet surveyed. The latter is a fine stream and flows through a very fine, well wooded valley. There is a stretch of seven miles of still water at one part of the river, about twenty miles above its junction with the main

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<sup>1182</sup>Current names are Harpoon Brook and Badger Brook; the names Chute Brook and Little Red Indian River are now not gazetted, but by the latter Howley means the stream flowing to the Exploits from Little Red Indian Pond. Howley's provisional Great Bend describes the angle of the river at Badger.

Exploits. My party descended this river last Fall (1888), in our journey across the Island from Bay D'Espoir.

All this territory, from the Grand Falls up to the head waters, is now<sup>1183</sup> included in the Harmsworth concession. While the lower reaches on either side fall within the area recently purchased by the Albert Reid Co., from the Exploits Lumber Co.<sup>1184</sup>

Great activity is being displayed in the pushing on of the construction of the town of Grand Falls, and the gigantic dam which is to span the river at this point.

It is probable the present season will also witness a similar progressive movement at Bishop's Fall.<sup>1185</sup> And that ere many years the hitherto dark, silent forest of the Exploits Valley will become a veritable hive of industry."<sup>1186</sup>

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<sup>1183</sup>1907.

<sup>1184</sup>In 1907 Albert E. Reed and Co. (Newfoundland) Ltd. bought timber and water concessions from the Newfoundland Pine and Pulp Co. Ltd. (which had absorbed the earlier Exploits River Lumber Co.), with the intention of starting a pulp mill at Bishop's Falls. Reed was a British businessman, a competitor of the Harmsworth brothers who pioneered development of Grand Falls. See Hiller, "The Origins of the Pulp and Paper Industry in Newfoundland," pp. 60-63.

<sup>1185</sup>Preparatory work for the pulp mill at Bishop's Falls started in 1907.

<sup>1186</sup>Text quoted from "The Valley of the Exploits," *Our Country* (24 May, 1907): 2-6.

1889

## Coal in St. George's Bay

There had been so much skepticism expressed on all sides as to whether the country really possessed any coal deposits of value, with this unbelief pervading most of the members of the Government, that I was determined, if allowed, to try and remove this wrong impression. I therefore proposed to the government to allow me to devote this season to further exploration of the Bay St. George Coal area. I had several talks with the then Surveyor General, Mr. Penny on the subject. I tried to convince him of the grounds on which I based my supposition, and I think

successfully. It was not so easy to convince the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Fenelon, who expressed an utter unbelief in its existence. I told him if the Government would only give me the means and opportunity, I felt fully confident of being able to prove my contention. In fact I had no doubt of being able to find millions of dollars' worth of coal. I asked him to make a note of this and see how far I would be able to prove my assertion. At length they agreed, but only in a half-hearted way, to allow me to make the trial.

I then set to work to engage my crew, provide picks, shovels, provisions etc. for the season's exploration and was all ready by the middle of June to proceed West. We left St. John's June 21st. in the coastal boat *Volunteer*, Capt. P. Delaney. We were delayed awaiting the arrival of the English mail and did not get away till 12 O'clock. We had a goodly number of passengers and freight aboard. It blew a gale of wind from S.W. all day which had been preceded by a S.E. gale, so that when we got outside there was an awful sea running. The ocean was fairly smoking with drifting spray from the mountainous sea. However, we got along pretty well though the wind and sea were dead ahead. I soon began to experience its effects in more ways than one. I was carelessly sitting down on the after hatch when a big wave flobbered over the rail and came right down on my back drenching

me through. I also found it necessary to pay frequent visits to the lee railing where I became greatly absorbed in looking over the side at the dark blue briney as it foamed and heaved against the ship's sides. This latter employment seemed to have aroused my bile to such an extent that it overflowed considerably.

However, I felt relieved after this though I had not the heart to go below when the dinner bell rang. So I remained on deck till all were done. I then managed to get down a cup of tea and a few biscuits. We arrived at Ferryland about 3 P.M. and were quite rejoiced to learn that Capt. Pat. intended to remain here for the night. He did not deem it prudent to venture around Cape Race and into Trepassey in the dark with such a sea on. He believed it would be terrific around the Cape and that in all probability Trepassey Bay would be breaking furiously. We all went ashore and sauntered around this ancient place till dusk, then settled down on board. I played a game of chess with Revd. Mr. Rafter,<sup>1187</sup> C.E. Missionary of Channel. He beat me badly as I was out of practice not having played for a long time.

My party consisted of Albert Bayley and three men, R. Hanrahan cook; Mike Cole, Poleman, and Tom Ebbs; the remainder I shall take on at Bay St. George.

This is my first trip in one of the new Coastal boats. They

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<sup>1187</sup>William S. Rafter

certainly are an improvement upon the old *Curlew* and *Plover*, especially as regards the saloon and fittings, but I do not like the state-rooms with four berths. It is altogether too many persons to be crowded into one small stifling space. I cannot yet say much about the table as I did not dine and had little appetite for tea. But all the passengers complain of the abominable water. About 11 P.M. all turned in for the night.

*Saturday 22nd.* Fine morning with good sea still on. I did not sleep very comfortably as the bed was hard. When I got up I found we were off Holyrood beach steaming in for St. Mary's. It was a fine, calm morning but there was a good sea on the shore. We left Ferryland towards morning and were in Trepassey early. We also touched in near Peter's River to land a punt. We reached St. Mary's by breakfast-time. The harbour was full of boats and schooners all of which had run in out of the gale. Reports of wreckage, especially the destruction of traps and other fishing gear, were heard of all along, great destruction having taken place at Peter's River and Holyrood beach, but the bay is now said to be full of fish. Old fishermen say there was not such a breeze here these thirty years as that on Thursday night. We had a fine time across the Bay around Cape St. Mary, though there was a nasty sea all the way. We touched in at a small cove just

around the Cape called Brierly to land Cornick,<sup>1188</sup> Sub-Inspector of Lighthouses. Heard of a wrecked vessel<sup>1189</sup> in Golden Bay, in fact, we could see her from the ship in passing.<sup>1190</sup> She was a brigantine bound to Harbour Grace with a load of lumber. She ran ashore in the gale. All hands were, however, saved. Saw an immense number of birds while rounding the Cape, particularly at Bird Rock which was literally covered. They were chiefly Murre, Turres, Pigeons and Ticklances, but there were also a good many Hagdowns, Boatswains and several Gannets. The Capt. blew the whistle and started the birds which flew around us like a cloud spreading out far and near as they curled around the ship. We had a fine run into Placentia where we arrived about 3 P.M. The train<sup>1191</sup> got there a little after us and we saw the passengers as they came across from the Jersey side. Amongst the number Dr. Rendell and his bride just married this morning, and come on here to spend the honeymoon.<sup>1192</sup> Went ashore and met several St. John's folk. Kate Keough, Mrs. O'Flaherty,<sup>1193</sup> old<sup>1194</sup> Mr. H. LeMessurier

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<sup>1188</sup>Thomas Cornick, "mechanician" in the lighthouse branch of government.

<sup>1189</sup>The *Charles W. Oulton* belonging to the Munn firm of Harbour Grace, driven ashore June 20th; bound from Northport, N.S. *Eve Tel*, June 22, 1889.

<sup>1190</sup>"though I did not see her" stroked through in 1889 "Journal," CNSA, 262.02.022.

<sup>1191</sup>The Placentia line was now open; its terminus was Jersey side, the part of the town across the as yet unbridged "gut" from Placentia proper. Passengers were ferried across the gut.

<sup>1192</sup>Herbert Rendell, married to Eliza Ehlers Clift.

<sup>1193</sup>Perhaps the widow Elizabeth O'Flaherty.

<sup>1194</sup>To distinguish him from his son, Henry W. LeMessurier, writer and lecturer, MHA, Burin, 1885-9.

and two daughters and grandson, McGee<sup>1195</sup> and wife etc. Placentia is looking up and has an air of prosperity about it now owing chiefly to the bank fishery. Father Clancey<sup>1196</sup> has a fine new church and house built. It is a pity some better arrangement is not made about the mail and passenger traffic. The steamer should certainly await the arrival of the train every time so as to enable passengers bound West a chance to catch her the day after she leaves St. John's and thus save them the nasty voyage all around the shore. I would have greatly preferred coming that way and as it happened, owing to the delay at St. John's and Ferryland, would just have caught her nicely, while I should have had another day in St. John's. But we could get no satisfaction when leaving and were assured we would miss the steamer. Mr. LeMessurier and grandson took passage here for Bay of Islands to see George Lilly and family. We had a pretty good time across Placentia Bay, but towards evening it set in densely foggy and we were unable to make Burin. So we had to remain out in the Bay all night tossing and rolling about. It was very miserable and I was again very seasick. All hands were completely disgusted at our ill luck. It came to rain hard too, which added to the misery.

*Sunday 23rd.* Still densely foggy, wet and raw. Miserable

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<sup>1195</sup>Likely L.J. McGhee, hon. secretary, Newfoundland Lawn Tennis Club.

<sup>1196</sup>Michael A. Clancey, d. 1904 (p.c., Michael Long).

time dodging about all day unable to get in. Several times we were close to the land and could hear the sea breaking on the rocks, we even sighted the land once or twice but not clear enough to warrant venturing nearer. The Capt. is very cautious and was afraid of getting caught amongst the numerous shoals and breakers off the entrance to Burin, especially now while there was such a sea on the shore. Just about sunset as we were steaming off the land out into the Bay for the last time in order to have sea room for the night, it brightened up suddenly and in a short time we were again back to the land. This time they made out Iron Island off the Eastern passage from the mast head, and we were all right. Soon we were in smooth water and now it was quite clear. In another half hour we were snugly at the wharf in Burin thankful indeed to be spared another night of misery outside. We got in just as the people were coming out of church. Had a good walk ashore. The Capt. decided to remain all night. At the wharf there lay a small fore and after, a recent capture of the *Fiona's*.<sup>1197</sup> She belongs to Lamaline. The unfortunate owner is in jail here for selling bait at St. Pierre. He was fined \$400 or 4 months' imprisonment and chose the latter alternative. His son, who was with him, has charge of the boat and two other brothers, mere boys, arrived today having walked over from Lamaline 50

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<sup>1197</sup>Government revenue cutter, patrolling on the south coast.

miles to take the boat home. It appears that owing to some looseness in the wording of the Bait Act the Government cannot retain possession of the craft. This man had been at St. Pierre and sold his bait, netting \$140 but was pinned on his way back. Great indignation is felt here about the capture. Henry LeMessurier was on board with Admiral Robinson at the time of the capture and as the prisoner happens to be one of his own constituents I think his chances of re-election next fall are slim.<sup>1198</sup> After tea I played three games of chess with Tom. Craig the Bookbinder who is a passenger with us. He is now agent for Minard's Liniment and goes the round trip booking orders. He is a first-rate fellow and we have great fun on him about the liniment all of which he takes in good part. He plays a good game of chess but I beat him each time. Later on we had some music and singing. Capt. Delaney is quite a musician playing both flute and violin very well though all by ear. He also sings a good song. Some of the lady passengers, a Miss Simms from Harbour Breton and Mrs. Pike, the Purser's<sup>1199</sup> wife, and some others treated us to a few hymns etc. It was a pleasant break to the monotony of the voyage. It is a great pity the owners do not see fit to supply the saloon with a piano, or at least, an Harmonium.

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<sup>1198</sup>He was defeated in 1889.

<sup>1199</sup>Robert Pike of St. John's was purser.

*Monday 24th.* St. John's Day.<sup>1200</sup> When I got up at breakfast-time we were in Lamaline having been at St. Laurence early in the morning. This is a shoal Harbour so we anchored a long way out, sent the passengers ashore in boat. Had a fine time to Fortune and Grand Bank. The *Volunteer* does not now call at St. Pierre. After we rounded Pt. May the water was much smoother. We reached Grand Bank by dinner-time. Nothing new here, fishery poor. Had a fine time across the Bay to Belloram. Here Burke's schooner from St. Jacques and another came alongside to take in freight. We had a good deal for them and it was nearly sunset before it was all out. We then towed Burke's vessel up to St. Jacques. At first we were going so fast that we nearly towed her under water and then the steamer had to go slow the rest of the way, even still it was quite a sight to watch the seas going over her bows. After leaving her we went ahead full speed for Harbour Breton which we did not reach till midnight. Here every place was shut up for the night. Had a turn ashore before going to my berth.

*Tuesday 25th.* Fine day. When I got up we were nearing Cape La Hune, having been at Gaultois early in the morning. We reached Burgeo about dinner-time. Here we found the S.S. *Gulnare* with Capt. Maxwell and staff just arrived to complete the survey of

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<sup>1200</sup>Marking the anniversary of the alleged discovery of Newfoundland by John Cabot on June 24, 1497. Thursday, June 24, 1897, was a public holiday (*Eve Tel*, June 23, 1897).

the South coast from here to Channel. We landed a lot of freight and took aboard some more, also some passengers. We arrived at Little Bay, La Poile, about 3 P.M. and Rose Blanche at tea time. Did not reach Channel till midnight when I turned in.

*Wednesday 26th.* Finest day of entire trip. Were off the Highlands of Bay St. George when I came on deck in morning, having landed Father McGinnis at Codroy. We had a splendid time into Sandy Point. The shore along looked very nice from the ship with its string of neat, white cottages and nice green clearings. Arrived at Sandy Point about 12 O'clock all well. Father Brown was down on the wharf and insisted on my going up to the Glebe House to stay. I had a long delay however, seeing after the landing of all our gear and getting it stored. I then secured lodgings for the men and Albert at Mrs. Shears's. Everything here is very dull and all the talk is about the French depredations during the spring.<sup>1201</sup> Dr. Mike's<sup>1202</sup> new house is a fairly nice-looking one and well situated but it is poorly built and miserably furnished. In fact, he has scarcely any furniture at all except dribs and drabs. His housekeeper, Mrs. Houlihan, was an old servant with my father and mother after the fire of

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<sup>1201</sup>The French, evidently retaliating against the Bait Act, were asserting claims to the lobster and salmon fisheries on the treaty shore. At Hauling Point in White Bay they, with help from a British captain, forced lobster packers named Murphy and Andrews to close their operations. This evoked much protest. See *JHA* (1889), pp. 52-5, 224-9.

<sup>1202</sup>M.F. Howley.

1846,<sup>1203</sup> and remembers nursing me when a baby. She is a nice, kindly old body and cannot do too much to make me comfortable. There is also another servant girl, an orphan, and a little boy. After tea I took a stroll about the place. It has not changed much since I was last here. In fact if anything it has gone back, while the south side of the harbour<sup>1204</sup> is rapidly filling up. The government wharf is a fine structure and a great boon to the place.

*Thursday 27th.* Dull, close and raining nearly all day. Spent most of the time in unpacking our grub. The *Harlaw* came in from Bay of Islands before dawn and went off again. I did not see nor yet hear her though her syren whistle, it is said, would wake the dead. Arthur Stabb came passage on her. He is going to examine some mica mine. I wrote home in the morning and then went down to Bishop's to post my letters. Received a drenching from the rain. Bishop asked me in. Mrs. Nardini and a Miss French from Boston, a sister of Mrs. Dryer Telegraph operator, were there. It rained in torrents all night and I was thoroughly soaked when I got home. Father Brown goes to St. John's by the *Volunteer* tomorrow.

*Friday 28th.* Still raining and densely foggy. The people here say they have had more fog and rain than usual this season.

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<sup>1203</sup>The great fire of June 9, 1846, which virtually destroyed St. John's and in which Richard Howley lost his Water Street premises.

<sup>1204</sup>Where the community later called St. Georges was taking shape.

In fact it rained every day for eighteen days before we came up. Heard the *Volunteer's* whistle blow outside the Point before breakfast. It sounded very near I thought. After breakfast I learned she was ashore on a shoal just behind the church. I hastened down although it was still raining hard and I had only my slippers on. When I arrived on the scene there was quite a crowd collected and it was then clearing off. The steamer was close inshore laying on the soft sand, but fortunately succeeded in backing off just as I reached there. It was well the tide was rising, otherwise she might have stuck there. She soon got in to the wharf apparently nothing the worse and after a short delay was off again. John Furlong and David Stott<sup>1205</sup> came passengers by her. The latter stayed here to travel over the Telegraph line as far as Channel. Had today been fine I intended going over to the Main Gut to survey the estuary inside and remaining till Sunday, and on Monday start for Robinson's Head, but owing to the wet and fog which ended in a Northeaster I had to postpone the idea till some other time. I have now made up my mind if the wind holds N.E. or it be calm tomorrow to go on down the bay. I have the big house all to myself now that Father Brown is gone. Dhu,<sup>1206</sup> Dr. Mike's great black dog is quite friendly with me as if he

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<sup>1205</sup>Superintendent of government telegraphs.

<sup>1206</sup>*Dhu* means "black" in Cornish.

knew me all my lifetime, but he nearly killed my poor setter Flockko and I had to give the latter in charge of the men at their lodgings where they tied him up.

*Saturday 29th.* Beautiful, fine, calm morning. Slight draft from N.E. Got up early and had our two boats loaded at the wharf ready for a start before breakfast. Yet it is so hard to get started that it was 10 O'clock before we could get away. Fearing the wind would come in and prevent us from getting outside, decided to go on to head of Flat Bay and haul our boats over the beach. It took us nearly three hours to get there and by that time the wind was around S.W. with a good lop on the outside. Saw we could do nothing, nor get anywhere this evening so decided to camp here on the beach. It took us pretty well all the afternoon to put up camps, pack all our provisions, baggage etc. across and with the assistance of some of the people here to drag the two heavy boats over the beach. Our camps are in a very exposed place, but there are no flies worth mentioning. I have been troubled ever since leaving home with indigestion, an old complaint of mine, and am growing very uneasy about it. Had to take medicine tonight.

*Sunday 30th.* Blowing a strong breeze from the N.W. and rather cold. Heavy sea on outside of beach. I felt pretty sick in the morning but got better during the day. Remained about camp

all forenoon. After dinner I walked around the shore and over to Muddy Hole, the estuary of Flat Bay Brook. There are several nice clearings about here and the land is pretty good, though rather stony in some places. There is an extensive peat bog however not far in the rear. Had several visitors at camp during the day. We could see the spars and rigging of a large ship down at the Point, evidently the warship *Emerald*.<sup>1207</sup>

*Monday July 1st.* Up at sunrise about 4 A.M. It was a very cold morning with a light breeze from S.W. or right ahead. However, we got our breakfast, launched our boats and started. Albert and I preferred to walk, it being so cold. The wind freshened as the day wore on and the boats had to beat to windward. It was a fine day for walking however, but the road in some places was awfully bad. We arrived at Fishel's about 10 O'clock and soon after the two boats came up. We then had an early dinner and they started on again. I remained for a while fishing. Rose several salmon, but did not succeed in landing any. I only caught a few trout. When we reached McPherson's near our landing place the boats were there before us and the lads had everything ashore. There was now a heavy sea on and one of the boats nearly came to grief. All along shore I was waylaid by

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<sup>1207</sup>H.M.S. *Emerald*, stationed on the French Shore; her captain was Sir Baldwin W. Walker.

various parties about their lands, especially about Guerney's lines run out by Neville<sup>1208</sup> contrary to those laid down by me in 1884. Mrs. Guerney and her son were the only parties not satisfied with the lines then laid off. This spring they got young Neville, who has been appointed a Deputy Surveyor to alter them and run so as to cross two other parties' boundaries. Mr. Neville took upon himself to ignore my work. Poopooed it and told the people not to mind my lines. Of course they were all up in arms and there would be the dickens to pay had not Mr. Penny,<sup>1209</sup> when I explained the matter to him, at once telegraphed to Neville not to dare interfere with my lines. Still they were not satisfied till they had assurances from myself as to the stability of them. We had to walk about half a mile from McPherson's to where our Township line after crossing Robinson's River comes out. We camped on the Government Road near where this line crossed it, in a very good place. The road here is nearly cleared and has side drains dug but this part of it is very well laid out from Robinson's River nearly to Fishels. I was soon visited by men from Robinson's Head wanting to be employed but I only took one of them, Robert Renouf.

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<sup>1208</sup>Thomas W. Neville, Deputy Surveyor for St. George's Bay. (He is "young Neville" below.) Neville and other families had established farms on the south side of Flat Bay in areas comprising Seal Rocks, South Side, and Shallop Cove. South Side was later renamed St. George's. *ENL*, St. George's.

<sup>1209</sup>The Surveyor General.

*Tuesday 2nd.* Fine day, blowing pretty fresh. Went out to unpack our things and get them into the camp. Had to send three hands back with the boats. We had great difficulty in launching them and one, the largest, got stove in. It was so very rough we had to watch the chance to shove them off. Old Tom Evans, Pooh Bah<sup>1210</sup> of Robinson's Head settlement, paid us a visit and had dinner with us. Tom is a jolly old chap and very good company. He was originally a man-o'-war's man who deserted and settled down here. Even now he is in dread of their coming after him and carrying him off. There are one or two other runaways also settled here. I regret to hear the people are doing little or nothing with their holdings. Renouf lives on his lot quite near our camp and some others have built winter houses on theirs. We got all our stuff in except a few small articles. Noel Bernard our only Indian joined us this evening having walked all the way from the main gut a distance of fully 24 miles. Sent two men in along the line to clear out the windfalls. I also walked in some two miles and a half. It was very warm and the flies awfully thick. The line is very bad, there is a long heavy marsh to be crossed and also a good deal of scrubby bush and burnt ground. It will be a heavy pack for us. The land here is not good except on

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<sup>1210</sup>Character in Gilbert and Sullivan's *The Mikado*, performed in St. John's in 1894. O'Neill, *The Oldest City*, p. 254.

the fringe of the shore.

*Wednesday 3rd.* Fine day again. Got in remainder of our stuff and commenced packing along the line inland. It is not all cleared out yet. Mike Cole and Noel Bernard stayed in to finish clearing it. The lads are poor packers and take very light loads. However, I am not hard upon them yet as they are not broken in to the work and the day was so very sultry and marshes so very heavy. The two who took back the boats, Martin Cashin and Swyer came back this evening. Had several other visitors today. I find my legs pretty stiff after Monday's walk. Turned out a very sultry night. Sandflies extremely tormenting.

*Thursday 4th.* Dull, warm day. All hands at the packing. I spent the forenoon sewing and reading. Albert, Tom Ebbs and I went out to McPherson's to unpack a barrel of flour. After tea I walked down the road to Robinsons River. The road is very well laid out and is fairly good walking except in a few places. When I returned one of the men, Swyers, complained of his chest giving out packing. He is either shamming or has weak lungs in which case he will never do for this work. John Evans, T. Shears and W. Morris all from Robinsons visited us again today, the two latter disputing about their boundaries. I hope to be able to get out of their reach tomorrow. Shipped Henry Morris.

*Friday 5th.* Desperately close and warm all last night. Had a

shower of rain. Dull, close murky day. Swyers came to me this morning for his discharge and wants to go home. I told him if he knew he could not pack he had no business coming with us, putting me astray and keeping some other man out of a job, so I let him go off. We packed up all our camps and duds and started for the River. It was a desperate hard pack and I felt my shoulders pretty sore when we got in. It was very sultry and the flies were awful thick. Just as we reached the river it came to rain but fortunately we got our camps all up before it became too bad. Two men had to go back to the road for the cooking gear. After dinner I sent the lads back for the things dumped on the line yesterday. I walked up the river to try for a fish and caught no less than 12 fine salmon and one trout. Had to leave off with fair play. It was great sport. I might have caught as many more, as they were numerous and very eager for the fly. Had a heavy load to take back to camp. They were all nice-sized fish of about 5 or 6 pounds each and most of them quite recently from the salt water. I got a thorough wetting and had to change all my clothes. It rained hard all the afternoon. The lads got a good deal packed in.

*Saturday 6th.* Fine cool day with misty showers. Commenced packing up River. They went up about 2 1/2 miles with their loads to an Island called Frank's Island, but owing to the very rough

travelling could only make two trips for the day. All hands pretty tired out in the evening. Albert and I remained in camp most of the day.

*Sunday July 7th.* Fine day with occasional misty showers. This is my 42nd birthday so I am well along the downhill grade now and will soon find the descent growing steeper. Wrote letters home. An Indian, Ben Paul, and his little boy only eight years of age came to our camp about dinner-time. They had been up the country looking for deer, but saw none. The poor little boy was dreadfully bitten by the mosquitoes. He had travelled 8 or 10 miles this morning, and has 3 or 4 more to go yet to the mouth of the river. In coming across the river to our camp the father took him by the hand. He was up to his waist in water but does not seem to mind it in the least. I gave Paul our letters to take out and post. He says he has discovered coal up the Big Feeder of this river, which comes in about a mile above our camp. Three of our men went out in the morning. After dinner all hands went up to the Salmon hole fishing. I was there first and had two salmon and a fine trout ashore by the time the others arrived. After that I only caught one salmon and one trout. Old Tom caught three trout but none of the others anything. There were too many of us and they made too much noise. I then walked up the Northern Feeder a good distance but saw no sign of the coal. It came to

rain before I got back and turned out a nasty evening. Angus McDonald came in by tea-time bringing me a pair of moccasins made by one of the McPhersons. It will take us at least all this week to get up to where I intend camping near the outcrop of the Howley coal seam.<sup>1211</sup> Tomorrow, if fine, Albert and I will begin to survey the Northern Feeder. I am still suffering from indigestion and am becoming rather uneasy about it.

*Monday 8th.* Dull, cool day with occasional heavy showers of rain. Rained hard during the night. The river is rising rapidly and I fear will put us back a good deal. Men packing again all day. Only made two trips. The walking is now worse than ever as the wet makes the rocks slippery and dangerous. I did not feel like surveying today as I was not feeling at all well.

*Tuesday 9th.* Dull and wet again in morning but cleared off fine. Men packing up River all day. After dinner Albert and I started to survey the Northern or Big Feeder and got up about a mile. It was slow work owing to the bad going and the numerous short, crooked turns in the Brook. Saw some deer footing. Got home before dark pretty tired out and very wet.

*Wednesday 10th.* Dull but fine though it rained again during the night and early morning. The men took the last loads except the camps before dinner. After dinner we struck camp and all

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<sup>1211</sup>Murray had named this seam in 1873.

hands moved ahead. Had a long tramp as we went fully two miles beyond where they dumped the grub, or about 1 1/2 miles beyond our base line of 1884. Here we camped within a mile of the coal outcrop. It was very hard work and the walking exceedingly rough. I was very tired as my pack was a heavy one. We camped on a level spot in the woods just over the Bank on south side of river. It is not a very choice place but the best we could find. We had just got our camps up when the rain came on again and it continued pretty well all night.

*Thursday 11th.* Raining hard in morning but cleared off. Men packing from dump below. They made four trips today. Remained in camp all morning being over-tired after yesterday. In evening I went up to see the condition of the coal seam. I found some difficulty in locating it again. Found it completely covered up as in 1884 and not a vestige of our work then to be seen, nor yet not a fragment of the coal visible though we had left a lot on the bank. Certainly no one would ever suspect there was a coal seam here and had I not discovered it on two former occasions I would not find it now. I did find it however after considerable rooting. We will have a good deal of labour uncovering it properly as there is a great accumulation of boulders and gravelly soil over it, also a lot of fallen timber.

*Friday 12th.* Fine day at last though dull. Rained in

morning. Men still at work packing, all except Cashin who is sick in camp, I believe used up. Those Sandy Point men are a poor lot and no good for hard work. In fact none of them are equal to our eastern men for packing. Albert and I went off to continue the survey of the Northern Feeder. We had a long tramp first down to our line and then along it till it crossed the latter Brook and then down that to where we left off on Tuesday. The day turned out very hot and the flies were bad. We got up to our line again about 3 P.M. and continued the measurement for a mile or more beyond till the Brook became so small and overgrown with Alders that we had to give it up. It is on this brook coal is said to have been discovered this summer and I do not doubt it as we picked up numerous fragments all along for several miles. Yet we did not succeed in finding the seam from whence they were derived. The Indian Paul<sup>1212</sup> told me he found it on the south side of the river west of our line, but I think the lad misinformed me as we found the fragments extending along the river to the end of our measurement and they certainly never were carried up stream. It may be that the coal seam strikes along the course of the river but everything is so concealed we could not see it. There is no rock exposed in place from the beginning to the end of today's measurement. Of course I did not explore much except to

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<sup>1212</sup>Ben Paul.

watch the sides of the river closely and I am certain it does not appear there in the ground gone over today. That there is a seam or perhaps more than one somewhere in this neighbourhood there can be no question judging from the numerous small fragments, even to one good-sized lump picked up and very good coal at that. Of course I am bound to find it when I give more time to the search. I think I partly guess now where it is. It came to rain again in the evening and we got a thorough drenching. Had a long tiresome tramp back to camp. The men have all the things now up. Renouf went out to the shore after dinner for our letters and papers. We are now about 10 miles in by the course of the river. Two men from the Head<sup>1213</sup> who went up the Northern Feeder yesterday and by the way stole our Tomahawk passed down by our camp just before we returned. Old Tom caught a salmon last night, I believe the first in his life. He is an inveterate fisherman and is at it again tonight when he caught another.

*Saturday 13th.* Still dull and showery but cleared off fine. I am very tired after yesterday's tramp. Remained in camp protracting my work on Northern Feeder, gave the men also a rest. They are employed all day grinding their axes, putting handles in the picks and building a log store house. They made a first-rate job of this latter covering it with birch bark. It would make a

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<sup>1213</sup>Robinsons Head.

very good tilt, better than many of the structures people live in. Renouf returned in evening with our mail which was a great godsend. Found all well at home. Thank God. Sorry to learn Diptheria<sup>1214</sup> is still holding on and apparently not decreasing much. Had a regular feast of papers. Old Tom caught another salmon this evening. We are now getting a surfeit of salmon and are obliged to put an embargo on their coming to table so often. This reminds me of the time when Slade's employees stipulated in their agreements that they were not to have salmon oftener than twice a day for their meals. Some of the lads cut a path along shore over the bad places up to the coal outcrop.

*Sunday July 14th.* Fine cool day. In fact it has not been over-warm since we left the sea shore. Spent the morning reading papers and protracting my work. After dinner I went up the river and followed the course of a small tributary on the South side for a long distance. It was desperate walking owing to the numerous windfalls and the thick tangled Alders and whitewood. Saw no sign of coal. There was very little rock exposed anywhere. The evening was close and warm and the black flies in myriads. They tormented me dreadfully though they did not bite much. I had a desperate tramp through the woods to the main river. The

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<sup>1214</sup>A diptheria epidemic had broken out in St. John's in 1888. It peaked in 1889, causing 350 deaths in the city, and lingered until 1892 (*ENL*, Health). St. John's was under a strict quarantine in 1889.

country is full of windfalls and rotten timber. Saw some splendid soil, but the highest part of the ridge between the two rivers<sup>1215</sup> was apparently poor as it was covered only with small tucking spruce. I struck the main river a good distance above the coal outcrop and had a nasty tramp down to camp, especially as it again came on to rain hard which made the rocks very slippery and the bushes awfully wet. It is dreadful weather for rain. Every day this past week, especially during the nights and early mornings, it has rained more or less, making everything disagreeable and worse than all keeping the river high, just as we want it at its lowest. Old Tom and Noel Bernard were up the river a long way and returned with five salmon, that's eight Tom has now caught.

*Monday 15th.* Dull day again. All hands started off with picks and shovels, axes etc. for the coal outcrop about a mile above our camp. I set them at work clearing away the woods for a considerable space and then the clay and gravel of which there was a huge quantity covering the seam. After much labour we succeeded in uncovering about 100 feet of the seam along the side of a steep bank. I also sent some hands across the river to try and locate it there. I was terribly disappointed on uncovering the first 100 feet to find the seam narrowed down to less than a

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<sup>1215</sup>Robinsons River and Northern Feeder.

foot and apparently thinned out, but it thickened up again above 2'4", two feet being about the average thickness. Even this was a great disappointment. Here was our best seam of coal set down as four feet thick only averaging two and what was worse we could not find it on the N. side of the river, owing to the great depth of gravel and sand and boulders. The coal however, is of fairly good quality and burns well, leaving a very white ash. Spent all day at this work which was very laborious. Had a few rain showers again today.

*Tuesday 16th.* Still dull and cool spent the whole day again tracing the coal seam and clearing away the face of it. Found an immense depth of gravel covering it towards the top. Four of the men were all day on the North side but did not succeed in finding it. I ran a line into a gulch where a small stream trickled down on that side hoping to find it there but the clay and gravel were too deep here again. Further up the brook I found a thin layer of coal on the north side. It rained again a little. The flies were very thick all day, especially the sandflies.

*Wednesday 17th.* Rained in morning but cleared off. All day again looking for seam on North side and tracing it on South side. Succeeded in following it nearly to top of bank, but here again it seems to thin out. No trace of it on North side yet. Several heavy showers of rain about noon, but cleared up a fine

afternoon.

*Thursday 18th.* Beautiful fine warm day at last, the first day it did not rain since we came in the country. Set the men at work on both sides looking for other coal seams. There are several beds of fireclay and black or dark bluish shale between the harder beds of sandstone, all however very much hidden by great accumulations of boulders and gravel. We tried a number of these all along shore but without success. No coal anywhere except at the one spot. After dinner I started a line on the strike<sup>1216</sup> and set Albert with five of the crew to run it across towards the Middle Barachois River. They will continue it till they strike that river when I hope we may be able to find the outcrop of the coal again. Dug into the seam a little way and found it to improve very much in quality being a brilliant black compact coal inside.

*Friday 19th.* Another very fine warm day. Albert and all hands cutting the line except Angus McDonald<sup>1217</sup> and Delaney<sup>1218</sup> whom I set at work near camp looking for the Western outcrop of the coal seam. Noel Bernard and I started off down the river to our base line and then went across to the Big Feeder to look for the seam said to be found there. We first went down the Brook a

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<sup>1216</sup>Direction of the line of intersection of a horizontal plane with an uptilted geological stratum.

<sup>1217</sup>"who is laid up with a very sore foot" stroked through in "Journal".

<sup>1218</sup>William Delaney.

short distance but though we picked up some fragments of coal, I soon became convinced it was not in this direction westward of our line. We then went up stream and continued to find fragments all along getting more and more plentiful as we proceeded. Some were quite sizeable pieces of a brilliant black hard coal. We continued travelling for a long way up stream however before we found it in place. Two men had been here recently with pick and shovel and uncovered a portion of the seam, which appears of a good quality. At first I was elated not only with the quality of this coal which was almost as hard and brilliant as Anthracite but the apparent breadth of the seam which measured across over five feet. On further examination, however it turned out to be the crown only of a low anticlinal<sup>1219</sup> fold and that the actual thickness scarcely exceeded a foot. It is however, splendid coal and I am in hope it may thicken. I also judge from the rocks exposed here that there ought to be other seams on this brook. The men who uncovered it, one of whom was Moses Shears, had a side tilt here and must have spent a couple of days at work on it. They acted very cutely by coming across to the main river and travelling down by our camp, when they told some of our men they had discovered the coal on the latter river. The Indian Paul also thought to deceive me by stating it was on the western side of

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<sup>1219</sup>Forming a ridge in which strata lean against each other.

our line a mile or so below and on the south side of the brook. I knew very well he was lying. In point of fact it is fully three miles up the brook to the eastward of our line and outcrops on the north side of the river. The poor fools might have saved themselves the trouble of trying to deceive me. I knew when I left home that there must be coal on this brook and felt fully confident I would find it there. But in any case the quantity strewn all along the river bed would be quite sufficient proof of its existence. I, of course, knew so long as we found any fragments the coal was above us on the stream. It was not likely to be carried up stream. We also found another small shaly seam a little further up. I shall now have a track cut over to here next week and move over to camp for a while, when we shall give the place a good overhauling. We had a long weary tramp back to camp. At one point we managed to become separated and saw no more of each other till we reached home. Noel took a short cut across through the woods, but I went down and took our line so he got home before me. I was exceedingly tired and very wet and hungry when I reached camp. We brought back several good pieces of the coal some of which I burned in camp. At first it flew like stones decrepitated<sup>1220</sup> but finally burnt with a brilliant flame and seemed to be entirely consumed. Albert and his crew had some

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<sup>1220</sup>Disintegrating into particles.

desperate cutting through heavy timber and many windfalls.

*Saturday 20th.* Another very fine warm day. Still very tired after yesterday's tramp. Stayed home till dinnertime writing and protracting. All hands gone with Albert running the line except Angus McDonald who is laid up with a very sore foot. It is from an old and very bad cut with an axe. The hard walking and perhaps wading in water has caused the foot to swell and pain very much. It looks as if it were going to gather now. I fear he will have to give up. As he is now he could not walk out. Ambrose Edwards also stayed home today. He is taking out our mail. After dinner I went up the river and first followed up the little brook I was on last Sunday. I gave it a very close scrutiny and found several very small fragments of coal. Being thus convinced there was coal somewhere here I began to pick at the bank with my little hand pick and succeeded in finding two places where a sort of shaly coal began to show itself. I then walked up the main river a considerable distance but found nothing there. Tried for a salmon at several likely places, but only found them in one spot. Here I caught one fine one and hooked another which I had nearly landed when it got clear. I jigged the one I caught by the side and thought from the weight it was a tremendous fish. How I ever got him ashore is a marvel but I had a very strong line of twisted gut, a large hook, and all held out well. The salmon seemed after

a little while to drown himself or became dumfounded at being dragged sideways through the water. He gave up at last and came ashore quite easily and nearly lifeless. I had only hooked him by the skin which must have been very tough to hold out. Albert and crew were late this evening. It was nearly dark when they came back. They did not reach the Barachois though they heard the noise of its waters and crossed a large-sized tributary. I was sorry I did not tell them to bring back their axes and the transit tonight as I am now more anxious to have a line cut across to the Northern Feeder. They saw several very fresh signs of deer over there.

*Sunday 21st.* Dull, cool day. In camp all day reading and drawing. Came to rain in evening and rained in torrents. After dark there were some very heavy peals of thunder and vivid lightning, the first we have had, but it only lasted a short while. The rain, however, poured down nearly all night. This will raise the river again and bother us a good deal. It was getting quite low. We are just one month left home today. Angus McDonald's foot broke today and there was a great discharge from it. I fancy the bone must be diseased or shattered. Old Ambrose came back at dusk. He informed me Dr. Mike had returned in the

*Harlaw* from Halifax accompanied by Archbishop O'Brien<sup>1221</sup> and two other clergymen. He sent down word that he would very much like to see me at the Point on Tuesday, but I am too busy just now and scarcely in a fit trim to meet an Archbishop. Anyhow the journey is a long one and my feet are all galled and sore, besides the rain will make travelling by the river all but impossible.

*Monday 22nd.* Dull, cold, foggy and misty all day. River very much swollen after the heavy rains. The water is close into the banks everywhere and travelling along shore very difficult. All hands except McDonald went up to the little brook where I found the coal and spent the day digging and delving on both sides. We uncovered several beds of muddy clay, two only of which showed coal. One of these could scarcely be called a coal seam. It had a few inches only of coaly matter mixed with some thin strings of real coal. The other immediately below, 14 inches wide, was all more or less coal though chiefly soft and shaly; what old man Cooper<sup>1222</sup> the Scotch coal borer called fool (foul coal). About 4 inches at the bottom and 2 1/2 at top were fairly good coal. After dinner Albert and two hands went off after the axes and instruments. It was fearful getting along through the Alders and windfalls, and black flies and sandflies were simply dreadful.

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<sup>1221</sup>Cornelius O'Brien, Roman Catholic archbishop of Halifax, 1883-1906; for his visit to M.F. Howley at Sandy Point, see *Eve Tel*, Aug. 1, 1889.

<sup>1222</sup>See n. 684.

They nearly drove me crazy. Towards evening the sun peeped out once or twice. Found Albert and men at camp on my return. They had been back some time.

*Tuesday 23rd.* Dull and wet again. Rained hard last night with thunder and lightning. Spent all day again at the little brook searching for the coal seam on the north side of the river but failed to find it. Albert and I measured in from the main River and also up to the first opening.

*Wednesday 24th.* Fine day. River pretty high again. Albert and crew all except two started a line Northward for the Northern Feeder to make a path for portaging across there. Sent the other two men costeaning again near the first coal outcrop where yesterday I found a thin seam of coal a little above the larger one, but it turned out no good. Decided to proceed further up the river and continue the survey from the point where I dropped it in 1873, sixteen years ago.

*Thursday 25th.* Dull, cool day occasional showers. After seeing Albert and crew off and giving them their instructions during my absence, I started with Mike Cole and Noel Bernard up the river. We took with us our side camp, blankets, a few odds and ends and a week's supply of grub, having fairly heavy loads. We had a hard tramp all day as the river was still high necessitating much wading. By dinner-time we reached the point

where our former survey ended, but I decided to move on to the commencement of the Long Range mountains, or rather where the river debouched therefrom and measure backward. I also wished to visit a place on the river several miles up in the mountains where I had heard there was a splendid patch of wild hay growing. This is called the Hay Place,<sup>1223</sup> but few of the people of the Bay have ever seen it. While we were boiling our kettle I saw some animal perched on a boulder on the opposite side of the river which at first I took to be an otter, but when it moved its head it looked more like a young fox. Presently I saw it was a woodcat or marten, the first live one I had ever seen. I whispered to Mike to hand me my gun which was near him and without stirring from where I sat I fired and shot it. Noel went across and brought it over. It was a fine, large one and fairly well furred considering the season. I was glad to get it for the Museum as I have been a long time trying to procure one. Noel skinned him after dinner. Then we resumed our journey. We soon came upon broad open spaces with many islands and flats, a very picturesque portion of the river. It was here bordered on either side by high ridges of wooded hills. We reached a point at length where the hills closed in and the river ran in a deep dark chasm bordered by perpendicular jagged Laurentian cliffs. We now climbed up a

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<sup>1223</sup>The Grass.

little way in the woods to avoid the cliffs and caught sight of a fall, the first on the river. It made a tremendous plunge down over the cliff and presented a beautiful picture. Finding further progress by the river difficult and there being no good camping ground here we retraced our steps a short distance to the first level ground and as it was now 6 O'clock we prepared to camp. While the men were putting it up I went out on the bank to look for a trouting pole. Flockko, my setter, swam across the river here quite shallow and from behind a couple of small islands started a deer, a young doe. She stood right opposite me. Noel saw it from the camp and came down through the woods with my gun. All this time the deer was watching the dog who had lain down when I sang out to him, and apparently did not mind me much. Presently she began to approach nearer and by the time I had the gun ready was within easy shot. I fired and knocked her down dead, where she stood. This was great luck for our first day. We fully expected to see deer however, as there was abundant fresh signs everywhere along the intervals. We soon had her skinned and cut up. She proved to be a young doe which had apparently missed her fawn and probably mistook Flockko for it. We had a grand supper on kidneys, steak and marrow bones etc. We soon had our camp fixed for the night with good fire in front and the deer

skin spread<sup>1224</sup> before dark. Fortunately there were no flies to bother us. I love this kind of open camp with a fire in front when it is fine weather and there are no flies. We were each pretty tired and soon lay down to sleep.

*Friday 26th.* Pouring rain all the morning and very miserable. Could not proceed. Noel however, went across the river and up as far as the first fall and reports the going not so very bad. After dinner it cleared off. We then commenced measuring up stream first through the woods where we cut a track to the fall and then along the river. It was pretty tough travelling and clambering over cliffs, sometimes wading in the water, then back to the woods, but we managed to get up about a mile and a half, over all the worst portion and then returned to camp for the night.

*Saturday 27th.* Fine day at last, one of the very finest for the whole month. Had an early breakfast, then started off leaving our camp and blankets behind and taking only two days' grub. We found the river improve as we went on, becoming wider and straighter, but the walking was very bad being so much encumbered with boulders. In fact, it was literally choked with them. Shortly after dinner we reached a long stretch of steady water, where the going was very much better. This was succeeded by a

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<sup>1224</sup>Stretched on a board to dry.

small pond and then the great Hay flats or intervals extending up for a couple of miles. Here the valley widens out considerably but is bounded on either side by lofty bare-topped ridges of gneiss. The river here winds its way through a series of flats or intervals and is cut up into islands, large and small by many crooked channels. These intervals are composed of magnificent soil which supports a wonderful growth of wild hay. I never saw anything to equal it. It is chiefly the brown- or purple-topped variety which grows so thick and luxuriantly that it is difficult for one to walk through it. This grass or hay averages fully 4 feet in height but often was as high as my head. There must be some thousands of tons of it here altogether and the whole valley is most picturesque and beautiful. The drier parts at the foot of the hills is all good land and well wooded. Even the hills themselves nearly to their summits are well wooded, that on the south side especially. The timber consists mostly of white birch. It would prove a magnificent site for a small settlement were it only more accessible or nearer the seashore, but unfortunately it is too far in and I fear too hard to get at to be utilized for a long time to come. However, I believe it is quite possible to make a good road into it. We found a birch-rind side camp here quite recently occupied by three men whose footing we saw in the sand. They had killed a deer and a lot of geese. They were

evidently some of the jackatars from Bank Head or Flat Bay who knew I was coming in here and determined to get before me. They killed or drove off all the game. Yet we saw two deer, but did not fire at them. Fixed up the old camp for the night and found plenty of the big mosquitoes here awaiting us but the night proved a cold one so high up in the mountains and without our blankets we soon got rid of the mosquitoes.

*Sunday 28th.* Dull morning threatening rain. Spent a very cold uncomfortable night and did not get much sleep. After breakfast we commenced our return journey by way of the hills. Followed a gulch in the range till we got up on the barrens where we struck a large pond round the shores of which we had to wade. We then climbed a wooded hill and got into a bad patch of tucking bushes. Thence over barrens again and struck another pond. After this we had pretty good travelling for a long distance till we began to descend again to the river, or rather to another branch, which we followed down till it brought us out opposite our camp. We saw one deer in a marsh and plenty of fresh slot everywhere. Just as we reached camp the rain came on. I walked down a little distance to try for a salmon, but only succeeded in getting a wet jacket. It rained very hard all the afternoon.

*Monday 29th.* Very fine warm day, about the finest for quite a while. Commenced survey of river downwards and got along fast

owing to the long clear sights obtainable. We reached the point where I left off in 1873 by dinner-time. Noel had caught a salmon which we boiled for dinner. It was very good. Found the old side tilt John Stevens and I had built here 16 years ago. It was now tumbled down and scarcely recognizable. We now trudged slowly down to camp, stopping on the way to fish at one or two likely places. I caught one salmon and hooked a few more. Mike Cole also caught one. We reached camp about 6 P.M. Found all the lads away with Albert cutting a line across to Middle Barachois. Received letters and papers. My letter informed me of the fact that my house in town had been entered and burglarized. The ruffian finding no money or jewelery took his revenge by doing all the mischief he could, breaking open drawers and boxes, daubing the walls with paint and tearing off the bells etc. How I wish I had the scoundrel here and his punishment in my own hands. I bet I should teach him a lesson. Not much news in the papers. Diptheria still continues bad in St. John's. Fishery rather poor except in a few places. Politics all the talk. Albert and men returned shortly after us, they are nearly out to the other river. They cut the line on North side to a brook which they took to be the Northern Feeder, but from their description I think it is only a branch.

*Tuesday 30th.* Fine day. Dull and misty again. Albert went

over with the three men to finish path to Middle Barachois. The others went on North side to complete the path to Big Feeder. As I had conjectured, they had only struck a branch before. I went up after dinner to have another trial at tracing the coal across the river now that it is low, but failed to find it. It came to rain again in evening.

*Wednesday 31st.* Pouring rain all morning. Intended moving camp today but it turned out too wet. Stayed home protracting my work. Cleared off after dinner so I sent the lads to pack over stuff to the Northern Feeder.

*Thursday August 1st.* Fine warm day again. Packed up and moved across to Northern Feeder. Followed it up a considerable distance from end of line and camped about  $1\frac{1}{4}$  of a mile below the coal outcrop in a nice place by the side of the river. After dinner all hands went up to the coal seam and commenced uncovering it. It turned out to be only 14 inches thick or including upper- and underclays about 1  $\frac{1}{2}$  feet. It is beautiful coal however. We tried to get out a large square block but it broke in pieces on us. It is very brittle, intensely black and hard throughout. I walked up the river some distance and found fragments of coal all along for a good way up. The river is quite small, very crooked and much overgrown with Alders.

*Friday August 2nd.* Dull and wet again. Wrote letters in

morning then went up to coal seam. Found the seam on South side river, but only containing fragments of coal and some small junks, also found it above first outcrop with but a sign of coal in it. It lays in a very small trough and I fear amounts to very little. It is an awful pity such good coal should not form a larger and better seam.<sup>1225</sup> Found another small irregular seam with thin shaly coal further up the river. I shall have a good search for others above and below. The weather latterly has been constantly wet and very miserable, besides keeping the rivers high.

*Saturday 3rd.* Dull and wet again in morning. Sent Angus out with our mail. The others costeaning all day. At noon it cleared off fine. We did a good deal of digging and delving at several places up the river but only found fragments of coal in a few places. It is quite clear the seams here are small and contain very little coal. The one furthest up the river may be a continuation of the first and has but little thin shaly coal in it not more than a few inches altogether.

*Sunday August 4th.* Dull morning again. Remained in camp reading. Had a nice bath in the river, felt quite refreshed after it. I went up on Big Marsh behind our camp after dinner. Saw

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<sup>1225</sup>"I am beginning to be doubtful of any coal seam here being constant & of sufficient size & importance for working. Our chief hope now is in the Jukes seam on Little Barachois" stroked through in "Journal".

plenty of bakeapples, but no sign of game of any kind. There are two great marshes here one considerably higher than the other with but a very narrow strip of woods separating them. There is a good deal of grass here and there. I believe these could be drained especially the higher one and converted into large hay-growing tracts. Angus McDonald returned from the shore. No news outside, fishery poor.

*Monday 5th.* Beautiful fine, warm day. Albert, Mike and I went down the river to continue the survey of it. The rest of the men went up above costeaning. R. Renouf asked to be paid off as he wanted to go home about his hay. So I let him off. We had a slow work measuring up stream owing to the many turns and bends affording very short shots.<sup>1226</sup> We also had to do a good deal of cutting through the alders which overhung the banks. We did not get back to camp or have any dinner till 5 O'clock P.M. and were consequently nearly famished with hunger. We then continued on up to where the men were at work. Albert made 77 shots altogether yet when the work was protracted it barely made 2 miles in a straight line. The upper crew on the river struck a belt of fireclay showing a little coaly matter and a few small fragments of real coal.

*Tuesday 6th.* Came to rain last night and continued all night

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<sup>1226</sup>Slang for measurements.

and all this forenoon, a heavy downpour. Brook risen considerably. I had intended starting off today with Albert and Mike and Noel for a few days up the river but it rained too hard and the brook is now too high. Albert in camp protracting. It cleared off at noon and turned out a very fine bright warm afternoon. Went down stream with the men to try a few places I had marked out yesterday. At one of these we struck two small seams of impure coal, one showing an inch or so of hard coal. I went in on our line to another branch of the river which the line crossed and followed it up a long way but could see nothing. The brook was very high and there was no rock exposed in place, besides it was so overgrown with alders it was impossible to follow it. If tomorrow be fine and the brook sufficiently low we will start up stream.

*Wednesday 7th.* Fine morning. Sent the men down river costeaning. Albert, Mike, Noel and I started off for a few days up country, Albert and Mike measuring while I took note of the rocks etc. We soon found the river very small and crooked and so overgrown with alders that we had to cut them away all along to enable us to see. It was very slow work. Just after dinner it suddenly came to rain and continued to pour down in torrents for an hour or more with heavy thunder. This rendered everything dreadfully disagreeable. We were soon wet through and the bushes

were dreadfully wet although the sun shone out again after a while. We passed the old Telegraph line and camped for the night about 1/2 a mile beyond. Saw no deer or game of any kind.

*Thursday 8th.* Dull but fine morning. Went on again. I walked ahead a long distance and found the brook getting smaller and smaller and the travelling exceedingly bad. I came across two nice pieces of interval overgrown with hay and sedge, but the hills on either side appeared poor and rocky, the timber small. There were several marshes on either side of the river some quite large. Saw numerous fresh signs of deer, but did not see themselves. Not finding anything to induce me to continue the survey further I returned till I met the others. We then had our dinner and put up our camp but before we were through with it, it came to rain again and continued all the afternoon so we will have to give up the survey and go back tomorrow.

*Friday 9th.* Still raining and foggy, miserable weather. Packed up and commenced our return. The travelling along the river being now so bad we took to the marshes but here the grass and bushes were so wet that we were speedily drenched to the skin. We reached camp again about 12 O'clock very wet and miserable. Found the lads had commenced packing back to Robinson's River. Henry Morris went out today for our mail. It continued wet till afternoon when it cleared off.

*Saturday 10th.* Still dull and wet and foggy all day. Sent the lads over with loads. I remained in camp reading till afternoon. I then went down the river to see the places the men worked at during my absence. At one only did they find any coal a little above our path. Here two small seams of coaly matter with a few inches of real coal in one occur close together. I met Henry coming up with the letters and papers. He was accompanied by another man James William Legge, who came to look for work. He is a fine strapping-looking chap so I think I will take him on. I got my letters out of the bundle and read them. Glad to learn all were well at home except poor Dr. Tom<sup>1227</sup> who is not much improved. Was much surprised and exceedingly sorry to learn of the death of Father M. Morris who died from fever contracted from the orphans of Villa Nova.<sup>1228</sup> Poor fellow he was an old classmate of mine at St. Bonaventure's. He will be a great loss to that institution and it will be difficult to find another to fill his place. I see the fever<sup>1229</sup> is very bad in St. John's. A great many of the poor orphans are down with it. On the other hand it is much to be thankful for to learn that the dread Diphtheria is at

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<sup>1227</sup>J.P. Howley's brother. His death is mentioned at Aug. 30 below.

<sup>1228</sup>St. Thomas of Villa Nova Orphanage, near Manuels. Morris (b. 1852) died of typhoid fever. Howley might have had a special interest in this early writer on the railway. Michael Morris, *The Proposed Railway across Newfoundland; A Lecture, Delivered in the New Temperance Hall* (St. John's: Printed at the "Public Ledger" Office, 1875).

<sup>1229</sup>Typhoid fever.

last dying out in the city. It is to be hoped it will soon be at an end.

*Sunday August 11th.* Beautiful fine day at last, the first for a whole week. It has been an exceedingly wet summer so far, nine days out of every ten have been more or less wet. Spent all the morning in camp reading. After dinner I took a long walk across the barrens to a small brook, a tributary of Fishel's and followed it up some distance. The evening was beautiful. I rose a fine covey of partridges, eight in all on the barrens and saw much very fresh signs of deer, but I did not bring my gun. Flockko set the partridge admirably. They are now as large as the old birds. We find the papers just now entirely engrossed with politics and of course all abusing each other at no end of a rate.

*Monday 12th.* Fine day again. Struck camp and moved across to Robinson's River. It was a tough tramp across. Camped again on our old ground. After dinner sent the lads over to the Middle Barachois with packs. I went down the river a long distance looking at the rocks. There is not much to be seen, there are so few exposures. It was a fine afternoon. Old Tom caught another salmon. It is rather black and slinky.

*Tuesday 13th.* Fine morning. Albert at work protracting his work on Northern Feeder. I kept two of the men back while the

others continued packing over to the Barachois River. We went up to the coal seam and uncovered a large portion of it and then worked in upon it for some distance. Took out some fine specimens, but the coal is so cleaved and water-soaked the blocks would not hold together. The seam widened as we went in to 3 1/2 and 4' 4". At the latter place the full width including under and upper clays is 4' 6 1/2". About three feet of this is good hard coal, the rest shaly and earthy. It rained again at intervals very heavy during the afternoon. We had a further delve also at the little brook where the other two seams occur, but found nothing more and did not succeed in tracing the seam on the eastern side. I believe it is where we dug first. The other lads have all across to the Middle Barachois except our camps and baggage and enough grub for breakfast tomorrow.

*Wednesday 14th.* Rained again in torrents with thunder during the night and early morning, but cleared off fine. Struck camp and moved across to the Middle Barachois. It was a pretty hard old tramp and I found my pack very heavy. We got across and had our camps up by dinner-time. We are now in a nice place about 200 yards below the Jukes coal seam. This is by far the prettiest river of the lot and the travelling is very much better than on Robinson's River. I sent three of the men back to bring over the coal specimens. The rest went to work all the evening looking for

the Jukes coal seam, but owing to the amount of debris, fallen timber etc. covering it we did not reach it by supper-time. The whole face of the steep bank has come down in a great land slide, leaving bare the cliffs, which were very loose and dangerous. The upper small seam of coal, Cleary seam, is easily found. I am now much inclined to think it is all one seam split up by wedges of sandstone. I walked some distance up the river but saw nothing more. However, I picked up some loose coal, which indicates a seam further up. We will give this river a thorough searching as the rocks are better exposed and it is certainly the most promising-looking place yet seen.

*Thursday 15th.* Lady Day. A beautiful, fine, warm day. Gave all hands a holiday. Wrote letters home in morning. After dinner Mike Cole and I went up river several miles looking at the rocks. I took my gun hoping to see a deer but was disappointed. Saw several signs of coal and found at least one promising seam. Noel was also up the river fishing but caught none. He rose some salmon. Old Tom went down stream and brought back some pieces of coal. He says he found one seam about a mile below. It came to rain just as we got back to camp and rained hard for a short while but cleared off again before dark.

*Friday 16th.* Fine day. All hands at work uncovering the Cleary Seam above the Jukes which latter we have not yet found.

At the place where we were digging on Wednesday afternoon a big slide took place during the night when hundreds of tons of earth, gravel and boulders came down completely filling up all our excavation and burying some of our tools beneath. It was very fortunate this did not occur while the men were working, as they would most likely have been buried alive, if not killed outright. It took them a considerable time to get out the tools. We then abandoned this place where we were looking for the Jukes seam now so completely obliterated, but on reference to my note book for 1873 which fortunately I brought with me I was enabled by measuring and compass bearing to locate it again. The men uncovered some 200 yards of the Cleary seam which thickened up to about 2 feet of good coal, towards the east, but was suddenly cut right off by a downthrow fault. We spent all the evening trying to find it again without success. I walked down the river after dinner to have a look at old Tom's coal find near the little fall, station 19 of 1873. It proved to be a kind of shaly impure coal, or rather carbonaceous shale. A tremendous land slide had taken place just here. The whole side of the steep bank, trees, rocks, clay, etc. had slid down from the top a height of probably 150 feet and nearly filled the river leaving the cliff exposed above. I noticed a darkish-looking place high up near the top of the scrape but could not get up owing to the steepness of the

face. It was too dangerous to face without preparing a foot hold. With the aid of my little hand pick I dug out holes for my feet and gradually worked my way up the face of the cliff. I was rewarded by finding what appears to be a very large seam of coal at least half a dozen feet thick. I could not get a fair view of it owing to the danger of getting along. I must wait till we can put the picks and shovels at work on it. There is also another smaller seam below this one if not more. This is a great find and has put me in excellent spirits. This seam strikes across the river nearly South and I found it again in another scrape on the left side. I am now growing quite sanguine about the coal deposits, at all events on this river. Found another small seam on left side on my way back to camp.

*Saturday 17th.* James Legge went out with our letters. Set some of the men at work on the Jukes seam while the others continued to look for the upper one. The latter were unsuccessful. Uncovered the Jukes seam at the river side and then commenced openings along the strike. Found it again in three places running along four feet wide at the River but is rather inferior coal being for the most part shaly and slack, foul coal. There are also several streaks of clay running through it. Only two feet appears to be good hard coal, but I am in hope it will improve further on. Tom and I went down the river trouting and to

have a further search for coal. He caught one salmon and one trout, but I did not rise any. Angus McDonald asked to be allowed to go out after dinner. He and Legge both took out some of the coal from Robinson's River and Northern Feeder, to leave at Evans's for me. They will come back tomorrow.

*Sunday 18th.* Fine day again, a few light showers in morning. Had a nice bath in river and felt very much refreshed. After dinner I went up the river and then struck up a small tributary, the same which Albert's line from Robinsons on the strike of the Howley seam crosses. I then struck through the woods into an immense marsh to look for a deer. Saw none but ran across a yellow fox and managed to bag him. But for Flockko he would have got away. The dog chased him and he doubled around so that he came quite near me. I came back by Albert's line to main river and followed it up some distance. Saw fresh footing of deer along here. I also discovered two more seams of coal, one apparently of fair size. Old Tom and Noel were away up above fishing. They caught some fine trout and two salmon, but the latter are now getting black and slinky.

*Monday 19th.* Fine warm day. Set some men at work uncovering coal seam on North side of a little brook below our camp which runs through a deep ravine. A couple more began to sink on S. side of main river on the strike of the Jukes seam. Found it here

much the same character. The seam on Little Brook which I afterwards ascertained was the continuation of the Jukes seam was uncovered up both slopes of the ravine which are very steep. Here it afforded a fine show. On the left side it is fully five feet thick not including under or upper clays. But some of it is rather impure shaly coal with several streaks of clay. At least four feet is good coal. I am in great spirits at finding it here and seeing it improve so much. Tom Ebbs says it is a wonderful seam. Where it outcrops on the left side it is cut off smooth in an oblique direction, showing a smooth slanting surface down to the river at an angle of  $50^{\circ}$ . This surface strikes across the ravine N  $66^{\circ}$  E and measures 7 feet. One not knowing the difference would take this to be the actual width of the seam. In evening I went down the river and commenced to measure a section of the rocks. I also had another look at the Big Seam which I have named the Murray Seam after the late Director of the Geological Survey, Alexander Murray, C.M.G. It appears to be about 10 or 12 feet thick but is split up by rock and clay bands. I cannot tell properly till I get it fully uncovered what its real thickness is.

*Tuesday 20th.* Dull morning close and warm, flies very bad. All hands on big seam in ravine. Albert and I measured from Jukes seam to the one above  $3\frac{1}{2}$  chains. We then went down and

measured off the same distance from its outcrop on Little Brook and set two hands at work there looking for upper seam but failed to find it. The others still on big seam uncovered a good deal of it on either side. It was heavy work as a lot of timber had to be cut away and then the stumps all taken out by the roots, also an immense lot of clay and gravel removed from its surface. The rain came down shortly after we commenced and looked as though we were in for a very wet day, but it cleared off.

*Wednesday 21st.* Albert and I measured along the strike of Jukes' seam from its outcrop on the main river to the end of opening on the Little Brook. It was just 12.25 chains. Albert then with two hands continued to cut a line on the strike N 5° W. while the others were at work on the South side Little Brook uncovering the seam to the top of the bank. Here we found it widen out to 10 1/2 feet but with a great wedge of rock in centre and a good deal of clay. Nevertheless there are actually six feet of coal here, much of it impure but at least 4 feet good solid coal. Had several benches or steps made in it thus enabling us to examine it better. I measured a careful section of it. After dinner I went down the river to continue my section of the rocks and look for more coal. Found one thin seam near the salmon hole. As we are now getting pretty short of provisions especially of flour and pork, I am sending all hands except Noel out tomorrow

for a fresh supply. I expect they will be away till Saturday. In the meantime Albert, Noel and I will go up the river and resurvey it downwards, carefully taking the bearings with the transit. I hope also to get a deer, as we are now longing for some fresh meat.

*Thursday 22nd.* Very fine warm day. All hands except the two cooks gone down. Noel, Albert and I started off up the river. It was very warm and we took our time, stopping at the steady or great salmon hole to have our dinner. I tried for a fish but they would not take the fly though they were there in thousands, both salmon and trout. We could plainly see them on the bottom, it was so clear and bright and many jumped while we were there. I shot a young gozzard (Merganser). We then proceeded onward and saw plenty of fresh signs of deer. Stopped to camp about 4 O'clock. I went on some distance nearly up to the gorge in the mountains through which the river runs out. Saw no more game though there was abundant signs of deer, some quite fresh. It came to rain before I got back to camp and rained hard during the night which was very warm and mild.

*Friday 23rd.* Dull in morning and rather hazy but cleared off fine. Decided to go on up on the mountains to see the country and look for deer. We followed the river up to the falls where it comes out through a perfect cañon in the mountains. Here we had

some difficulty in getting along and had to climb up and down the cliffs, but it soon improved and after a little further we came upon a lovely little valley with fine interval land. Here the river was wide and shallow and filled with sandbars. It was a lovely spot for a deer and there was abundant fresh footing but the day was now so bright and warm they had all retired into the woods. After dinner we left the river and climbed the mountain side. It was awfully steep in places especially towards the top, but still overgrown with heavy timber principally birch. After a tough climb we reached the bare summit. Here we found the travelling good. We proceeded some distance onward till we reached the highest ridge in the vicinity from whence we could see all around. The country certainly presented rather a desolate appearance for a long distance Eastward and Southward, yet there were occasional patches of woods. One valley quite near had several large ponds in it. There were also many green, grassy glades looking bright and nice at this season of the year. It was cool and refreshing here after our hot climb and we stayed a good while resting on the soft heathery ground, keeping a good lookout all the time for game but saw nothing although there was abundant signs of deer everywhere. We then commenced our return journey to camp taking a long round over the hills in order to avoid the more wooded places and get below the falls. Flockko started a

hare, one of the large Artic variety which I shot. When we again drew near the river we found ourselves in a bad place, where the confounded tucking bushes were very thick and hard to get through. We also found that we were much further back from the river than we supposed. There was a deep valley in front of us with thick woods and some good-sized ponds. A lead of barrens between the ponds seemed to offer the best route as a ravine led from thence out towards the main river. While we were debating about our route on the top of the hill Noel heard the water in one of the ponds splashing and as we missed Flockko at the same time we concluded he had started a deer in the woods. Sure enough in a short time we saw a fine young stag trot up on the barrens and run across it. We were in great hope he would take a deer lead which came up near where we were standing, but no, he went off in another direction and was soon out of sight, in the woods. We then descended to the valley and took the lead of barrens between the ponds. From thence we followed the course of a small brook downward and descending rapidly all the time till we got into some heavy open timber. We still however kept near the Brook and finally finding it getting wider we took to the bed of the river itself. After a while however, it became so choked with alders and fallen timber, several times we had to leave it for short distances. Once Albert and I left the brook and after

proceeding about 100 yds. got down over the bank again. Noel was coming on behind but he followed the woods further than we did, presently we heard him whistle. I knew at once he saw a deer. We climbed up again only a few minutes too late. Noel had come right upon an immense old stag which we had apparently started from the brook. When he saw Noel he stopped just in front of him not 20 yards away. It was then he whistled but before we could get there the stag made off and we saw no more of him. What miserable luck! It is probably the last chance of a deer we will have for the season. We were still a considerable distance from the main river and had much thick woods to go through before we reached it, nearly two miles above our camp. We got back just before dusk pretty well tired out after our long hard day's tramp.

*Saturday 24th.* Very fine hot day again. Proceeded down the river to the salmon hole where I commenced to measure onwards. There was nothing of importance above this to warrant delay especially as it was already surveyed well enough for all purposes. We now got along pretty fast with our work considering the delay in setting up the transit at every station and my taking particular note of the rocks all along. We managed to reach our camps near the Jukes seam before dark. Found the men back from the shore with the things. Also our mail, papers etc. which were very welcome indeed. Poor old Tom Ebbs heard of the

death of his daughter Lizzie and is much cut up about it. There was no news of any importance from outside, fishery poor, people busy making hay. Their crop this year is a very good one.

*Sunday August 25th.* Very fine hot day. I think the hottest yet. It is only now we are getting our real summer weather. Remained in camp nearly all day reading the papers. Found some beautiful fossil ferns after dinner near the upper coal seam.

*Monday 26th.* Another very hot day. All hands at work, some trying to trace the Jukes coal seam beyond the little brook, others looking for the upper seam. But there was so much gravel over them that we did not succeed very well. Found just a trace of the coal in one or two openings. Albert and Mike and Henry running line on course of strike. After dinner Albert and I measured some distance down the river. Saw a marten.

*Tuesday August 27th.* Another very hot day. Set four of the men at work near camp. Mike and Martin uncovering little seam below brook. Noel and Angus costeaning for upper seam up ravine of little river. I started up main river with the other four to uncover the furthest seam near Station 16 of Saturday. Uncovered it on both sides of the river but though it is a true seam of some three feet in thickness, there is very little coal in it. It is chiefly clay and carbonaceous shale mixed with rusty rotten rock, only a few more strings and lumps of real coal. We then

tried another place about midway between Stas. 18 and 19 where we found two similar seams, one 3 feet and one five feet. They are all true seams with their under and upper clays, but contain barely a trace of real coal. It is a pity such is the case, as the last two being very close together would be a valuable find were it real coal. I think now this is the same seam seen down the river a mile below our camps and very much fear that the big seam will turn out of similar character. It is possible it may turn into coal after a while but I have not much hope of its doing so. Mike and Martin uncovered a good deal of the little seam which showed 8 inches good coal and several inches carbonaceous shale but it was cut off by a fault. Noel and Angus found some loose fragments of coal but did not strike the seam.

*Wednesday 28th.* Very hot day again. The four lads went up again to thoroughly uncover the seams they were at yesterday. I stayed home till after dinner to direct the others. Noel and Angus cut several deep trenches but failed to find the upper seam, though they found what I believe to be a part of it, a stiff reddish clay holding numerous small fragments of coal. I found another small seam below the brook higher up the bank than the 8-inch seam. Got Mike and Cashin to uncover it. It turned out 7 1/2 feet of good coal. They followed this up the side of the hill a considerable distance but it began to thin out towards the

top. After dinner I went up the river to see how the other lads were getting on. They had made a considerable opening on the biggest seam but it did not improve much in character.

*Thursday August 29th.* Blazing hot day again. It is now we are having our real summer weather, and it is certainly delightful if it were not for the abominable flies which are fearful and ravenous since the hot weather commenced. Noel and Angus still looking for upper seam on left S. ravine. Mike and Cashin following up the 1 1/2 foot seam. I set them at work to trace it downwards. Mike not very well today complaining of a weakness, I believe overcome by the excessive heat. Felt it very much myself all day. The other three men are at work above Jukes seam costeaning up hill's face, found nothing there.

*Friday August 30th.* Dull in morning. Had two or three tremendous heavy showers of rain before breakfast but it cleared off and turned out the very hottest day yet. It was simply like a furnace all day. I believe the thermometer must have been nearly up to 100° in the shade. Mike and Martin looking for 1 1/2-foot seam in Little Brook. They found it but it had dwindled down to a few inches of clay and soft coal. Noel, Angus and Delaney first followed the little 8-inch seam up to the top of the hill and then carbonaceous along face of hill. They uncovered three more small seams but none of any account. One showed about 1 foot of

impure shaly coal and carbonaceous shale at bottom and a few inches of soft coal at top. The other three lads costeaning further up river also found a seam which I have not yet seen. I remained in camp all morning writing while Albert looked after the men. After dinner I was making a pair of moccasins and had gone out in the shade by the side of the river to work as it was suffocating in camp. I was not long there, when I saw a man coming along up the river with a gun on his shoulder. I took him to be some fellow going in hunting or come to look for a job. When he saw me he came up to where I was and asked me was I Mr. Howley. He was one of the Shearses from Robinson River. I answered, "Yes." He said, "I have a letter for you," which was from Dr. Mike. What was my surprise and sorrow upon opening it to find two telegrams containing the sad, sad news of poor Doctor Tom's death on the 21st inst.<sup>1230</sup> The poor fellow, his sufferings which were great are now over. I was terribly cut up at this sad news, as although I knew he was very ill all the summer, still I did not expect his death so soon. It will be a sad blow to his family and indeed will cast a damper upon us all for sometime. Poor Tom was a very clever man and a good-hearted one in the bargain. Alas our large family is dwindling slowly but surely down.

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<sup>1230</sup>See *Eve Tel*, Aug. 21, 1889.

*Saturday August 31st.* Very fine warm day again though it rained a little during the morning. Turned out very hot. Shears went back and took our letters out. All hands at work costeaning below Little Brook except three who were working up above the camp near the big red boulders on the side of the hill. They uncovered a small seam with about 14 inches of coal, also found coal low down just under the water near the big gray boulders. The men below also uncovered a small seam in front of the one they found yesterday. It was chiefly shale and clay with only a few inches of coal at top and bottom. I found a seam just at mouth of Little Brook below the camp which proved to be a continuation of one up the hill though here it is much wider, being 3 feet 8 inches with only a little coal at bottom and a very carbonaceous shale at top. This I have called the Slaty Seam for distinction.

*Sunday September 1st.* Very fine, hot day. Four of the men went out last night after tea and came back again this evening. They did not get out till 12 O'clock last night. The foolish fellows, had they told me they wished to go I would have let them off earlier. No news from outside. I found this morning that I had lost my clynometer<sup>1231</sup> out of my pocket yesterday somewhere up where the men were working. This is a bad loss as it was a most

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<sup>1231</sup>See Intro., n. 63.

useful little instrument. Albert and I spent a good while looking for it but failed to find it. I then offered \$1.00 reward to whoever could find it. Mike and Noel spent all the forenoon looking but in vain. After dinner Mike and I again carefully overhauled the hill side and all the earth and rubbish thrown out yesterday at the spot I thought I lost it but we failed. I gave it up for good. The heat and mosquitoes were awful. I could not stand the latter. Mike persisted in the search and finally succeeded in finding it halfway down the hill in another place and covered over with earth. I was greatly pleased at getting it again. The heat latterly has been very great and the black flies worse than at anytime during the season.

*Monday September 2nd.* Another broiling hot day. Mike and Cashin uncovering seam at North of Little Brook, the others up above camp. Albert and I measured a section across the seams just below camp. Found the seam in bed of river near big gray boulders cut off by a fault at both ends, there being exposed just above 100 yards. I believe this to be that portion of the Cleary Seam, or as I have called it the Fern Seam, from the abundance of beautiful fossil ferns in the shale above it, let down by the fault. Set Noel, Angus and Bill costeaning up the hill from where we lost it. They found the Fern Seam above on Eastern side of synclinal and traced it to where it is cut off by the second

fault. I have now no doubt about the portion in the water being the same let down. After dinner Albert and I went up river to do some measuring and fix the position of the shaly seams above. It is a pity these two seams are not better. They are 3 and 5 feet thick respectively, but contain very little coal.

*Tuesday Sept. 3rd.* Intensely hot again. I think the hottest yet. All hands up above camp costeaning. Noel, Swyers and Bill following up from end of Fern Seam towards the top of the hill. Found numerous small fragments of bright, black, hard coal evidently derived from another seam above but they failed to find it. The men up river uncovered another very small seam.

*Wednesday September 4th.* Intensely hot again. This is certainly remarkably fine weather for the season. It is only now we are having our real summer heat here. There has been very little rain since we came over to this river and no wind worth mentioning all summer. I fear we will make up for it by and by when we are getting home. All the men up above costeaning. Albert and I made several measurements to fix positions of seams and height of cliff etc. Noel, Bill and Angus all day at same place, found numerous fragments of coal, not only where they were digging, but all along the face of the hill and up to the top near the very surface. But there is an immense accumulation of clay and gravel towards the top of the hill. They sunk some 10 or

12 feet through it without finding the bed rock. I think there must have been another seam above all the rest now broken up and distributed amongst the gravel. The other lads above found a nice seam with about two feet of good coal. Mike and Martin costeaning on the part let down by the fault, found nothing up to this time. We have discovered on this river the following seams. Below camp.

Rocky seam.....4' 3"  
 Clay " .....1' 8"  
 Slaty seam, North Brook (3'4).....2' 0"  
 1 1/2 foot seam.....2' 0"  
 Jukes seam (in ravine).....12' 0"  
     at outcrop 4' 11" coal

Fern seam.....3' 6"

On upper side of trough so far

Fern seam.....2' 7"  
 Jukes Seam.....5' 6"  
 1 1/2 foot seam.....1' 7"  
 Slaty seam.....2' 4"  
 Clay seam.....1' 8"

Besides these there are the three impure shaly seams up the river and the Big Seam (Murray) below.

On Robinson's river

Howley seam.....4' 6"

Seam in Little Brook.....1' 4"

Shears seam Big Feeder.....1' 6"

besides four small impure coaly layers and two on Robinson's River.

*Thursday 5th.* Fine day again not quite so warm as these preceding. There is a nice cool breeze from Westward. Men all at work up river costeaning. After dinner I went for a long cruise taking my gun with me. Travelled in on our path nearly a mile and then took a lead of marshes running eastward, which took me to our upper line. Had to pass through a good deal of woods. Saw some fine land. I came out upon the big marsh above our upper line which leads nearly up to the mountains. Travelled up this marsh till it was time to turn back. It was getting late when I again approached our upper line. All at once I thought I saw some white object move and on watching closely became quite sure. It was a fine stag feeding on a corner of the marsh. I was in a bad position, all exposed and the marsh between us so bare there was nothing to hide behind, still as he had not seen or winded me I had a good chance of crawling up within shot, but for the dog, I could not get the brute to lay down, everytime I attempted to crawl ahead the lad stood bolt upright and followed me. He is so white and conspicuous that the stag eyed him a long distance off and was consequently on the alert. At last I saw it was no use.

He was ready to be off and though too far for a sure shot I determined to risk it but just as I got myself into position to fire he began to run, I took a flying shot at him but missed, then gave him the second barrel with no better result.

Immediately as I fired, the dog made after him and of course put him to wing effectually. Still he kept the open marshes and trotted away up to the head, stopping every now and again to look back. He was not an old stag, but was a very fine young one. I was awfully put out. Had it not been for the dog I feel sure I would have had him. This is probably the last chance I will get this season. It was too bad. We are longing so for a bit of fresh meat and the venison is just now in its prime. I had a long walk home. It was just dusk when I got out to the main river, but being a beautiful moonlight night I got along first-rate. They were beginning to think I was out for the night, when I reached camp.

*Friday 6th.* Men started costeaning from Fern Seam eastward and uncovered two or more very small seams with coal and coaly shale. Mike and Martin uncovered seam at water's edge, found by Ambrose, Jim and Henry the day before yesterday. It turned out to be, as I suspected, the Jukes Seam on the east side of trough. Here it measured 5 feet 6 inches and was very much the same as where first uncovered. Took out some fine specimens from that

portion of Fern Seam in water. The day was desperately hot again. There has been a good deal of smoke lately and smell of burning turf evidently from a big fire somewhere to the South or South West of us.

*Saturday 7th.* Another stifling hot day. All hands at work, some up at Jukes' seam, but I sent three hands again to the ravine to have a final look there for the Fern Seam. Henry went out last evening for our letters. He returned about 3 O'clock bringing the mail; also a box of things I had ordered from Sandy Point. My letters contained full particulars of poor Dr. Tom's death. About 3 P.M. four men from outside came down the river from a hunting expedition and stopped at our camp to rest. One of them, Charlie Brown, stayed all night. They had one old stag between them, a quarter each. They had been up on the mountains since Tuesday and saw seven deer, but only killed this one. They say the smoke was so thick up there they could see nothing or go nowhere. The deer they had was a very fine one having 3 inches of fat on the rump. Charlie gave me a piece for our supper and dinner tomorrow. We had a delicious steak for tea, such a treat after the long interval of salt pork and ham etc. Men did not find Fern Seam up Little River though they saw numerous pieces of coal in the gravel. I see now why we did not succeed. The rocks strike up the course of the Little Brook and this seam does not

come down to it at all, at least not anywhere near where we were working. We took out some fine specimens from Jukes' seam on the right side of the ravine where there are 5 feet of hard bright coal. I have now pretty well finished up here and will begin on Monday to work further down the river.

*Sunday Sept. 8th.* Another very hot day. It is certainly most beautiful weather lately, a wonderful contrast to that we experienced this same time last season when it was extremely cold, wet and stormy. Remained in camp all morning devouring the papers. After dinner I walked up the river and into the big marsh again where I remained a long time in hope of seeing a deer, but did not succeed. Got back to camp just at dusk.

*Monday 9th.* Being now short of flour and pork again and our stock being several miles below on the river I decided to move camp about 1 1/2 miles down so as to be nearer our work and also our grub. The men were packing till dinner-time, after which we moved camp and pitched it opposite my station 10 in a beautiful level spot near the river-side. The men then continued to pack down the coal and other specimens. Two hands went after the flour and pork. I walked down the river to where our township base-line crossed, looking at the rocks, saw several shaly beds on impure shaly coal but no true seam.

*Tuesday 10th.* Rather cold last night but fine again today.

Turned out very warm. Men all at work uncovering the Big seam of coal (Murray Seam) about 1/2 a mile above our camp. Stripped the slope of the landslide and as I suspected, the seam turned out chiefly shaly rock. In fact it might be looked upon as several small seams instead of one. Altogether this shaly bed holds coal measures 10 feet across and consists of tough clay and shale containing in it four distinct coaly layers at nearly equal intervals apart. Only one of these near the bottom is good coal, very tough and brittle. It is about 1 foot thick. A second layer of 4 inches is also hard coal but the others are impure, earthy and shaly layers. We also uncovered it on the left side of the river opposite, where it maintains the same general character. I was greatly disappointed in this seam which I had hoped would turn out better. I carefully explored the river's sides up and down and found two or three other impure shaly coal layers. Had a nice bath in the big salmon hole near camp in evening.

*Wednesday 11th.* Cold again last night and quite cool today though bright and fine. Looks as if a change for more fallish weather were coming. All hands on big seam again on both sides of river. Uncovered a large portion of it, no improvement. It maintains its general character throughout. Uncovered another small seam near Salmon Hole having about a foot of carbonaceous shale with a few strings of coal. Also another seam further up on

top of cliff pretty much the same. Still another wide seam of shale with coaly layers on top of low synclinal on left side of river. Also a bed of tough blue clay above this with a little coaly shale.

*Thursday 12th.* Another pretty cold night but fine, cool, bright day. All hands still at work up river uncovering two smaller seams below the big one and another further down. None of any account. This makes 8 seams altogether now found down here, or 11 if I include the big seam as 4 small ones. We are now short of pork again, and have to send out tomorrow for more. In fact all our provisions are getting pretty low. We have only one bag of flour left. So we will have to make tracks next week for the seashore. I believe we have pretty well discovered all the coal here, at least as far as it is possible without the aid of a boring rod.

*Friday 13th.* Bright warm day again. Albert and I continued our survey of the river downward for several miles while the men costeaned for Big Seam near river side. Two of them went out after dinner for pork and bread etc. Wind freshened up and it became dreadfully smoky, so that we could barely see. The fire, wherever it is, is making headway and should it come to blow hard it will be a fearful blaze as everything is now like tinder in the woods owing to the long spurt of very dry hot weather. I

begin to fear the Railway surveyors<sup>1232</sup> have set the woods on fire. It will be a regular calamity should they succeed in burning the noble valley of the Exploits. Indeed it will be a miracle if it escapes. This fire business is all owing to ignorance and gross carelessness. Here I have been 21 years making fires in all parts of the island, some thousands of fires altogether, and yet never burnt 1 acre of ground. It was very warm all day, I suppose owing to the fire and we were pretty tired when we got back to camp.

*Saturday 14th.* Another very hot smoky day. Men still at work looking for Big Seam near river, found it but it is so much encumbered with boulders, gravel and clay that we could not get a fair view of it. Moved them further up to costean along the cliffs where several great landslides or scrapes, as they are called, occur, found nothing more. I walked a long distance up the valley of a little tributary on L. side and then crossed over through the woods to the main river. It is a fine piece of country all densely wooded and the land seems very good especially in the hollows. Men returned with pork and potatoes but no bread. Nardini made some mistake and sent the bread to the wrong place. Had a bundle of papers and letters from Dr. Mike,

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<sup>1232</sup>Surveying for the proposed Halls Bay railway began in July, 1889; the "final location" of the 260-mile route was completed by year's end. *JHA* (1890), Appendix, p. 339.

also one each from Katie and Eddy,<sup>1233</sup> just before their poor father's death. They were then in great spirits as he was apparently rallying considerably and they were preparing to start for England, Eddy to commence his studies for medical profession; Katie to go to a convent school at Brighton. I believe they were to leave the very day their father died. Dr. Mike gave me a full account of the poor fellow's last moments which greatly affected me. We learn that the Circuit Court are at the Point<sup>1234</sup> and that Mrs. Guerney has gained the case about the disputed land between herself and McIsaac. Dr. M. in his letter states that Harbour Grace Cathedral has been burnt to the ground, nothing saved and no insurance. How this can be I am at a loss to understand, as the building was constructed entirely of stone with little or no woodwork except the floors, pews, railing and doors, etc. How then could it burn to the ground?<sup>1235</sup>

*Sunday 15th.* Another very hot densely smoky day. Black flies awful bad. I believe the fire has brought the brutes to life. Here we are in the middle of September, still we are enjoying the real dog days. It has been truly a remarkable year throughout. This has been the hottest day this summer. In fact I scarcely ever experienced greater or more intense heat than the sun gave

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<sup>1233</sup>Tom Howley's children.

<sup>1234</sup>Sandy Point.

<sup>1235</sup>It burnt on Sept. 2.

out after midday. The black flies were simply dreadful all day and we could scarcely live in camp. All hands went bathing in afternoon. I walked up to the big salmon hole and had a delightful bath. The water was I believe warmer than at anytime this season, certainly much more so than in July or August. The heat continued up till sunset and the night even was very close and warm with sandflies numerous.

*Monday 16th.* Another desperately hot day. All hands at work costeaning up river above Big Seam. Only found a few thin strings of coaly matter, no true coal. I walked up a little brook below our camp for a considerable distance and then across through the woods to where the men were at work but saw no signs of coal. After dinner I went up to look for coal represented to have been seen on a little brook opposite the Jukes seam by old Moses Shears, but saw nothing of it nor do I believe it exists. Had a last look at the Jukes and Fern Seams and took the exact measurements of each. Having now pretty thoroughly explored the river and the season growing late, moreover being pretty short of grub, I have determined to move out to the coast and go back to Sandy Point preparatory to going across to Stephenville for a short exploration on the River Blanche. Made the men bring all their tools back to camp this evening.

*Tuesday 17th.* Still another desperately hot day. Black flies

awful. All hands packing down river to our base line of 1884, till dinner-time. It is by this and the side line which crosses Robinson's River three miles from the coast that we intend to pack out. Albert and I took our bags down and some distance in along the line to a big marsh before dinner. Had all down to end of line by dinner-time, after which we proceeded on for Robinson's River. It was desperately hot work, but the travelling was tolerably good along the line. Martin Cashin gave his hand a nasty cut with an axe in Delaney's bundle while lifting it on the latter's back. He was in a great fright about it and nearly fainted. We soon had it plastered up and the blood stopped. This was the only accident of any account so far for the season, thank God. We got all out to Robinson's River about three O'clock and camped on our old ground where we pitched our camp on coming in. Found the river now very low in comparison to what it then was. It was too late for the lads to go back again for other loads. It remained very sultry all evening and indeed all the night. We had a shower or two of rain early this morning, the first for over a month. It did not last long however, and made little impression on the ground or river. It dried up as soon as the sun came out.

*Wednesday 18th.* Could not sleep last night with heat and sandflies. It rained pretty hard after daylight for a short while but soon cleared off and became another desperately hot day. Men

all packing things out till dinner-time. They then took a load each out to the shore. After dinner I walked up the river nearly to Allan's Island to try and see some outcrops of rocks but only met them in one place. The river is very low just now. It is just one great bed of Laurentian boulders all along its course and looks like the course of an ancient glacier. I had a delightful plunge in the big salmon hole near the mouth of the Northern Feeder. The water was quite warm, more so than any time this summer. I never remember bathing so late before. It certainly has been an extraordinary month of September so far. The sun at times the last few days has been simply unendurable. I expect when this changes to fall weather it will be sudden and severe. I notice the leaves are very much withered and falling fast, even more so out near the shore than inside. Their time to fall has come and though it is still mid-summer weather they are fading, dying and falling to earth all the same.

*Thursday 19th.* Another very hot day. Struck camp and moved out to the road within 1/4 of a mile of the shore and camped near the river. After the camps were up and while the men went back for the remaining things Albert and I went out to Thos. Evans' and got our letters and papers. Found all were well at home. Had a letter from Capt. Cleary informing me that McNevin was not coming this season. Evans is going up to Sandy Point on Saturday

so, as I have some business to settle here, I decided to wait till then and go with him, but will have to hire a 2nd boat to take all the gear and men. Paid off three men belonging to this part of the shore. Papers filled with politics. Looks as if the Whitewayites<sup>1236</sup> were going to make a good stand.

*Friday 20th.* Blowing hard and raining all forenoon, the first heavy rain for a long time. I went out to settle some little bills and see about a boat and got caught in the heaviest of rain and of course received a drenching. Had to change all my clothes when I got back to camp being thoroughly soaked. Evans has gone down to the Highlands today. Hired a 2nd boat to take us up tomorrow if a time offers.

*Saturday 21st.* Fine day, up and done breakfast before sunrise. Pretty airish this morning, looks as if the great heat was at an end. Got all our things out and were ready before Evans and the others were done their breakfast. There was a nice little breeze of fair wind from the S.W. but a nasty sea on the bar at mouth of river. It was quite ugly getting out but Evans and Moses Shears know so well how to manage their boats in a sea that we got through all right. Still it looked awful to witness a succession of great rolling billows like huge walls high above our heads and rushing on top of us. The boatmen would watch each

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<sup>1236</sup>William Whiteway's Liberals won the general election of November 6, 1889.

comber advancing and backing the boat away from it till it broke and began to fall, then pull straight ahead for the next one. The boat would rise almost vertically on the crest of the wave. Almost immediately it would pass us and continue its onward rush towards the shore. We would then pull away for all we were worth till we saw another wave coming when the same tactics would be put in practise, always taking care to keep the boat's head straight on to the seas. Should she be allowed to get broadside for an instant we would be at once swamped and upset. After a few such experiences we were out clear and a vigorous pull soon took us out of immediate danger. It was very ticklesome work however and several persons have been drowned especially coming in, which is much worse than getting out. It can only be attempted with safety at full or nearly full tide, and when the wind is light. The 2nd boat did not get out till we were some distance ahead but they succeeded all right. Neither took in any water. We now set our sails and had a glorious time down. After passing Robinson's Head the wind began to freshen and soon blew a pretty good breeze. We slipped along fast. Met several boats beating down, amongst the rest Nardini's large sail boat, but after passing us about a mile we saw them turn tail and come back. It was now blowing half a gale out in the bay. We reached Sandy Point however, before it came on too heavy and were up to the wharf

before 12 O'clock. Got all our things in store and had dinner at Mrs. Shears'. Dr. Mike is not home. He is in Bay of Islands. I was rather disappointed as I wished to see him. We learnt here that the Warship *Lily* was lost near Point Amour a few days ago and fourteen of her crew were drowned.<sup>1237</sup> After dinner packed up some of our gear and began to prepare for a start across the bay on Monday. Blew hard all the afternoon with squall of rain. This is a regular equinoctial breeze and I expect we will have a good deal of such weather now.

*Sunday 22nd.* Still blowing almost a gale and squally and showery all day. Albert and I dined at Nardini's who gave us a nice dinner. We then took a walk up the Point. I went back to tea but Albert went off somewhere else. I am staying at Dr. Mike's but find it very lonely although old Mrs. Houlihan, his housekeeper, who says she nursed me as a baby, is very kind. There is no priest here now so we had no Mass today.

*Monday 23rd.* Still blowing a gale with rain squalls all day. Very cold and miserable. Packed up all our gear and ordered a fresh stock of provisions etc. for our trip to River Blanche. Could not attempt to go over today even were the wind fair, as there is too much sea on that side of the bay. It is very dull here and I wish we were back in our camps. Yet we were very

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<sup>1237</sup>*Eve Tel*, Sept. 20, 1889. This report says seven of the crew were drowned.

fortunate in getting housed out of this weather.

*Tuesday 24th.* Still blowing a gale from West with squalls of cold rain and heavy sea on outside, no getting away. Remained in nearly all morning. Men all sick of this place and longing to be back in camp. Albert and I went for a long walk after dinner. Wind veered around to N.W. and still blew hard. Several schooners went off this evening for Halifax. A Trinity Bay trader put in here. Saw some of her crew at Nardini's after tea. They all say Whiteway will carry the day in that Bay.

*Wednesday 25th.* Fine day again but blowing fresh from N.W. Thought to get across today but was told it was not fit time to land. A boat arrived from Stephenville confirmed this report. The people in her told me I would have no business attempting to land there today, especially with a loaded boat, so I had to give up the idea and put in another day at this monotonous Point. After dinner I went across to the South Side of Flat Bay in the Ferry boat<sup>1238</sup> and walked down as far as young Neville's farm. He has a fine lot of land clear and certainly deserves credit. It is the only approach to a real farm I have seen in the Bay. He is also draining part of the bog at Seal Rocks and has a cabbage garden in the middle of it. This as well as his house is on Capt. Cleary's grant. The people on this side of Flat Bay all seem

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<sup>1238</sup>Government-subsidized ferries operated in many locations.

comfortable, they have fine clearings and plenty of cattle and sheep.

*Thursday 26th.* A good time at last, sea smooth. Got underweigh as soon as possible after breakfast in young Frank Cashin's boat. We got across in about two hours and landed all right. Dominick White's boat with a sick man which left shortly after us arrived just as we were boiling our kettle. The poor invalid, a young man named McLean, who had been away sailing in the States has come home to die with his poor old father. The poor fellow is in the last stages of consumption and we had to make an ambulance of our tarpaulin to carry him up to the old man's house. It was a sad sight to see the handsome young fellow wasted away to a mere skeleton. After our dinner we packed up our gear and proceeded in across the fields to a point on the river<sup>1239</sup> near where I supposed McGrath found the coal in 1873.<sup>1240</sup> Here we camped. The men then went out for another load. Our crew is now quite small being reduced to five men, Mike Cole, Angus McDonald, Martin Cashin, Bill Delaney and Noel Bernard, besides old Tom and Rody, the two cooks. The river is pretty high after the recent rains, I fear we will have much difficulty in carrying on our work especially if it continues wet and stormy. This,

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<sup>1239</sup>Rivière Blanche (Blanche Brook).

<sup>1240</sup>Likely the prospector Richard T. McGrath of Oderin, Placentia Bay, later MHA for Placentia and St. Mary's (1899-1904). See R.T. McGrath, "Minerals in Newfoundland," *Colonial Commerce*, 25, 3 (1916): 24-5.

however, turned out a very fine day.

*Friday 27th.* Dull morning. Men went after the remainder of our stuff. My feet are very sore being all galled from my big boots yesterday. It came to rain hard after dinner and continued all afternoon. Remained in camp. Could do nothing out of doors.

*Saturday 28th.* Rained in torrents all night. River very high today. Set to work near camp to costean on Big Scrape where I thought McGrath's coal seam was but could not find it. I walked up river some distance and found some fragments of coal and many fossil trees. After dinner I went out to seashore and then followed the river up to look for outcrops of the rocks. The water was too high to do much. This is a beautiful valley and is now well cleared and settled for a long distance. The farms look well and the people, who are nearly all Acadian French,<sup>1241</sup> are comfortable. They have a great number of sheep and cattle, geese, poultry etc. The whole place has quite a pastoral appearance unlike anything else in the country outside of St. John's. They are beginning to make roads and have two fine trestle bridges spanning the river. It will, in course of time, be a fine place, but the absence of any kind of a harbour is a great drawback. The shore-line is one long curved open beach. There is a large

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<sup>1241</sup>The settlement of Acadians in this area is treated in Mannion, "Settlers and Traders," in *Peopling of Newfoundland*, pp. 234, 239, 254-55.

saltwater Lagoon<sup>1242</sup> just inside of Indian Head with only about 100 yards or so of a beach separating it from the sea. This could easily be converted into a boat harbour and no doubt will be so in course of time. There is a very neat little chapel and fine priest's residence just on the bank overlooking the Bay, very beautifully situated. Father O'Rourke,<sup>1243</sup> the incumbent, is here but I have not seen him yet. Noel Bernard walked to his home at the Main Gut this evening. He asked to go home to see about getting his potatoes dug. We found no signs of the coal seam except a few loose fragments.

*Sunday 29th.* Rained again last night and this morning but cleared off fine. River is now very high. All hands except Albert and the two cooks went out to Mass, but were disappointed, Father O'Rourke having gone over to Sandy Point last evening. Heard that poor young McLean died last night. The poor fellow just lived to get home and no more. Paid a visit to the chapel. Mike and I then took a long walk up the main road nearly to Romain's Brook. Splendid country all along and for a considerable distance back, several fine farms on both sides of the road and new clearings commenced behind. The place has filled up wonderfully since I first visited it 16 years ago. There is a long stretch of country

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<sup>1242</sup>Stephenville Pond (now Port Harmon).

<sup>1243</sup>Rev. M. O'Rourke.

yet behind unoccupied which judging from the fine growth of timber principally birch and witchhazel must be good land. If opened up with roads it would soon be all occupied. We were pretty tired when we got back to camp so I remained home reading all afternoon. Had a couple of visitors, one Constance Bennoit, a very talkative fellow, told me a good deal about the country here. He was with poor McGrath about the coal. He says it is in the cliff next above our camp.

*Monday September 30th.* Very cold and raw. Rained and sleeted a good deal during the night and is very fallish today. Men out to McLean's wake till late. Noel asked me to let him go home today as he cannot get anyone to dig his potatoes. I told him I would see tomorrow if I could get another man in his place. Set them at work on the cliff above our camp where they costeaned all day but found nothing. I went some distance up the river, but could not follow it closely owing to the high water. Saw a few other cliffs, but no coal so far. After dinner I went out and crossed the big bridge, followed a road leading in to the large pond<sup>1244</sup> on eastern branch of river. I then tried to follow the river down but could not do so very well as it was extremely high and the woods near very thick and encumbered with windfalls and stuff left from cutting. Several farms over this way reaching

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<sup>1244</sup>Noels Pond.

nearly in to the pond. The pond is a fine large sheet of water surrounded with thick woods. There is a fine ridge of yellow birch on the North side. There are several flats on it and paths leading from the farms. Salmon and trout come up here and remain all winter. It would be a pretty place to make a fine farm upon. The hills of the Indian Head Range are not far distant from its Eastern end. It blew hard outside and there was a considerable sea in the bay. The evening was cold, squally and very fallish. I fear our fine weather is at an end and if it continue wet, we will be unable to do much here as it is impossible to traverse the brooks except when the water is low.

*Tuesday October 1st.* Fine day, men at work same place. I went up river quite a distance and found McGrath's seam also the little seam above. After dinner I got the men at work on the McGrath seam while I took a further stroll up the river. Uncovered the seam as far as it went up the cliff which is only 10 or 12 yards. It then thins right out. It does not appear to be a regular coal seam, having no true under or upper clay.

*Wednesday 2nd.* Dull, foggy morning. Went to upper seam and uncovered a good portion of it, then dug into the bank some distance. It did not increase any in thickness and has only about three inches of coal at bottom. Got several magnificent fossil ferns (*Neuropteris* and *pecopteris*) and other fossils. It came to

rain at dinner-time and continued all afternoon. I went a considerable distance up river but saw nothing to warrant further exploration. There were very few outcrops of rock anywhere and these are all the same sandstone and conglomerate lying nearly flat. I don't think there is sufficient thickness of strata brought in to hold much coal. It may be that on some of the higher lands back from the river coal might yet be found, but this can only be determined by boring. Received another great wetting and were very miserable when we returned to camp.

*Thursday 3rd.* Blowing almost a gale from N.W. Very cold and raw. Sent men out with loads before dinner preparatory to moving camp. After dinner we went down to try a place some distance below camp where I thought we might find some coal, but only got a few fragments. I went out to the beach and down towards Indian Head, partly to look out a camping ground and partly to have a look at the lagoon pond preparatory to making a survey of the latter. It would make a splendid Harbour were a channel to be cut through the beach and a good breakwater constructed outside.<sup>1245</sup> The latter however, would be the difficulty, not the actual construction, but the keeping it there afterwards. There was a terrific sea on the beach this evening and it would certainly

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<sup>1245</sup>Howley's construction plans were partly carried into effect. Near the area is the site of a major U.S. air base, Harmon Field, constructed in 1941; it closed in 1966.

take a strong structure to withstand it. However I think I see a way to manage it. It would prove a great advantage to the people here and indeed to the whole Bay and there is such a fine strip of land behind here, that I think it is worthy of consideration. In any case I shall make a survey of the pond as it will prove useful by and bye.

*Friday 4th.* Beautiful fine day, took advantage of it now that the river is low to travel up a long distance, while the men were working at the place below and packing out the things. I followed the river up to where it forks, one branch running to the Eastward, the main branch turns away south, or nearly so. I followed both branches a considerable distance. Only saw one outcrop of rock, a conglomerate or sandstone, being still nearly flat or dipping at a low angle to the westward. This then is the other side of the trough which is so very flat as to barely bring in a few hundred feet of the measures altogether and confirms the belief that there can be little prospect of coal in any quantity here. The men found nothing more below. There is an immense tract of fine interval land up this river and the higher land also is apparently very good. I am told that still higher up the main branch there is an immense interval some 10 miles long by 3 or 4 wide. It would be well worth opening this fine tract with good roads. It is a very fine and beautifully situated locality facing

the South West and surrounded on the North and East sides by hills. The settlers outside have a large amount of land cleared and their farms look fine. Some of them extend over a mile back from the shore. These people are all French Acadians and are a frugal and industrious people, but poor farmers. They originally came from Margaree in Cape Breton, with very few exceptions.

*Saturday 5th.* Another fine day quite calm. Father O'Rourke and a new priest, Father Boyd,<sup>1246</sup> came over from Sandy Point last evening. Moved camp out to shore and pitched it well over towards Indian Head Pond, not far from the beach. After dinner I commenced surveying along the beach towards the head while the men put up poles around the pond. It was a beautifully fine evening. Paid Noel off.

*Sunday October 6th.* Dull, calm and very foggy. Went up to hear Mass and had a long wait. Father O'Rourke celebrated Mass, Father Boyd having gone to The Gravels. Had a nice dinner today of roast goose, white cabbage and potatoes. After dinner had a visit from their Reverences. They stayed some time at camp and Father O'Rourke insisted on my going up to his house. I went after tea and stayed till 10 O'clock. Dr. Mike is expected over tomorrow. Father O'Rourke very kindly sent me some good potatoes and white cabbage. He also lent me the latest papers, our own

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<sup>1246</sup>E.V.P. O'Neil Boyd (*Eve Tel Christmas Number*, 1891, pp. 6-7).

mail has not come over yet.

*Monday 7th, 8th, & 9th.* Continued the survey of the Lagoon and finished the season's work.

*Thursday 10th.* Returned to Sandy Point to await the steamer for home. Had a few days here packing up etc.

*October 14th.* Went over with Nardini to the Main Gut to survey his mill<sup>1247</sup> site for him. We also passed up the estuary to have a look at the Bottom Brook up which we ascended to the First Pond and took some rough bearings and measurements so as to try and get some idea of this river. This is the extreme head of Bay St. George and the river comes out through a gorge in the Long Range Mountains. It was from here Mr. Ramsay, Railway Engineer commenced his survey in 1875 to run Eastward towards the Exploits at head of Red Indian Lake. His survey followed up this river to its head waters and then descended to the Exploits where I met him that season.

When the *Volunteer* arrived we took passage for home and reached there safely without any incident worth noting.

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<sup>1247</sup>Sawmill.

1890

## Railway Survey West from Exploits River

This was an eventful year. The Whiteway Government having conceived the idea of extending the Railway across country to the West Coast, and abandoning the line to Hall's Bay<sup>1248</sup> it was necessary that a preliminary survey should be made over the height of land between the Exploits and Humber Rivers, and thence on to Bay of Islands and Bay St. George, for the purpose of ascertaining the feasibility, or otherwise, of such a route. The greater part of the intervening country was a terra incognita. No

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<sup>1248</sup> The Newfoundland Railway Act of 1881, passed during William Whiteway's first term as Premier, envisaged a terminus at Hall's Bay. In 1889 the plan was revived. See *Consolidated Statutes* (1896), pp. 273-5, 1087. Howley's survey was to help decide whether a route to the west coast should be further north than the one surveyed in 1875, if "it be considered advisable to extend the railway west from the Exploits." See *JHA* (1891), p. 7.

one, except perhaps one or two Micmacs, had ever been across this section of country and no information regarding it was in existence. The Government pitched upon me to undertake this work. I was summoned before the Executive and their views explained to me and was told I should undertake this survey. I protested that it was purely an Engineer's and not a Geologist's work and that as they had a highly paid Government Engineer in the person of Mr. Burchell C.E.<sup>1249</sup> it was not fair to either him or me to ask me to undertake it. The Prime Minister Rgt. Hon. Sir Wm. Whiteway was the only member of the party who upheld my contention but he was overruled. Sir Robert Bond, Col. Secretary in particular insisted that I was the proper person. I was the only one he said who knew anything of the country and therefore the Government wished me to take it up. He even went so far as to say Mr. Burchell was no good; the government had no confidence in him and had decided I should perform it.<sup>1250</sup> Hon. H.J.B. Woods<sup>1251</sup> Surveyor General coincided in this view and even put it more strongly if anything. All the other members of the Executive coincided in this decision. In consequence there was nothing left for me but to acquiesce.

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<sup>1249</sup>H.C. Burchell, government engineer from 1884 to 1905.

<sup>1250</sup>Burchell was identified with Thorburn's party. See pieces questioning his abilities as a surveyor and attacking the survey, *Eve Tel*, Sept. 14, 17, 28, 1889.

<sup>1251</sup>(1842-1914), Surveyor General under Whiteway (1889-94, 1895-97).

I then set to work to prepare for what I well knew would be a most arduous season's work. Having made all preparations, shipped my crew, and procured necessary provisions etc., I then divided my party, sending my assistant, Mr. Bayley to Bay of Islands with the bulk of the crew and stores. He had instructions to proceed up the Humber River, portage across to Grand Lake where he was to commence work, by running a line from thence towards the Kitty's Brook Valley. He was also to carry up the Sandy River<sup>1252</sup> and store at Sandy Lake, the greater part of the season's provisions.

In the meantime I with a very small crew was to ascend the Exploits River to the Junction of Badger Brook, and run a line from thence westward over the Topsails and down the Kitty's Brook till both parties met. Then with both crews combined continue on down the Humber to Bay of Islands and as much further as possible on the route towards Bay St. George. My crew consisted only of Mr. Thos. Thorburn<sup>1253</sup> as an assistant; Mike Cole as poleman; Tom Ebbs, Cook. John Barrington and John Stevens, Micmacs, and the latter's son<sup>1254</sup> a lad of about 18 years. I purposely took only this light crew as a larger number of men meant a large stock of provisions and much delay in packing.

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<sup>1252</sup>Sandy Lake River (The Main Brook).

<sup>1253</sup>Assistant clerk in the Geological Survey.

<sup>1254</sup>William.

We left St. John's on Tuesday July 8th for the northward by the steamer *Conscript*. We had a beautiful fine day off and as usual a great number of passengers with a large sprinkling of Methodist Ministers returning from Conference.<sup>1255</sup> There was also a contingent from the Salvation Army.<sup>1256</sup> The water was as smooth as oil outside and everybody enjoyed themselves on the deck. Icebergs were pretty plentiful all along the coast some very picturesque ones. We are to procure canoes at Exploits left there last year by the Railway surveyors,<sup>1257</sup> for use on the river. Our first port of call, Old Perlican, was reached by 4 O'clock. Here we picked up a travelling agent named Brayley who was the life and soul of the company, as far as Twillingate. He and Mr. Tom Craig who is agent for Minard's Liniment, being both good singers and actors kept us amused the remainder of the voyage. We got over to Trinity by tea-time and to Catalina at 11 P.M. At both places a number of passengers got off and more came on. It was a glorious day very hot but somewhat tempered by the numerous bergs of which there were several very large ones in Trinity Bay.

Wednesday 9th. When I came on deck this morning we were in Salvage having been at Bonavista and King's Cove during the

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<sup>1255</sup>Annual meeting of Methodist ministers; the Newfoundland Methodist Conference was created in 1874.

<sup>1256</sup>Officially established in Newfoundland in the mid-1880s.

<sup>1257</sup>The survey was conducted, amidst controversy, by Burchell and crew. See a letter from Picket's Point, Bonavista Bay, *Eve Tel*, Sept. 26, 1889.

night. It was blowing quite a strong Westerly breeze and we had a fine time down to Greenspond. Here another lot of passengers got off amongst the rest Judge Prowse<sup>1258</sup> who is bound to Pool's Island to investigate some frauds in connection with land bonuses.<sup>1259</sup> Icebergs were numerous off here and all around the point to Fogo, especially off the Wadham's and Barracks.<sup>1260</sup> We reached Fogo at tea-time. I did not go on shore but a great number of the passengers did. After tea we had quite a lively time; first the Salvationists commenced to sing hymns followed by the Methodists Ministers. But both were left in the shade and outdone by our friends Brayley and Craig. The former is certainly a comical genius and makes a perfect Nigger Minstrel. They treated us to all the latest nigger songs, including "Dem chickens dey roost too high."<sup>1261</sup> But Brayley capped the climax by a song called, "I went after him," and a dialogue or recitation in broken or rather drunken French, supposed to have taken place between a party of inebriate French Canadian lumbermen travelling on a Railway train. One of the number is asked to sing and after much persuasion and sundry nips of whiskey commences, but every now and then breaks into a drunken dialogue with his comrades,

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<sup>1258</sup>Prowse was a judge from 1869 to 1898.

<sup>1259</sup>A bonus system was in place for agricultural lands. See 49 Vic., cap. 3, Acts (1886), p. 54.

<sup>1260</sup>Barrack Islands.

<sup>1261</sup>Fred Lyons, "Dem Chickens Roost too High," Galveston, Texas: Thos Goggan & Bro., 1887.

ending in another nip or light of the pipe. When he recommences each time thus, *La Madelaine ce bouche tout*, until he finally collapses and falls back in his seat too dead drunk to utter another word. It was acted in perfect style and would make a horse laugh. I believe it would take on the stage immensely. We arrived in Twillingate after having been at Herring Neck about 8 P.M.

Thursday 10th. Another beautiful day when I got up we were in Exploits Harbour. The steamer is to take us up the Bay to Hall's<sup>1262</sup> Mill at Ship Cove (now <sup>1263</sup> Botwood) in Peter's Arm. We left just after breakfast and had a lovely run up the Bay. It was the first time the *Conscript* had been up so far and as most of the passengers had never seen it before they were delighted with the trip. We stopped off Kite Cove to land a C.E. Clergyman and then proceeded on reaching Hall's Mill about 10 O'clock. Having some freight for the Halls they sent a boat off and we put our gear ashore in her. Two brothers Hall met us on the wharf and very kindly offered me the hospitality of their house, but the day was so fine and our time precious, I preferred to proceed on to the Mouth of the river. I however, visited the new Mill, not yet completed but now in good working order. Mr. Hall brought me

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<sup>1262</sup>The Halls were in the lumber business in Quebec. One of the brothers mentioned here ("Mr. Hall") was likely Peter Paterson Hall (d. 1910), who ran the business after 1876.

<sup>1263</sup>About 1914.

all through it. It is a fine Mill with everything to make it a success. They are completely revolutionizing this quiet little cove and soon it will be quite a town. They appear to have a great number of men employed chiefly French Canadians, but also a number of our own people whom Mr. Hall says will soon become expert lumberers and mill hands. The company have gone to great expense here but Mr. H. is quite sanguine of success. He has 36,000 logs out for one season and is sawing some splendid lumber. It was most gratifying to me that Mr. Hall assured me he was not only satisfied with the quality etc of the timber but more than satisfied. He did not care what anyone might say to the contrary, it was excellent, much better than that of the Ottawa River. He had three grades of deals. 1st. 2nd, and 3rd, each of which was extra good. At first he said, owing to the adverse reports about our timber he felt very dubious in going to so much expense, but now he was perfectly satisfied with his prospects. He intends shipping direct to England and believes the lumber will command a first class price there. This then is the voluntary expression of opinion on the Exploits pine from a thoroughly practical and reliable man. So much for the presumptuous asses who have always seen fit to decry our lumbering prospects as well as every other resource outside the fishery. Hall expressed himself pleased to meet me and I was

equally pleased to meet him, and hear such a confirmation of my own reports from him. He very kindly lent me a large boat to take my things up to the river. We then proceeded on calling at Winsor's Mill, Dominion Point, to procure one of the canoes, a beautiful new Bass wood<sup>1264</sup> one. Here we boiled our kettle. This Mill is working still but in a very dead and alive way. Everything is upset here owing to the death of poor old Capt. Jim Winsor last winter. I fear the Halls will soon run it off the track. We got up to Upper Sandy Point about 4 P.M. where we found old Alfred Beaton and family all well. The old man is still strong and hearty, salmon fishing as usual. He has two young deer alive, one a stag of last year and the other a young doe fawn about 2 months old, a perfect little beauty. The stag is as tame as a pet dog and will come to anyone and eat out of their hands. We camped here near Alfred's and commenced unpacking some of our things. Thos. Thorburn and I went across the river to take a photo of Beaton's house and the upper Sandy Point. This is the first time I have been supplied with a camera, though I should have had one long ago. I hope to procure some good pictures along the river. Hall's steam launch is going to give us a tow up the river tomorrow. I have hired two more men, Tom Beaton and Ben Paul to come along with us as far as the Badger and take the

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<sup>1264</sup>North American linden.

canoes back after we land our stuff. The mosquitoes soon found us out and were bad all the evening. Towards sunset the wind suddenly chopped around to the N.E. and blew fresh for a time when it became quite cool. This soon caused the flies to move off. It was very hot the first part of the day.

Friday 11th. Dull and cool, wind still N.E. Ben. Paul brought over one old bark canoe from John Gill's, but it required so much repairs we took nearly all day to fix it up. Concluded as the day was threatening to remain here and unpack all our gear, then repack for the woods and get everything fixed up. Took as I thought more views today but on opening the plate holder at night found no plates in them; such a sell, I thought Lyon<sup>1265</sup> put in six plates in the holders but found he did not. Had a nice salmon for dinner a present from old Alfred Beaton. Salmon are very scarce and getting more so every year.

Saturday July 12th. Very cold night could not sleep. Dense fog over the water this morning and heavy dew almost a frost, cleared off by breakfast-time and turned out a very hot day. Got all ready for a start and were soon underweigh with our three canoes. John Stevens and son with Tom. Thorburn and I in one; Mike, John Barrington and Old Tom,<sup>1266</sup> in the other. Tom Beaton

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<sup>1265</sup>E.W. Lyon, early St. John's photographer.

<sup>1266</sup>Tom Ebbs.

and Ben Paul in the old bark one. Before leaving I took three photos. 1st of Upper Sandy Point near second triangulation point. 2nd Wigwam Point from same place. 3rd looking up the river from Beaton's wharf. We then moved on and made good headway. Arrived at Bishop's Fall portage by dinner-time. Stopped at Hall and Co's boom, High Point, to take two views. One of High Point looking across river, and one of the boom filled with logs. This was quite a sight. There were, so the lumberers here told us, about 27,000 logs in the boom which stretches all across the river. The logs are of all sizes but I measured many over two feet through, some 2 1/2' and even 2'10". I wish some of our doubters could see them, especially our friend Scrub Dashwood.<sup>1267</sup> I took another view of Bishop's Fall which used up my 6 plates. We pushed on after dinner. I taking the pole with John Stevens. The two Toms and Will going ashore to walk. It was desperate hard work poling, especially up over the Long Rapid. We reached within a quarter of a mile of the Grand Fall portage by camp-time. We could have gone further but there was no camping ground at the end of the portage. We were all very tired after our first day's hard work. We made good way having gone at least 18 miles. All along the river logs are stranded in great numbers. The lumberers have a

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<sup>1267</sup>To Howley's dismay, Dashwood had called Newfoundland timber "scrub"; see n. 1163. Dashwood also wrote in *Eve Tel*, May 4, 22, 1891.

fine path cut and cleared of stumps right up along the north bank of the river and several log camps on either side.

Sunday 13th. A beautiful fine and desperately hot day. Did not sleep very well last night. I believe I was too tired. Tom Thorburn is an awful fellow to snore and would keep anyone awake. After breakfast, he and I went up to the portage, crossed to the other side in canoe, and took two good snaps of the Pillar rock<sup>1268</sup> at foot of the rapids. We then walked across the portage and took two more views of the Grand Falls. I trust these will turn out well; they should make lovely pictures, and this is the first time the fall was ever photographed. There is a new road cut across the portage which is a great improvement on the old one. After dinner I had my first dip and felt very good after it. It was a desperately hot afternoon.

Monday 14th. Another desperately hot day. Had a killing time getting all our things across the portage. Tom Thorburn and I carried one of the big canoes over. She was very heavy and my shoulders were quite sore after it. We did not get all across till after dinner when we started onward but were delayed considerably at the bad places above the Falls, having to make two more short portages. It was very late when we arrived at

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<sup>1268</sup>An illustration evidently of this rock is in J.B. Jukes, *Popular Physical Geology* (London: Reeve and Co., 1853), facing p. 8. Jukes describes it as "an isolated pillar" (p. ix), and calls it Buchan's Island.

Rushy pond, so we had to camp a little above on a nice point. I took three more views today, one of the Pillar rock and two of the men and camp. One looking down stream and one of a lovely birchy island in the river. This is a very pretty part of the river and every turn affords beautiful views. We were all very tired after the heat and hard day's poling. Tom Ebbs, Tom Thorburn and Will Stevens walked along shore all the afternoon, there being no room for them in the canoes.

Tuesday 15th. Another hot day but a good breeze tempered it considerably and kept off the flies. Had very heavy poling all day against wind and current. In the afternoon it blew so hard that we could scarcely stand upright in the canoes. Met George Jure and Will Beaton just below little chute; they had been up the river stowing away the lumbermen's prog<sup>1269</sup> left after the winter. They say most of it is spoiled. Saw logs stranded everywhere along the river especially at the rough parts. Most of them are very fine timber. Those Frenchmen<sup>1270</sup> did wonderful work last fall and winter. They have a fine road cut all the way from the Mill to their upper camp nearly up to Little Red Indian Fall. It follows the north side of the river nearly to Rushy Pond then crosses over and takes the south side. It is well cut out and

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<sup>1269</sup>Grub; supplies.

<sup>1270</sup>The Halls' employees; French Canadians.

stumped and could easily be converted into a fine road. It is nearly perfectly level all the way. This alone was a great work for them to have performed. It was used all winter with horses hauling up grub to the camps, but they could not keep them supplied. I am sorry to learn the Frenchmen are now all leaving and not likely to come back again. They find the river too rough and winter too cold. I expect the truth is they are homesick. We reached the Badger River, the end of our canoe journey and commencement of our route across country just in time to get our camps up and all settled away for the night. I was desperately tired out and my arms and legs ached a good deal. I dont think I ever did a harder day's work in my life. We are now at our starting point from whence to commence our Westward journey. All has gone well with us so far and we have been favoured with most perfect weather. I hope it may continue so for sometime yet.

Wednesday 16th. Another beautiful day. It rained a little in morning but soon cleared off. Payed off Tom Beaton and Ben Paul. They then took their departure to return down river with the two canoes. I sent letters and 13 photos. in a package, to Lyon & Vey to be developed.<sup>1271</sup> I hope these will reach St. John's safely and turn out well. If they should not I shall be greatly

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<sup>1271</sup>Lyon refers to plates by Howley "developed by me, I think in 1890. This was Mr. Howley's first experience with a camera." (*Evening Herald*, Sept. 29, 1894); James Vey was briefly in partnership with Lyon.

disappointed. We spent the forenoon resting at camp after our strenuous work of the two previous days, and preparing for our journey. After dinner I started our line N 40° W. Magnetic, from the mouth of the Badger. This course should take us to Kitty's Brook of Sandy Lake waters, some three or four miles up its course, where I expect to form a junction with Albert and party. We cut some 3/4 of a mile over very level country, much of it burnt and with little timber and some good soil. Of course our line is a very light one, just sufficient to see through and I am no way particular about it beyond taking a general direction for Sandy Lake. We have now only three axemen, the two Johns and Mike Cole. Tom Thorburn is picket man. We will have slow work till we get clear of the woods but once out on the open country I expect to get along much faster.

Thursday 17th. Still another very hot day. Continued our line all day and did a good day's work. We rose gradually up a long sloping ridge covered with large timber, chiefly spruce, fir and fine white birch. The soil appears to be of good quality though often very bouldery. Crossed our baseline of 1882 about 2 miles from the Badger. Saw plenty of fresh signs of deer in the long woods, but no deer themselves.

Friday 18th. Raining in morning but cleared off at noon. Did not go to work till after dinner then Tom Thorburn and I measured

in to end of line, while the men packed in some things. I went ahead a short distance to look out a good camping place with water at hand and found a little brook close by a fine lead of marshes where there was plenty of fresh footing of deer. After tea I went up the Badger a short distance in the old canoe which we had retained but saw nothing except two loons.

Saturday 19th. Fine day somewhat cooler. In fact we were quite cold last night in camp. Packed up all for a move ahead. Saw our first deer a fine old stag swimming across the river about a mile above camp. Did not go after him as there was but a poor chance of overtaking him and in any case we have quite enough to carry without him just now. Had a hard pack to end of line. While the men went back after the rest of the things, old Tom, Tom Thorburn, young Will and I continued the line about 1/4 of a mile down to the marshes and little brook where we camped. Had a look up the Marshes for a deer but saw none, although they have beaten paths running everywhere. After dinner we continued our line about 1/2 a mile ahead. We are now well on the top of the first ridge. The country is all densely timbered except the little string of grassy marshes just near camp. The soil is generally good but rocky except in the hollows. Near our camp it is very good as also in the marshes. The timber is chiefly spruce and fir of fair size tall and straight. There is a great deal of

fine birch and some fine Tamarack,<sup>1272</sup> but very few pine up here. The flies were very bad all the afternoon and we had the ill-luck to forget our tar and oil at our first camp down the river. I dont know how we will get along without it if they continue so bad.

Sunday 20th. Dull, cool day wind N.E. looks for rain. Very cold in camp coming on morning. Flies pretty plentiful all morning. Just in front of our camp two beautiful little birds have a nest, with five little ones in it. It is cunningly built in a piece of curled birch bark on an old dead tree. They are very industrious and careful of their little ones never ceasing all day catching flies to feed them with. I dont know the birds and dont think I ever saw them before. They are of a gray or fawn colour with yellow sides to the head, darker in the middle of cheek and each has a dark band across the chest but that of the male? is much larger and quite black. They have two thin light stripes on the wing. The head is like a warbler's. I think the top of the head also is yellow but they flit about so rapidly it is difficult to see. I also saw a very small gray bird this afternoon not much larger than a humming bird (probably the Winter Wren). There are several birds about here new to me. One like a sparrow with a red head. One bird I think is a Hermit

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<sup>1272</sup>Larch.

Thrush, sings every evening with a fine clear note, first one low one, then three shrill notes. Another sings with a kind of metallic ring in his note. After dinner I took my gun and went for a stroll. Rambled about a good deal and saw abundant signs of deer but no deer themselves. Came across one small pond and a little brook running from it. I had some difficulty in finding my way back to camp and came very near being out all night, not a pleasant prospect considering it came to rain pretty fast just as I got back. The flies of all kinds were awful all the evening. I hope we are not in for a wet spurt now, if so, we will be very much retarded in our work.

Monday 21st. Very fine hot day again. Running line all day came across several marshes mostly good grassy ones with rich muddy soil and hard bottom. Country very level. The woods chiefly spruce and fir with some birch and a few dead pine here and there. Saw abundant signs of deer. They have beaten paths in all directions. The men saw one young stag on their return in the evening in one of the larger marshes.

Tuesday 22nd. Tom and I measured up our line while the men were packing. We then continued running on and made good progress. Country still very level, marshes more prevalent, mostly grassy. Very hot all day and flies numerous.

Wednesday 23rd. Moved camp to end of line. Turned out a

desperately hot day. Men nearly killed packing. Almost too hot to work. After dinner I went up little brook near camp to look for a deer. Came across two small ponds one of which was dammed by beaver. I made sure I would see one. First I took a long round through several fine marshes but saw nothing although there was abundant signs of deer everywhere. It is not a bit of use looking for them this time of day. They lay too close in the woods out of the heat and flies. I then returned to the beaver pond, broke open the stent<sup>1273</sup> and waited till sunset but saw no signs of them. The rush of water down the little brook after I tore away the dam soon attracted the attention of the Indians who came up to the pond, but the beaver were not there. I went around the pond but could see no house anywhere. Concluded they must be further up in some other pond.

Thursday 24th. Up at dawn and off after the beaver. It was just 3.30 by my time when I started and my watch is fast. I followed up the brook till it ended in nothing but saw no more sign of the beaver. I then struck a very large marsh and soon saw a deer, a fine doe; got within easy reach of it but missed her very badly. The gun I have, which Slater,<sup>1274</sup> the watchmaker, loaned me, is a single barrel breech-loader 12 bore, a Yankee

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<sup>1273</sup>A word similar to a Scottish word meaning stake for a fish-net; here, dam.

<sup>1274</sup>Robert L. Sleater, jeweler, optician, and watchmaker, St. John's; president of the St. John's Rifle Association in 1891.

gun. She is too light and the balls too loose. I fear I shall make but poor shooting with her. After a little while I saw another deer, a young stag a considerable distance off in another small marsh and made for him, but before I got within shot he went into the woods. Thinking he might cut across into another marsh I went around and stayed some time but saw nothing more of him. I then returned to where he took to the woods and just as I reached there out came a doe and a fawn. I fired at the doe and broke her foreleg in splinters. The poor brute made off on three legs across the marsh and I followed after her. She was afraid to face the woods on the other side till I came close up to her. She then attempted it but before she got 20 yards in had to stop. Another ball brought her down. Still she was not dead and made attempts to rise and get away so I gave her a third shot to make sure. This then is our first deer and comes in good time to save some of our pork and beef which is going fast. It was now late in the morning and I was pretty hungry so I only delayed to paunch her, cut out the breastbone and kidneys and made for camp. The men all heard the guns and knew I had a deer. Tom and I had the kidneys for breakfast. We then went on with our line and struck the same big marsh I was in, not far from where the deer lay. After dinner I set John Barrington and young Will to skin and cut her up and bring the meat up to the line. Will took a quarter

back to camp for supper. We now continued our line over several marshes and little strips of spruce till we struck a pond, the first yet.<sup>1275</sup> It was a pretty large pond with several nice sandy beaches and some picturesque islets. Fortunately our line took it on the eastern end and we had not far to go around, while the travelling along shore was very good. This day was again very hot, though not quite so hot as yesterday owing to a nice breeze which tempered it somewhat. The beaches of the pond were beaten down with deer, some of the footing very large. This pond is right abreast of a little sharp wooded hill which we have seen ahead from away down the Exploits river.

Friday 25th. Men packed loads ahead. Tom and I measured up to end of line. This turned out the hottest day yet. It was broiling. The deer flies or stouts were awful all day. Continued our line through a somewhat more uneven country on west side of pond. We are now passing the tail end of the ridge before mentioned and several little low rocky ledges project towards the pond. Still it is on the whole very level and all the latter can be avoided by keeping a little more northerly, nearer the Pond side. Towards evening we entered a long very regular sloping ridge with easy ascent through thick woods. This appears to be the highest part of the land on our line as the country falls

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<sup>1275</sup>Lake Bond.

away beyond it. We have been most fortunate in choosing our course so far. It takes the very best possible track and the lowest and levellest part of the country. A little more westerly or northerly would bring us on the one hand over the ridge of wooded hills and on the other either through the middle of the pond or on the North side where the country appears much more uneven. John Stevens says this pond is on the eastern branch of Rousell's River<sup>1276</sup> flowing into Hall's Bay. If so it would be just the place to branch off for the latter Bay and certainly our line so far is much preferable to that by the Badger Valley. We had a long tiresome tramp back to camp.

Saturday 26th. Dull and wet. Started camp. The lads having taken a load each in as far as the pond before breakfast. Tom and I went on ahead and managed to lose the line in the big marsh, when we got wandering about for sometime before we found it again. It was a most stupid thing of us. Twice we were down near the pond but mistook it for some other and sheered off again. It was raining hard all the time and we were miserably wet. At last we laid down our packs in the middle of the marsh and I went and found the line; we then soon reached the pond but the men were in almost as soon as we were. There being no water near the end of

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<sup>1276</sup>Rowsell's Brook is distant from their location; the river alluded to is likely South River.

the line we were obliged to camp about half a mile back near a little stream. We were all thoroughly soaked by the time we got up our camps and as it rained very hard for a time. However, when all was ready and our clothes changed and a fine fire started we were soon quite comfortable again. The men continued packing till they got everything in. It cleared off in the evening but too late to do any work and the bushes were too wet. Made up our measurements and found we were a little over seven miles, probably nearly 8 to end of line. So we have done good work this week averaging nearly a mile a day. I hope by the end of next week to reach open country. The men saw another deer at side of pond when returning after the first load this morning.

Sunday 27th. Dull and raining again in morning but cleared off a fine day. Very hot again. A good westerly breeze, however, tempered it somewhat. I had a delicious bath in the pond before dinner. In the afternoon I took my camera and went up to the head of the pond. Took two views, one looking down the Pond, another across it so as to include some wooded hills to the West. It was a nasty tramp through the woods and marshes. The views are not very good ones.

Monday 28th. Beautiful fine day blowing fresh, which kept the flies pretty well at bay. Running line all day, met with considerable patch of burnt woods and then went down in a deep

valley through which two small rivers flowing towards Hall's Bay, wend their way. The country here about is getting rugged. About a mile above the line in the valley a peculiar bare Tolt rises above the surrounding country. It has much the appearance of the crown of the human skull. I think I shall call it Skull Hill or Tolt. There are some extensive marshes in this valley, but we saw no deer.

Tuesday 29th. Another fine and pretty hot day. Flies, especially stouts, awfully bad. Measured up and continued line over opposite slope of valley, first through burnt woods very steep at first then level green woods. Men saw a deer, a fine old stag, in the marsh on their return. He passed close to Tom and I but we did not see him. We are now greatly in need of some venison again. Our stock of meat is running pretty low as indeed is all our grub.

Wednesday 30th. Another blazing hot day. Moved camp nearly to end of line, but as it was too hot for packing I let one load remain behind and continued our line. In the evening we struck an immense marsh, several miles long, but not running on our course. As there appeared good prospects for a deer here I determined to have a look over the marsh early tomorrow morning.

Thursday 31st. Very fine again though it rained hard last night and early this morning. I went off to the marsh but saw

nothing after a morning's hard tramp. I saw a hill which I took to be Lobster House, but it turned out not to be so. Got a thorough drenching from the wet bushes. After breakfast continued the line through skirts of woods and across several angles of the great marsh. When we reached the top of the ridge saw hills a long way ahead. One of which whose bare top bore the appearance of a haypook above the trees. This was indeed Lobster House or a part of it. Found it to bear  $5^{\circ} 15'$  North of our line whereas I expected it to leave it a long way to the S.W. It must then be very much out of position on the map. Altered my course  $5 \frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  as just to clear it on the east and continued on. Heavy thunder this evening the first since we came in but it was accompanied by very little rain. We had one or two smart showers on our way back to camp but not sufficient to wet us very much.

Friday August 1st. Dull, close day. Not too warm. Continued our line through a strip of woods and then across another great marsh then again through woods until we reached a point where the land began to fall rapidly. Another wide valley lay before us with extensive marshes in the bottom and a long ridge on opposite side densely wooded right over the top of this latter ridge. We now plainly saw Lobster House Tolt. The real hill was not the same as I saw yesterday. It lays much further eastward bearing still  $7^{\circ} 57'$  North of line or rather East of do. This is a great

nuisance. I had to again alter my course  $8\ 1/2^\circ$  more easterly or northerly so as to make a compass course of N.  $29^\circ$  W. This will just take the eastern shoulder of the hill. When we get further on I will again have to run nearly North to clear the high land and reach Kitty's Brook. I cannot conceive how Lobster House could be so very far out of position. I went ahead a little way to look for water but found none. Missed the line coming back and had a long tramp before I found it. I then broke out in the big marsh behind and had to tramp back nearly a mile to where the men were at work. It was now 7 O'clock and we had a long journey back to camp. Did not reach there till sometime after dark, pretty well tired out. Had more thunder and lightning today but little rain.

Saturday 2nd. Another very fine day good breeze blowing which kept it nice and cool and the flies off. Moved camp to end of line but as there was no water here we continued cutting till dinner-time when we found some. After dinner men went back for loads. Tom Ebbs, Will, Tom Thorburn, and I continued cutting line through burnt woods down a steep incline in hope of finding a better camping ground. Cut right down to the marshes at bottom but did not find any better place so had to camp where we had dinner. We just got all snugly settled away before sunset. I then took my gun and hurried down to the marsh where I was fortunate

enough in a very short time to meet a nice sized stag. I broke his fore shoulder first shot, when he made off and gave me a good chase down the marsh but he soon began to give out and fall about. I gave him a second and third shot to make sure of him. The shots attracted the lads from camp and I just had him paunched when they all came along. We soon had him skinned and cut up before dark. Brought one hind quarter with the head, heart, kidneys and breastbone back to camp. This is quite a godsend and does not come a bit too soon. I was growing anxious about our stock of grub. Our molasses is all gone today and butter pretty nearly so. We have very little sugar, flour or meal left. The men on returning with their last packs report fearful forest fires away to the South and East in the Exploits valley. This is an awful pity and I fear as the woods and ground are as dry as tinder and the wind high it will make sad havoc with the grand forest of the Exploits valley. Poor Halls, it will be a death blow to their enterprise should that noble valley be devastated. I expect they will attribute the fires to us, but they certainly are not our work, as they are all East and South of where we were, besides had they originated with us they would have shown before this time. I think it very probable the lightning yesterday may have ignited the dry moss<sup>1277</sup> on some of

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<sup>1277</sup>Reindeer moss, a lichen.

the trees. I trust we will soon have a dash of rain to douce<sup>1278</sup> these fires before they destroy the entire valley. But just now it does not look much for rain.

Sunday 3rd. Another desperately hot day with high westerly wind, bad time for the fires, they will make fearful headway today. The men went down to Marsh to cut up the deer and spread the skin. I remained in camp all morning writing up my journal and trying to stop leaks<sup>1279</sup> in my camera. Had a grand venison steak for breakfast and for dinner today venison kidney soup, steak, marrowbones, string beans, bread, butter tea and doughboys etc. Tom T. and I walked out in the big marsh where we could see the smoke of the fires. It rose in immense volumes towering up to the sky and seemed to extend all up and down the Exploits valley. Some part of it was down apparently near the Grand Falls. It will not take long to reach out to the salt water. It will be nothing less than a great calamity to have all the fine timber destroyed and the poor Hall people will meet with fearful loss after investing so much capital in lumbering operations.

Monday 4th. Another very hot calm day continued our line across the valley which is a wide one. Towards evening we reached the main branch of Rousell's River where we observed some puffs

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<sup>1278</sup>Put out; douse.

<sup>1279</sup>Of light.

of smoke and thought someone must be camped here. We were rather pleased at the prospect of meeting some other human beings who might be recently left the seashore and perhaps have some news from the outside world, but on investigation what was our dismay to find the woods on fire within a few hundred yards of our line. Two persons, evidently Indians, travelling from Hall's Bay up the Country had been here within the past two or three days. They had killed two deer close by the river, left nearly all the meat to rot. Spent a night, cooked some venison and left an old pair of moccasins behind then went on leaving their fire burning after them. The lazy scoundrels would not throw some water on the brands,<sup>1280</sup> though the river was within ten yards of their fire. Now the fire had worked its way around the ground and had spread over several acres. We made an ineffectual attempt to put it out, but it had too much headway for us. Here was a pretty go. After congratulating ourselves on being such a long distance away from the blazing Exploits valley, and apparently out of all danger to find ourselves all at once on our very line, face to face with another fire. Furthermore, nothing will clear us of being the originators of it. Fortunately it was so calm all day that the fire burned very dead and did not seem likely to go far. It could not have been more than two days since those fellows were here as

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<sup>1280</sup>Burning pieces of wood.

the venison left behind was quite fresh and some of it so completely cooked by the fire that we eat a lot of it. I wish I could find out who the parties were and have them punished.

Tuesday 5th. Another fine warm and calm morning. Men packed a load each to the river. Fire apparently nearly burnt out, a little smoke only rose here and there. Continued our line past it and had reached a good distance to windward when it came to blow fresh from the West and we soon beheld volumes of smoke arise in our rear. As the day wore on and the wind increased in strength all the time, the fire soon assumed immense proportions and spread up and down the valley. Although the wind blew in the direction of our camp we did not anticipate much danger thereto as it was fully two miles away and an immense marsh lay between, with but isolated patches of wood. What was our dismay however, on returning in the evening to find that the fire had long since travelled across the marsh mounted the opposite hill side and that the whole slope where our camps stood was a seething mass of fire and smoke. It was appalling to look at and to think our camp, clothes, provisions and worse than all poor old Tom and Willie must be all burnt up. It looked like facing into the very mouth of Hell to attempt mounting that hill, yet it must be done. The wind had dropped a little and the fire was burning less furiously and fortunately the site of our camp had been

previously burned years before so that here the fire was chiefly confined to the ground and fallen timber. John Stevens seeing this went nearly crazy about his son. He did not hesitate a moment but went tearing up through fire and smoke like a mad man, crying out, "Will, Will where are you." Up the line through this awful furnace of fire and blinding smoke which at times almost choked us we faced. Upon reaching the camping place we found camps all gone and the whole place a mass of fire. A hail soon revealed to us that old Tom and Will were still to the fore.<sup>1281</sup> They had taken refuge in a small wet marsh not more than an acre in extent which fortunately lay within a few hundred yards of the camp. Here they had with the greatest of energy and presence of mind removed everything and covered all over with wet moss when they saw the fire approaching near. They had worked like trojans and thus saved the things. At first they tried to erect a shelter of big rocks but the fire came on them too fast and they had to abandon the idea and take to the little swamp. All around this up to the very wettest part as far as the ground would burn was now on fire. Every now and then a roar and bright glare on every side indicated a new outburst. Strange to say after our first excitement and suspense was over and we had found all safe we realized that though far from being free from danger yet our

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<sup>1281</sup>Still surviving.

situation was much more tolerable than we had hoped. The blaze from the fire created such a draft as to carry upward and over our heads nearly all the smoke. This same draft and the dampness of the ground kept it cool. Indeed as the night wore on we actually found it too cool and were glad to get our coats on. We then, seeing there was no immediate danger so long as it remained calm set about getting some supper and actually boiled our kettle at the edge of the blazing woods. After this we found it grow so cold that we were obliged to huddle ourselves close to the fire and actually feed it with fresh fuel to keep warm. Young Will lay down to sleep where the ground was on fire underneath him and several times during the night we had to pull his feet away from the embers. This then was how we spent our night in the midst of the fiery furnace, like the three children of Israel<sup>1282</sup> only there were seven of us not three. We could only take an occasional doze but dare not sleep long, lest the wind should breeze up. I little thought when first I saw the conditions of this hill on our return from work, that I should have my supper or breakfast tomorrow or a rag of clothes to put on. We certainly had much to be thankful for in escaping a dire catastrophe.

August 6th. At daylight as soon as it was light enough to see our way through the fire and smoke we packed up all and

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<sup>1282</sup>Dan. 3:16-24.

cleared out of this living hell and got all down to the big marsh where we had breakfast. We then pushed on across the river and away beyond to the end of the line. It was a desperate pack and we had to run the gauntlet through the still blazing fire with great dead burnt pines crashing down all around us. The ground beneath was all on fire and nearly burnt the moccasins off our feet, while the smoke was stifling. When the men went back for the 2nd pack they had all they could do to get through. Some of their packs and clothes caught fire. The wind was fast gaining strength and the fire consequently getting under full swing again. We succeeded in getting all safely to the end of the line where for the present at all events we were comparatively safe, being now well to windward. It turned out a terribly hot day, a perfect broiler. We were so worn out now after our loss of rest and extra exertion that we stopped here all the afternoon but did not put up camp till late in the evening lest the wind should shift and the fire again come upon us. All the afternoon it raged in terrific grandeur up and down the valley and as it now blew half a gale the fire was travelling fast towards Hall's Bay. It was magnificently grand to watch it from where we now were. Huge columns of smoke rose in great volumes high in the air and were lit up at top by the glaring sun in immense snowy fleecy rolls. At the ground dense black smoke issued forth from the forest

every now and again. This black pall was streaked with flames leaping in tongues like forks darting upward from the tops of the blazing trees. It presented indeed a sight of awful grandeur. I took a photo of it. In the cool of the evening I climbed up a steep wooded ridge<sup>1283</sup> on the west side of the valley to a bare knap on the top where I had a full view of the fire and of the surrounding country. All was clear to the Westward and Northward, but to the South and East the whole country was enveloped in smoke. On the west side of the ridge the woods soon begin to get thin and a few miles away it was all barren and open country. The hills we were running for are not getting much nearer. They are not Lobster House at all but two of the three Topsails, the last being the middle or largest one. The third is now visible from here about N.E. Towards sunset the wind again dropped and the fire slackened so we put up our camps in the marsh for security and made ourselves comfortable for the night.

Thursday 7th. Dull morning rained during the night a good deal. Fires burning low now only dense smoke today. Slept like a rock all night. We continued our line up the hill. It took us nearly over the steepest part of it. From the top seeing that I might jump over a considerable body of woods on opposite slope I sent the men to cut a portage road around the bluff as the line

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<sup>1283</sup>Misery Hill.

was too steep to pack over. The wind suddenly came up from N.E. in the forenoon with squalls of thick mist and rain all day. This doused the fire considerably but it was miserably cold all day, an extraordinary contrast to yesterday when we could get no relief from the broiling sun, heat anywhere.

Friday 8th. Fine again. Wind east right down on our camp. Fire again getting headway, it seems determined to follow us. Moved camp over the ridge and well forward till we reached nearly the last of the woods at a point where Rousell's River again<sup>1284</sup> crosses our line, after circling around the ridge. We are now fairly in the western country and have clear going with little cutting for many miles, so we should get along fast but our provisions are running very low. Our flour is now nearly gone and there are apparently no deer on the barrens yet. I will have to send one hand forward on Monday to meet Albert's party and get some grub. I changed the course so as to take the open country and measure over the barrens as we cannot now delay to run a regular line. It was desperately cold last night froze hard towards morning.

Saturday 9th. Dull, warm day, black flies bad today and last evening; simply awful. Smoke coming over the ridge all day made

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<sup>1284</sup>Actually, Kings Brook, flowing south and east into the river (South Brook).

it very hard to see. We continued measuring over the barrens and did over three miles today. Had a long tramp back to camp. The boys rose a covey of partridges and Tom saw another old one. Plenty of droppings of geese but we saw none, nor any other game and I dont think that we will procure much up here yet. It is too early for the deer. This is a great place for them in September and October. It is very barren and rough, though comparatively level. There are an immense number of small ponds or tarns and slews,<sup>1285</sup> but not much marsh being mostly all dry, hummocky and bouldery barrens covered with low bush, ground juniper, and small spruce with lots of reindeer moss. There is a beautiful variety of Red granite here, especially at Rowsell's River, where it is in place. It looks exactly like the New Brunswick St. Stevens granite so much admired. It could be quarried here in any quantity or size and should the Railroad ever come this way will no doubt be utilized. It was very sultry all the afternoon and the flies were bad again.

Sunday August 10th. Dull cool day. Wind S.W. blowing a good breeze. Remained in camp all morning. Decided to send John Stevens forward tomorrow to look up Albert's party and get us some flour etc. I wrote Albert a note telling him to continue his line S.E. till he meets us. After dinner I walked down the brook

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<sup>1285</sup>Sloughs, reedy pools.

a mile or two till I passed the turn out through the ridge and could see well into the outer valley. This is decidedly the route for the location and offers tolerably easy gradients right through the ridge. Another valley opposite on the east side of the Rousell's River a couple of miles above our 5th camp will I believe also be the best line on that side. It blew hard all the evening from the S.W. and was quite cool and there were very few flies. A splendid day for packing were it not Sunday. I only hope tomorrow will be as good. It looked very much for<sup>1286</sup> rain all day and there were a few drops but it cleared off again. I came back by way of several small leads of marshes till I reached the big one through which our line runs. Saw no game of any kind and very little signs of deer but lots of geese droppings and tracks. Dont know where they stow themselves.

Monday 11th. Rained during night. Morning very foggy but cleared off. John Stevens started for Sandy Lake to look for Albert's party and get some grub. We then moved camp ahead some three miles but before we reached our point it came to rain and rained hard all the afternoon. We got a ducking before we could get up our camps. We have a very poor place this time amongst the boulders, could scarcely obtain a stick to put up our camps with. It is the worst place yet.

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<sup>1286</sup>Portended; gave signs of.

Tuesday 12th. Fine again. Mike and John Barrington went ahead with loads. Tom and I continued measuring and got a good way ahead it being all open country. Towards evening we reached the neighborhood of the Big or Main Topsail. The ridge which connects the three Topsails appears to be the summit level of the country. The aneroid makes it over 1,000 feet above the Badger River. Flies awful bad this afternoon.

Wednesday 13th. Dull close day moved our camp again and made a great stride forward, reaching a sharp tolt beyond the Topsails where there was some low thick wood around the base. Here we camped. On our way I ascended the Big Topsail to have a look at the country. It is very bare all around for a long distance. Ponds and tarns are numerous. Quite a large Brook<sup>1287</sup> flows past on the Northern side running East. To the N.W. the land is high and very hilly but there is one break or gap, through which I could see the land away beyond the Humber towards Adie's Pond and noticed several patches of snow on it. This gap must be the one leading out to Kitty's Brook and Sandy Pond. We saw several geese today but could not get a shot at them. They could all fly too well. When our camps were up I ascended the peak near, which I have named the Gaff Topsail, and put up a pole with a flag (handkerchief) as a signal for John on his return. Saw the same

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<sup>1287</sup>Barneys Brook.

gap right ahead and am convinced it is the place to get through to the Humber. There is much more woods west of this peak which will delay us cutting through. Our flour is all gone. Tom and I are allowancing ourselves one small bun a meal. The men have eaten their share and indeed we have very little food of any kind left. If John does not soon put in an appearance I fear we will be hungry. I am growing very anxious now.

Thursday 14th. Foggy and wet rained heavy during the night and morning. This is another great drawback. Cleared off in afternoon Tom and I went back to instrument to measure up. Sent John and Mike with gun to look for something to shoot. They killed 6 geese which was a great godsend. Had a grand supper of stewed goose and onions. No sign of John S. Getting awfully anxious, fear the grub is not at Sandy Lake in which case it will go hard with us. I could not sleep all night thinking if he does not come tomorrow we will have to abandon work and skedaddle.

Friday 15th. Fine bright day blowing very hard. We were awakened shortly after daylight by shouts from the top of the hill. It turned out to be John who had seen our signal and went up to try and locate our camps. We replied and he was soon down at camp with a bag of flour, some pork, a fish and a little sugar and butter. He stopped close along side last night but did not see our signal till this morning. He got out on Tuesday, found

the cache in the old station house,<sup>1288</sup> but there was not much grub. He took all the flour and butter, saw no molasses, tea, peas, bread and very little pork. He saw no sign of Albert's party, though he went down the river a considerable distance but he brought a note he found there from Albert dated 1st August. He was then between Burnt Pond and Kitty's Brook cutting away towards us, but I fear too far in. John found one of the canoes and brought her up to head of Sandy Lake. There was also a note addressed to me signed Walker, Manning, and West wishing me success etc. I believe they are three of the Methodist Academy<sup>1289</sup> staff. Walker is the Music teacher. They were coming from Hall's Bay, I suppose across to Bay of Islands. Well we are supplied for another short while and know that more grub is ahead of us, but it is a long distance yet, and according to John desperately bad travelling. Most of the country between is burnt woods. This being Lady Day and John requiring a rest after his fatiguing journey I gave them all a holiday. After dinner we went up on the Topsail again and John confirmed my supposition of the gap ahead leading out to Sandy Lake. It appears designed by nature for a railway route and there is no other place I can see where we could find a line through the hills. John also pointed out the

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<sup>1288</sup>The telegraph station on Sandy Lake.

<sup>1289</sup>School in St. John's (1860-1925) run by the Methodist Church; called Methodist College at this time. James Walker taught in the "Male Department."

real Lobster House at last, barely visible a long way West. I am sorry now I altered my course at all. I was going very straight at first and would have taken a better lay<sup>1290</sup> of country and no doubt be further ahead now.

Saturday 16th. Rained in torrents again last night, flooded out of camp and obliged to remove it today to higher ground. This rain will effectually douse all the fires but too late to prevent immense destruction of valuable timber, especially in the Exploits Valley. It cleared off about 10 A.M. when we went on with our line, but it continued showery all day, with some heavy squalls of rain and thunder. Got another ducking. It became miserably cold in evening and blew almost a gale all night.

Sunday 17th. Cold, stormy squally day. Rained a good deal during the night, I fear we are in for a wet spurt now after all the dry hot weather. I went off again after dinner with my gun and took a long stroll. Saw only 4 old geese but could not get within shot of them. No fresh signs of deer.

Monday 18th. Wet morning but cleared off. Moved camp to end of line and then continued on after dinner along the lowest lead, past several ponds.

Tuesday 19th. Fine day. Running line all day. Reached a point near head of East branch Kitty's Brook where we could see

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<sup>1290</sup>Configuration.

down the valley of the river a long way and out towards the Grand Lake. Saw very fresh tracks of an old stag just before leaving off. Sent John Stevens after him but he did not come across him. John B., Mike and I came home by way of a lead of barren South of our line believing Tom, who was behind at last station, had gone back by the line. When we got a long way towards camp we heard him yelling out away behind near end of line. We answered him and waited till nearly dark for him but finally we heard John Stevens talking to him. We then came on and reached camp just at dark. The others came on about half an hour after us. We are now again run out of grub especially flour and will have to make tracks tomorrow.

Wednesday 20th. Started forward to end of line and seeing we were a long way from Sandy Lake with the uncertainty of finding Albert's party there I decided to go right out, leaving the instrument<sup>1291</sup> and unnecessary gear behind, get a fresh stock of provisions and return to finish our line. It came to rain just as we started and continued all the afternoon. We had a miserable time of it, but walked fast as the travelling at first was open and good consisting of leads of marshes, barrens and some burnt knaps. Crossed East branch of Kitty's Brook and struck Main

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<sup>1291</sup>His transit.

river<sup>1292</sup> which we followed down a long distance. The travelling along the river was very bad in places all boulders piled on each other and very slippery and dangerous after the rain. We camped in a fine droke of large timber near the river side. Nearly all the rest of the timber here being burnt. We were very wet, cold and tired but soon had a good fire going and after drying our clothes and had tea we were tolerably comfortable for the night.

Thursday 21st. Fine day again but the bushes were beastly wet so that it was just as bad travelling as though it were still raining. Followed the river down as far as the falls where we were obliged to leave it, owing to the desperate rugged character of the cliffs. We now climbed up through the thick woods and finally got out into the burnt woods again. This was desperate going and as the sun was hot it became very trying work. We at length reached Sandy Lake, where John had left the canoe, very tired indeed. We eat our last bit of bread and meat for dinner today but were lucky enough on reaching the old Telegraph station to find Albert's camp here and lots of provisions. Albert and crew were away up Kitty's Brook running the line. Only Rody (cook) and one of the Indians, Noel Jeddore, were home. The latter laid up with a cut foot. We soon had our camps up and a good wash and change of clothes and after a good supper of black

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<sup>1292</sup>Kitty's Brook itself.

ducks etc. felt first class again. I suffered, however, from desperate pains in the calves of my legs and was otherwise pretty sick. Albert and Otto Emerson<sup>1293</sup> and crew returned at dusk and were of course surprised at finding us here. They had no late news for us but Albert had a few old Telegrams<sup>1294</sup> which were eagerly read. Just at tea-time a flat<sup>1295</sup> with two Indians from Hall's Bay and a Dr. Buck of Boston came along bound for Bay of Islands. We invited the Doctor to tea with us and made him welcome to such as we had to offer. He proved to be a very nice gentlemanly fellow not at all like a Yankee. He has been fishing in Indian Brook and elsewhere and had a fine string of trout with him. He told me he was here before on the coast with Professor Hyatt<sup>1296</sup> geologizing. Shaw<sup>1297</sup> the Telegraph operator and line repairer from Deer Lake is also here and leaves for home tomorrow and Bay of Islands next day. So we all availed of the opportunity to write letters home, the first chance I have had since leaving the Badger, July 16th.

Friday 22nd. Beautiful fine day. Went up with Albert to start him afresh in the direction we were coming. I find<sup>1298</sup> my

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<sup>1293</sup>An engineer or roadmaster with the Reid Newfoundland Co. (Penney, A *History of the Newfoundland Railway*, vol. 1, p. 49.)

<sup>1294</sup>Copies of the *Evening Telegram*, the St. John's newspaper.

<sup>1295</sup>Small flat-bottomed boat.

<sup>1296</sup>Alpheus Hyatt (1838-1902), zoologist and palaeontologist.

<sup>1297</sup>Samuel Shaw.

<sup>1298</sup>I.e., feel.

legs very stiff today and am otherwise pretty seedy. I can scarcely walk without considerable suffering. I determined to take a few days' rest before going back. Another boat with a Mr. Powell, Sir Wm. Whiteway's sons' tutor passed up the lake today while I was away but he did not come ashore.

Saturday 23rd. Another fine day. Albert and crew at work. Feeling somewhat better. The two Johns<sup>1299</sup> and I went up the lake in evening in canoe to look for a deer but saw none. We came across a seal asleep on a rock and got within easy shot of him but I missed him badly. The old gun throws the balls every how. Had I my own gun I would be sure of him. I killed four shell birds in one shot. No news today and no arrivals. Sent men in with loads and to cut a track around the falls. They did not get back till late at night.

Sunday 24th. Another pretty fine day but showery in morning. After dinner Albert and I went up Goose Brook to look for a deer and try for some trout. Saw fresh signs of deer but that was all. Albert caught some small trout and shot one young black duck.

Monday 25th. Fine again. Started off with a fresh stock of provisions. Albert also moved his camp up to end of his line. We left all unnecessary baggage a few miles up the river as far as we could bring it with the canoes. Had a hard tramp through the

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<sup>1299</sup>John Barrington and John Stevens.

burnt woods. It was very warm and we all had heavy loads. Reached up to the same camping place on river where we stopped on our way down and made all snug before dark. I discovered I had lost the iron pin of my gun connecting the barrel and stock and was obliged to substitute it with a wooden one. Saw no game of any kind though came across fresh deer tracks. We have now been a long time without venison and all hands are longing for a deer. We fully expect to see some before very long. Little Will met with a painful accident by falling on a sharp stump which penetrated the groin fully a couple of inches.

Tuesday 26th. Fine morning. Men had to go back for the loads they brought in on Saturday. Tom and I in the meantime took a load each up to the fork of the river and looked out a camping place. It came to rain hard after twelve and continued showery all afternoon. Moved camp up to fork and camped about half a mile back in a grove of Juniper, fine trees. Rained desperately hard all evening. We got tremendous ducking but after getting up camps and a good fire were soon comfortable again.

Wednesday 27th. Fine day again but bushes very wet. Commenced to run compass line from edge of burnt woods near camp up the valley of East branch of river in the direction of the end of our line as I considered this the quickest way to get through. I also sent John Barrington back with a note for Albert to cut

down close to river and then follow up the side till he reached a good crossing place. We got through a good day's work with only John Stevens and Mike cutting. Saw several fresh signs of deer but not the deer themselves.

Thursday 28th. Dull foggy and misty day, continued on our line. It turned out very wet and miserable. Tom Thorburn laid up today with sore throat. I fear he is not strong enough for this work. Every time he gets a wetting his throat gets bad. He has a chronic enlargement of the tonsils which looks very bad, the cavity of his throat seems almost completely closed up and his breathing and snoring at night is distressing to listen to. I fear when the real cold weather sets in, especially should it be wet, he will give out altogether. We did a fair day's work notwithstanding the wet but were very miserable. Our line runs through small spruce with a great deal of goldworthy and is very bad to travel over.

Friday 29th. Another nasty dull wet day, worse even than yesterday as it is colder. Continued our line but did not do much. Met more uneven ground rising too steeply. Miserable time getting back to camp.

Saturday 30th. Somewhat finer but still showery. Bushes teeming with wet. Continued line all day and reached a point from whence we could see where our instrument and end of line was. I

here stuck up a long pole intending on Monday to go right on to end of line and take a course for this pole and work outward till we strike this line. Tom's throat very bad. It had gathered inside and broke yesterday discharging a lot of matter, but he is better today. Had a long nasty tramp back to camp which we did not reach till sometime after dark. Saw plenty of fresh signs of deer. I had my gun with me and fully expected to get one today as we came across several nice leads of marshes and very fresh signs of deer but luck seems altogether against us.

Sunday 31st. Another miserable wet foggy drizzling day. After dinner I went off and had a long tramp up on South side of river to open barrens and marshes then crossed river and came up to our line and hunted that side but saw nothing to shoot not as much as a Jay. Yet there was fresh signs of deer everywhere. Did not get home till after dark soaking wet.

Monday Sept 1st. Still dull drizzling rain. Waited till dinner-time in hope it would clear up. It did for a time. We then started taking a couple of days' grub with us. We left old Tom, Will and Tom Thorburn behind us. We had a hard tramp and as it came to rain again we were wretchedly wet and cold. Got in to end of our line and camped a short distance below in a droke of woods. I went off to look for a deer but saw nothing. Strange we cannot see one now in the midst of a splendid deer country. Found

our things all right and perfectly dry notwithstanding all the rain. Had only John's side camp consisting of one square of calico with us but by tying up the ends and keeping on a good fire we soon dried our clothes and were quite comfortable for the night. The men brought down the things at the dump to camp, before dark.

Tuesday September 2nd. Still dull and cold with occasional showers. Started work from end of line running first direct for the pole left on hill Saturday, but soon found we were going down at a tremendous rate and that we could not cross the brook<sup>1300</sup> up here the fall being too steep and short. I was obliged to keep the West side and ease the grade down for a long distance before attempting to cross. It was a great advantage as being all bare on this side we had nothing to cut and got along fast. We found a crossing just before camp-time, decidedly the best on the river, the banks on either side are level and high, but drop very suddenly near the brook. It is quite narrow here. There is also an island here in centre of river where a pillar might be erected. Camped just across river in thick woods.

Wednesday 3rd. Cold last night and quite cold today with occasional showers. It has been horrible weather lately and has rained nearly every day since we left Sandy Lake. I believe it

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<sup>1300</sup>Kitty's Brook.

has been raining up here ever since we went out, for although we had it fine while outside we could see it was foggy and apparently raining up here all the time. I have named this the Vale of Tears.<sup>1301</sup> We cut up towards our old line all day and struck it just at sunset about midway on Friday's cutting but the rise from the river to this line is rather much. The line will have to be located further down nearer the river for although it is quite feasible it will bring us too high at the forks for going down the lower valley. I would have run this line, but our time is now getting very short and provisions running low so in order to save time I took the old line. We then walked out to camp and had a hard time getting along as it fell dark before we reached half-way. It is one of the worst places I ever travelled.

Thursday 4th. Fine day at last, went back and continued measurement along old line till we reached a point near our camp where the fall is too steep. Cut a new line from here further up on hill-side.

Friday 5th. Fine day again continued cutting and soon reached burnt woods. Here Noel Jeddore met us having come up with our letters and papers which were very welcome. I now received the first letters from home since leaving in July last. Glad to

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<sup>1301</sup>Howley likely took the phrase from the Roman Catholic prayer "Hail, Holy Queen," but it is found as well in Cowper, Shelley, and other poets.

learn all are well. Albert is camped about a mile below our old camping place on the river. I told Noel to send him up tomorrow as I wished to consult with him. Have a great batch of papers to read now nearly a month's supply. Got on fast with our line through the burnt woods, ground falling rapidly, will have to locate lower down. Tom Ebbs, Will and Tom Thorburn took a load each down to old camping place, as we intend to move tomorrow.

Saturday 6th. Dull and foggy and drizzling rain again all day. Waited to see if it would clear up. Albert and Noel came just at dinner-time, found he is running up side of river but at too low a level. We moved camp after dinner but did not stop as intended at old place, went on instead down to Albert's camp where we are all together again. Find he is not over well stocked with provisions, having but three or four bags of grub for all hands. Will have to abandon nearly all of his line as it is located too low down.

Sunday 7th. Fine day at last. Albert and I went down to falls before dinner and selected a good crossing place just above principal fall a very picturesque place and eminently well adapted for a crossing. The cliffs are very high, nearly level on top and come so close together that they can be easily spanned, being besides solid syenite and will afford admirable abutments. The approach on either side is not so good as I would wish and

will involve a double curve, one on either side; still it is the only place a crossing can be had with sufficiently easy gradients. After dinner Albert, Mike and I went across river and ascended a very high mountain on West side which by aneroid was 1240 feet above our camp. Here we had a splendid view all over the country up and down. Could see back where we came to the three Topsails, see Lobster House, Hinds' plains, part of Hinds' pond, Grand Lake and Sandy Lake and all the country between spread out like a panorama under our feet. Away Northward we could see the high land near Bonne Bay and the hills at bottom of White Bay. It was a desperate climb up and down but the view was worth coming to see. Not a vestige of a deer, hare, partridge or any living thing did we see in all this tramp, yet we met with very fresh signs of deer in several places. On our way back when we arrived at the river just in front of camp we saw a fine brood of shell ducks. Albert and I both had our guns. Albert, my double barrel, and I Sclater's old single barrel<sup>1302</sup> with the wooden pin. The ducks swam over to the opposite side of the river close to the camp. We signalled to the lads there and Joe Jeddore was soon out with his gun. I waded halfway across and fired at them, but only at one. The cartridge was so tight in the gun I had much difficulty in extracting it; in the meantime the ducks darted

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<sup>1302</sup>The gun alluded to on July 24.

about the river and both Albert and Joe blazed away at them but did not kill any. When I got another cartridge in and the gun closed I noticed that it did not shut home close to the breech, there being about an 8th of an inch space between the barrel and breech. I did not in my excitement give it sufficient thought and as another duck came flying past me I let go at it. There was a tremendous report, I felt a blow in the left eye like the stroke of the end of a stick which completely dazed me. The barrel went up in the air and fell in the water while the stock remained in my grasp. For an instant I did not know whether or not my head was still on. I was completely stunned and staggered back almost falling in the water. Albert and Mike who were near saw the accident and saw me stoop to bathe my eye. They both thought I was killed and ran to me. I had indeed a close shave. When we recovered the gun barrel we found the cartridge still stuck fast in it but the brass end had blown out and disappeared. Where it went I did not know but it had evidently taken me in the eye. My eye was awfully sore and I almost feared I would lose the sight of it.<sup>1303</sup> Fortunately there was no powder in it but it was dreadfully bloodshot. We have been decrying our ill-luck all those weeks in not seeing a deer. I suppose it was God who did it. Indeed it was fortunate we did not see one for of a certainty

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<sup>1303</sup>Howley lost the sight of one eye in 1915 (*Daily News*, Dec. 22).

had I fired at a deer with one of these solid brass cartridges which are all one piece and with a much heavier charge of powder, besides the resistance of the ball, I fear it would have fared badly with me, for had the same thing occurred, the whole cartridge, not nearly the brass end, would have come out and probably found a lodgment in my poor cranium. I suppose I must look upon it as a warning for the future.<sup>1304</sup> Strange to say I not only killed the bird I fired at flying but all hands agreed that it was a magnificent shot. I had some difficulty in getting across the river, being nearly blind and considerably dazed, and all hands were scared at the miraculous escape I had. It caused me a good deal of thought and I felt reason to be very thankful for escaping so well. I attribute the saving of my eye to the leaf<sup>1305</sup> of my hat which was a soft felt one. The imprint of the cartridge butt was plainly seen on the leaf which fortunately hung down in front.

Monday 8th. Fine day. My eye very sore and bloodshot. Could not think of using an instrument. Albert went in with crew to continue my line. I managed to walk in also with my eye bandaged up and spent the day with them. They made a good run through the burnt woods of about 1 3/4 miles. Country pretty uneven but found

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<sup>1304</sup>The warning being to obey "the commandment 'keep holy the Sabath day'" ("Journal," CNSA, 262.02.023).

<sup>1305</sup>Brim.

a fairly good line.

Tuesday 9th. Fine again. My eye still very painful, last night I poulticed it with bread and water, but it seemed even more inflamed and painful today; of course this was a mistake which I afterwards learned. Stayed in camp to rest it for a while, till Albert sent out to me to come in. He had to turn off and come down to a lower level as the course he was running would take him too high for crossing the river at the fall. I went in and laid out a new course for him. We reached the fall just at dark but did not quite finish the measurement.

Wednesday 10th. Moved camp across and down Albert's old line to a point where we could run down a side hill towards Grand Lake. Albert remained behind to finish line across river and connect with his old line, but as the rise from the river was too steep I went to explore for a new route across the ridge nearer the river. Started Albert afresh for our camp, more westerly. I found a more level track from camp back to fall and blazed it. It crosses three gulches near the fall, one tremendous one, but there is no insuperable difficulty in putting a trestle work across and it is the only way possible except by tunnelling to reach the falls. There will be some considerable rock cutting and filling required here. On reaching camp today I found the ground

object glass<sup>1306</sup> of my camera smashed into atoms. I was greatly put out at this, as I was particularly anxious to get some views of the fall and gorge here. Strange after carrying it all across the country safely it should now get broken. I was not to be beaten however; carefully gathering all the pieces and fragments of the glass I managed to stick them together with sticking plaster and by means of strips of tin put the whole again in place. It was a curious looking object glass and one I am sure a photographer would laugh at. Nevertheless, on trial I found a sufficient space clear of the plaster to enable me to focus an object. I then took it up to the falls and managed to get 4 good exposures which I hope will turn out well. Albert got a fairly good line and made good progress.

Thursday 11th. Fine day, continued line. I with John Barrington and Noel cut a line back to the falls. I then sent them both to look for a deer as our grub is now all but gone

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<sup>1306</sup>Howley had what is termed a "view camera," a type still used by professional photographers. It has no view-finder, strictly so called. At the back of the camera was a groove (or else a hinged, thin box) in which the plate holder was inserted. Before the plate holder was set in place, the lens at the front was opened and the object to be photographed brought into focus through the ground glass at the back of the camera. (A leather bellows allowed the camera to be lengthened or shortened.) Once this focusing was done, the lens shutter was closed and the plate holder put into its groove (or swung on its hinges and shut tight). The plate was then exposed by, a. pulling away the "dark slide" (or gate) that protects the film from exposure to the light; and, b. clicking the shutter, thereby opening (and quickly closing) the lens. The protective "dark slide" was then put back in place and the plate holder removed for storage and developing. The photographer put a black hood over his head while focusing. While early view cameras varied in size, many were portable, though clumsy to carry. A tripod was needed to keep a view camera steady. But Howley sometimes used his as a hand camera.

again. They saw nothing. I walked but to end of Albert's line which is fairly good but requires a little alteration in one or two places.

Friday 12th. Fine day again. Finding our grub nearly exhausted I despatched two Johns and Noel to Deer Lake to bring up some flour, bread and meat. Tom Thorburn and I then went back to fall and measured out to camp. After which we walked out and joined Albert. He made fairly good progress again today. Had a hard tramp. After dinner I took his old line and walked out to our dump at Kitty's Brook to bring in the little flour there, only about one baking. It was a very hot day and consequently very tiresome. Had a hard tramp back to camp by the line which is a bad one to travel over.

Saturday 13th. Dull and wet. Waited a while for it to clear up and then moved camp about 1 1/4 miles to intersection with Albert's line from Kitty's Brook, there being no place to camp further on. After dinner continued line. I went ahead to have a look at the country and try to shoot something. Saw some black ducks but did not get a shot. It was very close and warm. Albert made about 1/2 mile after dinner and found a very favourable line nearly level. We are now getting well down on the low country and are aiming for a pond on the Goose Brook. No sign of the Indians from Deer Lake. Our larder is now at its lowest ebb and if they

do not come tomorrow we will be completely run out of food.

Sunday Sept. 14th. Rained hard all night and this morning, but cleared up a tolerably fine day. Remained in camp all day reading and writing. Albert went off with gun to look for some ducks but saw none. Having little to eat today Joe walked out after dinner to Goose Pond to look for the others but saw no sign of them up to sunset; finished the last of our bread for tea. Men had only scraps of small bread.<sup>1307</sup> Will have none for breakfast unless the men come. It blew a strong breeze all day so I suppose they could not get across Grand Lake. Find on adding up our measurements the total distance from Badger Brook to end of line so far 46 1/2 miles. I expect 50 will reach Sandy River.

Monday 15th. Beautiful fine day but having no grub for the men to eat could not ask them to go to work on line. We however moved camp to end of line. After dinner Albert and I went out to Goose Pond and met the Indians who had just come there as we arrived, with the things. They had a bag of flour, one of pork and 1/2 bag of bread, also three quarters of a deer they shot on their way down. Albert and I took the venison and they the rest of the grub and all went back to camp where the lads were rejoiced at the prospect of plenty of grub again for a while. We had a grand blow out of venison for supper. They the Indians

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<sup>1307</sup>Broken bits of hard tack.

brought me a telegram from Walsh,<sup>1308</sup> Operator at Little Bay, containing the sad announcement of the drowning of poor Charlie Harvey in Long Pond.<sup>1309</sup> I was terribly shocked at reading it and could not get him out of my mind all night. Walsh did not know the particulars of the sad affair and we are consequently in the dark about it, conjecturing all sorts of things. Poor Charlie! it is a sad ending to his bright career. I pity his poor wife extremely. Poor thing thought it dreadful to have him going away in the woods and was overjoyed at his being able to stay at home since he was made City Engineer. God knows, but perhaps had he continued in his old employment he might be alive today. Charlie and I were always good friends and I regret exceedingly his untimely end. It will be a terrible blow to his old father.

Thursday 16th. Fine day. All hands at work again running line got a good day's work done. Had pretty heavy cutting through green wood all day, country very level.

Wednesday 17th. Dull, foggy and misty all day. Very disagreeable. Rained hard in morning but cleared off at twelve. Albert at line. Running short of tea. Young Will and I went out to Goose Pond, took canoe and went up to Sandy Pond<sup>1310</sup> then up

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<sup>1308</sup>Richard D. Walsh.

<sup>1309</sup>Then near, later in, St. John's. He drowned Sept. 4, 1890. Harvey was the St. John's Municipal Council's chief engineer. His suicide was attributed to "constant strain" from overwork. See *Eve Tel*, Sept. 5, 12, 1890.

<sup>1310</sup>Sandy Lake.

Kitty's Brook to dump. Good lop on pond; wind east, very close and warm. We had a hard time getting up around. Saw smoke on an island in Sandy Pond but did not go ashore. We now took the other canoe and put all the things in the two. Will taking charge of one, I in the other. When we got down to Sandy Pond I found he was not able to paddle her so I made him get in with me and we took the second canoe in tow. It was very slow work getting along with the two thus. We did not reach the head of Goose Pond till just dusk and had to tramp all the way back to camp in the dark. It was a desperate journey especially when we got wet. The lads fired a couple of guns for us which gave us the location of camp. Found we were going very straight and at last we saw the glare of the camp fire. We however got entangled in an awful spot of burnt woods, fallen timber, swamp and water and did not reach camp till late. I had a pair of oil pants on to keep my legs dry but they were torn in atoms.

Thursday 18th. Wet again, could not go to work. At noon it held up a little so we had dinner and moved camps. The Indians went out to Goose Pond to bring up the canoes and things there to the 3rd pond where our line was likely to strike. It came to rain again just as we got underway and we had a miserable wet afternoon. Got our camps up near a little pond and after some difficulty started fires to dry ourselves. We were soon all right

again. Our venison is all gone this morning, have to turn to the pork again. The Indians saw two deer on their way into camp but their gun was so damp it would not go off.

Friday 19th. Still miserably wet and foggy. Cleared off about 10 A.M. went on with line but in the afternoon it came wet again and rained very hard. This is dreadful weather and is an awful drawback to us. Had to give up work and return to camp drenched to the skin. We can scarcely keep dry clothes to put on. In trying to dry mine this evening I succeeded in burning up my best shirts and am now pretty short of any. The rivers are now dreadfully swollen and I may say the whole country is flooded, as it has been raining pretty constantly and heavy the past three days and nights. The marshes are almost ponds, and the deer paths are converted into running brooks. Worse than all, our small stock of grub is again running very low. The venison gave out yesterday; flour and bread more than half gone, and pork fast following suit. The crew are awful fellows to eat, I cannot keep them supplied in grub.

Saturday 20th. Fine day at last only a few showers in morning continued line and crossed Goose Pond brook and third pond by dinner-time. Had to get the canoes up here to get across. The men waded over twice before they came and were up to their armpits. Changed our course so as to run out towards the Main

river<sup>1311</sup> and got within about a mile and a half of it but the evenings are now so short and the distance back to camp so great with such bad going we were obliged to leave off at 5.30 P.M. Have only sufficient pork left for dinner tomorrow and about enough flour till Monday. So will have to send off again at once to Deer Lake for more.

Sunday 21st. Beautiful fine day yet had a little rain. Obligated to move camp today to end of line and then despatch three of the Indians off for Deer Lake for more grub. After dinner I went off to look for a deer. Saw two; one magnificent old stag, but did not get a shot at either. Such luck at a time when we need them so badly. Rody baked up all the flour today and has but 49 buns just four each. Told him to share them equally amongst the men and tell them to do as they liked, either to eat them all up or allowance themselves. Some of the men decided to do without any tea so as to save their allowance for tomorrow when they have to go to work. I am sending John Stevens to look for a deer tomorrow and hope he will have better luck than I had. Albert caught a couple dozen small trout for breakfast.

Monday 22nd. Fine day again. Continued line towards Main River. Sent John Stevens off to look for a deer. We were not long cutting when we came across 10 or a dozen all together close to

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<sup>1311</sup>Sandy Lake River (The Main Brook).

our line. Two magnificent old stags amongst them. They were so tame I could have picked my choice of them had I only had the gun but as ill-luck would have it John was gone off with it. Just my luck. However, we heard him fire a shot to windward just at this time. We then started the deer in hopes some of them might run in John's direction. They scampered off in the woods and two or three of them ran along our line towards Albert and Tom who were standing at the instrument. In fact one of the stags came so close to them that they were quite scared and took to trees thinking he was going for them. Heard John fire three more shots and knew he had a deer. Just as we eat our scant allowance of a bun each and tea without sweetening, John came along with half a fine doe on his back, so we are provided for a short time with meat. Old Tom, Rody and young Will all came out cutting today in order to expedite the work. Got on fast and reached the River before evening. John saw three more deer besides the one he shot so that at last we have struck them again. They are collecting now and coming across the River in their autumnal migration southward. The country towards the Sandy River is very flat and has many extensive marshes and numerous small ponds. We struck the river about half way between Grand and Sandy Lakes, or just below a big wooded Island said to be 5 miles up stream. Had several light showers again today. I shot two pie birds in a pond

but could not get them as they stuck fast in the thick Lilly pads.

Tuesday 23rd. Beautiful fine morning. Started camps and moved out to Main River. John Stevens and I went back for canoe and came down around by Goose pond river taking all the things left at the dump with us. Just as we entered the river below first pond three deer, a stag, doe and fawn, came to cross river but on seeing us they turned tail and made back again. They were started by the other lads packing along the line, as we heard afterwards. We had not proceeded very far when they again came out and crossed just below us. I fired at the stag twice, putting both balls right through him yet he jumped ashore and up a pretty steep bank and ran a hundred yards or more through burnt woods when he stopped, staggered and fell dead. He was a young stag with small horns but a very fine animal and in splendid condition. It took us sometime to skin and cut him up. We are now well supplied for a little while, but it is wonderful how fast the meat goes. A quarter barely lasts one day when we have no other meat. We put him in the bottom of the canoe and then went after the other things. It came on to rain again just as we had the canoe loaded and continued all the rest of the day. Had a fine run down the main river although our canoe was heavily laden. We saw five more deer, one fine doe at Goose Pond and four

swimming across Little Deer Pond<sup>1312</sup> on Main River. Could easily have shot the doe and at least one or two of the others but as we had quite enough for the present, I did not fire at any of them. We got down to where the crew were camping near end of line on river about 2 P.M. pretty hungry. The other lads arrived in evening with some flour, pork, molasses etc. so we are all right for another short while. Set the men at work making rafts to go down river on as the canoes can barely take the camps and other things.

Wednesday 24th. Fine morning again. Sent the Indians down to Grand Lake with two canoe loads. Continued line across river a short distance to see what the country was like on the other side. Crossed the Telegraph line about 1/4 of a mile back. Country generally very level with marshes and low wooded ridges. I would like to run on a new line from here to outflow of Junction River from Grand Pond but our time is now too short and our stock of provisions run too low. Albert crossed the river about 4 miles below, too far down, but we will have to do with it for the present and connect the two by running down the river. The fact is the country here about offers so many routes that it would take a whole season to select the best one. In order to avoid the numerous ponds and extremely soft marshes it would be

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<sup>1312</sup>Later, owing to flooding, a portion of Sandy Lake east of The Main Brook.

necessary first to make an extensive topographical survey which would be a great guide in avoiding the latter. Came to rain again for a while but cleared up. After dinner Albert commenced measuring down the river. It blew very hard and was cold all day.

Thursday 25th. Blowing a gale and very cold and raw. Put men across river to take the telegraph line and walk down to Grand Lake while Albert, John Barrington and Noel in one canoe; John Stevens, Tom Thorburn and I in the other, took all the remaining gear and continued measurement down stream. Connected with Albert's first line about 1 mile above Grand Lake. It blew a gale on the lake with a tremendous sea on, could not attempt to cross. After getting up camps sent the men along shore with packs. We are now in the midst of the equinoctials and may be delayed here any length of time, which considering our shortness of grub makes it mighty uncomfortable. I took two views of the head of Grand Lake, but it blew too hard to get a view looking up the lake which I was in hope of doing. Everything seems against us. Albert, Tom and I went in to look at his line. I did intend to walk over it but have not now the time to do so. In coming down stream today there appeared to be several good crossing places especially at the great bend. Where our lines cross are not by any means the best places, though at the Island just above our line yesterday would answer very well. The river is wide and at

present deep but it can be easily bridged anywhere with piers. It is not affected by ice to any extent, judging from the banks and trees growing at the very water's edge, in fact sometimes in the water, showing no signs of being barked. John Stevens says the ice never rafts<sup>1313</sup> here but thaws out.

Friday 26th. Still blowing a gale from Westward, heavy sea on pond. Surf on shore roaring like ocean billows. All the pond running white horses. No chance for canoes. Sent the men on with other loads along shore and to take on what they brought yesterday as far as Junction Brook. Albert and I took the canoe and went up little steady, inside head of pond, which old Cooper the coal borer called the Kelvin. It runs along parallel with the long beach at head of lake and is only 100 yards or so inside. It is a beautiful little brook. Finally it turns sharply and runs up East through a fine piece of interval land. We crossed over at one point to the shore of the lake and walked up to mouth of Coal Brook. I had hoped all along to have had time to further examine the coal deposits on this brook, but could not do so now especially as the water is too high. I picked up several fragments of coal along shore. We had a splendid view up the Lake which would form a grand picture, especially during this storm, but I did not have the camera and in any case it blew too hard to

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<sup>1313</sup>Forms raft-like sheets, forcing ice ashore. See *DNE raft*<sup>1</sup>.

take a satisfactory view. After dinner struck camp and travelled along shore leaving the Indians behind to come on after with the canoes as soon as it moderated. Had a long tramp around head of Lake, but the going except in a few places, where there were fine sandy beaches was rough. We got over to Junction Brook and had camps all secure before dark. Had a lookout for a crossing place and decided that it would be best to bridge across the smooth water just at outlet, than further down where Albert crossed. In the first place it would be easier, though longer, the distance across here is just 8.90 chs. or say 594 feet. A bridge can be easily built on piers with short spans and the banks on either side are good; besides it would tap the lake at a navigable point, a great consideration. I think also now that a better line than Albert's could be found nearer the shore of the lake, though somewhat longer. This would be a fine location as it would come close to the shore at several places and give good view of the Lake. Wind died down towards sunset.

Saturday 27th. Dull day, canoes came at breakfast-time. Got all across river and commenced cutting line across but as it came to rain again and our grub is nearly out had to abandon the idea of cutting line through to Deer Lake. We will now take the Telegraph line and measure that across as it is too much delay to send again for grub. We cannot keep up a supply. I never came

across such a crew to eat. It would take one half of them to do nothing else but bring along grub all the time for the rest. After dinner we packed up and moved along the telegraph line halfway across, leaving canoes and most of the gear behind to be carried over the old portage and intending to come back to measure line. It was a desperate pack of over five miles, all marsh and very soft peat marsh at that. It rained all the time making it extremely miserable. We reached a wooded part of the line just in time to camp but it was a very poor place, small spruce and wet ground. But for the venison we would now be badly off again for food. Several of the crew are quite sick from eating so much meat. It is curious how it affects some people. I never was so affected myself by it. They saw an old stag this morning when we crossed the river first but had no gun at hand. Great signs of deer all along the line. The morning was very sultry and the black flies, which had disappeared for several weeks, were as busy as ever, but the afternoon was miserably cold. We all got a drenching and had to change every stitch of our clothing. This has been a wretched month all through. Almost every day has been wet and stormy. It has thrown us back terribly with our work and has had a depressing effect upon all hands. I hope there is better weather in store for us next month, otherwise I dont know how we will get through.

Sunday 28th. Miserable wet, cold day; remained in camp all day. Had to send John B. and Noel out for flour and bread; they did not get back till nearly night. Very cold at night.

Monday 29th. Dull, cold morning, distant high hills white with snow, very winterish looking. It turned out a fine day, however, only a few squalls, half rain, half snow. All hands went back to Grand Pond, the Indians to portage the canoes across; three of the other lads to bring the remaining gear along the line. Albert, Tom, Mike and I continued measuring along the line. When we reached the inside big marsh I walked down to the right to see how far the woods lay on that side where I thought the line should be located. When nearly across I saw two deer come along, a stag and a doe. The stag was a big fellow with an enormous head of horns. I was standing right out in the open marsh when I saw them coming towards me and dare not budge lest they see me. I waited till they came nearly opposite but they were too far to fire at. They then went in the woods in the direction of another little marsh below. I ran down here expecting to cut them off but whether they heard or winded me I dont know. At all events I did not see them again. I was coming back to the line across the big marsh when I saw another magnificent old stag come out of the woods to windward and leisurely walk across. I slipped back till I got in a low place

which hid me from him and then ran back across the marsh to the edge of the woods. Here I succeeded in concealing myself in a good position behind a little turfy mound with low bushes on it, right in his course. On he came quite leisurely, stopping every now and again to look about as though he scented danger. As luck would have it he came directly for the very spot where I lay concealed. I could see his horns over the bushes and they appeared enormous. At length he stepped out just in front of me not ten yards away. When he saw me he stopped. I immediately pointed my gun and fired without taking very particular aim. The ball passed right through his side about the middle of the body and so close was I that I saw it strike, saw the hole where it entered and the blood spurt out. He did not drop however, but made off as if nothing had happened for the woods. It was the old single-barrel gun I had with me and had but one other ball cartridge. The one I fired stuck fast in the breech chamber and I had a lot of trouble extracting it. I only succeeded after taking out the ejector. Then when I put in the second cartridge I could not close the gun for a considerable time. During all this delay I saw the stag walk off into the thick woods and lost sight of him. I did not believe he could go very far with such a wound but on endeavouring to trace him I found great difficulty as he was not bleeding much and there was so much fresh footing it was hard

to tell which was his. Several times I lost his trail and had to retrace my steps but by occasionally seeing the mark of blood on the twigs where he walked, I followed his very tortuous course for a long distance till I finally lost it where he crossed a little steady brook. It was now growing late and I was getting quite hungry so I had to give up the hunt and return, being greatly disgusted at losing such a fine beast. I knew he must soon lay down and die and I felt sorry I had not missed him altogether as I greatly dislike killing a deer and then losing it. On again coming across the marsh I saw a doe and fawn and soon after another grand old stag come out from the same place. I tried to get near them but they went past too quickly across. I came back again but could not succeed in getting within shot as the stag saw me. At length tired of waiting I endeavoured to get nearer but they made off and passed about a couple of hundred yards from me. I fired at the doe but the ball fell short pitching in the moss beneath her. Then they all skedaddled in a hurry. Had I the luck to have brought my own double-barrel gun I have no doubt I would have had one of them but I scarcely expected to see any deer when I left camp. I now returned to the Telegraph line and here I saw another fine doe but having only small shot left I did not lose time going after her as she was quite out on the open marsh. I found Albert had passed along with

his measurement so I pushed on, taking up a load from the dump left by John and Joe on Saturday. I caught up with the lads just as they were done dinner and was right glad to get a good cup of cocoa and piece of half-roasted venison. The other lads had brought all from the inside dump and about halfway to camp, one of them continuing on while the other two went back for the things left on the line. The marshes were fearfully heavy after the late rains, up to our knees in mud and water most of the way and the cold weather last night made the water like ice. Having a wretched pair of boots, all in holes I was, of course, miserably wet all day, my feet being like lumps of lead. My pack also was very heavy so that the walk to camp was a most arduous one. We did not reach it till just dusk. Saw another large stag on the marsh near camp. It appeared afterwards that he had been down to pay a visit to the camp and frightened the two cooks greatly, as he appeared inclined to take charge of the whole establishment. Albert and the other lads saw two more deer on their way in this morning making 9 in all seen today. This is evidently a great place for deer just now. They are coming across country from the northward, no doubt driven down from the high lands by the recent cold weather. I had not expected to see any deer at all after leaving Grand Lake.

Tuesday 30th. Beautiful, fine day though cold in morning,

froze hard last night. Albert, Mike and Tom continued measuring line. The other lads packing along to Glide Brook. I went back and rambled over the marshes looking for a deer as I believed this would be our last chance, but I saw none and returned to camp completely fagged out. Three days over these marshes in such a condition as they now are is enough to try anyone. After dinner I took a pack and went ahead to Glide Brook which crosses the line about halfway between our camp and Deer Lake. Met the lads returning and the Indians with them. I was surprised to see the latter as I did not expect them yet. The first salute we got was, I found your stag, and so it turned out. It appeared that instead of portaging by the old route across to the main Humber River as they intended, they followed up instead, a small brook from Grand Lake and then made a portage of about a mile till they struck a branch of Glide Brook down which they came and had now left the canoes on the river where our line crossed it. It was while passing down the little branch of the river they saw my stag lying dead and also saw my footing where I had passed not 20 yards from him. They skinned him and brought the head and horns with the skin attached, but said the meat was spoiled as the stomach was cut open by the ball and the carcass blown up. This, however, I do not altogether believe as they found him last evening only a few hours after I shot him, and he was still quite

warm. The truth is the lads did not want the trouble of carrying him. They saw twenty four deer themselves and killed one crossing Grand Lake with a tomahawk a very little of which they brought with them. It was the fattest meat I ever saw. I was however glad I did not altogether lose my stag especially as the horns were a magnificent set, by far the largest and heaviest head I ever killed. It was very fortunate they came that way and also very thoughtful of them to bring the head and skin intact, so that I can save it for mounting. It is also fortunate to have the canoes here for crossing Glide River which we otherwise could not accomplish owing to the strong water and deep current. Albert got his measurement up beyond the river so we will move right out to Deer Lake tomorrow.

Wednesday October 1st. Splendid fine, warm day. Moved camp out to lake, met Shaw the Operator just inside Glide Brook, going in to look for a deer. We left the line about a mile beyond the brook and took an old lumber path which led us out to the head of the lake about a mile from the station house. Here we boiled the kettle while the men went back for the rest of the things. Shaw had his boat here and we took a loan of her to get our things across while waiting for the canoes. Shaw himself came back early and gave Albert, Tom and I a passage across. He saw two deer but did not get one. Albert and Mike went back to continue measuring

along line while we put up our camps and made all snug. We are now in the land of plenty again having here in Shaw's store a barrel of jowls, pork, barrel flour, tinned meats, milk, peas, a cheese, some bacon, sugar, fish etc. I skinned my deer's head and got young Will at work cleaning it. After tea we went over to the station and Shaw gave us all the news. Had a talk over the line with Walsh of Little Bay. He gave me particulars of poor Charlie Harvey's sad death. It appears it was a case of *felo de se*.<sup>1314</sup> We were all greatly shocked to hear this, yet strange to say I had a suspicion of it, and even suggested suicide when we first heard of his drowning to account for his death. Poor fellow, I am afraid the Sewerage System was too much for his brain. Perhaps also those attacks in the Papers<sup>1315</sup> drove him to destruction. No doubt that will be the version Charlie's friends will put upon it. We also learnt that of the Delegates on French Shore question only Emerson returned. Sir Wm. and Harvey were still in England and Bond had gone to Washington.<sup>1316</sup> Walsh told us the Labrador fishery was the best for 40 years. Cheering news. Railway work

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<sup>1314</sup>Suicide.

<sup>1315</sup>For a comment on "the neglectful and dilatory way" in which "sewerage operations" were being conducted, see *Eve Tel*, Aug. 9, 1889. See also letters, Aug. 17, Aug. 30, Sept. 25.

<sup>1316</sup>A controversial and, in Newfoundland, highly unpopular "Modus Vivendi" on the French Shore was signed by France and Britain in 1890. George H. Emerson, Whiteway, Bond, and A.W. Harvey (1839-1903), member of the Legislative Council, had gone to England to put the Newfoundland case against it. Bond proceeded to Washington to attempt to negotiate a free trade agreement with the U.S.

not yet commenced. This was a very fine day for October and augurs well for the month.

Thursday October 2nd. Another very fine day blowing a good breeze quite a lop on lake. Sent two canoes ahead with loads, they could only go about 4 miles down lake to a place called Little Harbour. Shaw and I went over to Nicholls' farm on main river<sup>1317</sup> in his sail boat for potatoes etc., had a leading wind both ways and a splendid sail. This is a grand lake for yachting. Nicholls was not home himself but we got a bucket of potatoes from his wife and engaged a barrel and carcass of mutton. I also bought some stockings for Albert and myself. I got one egg from the old woman to mend my camera glass with, no gum being available anywhere here. Nicholls has a fine place and is very comfortable but does not appear to have cleared much land since last I saw him just 11 years ago. His sons, two of whom are now grown up nearly young men, appear to be too much given to hunting. They came up from the Bay yesterday and are gone to Grand Lake with some timber prospectors. One of them killed 100 beaver last fall worth about \$300. besides foxes and just what deer they liked. They have 30 sheep, a fine ox, a horse, fowl, and splendid vegetables. So they want for nothing. They say the land here is better than in Nova Scotia, also the climate not

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<sup>1317</sup>Upper Humber River.

nearly so cold in winter. Albert succeeded in measuring some two miles beyond our camp. After dinner I mended my camera glass making a good job of it. Shaw gave me a pane of clear glass which I cut with some fragments of quartz. I then stuck the broken piece of the ground glass on one side with the white of egg. It is rather dull but I can take a picture with it all right. Took one of head of lake. A man named Roach,<sup>1318</sup> a Nova Scotian lobster packer, came up from the bay to go in deer shooting. He has a magnificent magazine rifle.<sup>1319</sup> Of course he has no license. In fact, the game laws<sup>1320</sup> are a dead letter here. Shaw informs us that the slaughter last year and the year before was awful. The Indians from Hall's Bay had 30 or 40 carcasses on scaffolds near Birchy pond which they never brought out. At Deer Lake and on Grand Lake hundreds were killed by the settlers and those in October and November when the stags were unfit for food and the does in calf. It is really too bad that this should continue. Went over to Station House after tea and had a chat, got the latest news which was unimportant. Roach had a lot of Canadian and American papers. There are a lot of letters and papers for us down the bay but though several parties have come up lately none of them would oblige us by bringing our letters. We also learnt

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<sup>1318</sup>Robert G. Roach, with premises at Shoal Point.

<sup>1319</sup>A repeating rifle; shells fired automatically were stored in the magazine.

<sup>1320</sup>*Consolidated Statues* (1896), pp. 980-82.

our extra supply of provisions came by last boat. She is due again on Tuesday so I must try and get down again myself.

Nicholls is going down after some sportsman who is coming up deer shooting. This was another grand day and made up for a lot of bad weather.

Friday 3rd. Charming summer day, calm and hot nearly as warm as a July day, regular Indian summer. Moved camp some six miles down the lake to a place called Pinn's Brook. Albert measuring along line. The Indians took the things down in the canoes while the rest of our party walked along the line. It was very hot and when we reached the camping place I was glad to throw off my coat and vest and go without them all the afternoon; even then I felt too warm. Whatever little wind there was in forenoon died away and it became perfectly calm. The lake was like a mirror, yet quite a heavy swell was perceptible which rolled heavily on the shore making considerable wash. I took three views on the lake. Nicholls came in morning before we left with the potatoes and some cabbage. The former are excellent but the latter poor. He speaks in glowing terms of the soil and its capabilities and is rejoiced at the prospects of a railway coming along the lake. He says the land on both sides for at least two miles on South side with 3 or 4 on North is all good and well adapted for settlement. He would like to see settlers come here to clear it up. He says

everything, even wheat, grows better here than in Nova Scotia. Certainly this is a beautiful lake and would make an ideal site for settlement. I hope the day is not far distant when this grand desideratum will be accomplished. Our camp this time is beautifully situated near a sandy beach and is by far the nicest place we had this season. Albert succeeded in measuring up to within about a mile of the camp. He has a very sore leg where his boot has chafed it, it is now gathering. Mike also has a sore foot. They both find it hard to travel.

Saturday 4th. Dull, cool day. Wind east blowing a good breeze but fine working day. Sent Indians down lake with two canoe loads. Albert and rest of men running along line. I spent the day exploring inside Telegraph line. It is too uneven and crooked especially where it comes near the shore of the lake. Many parts of it are however very level and straight. I found that a better, straighter and shorter line with much easier gradients could be had further back near the base of the high wooded range which extends all along parallel with the lake and about 2 miles back. Another line perhaps even more level but much longer and very crooked might be had by following the shore of the lake a few chains back. I walked along the line a good distance ahead and at one point where it almost touches the shore at a great bay I went out to have a look ahead. Observed a deep

valley extending inland from South Brook inside of which is a high mountain range at foot of lake. This valley seems to point exactly in the direction the line should take for Georges Lake and St. Georges Bay. Just as we were done tea Nicholls and his son George came along bound down the bay. They were availing of the fair wind down the lake and were going on down tonight although it was very dark. They however, know the river so well they can negotiate it at any time. He brought over the carcass of mutton which weighed 59 1/2 lbs. for which he asked 7 cts. per lb. a very reasonable price. It was beautiful looking meat. His son George, the hunter, knows all the country about here well and confirmed my impression about the South Brook Valley. There is one branch of the river running westward in the direction of Georges Pond and he says that is a splendid level lead clear of all the high land about the Mouth of the Humber. But a line run through here would leave out the Bay of Islands altogether. That would be a great pity. The only alternative line is down the shore of the lake and river to the foot of the steady<sup>1321</sup> then across by a lead to Corner Brook.<sup>1322</sup> He thinks I could get up again from this brook and into George's Lake from there.

Sunday October 5th. Dull, foggy and wet all day good breeze

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<sup>1321</sup>In the Humber River, near the outlet of Steady Brook.

<sup>1322</sup>This name refers to the stream running into Humber Arm. A sawmill established at its mouth became the centre of several communities which, well after Howley's visits to the area, became Corner Brook, the community.

of Easterly wind. In camp all day, came very wet, stormy and cold in afternoon. Quite an unpleasant change from the last few days. We are very badly off for something to read now.

Monday 6th. Miserable night and morning rained in torrents during early part of night then turned to hail and finally to snow. Still wet and densely foggy this morning. Very miserable in camp. When fog cleared off saw that all the higher hills and tree tops on opposite side of the lake were quite white but as the day wore on it cleared up and the sun shone out and the snow on the lower levels soon disappeared. Albert and I spent part of the day plotting our work. After an early dinner he started off to continue the line and ran about a mile. I stayed in camp plotting. Had the day been fine we intended moving camp, but deferred it till tomorrow. Should a favourable time offer I will then proceed down to the Bay to look after things, get our mail and some more grub. I also wish to see how it is for running our line along the River side and out to Corner Brook and if there is any prospect of getting in again over the shore hills towards Georges Lake. We are all very badly off now for boots and warm clothing, especially Albert and I. I hope I will find the skin boots we ordered have come by this *Conscript*, if not I dont know how we will fare. Shaw was down to our camp during the afternoon. Last night's storm has broken the telegraph wire in one or two

places. He had to come along to repair it. The steamer is due tomorrow morning so I may just catch her. I have to write letters and pack some photos. to send on when I get down.

Tuesday 7th. Fine calm day. Moved camp down to a place below South Brook. Albert measuring line. When we got the camps all ready I started off for the bay with John Barrington and Joe Jeddore. Had a glorious time down the river which is now pretty high. Met several boats and parties of lumberers, stave cutting etc. all along the river. Got down to the Bay about 5 O'clock, very cold down here with a good lop around the shore from Brake's to Corner Brook. Reached Birchy Cove<sup>1323</sup> before dark. Found the steamer *Volunteer* had been here this morning and gone on to Bonne Bay. She is expected back about 3 O'clock tomorrow morning; greatly disappointed to find Nicholls had taken our mail and started for home. Hearing, however, that he stayed at Corner Brook I sent Joe after him to get the letters. Our skin boots which came by the steamer were at Baggs'<sup>1324</sup> store and I immediately opened the parcel to get mine out and put them on as I was nearly barefooted. What was my mortification to find that the infernal rats on board the steamer had eaten a great hole in

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<sup>1323</sup>Later Curling.

<sup>1324</sup>James H. Baggs and his brothers were pioneering businessmen in Bay of Islands. They "had a large wharf and a store on the waterfront" at Birchy Cove (Howard Brown, "A Study of the Curling Area, 1860-1920, Part II," *NQ*, 71, 4 [1975]: 22). James Baggs perished in the *Florizel* disaster of 1918. A brief obituary is in *Eve Tel*, Feb. 26, 1918.

the leg of one of mine just in the worst place above the tongue. I had to put them on as they were however. I then walked down to Petrie's<sup>1325</sup> with L. Barron<sup>1326</sup> and took lodgings for the night. Larry gave me all the latest news. Learnt that Dr. Mike came up to Bay St. George in *Volunteer* after his trip to Europe. After tea Joe came with my letters. Glad to find all well at home. Wrote home and then walked down to Baggs to post letter. A Mr. Anguin,<sup>1327</sup> wife and child who runs a lobster factory here is staying at Petrie's. Night very cold and frosty. Had a fine comfortable bed and good tea.

Wednesday 8th. Fine day. Steamer did not come till about 7 A.M. I went down aboard. Learnt Joe Francis<sup>1328</sup> 1st mate is out of her and one of the Lewises,<sup>1329</sup> pilot's son, takes his place. Can find no tidings of my valise and extra blanket or overcoat, so had to write another note about them. Steamer made but a short stay. I went back to breakfast after which I overhauled and unpacked our stores at Baggs' taking a good canoe load of flour, tea, molasses etc. After dinner decided to start for camp as it was nice and smooth to go around to mouth of river. We called at

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<sup>1325</sup>Alexander Petrie, a Nova Scotian, settled just west of Birchy Cove c. 1872. The Petrie family later opened a hostelry, and gave their name to the community around it.

<sup>1326</sup>Laurence Barron, Sub Collector in the Customs Department, Bay of Islands; surveyor of shipping.

<sup>1327</sup>William K. Anguin (Anguin). For a brief account of the Nova Scotian's business, see Brown, "A Study of the Curling Area, Part II," p. 23.

<sup>1328</sup>Fisherman residing in Grandys Brook.

<sup>1329</sup>A Holyrood family; John Lewis, d. 1922, was a master mariner.

Corner Brook where I learnt that my valise and other things had been left. As it was now growing late I sent the men on ahead with the canoe, while I walked across to Brake's to meet them. I had a tough tramp as there was no road after going a short distance and I had to get down to the seashore and clamber along the cliffs, the tide being high. Got up at last and found the lads awaiting me in a cove just beyond Brake's. It was now almost dark and we dare not venture up the river by night so decided to camp where we were for the night. Just as we were fixed away and done supper, and when we had made ourselves snug for the night, one of the inhabitants came along smoking his pipe and in the course of conversation coolly informed us we were camped right upon a graveyard where a number of persons were buried a long time ago. He even showed us some stones close by our feet which marked the grave of a very big man named Pinn. He also stated that some hunters who tried to put up here last fall had to leave the place as they could not rest nor light a fire. They were nearly scrambled<sup>1330</sup> with cold. This was very comforting information indeed. However, as the night was very cold and dark we determined to hold on, as John Barrington said, as long as we could. I got a good deal of information from this visitor about the different leads. From all I can learn the South Brook valley,

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<sup>1330</sup>Scrammed, i.e., numb.

if at all practicable, is very difficult. There is a possible lead across to Corner Brook near the Telegraph line from foot of Steady.<sup>1331</sup> But the shore line is probably really the only available one. He says after crossing Corner Brook there is a fine level lead to George's Pond.<sup>1332</sup> The night was very cold but having an extra blanket I managed nevertheless notwithstanding the graveyard to sleep pretty well.

Thursday 9th. Fine frosty morning had an early breakfast and then started off. Turned out a very fine day. We were fortunate in taking the full tide which enabled us to get over the lower rapids easily. Had a good view of the river along here and looked out our probable route. Scenery all along truly magnificent. We had some tough poling at several points especially at a place called Duncan's rock. Got up to the Steady early and had dinner near the foot of the big rapid. Pushed on again and reached the Lake<sup>1333</sup> early in the evening. Here we found our lads camped having moved down today. Albert was out on the line and is now measuring down the riverside. The Indians killed a deer since we left with their knives, swimming across the lake. On our way up we met a man named Lougard a Canadian who had been up to Grand Lake looking for timber. Stopped and had a chat with him. He

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<sup>1331</sup>The Steady, an informal name given to the section of the Humber River into which Steady Brook flows (p.c., Don Thistle).

<sup>1332</sup>Georges Lake, as above.

<sup>1333</sup>Deer Lake.

appeared a rather decent and well informed man. Made great enquiries about asbestos. He told me he found free gold<sup>1334</sup> on the Island in Deer Lake.

Friday 10th. Froze very hard last night everything white with frost this morning. Turned out a charming day, bright, calm and sunny. Albert at work measuring line down riverside. Sent the Indians with two canoe loads down to foot of steady. I walked up the line to South Brook and examined the valley to look out the best crossing which is about 1/2 a mile above the line. There is a splendid piece of interval land here near the mouth of this river. One of the lumberers named Stewart<sup>1335</sup> has a meadow cleared on it and hay house full of hay; now there is a thick growth of aftergrass testifying to the fertility of the soil. Found the line along here very favourable and requiring little change. After returning to camp and having some dinner I walked down the line some distance, found it somewhat broken and gulchy, especially where the little brooks flowing down from the mountain sides cut deep gulches through the clay and sand. Crossed several lumberers' paths and met some men hauling out logs with horses. The soil all along here is of very superior quality; rich, heavy loam and there is a considerable tract of level of this character

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<sup>1334</sup>Pure gold, occurring loose.

<sup>1335</sup>Perhaps James Stewart, contractor, of Corner Brook.

between the river and the base of the wooded hill range which extends all along parallel with the river. I went in at one place to look at this level terrace. It averages at least 1/2 or 3/4 of a mile here and is heavily timbered with fir, birch, wichhazel, spruce etc. The pine has all been cut out and nothing now remains to testify its former existence but the gigantic stumps and some dead trees of huge dimension. I measured one dead tree 12 feet round and a stump 5 feet across. There was at one time a great lot of pine here judging from the numerous stumps all of very large size. It is fir, birch and spruce they are now cutting. The line would be much better located inside on this flat not far from the base of the hills as it is not nearly so broken or uneven as out near the main river side where the Telegraph line is located, nor are the gulches of the brooks so deep and wide or so steep. Albert got through a good day's work and is now a long way down the river.

Saturday 11th. Froze desperately hard again last night. We had a long visit before returning from a lumberman named Callahan<sup>1336</sup> to whom I owed \$10.00 for boating up our things a month ago. He is a St. John's man but has been living here about 20 years. He gave me a good deal of information about the country here and the various leads, but I find no two of these people

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<sup>1336</sup>Patrick Callahan is recorded in Bay of Islands in 1871.

agree on every point. Callahan says Fisher<sup>1337</sup> is now doing very well with the Mill and making money fast. He cannot supply the demand for his lumber. He sends all his No. 1 to Halifax where he gets good prices for it. They obtain most of their pine now up Willow Steady Brook, the name they give the main Humber River above Junction Brook. Callahan confirmed the story that one cargo of lumber sent by Tupper<sup>1338</sup> actually realized \$80.00 per 1,000 feet. But it was a picked cargo every board being 3 feet and more wide free from knots or flaws, and clean beautiful board. He also told us that they got 3,000 feet of board out of one pine, but the average now is not more than about 1500 feet or 500 per log. Today turned out a still more charming one than yesterday. We moved camp down to Steady Brook. I went with John Stevens in big canoe. Had a splendid time down the river. It was very cold at first but as the sun gained power it turned out warm and dead calm. I availed of it to take a few photos on our way down and after we got our camps up I took some more. I then went up to the fall on Steady Brook; seen partly from the main river it is about 3/4 of a mile back and is a stupendous jump of at least 100 feet down from the mountain side. I unfortunately got astray in the thick woods going up and when I reached the proper place on a

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<sup>1337</sup>Christopher Fisher (d. 1927), Nova Scotian, owner of sawmill at Corner Brook; pioneer settler.

<sup>1338</sup>John Tupper, manager of the mill at Corner Brook prior to 1880, when he drowned; Fisher then became manager and, shortly after, owner.

ridge opposite the fall to take my picture it was just sunset and already too dull. I hope to get another chance at it before I leave. I do not feel at all well today having much pain<sup>1339</sup> and no appetite. I suppose the cold and wet lately has had something to do with it. Albert nearly reached opposite the camp with his measurement. We will follow the telegraph line about a mile and a half further to Duncans Rock Brook<sup>1340</sup> but here it mounts a very steep broken mountain and we will have to abandon it. Two routes then present themselves, one close along the River Bank,<sup>1341</sup> the other up a ravine leading towards Corner Brook. The former will be crooked longer, and at one point where the hills fall steeply to the river, pretty difficult to get around. The latter will require a steep grade and very sharp curve, nearly a right angle. Came to blow and looked threatening towards night, but milder. Wind S.E.

Sunday October 12th. Miserable cold wet stormy day. Tom Thorburn went out last night with some lumberers in their boat to post a letter to his mother and get some extra clothing out of his bag. I walked down the line to have a look at the different routes. Found the valley where I was told I might get through too steep. It rose 500 feet in 1400 steps so I have to abandon that

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<sup>1339</sup>"in the stomach" ("Journal").

<sup>1340</sup>Duncan Brook.

<sup>1341</sup>The bank of the Humber.

and now there is but one solitary line open to us, that along the river bank. I felt very sick and quamsish all day, could scarcely walk. Tom Thorburn returned just at dark by the telegraph line and had a lot of news. He brought Albert's skin boots but what was the latter's vexation on finding they were not a pair at all but both for one foot. He was mad enough to shoot Barnes the chap at Monroe's<sup>1342</sup> who sent them. It is really too bad considering he is actually barefooted and has not a thing to put on his feet and in such weather as this when the water is icy cold and every place is so wet. It blew a gale all the afternoon and was very cold and raw and finally began to rain hard. Our camp is in a very exposed place and we were miserably cold as we could not keep on a good fire it smoked so badly. I was greatly disappointed today in not being able to get some views of the river. This is the most grandly picturesque part of the Humber, every bend and turn presents a grand picture. I was astonished to find today that an immense dirty looking gray cliff which towers above the river below our camps and comes right out to the bank at one place was all composed of massive white and variegated marble. I had no idea the marble was so extensive here. This great mass extends along the river a considerable distance and forms gigantic cliffs on opposite side, of which the highest is

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<sup>1342</sup>Footwear dealers in St. John's.

called the Devil's Dancing Head. Opposite this on our side (S.S.)<sup>1343</sup> the marble cliffs are undermined for some distance by the action of the river and it is considered a very dangerous place especially when the water is high. This is the Devil's Dancing Point.<sup>1344</sup> There is a dangerous backtide here which has to be avoided. There exists a tradition to the effect that once a Man o' war boat and crew were overturned here and swept boat and all under the cliff and never seen since.

Monday 13th. Miserable, wet, cold, stormy day. Very disagreeable. Cleared up for a time at midday, went to work, Albert still measuring along telegraph line. I went down to the point where we must leave that line and started a new line alongside the hill facing the river. Had not gone far when it came on wet again and very cold, in fact the rain was half snow. Had to give up the work as it was impossible to do anything. This miserable weather throws us back very much in our work and is very wretched indeed.

Tuesday 14th. Still dull, cold but somewhat calmer and finer than yesterday. Albert went on measuring while we moved camp some distance down the river. After dinner continued line along shore. Met with one very bad spot near Shell Bird Island where the

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<sup>1343</sup>South side.

<sup>1344</sup>Dancing Point.

projecting cliff comes out to the river almost perpendicularly and is composed of loose slate rock. Had great difficulty in getting around this point. It will require a rock cut of 30 or 40 feet and a considerable curve to get around this point but the distance is quite short not more than 50 or 60 yards. The rock is a loose rotten mica schist and can be easily quarried away, but I think on the whole it would be better to keep a little in so as to lessen the curve and then tunnel the hill. Either one or the other must be done as there is no other way to bring a line along here. Beyond this cliff we soon found a fine level piece of ground and there are no more cliffs between this and the mouth of the river; we now began to rise gradually so as to gain sufficient elevation to get up out of the river bank and over a steep sidelong hill down near Brake's landing.

Wednesday 15th. Tolerably fine but dull and misty at times. Albert continuing line. I went up to Telegraph line and followed it nearly out to Corner Brook to see what the prospects were for getting over the hills and across by the outside valley near Brake's to the latter River. I then walked back up this valley and down again to the cove near Brake's where we camped on the graveyard. This is a good route for a line across to Corner Brook but the rise from the main river to head of valley is short and steep. I fear we will scarcely be able to gain sufficient height

to take it. I had a desperate tramp back through burnt woods then down to the water and had to wade along shore till I reached the cliffs. Here I would have been stuck as the tide was high. Fortunately a boat came along and gave me a lift up some distance over the worst part. I then went looking for Albert and found him after a while. He had run straight ahead since morning and had mounted over a tremendous steep hill. I was awfully vexed to think he should have so little judgment to run up the side of the mountain but he pleaded that I told him to keep straight on. I meant only to do so as long as the line continued to rise gradually. He should have known I was trying to keep a regular easy ascent and only last night we talked the matter over when I made a drawing showing him what I intended doing. Of course when I left this morning I expected to be back before he got very far ahead. I had now to call them all back, abandon the whole morning's work and begin again almost from the start. We now ran along the sideling<sup>1345</sup> hill gradually rising all the time and following a kind of bench not far back from the river side. This bench turned outward all the time and finally rose to a considerable height over the river, forming the steep high bank before mentioned. The top of this bank being level I wished to gain it so as to avoid the steep sideling. Had a hard tramp back

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<sup>1345</sup>Steeply sloping; see *DNE sideling*.

to camp as the line is very rough; full of windfalls, stumps, etc. one or two deep gulches with little brooks and the dangerous cliff near camp to get around. Did not get back till dark. The days are now so short especially the evenings that we can get but little work done.

Thursday 16th. Still dull and cool but tolerably fine. Albert continues line. I went up Telegraph line and got two good views, one looking up the valley of the river and one down. Barely succeeded when it came on to rain. I then went out on the line and reached the lads just as they were done dinner. It was showery all the afternoon which made the bushes miserably wet, yet we got through a good day's work. Hard time again getting back to camp, especially around the cliff. It was well dark when we arrived home.

Friday 17th. Somewhat finer, kept on line and got up on level bank near Brake's. Here we found a fine level or plateau above river. There are many wood paths leading out to bank over which the settlers throw their logs, also several cattle and sheep paths all around. Found by aneroid the bank here which is all gravel and clay just 180 feet above H.W.M.<sup>1346</sup> In coming home this evening some of us took the riverside and as the tide was pretty low we got along a good way but had to take to the woods

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<sup>1346</sup>High-water mark.

again and get back to the line. We however escaped a good deal of the worst part of it. It was again quite late when we reached camp.

Saturday 18th. Somewhat finer but cold. Albert went on with line. We moved all with canoes down to mouth of river, landed in the cove where the graveyard is situated being the only place here at all suitable to camp but as we did not relish the idea of camping exactly on the graves and there was no where else near the shore we had to climb a steep hill and even then could barely find sufficient level space to camp upon, besides the place was so encumbered with rubbish, fallen timber, tops and roots, stumps etc. it took us half the day to clear it away. In the meantime Albert passed close near with the line. I walked up to the top of the rise where I intended to take the valley mentioned before but found it so much above our line, 170 feet, and the distance so short to rise in that I had to abandon the idea of going that way. We will have to keep out around the shore all the way.

Sunday 19th. Very cold last night. Froze quite hard but turned out a beautiful sunny day, the finest for a long time. Albert started off early for Birchy Cove to get a pair of boots. He is quite barefooted now. Tom, Joe and Noel went down later on in the canoe. I remained in camp reading and writing. Cut a very large Whitewood for a specimen for Museum, by far the largest I

ever saw. Had a great many visitors today. After dinner John Stevens and I went up the river some distance in canoe to take some views. Got three good ones. I then took a walk over towards Corner Brook to see how the land lay outside. Albert and Tom were back in camp when I returned. Albert had a telegram for me from Mr. Long<sup>1347</sup> about my bag. I thought it might be from Col. Secretary Bond. After tea we all wrote our letters as the Volunteer is expected early on tomorrow evening.

Monday 20th. Very cold last night, froze very hard. Turned out a splendid day however, calm and bright. Continued our line around the head between Main river and Corner Brook, found fine sideling ground which gives an easy grade with long sweep around. Splendid location as it looks all over the Humber Arm all the way, but towards Corner Brook I anticipate much difficulty. Had a nasty tramp back to camp by a track cut for a road, very wet and muddy. Steamer did not arrive till about 7 O'clock. She will be back from Bonne Bay about 11 tomorrow so I must go down in morning to post letters.

Tuesday 21st. Cold, northerly wind with squalls of snow desperately cold last night again froze very hard. Packed up to move camp around to Corner Brook while I started off to walk down to Birchy Cove. Had a beastly tramp along the path till I reached

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<sup>1347</sup>Thomas Long.

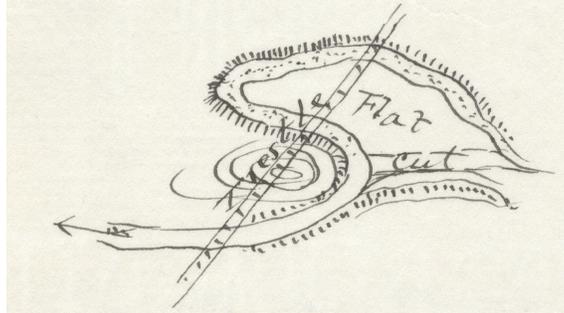
the new piece of road which was fairly good for about a mile beyond the Mill.<sup>1348</sup> The road down the shore to Birchy Cove is pretty good though very hilly. I got down about 10.30 and the steamer did not get in for an hour after. Posted my letters and got a few requisites. Found the steamer had to go up to Corner Brook to take in some lumber and a spar so I walked back again. Went aboard and saw the Captain and a few passengers I knew. Capt. Delaney invited me down to dinner. They were all done except the stewards so I had a nice dinner with them. Good soup, Roast beef, potatoes, turnips and rice pudding and a cup of tea which I throughly enjoyed. I found our fellows camped about 1/2 a mile above the Mill on S.S. River, very good place. Albert was off at work so I went out to meet him and direct the line so as to pass around the hill near Corner Brook and get in to the valley behind. This is where I expect to have the trouble to find a feasible route. Steamer did not leave Corner Brook till about 3 O'clock. She then called at Baggs' wharf for the mail and steamed out the Arm about an hour before dark. I was wishing I was on board bound for home. She is likely to have a fine time and I am pretty sick of this work especially as it is now getting so cold. Will make a desperate effort to be ready by next boat. Dreadfully cold coming on night.

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<sup>1348</sup>Fisher's sawmill.

Wednesday 22nd. Awfully cold last night, everything frozen up, wet places quite solid and able to bear one's weight this morning. Turned out a charming day however. Men all at work on line. I did some exploring first in the morning, looked out a crossing place on river and walked up valley leading in the direction of George's Pond. It seems a favourable grade. I then went to meet Albert and direct his movements. It was all plain sailing till we reached the turn in between a bare rocky knob to the valley behind; thought to cross this valley where we entered it but found the grade too steep so had to make a long detour, first to try the inner side of the ridge we crossed and run up the valley on a sideling hill, then sweep around with a pretty sharp curve and gain the opposite side, then back again to Corner Brook. Here we met an altogether unlooked for difficulty. The only place to cross being where the river makes two sharp bends like an S; after looking in vain for a better crossing I had no alternative but to follow the route at first selected which crosses the river three times within a quarter of a mile. Even this would not be so bad were the banks on either side nearly about the same level but instead the central tongue is a low flat many feet below the level of the other banks. In fact the tops of tall trees growing on this flat barely reach the level of the banks above. There is nothing for it but to build a trestle work

over the whole bend which is pretty wide. It would however, be quite feasible to alter the course of the river in two places and then fill in the gulch, but it would take an enormous amount of material. This might be illustrated thus:



The line around this valley and across the river is very like the curve at N. Arm,<sup>1349</sup> Holyrood.

Thursday 23rd. Very cold last night everything covered with hoar frost this morning. Turned out a beautiful, fine day. Running line up valley south side Corner Brook, towards George's Pond. Found a pretty good line though rather steep in some places.

Friday 24th. Another awfully cold night everything frozen up. Marshes all hard enough to walk upon. Turned out a magnificent sunny day. Got a good way up valley. After dinner Noel, young Will and I went up to Baggs for a fresh supply of provisions previous to moving camp.

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<sup>1349</sup>North Arm.

Saturday 25th. Somewhat milder last night. Thawing today. Men took a pack each into end of line this morning. John Barrington, Joe Jeddore and myself went up to Baggs with the two canoes and all the gear we intend to leave behind as we will move camp on Monday and have no further use for the canoes unless indeed we could have them at George's Pond, but that is out of the question, the distance to carry them being too great. Were it earlier in the season I would send them around to St. George's Bay and have them brought up Harry's Brook. It is too late now as we intend making a desperate effort to get through in time to catch the boat after next. After dinner John and Joe took a load each in to dump and I walked in to end of line. Albert had just crossed the little brook, Bell's Brook, the valley of which we have been following. I found the rise to this over 500 feet above H.W.M. but we will lessen this nearly 100 feet by crossing Corner Brook higher up above Telegraph line; even this will give a very steep grade of fully 160 or 170 feet to the mile. I dont see how it can be much improved upon as we have taken the lowest lead and there is really no other valley here about we could possibly take. Perhaps by making a terminus outside Corner Brook on shore it might be much improved and I expect this is what will have to be done. I walked a little beyond end of line and found a fine level lead with several marshes.

Sunday 26th. Beautiful, calm day very much milder. Tom Thorburn and I went across to Sunny side<sup>1350</sup> to hear mass with some of the Corner Brook folk. Saw Father Brown<sup>1351</sup> for the first time. He is a fine young priest, tall, well built with black hair and heavy eyebrows, slightly pockmarked. He invited us into his house and was very kind. Gave us a prominent seat in the little Chapel which is quite a nice little church. Had high Mass and a rather long sermon. After Mass I kept clear of Father Brown lest he should detain me and got a passage back with one Gushue a Frenchman. People at Corner Bk. all very kind especially one Norman Messer and his wife, who is a St. John's woman. She sends us fresh milk and butter every other day and invited me to tea tonight which I of course accepted. They are very comfortable and we had quite a nice tea. Mrs Messer was exceedingly kind I suppose on account of our being townies. She had great commiseration for us out in camp these frosty nights and wanted her husband to invite me over to stay while I was here but I told her if I slept in a house now I would surely be laid up. Albert walked down to Birchy Cove this morning and went to Church. Tom also went down in evening to look for letters by the *Harlaw* which arrived just as we were returning from Mass. Not nearly so cold

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<sup>1350</sup>Summerside.

<sup>1351</sup>Patrick W. Browne (1864-1937).

tonight. I am afraid our fine weather is nearly at an end again. Looks for rain or snow. Would much prefer the frost and fine days as we get along faster with our work.

Monday 27th. Dull, mild day. Moved camp to end of line. It took us nearly all day to get all our things in and camps properly fixed, the days are now so very short. The pack in being all up hill was very heavy. We felt it all the more not having done any packing since we arrived at Deer Lake. Albert and I tried a new dodge this time by getting two logs, one for the foot and one for the back of our camp upon which we first laid a platform of small sticks lengthways then a thick coating of bows<sup>1352</sup> with our deerskins and waterproof<sup>1353</sup> over all. It works well, although rather hard but has quite a spring like a wire mattress, and keeps us off the cold ground, a great consideration at this season of the year. We succeeded in cutting about 1/4 of a mile of line during the afternoon.

Tuesday 28th. Dull, wet day. Alternate showers and sunshine very disagreeable. Rained a good deal during night. Continued line westward. I went ahead to see how the land lay. Saw a deer close to end of our line but not having my gun loaded she was off before I could get a shot. I found a lead of marshes running in

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<sup>1352</sup>I.e., boughs.

<sup>1353</sup>Rainwear.

the direction of the Telegraph line from Birchy Cove to George's Pond. This line is about a mile distant in a straight line, but our course will not strike it for at least two miles. I walked out to the line and followed it some distance. It runs over pretty hilly ground where we will strike it. A stout brook, Cook's Brook, crosses it not far from where I broke out. From the valley of this brook a very steep long hill presents itself with a considerable fall again on opposite side. This precludes the idea of utilizing this portion of the line. Came to rain hard in afternoon; very wet and miserable. All hands drenched when we reached camp.

Wednesday 29th. Still wet and miserable all day. Went on with line and did a fair day's work. I had another stroll ahead and followed Telegraph line a considerable distance southwestward, passed another stout brook flowing S.W., believe it to be St. George's Pond<sup>1354</sup> water. Judging from the course of this river and the valley it flows through I believe it to be the same which flows into the big cove on N.S.<sup>1355</sup> George's Pond. If so we will follow this valley as the most direct route. After striking the Telegraph line we will have to cross it first, swing around the steep hill near Cook's Pond,<sup>1356</sup> then turn up again to

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<sup>1354</sup>Little St. George Pond.

<sup>1355</sup>North side.

<sup>1356</sup>Big Cooks Pond.

the line, part of which we can utilize as far as the St. George's<sup>1357</sup> waters, then take the latter valley. I find we are keeping altogether too high up on the hill side and regret very much now we did not follow the lead of marshes further ahead. Commenced to cut down at right angles till we reach a lower level. As we crossed Cook's Brook at a very bad place where it forms a deep gulch. Miserably wet all day. Late getting home to camp and all drenched; wretched weather this week, a great contrast to last.

Thursday 30th. Pouring rain all forenoon, cold raw and miserable, did not go to work. After dinner cleared off a little sent men ahead with load. I commenced cutting portage road along lead of marshes as being much better and shorter route to pack along. *Volunteer* should leave today. No hope of catching her this time. Indeed it will be tight work to do so next trip unless the weather greatly improves.

Friday 31st. Still dull and blowing with wet snow, but finer than yesterday. Men took loads along this morning and continued cutting down at R L's<sup>1358</sup> from end of line towards Cook's Brook. The two Johns continued my portage path out to Telegraph line where we fell about 150 feet. I then ran west again same course

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<sup>1357</sup>An earlier name for Georges Lake.

<sup>1358</sup>Right angles.

as before. Crossed the Telegraph line and continued around the hill on easy grade so as to reach the level on opposite side where there is a big marsh. Did not get much done today owing to the shortness of working hours, the distance to travel back and forth and the heavy cutting all through heavy timber. Some very fine fir, spruce and birch here and apparently very fair soil.

Saturday November 1st. On getting up this morning found it snowing fast, ground all covered; regular winter's day. Packed up all and moved camp. After reaching Telegraph line continued on till we reached the place where the St. George's Bay waters cross. It was a long pack and as it continued to snow heavily all the time was very trying, the walking along the line being very laborious. Were all wet and very miserable when we reached our camping place, but after a while got our camps all up and good fires started; we were soon tolerably comfortable. After dinner the men went back for the remainder of the grub. I took the gun and had a walk along the line. It was exceedingly heavy and tiresome there being fully a foot of soft wet snow slush and mud. I came across one partridge and shot it. A fine bird very white for the season betokening an early winter. I hope it will keep off a little longer so as to enable us to get through. It will be a pity now should we have to give up. The trees are all heavily laden with snow and constantly dripping, making it very

uncomfortable for cutting. I hope ere Monday it will all melt as otherwise it will be awful on the men cutting.

Sunday November 2nd. Rather a fine day, snow melting fast but still very winterish looking and awfully wet both overhead and under foot. We are camped in a very tant<sup>1359</sup> woods chiefly fir and the constant dripping of the trees is very disagreeable. Remained all day in camp reading and writing. Had some few showers of hail during day.

Monday 3rd. Raining hard all forenoon snow nearly all gone again, could not work till after dinner when it cleared off a little. We then went back and ran a picket line around base of hill towards our line of Friday. Still wet and very disagreeable, but cleared off fine towards sunset.

Tuesday 4th. Tolerably fine day, ground very wet, continued line connected with yesterday's work, then measured across marsh and along Telegraph line to brook near camp. Here we struck off again to right and down course of river. Did good day's work. Heard *Volunteer's* whistle today.

Wednesday 5th. Froze again last night and had a little snow. Finding our grub again running short had to send three of the Indians out for more flour, meat and butter. John Stevens and I went ahead to see how the land lay while Albert with rest of crew

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<sup>1359</sup>Tall, slender, straight; see *DNE tant*.

continued the line. John and I walked along the telegraph line some 5 miles, we then climbed up a steep ridge,<sup>1360</sup> bare on top from which we had a good view all around. Little George's Pond lay under us to left and Big George's Pond appeared all plain to right. Found the best line to take, lay inside to Westward of this bare ridge where a valley runs out to the big cove, North side George's Pond. We passed another large pond<sup>1361</sup> on our way which the Telegraph line skirts on S side. Our line should take the north side then follow the valley around westward so as to get inside the bare hill range. It is a good distance yet to George's Pond, at least six miles and it is very doubtful whether we can get through in time to catch the next steamer. We must try it however as in any case our grub will then be all used up and we must go home. This ridge is the same I ascended in 1873 when I surveyed Harry's Brook and George's Pond and we saw the pile of stones and stick I then set up as a mark. It was desperately cold on the hill and freezing hard all day up here. When I had studied out our route we made tracks for home. The pond near the line appears to be on the coal river, or (Serpentine River) the valley of which was plainly visible cutting through between the Blow-mi-don and Lewis Hill Ranges. All these and the high ranges to the

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<sup>1360</sup>Stag Hill.

<sup>1361</sup>Big Cooks Pond?

north of Bay of Islands and towards Grand Lake were covered with snow looking very winterish. We got back to camp just about sunset. The other men from Birchy Cove arrived shortly after with the grub and some papers but no letters. Saw no more deer or any game of any kind.

Thursday 6th. Fine day cold and bright. Had to change part of the line Albert ran yesterday as we found the pond we were approaching which we supposed to flow west into the other lake really emptied out towards Bay of Islands by a big brook to a pond; crossing this river, ran on straight across inflowing brook and along South side of Pond. Blew hard all day and rained a little, turning to snow.

Friday 7th. Fine day again. Continued our line and reached the next pond, crossing the river flowing from it a little below the lake and then taking the north side. Our line these two days is very good and nearly level. I see now that it would be still better located by following the Telegraph line about 30 chs. beyond our camp and then taking the south side of the valley of the brook, this making only one crossing.

Saturday 8th. Blowing a gale all night and today from S.W. but very mild and warm like summer weather. Moved camp to end of line and got all in by dinner-time. Then continued line along side of lake, fine and level all the way. Blew very strong all

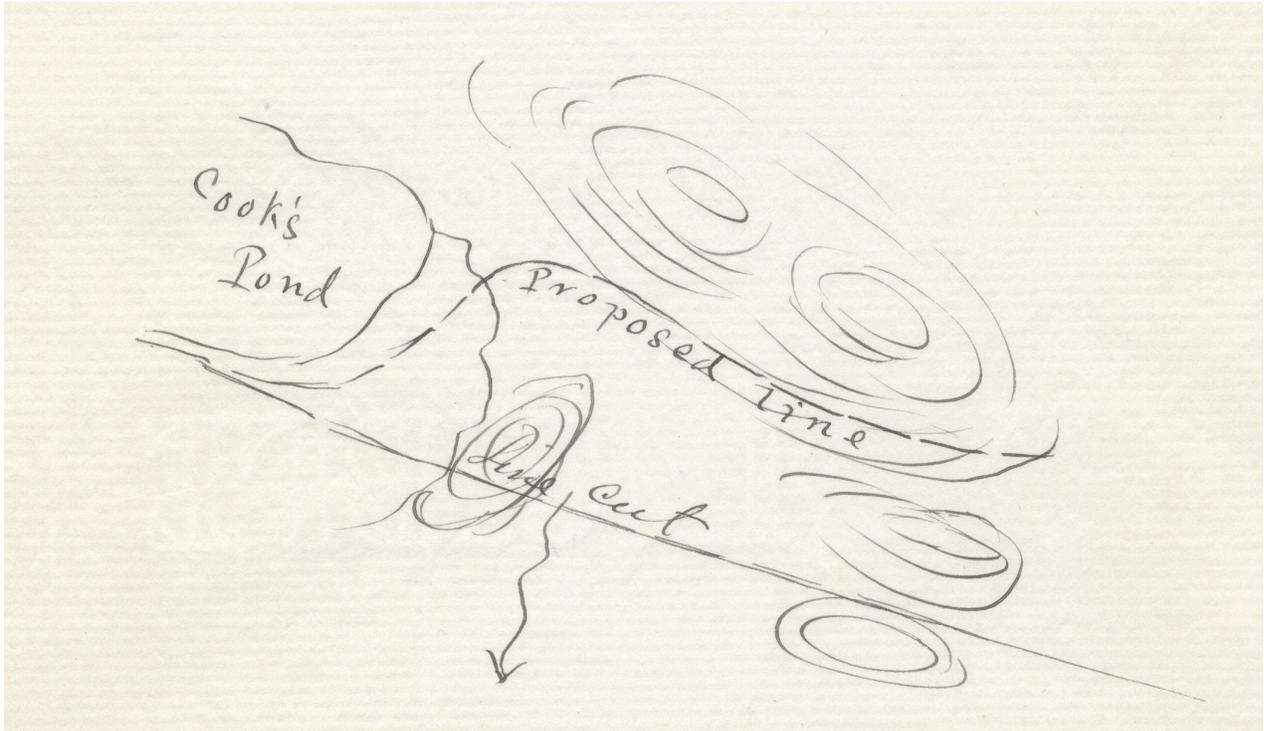
the afternoon. Came to rain just as we got back to camp.

Sunday 9th. Wind changed during night to N.W. and became very cold, froze hard and snowed a little but turned out a fine, bright, sunny day.

Monday 10th. Miserable day. Heavy fall of soft snow. Very wet and disagreeable. Continued line all day turning more westward to gain side of bare Hill Range.

Tuesday 11th. Still stormy but finer. Froze a little towards morning. Sent John Stevens and Joe out to Bay of Islands for more grub as we have not quite enough to last till end of week when we intend giving up. I shall start on Friday D.V. with the two Johns to walk to St. George's Bay. Albert continuing the line till same evening or perhaps Saturday. We hope by that time to reach George's Pond. He will then pack back again to Bay of Islands in all haste to catch the *Volunteer* which leaves on Thursday and should be back from Bonne Bay about Tuesday night or Wednesday morning. It will be tight work enough to do it. We did a good day's cutting but towards evening found we had to go down a very steep ravine to cross a brook running west supposed to be Coal River. This part of the line will not answer at all. I walked back, followed up the brook in question, then found a level lead back to the brook crossed yesterday, which latter flows into head of Cook's Pond. This would be the proper location for the line,

or rather it should cross this latter river near the Pond and then take the base of the hill range and rise gradually to summit



thus.

Had a good tramp back to camp this evening. John and Joe not arrived yet.

Wednesday 12th. Middling fine winter's day good deal of snow down now, with squalls all day. Intended moving camp today had John and Joe been in but they did not turn up till dinner-time. We all went off to work and had a heavy day's cutting up slope on S. side Coal River. Reached summit before leaving off. It rises about 300 feet above river. Desperate long heavy tramp back to

camp in evening. Did not reach it till long after dark. Had to use birch rind torches to see our way along.

Thursday 13th. Still dull and squally a good deal of snow falling. Mike Cole very sick during the night with violent headache and vomiting. They did not tell me about it and I only learnt of his being so ill when I got up. He was then asleep and apparently much better. Would have moved camp today but for his illness. I went to see him twice before going out to work but as he still slept I did not think it adviseable to disturb him, knowing he had a poor night's rest. I then ordered young Will to make in a good fire before his camp and gave Tom Ebbs and Rody some sage and a good stiff horn of brandy to be given him hot as soon as he awoke believing he had only contracted a heavy cold and that rest and the hot brandy would bring him around all right. Never for a moment anticipating anything serious, I then went off after the rest of the men who had gone to work. We had a long tramp to end of line and at dinner-time found we were going too much West for George's Pond, and over a very bad route. We therefore commenced again from last evening's cutting. Took another course which proved much better. We did not get far however, owing to the shortness of the evening and distance from camp. However we could easily see the hills over George's Pond from where we left off. I think another day's cutting would bring

us through. Saw several fresh deer tracks in the snow today and I started a fine black duck but had no gun. We had a desperate tramp back to camp, I took my time and was of course left miles behind the rest of the lads. It soon became very dark and at length I missed the line. I now endeavoured to light a torch but the bark was wet and matches all damp so I did not succeed. I had then to make the best of my way in the dark through fallen timber, thick undergrowth etc. I greatly feared I was out for the night which under the circumstances would have been anything but pleasant. No matches, no fire, and nothing to eat, ground and bushes all wet and loaded with snow and all my clothes saturated with snow and water etc. After a long while I had the good fortune to fall once more into our line but even then it was no easy matter to keep it in the dark. At first I went the wrong way for a time. However by carefully feeling my way along by the stumps every now and again to assure myself I was all right I at length reached camp just as John and Joe were coming out with torches to look for me. I was completely played out by this time but when they told me that poor Mike Cole was dead I never felt so bad in my life. Could it be possible that he who was so well and lively and in such excellent spirits yesterday and whom I left apparently sleeping so quietly this morning was indeed no more? Alas! it was to be true. The poor fellow died about 4 P.M.

never having rallied. He appeared to sleep away not wishing to be disturbed till he entered upon his final sleep. It is terrible to contemplate, and his poor wife and children, what is to become of them without their breadwinner? His death threw an awful gloom over us all. A death here in our midst away in the far woods. Death is bad enough at home surrounded by one's friends but here in the forest far from civilization and with such gloomy surroundings amongst strangers. Oh, it was dreadful. It fell like a pall over us all. The poor fellow was taken off very quickly and we were all greatly frightened lest it might be anything of a contagious nature. I would not let the other men sleep in the camp he died in. We will now have to abandon the survey so nearly accomplished and try to get the poor fellow's body out. This will be very difficult we are so far in and the travelling is now so very bad. Rody and Tom washed and dressed the poor fellow and we then had his body laid outside wrapped in a tarpaulin in the cold so that it might get frozen as the best way to preserve it. All the men appear stupefied and dead silence reigns in the camp tonight.

Friday 14th. Weather somewhat milder this morning. Albert, John Barrington and George went to end of line to bring back instruments, axes etc. John Stevens and Noel built a raft to carry body across Cook's Pond to Telegraph line as it would be

impossible to bring it along our line it is so heavy. Joe and I went out to Bay of Island to procure a sled and make arrangements for getting out corpse. The other lads began packing out the spare gear. We had a fearful tramp along the Telegraph line. It was very soft and muddy and the soft snow made it ten times worse. We did not get out till about 3 O'clock. I went down to Petrie's changed my wet clothes and had a wash. I then went to the Telegraph Office and sent a message to Father P. O'Donnell to acquaint poor Cole's friends with the sad news of his death. I told him I would try and get the body home but I find the Volunteer did not leave on Thursday and is not to leave till tomorrow. So I expect we will have to give up that idea. Learnt of Foxe's election over Scott<sup>1362</sup> by a large majority. Also learnt that French Shore question is in a fair way to be settled at last by cession of Gambia and repeal of our Bait Act to France.<sup>1363</sup> Looked about for a hand sled but found it hard to get one as the people here have done away with their dogs and consequently the sleds are now of little use to them.

Saturday 15th. Snowed a good deal during night which is all the better for us now. Obtained loan of a sled from Mr. Conway

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<sup>1362</sup>James P. Fox (1860-99) defeated Patrick J. Scott in a by-election for the House of Assembly, in St. John's on November 6 (*Eve Tel*, Nov. 8, 1890).

<sup>1363</sup>Rumours of a solution to the French Shore question, reported in St. John's papers in 1890 (see *Eve Tel*, Oct. 28, Nov. 5, 10, 1890) were unfounded. For the Bait Act, whose main aim was to prevent the export of bait to the French fleet, see n. 1118.

and sent Joe in with it. Gave order to James Allan<sup>1364</sup> for a coffin and decided to bury body here. Everyone advised me to do so. Chances are *Volunteer* would not take it home. In any case owing to the delay it would be nearly a month before it would reach his home in Colliers, Conception Bay, and as there is no way of preserving the body properly here, and the prospects of the weather turning mild it would I believe, be very injudicious to try it. It blew so hard all day, I could not get across the Arm to see Father and make arrangements about the funeral. Tom Thorburn and Noel both came out today sick. This frightened me greatly especially as they also reported George Moore<sup>1365</sup> as being sick the night before. I began to fear an epidemic in which case of course we could get no lodgings here and would be in a wretched plight indeed. Tom informed me that the men had the body across the Pond and some short distance along the Telegraph line and had moved camp today out to our last camping place on that line. Joe got in by dinner-time with the sled so they will now get along better especially as they have plenty of time. Allan had the coffin all ready by evening and I got him to engage four men to carry it in tomorrow.

Sunday 16th. Cold, calm day. Went over in L. Barron's boat

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<sup>1364</sup>James J. Allen and his son James were blacksmiths.

<sup>1365</sup>Likely a member of Albert's crew.

to Mass. Saw Father Brown after and made all arrangements with him for the funeral. He will come over as soon as we have the body out and read the burial service. Albert came out in evening; the men have the body within about 3 miles of the shore and will probably get it out tomorrow or early Tuesday. They are all well but short of grub. We are sending some into them the first thing in the morning. I wish they were all safely out now as it is very cold and miserable and winterish. I hear there was another sad accident in Bay St. George lately by which three poor fellows lost their lives by the capsizing of their boat. One of them belonged here. Father Brown referred to them in a most feeling manner today. I also got him to ask the prayers of the congregation for poor Mike Cole and asked him to say a Mass for the repose of his soul. We are very comfortable at Petrie's and the fare is quite good for an outharbour. Petrie himself is quite a jolly fellow. L. Barron stays here, also a Mr. Anguin who has Petrie's shop hired and carries on a lobster packing business. There is here just now an American gentleman named Proctor from Gloucester. He represents one of the large fishing firms there, one of whose schooners is in the Bay looking for a cargo of herring. He came here to see if a business in frozen herring could be worked up but it appears the risk of staying too late and getting frozen in for the winter is too great. Herring are

plentiful outside but have not yet struck into the Arm.

Monday 17th. Fine day had some more snow. Men all came out this evening with their packs. Have the body within about 1 1/2 miles. I was glad to have them all out and comfortably housed. We had great difficulty in getting anyone to take them in, I believe the people are quite scared of us.

Tuesday 18th. Still fine and calm but winterish. Old Tom Ebbs quite sick last night gave us another fright. I believe however it was all owing to a heavy supper of fresh pork at Allan's.

Men succeeded in getting body out by dinner-time and lodged it in the new chapel partly built, on this side the Arm near Petrie's. We then sent across for Father Brown. It was late when he got over and we had barely sufficient light to bury the poor fellow. Father Brown first read the prayers for the dead over him in the Chapel. We then carried him to the cemetery close near and here Father Brown in his surplice walked before reciting prayers all the way. At the grave side he read the last prayers and then the coffin was lowered into it. He threw three shovelfuls of earth on it. Then he sung the Dies irae and other hymns while the grave was being filled in never ceasing till the last shovelful of earth was thrown over it. I never witnessed such an impressive burial service. We were all greatly affected. All our men

attended the funeral as well as several of the people of the place, amongst others Judge Lilly and Mr. Petrie. Poor Mike, he is at all events well buried and it is to be hoped all is well with him in the next world. I do not believe he has much to answer for. He was a good living man. I never heard him curse or swear or yet grumble at his work. May he rest in peace. He is laid besides another stranger, Captain Power's son<sup>1366</sup> who died here of Diptheria last fall. I told Father Brown that I selected this spot on that account and that it should be called the stranger's plot. He appeared to approve of my suggestion. We all felt as if a great load had been lifted off our minds to know that we had now done all that we could do for him on this earth and that the poor fellow's remains were decently buried. I then walked up to the Telegraph Office with Father Brown and had a talk over the line with Dr. Mike at Sandy Point. He already knew of poor Cole's death. He is very anxious that I should stay with him a few days on my way home and then go on by the *Harlow* to Sydney. He has some old French Maps to show me and much to talk about.<sup>1367</sup> But I cannot think of remaining now. All my men have to be settled with and the season is too far advanced to stay longer away. Father Brown then left for Corner Brook.

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<sup>1366</sup>Thomas J. Power, aged 18, son of Capt. Martin and Ellen Power (*Eve Tel*, Dec. 11, 1889).

<sup>1367</sup>For M.F. Howley's strong views on the French Shore question, see *Eve Tel*, June 20, 22, 1889, Sept. 19, 1890.

Wednesday 19th. The trying experience of the past month, the very bad weather, but above all the sad ending of our work in the untimely death of poor Cole have all tended to unnerve me. I am now extremely ill and anxious to get home. The season throughout has been a most trying one, sufficient to knock out the strongest of men. I trust that during the remainder of my career I may never experience a similar one. Today I rested at Petrie's. There was a great wedding tonight to which we were all invited. All Petrie's boarders except L. Barron and myself went there. Needless to say I had no heart for any enjoyment of any kind just now. Petrie very kindly opened a barrel of oysters and told Barron and I to help ourselves. We had a great blow out before retiring to bed. The steamer is due sometime tomorrow.

Thursday 20th. Steamer arrived about 9 A.M. bound to Bonne Bay. Captain in great hurry as he is behind time. In order to save delay on her way back we put all our things on board. She left about 11 A.M. It came to blow and snow, a regular blizzard in afternoon.

Friday 21st. Storm over, perfectly calm today. *Volunteer* returned about 9.30 A.M. We all got on board and were soon off for home. It came on dirty and stormy again. We stopped a short time at Bennoits Cove to take in some herring, but the steamer got aground so the Capt. would not remain but left and proceeded

on. Found it very rough after passing South Head. I became awfully seasick. We arrived at Sandy Point about 10 P.M. Dr. Mike, Fathers Boyd and Sears<sup>1368</sup> were down to meet me. I went up with them to the house but could only stay a few minutes.

Saturday 22nd. Pretty fine day. At Burgeo about 7 P.M.

Sunday 23rd. Very rough all night and still blowing hard all day. Reached Gaultois by breakfast-time. We picked up a small schooner adrift in the Bay and towed her in.

24th & 25th. Nothing of moment, arrived safe and sound in St. John's after our long and arduous season's work. Found all well at home.

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<sup>1368</sup>Andrew Sears, born in Kerry; Thomas Sears's nephew; d. 1944.

1891

## Resumption of Search for Coal at Grand Lake;

## North towards White Bay; Georges Lake

In my official Report to the Government of last season's operations<sup>1369</sup> I stated that I felt confident there should be coal deposits of value somewhere in the Humber Valley, more particularly in that section surrounding the Eastern end of the Grand Lake. I strongly urged the advisability of making a more thorough and extensive exploration of this region than had hitherto been undertaken. The Government were pleased to give the matter their earnest consideration. The then Colonial Secretary, Sir Robert Bond with whom I had frequent consultations on the subject, fully agreed with me in this conclusion. Accordingly I was directed to proceed to the Humber and carry out such an investigation during the ensuing season.

Having made all necessary preparations, engaged a crew, supplied myself with canoes, provisions and implements for such work, we were ready to proceed West by the boat leaving St. John's on the 25th of June. My party consisted of Mr. A. Bayley and Thomas Thorburn Assistants with four men and a cook. I took also with me for an outing my two boys, Will and Dick, who had

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<sup>1369</sup>Murray and Howley, *Geological Survey*, pp. 160-61.

just recovered from an attack of Diphtheria<sup>1370</sup> and who were much run down, in the hope that a sea voyage and a little camp-life would greatly benefit them.

Thursday June 25th. Left St. John's at 10.30 A.M. on the S.S. *Volunteer* for Bay of Islands. It was a beautiful day, bright but cool. Two large icebergs lay just outside the Narrows. They were very picturesque. Poor Dick was awfully seasick; Will not so bad. We had not so many passengers as usual and it was rather dull on board. Fogarty, one of our men missed his passage. We reached Ferryland about 2.30 P.M. and had a walk ashore. It was very cold on the water and blowing fresh from the N.E. We left again in an hour and rounded Cape Race by tea-time and got into Trepassey about 7 O'clock. Here we landed a few passengers and after a short delay started again on our journey.

Friday 26th. In Placentia about 7 A.M. having called at St. Mary's during the night. Very cold, raw northeaster but fine overhead. Went ashore and crossed the gut to show the boys the place. Poor Dick not yet over his seasickness. Will first-rate. A large vessel of Woods', the *Alaska*, at the pier landing a cargo of coal for Middleton and Reid.<sup>1371</sup> Very little stir in the place;

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<sup>1370</sup>See Intro., n. 156.

<sup>1371</sup>George H. Middleton, an engineer, and his partner Robert Gillespie Reid, (1842-1908), a stonemason, bridge-builder, and railwayman, both Scots, built the railroad from Whitbourne to Port aux Basques in 1890-97. See *DCB*, 13: 859-62. H.J.B. Woods and his brother Sidney operated an import business in St. John's.

not much sign of fish about. People everywhere complaining of La Grippe. Left for Burin after breakfast and had a fine time across the Bay. Got into Burin about 3 P.M. Everything here dull. La Grippe has been very bad here all spring resulting in sixty-four fatal cases.<sup>1372</sup> Had a short run ashore. Boys first rate today. Dick employed himself jigging tom cods and connors. At St. Lawrence about 5 P.M. and Lamaline about 7 P.M. Blowing very hard in evening; nasty sea on.

Saturday 27th. Wet, stormy morning, blowing almost a gale right out of Fortune Bay. Were bound across to Belloram when I got up, having been at Fortune and Grand Bank during the night. It was awfully rough at the latter place, could not land freight and had great difficulty in getting the passengers off; some of them got a ducking. Reached Belloram early and had breakfast here. Arthur White's brother, George, and his bride came aboard bound for Burgeo. She has a small Harmonium so we shall have some music now. Miss Neville who came aboard at Placentia and is bound up to her brother at Bay St. George,<sup>1373</sup> has been pretty seasick. We called at St. Jacques to take purser Pike's wife aboard. Reached Harbour Breton about 1 P.M. in a gale of wind and rain.

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<sup>1372</sup>In Fortune and Grand Bank 800 persons were sick of the flu. *Eve Tel*, 23 June 1891.

<sup>1373</sup>Ada Neville (d. 1945), visiting her brother Thomas; they were children of John T. Neville, inspector of lighthouses (p.c., Jean Murray; *ENL*, J.T. Neville).

Made fast to the wharf but the gump head gave way and we were obliged to haul off and lay at anchor. Blew and rained terrifically all night. Remained at anchor as it was too rough to face around the land in the dark. Had quite a concert in the Cabin. Mrs White playing and singing. The Capt.<sup>1374</sup> is the life and soul of all on board. He is such a jolly fellow. Will and Dick are getting used to the ship and were not the least sick today. Will, in fact, is able to come to table at every meal and has a hearty appetite. The weather, however, especially today is abominable and very much mars the pleasure of the trip.

Sunday 28th. Left Harbour Breton about daylight and were in Pushthrough by 7 A.M. Still stormy and wet. Expected to find two Indians, Joe Jeddore and Stephen Joe, here to meet me but they failed to put in an appearance. This is a miserable hole of a place and it is difficult to see how the people live here. We started again just after breakfast bound for Burgeo but have to call at Rencontre<sup>1375</sup> on the way to land a Miss Cook. Reached there about noon. Day turned out fine. Arrived at Burgeo about 4 P.M. and Little Bay,<sup>1376</sup> La Poile, at tea-time. It had become very foggy and disagreeable so the Captain concluded to remain all night. We all went ashore and paid a visit to the Jersey Agent,

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<sup>1374</sup>Pat Delaney.

<sup>1375</sup>Rencontre West.

<sup>1376</sup>A community near La Poile, it was by Howley's day evidently thought to be part of La Poile. The Jersey firm was that of LeSelleur.

Capt. Le Sellier,<sup>1377</sup> who treated us to tea and spruce beer. There is an old Barkantine called the *Eliza* lying at the wharf here. She is over 100 years old. Capt. Le Sellier showed us her register. It is dated 1803 but says she was then a prize ship condemned and sold. Not known when or where she was built. She is still sound and very fortunate never having met with a mishap and was classed A.I. at Lloyd's last year. We saw a good deal of snow still on the higher hills inland today. Le Sellier has some peculiar cats of a wild breed, pure spotless white with short bushy tails like a martin or Arctic fox. They got them from the Indians. I believe they are a cross between the house Cat and Martin.

Monday 29th. At Rose Blanche early in the morning and Channel Port aux Basque, before breakfast; still very foggy and wet. Did not go across to the town. Very few people stirring. Landed some cargo and then proceeded onward. Pretty rough and nasty rounding Cape Ray. Good tumble on all morning. Found it quite clear and pleasant immediately after rounding the Cape. Beautiful day in St. George's Bay. Such a contrast to other side in every way, still the wind was northerly and pretty cold. Lots of snow on Cape Ray Range. Called in near Crabb's Brook to land a

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<sup>1377</sup>Joseph C. LeSelleur.

Lobster man, Chetwynd,<sup>1378</sup> and then proceeded on, got into Sandy Point just at tea-time. Dr. Mike on wharf to meet us. He was quite surprised to see the two boys. He made us go up to tea and gave us fresh salmon, beautiful fresh butter and bread. He is looking well and is full of the French Shore question. He informs us that the coercion bill has passed a third reading in British House of Commons after all<sup>1379</sup> and that the French Commander has ordered all new lobster factories to close up. The arbitration on that question<sup>1380</sup> having also gone against us. So much for Diplomacy and our delegations. Picked up our Indians here, Noel Bernard and Joe Jep. The whistle blew before we were through tea so we had to cut and run. Had a nice time out to Cape St. George but very nasty after rounding the Cape.

Tuesday 30th. Whistle blew about 6 A.M. got up and found ourselves at our destination in Birchy Cove, Humber Arm. Cold but fine morning. Had all our things out before breakfast time and went ashore. Albert, Tom, the two boys and I went down to Petrie's; the men to Hayse's<sup>1381</sup> and Messervey's.<sup>1382</sup> They were not

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<sup>1378</sup>John P. Chetwynd, Grand Bruit trader.

<sup>1379</sup>The purpose of the so-called "coercion bill," introduced into the House of Lords in March, 1891, was to enforce by statute the *modus vivendi* of 1891 (renewed from 1890), the legality of which was in question; it passed third reading in the Lords only. In the Commons, the bill did not get past second reading. For discussion (including reference to M.F. Howley), see Thompson, *French Shore Problem*, pp. 120 ff.

<sup>1380</sup>The French and British governments had agreed to submit the lobster question to arbitration early in 1891. Newfoundland opposed such an agreement.

<sup>1381</sup>James R. Hayes, Sandy Point merchant.

<sup>1382</sup>William Messervey, from Sandy Point, settled in Birchy Cove around the 1860s.

yet up at Petrie's so we had to wait sometime for breakfast. Found the house full and could only obtain two small beds one for Albert and Tom and one for myself and two boys. Petrie is as jolly as ever. After breakfast we set about unpacking some of our stuff. I went up to Corner Brook to engage Watson and his boat to take us up the River but found he was out fishing so I engaged Mr. Fisher with his boat and crew instead. The river is very high for the season and Fisher has not yet got his logs down. Bought a small row boat from Dr. Candow for use on Grand Pond. The Doctor is leaving the place by this steamer not being able to make a do of it here. He now goes to Harbor Buffett. Everything here very dull and backward. Most of the people are away lobster and cod fishing. Petrie has the best field of grass I have seen this season. He gets two crops off a small meadow in front of his house each year. The warship *Emerald* came in just at dusk and we saw an officer going into Magistrate Lilly's, I presume on business connected with the closing of the lobster factories.<sup>1383</sup>

Wednesday July 1st. Fine warm day at last. *Volunteer* back early from Bonne Bay. Left again just as we were done breakfast. *Emerald* went out same time. Fisher's boat came up and took all

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<sup>1383</sup>In response to the threat of the "coercion" bill, the Newfoundland legislature passed an act (54 Vic., cap 16; *Acts* [1891], pp. 136-48) allowing the enforcement of the *modus* until 1893. Closing new lobster factories by joint agreement of English and French naval officers was therefore legal. See below (1896), n. 1552

our things on board and then went back to Corner Brook to await the high tide of the evening. We all went up and had our dinner at Corner Brook. Started onward about 3 P.M. and had a nice time up to mouth of river. Will and I went in the Dr.'s small boat. The two Indians were awaiting us here with the canoes. Albert and I now took our places in the canoes. He with Joe and I with Noel. Had a hard time getting along owing to the strong tide and were obliged to get out several times to lift and drag the canoes up. River extremely high, enormous force of water rushing through the gorge near the Marble Cliffs and Shell-bird Island. The big boat had a very heavy load and it was fearful work getting her along. At one place she was swept back when nearly over the worst of it and had to be headed down stream to escape capsizing. They then got her head around again and after a desperate effort succeeded in getting her up all right over the worst rapid. We reached the Steady in time to get up our camp and make all snug before night. This, our first day, was a hard one. But I find it does me a great deal of good. Plenty of active exercise is what I require to keep me in good trim. The two boys were in the big boat all the time and quite enjoyed their experience; were not a bit scared. Tonight they are sleeping with me in camp being their first night out. Tried for trout after tea but only caught a few small ones. This was the first really summer's day we have had

but the water is still desperately cold.

Thursday 2nd. Slept well last night and were up and done breakfast before 6 O'clock. Another fine, calm, warm day. Started up the steady and got along fast to the Big Rapid. Noel and I took Will in with us and Albert took Dick. Tom went with the two Moores<sup>1384</sup> in the row boat. We portaged our canoes across the Big Rapid but Joe and Albert poled up theirs, got up to Deer Lake about 10 O'clock and here waited for the Big boat. While doing so I saw a deer swimming across the lake. We at once gave chase and caught up with it about midway. It was a young doe about two years old. The boys had a fine view of it, quite an experience for them. We kept close alongside the poor brute till quite near the shore when I shot it through the head. Towed it ashore and skinned it. We then took the heart and kidneys and some marrow bones to cook for dinner and had all ready by the time the big boat arrived. Those in her also saw a doe and fawn after we left them on the Steady. After dinner we pushed on up the Lake. It was dead calm for a time but all at once after passing Burnt Island a breeze of strong head wind sprang up which soon blew so hard and kicked up such a sea that we were obliged to put ashore and remain all the afternoon. Towards sunset it calmed down a good

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<sup>1384</sup>Two of his crew, likely from Bay de Verde district, that of H.G.B. Woods, Surveyor General.

deal. Fisher was anxious to get up so he proceeded on to the head of the lake. We also went on until dark when we put ashore and camped. It was a very cold night but we made ourselves as comfortable as possible. Albert, Tom, myself and the boys all bunked together in my small new camp. It was tight stowage.

Friday 3rd. Very cold morning. Dense fog on lake. Had an early breakfast and proceeded on. Desperately cold till fog cleared off about 9 O' clock when it soon became warm and bright. We got up to Nicholls' farm about 11 O'clock. Went ashore and engaged old George Nicholls to drag our boat and some of the heavy gear across the portage. Had a drink of new milk. There is a new settler here now next to Nicholls, named Harris. Everything is backward. Nicholls says he never saw so late a spring, although the ice broke up earlier than usual. I took my first photograph here, two views of Nicholls' from opposite side of river. It was now getting very hot. We continued onward and reached Junction Brook by dinner-time. The big boat got to head of lake about 11 O'clock last night and went on up the river<sup>1385</sup> early this morning. Just as we were done our luncheon we saw her coming down having landed all our stuff at end of Grand Lake portage. We soon got up and found all right. It was very hot here all the afternoon. Set up our tents and commenced unpacking the

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<sup>1385</sup>The Upper Humber.

grub etc.

Saturday 4th. Beautiful, fine day; desperately hot, flies pretty bad. Sent men portaging some of the things halfway across. While the two Indians were clearing the windfalls, Albert, Tom and I went in to the marshes five miles to test our micrometer telescopes. Found the new one very accurate, agreed with measured distance by chain of 12 chs. 73 links to within 2 links. Desperately warm walking. We were fagged out when we got back to camp. Will and Dick also had a long walk on the portage. The men only made two trips for the day. But as they are new to the work I suppose I must be a little lenient. It was certainly hot, tiresome work. Awfully hot all the afternoon in camp, unpacked some more of the grub and took out my stock for going up the river.<sup>1386</sup> Nicholls will be up on Monday. Albert caught a few small trout after tea on opposite side of river. I took some photos of our camp today.

Sunday 5th. Desperately hot day again. Flies pretty bad. Boys and myself greatly bitten and desperately sunburnt. All hands resting. Flies pretty bad especially in evening.

Monday 6th. Dull morning, men started off early with loads. Came to rain hard and continued showery all day, very wet and disagreeable; flies woefully bad. No sign of Nicholls. Packing up

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<sup>1386</sup>The Upper Humber; called "main river" below, July 6.

my things for my trip up main river, between the showers. This rain will make the marshes very wet and heavy for portaging.

Tuesday 7th. Still dull and wet. Men went in with one load but got very wet. Nicholls came at dinner-time with his horse in a big boat. Shaw and his two sons came with him. He started with row boat<sup>1387</sup> after dinner and got her some few miles along the road. The boys caught some small trout but the big saltwater lads have not yet come up the river. Rained hard all night, everything wet, flies very bad. Took a photo of horse and tent.

Wednesday 8th. Still raining hard nearly all day. Miserable weather yet men portaging. Nicholls got the boat over to Grand Lake side of portage. Boys went across river after tea with Albert and Tom and caught a lot of small trout. Nicholls started again in evening with a barrel of flour and pork, a good load and got it about 2 miles. Rained hard again all night; flies dreadful.

Thursday 9th. Dull and cool, but no rain. Will and I started for Grand Lake. He was very anxious to see it and perhaps may never have the chance again so I concluded to indulge his curiosity but I was rather afraid of the long heavy tramp being too much for him especially over the marshes. We left at 9.15 and got over about 12.30. Marshes dreadfully wet and soft. Will

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<sup>1387</sup>I.e., hauling the boat overland.

however, got through first rate. We spent a couple of hours on the shore of the Grand Lake and ate our lunch there. The two Indians portaged the big canoe over. We left to return about 3.30 and got back to camp at 6.30 making very good time. We were both pretty tired but Will held out first rate and I am glad I let him come. He has now seen more of the country than perhaps any white boy of his age and will be able to talk of his trip to Grand Lake for many a long day. The men were so tired when they returned today that they asked for a spell. Nicholls only got his load as far as the dump, commencement of the marshes today. As the latter were too soft after the rain for his horse. We met him with a second load as we were returning. Tomorrow we will leave to go down to Bay of Islands. Albert and men will remove camp.

Friday 10th. Beautiful, fine warm calm day. Started with the little canoe and two Indians to take the two boys down to the Bay for home. Bid good-bye to Albert, Tom and crew as I shall not see them again for at least a month. They proceed to Grand Lake to work there costeaning for coal, while I on my return from the Bay will proceed up the main river to Birchy Pond<sup>1388</sup> and thence follow up the river above to investigate the report of coal being found in that direction. On my return down the river I will probably go again to the Bay before proceeding across to Grand

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<sup>1388</sup>Birchy Lake.

Lake. We had a splendid day going down the river. I stopped at Mrs. Nicholls' to get her to bake some bread and wash a few clothes for me by my return. We had a grand drink of fresh milk. Having too much load in our canoe we left several things here and then proceeded down Deer Lake. It was as calm as a mirror all day, a fortunate thing for us; had it been blowing much, especially had the wind been ahead we could not get along. We stopped about halfway down on S. side to boil our kettle. I took two photos here. One looking down the lake and a picture of Joe and Noel standing on the beach. We then proceeded on. Stopped again at Burnt Island to look at the deposit of Molybdenite<sup>1389</sup> there. I fired at a seal here and hit him hard but did not kill him. We reached the foot of the lake about 4 O'clock. Here we met a number of lumbermen gathering their logs, preparatory to driving them down stream. Continued on, down river, ran the Big Rapid all right and after a long paddle down the Steady stopped at the mouth of Steady Brook just at sunset. Here we camped for the night on the same spot where we camped last fall. It was a desperately hot but beautiful day.

Saturday 11th. Another beautiful, fine and desperately hot day, up early and had breakfast. Saw numerous logs floating down stream all day. The boys and I went down on foot to the Marble

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<sup>1389</sup>An ore of molybdenum, soft, lead-gray, resembling graphite.

cliff and spent sometime breaking out specimens. It was woefully hot and the flies were dreadfully bad. After dinner, Joe, Noel and I went up to the Steady Brook Fall and I took two good pictures. This time I climbed down to the river and took it from there. It was a splendid sight. There is more water coming over it now than when I was here last fall. A thick, heavy spray almost equal to rain rises from the base and there is a constant rush of cold air from the force of the falling water, which would nearly knock one down. A beautiful rainbow was quite distinct near the lower part when close alongside but not visible in the picture. On our return we struck camp and proceeded on to the mouth of the river. Had an exciting time running the rapids. They are very treacherous as the water goes everyhow. At times the canoe would stop in the middle and it was as much as the men could do to keep her from spinning around and upsetting. Joe was fearfully afraid and I see he is not much of a canoe man. We got down all right however. Met Mr. Fisher and his crew just at the last turn. Here they had an immense boom nearly a mile long stretched obliquely down and across the river into which all their logs are run. They watch here to guide them and direct them into the boom. We stopped to camp on a green grassy bank opposite Brake's and had some trouting after tea.

Sunday 12th. Beautiful fine day blowing a strong breeze up

the river. Spent most of the day about camp till it blew down with a squall of wind. After dinner I walked around to Wild Cove, a pretty spot. From here a portage can be made when the river is too high, into the steady. It is about three miles, but there is a small pond halfway. We had a visit from some of the people at Brake's Landing. I took three pictures today; two looking out the Bay taking in Brake's and the Blow-mi-don Mountains with patches of snow on them. Towards sunset it calmed down and threatened rain so we concluded to go on down. We got to Baggs' wharf all right and down to Petrie's about 10 O'clock, just in good time before they had gone to bed. Here we met Father Sears who is going down to Sandy Point by this boat and insisted upon the boys spending another fortnight with him there. There is no strange<sup>1390</sup> news here since we left.

Monday 13th. Rained a good deal during early morning but cleared off a beautiful fine day. The *Volunteer* is due at 6 O'clock. Spent the day rambling about. Steamer in on time; quite a number of passengers aboard. Got letters and papers. All well at home. No news of importance.

Tuesday 14th. Very fine hot day again. Waiting for steamer all forenoon. She arrived at 1.30. Got the boys on board all safe and sound. Father Sears and Petrie go by her. The two Indians and

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<sup>1390</sup>Out of the ordinary.

myself started again for up country. Steamer left the wharf just as we were rounding Brake's Point about 4 P.M. She had a lovely time off. We had another hard tug getting up the rapids, but as the tide was top high and our canoe light we managed with three paddles to surmount them all right. Reached the Steady and proceeded some considerable distance up it before camp time. It was a beautiful afternoon.

Wednesday 15th. Another beautiful day. Started forward and reached Deer Lake about 11 A.M. Nearly calm on the lake, just a slight zepher of Easterly wind which kept the air cool and the flies at bay. Paddled away up the lake till dinner-time when we stopped to boil the kettle on a sandy point, N.S.<sup>1391</sup> Lake; continued on after dinner making a straight course for a long Point on S. side. Saw several seals but could not get a shot at them. We crossed the lake again, when opposite North Brook. We entered the mouth of North Brook just before it came to blow pretty fresh from the Westward. Got out to walk up the Brook a bit. Saw some fresh beaver cutting just at the Mouth. I had only gone a short distance when Noel came to tell me the beaver was there just where we saw the cutting and had a house there. I came back and got in the canoe. We paddled quietly inside some low Islands, presently saw two swimming towards us. I fired at one

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<sup>1391</sup>North side.

but missed him. They then disappeared into some hole under the bank and we saw no more of them. I however caught some fine trout, two over 2 1/2 lbs. 5 weighed 7 1/2 lbs. We camped near the mouth of this Brook in hope of getting the beaver in the morning.

Thursday 16th. Rained during night and early morning hard; did not get out to look for Beaver till breakfast-time. Noel and I then went. Noel just caught a glimpse of one but he again hid away. Found the trout also had left the hole where I caught them last evening. I took a long walk up the Brook to see the rocks. Found them all low down in the series very near the base of the formation. On my return we proceeded onward to head of the lake and arrived at Nicholls' by dinner-time. Here we stopped to boil our kettle and rest. Mrs Nicholls had a fine lot of soft bread baked for us which was quite a treat after the hard tack we have been living on. Nicholls was not finished the portaging yet, but she expects him back this evening. We now continued up stream to Rocky Brook up which we paddled about a mile. I then walked up about two miles further to see the rocks etc. Very few outcrops visible and those all very low down. I saw one small deer, but would not shoot it. The country up here is splendid and the woods very fine, in fact the whole strip from below North Brook away back to the mountains is a magnificent strip of land. What a

thousand pities it is to see it lying idle thus. When will the day come when this fine district will, as was intended by Nature, become the home of a thriving population. We continued on up the river to the foot of the big Rapid on Main stream which we reached just in time to camp. Here we saw several seals and I killed one young one making a capital shot of it.

Friday 17th. Nice cool day wind easterly. Sent the men off to the Grand Lake portage. Noel to go across with letters and papers for Albert's party; I remained all day alone. Spent my time reading and writing. Did a little fishing and watching for seals, but the latter were too wary for me today. After my dinner I walked up through the woods by a capital lumberroad to the head of Seal Pool. Here I saw several seals basking on the rocks but too far off. I fired at one but the ball fell short several yards. I tried for a salmon but did not succeed in rising one. Only caught a few small trout. It was late when I got back to camp where I found the lads had returned some time. They saw a beaver house with fresh cutting on Junction Brook just below where we were camped. Noel found Albert's party at Grand Lake end of portage with all their stuff across and two boat loads up to the head of the lake. Albert says the men worked well portaging. He fired three shots at a doe and fawn but missed them. After tea Noel and I went down in the canoe to the beaver house and saw

two. Just after we saw them they began to fight or play in the water, both their heads were together and they apparently had their teeth interlocked when I fired but I only killed one dead. The other got away from me. We saw him twice afterwards, still he managed to escape us and hide away in some hole. We got back to camp before dark.

Saturday 18th. Dull, cool, but very fine pleasant day, wind again easterly, blowing a nice breeze which kept the flies off. Commenced our journey up the river<sup>1392</sup> with our canoe heavily laden. I had to walk along shore and wade in the water nearly all day. The two lads also had to wade most of the way with the canoe as the river up here is very wide and shallow. There were many places however they could have poled over but I see they are very poor canoemen. We reached the head of Willow Steady by dinner-time. This is a beautiful part of the river with magnificent intervals and alder islands. Here we left some of our superfluous clothing and grub as our canoe was altogether overloaded. After dinner we had a long stretch of rough shoal water but succeeded in getting up several miles before camp time. We had rather a poor place to stop at amongst some alder beds on the river side. Our canoe is leaking badly from dragging her all day so heavily laden over the rocks. We saw some young geese on

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<sup>1392</sup>Upper Humber.

Willow Steady and fresh beaver cutting but no deer though a good deal of fresh footing.

Sunday July 19th. Dull in morning but turned out a magnificent warm day with a fresh breeze from the westward. Flies awful all day. Remained in camp reading, writing, washing and drying our clothes. Noel and I mended the canoe and the lads spread the seal and beaver skins. I tried my hand at making a figgy duff for dinner and succeeded first rate. Joe says it beat Rody's all to smash. Joe is a queer individual, a half Indian and half nigger. He has the Indian colour a little heightened, is Indian in habits, language etc, but a genuine nigger in features and manner. His hair is black, short, and woolley as any negro's, has a broad, flat nose, thick lips and a regular nigger grin. He is a good willing fellow, as also is Noel. The latter is a genuine Micmac with, I think, a little French blood in him. Opposite our camp the woods for some distance has been swept by fire but is now rapidly being replaced by a thick growth of young birch. We had the beaver roasted in Indian fashion for supper. Noel went across river and some distance inland saw a beaver in a little pond but did not get a shot at him. He reports country very level and thickly wooded. The Indians have a curious superstition about the Canada Jay, which is so universally distributed and so common everywhere in our forests, being a

constant visitor to our camps. It appears a Jay's nest is an exceedingly rare thing to find, so much so, that few individuals have the luck of ever seeing one. Should a hunter be so fortunate as to do so, and find young birds there in, he must not let anyone know of his find but procure a horse hair or string of some kind and tie the young birds' beaks together. When next he visits the nest he will find therein hairs of all sorts of furred animals from which he chooses the one he is most desirous of hunting, and keeps it. Ever afterwards his luck as a hunter of that particular animal is assured. He will meet with them wherever he travels.

Monday 20th. Dull, cloudy day. Started forward and had a pretty tough time getting up stream, especially over the rapid called John's fall,<sup>1393</sup> where a short portage had to be made. They managed however to warp the canoe up. We reached the big fall<sup>1394</sup> about 3 P.M. Stopped here sometime to fish and take photos. Saw plenty of salmon jump but could not induce one to take the fly; I caught some fine trout however. In the meantime Joe went ahead and put up my camp in the burnt woods on top of a steep bank, the only place available. Had some of the trout cooked for tea. They were very fine.

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<sup>1393</sup>Little Falls?

<sup>1394</sup>Big Falls.

Tuesday 21st. Fine day proceeded onward and reached the great Steady by dinner-time. After dinner it came to rain and we soon stopped to put up camp. We saw a fine large beaver house not far below camp and as soon as all was secure Noel and I went down. We had a long wait of over two hours in the rain before the beaver came out. First one by himself at which I fired and missed. We saw him no more. Shortly after another came out which I killed but it sank immediately in deep, dark water and we could not see him. We still waited till dark and at length tried to drive the rest out of the house but did not succeed. We got back to camp pretty wet and cold.

Wednesday 22nd. Rained a good deal during the night but cleared off after breakfast. Noel and Joe went down and got the beaver after a little search. We then proceeded up the steady. It turned out a splendid day and I got some good pictures. We reached the end of the steady and got up past Birchy Pond where we saw lots of geese and ducks and plenty of beaver cutting. Continued on up the Brook about a mile where I shot two fine geese. Here we camped. Having pretty well reached the end of canoe navigation in this direction we will stay here a few days to rest, prepare moccasins etc. for our foot journey towards White Bay.

Thursday 23rd. Charming day again, flies very bad all day. I

went up stream in morning as far as I could with the empty canoe looking for the place John Stevens indicated the branch brook towards White Bay came in. It is a beautiful piece of country up here and the interval land is magnificent. After dinner Noel and I went off in another direction but did not find the brook. There is a gap in the hills however which corresponds with the direction John gave me E.N.E. and I intend trying it. We saw one beaver near our camp but did not get a shot at it. He was evidently frightened at the noise of chopping or perhaps winded our smoke. Saw lots of geese and ducks of all sorts, especially black ducks which are numerous up here. Joe is employed making my moccasins. The flies were awful all the evening.

Friday 24th. Another magnificent day. Men in camp all morning fixing and tanning moccasins and preparing for our foot journey. I went up stream again and took one picture. Had a splendid bath and washed my clothes. Tomorrow if fine we will start for White Bay country in search of John Stevens' coal, but I do not place much reliance on his report. After dinner Noel and I went to look for a beaver. I shot one fine one but he sank in deep water and we lost him. After tea I went down with some hooks on my trouting line in hope of fishing him up, but did not succeed.

Saturday 25th. Fine day started up country. At first we

followed a little steady on the brook<sup>1395</sup> John Stevens indicated, and got up with the canoe a couple of miles which was a great lift. We then shouldered our packs and proceeded along the Brook which was very shallow, but fairly good walking for a considerable distance. Saw a fine stag but did not fire at him. After dinner we met great cliffs of carboniferous red sandstone and coarse conglomerate extending up stream. At length it terminated against cliffs of gray gneiss and we soon found the brook become very bad filled with large boulders very rough to travel over; then succeeded cliffs with huge masses of rocks, falls etc. Had much difficulty in getting along here but succeeded though at a very slow pace. After passing this bad spot the brook widened out a little and became better, though still bad and dangerous walking. Towards evening it began to rain and we stopped to put up our side camp. The flies were awful and nearly eat us up. We got a good distance up stream at least 6 or 7 miles. Saw some bands of white and variagated marble along its course.

Sunday 26th. Rained a good deal during night, but fine again. Spent the morning in camp. After dinner we went off for a ramble over the hills. We are just at the extreme of the burnt

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<sup>1395</sup>Howley called this Birchy Pond Brook in his report. *JHA* (1892), Appendix, p. 142. Later Taylors Pond.

country. Found it very rugged and uneven, with numerous small tucking bushes and deep gulshes, also several small ponds, could not see much ahead except a pond or two. The river runs very straight in a narrow defile between lofty Laurentian hills. Could see back down the Humber valley as far as Deer Lake. Very flat country in that direction. On our return we went down to first pond and had a spurt shelling clams looking for pearls but did not succeed in finding any. A short distance below this pond the river forks, one branch running up N.E. I am undecided which to follow tomorrow. Flies simply awful all evening, especially at our camp. Had to keep a perpetual dense smoke going on all sides which nearly stifled us. The camp is very warm with firs, in front.

Monday 27th. Flies dreadful all night and this morning. Had to keep our heads covered up till we were nearly smothered. Had an early breakfast and then went on, following the course of the Brook to the fork. We then took the western branch believing it to be the right one. Saw great cliffs of marble extending along the brook a considerable distance. The travelling became very rugged and after a while the brook forked again each branch becoming quite small and exceedingly rugged. Could not get along brook so took to the woods. I soon became convinced we were on the wrong track and that the first or Eastern branch was the

proper one. We now had dinner and then struck up through the woods for the high ground. Found the travelling desperate through fallen timber and thick tucks of low black spruce etc. At length we reached the barrens just as it began to rain hard. Climbed a bare knob and had our first glimpse of White Bay. Could only see the outer part of it however, as high land to the eastward shut out our view in that direction. Beneath us lay a string of long, narrow ponds in a deep gorge. These are undoubtedly the ponds described by John Stevens. This gorge continues out to the shore and there seems to be, by the broken appearance of the land, a deep inlet meeting it at no great distance from where we were standing. This I concluded was Sop's Arm of White Bay. Beyond it were the water of the bay itself clearly visible with some small icebergs floating upon its bosom, and away to the N.E. a long low Point forming the Southern entrance to the Bay, Partridge Point. It was now raining so hard we made all haste down to the shore of the pond<sup>1396</sup> beneath us by a very steep down grade, only to find that there was no good camping ground and it was next to impossible to get along shore, so steep were the banks and deep the water. At length we managed to find a place on a ledge above the lake in the long woods, not much of a place. We were pretty tired out after our rough day's tramp and after all were not very

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<sup>1396</sup>Taylor's Pond.

far beyond our last night's camping place. But owing to the White marble cliff met with on the shore of the pond, I became convinced it was the identical pond described by John. We were soaking wet before we got our camp fixed, but soon had a good fire underweigh and dried ourselves again. There were very few flies here to torment us and that alone compensated for much else.

Tuesday 28th. Fine day again. We built a raft and proceeded up the pond leaving our camp standing. Came across huge upright cliffs of white and variegated marble curiously honeycombed and greatly undermined. At places the cliffs actually overhung and looked fearfully dangerous passing beneath. It blew a good breeze and the noise of the water dashing underneath the stupendous cliffs sounded like thunder. It was a curious and picturesque place well worth coming to see. The marble, however, though often beautiful is too much shattered and broken, at least on the exposed surface, to be commercially valuable I fear. It is undoubtedly the same white belt which forms the cliffs at the mouth of the Humber and, I presume, those again at Canada Bay. It would seem then to run right through the country. We reached the end of the pond which is the last or head water of this branch of the Humber almost extending across the Island. Being now convinced beyond question that this is no other than John

Stevens' big white cliff Pond and seeing that all the rocks of the surrounding country are Lower Silurian and Laurentian, there being no room anywhere here for even a small patch of Carboniferous, I had no difficulty in concluding that John's coal was a myth. But as it was at the other end of the pond he reported finding it I still reserved my decision till I got there. We came across signs of men at upper end of pond. Saw where sticks had been cut to make a raft etc. These were no doubt some of the White Bay people. Saw also an old beaver house and some old cutting but no fresh signs. We had a hard time getting back against the wind and had to keep the other side of the pond where the water was somewhat shoaler. We first ascended a high bare knob on N. side and had a good view of the country all around. It is very hilly and uneven except away back on the Humber Valley which lay behind us looking wide and level. Much of the country in that direction has been swept by fire. Enormous destruction of valuable timber has occurred here again. White Bay was again before us to the N.E. but very little more than we saw before. A few extra icebergs were visible, one very high one, sailing up the bay. The distance from opposite side of the pond to the seashore seemed quite short and all open country extending at least halfway. I had a great notion of going out, but concluded not to delay. So we returned to our camp for the night.

Wednesday 29th. Another fine day. Commenced our return journey. At first we went down to foot of pond on the raft and thence by a short channel into another little round pond. This was the place indicated by John, but a slight examination proved to me the folly of wasting time here looking for coal deposits in this place. If John was not lying he may have seen some black rock resembling coal. So much for Mr. Stevens' veracity. So then our long toilsome and fruitless journey went for nothing. However I am not sorry I came as I saw some new country also the marble deposit where I never expected to find it. And beheld White Bay for the first time as well. We did not get much further with our raft only into another pond and a short distance to the foot where we had to abandon it. We then struck across a neck of land and came out upon the first pond same as seen on Sunday. Travelled down its shore to the foot where we had our dinner. We then followed the river a short distance, and then struck up through the woods by a well worn deer path which we kept as long as possible. This soon took us into the burnt woods. It was not however very bad going except in a few places and infinitely preferable to travelling along the river over the rough, slippery, dangerous rocks. Besides we got along much faster. It was very warm work and we took frequent rests. At length when past all the worst parts of the river we struck out and reached

it about two miles above where we had left our canoe. It was well we avoided it so far as we found it very high after the recent rains and could certainly not have been able to get along at some parts had we followed it. The tramp down to the canoe was the worst part of the day's journey and we arrived there pretty well tired out. The flies were awful all the afternoon. We did not delay much but pushed right on. The Brook being now high we came down swiftly in the canoe and reached our camp just at sunset. Near camp we came across a beaver and I fired. Joe and I both think I killed him, but Noel says not. At all events, he went down in deep water and we saw him no more.

Thursday 30th. Fine warm day again, blowing fresh. Took a rest in camp, baking bread, mending moccasins, washing etc. In the evening I went to look for my two sunken beaver but saw nothing of them. Saw some geese flying. Had a shot but did not bring down any of them. After tea I caught a few nice trout. This steady is full of them. It is a beautiful place altogether. The interval land is extensive and soil of excellent quality. It would grow any amount of hay if cleared.

Friday 31st. Dull, cool morning, wind east blowing strong; got underweigh for our return journey down the river. We were scarcely well started when the rain came on. We thought it would be merely a few showers but it poured down at intervals and we

were soon very wet and miserable. We went up the main river<sup>1397</sup> from the fork a short distance but saw no game, then we started down stream. Ran the first rapids, but found our two canoemen were very deficient and inexpert. As for Joe, he is useless being afraid of his life and not knowing what to do when in the strong water just when he should have his wits about him. I never saw an Indian who was such a poor canoeman. I see plainly it will not do to run any risks with them. We will have to line our canoe down whenever we meet any strong water. We reached the steady O.K. and continued on till we reached our camping ground of Tuesday week. Here we stopped. We were very cold and drenched with the rain, nor had I any dry clothes to put on, as they were washed out yesterday and still undried. It poured down in torrents while we were getting up our camps but after dinner cleared away fine which gave us a chance to dry ourselves. Noel and I then went down to the beaver house just below and saw one midler<sup>1398</sup> which I killed. Saw no sign of any others though we believe there were more there.

Saturday August 1st. Fine day again but cool. Continued our journey down stream. Had to line down all the rapids above the big fall, which later we reached by dinner-time. We stopped here

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<sup>1397</sup>Upper Humber.

<sup>1398</sup>Beaver in second and third years.

at the mouth of a small brook a short distance below as I wished to try for a salmon and take another photo of the fall. Our canoe also was now leaking badly from a hole they managed to break in her coming down. Noel and I went up to the fall while Joe put up the camp. I tried in vain for a salmon. They would not take the fly though we saw several trying to jump the fall. I then took a stroll up the little brook near our camp with my gun in hope of finding some beaver but did not. The country all around here is burnt and grown over with young birch in great profusion.

Travelling through it almost impossible. I followed the brook all the way up and down. It cuts through high cliffs of soft gray shale but the country on top is very level; the soil good. The fire has done immense destruction to the forest all about here.

Sunday August 2nd. Dull day again. Remained in camp mending my clothes and reading all day. Had several heavy showers of rain at intervals. I tried again for a salmon near camp but failed to rise one. There is a regular camping place here where we stopped, in fact the only one here about. There is an old side tilt here and indications of frequent camping. Beaver skin hoops,<sup>1399</sup> a salmon spear, pegs driven into the trees for hanging meat etc. upon. Came to rain hard after dark.

Monday 3rd. Fine day, continued our journey down the river.

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<sup>1399</sup>Frames for drying animal skins.

Got to our first camping place on the way up by dinner-time. After dinner we all went into a little gully where Noel saw a beaver before. We tore away the dam or stint as the Indians term it, and nearly dried out the little pond, but the beaver was not there, having decamped since we were here before. We then proceeded on and got down to Willow steady before sunset having stopped on the way to take in the things left behind on our upward journey. We expected to find some beaver here also having seen fresh cutting before, but no they were gone from here also, as well as the geese we saw on our way up.

Tuesday 4th. Another very fine day. Took some pictures on the steady before leaving. It is a beautiful place and the land on either side as well as on the islands in the river of excellent quality. We had a tough time getting down to Seal pool owing to the shoal water, numerous rocks and ledges. Saw about twenty seals on the rocks here. I fired at them but they were too far off. It was a sight to see them jump and splash into the water. This is their favorite rookery<sup>1400</sup> and the deep hole below must be full of salmon and trout to keep them here all summer. They must eat an enormous number and I believe it would be well to offer a bounty for killing them. We got down to the end of the Grand pond portage early in the evening. Here we saw Shaw's boat

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<sup>1400</sup>Gathering place.

pulled up on the beach and knew, therefore, he must be across to Grand Pond. I had a notion of going down to Nicholls' to see if there were any letters or papers for us, but concluded Shaw would be sure to bring them up, so I did not go.

Wednesday 5th. Hot day, very sultry; commenced portaging across to Grand Pond. We took a load each in the morning as far as the marshes five miles and the men took another after dinner besides carrying the canoe two miles. It was desperate work in the heat and on the hard beaten path. Our feet were all tender and sore and indeed we were pretty well played out. On their way in the morning the Indians met Shaw coming from Grand Pond with a load of venison. He left it near the third mile post and went back for another load. They also met him again after dinner, but I missed him each time. I went down to the river<sup>1401</sup> to see the place called Kill Devil. It is terrific looking and well deserves the name. No boat could possibly live to run such a place. It was here some years ago two poor lumberers who were foolhardy enough to attempt running this river lost their lives.

Thursday 6th. Woeful hot day hardly a breath of wind, struck camp and started across; just as we were underweigh, Shaw came with a load and one of Nicholls' small boys with him. They returned again for a second load left on the road. Shaw had been

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<sup>1401</sup>Junction Brook.

up Sandy Pond River, saw five deer and shot three. He also stayed at Albert's camp inside Seal Island on the Grand Lake. They were all well, had been at work costeaning all along shore but only succeeded in finding loose fragments of coal so far. Shaw did not bring up any letters, but he expected George Nicholls who was then down to the bay, would have some. There is some gentleman coming up with George. No one else has been up here since. I had a very heavy pack today and the heat was so oppressive I was awfully done up when I reached the five mile post. Here we put up our camp and had dinner. After dinner the lads went back for the canoe and I continued across to Grand pond with my bag minus the blankets. It was very heavy crossing the marshes. The men got the canoe over to the lower landing about a mile below the lake. It had been a woeful hot day and this portaging such a distance is killing work.

Friday 7th. Another hot day got all across to lower landing by dinner time. I then walked around to take my load of yesterday out to the lake while the lads got the canoe up. It was now blowing a good breeze from about W.N.W. We hoisted our sail and had a splendid time up to Albert's camp where we found all well. Albert was away up the shore. The men with Tom were at work digging holes near camp. After we got our camps up and had a rest, Albert came when I went to inspect some of his work. He has

a great number of deep pits sunk, but no where struck solid rock, the sand and gravel is too deep and the water always came in on them when they got down 5 or 6 feet. They found numerous fragments of coal almost everyway they dug and many loose slates with carboniferous fossils, *Stigmaria* rootlets principally, but also some *Calamites*, a *Sigillaria*, and *Neuroptis* leaflet, at all events true coal fossils. Last evening Albert and Tom went up the Sandy pond River and he shot a magnificent old stag. Sometime ago he shot a doe and fawn near their camp so they have been well supplied with fresh meat. No one but Shaw has been near them since I left and they have no news of any kind.

Saturday 8th. Very hot day again but the breeze off the lake tempers it considerably and keeps the flies at Bay. I felt awfully done up after the last three days on the portage. Had the men all at work today at what I considered the most promising of Albert's cuttings. We first drained the water off and then sunk as far as possible. We struck a stiff blue clay with pieces of blue shale and numerous fragments of coal. I believe this to be in place lying flat and is an underclay of a broken up coal seam. It is quite evident there is or was a seam here, which has been broken up and the coal washed away. Numerous fragments are scattered all along shore, washed up by the water, extending from

our camp up to the mouth of the Main River.<sup>1402</sup>

Sunday August 9th. Dull, cool; wind Easterly, misty morning. After breakfast Albert and Tom went over in canoe to end of portage to see if any one might be there with letters. We are expecting George Nicholls along with this gentleman of his. I walked along shore nearly over to Junction Brook. Picked up some fragments of coal a good way over. I also found some flint flakes and two pretty good Indian arrow heads. Albert and Tom saw a Patch Fox but did not get a shot at him. After dinner Albert and I went up to Sandy Lake River and followed up the little Kelvin Brook, as old Cooper called it, which lies inside the long beach at head of pond. We took the pup with us in hope of seeing some snipe to bring him upon but saw none. Albert has a fine store house built up at Mouth of Main River in which a month's grub is stored. There is a lot more over at landing.

Monday 10th. Fine, beautiful day. All hands at work on pits but without any further result. Tom and I walked back to Albert's line of last year in hopes of seeing some rock exposed on the burnt bare ridges about a mile back from the lake, but could find none. All the ridges are composed of coarse sand and fragments of sandstone, evidently millstone grit, which appears to be the rock of the country here. We then followed up a lead of marshes which

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<sup>1402</sup>The Main Brook; Sandy Lake River below.

runs between the shore hills and a ridge behind from Sandy Pond Brook right up to Twining's<sup>1403</sup> line. This is an admirable lead for the Railway track taking the side of the clay ridge on either side. I think the South side is preferable being more direct, but a little of the marsh would have to be crossed.

Tuesday 11th. Albert dreadfully sick from eating venison, poor fellow suffers fearfully whenever he eats much of it. Some of the men also are similarly affected. Bob Hudson<sup>1404</sup> is also sick in camp today with headache and cold shivers, but it is only from the heat. He took a dose of castor oil and was all right in the evening. Sent the other men to work on a landslip<sup>1405</sup> up near the mouth of the river, but after the whole day they found nothing but a tremendous depth of fine sand, not a particle of rock or coal. Concluded to abandon this side and go over to Coal Brook tomorrow. We have certainly done here all that could be done with pick and shovel to test this place but failed to reach any solid rock. I believe however, the blue clay with fragments of coal is or was a genuine underclay which being just on the surface has been entirely ground up during the glacial period or some other great era of denudation, probably at the time the

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<sup>1403</sup>C.F. Twining had conducted surveys at the Grand Lake coal areas in 1884, on land claimed by the New York, Newfoundland and London Telegraph Co. *JHA* (1885), Appendix, pp. 345, 405-6.

<sup>1404</sup>Crew member.

<sup>1405</sup>Landslide.

Great Gulf of Grand Lake was gouged out.<sup>1406</sup> After dinner I walked down shore, put up a pole for triangulation purposes on the Long Point below our camp, then I went down to Twining's line and followed the lead of marshes back to where the men were at work. It is certainly the line for the railways and bears by compass about  $110^\circ$ ; the northern slope  $82^\circ$ , but that takes the line too far up the River.

Wednesday 12th. Fine, calm and very sultry day. Struck camp and moved across to Coal Brook. The two canoes and boat took nearly all our things in one load each, but the boat had to return for Rody and the cooking gear. We got up our camps and made all snug before dinner-time. While waiting I strolled down the South shore of the Lake about a mile or so. Saw a deer upon a distant point. I then walked up a small brook much overgrown with alders and encumbered with fallen timber. Saw several small pieces of coal some of fair size all along the brook, could find no rock in place anywhere. The day was too sultry for travelling much. After dinner we all started off up Coal Brook. About a mile up I detected a coal seam, not seen before, and set some of the men at work uncovering it. They got a good deal of the bank cleared away before evening. The seam gives promise of being a good one. The other men I brought further up till we came to the

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<sup>1406</sup>I.e., by glaciation.

Junctions of the Carboniferous with the older slates and quartzites closely scrutinizing the cliffs wherever exposed. I set Noel and Bob at work on one place, and Mat and Joe at another. They both uncovered small seams of coal with thick upper and under clays. In the meantime Albert and I closely inspected the banks and found several underclays with coal or coaly matter. We also found the old seam previously discovered. All hands are in high spirits at the apparently bright prospects of this evening's work but it does not do to be too sanguine. We must only hope that some, at least, of these seams will prove of importance. The quality of the coal is excellent, especially in the larger seam which I first discovered.

Thursday 13th. Splendid day though a little wet in morning. All hands up the river at work. Tom and Mose uncovered most of the seam discovered yesterday. It looks pretty well. The other lads are at work half a mile above on opposite side little trough. They found one or two small seams, one about a foot thick of bright shaly coal. Met several underclays with coaly streaks. After dinner I walked up the brook to the fall. This is a most picturesque spot like a fairy dell. The brook is now, however, so low that there are but two thin streams of water falling over the ledge which forms the fall. I am sure when the brook is high it must be still more beautiful. I then climbed over the cliffs and

walked through the woods to the summit of a sharp wooded peak called Coal Brook Hill, from which I had a splendid panoramic view of Grand Lake and the surrounding country. It was a sight worth seeing. Looking up the great stretch of the Lake, the lower or Eastern end of Sir John Glover's Island and the high land on the South side of the lake loomed up in the distance. But the view across the head of the Lake and wide valley of the Humber was grand indeed. First the long beautiful sweep of beach stretching around the head of the Lake, with Seal Island and the Long point on the N.E. side standing prominently out while away towards Deer Lake and the Main Humber spread out the immense flat area studded with numerous marshes and dark, heavy forests. Away beyond Deer Lake, arose a ridge of serrated hills outlined sharply against the sky, while still further in the distance rose the dim outline of the Highlands near Bonne Bay. All still snowclad. Beneath me stretching from Grand Lake towards Sandy Lake is a very level plain dotted with numerous picturesque lakes and green marshes like meadows, while all between the dense forest clothed the surface. To the South, also, the high ridge is very densely wooded except near the top where several extensive marshes were visible. Sandy Lake and Kitty's Brook valley with the high land over them were distinctly visible. I was astonished at the abundance of pine here. All around this tolt and along the

slope on the South side Grand Lake and up the side of the ridge, towards Goose Pond I never saw Pines so thick anywhere before. Towards Sandy Lake unfortunately much has been burnt. I made a straight cut coming back through the woods and came out on the river about midway between the two parties at work. I saw numerous fresh signs of deer all along and drove one before me across the river.

Friday 14th. Another beautiful day. Set Albert, Tom and Joe at work dialling the river. Mose and old Tom uncovered about 50 feet of the lower coal seam and dug into it so that I might get a fair view and measure it. I found it about 6 feet in all but only three feet of this is coal. There are two distinct bands separated by some 8 inches of stiff white fire clay in the middle of the seam which is very persistant measuring its thickness from top to bottom. The lower band of coal 1'8" in thickness is rather inferior and shaly giving a brownish streak, but there is some good coal in it. The upper band 1'4" is better and more solid. Yesterday we made a big fire of it and found it to burn pretty well after a while. After dinner I set Noel at work on the seam further up, previously discovered. After he uncovered it a bit I had no hesitation in concluding it was the identical same seam as that below dipping down stream. Albert finished measuring the Brook. I went up to the fall and took two pictures but it was

very much in the shade and I fear they will be failures. The sun rarely shines here except early in the day. I will try it again tomorrow if fine.

Saturday 15th. Very fine, warm day. Being Lady Day I gave the lads a holiday. Albert and Noel went off for the day beaver hunting. I went up to the river and took three pictures of the fall. I then climbed the tolt again and took three more views from here. After dinner I took some observations for time and variation of compass. Tom, Joe and I then went up the South shore of the Lake in canoe to look for a deer. We got down to Hinds Brook and went up it a short distance. Saw one fine young stag but he came upon us too suddenly and I was so nervous I missed him twice. It was late when we got back to camp and we delayed on the way to put up a pole on Hinds' Point. It was a charming evening the lake being like a mirror. Albert and Noel were home long before us; they saw nothing but some beaver cutting at one pond. The rest of the crew employed their day washing clothes, cobbling etc.

Sunday 16th. Fine but dull, very close and sultry. All day in camp working up observations, writing home etc. Came to rain a little towards evening. We saw another stag this evening but had no gun. Wrote home.

Monday 17th. Fine day all hands at work up river costeaning.

Albert, Tom and Joe measuring Brook inside head of pond, old Cooper's Kelvin. Nothing new today.

Tuesday 18th. Fine day again. Sent Noel and Joe off to Deer Lake for and with letters. The rest at work costeaning up river. Albert and Tom continuing their survey of the Kelvin Brook; old Tom and Mose struck a small coal seam above the big one and followed it down to the river. It only showed 1/2 a foot of coal and thinned out at bottom; this makes the 5th clear seam, near second section from beginning of costeaning up River down about halfway to Tom and Moses' seam.<sup>1407</sup>

Wednesday 19th. Fine day again blowing a good breeze on pond. Set Mat and Bob at work costeaning on big landslips about centre of trough. They struck three or four small seams showing a few inches of impure coal. I took a lot of bearings from my new point. Very hot close day; flies bad.

Thursday 20th. Another beautiful fine day. Measured section in morning and selected and washed several specimens of coal to take home. Then returned to camp and adjusted instrument. Albert at work in camp plotting his survey. Noel came just as we were done dinner with our mail, a formidable bundle of papers and letters. It is really two mails. He had to wait a day at Deer

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<sup>1407</sup>The passage "near" to "seam" appears to be an unsuccessful effort by a typist to read a barely legible part of the "Journal."

Lake for Shaw who brought them up. Found all well at home and fishery news looking encouraging. Joe had to go on to Bay of Islands by land with our letters as there was no one going down in time to catch the steamer. I walked down the shore after dinner some three miles to a good sized brook which I have named Aldery Brook and followed it up to the hills. Found numerous fragments of coal all along and about a mile up came upon the Rock in place forming high cliffs. I continued on up till I came to the Junction of the Carboniferous with the older altered slates and trap. Saw two small seams of coal in places but believe there are others. We will move camp down here when we have finished Coal Brook and give this a thorough overhauling. I am beginning to hope we will yet strike something good as there is undoubtedly a considerable thickness of the coal measures here. Unfortunately the rocks are concealed over such an immense area at the head of the lake that it is impossible to form a correct idea of what they may reveal. So far as I know now there is not a single exposure in place from Kill Devil, on Junction River, to Coal Brook. This is a long space and as we found loose coal on the North side of the Lake, while the boring rod had revealed the existence of at least one seam near the mouth of Sandy Pond River, I conclude that here the true coal measures begin. If the dip is towards the South as we find it here on Coal

Brook and the angle of inclination<sup>1408</sup> ever so slight at first, it would bring in a very considerable thickness of the true coal measures. But this can only be conjectured as all the intervening space of over two miles is concealed beneath the waters of the lake and the immense deposits of sand and gravel occupying the flat country from here to Sandy Lake. Not one exposure of rock in place has so far been detected over this great plain. Possibly one great or several small undulations may occur here, bringing the Lower Barren measures<sup>1409</sup> to the surface again and again, in which case the coal area would be confined to the southern side of the lake and be extremely limited. The trough on Coal Brook is very narrow. It was pretty late when I got back to camp. I had great hope of getting a deer but did not see anything. We are now badly off for fresh meat, having had none for a fortnight. The deer are all scared away from our neighborhood.

Friday 21st. Warm, sultry day but blowing very hard with a heavy sea on Lake. Costeaning all day up river, uncovered several small seams, one about a foot may turn out something good. Bob Hudson asked me this evening to let him go home. His wife is sick. He has a small shop and has given out some supplies and as he has no one now to attend to his business he says he will lose

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<sup>1408</sup>The angle at which a geological structure, e.g. stratum, deviates from the horizontal.

<sup>1409</sup>Unproductive strata.

a good deal by being away. Of course under the circumstances, I can hardly keep him, yet it is very awkward as I can ill afford to lose one man, my crew being already too small for the amount of work we have to do. A man of this stamp, who has an independent way of living, should not be sent on such a work when there are so many poorer men who would be glad to get the job. It was a shame for Mr. Woods<sup>1410</sup> to send him here. Albert and Tom measuring shore today.

Saturday 22nd. Raining hard all night and all this morning, very close and sultry. Men did not go to work till after dinner when it cleared off fine. Noel and I went off in canoe up Sandy Pond River to look for a deer. We were nearly up to Big Rapid and did not get back to camp till nearly 10 O'clock. Saw two deer and several ducks but did not get any of them. I fired one shot at a small doe, as she was running off and missed, had very bad luck as the deer winded us each time. I only killed one young Pie bird. Very sultry night. No sign of Joe coming back yet; am getting uneasy about him.

Sunday August 23rd. Very hot day yet blowing a good breeze. Had a delicious bath in pond before breakfast and felt much refreshed after it. I then went in to see the coal seam the men

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<sup>1410</sup>Hudson was from Western Bay, in H.G.B. Woods' electoral district (Bay de Verde).

uncovered yesterday. They thought they had a great find as it appeared on the surface which was very oblique about three feet wide, while in vertical section is only about one foot. Sent Noel across to portage with the boat to look for Joe. The latter arrived there just after Noel all right. Albert and I went off up the Main River as far as his last year's line, and then walked into some ponds where he and Noel saw some signs of beaver. It was desperately sultry and the black flies were awful all the evening. We found the beaver house out on an Island in the pond and saw a beaver swimming but could not get at him as he would not toll or could not hear us. It would be necessary to have the canoe here to get at them. Had a tiresome walk back, desperately sultry, flies awful, didnt get to camp till sometime after dark. Albert shot one young pie bird and fired at another. No other game.

Monday 24th. Another beautiful fine day, all hands costeaning on East side of river. Albert in camp protracting his work. Found nothing new today.

Tuesday 25th. Dull, cool calm morning. Albert, Tom and Joe started off for Sandy Pond to survey Goose and Kitty's Brooks. I walked over beach to Albert's station near mouth of Sandy Pond Brook, B, of base line and took a set of bearings from there but it was a poor day for seeing. Came to rain in evening, men at

work costeaning on East side river. They uncovered one small coal seam below No 4. It is probably No 3 of upper section.

Wednesday 26th. Another very fine warm day. Men at work all day on same cutting. The coal seam uncovered yesterday is 13 inches thick, fair coal; found several thick beds of fireclay some with dirty streaks but no other actual coal seam. We are now a considerable time without seeing any deer or getting any fresh meat and all are longing for some.

Thursday 27th. Very calm, warm day. Noel and I are bound off to look for a deer and try and get at the beaver we saw last Sunday. I was about starting to go along the beach to instrument when I saw a deer coming. I ran back for the gun and was just in time to get in a convenient place to hide when the deer, a fine young stag, came along within 25 yards of me. I fired and missed him most gloriously. He jumped out into the Lake but turned back again and made for the woods. I fired again as he was running and hit him badly low down in the breast but he made off as if nothing had happened. Noel and I then cut across into a marsh behind the beach when we saw him again. I fired again and missed him, as I believe in my hurry it was a charge of small shot, not a ball, I put in. He now took to the woods in earnest and we lost him. It was awfully bad luck and the poor brute is so badly hit he is sure to die. I followed him a little way in the woods but

it was such bad going and so hot I gave it up. Noel then started off with the canoe up the Kelvin Brook to see what the prospects were of our getting into the beaver pond; while I went over to take my bearings and then bring the instrument back to zero point. After accomplishing this I started off after Noel with the two guns and lunch bag. It was awfully hot and difficult to get along through the thick alders. After travelling some distance up the Steady I came across a blazed track which I followed till it brought me out to the first pond. Here I found Noel awaiting me with the canoe which he had carried across. We then had our lunch and proceeded up to the 2nd pond in which the beaver house was. It was very much too early yet to look for the lad's appearance out of doors, so we went exploring. First we walked across to another pond with an island in it and travelled along shore, but saw nothing here; we then came back, crossed the beaver pond and went off in the opposite direction. We struck another little pond in which was a single black duck. Noel tolled it and I fired but did not kill it dead, only broke its wing. The brute dived all across the pond and hid somewhere under the bank before I could reach there and I lost it also. We now came back to await the beaver and after some considerable time we saw him but before we could get within shot he went back into his house. We then had a long wait and when he came out again Noel tried to paddle up to

him. It had now come to blow hard and the canoe made a great noise amongst the poppy<sup>1411</sup> leaves which frightened him before we could get within shot. He dived and slapped his tail on the water just as I was about to fire. We saw him twice afterward and as there appeared but a poor chance of getting to close quarters I fired a long shot but of course did not kill him. We saw no more of him after that. Went back to the house expecting there might be another there but after a long wait none appeared, we then got on the house to drive out any there might be inside but there were none, neither could we see anything more of the lad I fired at. He is evidently all alone, and hid away very closely after the shot so we lost him also. After our long and hard tramp and portage etc. it was getting late so we gave up the hunt and returned to first pond; here we landed and were in the act of hauling up the canoe in the bushes when we started another fine deer just alongside. Away he went before I had time to grab up my gun and we also lost him. Such a run of ill-luck I never experienced, and at such a time, when we want the meat so much. Had we plenty in camp my luck would be different. So we had to return as we came after our day, minus any game though we saw plenty.

Friday 28th. Dull, wet, misty morning. Men all at work

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<sup>1411</sup>Pond lily.

costeaning. I took an observation of Polaris last night and found the variation  $30^{\circ} 43'$  W. Set the instrument this morning and took true bearings upon all my points. I then started off with the dog in hope of finding my wounded deer and travelled a good deal through the woods but saw no signs of him. The bushes were miserably wet and I came home drenched. I then protracted my work till dinner-time. It now came to rain very hard, and the men left off work and came out of the woods. After dinner I put on my long oil coat, took my gun and I strolled down the shore to Aldery Brook. It was awfully close and tiresome walking with the long coat on. Saw no game of any kind. I picked up small fragments of coal all along the Shore. Very sultry night.

Saturday 29th. Beautiful fine calm and very hot day. The men say the hottest, or rather warmest, for the season. It is sultry rather than hot. Costeaning all day along eastern side of River but did not strike any coal. There are a great many beds of fireclay, some showing dirty coal streaks. We are now getting into the low ground and I fear will have difficulty in reaching the rock bed but a little further in there is a considerable bank on opposite side of river where I hope to find something. I think we are past the lowest rocks seen on upper sub-trough and consequently into lower measures, where I think there must yet be some coal not showing on surface anywhere. Just as we left off it

came to mist and before we were done tea rained hard. The rain continued very heavy till about 10 O'clock. Night extremely sultry at first but cooled off after the rain.

Sunday August 30th. Very fine, cool, bright day; wind Northerly and light. Remained in camp all morning reading and writing. After dinner I went off in the canoe up the Main Sandy Pond River taking the pup, Bruno, with me. Saw some pie birds and killed two. I then went further up. At one place where I landed to look into a marsh for a deer the pup went off in the woods and I could not get him to come back to the canoe. Half vexed I pulled away up the River believing he would follow me along shore but when I got a considerable distance away I heard him howling at the place where we landed. When I came back he was not there. I thought he must have either gone home to camp or back to the first place where we landed. As I came down the river I saw a deer ahead of me walking along shore stopping now and again to clip some leaves from the overhanging bushes. I pulled quietly along behind him, but a stiff breeze kept me back. I was nearly within shot when he turned and saw me. He looked for a minute or so and then sprang up the bank and into the woods. Knowing that there was a big marsh just inside running all along parallel with the brook, I shoved the canoe ashore seized my gun and climbed up the bank just in time. The deer, a fine young stag, was running

past about 100 yards distant. I whistled at him, when he stopped and looked towards me, then taking a careful aim I let go. The ball entered his breast, penetrated the body inside, and he fell like a stone just where he stood. The first thing I saw when the smoke cleared away was his hoof up in the air. I dont think I ever made a finer shot at a deer in my life. I immediately set to work to paunch him, and then dragged him by main force to the bank. It was as much as ever I could do to get him there. I hauled the canoe close in and managed to tumble him into her. It was now nearly dark but I was no distance from the mouth of the river. As it was nearly calm I took the canoe outside and paddled around to camp where I arrived about 8 O'clock. Some of the men were getting anxious about my absence, and Noel and Tom Cole were off to look for me. To my surprise the dog was not home nor did he put in an appearance all night. Poor brute, I fear he is lost.

Monday 31st. Very cold last night. I did not sleep well thinking of the poor dog. All the men are fond of him and sorry he is gone. I have every hope he will turn up all right. Noel skinned and cut up the deer after which he and I went off in the canoe to look for the dog. When we got to where I killed the deer we found he had been there and spent some time running back and forth; when I landed I fired a gun to attract him but saw no sign of him. We then proceeded up the River whistling and calling for

him as we went along. Saw his tracks in several places on both sides of the River. The poor brute must have been galloping around the country all night. When we got to the place where I first lost him, we also found he spent a good deal of time there, running up and down shore. We landed and called but no sign of him. We then went on up to the last place I landed, but he had not been there. We were not long here, however, when we heard him howl down the river where we had landed last. We immediately returned and found the poor brute there exactly where I last saw him, after no doubt running around over miles and miles of country all last night and this morning. He was completely fagged out. We got him on board and returned to camp which we reached at dinner-time. After dinner I went in to the men and found they had got into a great nest of boulders and very hard gravel, with such deep tough soil that it was impossible to reach the bed rock in most places. This too is the spot where I had great hopes of finding coal but as it is low on both sides I do not expect we can do much here without a boring rod.

Tuesday Sept. 1st. A beautiful, fine, bright and perfectly calm day. The great lake is like a sea of quicksilver, so placid and light in the sun's rays. It is warm also, though it was very cold last night. I went in to direct the men where to costean and then taking advantage of the calm day, Noel and I paddled up the

lake to Hind's Point, to take bearings. While there we saw a magnificent old stag coming along the beach. As I did not want to shoot him I thought it a splendid chance for a photograph and accordingly got the camera ready. Focused a part of the beach where I expected he would come and was all ready to put in a plate when the brute turned into the woods and went off. It was an awful pity he did not come on a little further, as he would have made a splendid picture. After dinner we went across to Whetstone point<sup>1412</sup> on the North side of the Lake, and erected a pole then returned and put up another on a point opposite and back to Hinds Point. When we got here it was too late to take the bearings as I could not see my poles. So I had to leave the instrument standing and come home. The lake was beautifully calm, we may not get such another day for a long time, but it was a long, hard pull. I was surprised at the abundance of pine all along both sides of the lake, especially in some places where it was very thick. When we reached camp after dark found Albert and party back. They finished Goose Pond Brook, saw lots of deer and killed one. Experienced different weather from us, much more stormy and wet, which seems strange for so short a distance.

Wednesday Sept. 2nd. Fine day again all hands costeaning up River found nothing new. Albert and Tom went over to store house

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<sup>1412</sup>Wetstone Point.

at mouth of Sandy Pond River with the boat and took all the things away and landed them up the shore near Aldery Brook, our next camping place.

Thursday 3rd. Another beautiful day very light breeze on pond. Men still costeaning on West side River. Albert and I went up to Hind's Point in canoe, took bearings then continued on to next pole and took another set. We then pulled a long way up the pond to a low wooded point beyond old Harry Mountain and put up another pole. It was now getting late, nearly sunset, and we were a long way from camp, fully 12 miles. So we set our sail and though there was scarcely any wind, we made good time up the lake. We just had light enough when we reached the instrument to take the bearing of the last pole. It was considerably after dark when we got back to camp after a hard day's paddling. We saw no deer along shore though abundance of footing everywhere. The men had no success today either, too much sand and gravel, they could not reach the bed rock.

Friday 4th. Another beautiful warm day. Set Albert, Tom, Joe and Moses at work running a line on strike of big coal seam. The rest costeaning but did not find anything.

Saturday 5th. Fine day but blowing heavy from N.W. Big sea on pond. Bob Hudson was to start for home today and Noel goes with him as far as Deer Lake to see if our last mail is there.

But as it blew so hard I did not like to let them venture across the lake, so they all went back costeaning except Albert and his party who continued their line. After dinner Hudson was so anxious to go and fearing he might miss the steamer I went out to camp and paid him off. He and Noel then tried to start in the small boat and got off with difficulty from the shore but were soon compelled to put back. There was a mountainous sea on, and the little boat was not able for it. I was very anxious while they were out and glad they came back. They were both greatly frightened. Hudson said he thought he was able for anything in the way of a sea but that was too much for him. Had they persisted they surely must have been swamped and drowned. It was really terrific. They said they would wait till the wind went down and then go on or if it did not abate would travel around the shore of the lake. I went back to old Mat and Tom the only two men left at the costeaning. I then went up to the coal seams above to have a last look at them and get some specimens as this evening will close our work here. I see plainly we can do no more here with pick and shovel. The rocks are buried too deeply beneath the surface, soil and hard gravel like concrete. So when the evening's work was over we brought out all the tools to be ready to move the first thing on Monday morning up to Aldery Brook. Found on our return to camp Bob and Noel gone by land and

Albert back, his line having run over in the lake at the first cove. So that can hardly be the true strike of the seam which I believe is further inside.

Sunday Sept. 6th. Dull, calm day rained during night. Remained in camp reading all the morning. After dinner I went over to Albert's line to inspect a conglomerate he reported cropping out but found it was only cemented gravel, a recent deposit. I then went in and brought out some specimens of coal from the lowest 13 inch seam, also some fireclay. Bob and Noel have a fine cool day for travelling across to Deer lake.

Monday 7th. Dull heavy morning wind S.W. light. Moved camp down to Aldery Brook, and just got them up in time. As it came to rain hard and continued showery at intervals all afternoon. Set men at work after dinner to cut a path in along Brook. I took a pick and shovel and went down the shore to where the outcrops of sandstone occur and did a good deal of costeaning on beach, found lots of soft shale and fireclay but no sign of coal. The men picked up some good pieces on the river. Noel returned about 5 O'clock without our mail. There were no letters for us at Deer Lake, as no one had been down the Bay since. Bob got a chance down in boat on Sunday evening which was very lucky for him. They saw four deer and Bob shot one which Shaw came in for today. Rained hard after tea at intervals.

Tuesday 8th. Fine day blowing hard on Lake. All hands costeaning up river. It rained very hard last night and the Brook is consequently very high today. I travelled up river and looked very closely for coal, saw a few signs in one or two places, but men met none costeaning. Albert stayed in camp protracting his Goose Pond work.

Wednesday 9th. Another fine day but blowing a strong breeze from Westward. Heavy sea on lake. All costeaning again today, but no sign of coal so far. I walked up river till I came to a magnificent cataract tumbling down over a cliff fully 250 feet high. It would make a splendid picture and I am bound to photograph it. Albert still at his protracting all day.

Thursday 10th. Another fine blowy day. Men still at work costeaning all along Eastern side of River. After dinner Tom Thorburn and I went up to Fall and I got two good views of it. While taking the second the sun shone directly upon the upper part of the fall and produced a beautiful rainbow. Pity the camera cannot take natural colours. No coal yet.

Friday 11th. Another fine day not blowing so hard. Albert, Tom and Joe measuring up Brook. I went down shore to first little Brook and followed it up a long way, saw some rocks in place about 1/2 mile up but no coal seams though I picked up numerous pieces, some of considerable size. I afterwards walked in to the

men. They had found one small seam of a few inches only today. I fear our prospects here are poor. We have now done a great deal of costeaning at least 1/2 mile, and as the rocks are all dipping at a high angle this means a considerable thickness without one decent seam.

Saturday 12th. Beautiful, fine, calm day. Albert and Tom went up lake in canoe to measure Hind's Brook, and continue along shore. Sent the two Moores across to Junction Brook to our store house for last keg of molasses. They did not return till dinner-time being fully six hours gone, when they could easily have done it in two on such a calm day. I gave them a bit of my mind when they returned which they wont forget. Joe and I went back to Coal Brook to bring up our coal specimens from there. So up till dinner-time only old Tom and Noel were at the costeaning. After dinner I was walking up river when I picked up a fine large knob of coal which must have come from a pretty fair sized seam. I then made a close scrutiny of the river and succeeded in finding the seam I believe it came from. I could not well get at it with only my small hand pick but as near as I could judge it is something over a foot thick and two other small seams being close above it. There is also a small one below. The men did not find anything more except a few dirt streaks.

Sunday September 13th. Beautiful, fine, warm, calm day for

this season. Remained in camp all day reading. Tomorrow Albert, Tom and Joe will start up lake to continue the measurement. Noel and I follow on Tuesday. I intended going tomorrow but am anxious to see what this coal seam is like.

Monday 14th. Fine day, light west wind. Albert, Tom and Joe started up lake. I remained to see what the coal seam was like. We uncovered it and stripped it down side of cliff. It consists of 4 layers of coal separated by wide bands of tough shale. The lowest bed only, which is 14 inches thick, is any good. This is fine hard coal. I believe the seam to be No 4 of Coal Brook here split up, the middle layer being divided by shale. A few yards below, another small seam of 1/2 a foot occurs. I fear there is nothing better here, we must now be close upon the highest strata in the group leaving little room for more coal above, while below for several hundred feet uncovered in the costeaning no coal of any account exists. It is possible that seams may occur lower down in the formation where the rocks underlie the lake and low country.

Tuesday 15th. Gave men orders to continue the costeaning up along river. Noel and I then started off up lake to continue the triangulation. Had it fine and calm all forenoon. Then a light breeze sprang up from Eastward, a fair wind so we were in luck. Overtook the other lads at my last pole beyond old Harry

Mountain. Here we had dinner and I took a set of bearings. While there two deer, a doe and fawn swam across pond and landed a little below us. Albert was going after them to have a shot when I stopped him. Like all young fellows he is anxious to fire at every deer he sees, whether we want them or not. I then thought to get a photograph of them as they remained some time walking up and down the shore, but they would not come near enough. After dinner we proceeded on availing of the fair wind to make as much headway as possible. It came to blow pretty strong in the evening and rained hard. We scud along under sail before the wind, and arrived inside the Southern reach where we camped on a fine point covered with beautiful birch trees where the shore forms a deep cove. Just inside there is a large pond. It is a very beautiful spot. Just as we landed here Bruno started a fox and had a most exciting chase after him along the beach. He nearly had him when the fox turned short into the woods and got clear. We were very wet and miserable when we got our camps up and had to change all our clothes, but soon had a good fire going and were tolerably comfortable again. It continued to rain very hard all night at intervals.

Wednesday 16th. Dull, cold morning. Still foggy and showery. Got underway and proceeded up the Reach. Wind ahead all day, tough paddling along shore. After passing the narrows we took the

Island side it being more sheltered and got along pretty fast. The scenery all along here is very grand. The land on either side being high and bold. Innumerable picturesque cascades now swollen from the rain tumble down the mountain sides on either side of the Reach. They would afford endless subjects for an artist, as no two of them are alike. I stopped to photograph one on the Island which was very pretty. We killed some ducks today but saw no deer. It was a hard day's pull and we did not reach the end of the Island when camping time arrived. We had rather a poor place to put up as along here the land is nearly all high.

Thursday 17th. Another fine day but blowing a good breeze from Westward. Took two photographs one of the Reach before leaving camp. Shortly after starting we saw a doe and fawn on the shore. I fired twice at the Doe from the canoe, but missed her owing to the lop. I then fired at the fawn and struck the poor little animal in the fore leg. Albert fired just as he was taking to the woods and shot him low down in the belly. Then the dog jumped out of the canoe and made after him in the woods, drove him out again into the water. The poor animal made a desperate struggle to get away but was too much hurt. Albert's canoe caught up to him when Albert dispatched him with a blow of a pole on the head. We hauled him ashore, skinned him and proceeded on our journey; for some time we had a tough paddle along shore till we

got to where the land trended more N. Westerly where it was comparatively smooth. We stopped for dinner at the mouth of a considerable brook known to the Indians by the euphonous name of Luaseechjeech, or Little Bay of Islands water.<sup>1413</sup> The Indians inform me there is a very long narrow lake of the same name or Little Grand Pond some distance up, and that there is a great deal of very fine pine around it. There is a kind of steady at the mouth of this Brook where trout and salmon spawn. We saw a large seal just outside. The brute had evidently been in here and heard us coming. The scenery up here is truly magnificent, I took three more views.<sup>1414</sup> Two of the end of the big Island looking down both reaches. The end of the Island and all down the Northern Reach as far as we could see is extremely high, but wooded all over, only a few bare topped ridges are seen further in on the North side of the Lake. Pine is more or less abundant all along the lake shores and on the south side of the island. We trimmed along the South shore very close all the afternoon. It is very high and precipitous. The rocks are chiefly Syenite and mica schist<sup>1415</sup> but I noticed several calcareous<sup>1416</sup> bands and one narrow band of impure white Marble and also some flesh colored. We got

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<sup>1413</sup>Translated on Monday 21st as Little Grand Pond Brook.

<sup>1414</sup>Howley's photo titled "Southern Reach of Grand Lake" appeared in *Centenary Magazine*, 2, 10 (1898), facing p. 16.

<sup>1415</sup>A metamorphic rock composed of quartz and mica.

<sup>1416</sup>Containing lime or limestone.

up to the head of the lake about 5 P.M., found it very shallow for a long distance off, bottom all fine sand. I fired at a seal on a rock and struck the rock about 2 inches below him. How he escaped the bullet I cannot tell. They all think I struck him, but he got off. The head of the lake is low and flat with a great deal of grassy and swampy interval land. Quite a large river<sup>1417</sup> flows in here, but it is split up and spread out into numerous channels, all dry just now. This river runs up some 7 or 8 miles very straight then turns right back behind the hills, ending in Gull Pond.<sup>1418</sup> From the bend a portage of a mile is cut across to a feeder of Harry's Brook, by which the hunters and trappers can bring their boats around and down to Grand Lake. While the lads were putting up camp, Noel and I went up in canoe to look for a beaver. We saw one and I shot it. Sometime after we found their house and saw another beaver, I fired and struck him very hard, but he disappeared and we could not find him again. Saw several black ducks, I fired twice but did not kill any.

Friday 18th. Fine day blowing fresh. Albert, Noel and Tom went down the North shore to commence measurement and put up some poles. Joe and I started off on foot to climb the mountains and investigate Christopher Mitchell's<sup>1419</sup> coal yarn. We had a very

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<sup>1417</sup>Grand Lake Brook.

<sup>1418</sup>Big Gull Pond.

<sup>1419</sup>Perhaps a member of the Mitchell family of Renew's; Mrs. Mitchell, bound for Ferryland, was a passenger on the *Volunteer* with Howley in June.

steep, tiresome climb up a deep ravine over fallen timber, loose rocks etc. till we reached the open country above. As I suspected the coal yarn is another myth. The rocks are all Laurentian gneiss. We then climbed the mountain side and got on the high barren land from which we had a splendid view. We could see the waters of Bay St. George and Indian Head all plainly. The Lewis and Blomidon mountains as well as the Bonne Bay hills, and all the country between which lay at a lower level. Including the valley of George's Pond<sup>1420</sup> and Harry's Brook all this low country is densely wooded, but is very uneven. Patches of last year's snow are still to be seen on the back of the Lewis Hill range. To the South and East the country is very high and barren, away towards the Exploits valley. It began to blow very hard before we got down again to the lake. We had a tough time getting down, as the mountain side was very steep and dangerous from the presence of loose rocks. We saw one deer, a fine stag in the thick woods on our way up but nothing else, not even a partridge. When we got to our camp it was blowing great guns. The wind came in squalls down the valley and made the water of the lake fly like smoke. I became very anxious about the lads, especially as they did not put in an appearance up till sunset. We concluded they were out for all night but just at dark Noel came in the canoe and told us

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<sup>1420</sup>Georges Lake.

the other two were coming along shore. They had a very hard time all day as it blew so hard. Albert and Tom did not get to camp for at least two hours after dark. I was getting awfully anxious about them, the walking along shore is so bad up here. I feared they had met with some accident. However, they came at last pretty well jaded out. It blew terrifically nearly all night, and then came on a regular equinoctial gale.

Saturday 19th. Still blowing hard and with rain squalls very cold and miserable. Wind came down somewhat after midday. Albert and Noel started again to try and finish the measurement but had to give it up. They could not get along shore. We then went up to look for the other beaver and get some ducks. Tore the beaver house open, but they were gone. We saw a lot of ducks but it was difficult to get within shot of them. I killed three and Albert two, one of which he lost. They are fine birds. Blew hard again with rain squalls during night.

Sunday 20th. Dull, squally and raining very cold and miserable. We had intended going on to Hare Hill today to have a view of the country, but it turned out so miserable we remained in camp. After dinner it cleared off and calmed down somewhat. When Albert went off to finish his measurement. It came to blow hard again just after they left. I went up to look for more ducks, saw them but did not get a shot. Tomorrow if fine we will

commence to move down the lake again.

Monday 21st. Fine day again. Commenced measuring down S. shore of lake. Had a good deal of difficulty getting along owing to the steep cliffy character of the shore. Succeeded in getting down to the mouth of Luaseechjeech or Little Grand Pond Brook, where we camped. I got some good pictures of falls on two brooks today. Our venison is now all used up and we are ready for more. This is a great place for deer crossing and we are in hopes of seeing some.

Tuesday 22nd. Fancy hoar-frost this morning. Another very fine day. Did not move camp, Albert and Tom measuring along shore. I took bearings from two stations. After dinner just as Noel and I landed at a point 1/2 a mile below our camp to take bearings we saw several deer, five in all, swimming across below us. They were nearly over before we observed them. We landed our canoe and made all haste to catch them, but they got ashore before we reached within shot. There was one magnificent stag bringing up the rear. I fired a long shot and hit him low down in the belly. They all immediately made off along shore. I fired again as they ran away and hit the old stag in the thick part of the flank hurting him very much. He began to lag behind, but still kept on swimming along shore. We followed as fast as we could and gained upon him. In the meantime the others, all does

and fawns, ran down till they reached where Albert was taking his measurement. He shouted at them and drove them off in the water, when they swam back again to the north side of the pond, a pretty long swim after just coming across. I fired again twice at the stag hitting him each time, but owing to the motion of the canoe I could not take a steady aim. At last the dog saw him, jumped out of the canoe and made after him. He came behind the deer so suddenly that the poor stag had to jump out in the pond and attempt to swim after the does, but he was nearly done, and we soon overtook him, when a final shot in the back of the head fixed him. We towed him ashore, skinned and cut him up. He is a magnificent beast in prime order with 3 inches of solid fat over the rumps. I dont think I ever killed a fatter deer. We are now well supplied with fresh meat for a time. I just had time to get my bearings before dark.

Wednesday 23rd. Dull, threatening morning. Started onward but had barely got about a mile when a regular screecher of a Northeaster came up and soon kicked up a tremendous sea. We were obliged to turn tail and run for a small cove to leeward where we remained all day in hopes of it calming down, but as it continued to blow all day we had to camp here.

Thursday 24th. Fine again, very cold last night, heavy hoarfrost, everything covered with white frost. The water in our

canoes froze 1/2 an inch. It turned out however a calm day, fine, bright and with not much wind. We continued our measurement down the Southern Reach inside the Big Island and did a good day's work and got down about half way to the narrows.

Friday 25th. Another fine day not much wind, made a good day's work and got down to Wigwam point at the narrows and put up in the old wigwam here which is a fine, roomy, and well built one. During the night it came to rain hard, with heavy thunder and very vivid lightning. The wigwam on our side leaked a good deal which rendered us rather uncomfortable. However, the storm did not last long and we put in a pretty good night. Our venison is extremely good, and Joe cooks it first-rate.

Saturday 26th. Another very fine day after the storm. They had to go back some distance to measure up so it was late when we left here. I took a picture of the wigwam with the lads grouped about it. Also one looking up the Reach, but met with an accident by the camera blowing down and getting broken. It blew pretty fresh all day from the North which being directly across the Reach made considerable lop on the side we were working upon. Fortunately the distance across is not great so that no heavy sea could make. We got along first-rate till we reached Big Pond Point<sup>1421</sup> where we camped the first evening. As we went up the

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<sup>1421</sup>Grand Pond Point.

lake here we were stopped by the wind and lopped and had to camp. Albert and Tom continued to measure along shore till dark. We are now all but out of tea and our sweetening is all gone. We have a long way to go to finish up to where our former measurement ended. As it is all out in the open part of the lake, it will be impossible to get along if it blows hard.

Sunday 27th. Dull day but fine, wind west blowing a good breeze, but as it is somewhat off shore and does not make a very heavy sea we decided to move on owing to the shortness of our supplies. We got along pretty well and reached Little Pond Point by sunset where we camped.

Monday 28th. Another fine day blowing fresh. Albert and Tom continued their measurement along shore till they connected with former work at the long sandy point under Old Harry. I took a set of final bearings from here. After dinner it calmed down somewhat so Noel, Joe and I started with the canoes for the next point but before we got down it blew again and kicked up a pretty ugly sea. We just managed to weather the point and get into the smooth water cove beyond. Here we camped for the night. I then walked back some distance along shore and followed up a small brook to take some views of a pretty fall I saw as we came down in the canoe. It was a difficult place to get at, but I succeeded just in time before it got too dark.

Tuesday 29th. Beautiful, fine day not much wind. Started for camp, Aldery Brook, under sail. It soon came to blow pretty fresh and kick up a heavy sea but we scud along before it so fast that in a short time we actually ran ahead of the sea. Had a grand sail down the pond and reached camp about midday. Here we found all well. The men were at work on a little brook below camp having finished up Aldery Brook, where according to Rody, they have found some forty seams of coal. After dinner Tom and I went down to where they were at work near the mouth of the 1st small brook above Coal Brook. Here there is such a thick bank of clay and gravel that they could not reach the bed rock, but inside they found 3 or 4 seams of coal. I walked in to see these. They are all small, one having 7 inches coal and about as much more carbonaceous shale filled with fossils.

Wednesday 30th. Sent men to work on seams in Little Brook to uncover them better. Albert and Tom surveying the Brook, while I went up Aldery Brook to inspect the work done there. Found they had done well having costeamed on both sides up to the Junction. There is a wonderful display of seams, such as they are. I counted thirty-two in all, but they are all small, the best only shows about 1 1/2 feet coal. It came to rain and for a while was very miserable. I got soaking wet and had to give up my measurements. When I got back to camp, changed and had dinner, it

had cleared off fine but it was too late to go down where they were at work.

Thursday October 1st. Fine day again. Went down to Little Brook, having sent Joe and Tom across to Junction Brook to see if there were any letters and bring over some of the things. I walked up another small brook nearer our camp and then struck across through the woods to where the men were at work. The three seams they found here do not amount to much. One of them had a roof filled with fossil trees, got some good ones out. Concluded to give this up as we have not time now to do much more here and I am anxious to see more of the seams on Aldery Brook. Brought out some specimens. Tom and Joe did not get back till dark as it blew hard. No sign of any letters.

Friday October 2nd. All hands at work up Aldery Brook uncovering coal seams. Found a good deal of confusion at one place, seams all jumbled up together. Got some beautiful, hard, bright coal at one place near centre of Trough. I measured a section on this cutting noting the thickness of each seam. Day rather dull with light, misty rain at intervals. Brought out some coal in evening.

Saturday 3rd. Still dull and gloomy. Stopped to write letters as I intend sending Joe and Noel down to the Bay to catch the steamer and am anxious to hear from home, as it is now over

two months since the date of our last letters and papers. I then went in and had the largest seams uncovered. One, No. 12 or 13 of section, looks well. It thickened near bottom to 2 feet 3 inches, all solid coal. The rest are all smaller. I had the highest seam in centre of trough uncovered from which we got some fine pieces of bright, glistening slickensided<sup>1422</sup> coal. I believe there is a fault here which accounts for the confusion and condition of this coal in which case the seams are all repeated and there is, I fear, very little of some of the best of them. I carefully measured the whole section with compass and tape backwards from inner end in doing so. The 2.3 foot seam is No. 12 counting backwards while the big clay seam supposed to be a repetition of the first big seam, No. 6 here, is No. 13 back. Brought out a lot of fine specimens this evening.

Sunday October 4th. Beautiful fine day wind N.W. and light. Remained in camp all morning washed some of the coal. After dinner Joe and Noel went across in boat. I walked up along the shore nearly to Hinds Point; I then returned and went a considerable distance up the 2nd small brook beyond Aldery Brook. Found the country rather flat, no exposures of rock except just at Mouth of Brook. I picked up one small piece of coal. It was a very warm evening for this time of year and looks as if October

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<sup>1422</sup>Having a smooth glistening surface (OED).

promised well.

Monday 5th. Men at work up Aldery Brook further uncovering coal seams and getting out specimens. Tom and Albert went across pond to portage with a canoe load of specimens. Met D. Stott,<sup>1423</sup> Shaw and some men on their way up to Sandy Pond to rebuild telegraph station there. Day dull; wind light from N.E.

Tuesday 6th. Still dull and showery. Noel returned with a large mail, Joe gone on to Bay of Islands. Stott informs me the Conscript only leaves St. John's this evening coming West and will not be up before Sunday next. Men still at work uncovering seams up River, got out a lot of fine specimens and carried out a good deal. Found by letters all going on well at home. Papers contain flourishing accounts of fishery, especially on Labrador. Also great number of casualties. Loss of life by flood and field all over the World.<sup>1424</sup> Everything being quite new to us.

Wednesday 7th. Still dull, rained hard last night. Finished work on Aldery Brook and got out all our specimens. I spent the day washing and packing them. Sent Noel and Moses over in evening with another load, as it was quite calm.

Thursday 8th. Got out remainder of specimens, washed and packed them up. Dull, cold day.

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<sup>1423</sup>David Stott.

<sup>1424</sup>See *Eve Tel*, Sept. 22, 25, 26, 28, 1891; the Newfoundland "casualties" occurred in a severe storm Sept. 22.

Friday 9th. Still dull and misty blowing a strong breeze from N.W. Sent men up to Little Brook where I found the coal on Sunday. They did good deal of costeaning but there was so much gravel and clay could not reach the bed rock.

Saturday 10th. Men still at work on Little Brook went further up to where rocks outcropped but found nothing. Picked up numerous small fragments of coal, however, in bed of Brook. Blowing hard from westward all day, but fine. I intend leaving on Monday if we can get across. Weather very windy lately, big sea on almost every day. Joe is evidently waiting arrival of Steamer to bring up mail.

Sunday 11th. Dull, cold day; blowing hard from N.W. I went in to have a last look at coal section and take some further notes. On my return found Sam Shaw at Camp. He is on his way down to Deer Lake for some things. Informed us John Baird<sup>1425</sup> of St. John's is dead, also the great Charles Stewart Parnell. So the great Home Rule Leader is gone. After dinner I walked down to Coal Brook and had a last examination of the section there for comparison with Aldery Brook. It is a very difficult proposition to decide which seams correspond on both brooks. Shaw saw sixteen deer today in coming down Sandy Pond River, we have not seen one

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<sup>1425</sup>John Baird, one of the founders of the St. John's firm Baird Brothers, died Oct. 2; Parnell died Oct. 6.

since we were up the lake and are now longing for some fresh venison.

Monday 12th. Calm in morning. Sent boat and canoe across to Long Point with a load each, principally coal specimens; before they got over, it came to blow hard and they had some difficulty getting back. I took a stroll along shore and followed up the first little brook beyond Aldery Brook. Saw no rock in place but picked up some fragments of coal. We did intend moving across to the end of the portage today but the strong breeze prevented us.

Tuesday 13th. Still blowing a good breeze though not so strong as yesterday. Struck camp and started for North side. We had to go down the Lake with the canoes, get inside a shoal bar which runs along near the head, where we had comparatively smooth water. We then succeeded in getting along the North shore to the Long Point where we met the boat but here we were detained till evening by the wind and sea. We got over at last before sunset though the load was very heavy and we shipped several seas. We found Joe waiting for us at the portage. He had been here since Saturday and not able to get across the river. Tom, who walked along shore, saw five deer and blazed away at them with Albert's gun but did not bag any of them. Joe has seen several deer crossing since he has been here. Noel and I took a stroll over the marshes but saw nothing.

Wednesday 14th. Beautiful, calm, warm day. Sent Joe and Noel across portage and down for Nicholls to bring up his horse to draw our stuff across. Old Tom and Mat went back with the boat after the stuff left at Long Point, while Albert, Tom, Mose, and I got all down to the lower landing ready for hauling across. In the evening the men took a load each nearly out to the 4th mile post. Albert and I again went off to look for a deer but were very unfortunate. Albert saw one old stag but of course would not shoot him at this season. I did not see a thing though there were fresh signs of deer everywhere.

Thursday 15th. Dull, misty, calm morning. Struck camp and commenced portaging. Met Nicholls and Indians about 1/2 way across big marsh. We saw two deer; I went after them. They proved to be a stag and doe. I tried to get within shot of the doe but could not succeed. The stag I could have easily shot as he would scarcely run away at all. We camped on the road not far from 4th mile post; men continued portaging and Nicholls got one load across to other side. Albert and I again went off in evening to look for a deer but I missed a doe badly. Albert did not see anything. The marshes are awfully wet and soft. It is killing work travelling them. I fear we are not going to kill any more deer this season.

Friday 16th. Fine day, but cold. Men portaging across to

other side. Albert off again this morning over marshes but saw nothing. After dinner I went across with a load. Nicholls brought the two canoes as far as end of marsh and another load to camp. He has still about two loads left behind at Grand Lake end.

Saturday 17th. Miserably cold and wet all night, ground covered with wet, sloppy snow this morning. Men took canoes across before dinner. After dinner moved camp to end of portage on Humber side. Nicholls' dray broke down with his load near the 2nd mile post and he had to come out and go down to his house for some gear etc. He only got one load over today to where he broke down; there is another yet at last camp and still another over at Grand Pond side. He says he will be back again tonight and go on in so as to be ready for the morning. We found it pretty cold to night.

Sunday October 18th. Pretty fair but cold day. Nicholls passed along last night after we were all in bed and we saw nothing of him today. But his two boys came out to go after his shoeing gear, as his horse's shoe came off. Albert and Joe went down to Rocky Brook in morning and saw two deer but did not kill either. Noel, Tom and I went across the river after dinner and scoured some big marshes on the east side but were unsuccessful in seeing a single deer though there was abundant fresh signs everywhere, so good-bye deer for this season.

Monday 19th. Beautiful, fine, warm day. Being afraid of being wind bound on Deer Lake I decided to push on with the two canoes and await the other lads in Nicholls' big boat at the foot of the lake. He expects to get all across today, time enough to run down to his own place for the night. We started forward, arrived at Nicholls' about 12 O'clock, stayed a short time, got some potatoes and then pushed on down the lake. It turned out a beautiful, calm day; the little breeze of the morning died away and it fell dead calm, so we pushed on and reached the lower end of the lake just at dark after a hard day's pull. We saw several boats and men on our way, some after logs, others bound up deer hunting; this is the time they lay in their stock of fresh venison. It was so dark when we landed we could not select a good camping place and as it turned out were very unfortunate for after a while a breeze sprang up from the S.E. right in upon us so that we had to let our fire go out; fortunately, however, it was not very cold.

Tuesday 20th. Blew a fearful gale of wind with rain all night, our camps nearly blew down. Still blowing a gale with heavy sea on Lake and very cold but it shows signs of moderating. Towards midday Nicholls' boat came along with our crew and gear. They had a ripping time down the Lake which took them only three hours. We now had our dinner and all started forward down the

River; after running Fisher's rapid, we got sail on the canoes and were only about two hours running down to Seal Island near the Marble quarry. Here we stopped to camp as I intend spending two days trying to get out some good specimens of marble. While at this work I received a telegram from Sir Robert Bond asking me to go in to George's Pond to examine his asbestos mine, which some men belonging to the John's Asbestos Co.<sup>1426</sup> of New York were developing. This meant an awful journey through a trackless forest which at this late season with the sure prospect of bad weather overtaking us was not at all pleasant to contemplate. Worse than all it was quite certain we could not accomplish the journey and get back to Bay of Islands time enough to catch the steamer for home. There was but one thing to do, that was after inspection of the mine to continue on across country to Bay St. George where we might possibly be able to catch her on her return from Bonne Bay. I had to leave all my crew to finish their work at the Marble cliff, and then go down to Birchy Cove and prepare for our journey to the asbestos mine.

Wednesday 21st. Taking only the two Indians Joe and Noel with me I went on down and after procuring some provisions and other necessaries made all haste possible. We did not take a

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<sup>1426</sup>H.W. Johns Manufacturing Co., specializing in building materials; later Johns-Manville, Inc.

camp, only our blankets and a change of clothes with us and were ready by the afternoon to proceed. Joe was the only one who knew the location of the mine, but the country between was utterly unknown to either. The people of Bay of Islands were cutting out a new line of road in over the hills to get at the timber behind. This we availed of as far as it went some 3 or 4 miles. The travelling was heavy being all up hill and the newly cut track very rough. However, it was some help.

We had a good load each to carry. The evening turned out wet and miserable but there was no time now to await a change for the better. After coming to the end of the track we struck right into the vergin forest and kept on as well as we could in the direction the mine was supposed to lay. Just before dark we reached a small pond where we were fortunate in finding a tumble down tilt. This we fixed up as well as we could and got a fire underway. By this time we were all soaking wet from the overloaded bushes. Everything was wet and the wood was so saturated it would not burn or give out any heat. The smoke in our tilt was all but intolerable and as we could not get our clothes dry there was nothing for it but to make the best of our miserable position and try to get some sleep.

Thursday 22nd. Still the same sort of weather, drizzling rain all day. Spent a wretched night in the old tilt. We were up

by daylight and after a hasty breakfast continued our journey. All day long we travelled up hill and down dale through the dense forest loaded down with moisture. Of course we were scarcely underway when we were again saturated. On and on we tramped all day long taking very little rest. At length late in the evening we managed to locate the mine and reached it just at dark. The old Cornish mining Captain in charge did not seem at all pleased to see us and gave us rather a cool reception. He had a very comfortable log cabin built with a stove inside, while his men lodged in another large shack a few yards away. After explaining my business and informing him who I was he reluctantly allowed me to partake of the shelter of his cosy cabin. Were it not that the weather was so very bad and I was in such a wretched plight I would not have placed myself under any compliment to him. However, he thawed out after a while, gave me some tea and allowed me to dry my clothes at his stove. He had a spare bunk in the tilt which I was glad to accept. The men took up their quarters in the other shack where they were quite at home as most of the crew were Bay St. George men whom they knew.

Friday 23rd. Spent a good night, but after our long, arduous toilsome journey in the wet we were all three feeling pretty seedy today. It still continued cold, raw and wet with snow squalls all day. Spent the day overlooking the work and found

that they had several openings made in a low outcrop which exhibits a good deal of Asbestos, but the fibre was for the most part short, still the quality was good and the prospects generally seemed quite promising. There was a small marsh behind the bluff through which they had dug several trenches and found a good deal of loose asbestos. There was also a little pond in front, round the shores of which they had done considerable prospecting and found indications in several places, but there was not sufficient work as yet accomplished to enable one to form an adequate idea of the extent or value of the deposit.

Saturday 24th. Having now spent as much time here as I could afford, I determined to push on today for Bay St. George. The old mining Captain informed me he had left a dory some distance down the Harry's River and as he did not intend going back that way he asked me to take it down to the bay. I was glad to do so as it would greatly lighten our journey by availing of the river for several miles. We started off considerably refreshed after our rest. As the mine is situated some 3 or 4 miles to the North of George's Lake we made direct for the latter and after reaching it travelled along the Telegraph line which skirts its Northern side till we came to the outflowing Harry's River, where the line crosses. After wading across the river we still followed the Telegraph Line up over a long sloping rise. It was snowing all

the time and this rendered the travelling exceedingly wet and tiresome, also very slippery for our wet mocassins. On we went up the hill and finally broke out on an immense stretch of barren and marsh. It was now growing late and time to seek shelter for the night. Fortunately we came across a small tilt belonging to the Telegraph repairer. It was a miserable affair, very small and low but we were glad indeed to avail of it. After effecting some repairs we crawled in by the low doorway and just found room enough inside by close stowage for the three of us to stretch out. The deer hunters had greatly wrecked this tilt so that it was in a very dilapidated condition. However it afforded us a roof over our heads which was some advantage. We lit a fire in it and were enabled to dry ourselves, but it smoked horribly and we had an almost similar experience to our first night out.

Sunday 25th. Up early to continue our journey. Although it was Sunday we could not now afford to lose a day. It was still snowing and continued all day. On over the great marsh we trudged in the wet, sloppy snow as fast as we could travel. Although it was quite cold and we were soon wet through again yet the exertion made us perspire freely. On our way across the barrens we saw a company of deer but did not bother with them as we had quite enough to carry already and could not afford to delay. Towards evening we struck the woods again. Here we met some deer

hunters from Bay St. George bound into the country. At last we reached Harry's river and after a little search located the dory. We found her very leaky and scarcely fit to launch, but there was neither time or material to repair her, so we shoved off and got underway to run the river. It was very rough with little water in many places. I sat in the middle and endeavoured to keep the water down by constant bailing, but in spite of my efforts the water gained on us all the time till it was nearly up to my knees. The men with poles fended the boat off the rocks and we got along pretty fast. It was just dusk when we at length reached the mouth of the river. We then had a good row across the estuary of the Main river<sup>1427</sup> over to the South side of the gut to Nardini's mill. Here we were fortunate to find Mr. Power<sup>1428</sup> and family in a comfortable house and were made welcome. When we reached the wharf I was so thoroughly chilled and my lower limbs almost paralyzed that I could scarcely get out of the boat. The Power family soon made us comfortable, gave us a good hot supper and with a fine fire in the stove we began to regain animation. They were all very kind indeed, and with a comfortable bed I had a good night's rest. The men made a bed on the floor near the stove and fared very well also.

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<sup>1427</sup>St. George's River.

<sup>1428</sup>Perhaps Redmond Power.

Monday 26th. Somewhat finer today. We left the hospitable home of Mr. Power and tramped along the beach over to Seal Rocks opposite to Sandy Point from where we got a boat to put us across Flat Bay to Sandy Point. Here our very trying journey ended and we were glad indeed to learn that the steamer was still North and was not due back from Bay of Islands till tomorrow, so we are just in time to catch her.

Tuesday 27th. Steamer came early and we found all our men aboard. I paid off the two Indians who reside here and got aboard thankful indeed to be once more homeward bound.

Nothing of interest occurred on our homeward voyage, which occupied the usual time of about three or four days.<sup>1429</sup>

Our coal specimens when unpacked created quite a sensation.<sup>1430</sup>

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<sup>1429</sup>On Dec. 18, 1891, doubtless as a response to Howley's explorations and findings, a minute of the Executive Council reserved from sale or grant an area of Crown lands near Grand Lake "upon which Coal has been discovered." For a plan of these "Coal Areas," see *Acts* (1898), facing p. 60.

<sup>1430</sup>Howley's return on the *Conscript* is noted in *Eve Tel*, Nov. 3, 1891; reports that he had found "no less than twenty-eight outcrops of coal, with an unified thickness of twenty-two feet," part of "a vast coal basin", were soon discussed in the House of Assembly (see *Eve Tel*, Feb. 26, 1892). See remarks on Howley ("an underpaid servant of the Government") in the Assembly (*Eve Tel*, Mar. 5, 1892).

1892

Search for Coal Continues at  
Grand Lake

The success of the Coal exploration at the Grand Lake last year warranted the continuation of the work again this season.<sup>1431</sup>

Preparations were accordingly made for that purpose. My crew were got ready to proceed west towards the middle of June and Mr. A. Bayley was dispatched in charge with instructions to continue the uncovering of the seams located on Aldery and Coal Brooks.

Owing to a variety of circumstances I did not accompany the party at first. The fact that my oldest brother, John, lay on his death bed and could scarcely live many weeks and the further fact

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<sup>1431</sup>Howley's coal work had been noticed by the Royal Society of Science in London, England. It was reported in March, 1892, that the Society's Professor of Geology thought Howley had found "valuable coal seams" some of which "are of such a thickness as to be profitably worked." But the "full capabilities" of the "coal field" needed to be further tested. See *Eve Tel*, May 4, 1892.

that my brother, Dr. Michael, was to be consecrated Bishop on St. John's day June 24th were taken into consideration and I was allowed to remain behind for a while.<sup>1432</sup> The Consecration took place at the Cathedral on the day appointed. Dr. Mike was duly consecrated Bishop of Amastris in partibus<sup>1433</sup> by Rgt. Revd. Dr. Power.<sup>1434</sup> There was great rejoicing amongst the Roman Catholic people at the elevation of a native priest to this dignity. He being the first Native of the Island so honoured. The demonstrations continued into the first week of July.

My poor brother John died on the 6th of this month<sup>1435</sup> and was buried on the 8th. This was indeed a memorable date. Within an hour after the funeral obsequies a fire started on the higher levels<sup>1436</sup> near the Parade ground<sup>1437</sup> and owing to the exceeding dry condition of the wooden houses and the circumstances that a gale of wind was blowing from the N.W. it soon gained such headway that there was no stemming it. Within a very short space of time

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<sup>1432</sup>See a notice of M.F. Howley's appointment, *Eve Tel*, May 19, 1892, quoting the *Halifax Herald* of May 8.

<sup>1433</sup>Abbr. for *in partibus infidelium* (in the land of the infidels), a term used normally in referring to non-residential or titular Roman Catholic sees to which vicars apostolic, officials of the Roman court, auxiliary and honorary bishops, etc., could be appointed. The names of such sees were those of extinct Catholic dioceses, e.g., Amastris, a see in Asia Minor. M.F. Howley was appointed titular bishop in the newly created vicariate of St. George's. See *DCB*, 14: 512-14.

<sup>1434</sup>Thomas Joseph Power (1830-1893), Irish-born priest, bishop of St. John's 1870-1893.

<sup>1435</sup>Obituary, *Eve Tel*, July 7, 1892.

<sup>1436</sup>Referring to a district of St. John's at or near the top of the hill NW of the harbour; "an area above the old town" (O'Neill, *The Oldest City*, p. 235); see a description of the fire, *Eve Tel*, Sept. 1, 1892.

<sup>1437</sup>Near Fort Townshend.

the whole eastern section of the City was a seething mass of flame. Nothing could be done to check it. Down across the City it swept till it reached the water side and then travelled with incredible swiftness eastward till by night all that section from McBride's Cove to Hoylestown,<sup>1438</sup> and all Duckworth and Gower Streets as well as Military Road was completely devastated. Nothing remained but chimney stacks and ruined walls. It was an awful scene of desolation and ruin. This memorable fire marks an epoch in the history of St. John's to be remembered for many a long year to come. Amongst the thousands of other sufferers I lost my own house and had to retreat to my Ancestral home, Mount Cashel, just vacated by the death of my poor brother.<sup>1439</sup> Here I took up my quarters with my family after eighteen years' absence from it. It is a rather remarkable circumstance that just forty-six years ago my own father and family were driven in here also by the great fire of 1846,<sup>1440</sup> a year before I was born. Of course this fearful calamity upset all calculations, and business of every kind was suspended for the time being. My own family affairs now engrossed all my attention and not until I had made provision for them could I think of survey work. It was well up in August before I was able to leave for the field.

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<sup>1438</sup>Hoylestown (earlier Maggotty Cove), an area at the foot of Temperance Street; McBride's Cove was at the foot of McBride's Hill.

<sup>1439</sup>John Howley willed Mount Cashel to JPH.

<sup>1440</sup>June 9, 1846.

I had, as stated previously, dispatched Messrs Bayly and Thorburn with the crew to Grand Lake. They left on June 27th nearly two months ago. It was the 20th of August before I could get away myself. The old *Curlew* now called the *Winsor Lake*, had left at 2 P.M. the day before. I went by train to catch her at Placentia and thus avoid the nasty voyage around by Cape Race. Had a lovely ride by rail thus escaping at least twenty-four hours of misery in the old tub of a steamer. The day was delightfully fine but we had very few passengers. The forest fires coincident with our great conflagration in St. John's have done an enormous amount of damage this season. Nearly all the forest around Conception Bay and Westward to Whitbourne is destroyed, the latter place having had a narrow escape.<sup>1441</sup> On our way to Placentia we heard a whistle blowing and I very much feared it was the *Winsor Lake* and that I should lose my passage. But on arrival there at 4 P.M. there was no sign of her yet, nor did she put in an appearance till nearly dark. When she did come I went aboard having previously done Placentia and seen all the Magnates. We remained in Placentia till after midnight.

Sunday August 21st. Were at Burin early in morning. I did not get up but was on deck when we got into St. Lawrence, just at

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<sup>1441</sup>See *Eve Tel*, June 22, 1892, for "the destruction wrought at Whitbourne"; also July 4, 8.

breakfast-time. The morning was dull and foggy outside. We kept on however, and called at Lamaline, Fortune, and Grand Bank where we remained till nearly morning. It being Sunday the pious people here would not come off after their freight. The night was very wet and dark and we had some brilliant flashes of lightning portending some sort of weather.

August 22nd. Found ourselves at Belloram in the morning. Weather blowing a furious hurricane from the N.E. with heavy rain. We had to get out extra lines and were near pulling the wharf to pieces. It was fortunate we got clear of Grand Bank, otherwise we would certainly have come to grief. I dont believe the old steamer could steam off the shore. We remained here till the wind abated in the afternoon when we tried to start but found the vessel firmly aground aft. Her keel stuck in the mud with the tide down so that out of it she would not budge. Tried full steam ahead for a long time but did not start her, so we had to wait patiently till the tide rose and let us off. It was just dusk when we got up to Harbour Breton. Here I found Father Wm. Brown, Dr. Mike having left the previous evening on the Circuit ship *Fiona*. I went to see the nuns<sup>1442</sup> and was treated hospitably. One poor creature is dying of consumption. We left again about 9

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<sup>1442</sup>The Presentation Sisters had established a convent at Harbour Breton in the 1870s.

O'clock for Pushthrough.

August 23rd. When I came on deck this morning we were past Cape La Hune and well on our way for Burgeo. It was blowing fresh but clear and the steamer pitched a good deal. Got clear of Burgeo just after dinner and arrived at Little Bay, La Poile by tea-time, and Rose Blanche just after dark. Here we overtook the *Fiona*.<sup>1443</sup> I went off on board to see Dr. Mike and the Judge, Little. Mr. W.J.S. Donnelly was also on board and four young lawyers, C. Emerson,<sup>1444</sup> Berteau,<sup>1445</sup> Herb. Knight and H. Hayward. They are all busy and have an important criminal case on hand here. Dr. Mike was thinking of coming on with us, but I advised him to remain in his snug quarters. The yacht is certainly elegantly fitted up and has a beautiful saloon. We got off again about 10 O'clock and on arrival at Channel remained to coal at Harvey & Co's shed till late next day.

August 24th. Finished coaling about 10 O'clock and away for Bay St. George. Had a beautiful day and fine run in the Bay, arrived at Sandy Point about 8 P.M. I went up to Dr. Mike's house to leave a book I had belonging to him. Saw his housekeeper but Father O'Rourke who stays here was not at home. Left again about 10 or 11 O'clock and had a fine night along.

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<sup>1443</sup>Now carrying the Supreme Court on circuit.

<sup>1444</sup>Charles Henry Emerson.

<sup>1445</sup>Albert L. Berteau.

August 25th. Fine day again but blowing fresh. Nearing South Head, entrance to Bay of Islands, when I came on deck. Had a lovely run up the Humber Arm. The scenery is very fine and indeed often beautiful, as we opened up new vistas at every hundred yards or so. We got up to Mr. Baggs' wharf about 10 A.M. Found a large French man of war anchored here awaiting her mail, also an English torpedo boat at Mr. Curling's<sup>1446</sup> wharf. I got my things ashore and went down with L. Barron to Mrs. Petrie's. Poor Petrie died last month. He was a jolly, witty Irishman from the Black North. Had dinner with L. Barron and Father Sears, the only boarders here. While at dinner Noel Bernard and Paul Bennoit arrived with the canoe sent down for me by Albert, to whom I telegraphed just before leaving St. John's. It was too late to proceed up the river<sup>1447</sup> this evening so I spent the time writing home and making preparations for a start tomorrow.

August 26th. Blowing very hard in morning. *Winsor Lake* arrived back early and left again about 10 O'clock. Blowing too hard for canoe on Arm, had to hire a skiff to put us up as far as the mouth of the River. We then started up country and had a fine time as the tide was high, and water comparatively smooth. We got

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<sup>1446</sup>Joseph James Curling (1844-1906), Anglican missionary in Bay of Islands, 1873-86, had his headquarters at Birchy Cove; he was an expert navigator and "had a mission vessel built at his expense and of his own design" (DCB, 13, 236). A torpedo boat was a ship designed to make use of the recently developed Whitehead torpedo, soon to become a formidable weapon.

<sup>1447</sup>The Humber.

over the lower Rapids by dinner-time and were at Deer Lake before sunset. Met some stave cutters along the River, and at Deer Lake met Sam Shaw, operator at Sandy Lake, bound down to the Bay. We got up as far as the lumberers' camp where we stopped last year, before night. Here we put up and made ourselves as comfortable as possible.

August 27th. Froze hard last night and was very cold; did not sleep well. Morning fine and calm. Started early and got up to head of Lake about noon. It had been my intention to survey North and Rocky Brooks,<sup>1448</sup> but as the season was now so far advanced and the Brooks high and water cold, I did not stop. Found Mrs. Nicholls and family well and everything prospering with them. The old man, girls and boys were up near Rocky Brook haymaking. Called to see them on our way up. He has here a splendid piece of interval land, an old Beaver pond or meadow, drained out, which grows a luxuriant crop of wild grass. George is up Willow Steady looking out beaver for the fall. Nicholls is building a new house. We went on and reached Grand Lake portage early in afternoon. It was too late however to commence portaging so we spent the afternoon fixing up our gear.

Sunday August 28th. Fine, hot day though it froze again last

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<sup>1448</sup>North Brook flows into the north of Deer Lake; Rocky Brook into the Upper Humber near its mouth.

night and was pretty cold. Spent all day at portage. After dinner I walked in with my camera to big marsh and took two views of Kill Devil Rapid. My boots were so hard one of them galled my heel and I had a very sore foot when I got back to camp.

Monday August 29th. Sent men to portage canoe. I tried to do some measurement on Junction river during their absence but only got two shots. Shaw and his wife and child and sister-in-law, Mrs. George Nicholls, came up the river on their way to Sandy Lake Station. After dinner Noel and I went measuring along the river, while Paul carried another load in. We found the river awfully bad, being one continuous Rapid with fearfully strong water. It was extremely difficult to get along shore, yet we did about 2 miles.

Tuesday August 30th. Very fine, warm day. Portaged right across to Grand Lake side, stopped at lower landing. It turned out woefully hot. After dinner went after canoe and rest of gear. My heel very sore. I had a delicious bath while they were gone. Afterwards I went up to the path and along to the big marsh near Grand Lake to look for a deer. I saw one young stag just before sunset, but he winded me and saw me before I could get near him. I fired as he ran off and thought I hit him from the sound of the ball. He, however, made off across the marsh like sixty and I gave him up as he was apparently not much hurt, if hit at all. I

returned to camp at dusk suffering much from my heel.

Wednesday 31st. Dense white fog over river in morning, pretty cold last night. Walked back along path to continue my measurement of river. It became rougher and rougher as we proceeded, especially about Kill Devil Rapid and as we could only keep one side and take very short shots all day our progress was very slow. When it was time to leave off we had barely reached opposite the commencement of the marshes. It was dusk when we got back to camp.

Thursday Sept. 1st. Fine day again. Our stock of bread being used up I was obliged to give up the further survey of the river for the present. We accordingly packed up and started for Grand Lake. Had a head wind but light on lake; we paddled up to Seal Island and then hoisted sail when we reached across about a mile below Aldery Brook. Got up to Albert's camp about 10 O'clock. No one home but Rody, all the crew at work up the Brook. After having something to eat I walked in to see them, found them all at lunch. They were surprised at seeing me, as they did not expect us till the end of the week. They have done an immense amount of work, having uncovered the whole face of the hill-side where we found the coal last year. The quantity of clay and gravel thrown out is prodigious. I never could have believed there would be so much. I am sorry to say, however, the result is

not at all up to my expectations. Although they have unearthed a few more very thin seams or rather streaks of coal, most of those previously discovered have thinned out, or become broken and dispersed into irregular strips of little or no value. No. 6 seam which promised well last year is very poor towards bottom of bank and No. 15 which I thought would also improve in quality has not done so. In fact, only No. 16 seam is worth anything, even this has dwindled down to two feet at bottom and has several intercalations<sup>1449</sup> of rock. The men have worked well all summer and with the exception of two, Rixford<sup>1450</sup> and Nowlan, have been in good health. Both these have been complaining rather seriously of late and are talking of leaving. They were all of course eager to hear all the news especially about the great fire. Albert and Tom are looking well. Albert shot a beaver, two martins, and three deer, one fine old stag only yesterday so we are now luxuriating in fresh venison steaks. My heel still continues very sore and I shall have to take it very easy for a few days till it heals up.

Friday 2nd. My heel still very sore. Did not go in to where the men were working till after dinner. Blowing very hard all day wind cold. Men at work on Eastern side of Brook today up near

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<sup>1449</sup>Intrusive layers.

<sup>1450</sup>Perhaps William Raxford of Lower Island Cove (in H.G.B. Woods' district).

Junction with the trap rock. Found such a tremendous accumulation of gravel could not reach the bed rock. On our return in evening we found Sam Shaw there with a telegram for me from Willie<sup>1451</sup> informing me that he and Connolly had passed the Matriculation exams, and Connolly had won the Scholarship.<sup>1452</sup> Will also wanted my consent to his going to London to attend the University Law Course, to leave on the 6th., Tuesday next. This was rather a sudden resolve and I did not see exactly how the thing could be done in such a hurry. I hesitated, however, what to answer and resolved to leave it till Monday when I should go up to Sandy Lake station on my way to explore Goose pond Brook etc. Sam stayed at our camp all night. He had a tough time getting down today against the wind.

Saturday 3rd. Fine day though cold last night. Shaw was off at daylight. One of our men, Pat Nowlan, is complaining sometime back of costiveness and weakness of the kidneys etc. He has taken nearly all the medicine in our stock and now has made up his mind that he must go home. I believe it is more than half sham, and that he is really tired of the hard work, lonesome; or otherwise

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<sup>1451</sup>William R., Howley's son; later an MHA, distinguished St. John's lawyer, member of the Commission of Government (1934-7).

<sup>1452</sup>See news of the boys' success, *Eve Tel*, Sept. 1, 2, 1892; the "Newfoundland Jubilee Scholarship," valued at \$480 per year for two years, was awarded to the student standing highest in the London University matriculation examination. In 1892 seven candidates wrote the examination in St. John's. The winner was Frank Connolly. (The examination determined whether one could gain admission to the university, i.e., matriculate.)

expects a good fall's work in St. John's. At any rate Rody tells me he has an enormous appetite, can eat more than any three men at a meal, if so his constipation is not to be wondered at. At all events the fellow is in the blues and evidently does not intend to work much more so I consented to let him go down with Shaw who is bound to the Bay on Thursday next. All the other men are at work again on the East side of the Brook up near the Junction. But there was such an accumulation of drift<sup>1453</sup> material we could not reach the rock bed, so we moved further down on same side to where the bank is steep and some indications of coal were observed on the strike of the seams opposite. As the banks here are at least 150 yards apart there will be a good chance of seeing whether the seams improve or otherwise on their easterly strike towards Coal Brook. Measured part of section today.

Sunday Sept. 4th. Another very fine day. Reading and writing letters all forenoon. After dinner I strolled along towards Hinds Point and had a good look at the rock outcrop at the mouth of a little Brook about one mile West. It certainly has all the characteristics of Millstone grit. I intend setting a couple of hands at work later on.

Monday 5th. Noel, Paul and myself started off in little canoe for Sandy Lake taking a few weeks' supply of grub etc. We

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<sup>1453</sup>Sediment deposited by the stream.

had a fine time across the Lake to mouth of Sandy river and a beautiful day going up. We saw one young stag on our way. He was very tame but I would not fire at him as we have plenty of venison yet, and I make it a rule not to kill a deer till we really want one. We also heard another deer in the bushes near the river but did not see it. We arrived at Sandy Pond<sup>1454</sup> station about 2.30 P.M. where we found Mrs Shaw and Nicholls. Shaw was over at Kitty's Brook berry picking. I fired two shots for him and he soon came back. I then sent a telegram to Willie that I would not consent to his going to London till all necessary arrangements were made for him etc. We then left and proceeded up Goose pond Brook to the last pond<sup>1455</sup> and camped at the mouth of the inflowing Brook which I intend to explore in order to see if there is any outcrop of the Carboniferous series here.

Tuesday 6th. Just as we were getting up we heard someone shouting out and answered. Shaw soon made his appearance with another telegram for me from Lizzie<sup>1456</sup> informing me that all arrangements were made for Willie's going with Frank Connolly who was to leave today by *Ulunda*. Such being the case I could only reply that if she were satisfied all was right, I could no longer

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<sup>1454</sup>"Pond" in Journal (CNSA, 262.02.026) becomes "Point" in typescript, a misreading by typist.

<sup>1455</sup>Goose Pond was a series of interconnected ponds.

<sup>1456</sup>Howley's wife.

object. So I suppose poor Willie is off today for London.<sup>1457</sup> Shaw stayed for breakfast with us, when he went back to send the message. I gave him our mail to take down on Thursday and he promised to bring back any papers or letters there might be for us. We then started on foot to follow up the brook and proceeded a long way till we came to cliffs of Laurentian gneiss. Saw no Carboniferous in place and not much debris and that was chiefly coarse grits and Conglomerates, evidently pretty low down in the series. We then struck up through the woods intending to take the barrens and go into Hind's pond,<sup>1458</sup> but after proceeding some considerable distance we found the woods extended as far as we could see from the top of a tree and that it would entail a long and tough journey to reach Hind's pond by this route. We therefore gave it up and returned through the woods. After a while we struck Albert's line of 1890 and followed it for some distance. We then struck down for the brook again and came out at the fork of a little tributary. Here I found one small cliff composed of coarse Red Conglomerate, evidently the basal rock of the Carboniferous, dipping N.E. We got back to camp a couple of hours before sunset. Noel and I then took the canoe and went exploring the pond<sup>1459</sup> which is a big one having several islands

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<sup>1457</sup>His name was not on the list of passengers; Frank Connolly was on the list. The *Ulunda* sailed for Liverpool on Sept. 7. *Eve Tel*, Sept. 7, 1892.

<sup>1458</sup>Hinds Lake.

<sup>1459</sup>Goose Pond.

in its upper part. It blew very strong all day and gave us enough to do to paddle against the wind. On our way up we saw something on a Sandy beach which we took to be a big rock or a stump, but it proved to be a big old stag which had been lying down. He now got up and walking leisurely along the beach and then took to the woods. We pulled across, but owing to the heavy breeze made slow progress and when we reached the place he had gone off into the barrens. As it was yet too soon to kill a deer and I did not wish to do so till we were ready to return to Grand Lake, I let him go and did not follow him up. Had we done so I have no doubt we would have easily caught up with him as he did not see or wind us.

Wednesday 7th. Blowing very hard again. It rained a little coming on morning. We packed up and started down again for Sandy Lake. Saw another large stag on the lower Goose pond just getting out of the water on opposite side and going into the woods. Did not follow him. When we got to the station found Shaw just going off to pick berries at Kitty's Brook. He had no further message for me, so we also proceeded to Kitty's Brook, which I wished to explore and got up about two miles in our canoe. Beyond that the river is all spread out in various channels with numerous Islands and the water is very low just now. Here we camped and then proceeded on foot up the River. We reached the gneiss cliffs

about a mile below the falls but could get no further. I took a picture of the gorge here. We then commenced to survey the Brook downwards, but it being late we only got a short distance when we had to make tracks for camp, which we reached just at dark. Saw a good deal of deer footing up the river also a bear's footing the latter very fresh. I wish I could get a shot at the lad. We also saw one low outcrop of coarse carboniferous conglomerate similar to that seen on Goose Brook.

Thursday 8th. Fine day again, went back up the River<sup>1460</sup> and continued our survey down. It is very wide and filled with fine islands and intervales with picturesque groves of birch, aspen, pine etc. Most of the country on either side, however, is burnt. We got back to camp by dinner-time and after dinner packed up and continued our survey down to the Lake.<sup>1461</sup> It was a beautiful afternoon and as there was a little breeze blowing up the Lake I determined to go on up towards the head and see what the country was like there. I also hoped to find some outcrops on the shore up at that end. Before starting I took three views on Sandy Lake. We had a fine time up the Lake and just before sundown reached a nice little bit of beach with a barrens and marsh close by. Here we stopped to camp. While the men were putting up camp I strolled

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<sup>1460</sup>Kitty's Brook.

<sup>1461</sup>Sandy Lake.

in over the marsh with my gun to look for something to shoot. I came to a little boggy pond where I expected to find some ducks. At one end only was there any woods and a good deal of that was burnt. Presently I saw a splendid old stag away across on the North side just at the edge of the burnt woods. I was standing on the open barrens and he evidently saw or heard me, as he was looking intently towards me. It was very calm and still, so much so, that I could actually hear his foot steps in the burnt woods. I crouched down and remained a long time waiting, till at last he began to move very slowly, only a few steps at a time but coming towards me. He was evidently very suspicious and every now and then would stop and gaze a long while in my direction. At last he got into the green woods and I at once ran around to the edge of it on my side, where I expected he would come out. Here I waited patiently a long time. It was growing dark, but I heard him coming slowly cracking the sticks and then stopping for awhile. I then heard him walking in the water and was afraid he would take to the pond and swim across. I stole down nearer to it so that I might have a chance of a shot. I saw he was only wading along shore, and evidently intended coming up on the barrens as soon as he cleared the green woods. I crouched down very low amongst the hummocks and waited patiently although it was getting very late. At last I heard him coming slowly up through the bushes and burnt

woods. He came quite close not more than 10 or 12 yards from me and was passing by me without the least idea of my presence. I waited till he was well clear of the woods and right broadside on, then I whistled. He stopped at once. Poor beast, he was doomed, in another second I sent a ball through him just behind the foreshoulder. Nevertheless he made off like lightning so that I actually thought I had missed him; a flying shot from the left barrel passed through his neck when he fell like a stone. This is the most fatal part. I never shot a deer yet in the middle of the neck but he fell at once, whereas a shot through the heart does not bring him down immediately. Indeed, I have seen them run a considerable distance and more than once have lost deer thus hit. He was a magnificent animal, very fat and heavy. I could barely stir him and had to call out to the lads to come and help me. Noel soon came. We only had light enough to paunch him, cut out the kidneys and breast bone and leave him till morning. I had a kidney roast for tea, a meal fit for the gods. He has a nice set of horns just peeled, indeed some fragments of the velvet are still hanging on. They have three frontal tines or cutwaters as the lads call them, an unusual occurrence. I intend saving the head for stuffing as I lost my two splendid sets of horns in the fire.

Friday 9th. Fine day again. Went in first thing after

breakfast and skinned and cut up our old stag. He was very fat, had fully three inches on the rump. Carried the meat out to the shore and put it in a cool place on the rocks. I then set to work cleaning the head. Had several showers of cold rain in forenoon. After dinner we went on up to the extreme head of the lake and explored some steadies and gullies for beaver but saw no fresh signs anywhere; they have all been killed or banished. On our way up we saw a fine young stag feeding on the shore. Went close up to him and bauled out to start him, he did not mind us very much but just trotted easily along shore and stopped to watch us. I was very sorry I did not bring my camera. It would have been a splendid opportunity to get a picture of a deer. We saw three black ducks only, in the steady, two of which I shot but only got one. On our return to camp we saw three more deer swimming across the lake, two does and a fawn, gave them chase for fun. It was wonderful to see how fast they swam. It gave us our very best with three paddles to catch up to them, at length they touched bottom with their feet and then they went off at a terrific pace making the water fly like smoke. Poor beasts, it was a pity to frighten them so, but the instinct of man to worry and torment the lower animals is so strong in us all, we could not resist the temptation if only to see how fast they could swim. Of course we did not want to kill them as we have plenty of fresh meat for all

hands for another week or ten days, probably if we did want it badly we would not have seen them. This makes nine deer in all we have seen since leaving camp at Grand Lake nearly all of which we could have killed.

Saturday 10th. A beautiful, fine day but rather cool with a light N. East wind. Packed up after an early breakfast and started for Grand Lake again. When we got to the Telegraph Office, foot of Sandy Lake, found Shaw and all his belongings, wife, child and sister-in-law gone, except his two poor dogs which were chained to stumps. The poor brutes set up a piteous howl when they heard us coming. I suppose in hope we would release them. They almost eat us with joy when we approached them. They had plenty of food, venison both raw and boiled but no water. We took pity on them and filled their trough with water. The office was of course closed up and doors locked so we continued on down the River.<sup>1462</sup> The rapids were very shallow and rocky and in one place we nearly came to grief. Paul who was in the bow is no good at all in a canoe and Noel not much better. We had dinner about two miles above Grand Lake and then continued on to camp. It was almost a dead calm on the lake so we had no difficulty in getting over to Aldery Brook. Found all hands absent at work up the brook. They soon returned. Pat Nowlan went

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<sup>1462</sup>The Main Brook.

off on Thursday to meet Shaw and as he did not return we suppose he got along all right. Albert informs me they have uncovered several of the seams on the Eastern side of the Brook and that one of them is about four feet thick. He thinks it is several of the smaller ones come together. This is good news.

Sunday Sept. 11. Beautiful, fine day but very cold last night. Albert and I walked in to see the new find. I took my camera and took one view of the bank but the sun was too far south to get more, the bank being in the shade. Spent all the afternoon at camp reading, writing my diary etc. Tomorrow Albert, Tom and Noel are going up to continue the survey of the little brook commenced last year, old Cooper's Kelvin, in the hope of finding some outcrops there.

Monday 12th. Beautiful, fine day again. Albert, Tom and Noel went off to head of lake to survey the Little Kelvin Brook. All the rest at work costeaning on East side of River.<sup>1463</sup> I made a detailed sketch of section exposed on West side. Tom and Mat uncovered another seam today on the strike of No. 6. The others are cutting trenches into the largest seam to try its character. Found the coal to harden and improve much but it is still very shaley and brittle in places.

Tuesday 13th. Still another fine warm day, all hands

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<sup>1463</sup>Alder Brook.

costeaning and uncovering the better looking seams. Found No. 16 to improve much in bottom. Made detail notes of various seams in section down to the large seam which I now believe to be in the centre of trough.

Wednesday 14th. Albert and party returned at breakfast time having finished the Brook<sup>1464</sup> yesterday. They brought the good news of having discovered coal away up on it some three miles from the head of the lake. We will have to go in there as soon as we are finished here and costean a bit to see what it is like. This is a great find and now lengthens our trough some six miles on the strike. Albert remained in camp protracting his work. Tom and I commenced measuring a section on East side of Aldery Brook from the junction with the trap. We are now nearly finished the upper part of the brook and have only to get out some specimens then move down and try the lower part below where we commenced last year.

Thursday 15th. Late last night Shaw came to our camp with letters and papers, a great godsend. Found everything going on well at home. Willie writes me that the four College boys, Connolly, himself, Roache and Jordan passed the Matriculation examinations. Three first in 1st division and Jordan in 2nd.

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<sup>1464</sup>Kelvin Brook.

Connolly winning the Jubilee Scholarship. The Brothers<sup>1465</sup> are in great glee over the event. Will and Connolly are off for London yesterday in Allan boat.<sup>1466</sup> Got some specimens today from some of the seams.

Friday 16th. Another very fine, hot day men getting out specimens; some at work outside in afternoon. Tom and I continued our measurement of section. I took a photo of Big Seam. Sent Albert off today to Coal Brook to look out best way to get in to where he saw the coal on Kelvin Brook. He reported that by following up Twining's line of Telegraph land claim and then cutting down to the Brook about two miles in all we would find the easiest and straightest route.

Saturday 17th. Still another splendid day very warm and bright. Albert, Tom, Noel and Paul commenced running line on strike of Big seam N. 80° E. mag. to see about where it would cross the next brook below. Men getting out and carrying specimens of coal from the various seams in morning. All hands at work on outside cuts after dinner.

Sunday 18th. Very fine but blowing very hard, big sea on lake. This has been a splendid week of weather. In fact all

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<sup>1465</sup>Irish Christian Brothers, teachers at St. Bonaventure's College, St. John's.

<sup>1466</sup>In addition to W.R. Howley and Frank Connolly, Edward P. Roche and Andrew B. Jordan matriculated in the June examinations. All four were under 18. See *Eve Tel*, Sept. 8, 1892. The "Allan boat," was the *Ulunda* which arrived Liverpool Sept. 17.

September up to the present was charming. Spent all the forenoon protracting my section, find just thirty outcrops of coal on East side so far. After dinner I walked around the shore to Sandy Pond Brook after a package of dry plates for camera, which Shaw had brought up and left there for me. Found them all right. I did not get back to camp till dark. It is a very long, tiresome tramp fully 8 or 9 miles.

Monday 19th. Dull, wet day, very sultry. The first wet day since September came in. Albert still running his line but had to give it up. The rest of the men costeaning below. I spent the greater part of the day trying to get out some coal from the hard seam No. 25, got out a good deal. It is exceedingly hard and brittle, excellent coal. I carried down some in my waterproof coat. The day was very miserable and we all got wet through. Left off early to get out and dry ourselves.

Tuesday 20th. A very fine day again. We are still at work costeaning. Sent Albert and two men up the shore to try near the mouth of the third little brook where I saw some coarse conglomerate crop out, last year. Noel, Paul and I getting out specimens from Seam No. 25 got a lot of fine coal and carried it out. Albert and men found a small seam at Mouth of Little Brook above.

Wednesday 21st. Still another beautiful, fine day; gave up

costeaning on Aldery Brook as we have now done all it is possible to accomplish here with pick and shovel. Sent two more men up with Albert. Noel, Paul and I getting out specimens from No. 16 seam on West side. This also is a magnificent hard, bright coal. Tom and Mat washing and packing up specimens all day. After dinner I walked up to see what the lads above were doing. Very little rock to be seen here, only a few sandstone and bluish shale beds the latter showing dirty coaly streak. I then walked up along shore towards Hinds' Point and followed up another little Brook about a mile from the one we are working on, only saw one small outcrop of coarse grit but picked up a few small fragments of coal showing conclusively that the coal measures reach so far West. I then struck across through the woods for Hinds' Brook and had a pretty tough tramp. However, I got there and saw the Carboniferous outcrop near its junction with the trap. It is a coarse, reddish conglomerate and sandstone. On my way up I came across three deer; two does and a fawn, in a small marsh and was within ten yards of them before they started; had I my gun I could have easily killed them all were I so minded. On my return I followed a deer lead which skirted the burnt woods and brought me out on the shore half a mile below Hind's Point. There is a fine patch of level land here which has been burnt over some years since and is now overgrown with young birch. It

would make a fine farm though the soil is rather sandy. When I was halfway back to camp I discovered that I had lost my bag containing my note book and clinometer some where in the woods. This is a serious matter as my book contains all my notes of the season's work including measured sections of the rocks and coal seams and the surveys of Junction and Kitty's Brooks. It will put me very much out if I cannot find it again.

Thursday 22nd. Another magnificent warm, calm day. Four men still at work on Little Brook. Tom, Mat and Paul packing up coal and taking it across the pond<sup>1467</sup> to commencement of portage. Noel and I went to look for my bag. We travelled into Hind's Brook where last I used it but saw nothing of it. Coming back we made a most careful scrutiny and at length by good luck Noel hit upon it. This was very fortunate. I had very grave doubts of finding it, was almost giving it up for lost. We got back to where the men were at work just as they had the kettle boiled. After luncheon seeing the futility of wasting any more time here, as the great accumulation of drift material effectually concealed the rocks, I gave it up and returned to camp. We then packed up all and moved up to Coal Brook where we camped on our old ground of last year. It was too late to do any more this evening so I got the men to grind their axes and have them ready to cut a path

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<sup>1467</sup>Grand Lake.

into the place on Kelvin Brook where Albert saw the coal outcrops. I walked up Coal Brook and had another look at our last year's work; I think there is much yet to be done here. The big seam here is not like any of those on Aldery Brook except it be No. 6. It is a fine seam of coal probably the best of all having two good layers of hard coal divided by a thin clay layer. I picked up a couple of pieces of brilliant fossil coal which had tumbled out of the bank at one point. When the men were over to the portage this morning with the specimens they found there two American tourists with a couple of Hall's Bay Indians, the same party Shaw mentioned when he was last at camp. They had two beautiful canoes with them. They had come across from Hall's Bay and had endeavoured to get up the Grand Lake with the intention of going out by the portage Wachenjeech<sup>1468</sup> to Harry's Brook but it blew so hard all the week on the lake, they could not get up and had to return to Grand Lake portage. They had sent for old George Nicholls to come up with his horse and take their canoes over and were expecting him when our men were there. These two gents were delighted with the country and charming weather. They also had a look at some of our coal and pronounced it as good as ever they had seen. They would have wished to have paid us a visit at our camp but were prevented by the wind and loup on the

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<sup>1468</sup>Micmac name for route from SW corner of Grand Lake to Harrys River.

lake.

Friday 23rd. Another exceedingly fine and very hot day. Sent some of the men packing in along Twining's line of Telegraph land grant, while the rest commenced cutting a path eastward towards the point on Kelvin's Brook where we intended camping, about half a mile below the coal outcrop. Albert and I went on ahead, struck the brook and looked out a place to camp. We then began to blaze a line for the path. Albert unfortunately gave his leg a nasty chop with the axe. The men got in by dinner-time. Albert's leg became very stiff and sore, I advised him to remain in and not attempt the long walk of over two miles out and back again tomorrow. Noel went out and fetched in his blankets and the side camp. The men continued packing in the loads they had carried halfway this forenoon. I walked up the Brook and saw the coal outcrops. I then went back to camp at Coal Brook getting out just at sunset. This was about the hottest day we had since I came in the country. I had to leave off both my coat and vest and then found it oppressively hot. The men saw a deer when cutting their line today, there is abundant fresh signs about. We now want one badly.

Saturday 24th. Still another magnificent day exceedingly hot, we struck camp and moved into the Brook,<sup>1469</sup> found Albert's

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<sup>1469</sup>Kelvin Brook.

leg pretty stiff and sore but otherwise all right. The packing today was pretty heavy and some of the lads nearly gave up. Poor old Bill who had the bake pots began to curse and swear like a trooper at the portaging. However we got in all right and gave them the afternoon to rest and wash etc. I went off to look for a deer and travelled over an immense lot of beautiful barrens and marshes east of our camp, found any amount of fresh signs but saw no deer. I, however, saw several black ducks, fired at two but only killed one of them. On my way back to camp when quite near the river I heard something snorting and on going up over a little rise I found Noel and some of the lads up in an old tree tolling a deer they saw on the other side of a small pond. I started off around the pond but before I got there the deer had disappeared in the woods. That I should have travelled all the evening over so much ground and see nothing, while here, just at camp, was a fine deer waiting to be killed. But that is a frequent occurrence. I always noticed when we wanted a deer badly we cannot get a chance to kill one, while when our larder is well stocked with venison we are sure to see plenty of chances.

Sunday Sept. 25th. Still another exquisite day. What a charming month of weather this has been. I dont think any country in the world could show superior weather to this. Spent most of the day in camp reading, late in afternoon I took a stroll over

the barrens with my gun but saw nothing to shoot. It was just as hot and sultry as a July day. Our American friends have left a fire blazing after them at the portage which makes a big lot of smoke. I hope it will not burn our coal specimens. The lads should be taught to be more careful of their fires in future.

Monday 26th. Still another charming hot, fine day. All hands at work up river uncovering the coal outcrops observed by Albert. They did not turn out of much account. There are two wide underclays and shale beds with two or three layers of soft impure shaley coal running through them. There is much confusion here and apparently some want of conformity<sup>1470</sup> between the coal measures and the Red conglomerate above on the river which latter is evidently lower down in the formation.

Tuesday 27th. Dull, wet day very disagreeable. Still at work costeaning, uncovered another fairly good seam running parallel with the River.<sup>1471</sup> We also found some other indications of a favourable character, but there is an enormous accumulation of immense boulders and gravel firmly cemented together which renders it difficult, and at times, impossible to reach the bed rock, which in most cases is below the level of the river.

Wednesday 28th. Blustry, cold day weather getting stormy,

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<sup>1470</sup>A geological usage, referring to an undisturbed relationship between adjacent sedimentary strata.

<sup>1471</sup>He means Kelvin Brook.

still costeaning alongside of River. Commenced measuring section. Found what promises to be a fine seam of coal in last cutting today. Begin to think the prospects here are pretty favourable. Wish I had more time to devote to this brook.

Thursday 29th. Our flour and meat being exhausted we had to send out three men to Coal Brook for a fresh supply. We are now on our last barrel of flour and as we have no bread this will not last long so we will soon have to make tracks. Today turned out very cold and stormy with showers of cold rain and one heavy shower of hail. We uncovered the big seam which looks fine and has some excellent coal in it. Sent some of the men further down stream to commence costeaning along a gravel Bank. We also found coal below where the big seam was uncovered but cannot say as yet whether they are the same or not. Evening very cold and stormy.

Friday 30th. Cold, raw day with occasional showers. Opened up big seam which is a fine one but doubled up and close to the surface. We found coal at two places further down but as yet cannot say whether they are higher seams or not, all running nearly parallel with the river. The men below could not reach the bed rock in the gravel bank as the water came in on them. Got out some fine specimens of coal. Saw three deer on brook this evening but had no gun, the usual luck, three times since we came in here I travelled over an immense lot of barrens and marshes but saw no

deer. We want one badly now as we have nothing but salt pork and beef to eat. It would save our flour also a little and enable us to spend a couple of days extra here.

Saturday October 1st. A very stormy, cold, wet day alternating between cold showers and sunshine. Still costeaning up river, cut across big seam and found it to form a sharp synclinal,<sup>1472</sup> the point of which we struck. It has about two feet of excellent coal besides shaley layers. I afterwards ascertained that there is another higher layer of good coal, 1 foot on the surface. The lads below found nothing but we found coal in two other openings above. Tom and Mat. also found a good sign further down river on opposite side near end of island.<sup>1473</sup> I regret very much I had not come up here at once after Albert returned from the survey of the Brook.

Sunday October 2nd. Blew a gale last night fine again today. Albert started off for Grand Pond and the mouth of Sandy Pond Brook to see if any letters were left there for us by the Indians returning from Bay of Islands. He intends coming back through the woods and marshes in hopes of getting a deer. Noel was off before breakfast but got nothing. Paul then went off with Noel's gun. After dinner I started off and met Paul returning with a load of

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<sup>1472</sup>Downward slope.

<sup>1473</sup>In or near the mouth of Kelvin Brook.

ducks but he saw no deer. Shortly after I left him I saw a doe and fawn and shot the former. She was rather poor but I was glad to get her so near camp. I carried home the two hind quarters and skin and then took two of the lads back with me to fetch out the forequarters. We were not long home when along came Albert with more venison. He had the two hind quarters of a fine fat barren doe. It never rains but it pours. Here we have been longing for fresh meat for sometime, now we have an overabundance of it. Noel is off again to look for a beaver. Paul sighted one this morning. Albert found no letters nor any sign that the Indians were there since.

Monday October 3rd. Fine day again. All hands at work costeaning, some above and some near lower end of Island. At upper place found the continuation of seam uncovered on Saturday. Men below did not succeed in reaching the bed rock but found a tough blue clay with numerous fragments of coal. Sam Shaw came to our camp during the day; he had been setting traps for otters when he saw our smoke and wondered who could be there so he came to see. He informed us the S.S. *Grand Lake*<sup>1474</sup> was at Bay St. George on Friday last bound home and would be leaving again this week. At first I had almost made up my mind to move out and try to catch her on this next trip but when I came to consider it, it

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<sup>1474</sup>A new coastal steamer. For a description, see *Eve Tel*, Sept. 12, 1892.

was very doubtful whether we could do it, certainly not unless we gave up at once and pushed hard; we would also most likely have to abandon most, if not all, our coal specimens of which we have now quite a pile. Furthermore the weather being still so fine and so much yet to be done here I felt loathe to leave till I had thoroughly tested the place. It is hardly probable I shall visit this locality again for sometime. I would much like also to have a few days at Coal Brook before quitting Grand Lake. I concluded therefore to wait till the following trip which will give us ample time to get all across the portage and down in time without killing ourselves. Albert went after the other half of the deer he killed yesterday and carried it out to Coal Brook. Shaw says it is only about three hours' walk from our camp to the Telegraph Station at Sandy Pond. The Indians who were with the Americans did not go down to Bay of Islands; they returned last Friday.

Tuesday October 4th. Fine day again all hands at work on Big gravel just above our camp. Found no rock in place but the blue clay again with numerous fragments of coal, also coal scattered through the loose gravel.

Wednesday 5th. Sent some of the men out to Coal Brook with coal specimens and other things, preparatory to moving out tomorrow. Tom Cole, Mat and William again at work up river cutting across to ascertain whether the big seam and that which

Lar and Pat worked on were the same, discovered what I believe to be another seam between the two. We then did some work further up stream nearly up to the Red Conglomerate where we found fireclay and fragments of coal. After dinner Noel and Pat did some costeaning on the last gravel bank below our camp. Here again they met with the blue clay and lots of fragments of coal but could not get at the bed rock.

Thursday October 6th. Very fine warm day moved camp back to mouth of Coal Brook. After dinner set to work on old cutting of last year and uncovered No. 1 seam not well seen then. It is about 15 inches thick and contains fairly good coal. Also found some dirt streaks.

Friday 7th. Blowing a strong breeze from the S.W. with occasional rain squalls. All hands at work above No. 5 seam thoroughly uncovered Nos. 6 and 7. The former is a good seam of a foot thick but much water soaked. Got out some good specimens. Further up towards centre of trough, uncovered several small impure seams.

Saturday 8th. The weather still continuing fine. Determined to undertake a long contemplated journey into Hinds' pond where I was led to believe there was a patch of Carboniferous rocks. Accordingly Albert, Noel and I started off after breakfast leaving Tom Thorburn in charge. We were fortunate enough to find

the old path cut many years ago supposed to be by old Bill Hinds an old English trapper, and since used by the Indians and others. It proved very good and led us through a valley with comparatively little up hill right up to the barrens. We were soon into the famous Hinds' Plains a great extent of nearly level barrens and grassy marshes, with very little wood and numerous small ponds and tarns. We soon began to see deer, first one old stag who came right up to us and would scarcely leave us, then a stag and three does. As we journeyed on over the plains we saw companies of three, four, six, etc. in all about twenty-two. They must be very numerous here as the barrens is literally trampled down with them. Hinds' Hill and Lobster house were visible ahead of us from the first taking of the barrens; the latter is a very remarkable tolt on the top of a high bare ridge. It forms the same ridge which comes out below Sandy Lake and reaches the high hills on the West side of Kitty's Brook. This same ridge continues west towards the head of Hinds' Pond. Some very high broken peaked mountains are seen away to the South and West of the latter which look like the Hills to the North of Red Indian Lake. There is, however, a low lead between them from the head of Hinds' Pond. I presume the same followed by the Indians who sometimes portage canoes across here. Hinds' pond is a fine sheet of water, well wooded on the South and West sides. The valley of

the brook also leading out towards Grand Lake appears very level and also well wooded. Do not think it can be very difficult to get a canoe out here. The plains are very extensive and certainly present one of the finest deer runs I have yet seen and so easily got at too, by the way we came. We did not reach the pond till about 4 O'clock having left camp at 9.30 A.M. and walked pretty briskly all day. It cannot therefore be less than 10 or 12 miles. Just as we got out to it we saw a fox coming along the South shore and made an attempt to cut him off but got entangled with several deep channels near the out flowing river which we had to wade across over our boots; when we reached the other side Master Reynard was no where to be seen. We then put up our side camp and gathered wood for our fire, making all snug for the night. We were all pretty tired as we had a hard day's tramp. At first it blew hard in the forenoon and was pretty cold but towards evening it calmed down and became dull. The night however, was fine with a few very light rain squalls.

Sunday October 9th. Dull, cloudy morning looks for rain. Spent a very good night though rather cold coming on morning. Seeing no sign of Carboniferous rocks here it being all apparently Laurentian. We began our return journey taking a somewhat different route further westward. We saw four partridge and killed them all, these with one seen yesterday were all we

came across, nor do I think it is much of a place for them. We soon again began to see deer in abundance on all sides of us, some companies of ten or a dozen. Altogether we counted over fifty today. Of course we did not want any and did not fire a shot at one, as we have plenty of venison for sometime yet in camp. Were we so inclined, however, we could kill at least twenty or thirty without the least trouble. In fact, we had only to show ourselves and they would come right up to us. Few persons with guns in their hands would have resisted the temptation to shoot. It turned out a very disagreeable day. First it rained and then turned to wet snow but was not cold. Finally, towards evening it came to rain in earnest. We got back to camp about 4.30 O'clock pretty wet and tired but nevertheless we all enjoyed our trip. One thing I regretted was not taking my camera; I could have had several splendid pictures of deer singly or in groups. Found all well at camp, men uncovered another small coal seam yesterday. Shaw was at our camp again and said steamer was not expected up till Sunday. I had intended moving across to the portage tomorrow but in that case I think I will defer it for a day or so yet.

Monday October 10th. Rained hard last night and finally turned to snow. Hills all white this morning, very cold and winterish. Blowing strong, sent some of the men over to portage

with a load of specimens. Had the rest at work again up River<sup>1475</sup> for last time. Did not find anything new. Tom and I measured section. Sent over some coal specimens and then gave up the coasting for the season. Very cold, stormy and winterish on lake, men had a hard time getting over.

Tuesday October 11th. Still stormy, cold and raw with showers of snow and hail all day. Could not attempt crossing lake. At camp all morning packing up etc. After dinner I took a walk along shore to Aldery Brook and back. Never saw the water so low in Grand Lake before. Shaw came to our camp about dinner-time; he is bound down to Nicholls' to get his winter's stock of potatoes. He informs us the S.S. *Grand Lake* is expected at Bay of Islands today and will not leave St. John's again till next week. Continued to blow hard all night with showers of sleet and snow. Very cold here as we are exposed to the wind off the lake.

Wednesday 12th. Calm this morning but still very cold and winterish. Struck camp and moved across Lake just reaching the portage before the wind came up. Shaw left at daylight to go across. Camped at outlet of Junction Brook. Set men at work getting things down to lower landing. I walked a good distance up the shore on North side of Lake looking for outcrop of rocks but

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<sup>1475</sup>Coal Brook.

found none. Albert and Tom surveying River<sup>1476</sup> downward to connect with my previous work.

Thursday 13th. Getting things down and men portaging light stuff halfway across portage. Albert and Tom again at work surveying River, succeeded in finishing it. I went out as far as dump with my camera and again met Shaw coming back. He informs us that Nicholls is down to the Bay and will not be up till tomorrow. He probably will not be ready to begin hauling over our stuff till Monday. Shaw tapped the line<sup>1477</sup> here and found that the *Grand Lake* was at Bay St. George this evening bound home. She does not leave again till tomorrow week and will not be up before Wednesday week so we have ample time before us. I am in hope of getting a deer to take home. Shaw informs us there are a number of fellows up from Bay of Islands after deer so we have a poor chance over there.

Friday 14th. Very much milder today. Started camp to go across portage, having dinner at dump to enable the men to come back again for another load. Marshes very dry, never saw them so dry in all the times I have crossed here. I stayed behind on big marsh and saw a doe and fawn crossing marsh but as I did not care to kill them yet I fired a long shot at the little fawn but did

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<sup>1476</sup>Junction Brook.

<sup>1477</sup>The telegraph line.

not hit it. The men saw seven deer this morning just as they started. There is a fine doe lying dead near end of marsh killed by Shaw on his way out Wednesday and left to rot; it is now stinking and unfit for food. It is a great shame for him to kill so many deer as he does and never make use of them. In fact, he cannot let a deer pass him at all. It came to rain after dinner and was very miserable. We got out to end of portage and camped at the same place as last year. Shaw also came back and went down to Nicholls' again.

Saturday 15th. Very fine day but cold in morning. Walker, the Asbestos man came to our camp very early this morning with Shaw and roused us all up. Men portaging again from dump got two canoes over and most of small gear. Tom and I went into Marsh after dinner but saw nothing. Nicholls came up with wife and nearly all the family, he brought two horses and will commence portaging on Monday. They saw some deer on the way up. Our men also saw one on portage early in the morning. Nicholls brought us up a barrel of potatoes which were a great boon.

Sunday October 16th. Dull, cool day looks for rain or snow. Walker back again and spent all day with us. Albert and he went across the river to look for ducks; just as they did so a deer came along, Albert fired but missed it. I then went across and struck in for the marshes on the other side but did not reach

them. I then returned and got a glimpse of a deer in the woods on my way back but did not get a shot at him. Noel was off all day but saw nothing. Albert also went off again after dinner but saw nothing. We heard several shots during the day from the deer hunters down the river. Threatening rain in afternoon.

Monday 17th. Fine, cool day. Nicholls commenced hauling across portage. Men also portaging. Walker and Joe Jep gone across to Grand Lake. Saw a fine doe today on shoal in river. Albert and I went after it. I fired but missed her, we then watched most of the day but saw no more. Deer Hunters on main river<sup>1478</sup> fired several guns. Two of my men built a fine bridge over first brook, about a mile from camp. Nicholls did not get over till after dark with the two horses and two barrels of specimens on each dray. Mrs Shaw and baby came over with him.

Tuesday 18th. Fine, cool day wind pretty cold. Albert and most of the crew started to run a line S.east from commencement of portage near camp with a view to find a straighter, shorter and more direct route than the present portage road. Noel and I went down to Rocky Brook and ascended it some three miles to look at the rocks etc. Found numerous cliffs of Horton<sup>1479</sup> shales but no coal except fossil fragments. There is a great extent of most

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<sup>1478</sup>Upper Humber.

<sup>1479</sup>After Horton Bluffs, N.S., on the Avon River northwest of Hantsport.

excellent intervale land along this Brook. The day was dull and somewhat stormy with occasional showers of hail. We saw no deer but some very fresh signs. The fellows on the river were firing all day. Got back to camp before dark. Albert and crew cut about 3/4 of a mile, country fairly good except one or two short rises which can be easily sloped. Nicholls got two more loads over today and has only one more left at Grand Lake side.

Wednesday 19th. Fine cool day blowing fresh from N.W. Albert still at line. Noel and I went in to the big marsh to look for a deer as I now wish to get some venison to take home. Spent all day on the lookout but saw nothing. In the evening we took a course through the woods in hope of meeting some marshes and seeing something but no, we never laid eyes on a deer. Meantime old Tom saw five across the river just near camp. The hunters on Main river kept up a perfect fusilade all day and must have killed, or at least, wounded many. It is a most barbarous way of slaughtering the poor brutes with great loads of slugs. If they killed half they fired at it would not be so bad, but by all accounts they do not get more than one in ten. Nicholls got over the last load and went down home in his scow taking all our heavy stuff and his two horses. Two of my men, Tom Cole and Mat. went with him. They are coming back tomorrow with his big boat for the crew, camps etc. Albert has nearly two miles of line cut and

reports favourably of route with a few exceptions where the rise is too steep but easily gotten around.

Thursday 20th. Another very fine day for season. Men still running line. I remained at camp all morning watching for deer to cross but saw none. Tom. and Mat. arrived at dinner-time with Nicholls' big boat. After dinner walked in along Albert's line taking his gun with me. I had a tough walk along line as it was all stumps and windfalls. Found them at work about 2 1/2 miles in; with a few exceptions the line is very well adapted for a road and decidedly shorter than the old road. I saw a fine doe in a marsh near end of line but she was frightened away by the noise of chopping before I could get her. I then broke out on old road near 3rd mile post and walked in a mile or so; I then struck up for end of big marsh where I remained sometime looking out. On my way home I saw three deer, a doe, fawn and stag coming towards the path at commencement of marsh but the doe and fawn were too far off and running, they took the path and I afterwards found followed it some distance. The stag however, turned back being frightened when he got the wind of the dead and rotten deer left by Shaw. He came towards me up the marsh, I would have no difficulty in shooting him as he came on very slowly stopping now and then to feed. But seeing it was a huge old stag with large antlers and of course very ruddy and unfit for food I did not

fire at him, I wanted meat not horns. Had it been the doe or fawn I would not hesitate a moment but somehow luck was against me, now that I want a deer I cannot get one. Noel also saw a big stag in the marsh and would not fire at it. Had a good tramp and was pretty tired when I got back to camp. This was a pet<sup>1480</sup> day for the season. Tomorrow we commence our downward journey.

Friday Oct. 21st. Dull, misty morning but nearly calm. Packed up all and started down the River;<sup>1481</sup> as we came out on the Main Humber we met boats and crews stationed all along at every 1/4 of a mile or so watching for deer. I counted some fifteen boats between Seal Pool and Nicholls', very few of them had any deer. At one place we saw five carcasses. Heard no shots today. The poor deer have but a small chance of escape yet we were told that one party fired 9 guns at a single deer yesterday not ten yards from them, still it got away. It is really scandalous to murder and wound the poor animals in this fashion. We got down to Nicholls' about 12 O'clock, took all our stuff aboard, had dinner. Albert, Tom and I dining with Nicholls family on beaver meat, vegetables etc. We then continued on down Deer Lake having a nice calm time for our canoes and got nearly to Burnt Island before dark, here we put up for the night. It was

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<sup>1480</sup>Very fine.

<sup>1481</sup>Junction Brook.

drizzling wet all day and rather disagreeable. Saw many deer hunters all along the shore of the lake, some of them had as many as eight deer. Here there is no chance at all for the poor brutes to escape, as they are overtaken before they can swim across. There must be a couple of hundred men up here now and more are coming all the time. Here they spend a fortnight or three weeks in wet, cold and misery watching the deer crossing and murdering them by any and every means available. How much more to their own and the country's advantage would it be were these men to give the same time to clearing land and establishing for themselves and families something tangible and permanent. When the deer are all gone, as they must sooner or later if this kind of wholesale slaughter is continued then they will be starving again.

Saturday 22nd. Dull and wet again. Kept on down River and got to the mouth about 3 O'clock. It blew pretty hard as we got out in the Arm and we had a tough time with the canoes getting around to Baggs' wharf. We arrived all right however and had all stored away before dark. Found quite a crowd at Mrs Petrie's. Father Sears, Larry Barron; Roache and Barron two lobster men from outside bound up the River deer shooting. No strange news here. Got letters and papers which have been awaiting us here goodness knows how long. Found all well at home. Willie not gone to London after all. Judge Lilly here is very ill suffering from

pneumonia and there is poor hope of his recovery. Dr. McIntyre<sup>1482</sup> is expected up in *Harlaw* tomorrow to see him.

Sunday October 23rd. Dull, stormy day. Went to Mass and then spent most of the day reading papers etc. Had a walk in afternoon up new road. *Harlaw* came in evening and went off again for Bonne Bay. Roache who is a great singer and musician accompanied by Barber<sup>1483</sup> on the violin and Mrs Petrie singing gave us quite a treat of Moody and Sanky<sup>1484</sup> hymns after tea. Roache plays the Harmonium well.

Monday October 24th. Very wet and stormy wretched day. In house nearly all day reading etc. Steamer at Harbour Breton this evening. *Harlaw* got back about noon and off again.

Tuesday 25th. Another wet, miserable day. In house most of the time. No pleasure out of doors. Cleared up somewhat in afternoon. Steamer at Burgeo today, expect her about Thursday morning early.

Wednesday 26th. Another poor day but not so wet. All day walking about or reading in house. *Grand Lake* arrived about 5 P.M. at last. I was engaged getting some quartz crystals from a cliff behind Petrie's when she came along. I left to go up to Baggs' wharf; we all got on board and had a good look through

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<sup>1482</sup>Duncan Kenneth McIntyre, M.D., doctor in Bay St. George.

<sup>1483</sup>Perhaps Robert W. Barber.

<sup>1484</sup>D.L. Moody and Ira Sankey, celebrated 19th-century American evangelists; collectors of gospel hymns.

her. She is certainly a fine vessel. The saloon and berths being very well fitted out. But as Jimmy Murray<sup>1485</sup> says, the Electric light is the greatest improvement of all. It is a splendid institution and renders her as bright as day during the night. She had to remain here all night shifting coal into the bunkers. Her jib-boom is gone having had it carried away in St. John's before leaving. She came in contact with the *Cape Breton*<sup>1486</sup> at the dock during the great storm they experienced there on the 18th. She is not so handsome a model outside as the old *Volunteer* being more bulky looking owing to the housing on deck, but makes up for all defects below. The music room is a great acquisition.

Thursday 27th. *Grand Lake* did not leave till 5 A.M. this morning. Another miserable, wet, stormy day. I spent all the morning with a few of the men getting out crystals, procured some very fine ones. *Grand Lake* did not put in an appearance up to dark. We then learned she would not leave Bonne Bay tonight.

Friday 28th. *Grand Lake* got back about 10 A.M. having spent the night in Bonne Bay. We got aboard at Baggs wharf and then proceeded up to Corner Brook Mill to take in lumber. The day proved a fine one. I took a couple of photos here while waiting, one including the wharf and ship, another up the valley of Bell's

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<sup>1485</sup>James Murray, St. John's businessman, writer, and politician; d. 1900; see his letters on the *Grand Lake*, *Eve Tel*, Sept. 20, 21, 22, 1892. Howley is quoting from the second letter.

<sup>1486</sup>The incident is reported in *Eve Tel*, Oct. 19, 1892.

Brook where our Railway Survey passed. We have very few passengers yet besides ourselves, only Revd. Mr. Darby,<sup>1487</sup> Methodist minister for Bay St. George. He is quite a nice fellow and very enthusiastic about the geology and the country generally. We did not get away from Corner Brook till about 9 O'clock at night. In steaming down the Arm they tried to exhibit the search light,<sup>1488</sup> but somehow it was out of order and would not work. This was a great pity as it would have been quite a treat both to ourselves and the people ashore.

Saturday 29th. Nasty wet snow falling here; at Gravels, Port au Port by breakfast-time. This is a new port of call. They are building a wharf here for the steamer to touch at. The hills all around are white and look very winterish but the wind being off shore the water was quite smooth. Got over to Sandy Point about 12 O'clock. I went up to see His Lordship<sup>1489</sup> who is looking well. We had but a short delay here when we were off again for Channel. Took a few additional passengers here. Two Frenchmen and Arthur White who was up surveying some mining claims in Port a Port Bay. We had a good time out the Bay and arrived at Channel at dusk.

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<sup>1487</sup>Thomas B. Darby, graduated from Mount Allison University, B.A., May, 1892; d. 1940; see his letter on Howley's survey of 1892, *Eve Tel*, Nov. 3, 1892, in which he notes the need for "a diamond borer" in order to explore properly the "extensive coal measures."

<sup>1488</sup>A much discussed innovation on the ship, normally used on entering harbour.

<sup>1489</sup>M.F. Howley.

Did not go ashore it was so miserably cold and wet. After receiving the mails we had to go over to Harvey's store to take in more coal. Here we remained all night.

Sunday 30th. Finished coaling at 6 A.M. and soon got underway. Turned out a splendid fine day. Got a few additional passengers at Channel. We arrived at Rose Blanche early in the forenoon and had a stroll ashore then on to Little Bay, La Poile and arrived at Burgeo about tea-time. Here we had considerable delay landing cargo. We had a good walk ashore. At all these places especially the latter we were crowded with people from the shore who seem to take great delight in inspecting all the beauties of the new boat. The piano is a great attraction and every one has a hammer at it. I fear it will soon come to grief. We arrived at Ramea Island about 8 O'clock. Here again they tried to get the search light on, but it failed to work. By the way, one of the Frenchmen aboard gave us a solution of Ramea or Ramo as he pronounced it. It is Palm or Palm Sunday<sup>1490</sup> perhaps because discovered on that day.

Monday October 31st. Another fine day wind off shore, clear, bright but cold. Had a splendid time along all night, scarcely felt a motion. We were at Harbour Breton by breakfast-time. Having called at Pushthrough during the night. I took a photo of

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<sup>1490</sup>Dimanche des Rameaux, Sunday of branches.

the ship at Harbour Breton, also of Newman's premises. We got to Belloram by dinner-time and St. Jacques about 4 P.M. Here we had to land a lot of wharf sticks and lumber. A large number of Burkes, men and women came aboard. We were invited to their houses, but having been for a long walk and the cargo being nearly out we could not venture to delay. The Burkes are a fine people, well to do, and their houses and premises are the picture of comfort and cleanliness. They are also proverbially hospitable to strangers. We got away about 5 P.M. and arrived at Grand Bank about 9 P.M. Here it was rather rough and the numerous boats which came off with passengers or for freight had a tough time of it. One of them went adrift with only a couple of small boys and an old man in her. They kicked up such a row roaring out, cursing etc. that we all rushed out of the reading room believing someone was overboard.

Tuesday November 1st. Fine day along, made a good run calling at the usual ports, Lamaline, St. Lawrence, Burin, Placentia etc. Nothing worthy of note occurred during the day.

Wednesday November 2nd. Fine but cold day. Called at Trepassey, Ferryland and then on to St. John's where we arrived all well about midday. The *Grand Lake* is certainly a splendid boat and is a vast improvement on any of her predecessors. The new line is called the Lake line; besides the *Grand Lake*, the

*Conscript* is now rechristened the *Virginia Lake* and the old *Curlew*, the *Winsor Lake*. Harvey and Company are the owners and agents.

1893

Steam-drilling for Coal at  
Grand Lake; Trip to Nova Scotia

After urging upon the Government for the last couple of years the necessity of procuring a boring drill to further test the Grand Lake Coal area it was decided at length to purchase a small Diamond Drill from The Sullivan Machinery Co. of Chicago. I was instructed to negotiate the purchase and see about getting it on the ground. There was considerable delay in forwarding the machine on to Halifax where it was hung up by the Intercolonial R.R. Company, who were ordered not to deliver it until all costs and charges were met.

It had been ordered early in May and now at the end of June it still remained at Halifax. It was finally decided that I go on myself and take delivery of it, and make all necessary arrangements for getting it down to Bay of Islands in the S.S. *Harlaw*.

June 30th. Having taken passage by the S.S. *Bonavista* for Cow Bay, Cape Breton, we left the dry dock pier just at midnight and steamed very slowly down the Harbour owing to the number of vessels lying in our track and to the fact that the *Cleopatra*,

Man-of-war and Admiral ship<sup>1491</sup> *Blake* were lying at anchor in the basin below. We steamed out the narrows and were soon well on our way. It was a beautiful night but as the ship was empty and a little swell on she rolled somewhat at first not enough, however, to bring on an attack of "Mal de Mer." We had several passengers, chiefly for Halifax and other parts of Nova Scotia. Some also for Montreal and Toronto. A young English commercial traveller named LeSeur<sup>1492</sup> whom I had met before in St. John's, and I agreed to travel together as, though he was an experienced traveller he had never been this way before. He is quite a nice fellow, and very entertaining. We got along first-rate. As soon as we were outside all hands turned in for a good night's rest.

Saturday July 1st. Did not sleep over well owing to the roll and noise of the propeller. When I came on deck about 8 O'clock it was a beautiful morning almost calm and so fine that I could walk about all day in my slippers. We were off Cape Race and by breakfast time well around it. We steamed ahead fast and soon lost sight of land. Some young Montreal girls and a boy, son and daughters of Mr. Brown the agent,<sup>1493</sup> who had come down for a run, were playing Shuffleboard and other games all day. They are very

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<sup>1491</sup>Ship carrying an admiral, in this case Vice-Admiral J.O. Hopkins.

<sup>1492</sup>Peter LeSueur, of Jersey, student of music at Oxford University, organist and teacher. *Evening Herald*, Sept. 26, 1894.

<sup>1493</sup>Perhaps the Montreal architect and realtor J.J. Browne (see *DCB*, 12: 130-31).

smart children fit to travel anywhere alone, so much for their superior advantages. The day was very monotonous as we saw nothing to enliven it and but for the pleasant company we would have been rather dull. Ship very good, steady sea boat; berths and table very fair, and stewards attentive. The cook is a Chinaman. Turned in early, though I had a nap during the day.

Sunday July 2nd. Beautiful fine day again. Slept better last night. Land in sight shortly after breakfast time. It was the headlands of Cow Bay with Flint Island off from the North point. It was quite low, level land like Bay St. George shore. We arrived in Cow Bay about 11 A.M. Here the steamer takes in a load of coal for Montreal. We were kindly permitted to remain aboard for dinner. In the meantime I had a stroll ashore looking at the coal rocks. I had intended remaining over here for a day but all the other passengers for Halifax wished to get off at once to Sydney, so as to catch tomorrow morning's train. I concluded to go with them. We hired a large waggon capable of seating eight persons with the driver, three in each seat, and then a smaller one for the heavier luggage, to drive us over in the afternoon. The distance is about fifteen miles and by going together it only cost us \$1.50 each. It was extremely sultry ashore and I felt the heat very much, especially as I had on heavy inside flannels. I could not see very much of the coal rocks as they are not much

exposed but so far as I could see they appeared greatly to resemble our own. I saw a few small outcrops of coal, small seams, and one good large one which had been drifted upon for some distance. It was the Block House seam, said to be 10 feet thick all good coal. We found the road across to Sydney a nice country track like one of our own car roads in the woods, very rutty and full of stones at times. It was however level and ran through a picturesque country with farms nearly all along. The country and woods is much like our own in some parts and the crops, if anything, behind ours. They have had a long drought here and are anxiously looking for rain.<sup>1494</sup> Fires were raging quite near the road and dense volumes of smoke arose therefrom as we drove past. Fortunately there was little or no wind, otherwise we would have had to turn and flee. One poor farmer on the road was in a very anxious state of mind as the fire was not many hundred yards from his house and the wind, such as there was, being in his direction made him feel very uncomfortable. I tried to ease his mind by prophesying we would soon have lots of rain. Indeed it bore all the appearance of a thunder storm and deluge of rain at the time, and we actually had a slight shower before reaching Sydney but it passed off again. We got a terrible jolting on the way and were often very nearly pitched out on our

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<sup>1494</sup>For the drought, see *Halifax Herald*, July 5, 1893.

heads. However, we arrived at South Sydney all right about 7 P.M. and were soon all comfortably lodged at Clarke's Hotel, a small but nicely kept establishment. After a wash and tea we all took a stroll around to see the town. It is quite a nice little place having two or three long, straight, parallel streets nearly level with beautiful trees and flower plots in front of nearly all the houses. The main streets and nearly all the houses are lit with the incandescent electric lights which in the streets are suspended in the centre overhead from a wire crossing the street, a very good plan. There are a few brick and stone buildings here, also some fine wooden churches, a great number apparently for so small a town. Most of the dwelling houses are of wood, often very prettily designed, in many respects they are ahead of any in St. John's, being of course favoured by the fine location and surrounding country.

Monday 3rd. Very hot, sultry day. Streets here awfully dusty. All our party except LeSeur and myself went off today, some by the morning train, leaving here at 6 A.M. The rest by the S.S. *Marian* at 11 O'clock to go up the Bradore Lakes and thence by train from Port Mulgrave. LeSeur is busy all morning soliciting orders, so I walked about studying the Geology which just here is nearly all red shale, marl and sandstone of the Carboniferous Limestone formation. There was not much to interest

me and it was too hot for walking about so I concluded after dinner to take the ferry across to North Sydney. On my arrival there I made my way to the Von Dorne Hotel kept by a Frenchman named Smith whose wife is one of the Williams of Bay Bulls. It is a fairly good Hotel of its kind. I spent the afternoon studying the rock sections exposed along shore here chiefly the Millstone grit formation which appeared to be composed almost exclusively of gray sandstones, thick and thin bedded, coarse and fine grained with some red shaly sandstone but not much gray slate. Also many fairly coarse conglomerates like our own except for the scarcity of Reddish sandstones; where the Millstone grit gives place to the true coal measures appeared to me to be marked only by a gradual increase in the volume of more shaly rotten rocks with less frequent occurrence of thick sandstones, still these did occur in many places all along shore so far as I went. I saw several small seams of coal outcropping but not of any dimensions and apparently chiefly of poor quality though frequently underlaid by thick bands of shale and underclay. There were also some bands of red and green mottled shale in the coal measures. In all respects they resembled our own except that I missed the coarse grit or fine conglomerate with white quartz pebbles, also the very white sandstones seen at Grand Lake. Fossils are not at all abundant in these rocks. LeSeur came over on the last boat at

5 O'clock. He and I had to bunk in the one room but have two beds. We had a stroll after tea to view the city. It is quite a nice little place, the private residences are often very pretty and the grounds in front elegantly laid out with most beautiful flowers and shrubs in plots. I was particularly struck with a small tree about the height of a Lilac covered with round bunches of beautiful white flowers like snowballs but could not learn the name of it.<sup>1495</sup> The Honeysuckle was also abundant and beautiful. I was pretty tired after the day and got to bed early.

July 4th. Another beautiful, fine day very hot, took a stroll before dinner up the Harbour and had a good look at the Millstone grit rocks wherever they crop out. They are chiefly thick and thin bedded gray sandstones and a few coarse gritty or fine conglomerates very like our own but still hard to distinguish from Coal measure rocks. After dinner LeSeur and I hired a cab and drove out to the mine nearly out to the end of the land or Harbour's entrance, had a good look at the loading and emptying of the coal into waggons for transport to the shore and learnt much from the men employed as to the modus operandi etc. The shaft here is 700 feet deep vertically and the mining is carried on fully a mile from the bottom out under the sea. It is hard constant work unloading the cars and I believe the men only

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<sup>1495</sup>Perhaps *Viburnum opulus*, the guelder-rose.

get about seventy-five cents per diem. They are also in a beastly state with the coal dust. The miners coming up out of the mine are a sight to see. I did not feel like going down below. I then took a walk along shore from Lloyd's Cove to where I was last evening, taking in nearly all the section on this side. I was particularly struck with the heavy coarse grits and conglomerates containing small white quartz pebbles on the North side of Lloyd's Cove overlying the seam of that name, as being so like the coarse grits and conglomerates on Grand Lake, below the Aldery Brook section. Should there prove to be the same then we might reasonably hope to find coal again below them. Here the Sydney main seam, and indeed all the principal seams in the section, are a good depth below. Saw several small seams of coal just around the point on the South side of Lloyd's Cove, and several coarse yellow weathering sandstones filled with fossils, very like these both on Grand Lake and in St. George's Bay. I did not see anything exactly corresponding to the very white sandstone of Aldery Bk., nor yet to the Red and Green mottled shales; yet there are several bands of red slate in both the coal measures and Millstone grit here. I certainly saw no red sandstone in heavy beds such as those near the Jukes seam on Barachois Brook. As a whole, however, they greatly resemble our coal rocks, but I am still undecided where to draw the line

between true coal measures and Millstone grit in Newfoundland. The *Harlaw* arrived at South Sydney just before we left for our drive and was steaming up the Harbour on her way up the Bradore Lakes when we got back to our hotel. To my surprise they informed me there that Dr. Mike was on board and had been at the Hotel. Of course he also was surprised to hear of my being here. He stops at Grand Narrows on the lakes and as I and LeSeur have decided to go on to Halifax by train tomorrow we will meet him there. Spent after tea walking up and down North Sydney. This is quite a stirring little place and will in course of time become quite important, owing to the great industry the coal provides. Steamers and sailing vessels are arriving and departing day and night and coal trains are all the time on the move. The country around is very nice and there is room here for a large city by and bye.

Wednesday 5th. The long looked for rain came at last during the night. It was very much needed as the crops here were almost spoiled. We were up early in order to catch the train at 7 O'clock sharp. It was a delightful morning, cool and refreshing and the heavy rain during the night gave everything a bright, clean appearance and laid the dust effectually. We drove to the R.R. Station a quarter of a mile distant with the same cabman we had yesterday. LeSeur also had him the evening before, bringing

up his hamper<sup>1496</sup> from the Ferry boat for all of which he only charged us two dollars and a quarter (\$2.25). One of our fellows would have charged Five dollars. We were a little late in getting off but were soon flying along at a tremendous rate. We had a good view of the country which is very nice especially along the shore of Bradore Lake, yet wild enough in places. It is not at all so varied as our own there being no high land about. At Grand Narrows we stopped twenty-five minutes for breakfast having to drive down about a quarter of a mile to the restaurant. The first person I saw on the platform as the train drew up was Dr. Mike, who was looking well. He came on in the *Harlaw* and got off here this morning to take the train. We had a very good breakfast, got underway again and were soon flying along the west side of the lakes having crossed the Grand Narrows by a fine iron bridge. The scenery all along was really very pretty, the nice clearings, occasional little villages, and pretty trees producing a pleasing effect. We reached the gut of Canso about noon and were quickly ferried across to Port Mulgrave on the South side of it, where we again boarded the train and after a little delay were flying again through Nova Scotia at a very quick pace. Fine farming country all along especially in and around Antigonish, where it is very flat with much good intervale land. We reached New

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<sup>1496</sup>Basket containing one's travel effects.

Glasgow at dinner-time and all jumped off for a bite. Had only twenty minutes to gobble down a hasty meal, but we did it and got the worth of our fifty cents. Strawberries are plentiful all along at every station, they are small wild ones but very nice and toothsome. New Glasgow is quite a bustling little place and the famous Pictou mines are in the vicinity. There is a branch line from here to Pictou, saw long trains loaded with coal in transmission. There is also an iron smelting furnace here and a fine red hematite<sup>1497</sup> which is mined some distance up the River is brought down in cars. Saw lots of it as we passed out. We sped along after dinner towards Truro through a nice agricultural country. Some gentlemen from the States who were down to the Codroys salmon fishing and came up with Dr. Mike got hold of me to talk sport and I had to entertain them with fish and Caribou yarns till they were almost beside themselves. One of the party was a rough old customer named Cline an old Virginian Confederate veteran who lives sporting around all the season through, and has been all over the World. He was a most entertaining and amusing old customer to be sure, very fond of the whiskey bottle. He preferred to be in the smoking room with the jolly lads while Messrs. Withers and Myers, who were quite toney persons, rode in the Parlor car, an elegantly gotten up affair. Cline says he has

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<sup>1497</sup>Reddish-brown iron ore.

killed every animal with horns upon its head except a Caribou and he is bound to get down to Newfoundland next year if he is alive to kill just one of our noble stags. I, of course, told him where to go for sport and should not wonder if I find him drop into my camp some fine day. He would be great company. He has been an old Secession soldier,<sup>1498</sup> went through the war and is just as bitter against the North as ever, would go again tomorrow if required. We parted with these gents at Truro where we changed cars. They went on to Quebec to go up to Lake John<sup>1499</sup> fishing. We to come on to Halifax. Truro is quite a place being the junction of several branch lines. We were about an hour here and had a walk around the place. It is dead flat with one or two long level parallel streets the country around being beautiful. We got aboard again about 4 P.M. and sped along for Halifax passing through a good country for a long distance, flat, well cultivated and beautifully wooded. Saw several brick yards. Nearing Halifax we found the country more like our own and at Winsor Junction it is one mass of huge gray boulders all over the ground. These are the gold bearing quartzites of the Atlantic Coast slope. Arrived at Halifax Station about 8 P.M. and hired a cab; that is LeSeur, James Keating of Channel and myself, to drive us down town. The

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<sup>1498</sup>One who fought for the states which seceded from the Union in 1860-1.

<sup>1499</sup>Lac Saint-Jean.

Archbishop's<sup>1500</sup> carriage awaited Dr. Mike. Keating stayed at the Royal but LeSeur and I drove on to the Halifax.<sup>1501</sup> Just as we alighted who should confront us sitting near the door outside but my brother, William Howley. He appeared somewhat surprised at seeing me, but I fully expected to find him here. We registered, got our rooms, had a wash then tea and after that a chat. Of course Will was anxious to hear all the news from home. Being pretty tired after our long ride we retired early.

Thursday 6th. Slept pretty well; got up early and went down first to locate Pickford's and Black's wharf. I then took a stroll around the city. After breakfast I went off up to the Railway Station to look after our Drilling machinery, found it all there except the boiler. I went back again to Messrs. Pickford and Black and got them to promise to get it all down to their wharf and have the machine properly crated before putting it on board *Harlaw*. This they kindly consented to do. Young Pickford is a very nice obliging fellow. This relieves me of much trouble in a strange place. I then walked around a good deal but it was too hot for me. Certainly Halifax is a fine, clean, wholesome city and in point of architecture is a long way ahead of our own. Some of the Banking institutions are fine structures

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<sup>1500</sup>Cornelius O'Brien, Roman Catholic archbishop of Halifax.

<sup>1501</sup>Howley's and "F.L. Eneur's" arrival at the hotel is noted in the *Halifax Herald* of July 6. Le Sueur is said to be "of London."

as are also many of the shops, while many of the private dwellings are also very fine and tastefully constructed. After tea Will, LeSeur and I had another stroll. One street, Grafton, 4th or 5th from waterside, appears to be the favourite resort after tea and was just as crowded as Water Street, St. John's in the fall, or on Saturday nights. Our drill man has not yet put in an appearance, and I very much fear the boiler is going to be behind hand. It is coming by way of New York. After all it may be on the *Portia* due here on Monday night.

Friday 7th. Pouring rain all night but turned out a fine day. A Company of American play actors are here. They are performing at the Music Hall<sup>1502</sup> and are said to be pretty good. Another company is expected here to open on Monday night. Their first appearance will be in the "Crust of Society" a very sensational play.<sup>1503</sup> We shall probably go to see that as it will be our last night here. Will has decided to go down with me on the *Harlaw* to Bay of Islands and thence take the *Grand Lake* to St. John's. I took a stroll after tea but nearly got wet through. Murphy, the Engineer, made us out this evening and kindly offered to drive Will and I out to Mount St. Vincent Academy<sup>1504</sup> tomorrow

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<sup>1502</sup>The Academy of Music.

<sup>1503</sup>The play was an English version of a play by Alexander Dumas fils, *Le Demi-Monde* (*Halifax Herald*, July 6, 1893).

<sup>1504</sup>Precursor of Mount St. Vincent University; a tradition was already established among well-to-do Newfoundland Catholics, especially those in St. John's, of sending their daughters to "the Mount" for advanced education.

to see the Newfoundland girls. Dr. Mike also put in an appearance and the three of us had a long chat. Strange we should all meet here today which is my 46th Birthday. Dr. Mike is off tomorrow for Providence, Rhode Island after his nuns;<sup>1505</sup> he will be roasted to death. We heard today of a big sugar vessel being ashore near Channel.<sup>1506</sup> I had a walk in the Public Gardens this afternoon; it is a delightful spot very tastefully laid out and certainly reflects the greatest possible credit upon the Haligonians. What a pity we cannot succeed in getting our Bannerman Park done up in a somewhat similar manner. The trees and flowers are just now at their best and are most pleasing to the eye. Seats are arranged under the shade of the trees everywhere and are of course much resorted to, lots of children of all ages and sexes toddling, gamboling or playing around the walks. It is a great boon to them. There are several other plots of trees with walks and seats some of which were old graveyards, besides nearly all the upper streets and roads, especially when you get outside the busy part of the city, have beautiful shade trees all along near the curbstone or inside the plots which are nearly always seen in front of the private residences.

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<sup>1505</sup>Sisters of Mercy. They arrived at Sandy Point July 28, 1893. See *Eve Tel*, Aug. 12, 1893.

<sup>1506</sup>The *John E. Sayre* went ashore some miles east of Channel in a dense fog. She was bound from Iloilo (in the Philippines) to Montreal with 2200 tons of sugar, valued at \$175,000. See *Halifax Herald*, July 7, 8, 1893.

Saturday 8th. Another very hot day. LeSeur and I with one of our fellow passengers on the *Bonavista* went across in the Ferry boat to Dartmouth on the other side of the Harbour. It is quite a little town and has a fairly good country behind it. We had a good view of the Harbour from a pavilion erected on a high bluff just on the outskirts. It was however, too hot for moving about much. So we soon got back to the city. I stayed in the hotel until dinner-time. About 3 O'clock Mr. Murphy, the Engineer, called for us with a nice waggon and took us out to the Convent of Mount St. Vincent or "The Mount". On our way we called at his house and were introduced to his wife and daughter. The latter, a nice girl, came with us. She has a sister a nun at the Mount. We had a delightful drive and had the pleasure of seeing all the Newfoundland girls. May O'Mara, Miss Branscombe,<sup>1507</sup> Miss Sullivan,<sup>1508</sup> two Miss Bulleys<sup>1509</sup> etc., also Bride Murphy and Mrs Edwards nee Miss Day who are staying here. The girls all seemed delighted to see us. They have a beautiful place here and all are pleased with it. Several of them are going down in the Portia to see their friends.<sup>1510</sup> We stayed a good while and saw all the Building. They have a fine music room and stage with good

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<sup>1507</sup>Georgina Branscombe.

<sup>1508</sup>Minnie Sullivan.

<sup>1509</sup>One of whom was Jessie Bulley.

<sup>1510</sup>For a passenger list with the girls' names, see *Halifax Herald*, July 12, 1893.

scenery. The nuns appear very nice. The Revd. Mother, is sister of John Dwyer, Oak Farm.<sup>1511</sup> We had a lovely drive back again to the City where we arrived in good time for tea. The Halifax hotel is certainly a very good one and the table all that could be desired. LeSeur goes on to Boston and New York by the S.S. *Halifax* tonight. He is a very nice young fellow, Will appears to have taken quite a fancy to him. Old Mr. Warren, an English gentleman, travelling in the tea trade who often visits St. John's is here. Will introduced me to him the day I arrived. He is a nice intelligent old man. Had a short walk after tea and then went down to see our friend LeSeur off. It has been desperately hot those two days. I feel it very much and cannot eat the numerous good things served at meals in the Hotel.

Sunday July 9th. Another blazing hot day. Mr. Murphy called for us after breakfast and kindly gave us a seat in his pew in St. Mary's Cathedral. We had a low Mass<sup>1512</sup> and no sermon but the singing of the choir was very fine. There was one male voice in particular exceedingly fine and cultured. The Cathedral is very pretty inside but cannot compare with ours in size. After Mass we returned to the Hotel it being too warm to walk about. The new Company of Actors arrived today. They make their debut tomorrow

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<sup>1511</sup>On the northeastern outskirts of St. John's; Dwyer later became MHA for St. John's East.

<sup>1512</sup>A short and simplified form of the high mass.

in a play called the "Crust of Society." Mr. Reid,<sup>1513</sup> our railway man with his wife and daughter also arrived today bound to St. John's on the "Portia." I had quite a chat with him about the Railway, coal etc. He expects to reach Grand Lake with the line before winter sets in. He tells me his surveyors have followed my line pretty closely and that Burchell felt awfully sore about it. In fact, that he kicked up a fuss over it and wanted them to change it. This was news to me. After dinner I took a stroll up to the Public Gardens. They were crowded with men, women and children in their galaday attire. It was a lovely sight. The gardens themselves were charming and are indeed a great boon to the citizens. I wish very much we had such something similar in St. John's.<sup>1514</sup> I dont know if all the flowers and plants seen here would grow in our soil or climate. There is a band stand in the centre of the garden where the band plays on fine evenings, but not on Sundays, as the Haligonians are strict Sabbatarians.

Monday 10th. Another blazing hot day. Had to see to getting the boring machinery on board *Harlaw*. I then took a ride on the street cars, a great convenience, up to the Railway Station to see if any of the things were left behind. Our drillman and boiler have not yet arrived. The boiler may possibly be on the

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<sup>1513</sup>Robert Gillespie Reid Sr.

<sup>1514</sup>"I believe our Bannerman Park which is, I think, nearly as large" is deleted in TS.

*Portia* due here tonight. After tea Will and I went to see the Play the "Crust of Society" at the Academy. The Theatre is quite a nice little one well managed and the stage very good. The play was a comment on the loose, immoral character of high class society and was well performed, especially on the part of the leading characters, Mr. & Mrs Lewis, nee Miss Effie Filbury.<sup>1515</sup> She is quite an accomplished artiste and a fine woman in the bargain. The house was not by any means full and I believe a much larger audience would have greeted them in St. John's, especially on the opening night<sup>1516</sup>. I have now seen pretty well all of Halifax including the Nursery where trees and flowers are grown. It was a treat well worth seeing, very nicely kept with numerous hot houses in which plants of all kinds are grown. Halifax is a nice clean city and I think I could reside here very comfortably were I settled down, but it is rather hot for me just now and I do not care much for the Hotel life. There is no place like one's own home. It certainly is a long way ahead of St. John's in many respects. The people here also are much like our own and are tolerably friendly and communicative to strangers. They have a great advantage over us being on the mainland. They can go anywhere over the Continent by rail much cheaper and quicker than

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<sup>1515</sup>Zeffie Tilbury.

<sup>1516</sup>For a review of the play, see *Halifax Herald*, July 11, 1893.

we can travel. Of course when we get our railway through to Port aux Basques with a steamer across to Sydney it will make travelling very much nicer. It will be quite a nice trip over the line to the West and thence to Sydney by steamer where the Intercolonial cars can take us on to Canada or the United States, thus greatly reducing the disagreeable part of the journey. I have been speaking to Mr. Reid about the necessity of getting up a map of the route and properly advertizing the country as a field for tourists. I believe if such were done and a small steamer placed on the Grand Lake with a good hotel there lots of wealthy Americans would find their way down each season. Nova Scotia and Cape Breton are fairly overrun with them and they are always seeking new fields to explore. I have induced a young New Yorker to run down with us to the Codroys for some fishing. They are beginning to find out our Island and are glad to come down to escape the heat for awhile.

Tuesday 11th. Another blazing hot day. *Harlaw* leaves at 2 O'clock, *Portia* got back this morning.<sup>1517</sup> Our boiler not on board, nor do they know anything of it. Later on I had a telegram from the Sullivan Machinery Co. to the effect that Drill man had left on 5th and boiler is now on its way by rail but both will be

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<sup>1517</sup>Her arrival from New York on the 11th is recorded in the *Halifax Herald*, July 12, 1893.

too late for *Harlaw*. There is nothing for it but to go on with what machinery I have, get it up the River and over to Grand Lake then return to meet Drill man and boiler by next *Harlaw*. This will cause very great delay and retard our boring operations so much that I expect to accomplish very little this season.

However, there is no help for spilt milk and it certainly is not my fault that we are not at work before this, as I have been three years urging them to get the machine. Had they done so last fall after my return home<sup>1518</sup> we might have had it on the ground early this spring and be well underway with our work by this time. We had an early dinner and got down on board the *Harlaw* but she was not ready to leave till about 4 O'clock. We had a lot of freight and quite a number of passengers for various points on the route. We steamed out of Halifax Harbour getting a good view of the city and were soon outside steaming down the Nova Scotian coast. It was quite smooth outside yet Will got sick and had to turn in without his tea. This shore along is much lower than ours and the land behind not nearly so high. Turned in about 10.30 for the night.

Wednesday 12th. Fine morning steaming down the Nova Scotian coast, Cape Canso in sight. The shore, so well as we could see,

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<sup>1518</sup>Whether or not Howley should be provided with a boring apparatus for his field work had become a topic of public discussion. For example, see Philip Tocque's letter, *Eve Tel*, Dec. 8, 1892.

is low and rocky with low, rounded hills inland. Not nearly so bluff as our eastern seaboard. We were soon up to Canso and steaming into Bay of Inhabitants<sup>1519</sup> towards St. Peter's Canal. Quite a change in the appearance of the land began as soon as we reached the lower carboniferous rocks which begin here. Isle Madame is a pretty place all cleared and looking lovely and green in the morning sun. We reached St. Peter's canal about 10 O'clock and had some little delay here waiting to get through. It cuts across a narrow Isthmus of Cape Breton Island into the Bradore Lakes. It is a fine piece of work partly cut through solid greenstone<sup>1520</sup> rock. There are two gates at the South end and a fine drawbridge at the Northern or inner end. While waiting at the dock Murphy and I took a walk ashore through the little town of St. Peter's quite a nice little place. We met a Dominion Senator, Gillis,<sup>1521</sup> to whom Murphy introduced me. He at once began to ask a number of questions about Newfoundland and like many others I have spoken with all seem greatly impressed with its great mineral wealth. We got through the Canal about 12 O'clock and were soon steaming down the beautiful Bradore lakes. The shores of the lake are low and well wooded with here and

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<sup>1519</sup>Perhaps he means Chedabucto Bay; Inhabitants Bay lies well to the north, at the eastern end of the Strait of Canso.

<sup>1520</sup>An igneous rock, greenish in colour owing to the presence of chlorite or hornblende.

<sup>1521</sup>Perhaps Joseph Alexander Gillies, of Cape Breton, who sat in the House of Commons, 1891-1900.

there nice clearings and little settlements. We steamed along through several winding passages and were soon out in the main body of the lake which is quite a large sheet of water. We got down to the Grand Narrows before dinner-time and had a little delay here landing freight. The Drawbridge was opened for us. We all went ashore and paid a visit to the Hotel here and had some music on a fine piano by Miss Hayes a young Newfoundland girl from the Sacred Heart Convent who is going down on a visit to her brother R. Hayes in Bay St. George. Murphy, the Engineer, and his daughter another Sacred Heart girl, are also passengers to Sydney, and two little girls daughters of the Captain are going the round trip. We reached Badeck,<sup>1522</sup> a fine little town inside the great Entrance and nearly opposite the end of Boularderie Island; here we also had a walk ashore to see the place. There are a number of Americans here staying for the hot months, in fact, Nova Scotia and Cape Breton are over run with them. Two of these young New Yorkers are coming down to the Codroys fishing. One, a young student just out of College, a Mr. Thomson, is quite a nice young fellow. A bit of a geologist and writer. We also have a young Haligonian lawyer, Mr. Walsh going down to Bay of Islands to hunt up some evidence in the matter of a wrecked

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<sup>1522</sup>Baddeck.

vessel. At Badeck we overtook a schooner of Capt. Farquhar's<sup>1523</sup> bound down to the Arctic Regions with a party of American explorers. She is a beautiful craft and is hired by a rich old chap who is said to be rather strange in the head. He has a doctor with him and two others; they are paying Farquhar \$3000 for the hire of the vessel. We took them in tow and brought them through the Narrows out into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Professor Bell of Telephone fame, is building a splendid mansion at the Entrance South end of Boulardie Island and has a steam launch to take him back and forth.<sup>1524</sup> It was night before we got out through the great Entrance and we did not reach South Sydney till nearly midnight.

Thursday 13th. Coaling at Pier South Sydney till breakfast time then went across to North Sydney and had a couple of hours' delay landing cargo. We all went ashore for a stroll. Walsh, Brown and Thomson drove out to see the mine. Day very hot and fine. Left about noon and steamed down the Bay and out towards the Cape, North Shore, Cramberry Head. Here the whole aspect of the country changes. The long peninsula forming Cape North is

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<sup>1523</sup>J.A. Farquhar and Company, a Halifax firm, traded extensively in fish on the west coast of Newfoundland and operated the *Harlaw*. Mannion, "Settlers and Traders," p. 260; *ENL*, 5: 302. A photograph of Farquhar appears in *Chafe's Sealing Book*, 3 ed. (St. John's: Trade Printers & Publishers Ltd., 1924), n.p.

<sup>1524</sup>Alexander Graham Bell, residing in Washington, D.C., built a house for summer residence named Beinn Bhreagh shortly after 1890.

high and mountainous with bold cliffs cut by deep ravines not unlike our Cape Ray or Anguille country. We called at three small fishing villages viz: Inganish, Niel's Harbour and White point in Aspen Bay. All these, especially Niel's Harbour, would pass for any of our own outharbour fishing villages. Even the people who crowded around us in their boats were like our own. We had Bishop McIntyre<sup>1525</sup> and two priests aboard whom we landed on this shore. It was dark before we got away from the last named place and setting in quite foggy. We next made for St. Paul's Island but had great difficulty in making it out so dense was the fog, we could not see the lights nor hear the fog horn. Farquhar kept his syren going incessantly. It makes an awful howl. At length we got so close to the Island that the echo resounded from the bold cliffs and we soon heard the fog horn. After carefully and slowly feeling our way towards the Shore we finally saw the light and then a boat came off to us. It was rather rough so we got round to the leeward side of the Island and the Lighthouse keeper, McLeod and a crew came off. We had one passenger a daughter of the keeper. It was now after 12 O'clock so I turned in; nearly all the other passengers had long retired.

Friday 14th. Still dull and somewhat foggy. Were at the

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<sup>1525</sup>Peter McIntyre, bishop of Charlottetown, died in 1891; his successor was James C. MacDonald. Perhaps this was the bishop on the *Harlaw*.

wharf in Port aux Basque when I got up. Here we landed or rather put aboard a small steamer at the wharf some heavy pumping machinery for the wrecked sugar vessel. She is plainly visible ashore on the East side Port aux Basque standing, upright with her three masts like a vessel on dock. But there is a great hole in her bottom and all the sugar except about 1/3 cargo which was saved has washed out of her. The wrecking tug is going back to Halifax having given up the prospect of getting her off. We had considerable delay here and took on board a few passengers. Mrs and Miss Smith, wife and daughter of the Anglo Tel. operator,<sup>1526</sup> for the round trip. We were soon around Cape Ray and steaming up for Codroy. All the passengers were greatly taken with the grand scenery on this side the Cape Ray Range. We called in at Codroy and landed some passengers and a good deal of freight. Our sporting Americans got off here and proceeded up the River. A Father Tomkins<sup>1527</sup> of Cape Breton who has a brother farming at Little Codroy River came on board bound for Bay of Islands. We had some heavy rain showers just as we left. Some quarry men are hard at work quarrying freestone<sup>1528</sup> about a mile below the village but I had not time to go and see what they were doing. We had a fine time up the shore and got into Sandy Point about 7

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<sup>1526</sup>Nathan Smith, telegraph operator at Channel.

<sup>1527</sup>M. Tompkins, St. Ann's, Guysborough; his brother was John Tompkins.

<sup>1528</sup>Fine-grained sandstone or limestone that can be cut or sawn.

O'clock. Will and I went up to see Dr Mike's house. It is all upset now and has a large addition put on to it for the nuns. He is building a small flat roofed house for himself. Saw all my old friends here. Everything is pretty much as usual. Hayes showed me some splendid samples of gypsum from Flat Bay Brook. It was nearly dark when we left. We towed Haliburton's boat over to the Gravels. His sister and brother-in-law with their baby were aboard going over on a visit. Turned in shortly after leaving the Gravels.

Saturday 15th. Cold morning. Just entering Bay of Islands when I got up. Will was up before me looking at the scenery which he says is very fine. We had a splendid time up the Arm and reached Petrie's wharf about 10 O'clock. Here we got off and secured our lodgings at Mrs. Petrie's. We then walked up to Baggs' wharf and met the steamer again. Watson came alongside with his big boat and I got all the machinery aboard of her. He then went up to Corner Brook but will not start up the River till Monday. Telegraphed Albert Bayley to send down a canoe and some of the crew over to the portage to help getting the stuff across. After dinner I took some views of the scenery here about. Will and Larry Barron are quite at home chatty about old times etc. Father Sears is away down the Bay. Father Tomkins is staying at

Maurice Boland's<sup>1529</sup> and will celebrate mass for us tomorrow at 8 A.M. Everything in Bay of Islands is pretty much as usual except that there is much talk and great eclat over the prospect of the Railway. One party of surveyors are now at Georges River head of Bay St. George while the location party<sup>1530</sup> are at Kitty's Brook. George Lilly came down after dinner and we had a great confab.

Sunday 16th. Dull morning. Will, Larry Barron and I got up for Mass. Before breakfast, Walsh and Dr. Webber<sup>1531</sup> went off down to Bennoit's Cove to gather information about a schooner wrecked there last fall. It came to rain after twelve and turned out a very wet, miserable evening. Remained in the house talking and reading etc. till nearly teatime. I then strolled down to Baggs and met my two Indians, Noel Bernard and Joe Jep, who had just arrived from Deer Lake. Albert had anticipated my telegram by sending them on yesterday. I had a note from him saying all was going on well, they were camped at Kelvin Brook, had about 3 tons of coal out and a hole dug for the boring rod. He also had sent four men over to the portage to help land the stuff etc. Albert has killed two small deer up to the present and a couple of geese. Walsh and the Doctor returned late in the evening getting

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<sup>1529</sup>Trader in Birchy Cove, established there since 1872 (Brown, "A Study of the Curling Area, Part II," pp. 22-3).

<sup>1530</sup>The party that laid out the exact placing of the railroad bed, on the path indicated by surveyors.

<sup>1531</sup>George Webber, licensed medical practitioner in Bay of Islands.

a great ducking.

Monday 17th. Still wet and dull. Did not start for country as I had some business matters to settle up. Watson gone on, however, with machinery. Walsh and Dr. off again for Frenchman's Cove, cleared up a fine afternoon. Nothing worthy of note occurred. I had a walk up Petrie's Valley to see where the Railway survey line was located.

Tuesday 18th. Beautiful, fine, warm day again. Off after breakfast up the River. Will, Walsh, Dr. and Father Tomkins were going up also to see the mouth of the River but I started ahead in the canoe while it was calm. I waited a considerable time at Fisher's Brook<sup>1532</sup> for them but they did not put in an appearance so we proceeded on our journey. We hit the high tide and had an easy time over the Lower Rapids. We got up to Deer Lake about 6 P.M. and kept on till nearly sunset getting a good way up the Lake. It was quite calm. The day was a beautiful one but the flies pretty bad, of course I feel them more at first.

Wednesday 19th. Another fine calm day not so hot as yesterday. Up early and forward. Met Watson some distance up the lake returning. He got up to landing at midnight and landed all the machinery this morning. We reached Nicholls' at noon and

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<sup>1532</sup>Evidently, the brook where Christopher Fisher's sawmill was located, i.e. Corner Brook.

stopped to boil our kettle. George and John Nicholls who are employed by the R.R. Surveyors are here on their way up with some grub. The old man is hauling across some for them. We reached the portage about 4 P.M. and found all our stuff here and four of the men awaiting us. Put up camps on our old camping ground.

Thursday 20th. Nicholls having two days hauling yet on R.R. stuff and our men being short of grub I concluded going over to Grand Lake, seeing what was being done and getting all hands over to the portage as we will have to repair the road in several places, remove boulders etc. before we can bring the machinery across. We packed up our stuff leaving my small tent, blankets, camera, gun etc. as I have to go back again next week to meet our drill man and boiler. I walked on ahead and got over to Lower Landing in good time. The men came soon after, we then proceeded up to the Lake where they boiled the kettle. We had a fine time across, fair wind and got to Albert's camp up Kelvin Brook early in the afternoon. Found Albert and Tom home. They have a large store house built for the grub and a big hole dug to commence boring. The other four men are over at Coal Brook getting out coal for the furnace.<sup>1533</sup> Albert and I went over to see them, they have a lot out and are packing it across to the bend on Kelvin Brook whence we can bring it in boat to our camp. They are not

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<sup>1533</sup>To create steam for the boring drill.

yet far enough in to get clear of the surface weathering etc. so that the coal taken out does not look its best. I have no doubt however, it will answer very well for our fires. My dog hardly knew me. He follows old Tom Cole everywhere and stays with him all day. He is very thin from running about and going in the water. Our camp is situated in a very poor place amongst nasty hummocks, ground overgrown with Goldworthy bushes, but it is a convenient place for boring.

Friday 21st. Fine, calm day. Packed up a fortnight's grub and went across to the portage where we camped at lower landing. After dinner we all went out on road beyond the big marsh and commenced work trying to improve it. Andrew Yetman and Dick Moores are the blasters, they succeeded in getting one huge boulder out of the way and tried another but the hole was not deep enough. It blew twice without breaking the rock. The other lads cut sticks to fill up the bad places between the rocks, removed the stumps, repaired bridges etc. but we could get no gravel to fill in with. It is apparently one mass of bowlders. They did a very good evening's work. It was rather hot and the black flies were awful.

Saturday 22nd. A fine, calm, cool day. My feet were very sore from my boots pinching my toes yesterday. Sent all the men except two Indians out on the road to work. Noel, Joe and myself

went up the Lake in the canoe. I wanted to have a look at the rocks on this side. It was a lovely morning almost calm and not at all hot. There were not many flies either. We proceeded along towards Whetstone point. I landed at one place to look at some coarse gray gritty sandstone like Millstone grit rock; they are overlaid by red shale and form high banks all along shore but much concealed by dense woods. When nearly up to Whetstone Point, Noel espied a fine old stag quietly feeding along shore. I had Albert's gun, got ashore and walked cautiously along towards him, just then he began to move away and kept travelling along shore. We followed him a long distance watching till we could get a rock or bush between us and the stag. At length he rounded a sandy point and we ran up quickly; when we peered around the point he was still a long shot ahead, but finally he came to the end of the beach and was stopped by a little cliff projecting out into the water. Here he laid down, and I stole up to within easy gun shot. He saw me and jumped up again. I fired and I just missed him the first shot as I was quite blown<sup>1534</sup> and excited from running. However, just as he was making for the water to swim off I let him have the 2nd barrel and struck him hard. He still kept on and was swimming away fast. I fired again at him in the water but only shot one of his horns off. I had no more bullets but it

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<sup>1534</sup>Out of breath; exhausted.

was evident he was hard hit. Noel and Joe ran back for the canoe while I kept along shore to prevent his landing. Very soon his head dropped and after a few kicks he was dead. The lads came along and towed him up to the beach at Whetstone point. He was a fine animal with a very nice pair of horns but of course they were spoiled. I had shot him right through the heart and it is really extraordinary how far and fast he swam thus fatally wounded. When we skinned and cut him up I was astonished to find in his throat at the root of his tongue and nostrils a vast number of grubs all alive and firmly adhering to the membrane of this part of his head. They appeared to be in a sort of sack or membranous bag. I had often heard of this before but never witnessed it. The Indians say that every spring their heads are full of those botts<sup>1535</sup> and according as they mature the animal blows them out of his nostrils and coughs them up from his throat. How the poor brutes can survive with such a mass of living grubs in their heads is a mystery. I wonder they don't drive him mad. I believe these are the larvae of the stout or deer fly. How they get into the animal's head I know not. The Indians say they lick the eggs off their back and legs. It is evidently the same insect which deposits its eggs in their backs like the botts in the cow. We cut our deer up, had our dinner and

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<sup>1535</sup>Maggots.

then proceeded on up the shore a couple of miles further till we came to a small brook. I stopped here and walked up the brook where good sections of the rock were exposed. It was a fearfully rugged place with numerous falls and lofty cliffs but as there was scarcely any water in the brook I managed to get along. I found several bands of black bituminous shale much twisted and corrugated. Some of this was nearly coal. Saw a few fossils, one fine Calamite.<sup>1536</sup> There are also many bands of heavy gray sandstone and coarse conglomerate. I believe the rocks to be belonging to the Horton series low down near the base of the formation. Before I got back to the Lake it had commenced to rain and continued hard all the afternoon. We had a long pull back to camp and got a great drenching. I was very cold from sitting in the canoe so wet. The lads were back when we arrived, they also got a wetting. Nicholls brought over one load of our stuff today. He thinks he can use wheels on Monday. We had a great treat for tea of Kidney and marrow-bones.

Sunday 23rd. Miserable, cold, wet, raw day; in camp all day. Some of the lads caught some fine trout. Had plenty of venison for dinner and fresh trout for tea. Our cook does very well and makes good pastry.

Monday 24th. Dull, cold morning. Sent some of the men out to

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<sup>1536</sup>A fossil plant with a woody stem, found in coal measures.

the Humber landing to help Nicholls and carry in some of the smaller gear. Albert with another gang went out to repair the road. Old Tom and Mose are building a bridge and corduroying some bad places leading to the middle landing. This is where we intend taking our heavy machinery from as the lower landing where we camped is too rough a place. The men were scarcely well at work when it came to rain hard. Presently one of Albert's crew came back to say that Jim Murray, another of the lads, had gone astray. Here was a pretty go. I got a hasty meal and rigged myself out with Albert's oil coat and my long mocassin boots and started off to look for him. It was a beastly cold, foggy, wet day and I feared if the fellow was out all night he would perish. First I went up to where Tom and Mat. were at work thinking he might have gone there but they saw nothing of him. I then went towards Grand Lake to see if he had gone that way but seeing no fresh footing on the road I turned back determined to go up the big marsh towards the telegraph line to Deer Lake. Fortunately just as I reached the marsh I met Albert and the crowd coming home. They had to give up work it was so wet and Murray was with them. He gave out that he saw a young fawn in the morning and chased it over the marsh and then struck out through the woods for the road. But I believe the fawn story was all a myth. He broke out on the road nearly out to the other side long below

where they were working. Albert had despatched a man out for the Indians to come and look for him. This man met him coming back a long way out and thought it was his ghost. It was very fortunate for me I met them on the marsh, otherwise I would have had a nice time of it out in the wet all day and perhaps all night. I gave Mr. Murray to understand we would have no more hunting expeditions after fawns. It cleared off somewhat in the afternoon, but the men were all too wet to go out again. These last two days have been very miserable. I hope we are not in for a wet time.

Tuesday 25th. Still dull, cold and misty with a few light showers of rain. All hands at work on the road all day. I was employed building a wharf at the middle landing for putting the machinery on board the boat. Went out in the evening to see what Albert's crowd were doing. Nicholls brought our load on wheels today about three miles in. We did good work on the road. Noel and Joe came across with some of the long pipes. I fear it will be very late before we get across at the present rate of progress. The *Harlaw* leaves Halifax again today and I must go down to meet the Drill man and boiler due by her on Saturday.

Wednesday 26th. Fine day again, very warm; flies awfully bad. Albert and crew again at road. They are going out after work tonight to commencement of portage to help Nicholls tomorrow with

the machine. I also am going across this evening to stay, and will leave for Bay of Islands tomorrow. Spent the morning with Tom and Mat building wharf. There were some visitors at our camp last evening. A Mr. Morrison, Methodist Minister and two young fellows from down the Bay. They came over to see the Grand Lake and are gone back again today. I went across portage in evening with Noel and Joe to go down to Bay of Islands to meet drillman and boiler. Men also come over to help Nicholls with the big machine tomorrow. They have now greatly improved the road.

Thursday 27th. Dull morning. All hands with Nicholls hauling the machine across. It is very heavy and takes all their strength to pull it up the hills. They are making but slow progress and will only get about halfway today. After dinner we started for the Bay and got down to Nicholls' about 4 P.M. Mr. Morrison, Parsons the School master, young Fisher<sup>1537</sup> and his two sisters are here and are going down the Bay tomorrow. We continued on down the lake but as it was calm and came on very wet we stopped at North Brook to camp. Had a time fishing but only caught a few small ones.

Friday 28th. Blowing very hard up the lake could not budge. Morrison and the others came to our camp early in the morning but could not get any further owing to the breeze. They remained till

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<sup>1537</sup>Son of Christopher Fisher, sawmill operator.

after dinner when the wind dropped a little and they proceeded on. I took their photos in a group on the shore. Noel and Joe went up North Brook and caught some fine trout. In the evening it had calmed down sufficiently to allow us to proceed. We got down to the foot of Deer Lake before dark and camped just above Fisher's Rapid.

Saturday 29th. Fine day. Started down the River. It came on to rain again and continued showery all the forepart of the day. We got down to Corner Brook about 11 A.M. The *Harlaw* just arrived there as we did having been at Baggs' wharf and landed the boiler and Drill man. Scott<sup>1538</sup> the first Officer is in charge this time, Farquhar having stayed over at Channel, also Chief Engineer Wright. Scott told me the two boilers are enormously heavy weighing over 1700 lbs. each. However, we are to get them over the portage unless we can take them apart--I do not know. We proceeded on down and found Mr. Henry Cossette drillman and wife at Mrs. Petrie's. Cossette is a thick set fellow, a French Canadian, and has been in the employ of the Sullivan Machinery Co. for the past eleven years. He has done a lot of boring in different parts of the United States and has just now come all the way from Louisiana where he has been boring for Sulphur. He is throughly up in the work. His wife is quite a young woman, in

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<sup>1538</sup>William Scott.

fact they are not yet a year married. He is going to leave her here at Petrie's while he is up the country. They of course find Bay of Islands a wild sort of place. The two boilers are in large cases and are very heavy, they have been very badly handled on board the *Harlaw* and some of the small pipe projections are twisted and broken. Hope we will be able to fix them all right. Watson was down with his big boat but as the cases were too heavy to handle and lower from the wharf we concluded to wait till the *Harlaw* returned from Bonne Bay and get her to lower them into the boat with the winch. The *Harlaw* got aground at the mill<sup>1539</sup> wharf and cannot get off till high tide tonight, this will delay her return till sometime on Monday.

Sunday 30th. Dull, wet day rained hard nearly all day. Stayed in the house most of the time reading etc. *Harlaw* got off sometime during the night. The Governor<sup>1540</sup> and suite have been here and gone during the week in the *Fiona*; they only spent two days here, were up the river a short distance, delighted with the scenery but had very poor wet weather. The inhabitants presented His Excellency with an address and had a suitable reply.<sup>1541</sup> Late telegrams have a very warlike tone over the Siam question. France it appears is encroaching on Siamese territory. England objects

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<sup>1539</sup>The sawmill at Corner Brook.

<sup>1540</sup>Governor J.T.N. O'Brien.

<sup>1541</sup>For the address and reply, see *Eve Tel*, Aug. 12, 1893.

and the Chinese have got their backs up. Russia of course sides with France. Siam has offered France half the territory claimed but the latter will have all or none, and threatens to blockade the Siamese coast and withdraw her Minister from Bangkok. Germany has sent out a fleet to guard German interests so she is likely to take sides with England. Should it come to blows there will be a big muss<sup>1542</sup> all round. It may afford a chance to settle finally our intolerable French Shore difficulty, provided of course France gets worsted.<sup>1543</sup> It is time something of the kind chipped in to put an end to this bugbear. The French Admiral on the station this season has been very officious and making himself exceptionally disagreeable.<sup>1544</sup>

Monday 31st. Dull, heavy morning again. Watson managed to get the two big boilers on board without the *Harlaw's* winch, so we started up the river. Cossette going with Watson in the big boat. We were hardly left Corner Bk. when it came on a thunder storm with a heavy down pour of rain. We, however, proceeded on so as to catch the high tide and got up over the lower rapids by dinner-time. It was very wet and disagreeable but cleared off a

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<sup>1542</sup>Disturbance, row.

<sup>1543</sup>European imperialist sparring over Siam (Thailand) resulted in an Anglo-French accord in 1896, which ensured the independence of the country. The French Shore question remained unresolved.

<sup>1544</sup>The French Admiral Sallandrouze de Lamornaix snubbed the Newfoundland governor in early July by refusing to attend a state dinner. See *Halifax Herald*, July 12, 1893.

fine afternoon. Just as we started after dinner we saw a young seal on shore and I shot him. We made good way in the evening and got up to our old camping ground above Fisher's rapid by sunset. Watson, however, did not get over the Rapid tonight. Cossette camped with me his first night in camp. Caught a few small trout.

Tuesday August 1st. Beautiful, fine, warm day perfectly calm on lake. Watson got up to Deer Lake by breakfast-time. We all started ahead but owing to the dead calm the heavily laden boat made very little progress. Noel, Joe and I went on in the canoe and got up to North Brook by 12 O'clock, waited nearly three hours and had dinner but as the big boat was still a long way down the lake we went on up to Nicholls' farm and again waited till Watson's crew reached the head of the lake. It was an intensely hot afternoon. I took two groups<sup>1545</sup> of Mr. Nicholls' two sons and two daughters, all the family then at home. It was after six when Watson came along. We then took Cossette in the canoe and proceeded up the River<sup>1546</sup> arriving at commencement of portage just at dusk, got our camp up and had tea. Watson got up about 10 O'clock. Nicholls has still a load of the machinery here to haul over and several loads along the road. They got the Drilling machine over on Friday and Albert sent it across to

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<sup>1545</sup>Group photographs.

<sup>1546</sup>Upper Humber.

Kelvin Brook, the scene of our operations.

Wednesday 2nd. Dull and wet again. It has been very wet lately, rains every second day. The portage is consequently in a wretched state. Had great work getting the two heavy cases ashore from Watson's boat. Had to use long sticks of green fir and block and tackles,<sup>1547</sup> but we managed it all right and got them safely landed. Watson then started for the Bay again. After dinner Cossette and I walked in past two mile post to get some tools out of the tool chest. Noel having gone across to the camp for the keys. We met Albert on the road coming out to meet us, also Noel with keys. We got out the necessary tools and walked back. Some of the lads are carrying the loose pipes, they are very heavy and hurt their shoulders very much. Some of the others are gone over<sup>1548</sup> with a boat load of things. When we got back to camp we commenced opening the boxes and taking the boilers asunder, found some of the pipes broken and the outer casing much bulged. We got the top, bottom and shell off each boiler thus lightening them very much. The internal rings of cast metal are the heaviest portion but we concluded not to separate them as they are difficult to put together again and we believe the horse with all the men can haul one at a time over the portage. It will take

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<sup>1547</sup>Tackle in Newfoundland is sometimes pronounced *taycle*.

<sup>1548</sup>Across Grand Lake.

next week to get all over and will certainly be the middle of August before we get the Drill in position for working. Very wet all afternoon.

Thursday 3rd. Blowing a gale from the N.E. Some of the crew came over and took all the small portions of the boilers such as doors, grates, bolts etc., also one of the outer shells and top. Noel and Joe took the other shell and top as far as the big marsh, had a good deal of rain again during day. On Saturday Nicholls and the crew will try one of the big weights or internal structure. Today he took the last of the drill rods across.

Friday 4th. Fine day at last. After breakfast we struck camp and walked across to camp on Grand Pond side. It was very warm packing across and the flies were pretty bad. We got over about 11.30 A.M. Some of the lads are packing again today the small gear and four others have gone across lake with a boat load of things. Nicholls hauled two loads of drill rods. It was late when the men got to camp but after dinner we sent them over to stay all night and help about the boiler tomorrow.

Saturday August 5th. Dull, showery day. Men all at work with Nicholls hauling boiler. Desperate drag, they only got as far as Kill Devil hill. Saw a deer crossing the brook near camp. I went after him but did not get a shot. After dinner very sultry. I walked over to Grand Lake and had a delightful bath. Found the

water icy cold. Came to rain again in evening. All hands back to camp again.

Sunday August 6th. Beautiful, fine day at last. All hands at camp resting after the hard week's work on the portage. It will take all the coming week to get the two boilers and remainder of the stuff over. Very hot day in camp. After dinner Otto Emerson and Mr. Huestis,<sup>1549</sup> R.R. Engineers with some of their crew paid us a visit at camp; they are now camped on Sandy Lake River about a mile above Grand Lake where they cross the River. They expect to be over here before the week is out. They are finding an easy line so far and are closely following that laid down by me. They stayed and had tea with us and then went back to camp. Otto tells us they had a hard time last winter getting across the height of land from Exploits. I took two views of our camp in afternoon.

Monday 7th. Dull and wet again. Men all out on portage hauling the boiler. They got it over by dinner-time. I then sent some of them across the lake with a load in the big boat. The rest went out with Nicholls to outer landing to be ready for the other boiler in morning. It turned out a very wet evening and all hands got a ducking.

Tuesday 8th. Somewhat finer but still dull and overcast. All hands on second boiler today. I went out to meet them and took a

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<sup>1549</sup>H.E. Huestis, C.E.

photograph of the crowd portaging. George Nicholls was with them having returned from Bay of Islands. He had our letters and papers. I was delighted to find all going on well at home. No news of importance. They only got the boiler to Kill Devil hill. It is a very heavy drag.

Wednesday 9th. Fine day. Men at boiler again got it across by dinner-time. I went out and met them on big marsh and took another photo. Some of the men went across again with a load in the big boat, the rest getting things from landing up to lake. We now have all across except the two metal bases of boilers and three boxes. So tomorrow, if fine, we intend moving camp across to head of Lake. Nicholls in meantime expects to get all the rest of our stuff over in two days. We hope to be fairly started next week.

Thursday 10th. Splendid, fine, warm, calm day. It looks as if the fine weather was at last about to set in. Started camp and had a lovely time across Lake. Saw a small deer on beach. I fired twice at it from canoe but missed owing to the unsteady motion. We got over and had all our camps up by dinner-time. We then immediately set to work levelling off the ground for Drill and laying down a solid floor of squatted sticks for a foundation. Some of the men went over again and fetched the bottoms of the boilers. We got through a lot of work this afternoon. It was

awfully hot and the flies were dreadful.

Friday 11th. Another blazing hot, calm day. Wrote letters last night as George Nicholls is going down to the Bay again and the Railway Surveyors are to move camp across the Lake today to Junction Brook. I went over with the men to see after<sup>1550</sup> remainder of things, gave George letters and paid the old man for portaging. It was very warm and calm. We just got over a few minutes behind the R.R. party who are camping near our wharf at end of middle landing. Old man Nicholls had not arrived and did not come till 1.30 P.M. We would have been pretty hungry before getting back to camp having brought no grub, but for Mr. Scott<sup>1551</sup> of the latter party who kindly gave us luncheon. He is now bound across the portage to Nicholls' and will walk back here to see whether he can get a straight line. I had a good deal of talk with him about the route from Exploits. I find they followed my line very closely especially from the height of land down to here. I do not like the place they are thinking of crossing this river<sup>1552</sup> and pointed out to Mr. Scott how much better it would be to cross just at the lake. He says of course the crossing is not a fixed thing. I paid old man Nicholls \$68.75 for the portaging, a heavy bill and gave George our letters to post, we then went

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<sup>1550</sup>Look after.

<sup>1551</sup>William Scott.

<sup>1552</sup>Sandy Lake River (The Main Brook).

back to camp. The lads were all hard at work and did well while we were gone. They have the boilers in position and most of the connections made, but there is a great deal of work fitting, cutting pipes, making threads on them, packing the taps, oiling, cleaning etc. Some of the men are cutting sticks for a log house as we intend making ourselves comfortable here after a while. Very hot all afternoon. After tea Cossette, Albert and I went out on beach of Grand Lake and had a stroll. It is a lovely cool place in evening to walk up and down. We saw a deer over near Coal Brook, Albert went after the gun but was too late.

Saturday 12th. Dead calm and blazing hot all day. Sent some men over with boat after last load of pipes. All the rest hard at work here, some cutting a road from camp to drill about 200 yards. After cutting away the Goldworthy bushes and turf below it is all fine sand and makes a beautiful walk. We made great progress with the apparatus today getting all connected, pump in order and everything ready for getting up steam on Monday. When the men came out from the other side of the lake I sent them after a load of coal in small boat which they got down and carried up on back.

Sunday August 13th. Dead calm and blazing hot, one of the hottest days I ever felt. Albert and Noel went off before breakfast and returned about noon with four fine geese. I had a

delightful bath in the Grand Lake opposite our camp. It is a beautiful place to bathe having a fine hard sandy bottom deepening very gradually so that one can wade off nearly a quarter of a mile before getting up to the chin. The water also is so clear, cool and clean. I believe in course of time this will become a great resort for bathers. The beach all along is beautiful and the whole location about the head of the lake admirably adopted for a town site. It was so awfully hot all day that one could not move about much nor yet remain in camp. After dinner I went out on the beach to try and read but found it too hot so I took another refreshing bath in the cool water. Late in the evening clouds came up from the S.E. and a thunder storm followed which soon completely changed the temperature. It became quite cool and we had a little rain.

Monday August 14th. Quite dull and cool today. Set some of the crew at work cutting a wide road southward along the river's bank for the purpose of moving our apparatus when we have finished here to the next site for boring which will be just where Kelvin brook forms a sharp elbow leaving the lake shore and turning up the country, this is about a mile to the Southward towards Coal Brook. I lit the fires in the boilers today and got up the first steam, using our own coal from No. 4 seam Coal Brook. This is undoubtedly the first time steam was ever raised

with native coal and I had the honor of doing it. Everything worked well after a little while. By dinner-time we had the packing and all connection complete and after dinner commenced boring a hole through the sand for the piping. This was done with the rods and a chisel shaped bit at the bottom as the diamonds cannot be used till the solid rock is reached. After boring down some eight or ten feet the first pipe was placed in position. The drive head and shoe being secured on to top and bottom. After setting the pipe exactly perpendicular with a level it was worked around with the chain tongues till it was well down. Thus we have made a beginning. Cossette then unscrewed the drilling end of the machine and hauled it back to make room for the great Iron driving block.

Tuesday 15th. Lady Day. Still dull and cool. Some of the lads made a holiday of today but all the rest are at work. Three of them commenced to build a big house as we intend making ourselves comfortable. We expect to be here nearly all the time so we might as well be so as not. Had great work to day getting up an immense tripod of long spruce sticks over the drill. It was heavy work especially as five of the lads were not at work. It fell once and nearly smashed up everything but fortunately came down clear of the boilers and machine. After another desperate effort we got it up and secured it. We then fixed two platforms

on it at different heights for the purpose of hoisting the rods up. This took the greater part of the day. After dinner we got up steam again, screwed on another pipe and commenced driving with the big block, keeping water pumped in all the time through the hollow rods, so as to soften and wash up the sand from the bottom. Struck some layers of coarse gravel which bothered us a good deal. But by constantly washing and chopping with the drill rods hoisted by hand and let drop again we gradually got down. Albert is determined to learn the whole business of drilling and has set to work in earnest. We are all picking up a little every day and all busy doing something. There is a great deal of work cutting and fitting pipes, making threads on them, forging, setting diamonds etc.

Wednesday 16th. Dull and cold. House progressing rapidly. Some of the lads again at road. The rest at machine. Albert taking the position of fireman today. Nearly blew us up one time by letting his boiler run almost dry. It takes sometime to get into the hang of all the various screws and taps to be manipulated but we are all learning rapidly. I can now get up steam, fill the boilers, pump water etc. Got down about 30 feet of piping altogether through sand and gravel. One of our grate bars gave out and we had to stop and let our fires run down.

Thursday 17th. Still dull, cold, raw and wet; blowing hard

from N.E. all day. Took all the morning to repair our grate. Had to forge pieces to fit it and then drill holes through with the breast drill. This was very tedious and hard work but we succeeded at last and made a good, though rough, job of it. Got underway again after dinner driving the pipe. I went off up the shore as far as Aldery Brook to look for a deer and saw none. Went into the coal seams and brought back a handkerchief full of good coal from No 16<sup>1553</sup> and 25 seams, had a desperate lug of about 4 miles. Came to rain hard in afternoon and I received a wetting. They drove some forty feet while I was away and got clear of the gravel but the drill rods have unscrewed and they had to stop work to recover them. Some of the lads were away up Coal Brook procuring rinds for the roof of our house and got a fine lot. Weather wretchedly cold and raw now.

Friday 18th. Still miserably wet and cold. Some of the lads covering the house, the rest at the drill. Succeeded in recovering the rods and continued driving the pipes down, got over 60 feet down and no sign of the rock yet. I fear we will not have sufficient piping to reach it. House all covered in, lit a fire in it, but found it to smoke badly. We then put an empty flour barrel on top for a chimney which improved it greatly. I

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<sup>1553</sup>For "View of coal seam, No. 16, on Aldery Brook," see *Centenary Magazine*, 1, 4 (1896), facing p. 24.

believe when we get a door and window up it will not be so bad. Shaw promised to bring us down a whipsaw<sup>1554</sup> to saw up some logs with but has not done so yet. Burst wire hoisting rope.

Saturday 19th. Still dull but inclined to be finer. We burst our wire rope yesterday and had to stop driving. Murray spliced it again but today we used a hemp rope and made rapid progress. Used up all our big pipe 110 feet and did not reach the rock bed. I hardly expected such a depth of superficial deposits as this as there was but 52 at the old bore hole near mouth of brook. We now have to begin with the small two inch pipe which go down inside the first. There is only about 180 feet of this, that is 60 feet more than we have down and should that not reach the rock all our work is gone for nothing. We will then have to move to a new locality as no work can be done with the diamond bit till the rock is reached. Made good progress with the road today, it is a regular avenue through the trees. When the Goldworthy and turf of the surface is cut away it is all fine sand beneath, and forms a beautiful road bed. We also got our house ready for occupation except the door and window. Had our meals in it today on the table I improvised out of a large box and found it a great improvement. I am the carpenter of the crowd having superintended the house building, put up the berths, made the furniture etc. I

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<sup>1554</sup>Narrow pit saw.

also today made the body of our flat car intended for the transferring of our boilers etc. when we make the next move. We are, however, very short of carpenters' tools and are confined to the proverbial axe, saw and auger.

Sunday August 20th. Fine day at last but though brighter and warmer than all the week it is quite clear our very hot weather is at an end. Albert went off this morning to look for something to kill. Saw a fine stag but did not get him. After dinner I went up Kelvin Brook in canoe and into a little pond under the Conical Hill. Saw a fine doe and fawn. I fired at the doe and missed her but shot the fawn. On my way back I saw a very fine old stag but started him before I knew he was there and did not get a shot at him. However I have some fresh meat which is very welcome as we have had none for sometime. It rained a good deal again this morning and continued dull.

Monday 21st. All hands at work again. Some at road, others at drill and Tom and myself at house. I made a door and fitted it up also finished our berths and got all ready for occupation. Today they got down the small pipe to 130 feet and still no solid rock. Struck another boulder. Numerous minute fragments of coal were washed up with the gravel. It is astonishing what a depth of sand and gravel there is here much more than I had expected to find. Had a delicious venison hash for dinner and baked venison

for tea. It is very nice and tender. We moved into our new quarters tonight and found them very comfortable.

Tuesday 22nd. Still endeavouring to get down past boulder but with poor success as we have no drive head or shoe for small 2 inch pipe, only made about two feet today. Chopping and pumping away all day. Very much afraid we will have to abandon this hole. The weather is improving a little lately and today was nice and warm.

Wednesday 23rd. A very warm day again. Trying hard all day to get past the boulder by chopping and pumping and in evening began to drive the small pipe with big weight, got down about 14 inches. We must be approaching the bottom now as it is becoming very hard to make any progress by chopping, yet so long as the gravel is there we cannot use the diamond bit. It would be torn in pieces. I went across Sandy Lake River in evening. Saw one deer and several black ducks.

Thursday 24th. Fine day again not so hot as yesterday. I went up Kelvin Brook in canoe to explore a small branch which runs up a valley to the Eastward of the Conical Hill near Coal Brook. I had great difficulty in getting up to where I had been on Sunday as the River had fallen very much since. I then followed the little brook on foot a long distance up amongst the hills. I only saw one very small outcrop of red carboniferous

sandstone dipping down stream. I saw four deer altogether but did not get a shot at any of them. The black flies were very bad in evening. When I returned at dusk I found they had abandoned the bore hole after smashing up several of the small pipes endeavouring to drive them. Cossette thinks the boulder slipped back again under the pipes as he actually lost a foot or so of depth which he had yesterday. At all events it was impossible to get down further without a sufficient length of the large 3 inch pipe. Thus our first attempt has failed and thrown a great damper upon us all. I was particularly anxious to know exactly what strata lay under. Our failure to penetrate to the rock does not of course mean that there is no coal here and should I ever come again I shall take care to be provided with sufficient piping to reach the rock-bed and will try again somewhere near here. Of course I never anticipated meeting with such an enormous depth of superficial deposits here or anywhere else in this Island. They began to hoist the pipes in the evening and got up all the smaller except two lengths or about 20 feet which had to be left in the bottom of the hole; several of the joints were injured and one telescoped by the driving. They also started the large pipe. This is very heavy there being 98 feet of it down weighing about 13 lbs. per foot or 1274 lbs.

Friday 25th. Fine morning; got up all our big pipe,

disconnected boilers and machine and took the former to pieces before dinner. Some of the men went up to turn of River a mile or so Southward where we intend trying the next hole and commenced to clear away a place for the drill etc. We got the boilers up and most of the gear after dinner and put the former together again. It came to rain awfully hard and we all got wet.

Saturday 26th. Very fine day. Got all the gear up to turn and had everything in working order again by the evening. Got up steam and commenced to make a hole with the big bit for first stand-pipe then placed the latter in position and drove it several feet. We are now fairly underway with our second hole and it is to be hoped we will meet with more success than we had the first time. On Monday we will move camp up here. It is a much nicer locality than where we now are but we find it hard to have to abandon our house just as we were settled down and very comfortable indeed in it.

Sunday August 27th. Fine, bright, cool day, blowing good breeze from N.W. I took two photos in morning. One of our house and one looking up Kelvin brook. After dinner I went off in canoe up Sandy Lake River. Saw two deer and killed them both. One was a doe, she was standing just at the mouth of the main River as I got out there and only went a few yards into the woods. I paddled down then landed and took a peep in through a cleared pathway

where we camped four years ago. There she was standing with her rump turned towards me. I fired and put the ball through her yet she did not fall and I had to give her a second one; when I came closer I found that the poor brute was nearly a living skeleton. The bones protruded all over her body and the old last winter's hair remained still on in patches giving her a mangy appearance. When I came to cut her open her flesh was yellow and unwholesome looking. The poor brute was evidently wounded last winter or spring or otherwise was perishing from some disease. At all events she was entirely unfit for food and I would not bring her home to camp. The other was a fine young stag of about 3 years, a splendid beast. I stalked him a long way very well and at length got up within shot. I then fired two balls into him and yet I had to give him a third before he would give up. It was now getting pretty late so I just had time to paunch him, cut out the breast-bone and kidneys and make haste for home. I also saw five geese and some black ducks but they all could fly so well I did not get near them.

Monday August 28th. Moved camp in morning to bend of River. Noel, Joe and I went after my stag up Sandy Lake River. Saw five fine geese but did not get a shot at them. I also saw a number of black ducks in a pond, tried to toll them but they would not come very near. I fired at three and wounded two but they got across

the pond and hid away. We did not get back to camp till dinner-time. We are now camped in a nice place in the woods a great improvement on our last camping ground. Got down a good depth today with our stand-pipe.

Tuesday 29th. Driving all day. Struck a boulder again and chopped away to try and get past it but were unsuccessful. Albert not very well. Shaw came today to our camp this evening with our letters and papers which we were glad to get. He is on his way up to Sandy Lake. I am sending Albert and two Indians down to the Bay tomorrow for some extra provisions and some other requisites.

Wednesday 30th. Dull and showery. Albert very sick, could not go down. Had to send Tom with the Indians. I took Albert's place today as fireman. Tried hard to pass boulder and shove it on one side but broke our chopping bit and lost it in bottom of hole and had to abandon the attempt and begin to withdraw our stand-pipe again. This is very disheartening to say we have failed in two attempts to reach the bed-rock. Will try again in same place a few feet away. Third time is lucky. A Mr. Thomson a young New Yorker who came down with us on the *Harlaw* to Codroy fishing, suddenly put in an appearance this morning at our camp with one of the Bay of Island guides. He and his Uncle, a Dr. McFarlane, are come up the river for a few days fishing and shooting. He left the Dr. at the Humber side of the portage while

he and the man came over here to look for a loan of one of my boats. I lent them the small white one and the man went back across the lake with her. Thomson who was pretty well played out after yesterday's tramp and after a miserable night on the beach remained at our camp. Since I saw him last he has been up in Canada with his Uncle up the Saguenay and at Lake Temisquata.<sup>1555</sup> They were induced to come on here from my yarns about the deer etc. I hope they may have a pleasant time. They had intended going up to Sandy Lake but I have advised taking Grand Lake instead. We had great difficulty in drawing the pipe and made but poor progress today.

Thursday 31st. Miserable, cold, raw, wet day. Blowing a strong breeze from the N.W. big sea on Lake. Drawing the pipes all forenoon. Albert still pretty sick. After dinner Thomson and I walked up to Aldery Brook and went in to see the coal outcrops there. It was wretchedly cold along the shore. They got up the stand-pipe and commenced to drive again three feet further east having shifted the frame and drill.

Friday Sept. 1st. Fine day again. Driving pipe all day got down 79 feet, struck a boulder again. After dinner Albert was able to resume his post as fireman. Thomson and I went off to look for a deer but saw none. I brought him to our log house on

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<sup>1555</sup>Lac Témiscouata, southeast of Rivière-du-Loup, Québec.

our way back, he was delighted with it. No sign of his friends coming yet.

Saturday 2nd. Fine, calm, warm day. Driving all day got down all our stand-pipe 100 feet but did not reach bottom. However we appear to be pretty near it and have got rid of the boulder this time. One of Thomson's men came across pond.<sup>1556</sup> They are camped on North side, but were afraid to venture over. However, the wind was coming down and the pond getting quite smooth the men went back to bring the Doctor over and Thomson remained at our camp to await them. They have decided to go up the Lake, and are going to camp at Hinds' point this evening. Shaw came along just as we were done dinner with another visitor, Mr. Jansen, a young English Mining engineer from Pilly's Island. I had met him in St. John's in the Spring and he said he would give me a call, but I hardly expected he would do so. He is a nice fellow, very English and quite tony. Shaw brought us some venison and beaver meat. Young Thomson is very anxious to taste the latter so I asked him to come down tomorrow with his Uncle the Doctor and dine with us. They came along in the afternoon with the boat but did not land and the young fellow left us to join them up along the shore. Jansen informs us that poor young Webber<sup>1557</sup> the junior member for

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<sup>1556</sup>Grand Lake.

<sup>1557</sup>D.C. Webber, editor of the weekly *Trinity Record*; he drowned in August. *Eve Tel*, Aug. 23, 1893.

Trinity, was drowned a short time since, also, Selby Dow who was book-keeper at Little Bay.

Sunday September 3rd. Dull, cool, squally day. Dr. McFarlane and young Thomson came down to dinner and we treated them to Roast beaver, new potatoes, bread, tea, jam etc. They enjoyed their dinner very much and declared the beaver meat excellent. The Doctor is a nice intelligent fellow. He has advised me strongly to give up tea drinking in toto, and substitute milk, cocoa or malt, he says roasted wheat steeped in hot water makes a good drink just what would suit me. I intend to follow his advice and begin at once. I do not doubt that too much strong tea such as I have been in the habit of using all my life, is most injurious to the stomach. They spent all the afternoon with us and then left for their camp at Hind's Point.

Monday 4th. Cold, showery day, blowing hard from the Westward. Got down to the rock today at last. First we met a tough marly arenaceous<sup>1558</sup> fire-clay and had to drive our small pipe through it to 105 feet. Commenced boring and took up our first core which was only a few small pieces of shale and a couple of inches of hard gray quartzose<sup>1559</sup> sandstone. It is a great satisfaction to have reached the rock at last. We hope now

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<sup>1558</sup>Composed of sand or quartz grains.

<sup>1559</sup>Containing quartz.

if all goes well to get on fast. Tom and two Indians returned just at dark having made very good time considering the bad stormy weather they met with. They left nearly all the stuff at the portage and we will have to send after it tomorrow.

Tuesday 5th. Fine day again, blowing a little fresh with one or two light showers. Sent six of the men in big boat over to portage after the things. Continued boring till noon then drew our rod as the sand was coming in and it is necessary to drive our pipe further down, brought up a core consisting of several pieces of fine-grained blueish stone the softer material having broken up and washed away. Endeavoured to draw our small casing pipe but it gave away about 60 feet down one of the threads connecting two pipes having been burst in driving and remained in pipe. Spent all day trying to manufacture something to recover the pipe but failed to do so. This is very awkward and unless we can recover it, I fear we are in another fix. Jansen left with our men in morning to go down the bay. He is about to visit the copper deposit at York Harbour.<sup>1560</sup> Saw nothing of our other friends these two days. I presume they are still at Hind's Point though they had a nice day to go up the Lake. I am following out Dr. McFarlane's instructions as well as I can and have drank no

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<sup>1560</sup>See Martin, *Once Upon a Mine*, pp. 33-4; the deposit was discovered in the summer of 1893.

tea since Sunday at dinner-time. I have to take milk and water and cocoa. When these are out I dont know what I shall do. If I were home I might be able to carry out his recommendations pretty well. I am not at all well, my stomach troubles me a good deal. Every day I have a quamish feeling and water brash<sup>1561</sup> sometimes twice a day.

Wednesday 6th. Dull, cool, showery day again. Spent all forenoon trying to recover pipes. Succeeded in doing so, and drew them all up. Preparing reamer<sup>1562</sup> to ream hole large enough for the 2 1/2 inch pipe to go down. After dinner Tom Thorburn and I went out to the main River<sup>1563</sup> and up as far as the duck pond. Saw a lot of ducks but did not get a shot at any of them. I, however, shot one young goose at wing which was with them, making a splendid shot. We met Shaw on the River as we were going up and afterwards we met Dr. McFarlane and one of his men coming down the River. They had been up as far as the 1st Rapid fishing and I believe caught some trout. We saw no deer. The Dr. and party are now camped at the Mouth of the Brook having given up the idea of going up the lake. When we got back to camp the lads were come back from the portage with all the stuff including the smoke stacks.

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<sup>1561</sup>Pyrosis.

<sup>1562</sup>A reamer is an instrument used to enlarge a hole.

<sup>1563</sup>Sandy Lake River (The Main Brook).

Thursday 7th. Miserably wet, cold, raw day. Spent all day in setting diamonds in Reamer bit and fixing head. Found they sent us the wrong head; we had to make a piece to fit it for rods. Had our goose for dinner, it was a splendid bird. Commenced to build a log house.

Friday 8th. Cold, very wet and blowing a gale from S.E. miserable day. It has been wretched weather all this week. I fear we are going to have an early fall. Got hole reamed today and set casing pipe again. Boring all the afternoon through bluish sandstone, got down 130 feet. Shaw came to our camp and staid all night.

Saturday 9th. Still stormy and showery but much finer than yesterday. House all ready for roofing. I spent the day fixing up inside. Old Tom and Mat. gone over towards Coal Brook sawing some board. Some of the other lads corduroying marsh. Boring all day and got down 151 feet, 40 through rock all the same bluish sandstone and shale. Tom went out to mouth of Brook in evening, found the Doctor and party still there unable to get across lake. This was their day for going back across portage. Shaw was also there storm staid.<sup>1564</sup>

Sunday September 10th. Fine day at last. Albert went off up brook and did not get back till we were done dinner. He shot two

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<sup>1564</sup>Stormbound.

black ducks and five twillets.<sup>1565</sup> Doing a little about house in morning. After dinner Henry Cossette and I went over to Coal Brook to see coal seams. We then walked out to the shore of the lake and stayed for sometime on beach admiring the scenery. It was a beautiful evening. After returning to camp I went down in canoe to store house and brought up my dry plates and several odds and ends such as empty boxes for our new house.

Monday 11th. Fine morning. Joe, Tom Thorburn and I started off up the river in canoe for a week's cruise. Noel was not well so I took Tom instead. We are bound up to Birchy Pond<sup>1566</sup> to investigate a rumour of coal in that direction and possibly we may take a trip out to the bottom of White Bay if we can find the old path from head of Sandy Lake. The day was fine but cold until noon when a heavy shower of cold rain and hail nearly wet us through and made it very miserable for a while. However, it cleared off again and turned out a fine evening. We got up to Sandy Lake about 3 P.M. and as there was not much lop on the lake we continued across to the mouth of Birchy Pond River. It was pretty tough as we neared the other side, the wind freshened and this part of the lake being very shallow and much exposed it is a very nasty place. We met Mr. Mc.....<sup>1567</sup> and his two men in their

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<sup>1565</sup>An alternate form of twillick, the greater yellowlegs.

<sup>1566</sup>Birchy Lake, east of Sandy Lake.

<sup>1567</sup>This man has not been traced, although *McGunery*, a suspicious spelling, occurs twice below at Sept. 20.

canoe coming across the Lake bound down to the Bay. They told us they saw lots of deer. We saw one magnificent old stag crossing the Brook but as we did not want him, I of course let him go without firing. Tom and I shot some Twillicks which we had for tea, they were very nice. We also saw several black ducks but did not get any of them. We camped about 1/2 mile up Birchy River in a nice place.

Tuesday 12th. Fine day again but cool, proceeded up the River which we found very shoal in places and soon reached the first of the Long narrow suite of lakes known as Birchy Ponds. Saw several deer, small ones but did not fire at any of them. By dinner-time we reached the base of Mount Seemore a high bare granitic ridge which has been swept clean by fires down to the water's edge. We ascended it to view the country around. It was a toilsome climb and very warm work but once on top we found it cool enough. I took the camera with me to get some bird's eye views but just now as we got there it came on squally, cold rain at times a wet snow which greatly marred the views. We could see away behind the whole of Sandy Lake and what we had ascended of the Birchy pond also in the distance part of Grand Lake and even a faint glimpse of Deer Lake. To the East we could see the long picturesque line of lakes forming the Birchy ponds and a low valley bounded by high land leading out towards Hall's Bay by way

of Indian Brook. This looks as if it had at one time been a regular waterway across the Island. It runs very straight corresponding with the valley of Birchy Brook, Sandy Lake and Grand Lake. I took two views. I also got a picture of a pretty fall on a small brook on the North side. We then proceeded up the Lake a considerable distance till we came to a very shallow part of the River and seeing that the country up here was occupied entirely by Laurentian gneiss and trap and no prospect of coal existing, I concluded to return. Thus another coal yarn is exploded. We saw several deer today, 13 in all nearly all does and fawns, only one medium sized stag. I tried several times to get photographs of them but did not succeed. It takes so long to set the camera and get the ground<sup>1568</sup> focused that invariably they get away from me. The black cloth<sup>1569</sup> shows very much and the least wind causes it to flap about, this frightens them away.

Wednesday 13th. Beautiful, fine day looks as if we were to have some fine weather at last. Started to go down the river and up Sandy Lake to look for the White Bay path, had a fine time down and up the Eastern shore of Sandy Lake. I walked along a good deal of the shore, saw some rock in place near the head of the Lake but it was not carboniferous. A hard, blue altered slate

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<sup>1568</sup>The ground glass; see n. 1306.

<sup>1569</sup>Covering the photographer's head as he focuses.

and trap rock, probably Silurian. Saw three deer on the Birchy Brook and just as we were going to camp at the head of Sandy Lake saw three more, one fine old stag. Fearing we may not see another stag before going back I shot him. He was a splendid animal though not extra fat. He had a great unhealed gash on the inside of one of his hind legs which Joe thought might be the bite of a wolf. He had a handsome set of antlers so I saved the head and skin for stuffing. We had a great blowout of kidneys for supper.

Thursday 14th. Another charming day, very hot but smokey; evidently there is a big fire to the Westward somewhere, could not find any path leading to White Bay and as the woods was densely thick I gave up the idea of attempting it. We came back down the Lake and went up Kitty's Brook to where the Railway Surveyors had left their winter camps and some sheet iron stoves. Mr. Scott kindly told me I could have one of them for our house. We camped here for the night. Saw no deer today.

Friday 15th. Another gorgeous day very hot and fine. Came down the lake to Goose pond Brook and ascended it as far as the head of the first pond. On our way I stopped to take a picture of an Indian wigwam on an Island. I also took one of the Station house<sup>1570</sup> as being the furthest house from the seacoast in Newfoundland. We camped at the first rapid on Goose Brook. Then

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<sup>1570</sup>The telegraph station on Sandy Lake.

Joe and I went up to the head of the upper Lake to look for a beaver Shaw had told us about. We did not find him however. Saw a magnificent old stag and got very close to him but did not shoot as we now have as much meat as we want for sometime. We also saw lots of black ducks but were very unfortunate with them. I wounded two but they got away from us, one hid under the bank. It was too dark to take the canoe down the rapid near camp so we left her in the 2nd pond and walked back through the woods. Tom had supper all ready.

Saturday 16th. Still another beautiful day. I started off at daylight to look for ducks but only saw one and did not get a shot at it. I found the beaver house in a small pond east of Goose pond which we crossed with our line in 1890. I did not get back to camp till 9 O'clock. After breakfast we commenced our return journey down the River. It blew pretty hard and as the wind was ahead it made paddling hard work. We successfully ran all the rapids and stopped near the upper Island to have our dinner. Shortly after as we were coming along we saw a fine stag standing by the shore and I tried to get a photo of him but he saw us and began to move away. Joe and I then went into a little marsh close by where I set the camera near the deer path etc. had everything ready while Joe walked around to try and turn the stag in the hope that he would run up near me. Joe had only gone a

short distance when another splendid animal came running out of the woods almost on top of me, he came quite close before he saw me and I had a splendid chance for a picture, but he was not exactly in the line of view and moreover there were some bushes between us which partly hid him. I whistled at him believing he would try to run past when I would take a snap shot, just as he came in front of the camera, but as ill luck would have it, instead of doing so he made a spring over the bank and swam across the river. The first one when Joe reached and started him also jumped into the water and swam across. Thus I lost two chances. I was simply disgusted with myself not to have taken the big stag as he stood by me. He was a very large and very white beast and would have made a magnificent picture. I should have slewed the camera so as to take him in and then touched the button, but I was afraid to move a hand lest he would be off. I dont suppose I will ever get such another chance. We got back to camp just at sunset, found all well, the house completed, but poor success with the boring. They were greatly delayed during the week by the hole caving in and having to reset the diamond in the Reamer and ream afresh, also they broke the safety clamp twice and had much work repairing it. They are down 193 feet, chiefly through shale which looks more like the lower shales than the coal measures, yet there is a little sign of coal or fossil

bark in one piece. I dont like the look of the rock however, would be better pleased to see more sandstone; they only met one thin bed of gray sandstone since, all the rest is shale.

Sunday 17th. Another gorgeous day. Spent all day about camp doing little jobs, reading, cleaning deer's head etc. I have concluded to send Tom with some of the men up Kelvin Brook to where we were costeaning last year to try on the side of the Brook if they can uncover the coal seams we came across so as to get a better view of them.

Monday 18th. Fine day again. At camp all day made 21 feet today, slight sign of coal in black shale. Sent some of the men in after dinner with picks and shovels to eastward opposite where we found the coal on this brook last year.

Tuesday 19th. Six men started with their camps and grub today to costean near where we were last year. I sent Tom Thorburn in with them to look after them. After dinner I walked in myself to see where to commence work. Had a long tramp in and out again. They had just a few holes dug when I arrived but had not yet struck any rock in place. Tomorrow I am off up the Lake with two Indians to have a further look at the rocks on the shores, especially on the North side. Got down 20 feet more today making 235 feet in all. It was a beautiful day but towards evening became very dull and overcast.

Wednesday 20th. Fine morning. Started off up Lake but first went over to the portage to see about getting some more grub. We ran down to the lower landing where we found our white boat. We then went across the portage to Humber side overtaking young Nicholls and a man with the horse hauling over Mr. McGunery's canoe. He was camped at the other side waiting for the canoe to go down to Bay of Islands. We launched our other canoe and proceeded down the river intending to go to Nicholls' and see if we could get some grub there. We had hardly started when it came on to rain and became very miserable, fortunately we met old man Nicholls about halfway. He could not spare us the grub but as he was going down the bay on Friday promised to bring up some for me and take it across the portage to be there by Tuesday or Wednesday next. I then went back to the portage where fortunately there is an old camp<sup>1571</sup> belonging to the Railway Surveyors already set which we were mighty glad to avail of, although it was much torn and dilapidated. We did not bring our own camp with us. On our way back we met McGunery and his men coming down the river. It rained hard all the evening and night and we had a rather miserable night of it. I wrote a letter here also an order for Nicholls to get the things.

Thursday 21st. Still dull and raining all forenoon. Sent the

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<sup>1571</sup>Tent.

two Indians down to Nicholls' with the letter and order. I remained in camp. They returned about 12 O'clock when we had dinner and immediately retraced our steps across portage to Grand Lake. The walking was very bad after the heavy rain last night. As the men brought up a large mail from Nicholls and it was calm on the Lake I concluded to go right back to camp, landing on the beach outside. Spend the night there and start again up the Southside of the Lake tomorrow. We got over just at dark and quite surprised the lads who did not expect us back for a week. They are now down 262 feet. No further sign of coal all similar sandstones and shales.

Friday 22nd. Dull, heavy day but not much wind. So we again started up the Lake and got to Hinds' Brook by dinner-time. It was rather disagreeable with occasional showers of heavy misty rain and cold wind. Hind's Brook being now pretty high I went up it about a mile or so but found it very rough and walled in by vertical precipices of trap. There are some good pictures to be had here and I took two, but it was so dull and misty I fear they will not amount to much. We got up to a point under old Harry Mountain before night and camped here on that site of an old Indian camping place, and were soon very comfortable with our open side tilt and a good fire in front.

Saturday 23rd. Fine day, made an early start. We had not

gone far when on looking back we saw three deer swimming across the lake and landing on the very point we had left, but as we did not want to kill one just yet we let them alone. We soon saw another, a young fawn leaving the shore just ahead of us to go across to the North side. We pulled up and caught him by the tail. The poor little brute was terribly frightened and made desperate efforts to get away. I tried to catch him round the neck but he made a spring and nearly upset us so I let him go. He swam away across the lake. We had a tough pull all day as the wind was ahead and only got up to the narrows on the South side of the great Island at dusk. Here we took up our abode in the old Indian wigwam which we occupied when up here in 1891 and which I saw being constructed by the Joes of Hall's Bay in September 1879. It is still in very good condition and only required to have a few holes stopped up, a good clean bed of fresh fir boughs and a nice fire to make it quite comfortable. We saw three more deer swim across after we got here making six in all today.

Sunday 24th. A beautiful, fine day. Spent all day at the Narrows watching a chance to photograph some deer but I only got one, a doe although we saw between us seventeen during the day. They were all small except one big stag which crossed away above in the afternoon. I went after him with my gun to try and shoot him but it was too late when I saw him and he had taken to the

woods before I could get within shot. I took a photo of the wigwam today. It is very comfortable and we are fortunate in finding it in such good order. This is a beautiful part of the Lake. The scenery is very fine up here much beyond the East end.

Monday 25th. Beautiful, fine morning again. Started for Walnabeg<sup>1572</sup> a big cove on the North side of the Northern Channel. We pulled close around the Eastern end of the Great Island which I found pretty low and then up along the shore of the Island on the north side till we were nearly opposite Walnabeg. We saw three deer come out at one point on the Island, two does and a fawn. The does swam across but the poor little fawn was afraid to face it as the distance was great to the nearest landing place on North side of the reach and the water very cold. He made several offers to follow his Mother but turned back each time. We rowed up close and called him. The poor little thing came up till he almost touched the bow of the canoe but when he made us out he darted back again around a point of rocks. I got ashore and fired at him but missed him. When he darted into the woods. We then paddled across towards the other side but it soon came on to blow fresh and kicked up a nasty lop. Seeing that it was likely to be windy and that this was a very ugly exposed place to be caught

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<sup>1572</sup>Northern Harbour. Micmac *Walnapeg* "part of lake where there is a cove" (p.c., J. Hewson).

in, with bold cliffs all along on either side and no place to land for miles I decided to abandon the idea of going up to Walnabeg as we might be detained there for several days and our provisions were running low. So we got ashore and had our dinner and then scud before the wind down the North side of the lake. It was well we did so as the wind continued to rise. We had a good lop rounding one point where the vermillion cliffs show. We got down around all right and into a bay where a small brook comes out. Here we saw the frame of an old wigwam and as it was a likely place for deer to cross we decided to camp here for the night as we wanted a deer to take back to camp, and our chances of getting one further down were small. We utilized the old wigwam frame by covering it with our tarpaulin and made a very comfortable camp. It calmed down towards sunset. Just then five deer came out, three does, a fawn and a fine stag bringing up the rear. They were taking to the water when I fired at the stag and put the ball through him. They all turned back again and landed, the stag making a desperate effort to follow but just as he nearly reached the shore the poor fellow fell over and kicked the bucket. The rest were off into the woods again. We hauled our stag ashore and skinned and cut him up. He was not a real old one, having but small horns, but he was a splendid animal and very fat. Had a great blowout of kidneys and marrow-bones for

supper. While we were cutting him up another stag came out near our camp and swam across for old Harry. It is quite a long swim here nothing under three miles. The deer must often get caught and drowned in crossing. In fact we saw two carcasses today on the shore above evidently thus drowned.

Tuesday 26th. Blowing hard from S.W. and misty, looks very threatening as if for a storm. Heavy sea on did not like to venture along shore here as it is very exposed and cliffy. Had a good look at the rocks till dinner-time. It then cleared off and the wind came round to the N.W. somewhat off shore but blew very strong. We then got underway, put up sail and scud along before the wind, but in rounding a prominent point where we were much exposed a squall struck our boat and nearly upset us, so we had to haul down our sail and keep close inshore. There was a great lop on and it remained very squally all the evening, but as we now had the wind off shore we continued on and reached the mouth of Junction Brook before sunset. It was very cold and fallish all the evening. We took up our abode for the night in Sam Shaw's Telegraph tilt and were soon quite snug. I went down to a point opposite to the middle landing to see if our grub was there but no there was no sign of it. However, it may be at the lower landing.

Wednesday September 27th. Still very stormy, blowing a gale

from the N.W. all day heavy sea on Lake but fine overhead. We went down to lower landing but our things were not there. We then got our white boat up and I sent Joe out on portage to see if the horse was coming. Noel and I hauled up the boat and began to stop some of the leaks and repair her. She is in a very dilapidated condition now. I went in to see where the Railway line runs. It crosses the Junction River a little above the middle landing then follows the East side of the River for some distance and passes close behind Shaw's tilt then out in front of the bare knap known as the Red Indian Lookout. It is a very good and level line here but nowhere does it take in a view of the Grand Lake, though not more than a couple of gunshots from it at one place. Joe returned at dinner-time not having seen anything of Nicholls' horse, and was out nearly to the third mile post. After dinner I sent them both off to go across the portage and if the things were not there to go down to Nicholls' after them. I remained behind by myself. I was busy all the evening spreading my deer skin and just after sunset I glanced round and was glad to see the lads coming back in the canoe with the grub. They found Nicholls' horse just arrived at the lower landing, when they got there and were thus saved a good tramp and heavy carrying across. We remained the night at the tilt as it still blew too hard to venture across.

Thursday 28th. Fine morning not much wind. Went up the Lake Joe and I in canoe, Noel taking the white boat. We arrived at camp all right and found the lads at work as usual. They are now down 335 feet and found no coal since. In fact, from what I have seen up the lake and from the core lately brought up I conclude we are low down in the formation far below the true coal measures. I therefore decided to abandon this hole and try again nearer the mouth of Sandy River about 1/4 of a mile from the old bore hole. I ordered the Engineer to haul up his pipes which he commenced to do at once. The lads inside have not succeeded either in reaching the bed rock owing to the great accumulation of gravel and bowlders they met with. After dinner I sent Albert in to tell them to abandon work there and come out; tomorrow we will require all hands to get up the big pipe and remove the machinery etc. We succeeded in getting up the small pipe without much difficulty and prepared to rise the 3 inch pipe.

Friday 29th. Dull, misty day with cold easterly wind. Began on the large pipe but found it awfully tight. We however succeeded in starting it and got it up a few feet but there it stuck and all our efforts to get it further were of no avail. The other lads arrived out just at dinner-time. After dinner I sent some of them down with a boat load of things and ordered them to clear away a place for our next hole. All the rest of us remained

trying to prize and jack up the big pipe. Several times we drove it back to try and loosen the ground but we could not get it beyond a certain point. Evidently it is here jammed by boulders or coarse gravel. Our chain was constantly giving out with the great strain upon it. Cossette then had a heavy Wooden clamp made to put under the iron clamp which he intends using tomorrow.

Saturday 30th. Miserable, raw, cold, wet day, blowing a strong breeze from N.E. Got all hands at work with four long stout prizes, two on either side and also the two jacks and by putting all our weight on these after a desperate struggle we gradually raised the pipe an inch or so at a time. It seemed almost hopeless at first but by dint of perseverance and brute force we succeeded. Something had to give way if not the boulders then the pipe itself. The strain was tremendous fully equal to fifty tons weight. Finally it began to come more freely and by dinner-time we had one length of pipe up. We then sent some of the men down with the two boats laden with pipes etc. By evening we just succeeded in getting the second pipe clear above the surface. I had almost given it up for a bad job but our Engineer is very prolific in expedients and finally succeeded in rigging up such a powerful leverage as to gain the day. Tom Thorburn and I took the boilers to pieces and a very dirty job we had. On Monday D.V. we hope to get our pipe all up and move down to the

new ground.

Sunday October 1st. A wretched cold, wet stormy day. Blowing a gale from the N.E. with a cold rain at times almost snow. Truly a real November day. Found our house very comfortable and dry today with a good fire going all the time in our sheet iron stove. This latter works well and gives out a great heat. Albert and Tom however still prefer to sleep in their camp. Only the Engineer and I occupy the house which is large enough for a dozen persons. We all take our meals in it however, and have a table at one end which is a decided acquisition. We spent nearly all day reading in the house as it was too wet and miserable out of doors to go anywhere. I dont know how we will fare when we have to abandon our house and take to the camp again. I fear we will find it rather miserable.

Monday October 2nd. Still wet and dull but not blowing so hard. At the big pipe all day, got a good start out of it at last and after dinner we took the boilers asunder and boated them down the river to our new scene of operations. They got the pipe all up this forenoon and brought down another boat load. We laid the platform, connected boilers and had all ready for tomorrow when we will get down the engine, move camp and begin anew.

Tuesday October 3rd. Somewhat finer but still dull. Moved camp and got all ready for work. Commenced to take down and

remove house having first prepared a place for it.

Wednesday 4th. Fine day commenced driving and got down 40 feet, also got house down and nearly completed. Shaw came to our camp on his way to Sandy Lake. He is left the Telegraph service and is now going up for his belongings. I bought from him some odds and ends of provisions he has left which we are much in need of. In fact, we are now running very short being entirely out of pork and beef. On Friday I intend going up in canoe after the things.

Thursday 5th. Finished house and have all ready to occupy tonight and drove to 65 feet today, struck boulder and passed it. Shaw informed us that Fisher,<sup>1573</sup> Italian Consul and Dr. Pilot<sup>1574</sup> were on their way up to pay us a visit and had our mail with them. I wish they had left the latter alone and we would have it now by Shaw. It rained very hard tonight and our house leaked a little.

Friday October 6th. Dull, wet morning but cleared off about 10 A.M. Find we are on our last piece of pork so concluded to start off at once for Sandy Lake. We had a fine calm time up the river and although dull and foggy all the forepart of the day was not cold. We reached the first rapid by dinner-time and Sandy

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<sup>1573</sup>W.J. Fisher.

<sup>1574</sup>Rev. William Pilot, superintendent, Church of England Schools.

Lake at 3.30 P.M. We saw three fine stags on our way up but no does. We wanted a deer badly but the stags now are not fit for food. Shaw was at home skinning a deer's head. He shot a fine old stag this morning with a magnificent set of antlers. It is too bad though to kill such a fine animal merely for the horns. We got the provisions, 1/2 bl. pork, 3/4 brl. flour, some rice, peas, beans, oatmeal, 1/2 brl. potatoes and some salt salmon and then left for Goose pond to look out for a deer, some ducks or anything in the fresh meat line. I also wanted to try and get the beaver I saw there when we were here before. It was nearly sunset when we reached the upper pond. Noel and I went into the beaver pond while Joe fixed up our side camp. The beaver (two) were out when we reached the pond and heard us. They would not toll so we could not get a shot. It soon becoming quite dark we had to leave them till the morning when we intend getting in our canoe and driving them out of the house. We then returned to camp and made ourselves snug for the night.

Saturday 7th. Beautiful, fine morning. Noel cut a portage into the first little pond before breakfast and after that meal was over we portaged our canoe in, cut open the dam between the two little ponds. Posting Joe at the opening to prevent the beaver getting down Noel and I went over to the house and drove the beaver out. We saw them both and after a while one of them

went close in under the bank to hide, we paddled very cautiously towards him and I fired hitting him hard but did not kill him. They then dodged<sup>1575</sup> us around the pond and we were a long time before we could get near them again. At one place there was a kind of a floating mudbank, we noticed by the bubbles arising to the surface that the beaver went under this to hide and paddled up to it; just as we got there one of them poked up his nose to breathe when I fired and smashed his skull. Still he struggled and got under the mud bank again. We had a good deal of difficulty in finding him but Noel by prodding with a stick felt him and twisting the stick brought up some of his fur. We then cut away the mud with the paddle and got him up. He was a fine old dog very fat. In the meantime we saw the other go down to the house and dive under, we got to work to drive him out again and cut open the house but he was gone and we never saw him after. We searched everywhere round the pond but could not find him nor could we see where he could hide himself. After a couple of hours vainly hunting we gave up the chase and returned to camp. We then packed up and went down to the first pond where we had left the heavy stuff. Here we had our dinner and then proceeded on down the river. We had a heavy load in the canoe and had some difficulty in running the rapids. Got on very well till reaching

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<sup>1575</sup>Took off and eluded.

the 2nd last one when we came to grief and were nearly making a bad mess of it. Noel lost his pole and Joe not knowing it pushed the canoe one side when bang we went broadside on a rock. We all had to jump out in the water to save the canoe from upsetting, and losing all our things. She gave a great crack and I thought she was stove in. We got her off after a little while and got clear but we were all miserably wet and cold; both my boots were full of water. Fortunately our canoe did not leak much. As soon as we got clear of the rapids we pulled up and baled her out and I changed my stockings. It was all owing to bad management. These two are miserable canoemen. While stopped here we saw a magnificent old stag with an enormous set of antlers swim across the river but I did not fire at him. Strange we cannot now see a doe and earlier in the season when we wanted a stag we could rarely come across one. On our way down we met the new operator Reed<sup>1576</sup> with his wife, the Repairer Parsons<sup>1577</sup> with his wife and four or five children coming up in boat. They stopped to ask us for some flour and meat not having any provisions with them. Such wretched management to bring up all these women and children and leave their grub behind. I pitied the poor children so I gave them a bag of flour and what ham we had left. They will have to

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<sup>1576</sup>Alexander Reid.

<sup>1577</sup>Charles Parsons.

camp out tonight as they cannot possibly reach the Station house and it promises to be cold night too. Shaw came along while we were talking to them having been down to the lake with a load of things. I urged him to take the women and children up to the house in his boat but he would not. We then proceeded on our journey and reached camp just at dark. As we got to the mouth of the River we heard some one call out on the other side and thought it was one of our men but when we went across it turned out to be a man named McCormack who is accompanying Messrs. Fisher, Rev. Currie<sup>1578</sup> and Vallance;<sup>1579</sup> they are over at the landing and sent him over for a loan of our boat. I felt very reluctant to lend her after my last experience. These people, as I anticipated, have come up here without a boat, camp or provisions except a few days' supply trusting to us to supply them with everything. It is really too bad that persons will come along in this way entirely unprovided and expect us now at this late season when we are pretty short of everything, to feed, house and, I presume, find blankets etc for them; besides give them our boats to take away when we require them all the time. They had again come to grief in driving the pipes having got into a nest of boulders and had to abandon the hole and commence

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<sup>1578</sup>Adam Currie, Anglican, Birchy Cove. The reference to Dr. Pilot above was a mistake.

<sup>1579</sup>Perhaps Frederick J. Vallance, J.P.

drawing the pipes again. This was a great disappointment to me as I had great hopes of succeeding this time and now I fear it will be too late to get down to the rock before closing up for the season.

Sunday October 8th. Another pet day. Albert gone off to look for a deer. McCormack took the little boat last night across the lake after his people. They arrived at our camp about Midday and brought our mail which was very welcome. Fisher has come up here to inspect the Telegraph lands<sup>1580</sup> and Vallance and Rev. Currie accompany him. They are all well armed with guns and paraphernalia for hunting and expect to kill some deer. They have no strange news of any kind. I gave them the use of my little tent which I am not now occupying.

Monday 9th. Another pretty fine day. Fisher, Vallance and McCormack went off to inspect the lands. Albert, Rev. Currie and I went off up the River<sup>1581</sup> in the canoe as far as the 1st Rapid to look for a deer. We saw three but did not get a shot at any of them. Tomorrow we are thinking of taking a trip up to Hinds' Plains.

Tuesday 10th. Dull, wet and stormy looking. Decided to give up the contemplated trip to Hinds' Plains. It cleared off after a

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<sup>1580</sup>Acreage ceded to the New York, Newfoundland and London Telegraph Co.

<sup>1581</sup>Sandy Lake River (The Main Brook).

while but it was then too late to go and Fisher is anxious to get back to meet the *Grand Lake* on Saturday. They left camp after breakfast and went over to portage. Albert went with them to bring back the boat. It turned out a charming day, bright, warm and calm. One of the finest days for a couple of months. Found the papers filled with nothing but politics and low abuse of each other's party and personalities. Impossible to judge of probable result of forthcoming election from that source. Fisher is however quite confident the Whitewayites will win.<sup>1582</sup> I went out on beach in afternoon to read the papers. It was quite hot and there was scarcely a breath of wind on the lake. Such a lovely, bright, calm afternoon as would do credit to any country at this season. Albert returned about 4 P.M. after leaving the travellers at portage. They intended going across and down as far as Nicholls' tonight and have a glorious day travelling. Shaw and George Nicholls came to camp for them.

Wednesday 11th. Another fine day but cooler, blowing a good breeze from N.E. Noel and Joe and I went up the River to look for a deer as we are now badly off for fresh meat. We stayed at first rapid sometime and cruised about the marshes a good deal but saw none. After dinner we went further up and I landed and took a

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<sup>1582</sup>In the general election of Nov. 6, 1893, the Liberals under Whiteway were returned.

good round over the barrens without seeing anything. However on my way back I heard two shots and on reaching the canoe found both the lads gone. Soon Joe came running back to tell me he had seen three, two does and a fawn and had wounded one doe badly with shot and thought he hit the other. We went back to search for them and for a considerable time could not find them. At length Noel and Joe started the wounded doe. When she crossed the River I was not near at the time but they called me. When I joined them she was on the other side apparently pretty badly hurt. I sent them after her in canoe to try and head her off and drive her back while I ran down to meet her as she landed on this side. They succeeded in turning her and she tried to swim back again but they overtook her and fired two shots. When I got out to the River they had her killed and were towing her ashore. She was a splendid dry doe. As it was growing late and getting wet and stormy we did not wait to skin her. They paunched her and put her bodily into the canoe. We then made for home. It came on very wet and stormy. On our way down we saw several black ducks but did not get a shot at any of them. We also saw a flock of ducks which were so tame they allowed us to paddle up within shot. I fired and killed two. They were ducks I never remember seeing before but the lads call them white-winged divers.<sup>1583</sup> They have a

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<sup>1583</sup>Eastern white-winged scoter.

white feather in each wing, a rusty brown back and a white ring around the base of the bill, the latter is very small and flat towards the tip. Altogether a pretty little duck. We got back to camp just at dusk. Found they have come again to grief during my absence. The pipe has bent about two feet from the bottom against a boulder so that the wash pipe will not go down. Commenced drawing up again. We seem doomed to disappointment with this hole and I fear very much will hardly succeed in getting down to the rock. Our time is now growing very short, we have barely another week to work on before closing up for the season and our flour is again getting very low. Shaw returned.

Thursday 12th. Another fine day with occasional showers; got up the pipe which was badly bent at bottom and moved further in, some 2 feet. We then commenced to drive again. The pipe went down pretty easily for 40 feet or so.

Friday 13th. Dull but fine day. Struck a boulder again and had a good deal of difficulty in passing it. We succeeded however, and got down nearly 60 feet. Very hard gravel at base. Washed up small fragments of coal.

Saturday 14th. A truly delightful day for the season, bright, cloudless sky from sunrise to sunset and very calm and warm. Noel and Joe over to get some flour from Shaw's camp on Humber side. Old Tom and Mat. gone over to Coal Brook to saw up

some boards. Pipes again got bent at 65 feet and had to withdraw a third time. Decided to put on a straight piece and try the same hole again. In evening I went up to Coal Brook and set three cat<sup>1584</sup> dead-falls. It was a glorious evening, altogether a pet day. I expect this will be our last attempt to get down to the rock this season as it will take some days to clear and pack up all our gear and store it safely away for the winter. I am greatly put out by our ill-success as I feel assured, could we reach the rock formation here and penetrate any distance we would strike coal. Even could we obtain a little core itself so as to form a judgement as to what part of the formation lays beneath I would feel satisfied.

Sunday 15th. Cold, raw, stormy day, blowing a strong breeze from N.W. with showers of cold rain. Remained in camp all day reading etc. Noel and Joe returned before dinner-time with the flour etc.

The weather having now set in cold and stormy and having all the appearance of an early winter, we decided to abandon the attempt for this season and store up all our gear. So we set to work to construct a substantial store of studs well stogged with moss and roofed over with board. When all was securely stored we made a move across the lake. It was very stormy so we had to be

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<sup>1584</sup>Marten.

very cautious and work our way along slowly. Once at the portage we had the usual hard lug across to the Humber side and then down the river to Bay of Islands, and thence home.

1894

Geological Features along Railway

August having arrived and still the long, dreary election

trials<sup>1585</sup> are not yet finished. However, the Goodridge-Morine Government having now a majority in the House, a short session of one week sufficed to get through the necessary Legislation. Revenue and Supply being passed, and the House prorogued, our Survey matters were at length attended to. As it was too late to go coal boring this season, the Government took my suggestion to allow our staff to be employed this season along the route of the N. & W. Railway<sup>1586</sup> studying out the Geological features, and noting such places as were suitable for agricultural settlement. The middle of the month had arrived before we got our orders and as it took a week to prepare, it was the 21st before we could get started. As the work will be chiefly confined to the vicinity of the RR line we will take but a small crew, about three men and a cook in all.

Tuesday August 21st. Pouring rain, miserable day. Started in train for Shoal Harbour, T.B. our first point. Had a good run out to Whitbourne. Albert, Tom Thorburn, Tom Cole, Charlie Fleming cook, comprised our crew so far. Had dinner at Whitbourne in

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<sup>1585</sup>These were trials of seventeen MHAs, all except one Liberals, charged with corrupt practices during the general election of 1893. The first two were convicted March 31. The Whiteway administration, facing the prospect of more members being unseated and disqualified, resigned in April, whereupon Conservative A.F. Goodridge, though leading a minority in the House, became premier, with A.B. Morine, member for Bonavista, as Colonial Secretary. The Assembly was prorogued as the trials proceeded, but by August the Whitewayites were reduced from 24 to 10, while Goodridge supporters stood at 14; the House opened Aug. 2-9 to conduct essential business.

<sup>1586</sup>The name given to the railway, once it was completed from the Exploits River to Port aux Basques, was the Newfoundland Northern & Western Railway (normally contracted to N.N. & W. Railway).

Globe Hotel, everything very nice. Got all aboard N. & W. train which was attached to Placentia train as far as Hall's Bay Junction,<sup>1587</sup> where they were divided, another engine taking us in tow on the Northern line. We had a good run all along up the isthmus, and as we proceeded the weather cleared up. Had aboard several passengers, F. Bradshaw<sup>1588</sup> for Shoal Harbour, to do some surveying. Messrs. A. Drysdale and Mr. Brown<sup>1589</sup> of Harbour Grace on a trip to end of line. At Come-by-Chance we picked up our man John Barrington, who came here from Piper's Hole to meet us. It turned out a fine evening and we had a pleasant run along. Reached Shoal Harbour about 7 P.M. and got all our things out. Wretched place to camp; woods all burnt, very rocky uneven ground. As it was too late to get up all camps Albert, Tom, Bradshaw and I went across to a Mr. Tuff's and put up for the night. Men camped near track. No Station or platform here yet.

Wednesday 22nd. Very close in house last night but slept pretty well. Dull and foggy all morning with misty rain. Tom sick. Unpacked all our stuff and made it up in smaller parcels got up our camps. After dinner Albert and I walked down to Clarenville to send some telegrams for things left behind or

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<sup>1587</sup>Where the Hall's Bay Railway (as the line heading north from this point towards Halls Bay was called) connected with the Placentia branch; about seven miles from Whitbourne; normally called Placentia Junction.

<sup>1588</sup>Francis Bradshaw, assistant in the Government Engineer's Department.

<sup>1589</sup>A.T. Drysdale, notary public, banker and postmaster at Harbour Grace; Lorenzo Brown was a block and pump maker.

forgotten in packing such as sugar, frying pan and my gun. We also walked along the line up to Bridge on great curve, Lower Shoal Harbour River examining rocks.

Thursday 23rd. Dull again but cleared off a fine day. I walked in along the line and climbed a high ridge known as Mount Syene<sup>1590</sup> which bounds the Shoal Harbour valley on the west. This valley is very narrow but forms an admirable route through the hills for the Railway. It was very pretty before the woods were burnt but now all its beauty is destroyed. There is a fine brook running through it on which are two small saw mills.<sup>1591</sup> The country around now looks very rugged the whole of the timber being blackened and charred by the great fire which swept over the country here in '92. It presents a wretched appearance. Still the people are tolerably comfortable and have nice, clean houses, but they are not doing much with the land. Some of the Flats up the river valley look very good.

Friday 24th. Train day, up early to catch it and had breakfast at 6 A.M. John Barrington and I are off till Tuesday to the head of the Bay to explore and report upon the Chapel Arm valley. Albert, Tom, and Tom Cole came out on the line to do some measurement. Train arrived at 7 A.M. All aboard. Had a lovely

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<sup>1590</sup>Not recorded in NTS 2 D/8.

<sup>1591</sup>"Shoal Harbour was a pretty place before the woods were burnt" (deleted).

day. Picked up a number of passengers all along. Several men aboard returning from the front, give poor accounts of work, wages etc, but I believe are too lazy to work. Had a message from Mr. W.D. Reid<sup>1592</sup> about our Boring Drill.<sup>1593</sup> What can he want of it? John and I got off at Long Harbor crossing<sup>1594</sup> at 12 O'clock and then followed down the road towards Chapel Arm some distance when we struck across over the hills and down into the valley below. Here we put up our side camp and had dinner. I then walked out to Chapel Arm following a wood path and met a lot of people who were just assembled to attend a funeral. Had a chat with them about the land, timber etc. Learned that the valley to the Eastward running in from Southern Cove,<sup>1595</sup> is the best one here. I crossed over to it and followed it up a long distance towards Spread Eagle Peak. I then came across through the woods into the other or Western valley, and followed this down to our camp. Pretty tired after my long walk all day.

Saturday 25th. Another very fine day. We started up the valley and had a good tramp till we reached the old Long Harbour and Brigus road, here we had our dinner. I then walked back along the old line towards Spread Eagle Peak. Found it difficult to

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<sup>1592</sup>R.G. Reid's three sons, Harry D. Reid (1869-1929), William D. Reid (1867-1924), and Robert G. Reid, Jr. (1875-1947), were all involved in the construction and operation of the Newfoundland railway.

<sup>1593</sup>The apparatus left near Grand Lake.

<sup>1594</sup>Where the railway crossed Long Harbour River.

<sup>1595</sup>Howley means the eastern cove in what is now Spread Eagle Bay.

follow the old road through the woods, it was so overgrown and so encumbered with windfalls. Poor old C.F. Bennett, this road was a hobby of his and cost a mint of money from time to time. Now it is totally abandoned and will hardly ever be used again, even the old Telegraph line to Chapel Arm has all been taken down and now follows the R.R. track.<sup>1596</sup> Saw some excellent land. We next walked back along this line till we struck the R.R. again not very far from Hall's Bay junction. Here we camped. The country along here is very bleak and barren.

Sunday 26th. Cold, raw, foggy and wet. Had a roam over the barrens with the dog Bruno and saw three covies of partridge. The dog behaved very badly. He has a great nose and winds the birds a long way off but as soon as he does makes right for them at full stretch, drives them all to wing, and chases them over the country. I will have a hard job to break him in. After dinner we walked along the track a considerable distance. It was cold and foggy all day, camped again for the night in some stunted woods. Densely foggy all afternoon and night. Of course this is the very factory of fog and mist. The country all around here is most bleak, barren and wretched looking.

Monday 27th. Raining hard in morning with thunder and

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<sup>1596</sup>The destructive effect of the railway on old lines of road was commented on by James Murray in *Eve Tel*, Nov. 17, 1892; see also Nov. 12.

lightning. Very miserable, cleared off awhile but continued densely foggy all day. We packed up and travelled along the line till evening when near Tickle Harbour station<sup>1597</sup> we stopped to camp. Saw a few covies of partridge but Bruno put them all to flight. My feet are now awfully sore and tender from walking on the sleepers, nearly all my toes being skinned and the pains in my legs are most distressing. It is awfully hard travelling on the line, especially in mocassins. I shall not try that experiment again. We had a poor place to camp tonight, very little shelter, no sticks long enough to put up our camp with and worse than all no fire wood.

Tuesday 28th. Spent a wretched night; cold, foggy and wet. Awoke with cold shivers and pains all over my body. In addition to sore feet I have a painful swelling in the left groin and can scarcely walk a step at all today. I feel completely used up. We intend to wait for this evening's train to go back as I am really unable to travel today. The train did not pass outward till 10 O'clock and we had a long wait till 4 P.M. for its return. At length it came with a long train of cars. Burchell's and Mr. Reid's private cars being on behind I got into the former. Found Burchell, Harry Reid, Capt. Noble<sup>1598</sup> and wife aboard. Reid was

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<sup>1597</sup>About 10 mi NW of Chapel Arm.

<sup>1598</sup>Thomas Noble, manager of the Newfoundland Railway until replaced in 1897 by H.C. Burchell.

glad to see me as he wanted information about the Boring Drill. It appears Scott,<sup>1599</sup> one of their explorers, reports having found coal on Grand Lake and they want to try boring and have got permission from the Government to use our drill. They could not find the diamonds<sup>1600</sup> as I have them locked up in my office desk. Of course if the Government gave them this permission it is no use for me to object, yet it was a queer thing to do without at least acquainting me with the fact. Now, as a matter of fact, the Reids have no one who understands the first thing about this drill and should they try to use it I feel confident it will be smashed up and thus put an end to our further operations. In any case Scott's yarn about discovering coal is a myth. I am perfectly convinced he has discovered no coal outcropping anywhere around Grand Lake other than that already seen and uncovered by us.

We travelled along pretty fast and as it cleared off towards evening we all got up on the top of Burchell's car and had a fine lookout. The road all along by Rantem and Come-by-Chance is awfully crooked and there are numerous rockcuts. In fact it is difficult to see how they found a line here at all. The country is dreadfully rugged and barren. What little wood and soil there

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<sup>1599</sup>Likely William Scott, an engineer.

<sup>1600</sup>The diamond drill bits.

once was in patches has all been burnt off and nothing but bare, bleached rocks and piles of boulders are now visible. It was a great relief to the eye running up Come-by-Chance valley to see fine green woods and nice flats and good soil in many places. This is quite a nice valley well worth settling. We picked up Albert and Tom near Head of valley. They came out in morning and commenced measuring the line back but had not made much progress. We did not reach Shoal Harbour till nearly dusk. The train went on after a very short delay.

Wednesday 29th. Raining nearly all day, too wet to do anything out of doors. Anyway I was too tired and my feet too sore. I required a day's rest. Had our mail to look over. After dinner wrote a report on Chapel Arm valley<sup>1601</sup> and also wrote home. I went into Mr. Tilley's<sup>1602</sup> house opposite our camp and got the use of a table to write upon.

Thursday 30th. Fine, calm day. Hired a boat, and Albert, Tom, Tom Cole and our new man, John McCarthy, a brother-in-law of poor Tom Scanlan's<sup>1603</sup> whom I found here on my return Tuesday. Started off down Smith's Sound, we went across to the island<sup>1604</sup> and had a hunt for fossils then walked down the North shore of

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<sup>1601</sup>JHA (1894-5), Appendix, pp. 170, 174.

<sup>1602</sup>The Tilley family of Shoal Harbour were farmers and owners of a sawmill (ENL, 5: 386).

<sup>1603</sup>Thomas D. Scanlan, on the staff of the Anglo-American Telegraph Co., died on August 19 in St. John's (Eve Tel, Aug. 20, 1894).

<sup>1604</sup>Random Island.

the Island nearly to Snook's Cove.<sup>1605</sup> Saw lots of wild geese out in the middle of the Arm. The whole western end of the island is composed of loose rotten dark shale. It is well wooded with green timber and the soil is excellent but unfortunately the cliffs are high with deep ravines cut here and there where small brooks run out. It is more level on top but I am told the good land does not extend far back, being merely a fringe. The country inside is marshy. We next went across to Foster's or Smith's point<sup>1606</sup> on N.S.<sup>1607</sup> Sound and found there a splendid section of Cambrian rocks. It was however, too late to measure it and the tide was too high. So we had to start back for camp. It came to rain for a while, but cleared off again. Had a long pull home and did not get to camp till after dark. There are several nice settlements along the North side of the Sound. The land here also is of excellent quality and everyone seems well to do.

Friday 31st. Train came along just as we were up and washed. Saw Burchell who was still in bed in his car and had a chat with him. They delayed sometime fixing something about the engine. It is an old one and appears somewhat shaky. After breakfast I got a ride nearly into Thorburn Lake from the section men on their

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<sup>1605</sup>Snooks Harbour.

<sup>1606</sup>Smith Point.

<sup>1607</sup>North side.

trolley or pumping car,<sup>1608</sup> we travelled along very fast especially down grade, I believe as fast as the train. They left me at the end of their section and I walked on to Thorburn Lake and as far as the mill at the outflowing brook. I then turned back after having my lunch, and tramped all along the line examining the rock cuts. It was a very fine day, though gloomy in morning. I was very tired when I got back to where the men were at work outside Shoal Harbour bridge, and as they were soon going out, I walked along about a mile further and then waited for them. Had a jolly run out. The train was very late returning tonight and did not get up till nearly 9 O'clock. Several men were waiting to take passage in to end of line, to look for work. They are constantly going and coming. She came at last when we learned the delay was caused by old No 4 giving out near Placentia Junction. They had to get the Placentia engine to take them in tow and get another engine at Whitbourne to return. There were several passengers aboard for the front. Got letters and papers by her. All home well.

Saturday September 1st. Dull and foggy in morning but turned out a fine warm day, blowing a strong breeze from S.W. Took Tom Cole and John McCarthy in along line to where a deposit of

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<sup>1608</sup>See a photograph of such a car, c. 1905, in Penney, *A History of the Newfoundland Railway*, vol. 1, p. 44.

Manganese shows itself and uncovered it. Found quite a large vein but all very soft and impure wad.<sup>1609</sup> It may improve if sunk upon. After dinner Albert and I had a long walk up the shore as far as King's Cove,<sup>1610</sup> and returned by the road. I saw a good deal of interesting Geology.

Sunday September 2nd. Dull, squally, cool day, remained in camp all morning reading. After dinner I walked down shore to Clarendville and back by the road. We are now ready to leave here but as we cannot get along till the train returns Tuesday evening, we must put in our time here. Tomorrow, if fine I intend getting a boat and going down Smith's Sound again as there is much to be learned, geologically and otherwise, there.

Monday 3rd. Up early to go down Smith Sound. Morning dull and cold real fallish like. Got Butler's<sup>1611</sup> boat and started off down the Sound. When we got as far as Pitman's brick-yard<sup>1612</sup> it began to blow very hard from N.W. We went ashore to see the brick, clay and process of brick-making. The clay is an immense deposit consisting of alternate layers of chocolate colour and drab regularly stratified. The bank rises fully twenty feet over the floor and how deep the clay is no one knows. It appears the

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<sup>1609</sup>An earthy ore of manganese.

<sup>1610</sup>Milton.

<sup>1611</sup>The Butlers of Shoal Hr. were fishermen.

<sup>1612</sup>At Brickyard; the brickmaking Pittman brothers were Joseph and James; Martin, *Once Upon a Mine*, pp. 48-51.

chocolate colored clay only is good for brick making. The drab or aluminous<sup>1613</sup> clay causes the bricks to explode or burst asunder in the kiln. The clay when taken out is thrown into a square box, through the centre of which is a vertical axle armed with crooked and straight iron blades like a steamer's propeller. Water is added to moisten the clay. A horse attached to a long beam goes round in a circle and turns the cutter so as to thoroughly mix the clay. The mixed clay then comes out below and is put in moulds the size and shape of the brick and these are then placed on a sort of lattice work shelving, roofed over to prevent the rain reaching them; here is a free circulation of air to dry them. When dry they are piled inside a huge kiln of brick which is in a large wooden building and so arranged in tiers with open spaces between as to allow the heat to pass freely through them. When filled with bricks the kiln is walled up and fires lit in all the little spaces, on either side, with wood, a piece of sheet iron is placed in front to cause a good draft and the smoke passes out above. The fires must now be kept going night and day from eight to ten days, so as to insure a thorough burning. The Pitman family make about 75 or 80,000 each year and sell them all in St. John's. They also make bricks of the clay and dry them without burning, which are taken at the founderys for moulding

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<sup>1613</sup>Containing alum.

purposes. There is any amount of similar clay here. It now blew so hard, in fact, almost a gale, and with so much sea on that after running down a short distance further we were obliged to haul up our boat and walk down to Smith's Point. We then began to measure a section of the rocks backwards. It continued to blow hard till sunset when it moderated a little and we made for home. Had a tough pull along shore till we reached a point nearly opposite the end of the Island. We then struck across, but had not got well out in the open when it began to blow with increased fury, and the sea became worse and worse. We had nothing for it but to go on as it was just as bad, even could we get her round to retreat. It was pretty dark also. We had a desperate struggle to get across to the Island and came very near being swamped several times, if we had been it was all over with everyone of us. By dint of a desperate effort we got over on the island side, but it was very little better here and blew fiercely. However, we struggled on till we got round the end of the Island and at length had comparatively smooth water up to the entrance to Shoal Harbour. Had it not been for our boat being light and riding the lop well we could never have done it. We had no grub or I would have remained all night on the Island. However, we got home all right about 10 O'clock very tired, wet, cold and hungry. John Barrington and cook had given us up for tonight.

Tuesday 4th. Pretty fine day. Train South, fully an hour late. We are now ready to leave here and will go on to Clode Sound<sup>1614</sup> by tonight's train. Spent most of the day in camp packing up and had all ready long before the train arrived. It was late after 8 O'clock before she came. We got all on board and were off. Found a good number of passengers. Among them Father Brown,<sup>1615</sup> and Mr. Sterrit.<sup>1616</sup> We reached Clode Sound about 9 P.M. Here the train stays twenty minutes for tea. We were too late to look out for a camping place, and had to stay at Stone's, the Station House,<sup>1617</sup> here for the present.

Wednesday 5th. Fine day. After breakfast we got all our things down to Middle Brook about 1/2 a mile from Stone's and camped there. It is a great improvement on our last place at Shoal Harbour. The country around here is very bleak being completely swept by fire until it is almost burnt clean. It came wet in afternoon. I walked along the line Southward, crossed the S.W. bridge<sup>1618</sup> a splendid iron truss bridge, built on solid granite piers. I then walked a good way up the valley of the river. It is all burnt country. S.W. Brook is a fine but shallow

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<sup>1614</sup>An area opened up to agriculturists by the Halls Bay railway; *Eve Tel*, Sept. 28, 1892.

<sup>1615</sup>Likely P.W. Browne, priest at Whitbourne.

<sup>1616</sup>W.J. Sterritt was, with others, operating a sawmill at Glenwood; he was from Yarmouth, Nova Scotia (*ENL*, 2: 537).

<sup>1617</sup>An early hotel at the site (Port Blandford); Joseph Stone, formerly of Little Catalina, was the owner.

<sup>1618</sup>Over Southwest River.

stream and the valley rather pretty. On my return I walked around shore to camp. There is a big steamer here now at the pier taking in a cargo of lumber for England from Messrs. Reid and Sterrit's Mills at Gander Lake.<sup>1619</sup> Stone has a fine new house and is beginning to settle down in earnest. He is clearing some ground and is likely to do well after a while. He also keeps a little shop and his son is the Tel. Operator. Another man Stares<sup>1620</sup> is building a new house close by and has the Post Office. I believe after a while there will be quite a settlement here. Several tilts are scattered round occupied by the section and other men at work here.

Thursday 6th. Pretty fine day. Had early breakfast and then got a run in on the Engine to Thorburn Lake as the engine was going in for a load of sticks for the steamer now here taking a load of lumber to the English market.<sup>1621</sup> This lumber is chiefly from Reid's and Sterrit's Mills at Gander Lake. I got a loan of a boat at Thorburn Lake where there is a small Saw Mill in operation and pulled round the lake to see the rocks. I then travelled on foot along the line back to camp examining the rock cuts all along. John Barrington came in to meet me with some lunch. I was pretty tired after my tramp. Went up to Stone's

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<sup>1619</sup>At Glenwood.

<sup>1620</sup>Likely Allan Stares, a tinsmith.

<sup>1621</sup>Port Blandford had become a railhead for coastal and foreign shipping.

after tea and saw the latest telegraph news. Albert walked in the line in the opposite direction to N.W. brook<sup>1622</sup> bridge.

Friday 7th. Froze hard last night. Miserably cold, raw day blowing a gale from the N.West. Train passed out about 7.30 A.M. This being regular train day. I walked into the N.W. Brook Bridge and some distance beyond examining the rock cuts. The two Johns came in with lunch and my camera got a couple of views. I was very tired when I got back to camp at tea-time. Train arrived late nearly 9 O'clock. M.T. Knight Surveyor General, Tom Duder, C.B.W. and Jim Watson were passengers.<sup>1623</sup> Had a chat with them at the station. It is very cold again tonight.

Saturday 8th. Froze again last night, very cold in camp. Turned out a fairly fine day. Albert and I walked in the track beyond S.W. Bridge and ascended the Lookout Mountain.<sup>1624</sup> We travelled over a good deal of the country, got back by dinner-time. After dinner I walked over to N.W. River by the telegraph line to see the chain bridge<sup>1625</sup> and have a look at the rocks there. Did not get back to camp till after dark. The days are now getting very short. Very raw and cold all evening and cold

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<sup>1622</sup>Northwest River.

<sup>1623</sup>Knight was MHA for Twillingate, Surveyor General in Goodridge's administration, 1894; Thomas C. Duder, member for Fogo, was Chairman of the Board of Works under Goodridge; James H. Watson was a fish merchant and MHA for Trinity. See *Newfoundland Men. A collection of biographical sketches*, ed. Henry Youmans Mott (Concord, N.H.: T.W. & J.F. Cragg, 1893), pp. 67, 73, 93.

<sup>1624</sup>North of Georges Pond.

<sup>1625</sup>A suspension bridge supported by chains.

tonight.

Sunday 9th. Beautiful fine warm day though it froze very hard again last night. All the potatoes here are burnt with the frost. A large steamer the *Capulet*, coal-laden, came in just as we were going to breakfast. The lumber steamer went out last evening. I took a picture of the Steamer and pier, also one of Stone's house and in evening I walked up to S.W. Brook and took two of the bridge. Had a lot of visitors at camp today, including a Montreal Agent named Power who speaks highly of our pine lumber. Mr. Mifflin,<sup>1626</sup> Customs Officer from Catalina, is here looking after the revenue. He is a gigantic man. Tomorrow if fine I intend procuring a boat to have a cruise about the Arm and on Tuesday we will move D.V. to Terranova River.

Monday 10th. Dull day threatening rain but held out fine. Measured a section along shore and then got a boat and with John and Tom went around the Arm out as far as the narrows<sup>1627</sup> and back by the North shore. Had a very favourable day almost calm and not cold. Saw hundreds of geese but could not get near them.

Tuesday 11th. Dull again and blowing hard. Tom Thorburn, John McCarthy and I went over to N.W. Brook and took some photos. After dinner we packed up all and prepared to move on to

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<sup>1626</sup>Isaac J. Miffen, preventive officer and, later, magistrate; d. 1942.

<sup>1627</sup>Inside the entrance of Clode sound, about 5 mi from Port Blandford.

Terranova. The train did not arrive till about 8 P.M. We got all aboard while they were at tea and then steamed off. R.G. Reid was aboard in his special car with a few guests bound to Headquarters<sup>1628</sup> including Davidson<sup>1629</sup> and old Mr. Goodwin<sup>1630</sup> and daughter from England, the maker of Ivory soap. Nolan the Phonograph man and Clinton<sup>1631</sup> from St. Pierre were also on board and several others. We had a very heavy train including several flat cars loaded with ties for the front. Got stuck on a heavy up grade and had to back and make a dash for it before we could get over. Arrived at Terra Nova River about 10 O'clock. A beautiful moonlight night as bright as day, got out and took lodgings at the Mill house for the night. This is an immense building 80 feet long, has very good clean accommodation. It is kept by Horwood<sup>1632</sup> one of the foremen of the Campbell Lumber Company.<sup>1633</sup> Another engine took hold of the train here and ours returned to Clode Sound.

Wednesday 12th. Fine day. Got up our camps about 1/2 a mile from Mill by the side of the River. I then took a walk out the

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<sup>1628</sup>Administrative centre of operations for railway construction; its location was moved westward as construction proceeded.

<sup>1629</sup>William H. Davidson, Scot, commission and manufacturers' agent in St. John's.

<sup>1630</sup>G.H. Goodwin (see *Eve Tel*, Sept. 6, 1894).

<sup>1631</sup>Perhaps C. Clinton, a collector of customs at St. Jacques.

<sup>1632</sup>One of the Horwood brothers (William F. and Reuben F.), founders of the Horwood Lumber Co., a major lumbering firm.

<sup>1633</sup>A St. John's firm, builders of the mill at Terra Nova; bought out, c. 1902, by the Horwoods.

line along by Pitt's Pond, saw some very fair land here.

Thursday 13th. Dull and threatening day. Blowing hard. Tried to put our canvas boat together but failed, she is a complete fraud. After dinner I walked nearly into Maccles Pond, got caught in the rain and nearly got a ducking. Country in here very barren in places and much burned.

Friday 14th. Fine day, got a loan of Horwood's boat, a big punt, and started off with Albert and the two Johns for a few days up the Lake.<sup>1634</sup> We were in hopes of getting a deer or some fresh meat. Had a poking job getting up the Steady owing to the many shoals and our boat drawing so much water. We reached the lake at last and camped near the mouth of Georges Pond and up to the Head. Saw some deer footing but as there is a party of lumbermen camped here, they have scared every thing away. Albert also came across a slip set near the head of the lake. We had a long tramp back to camp and barely reached it by dark. I shot a small fox on the shore, a miserable specimen.

Saturday 15th. Beautiful fine day. Went up the Lake and about a mile up the Main River,<sup>1635</sup> could not get our boat further. Albert and John then started on foot and walked a long way up the country. Saw some deer footing but nearly all old,

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<sup>1634</sup>Terra Nova Lake.

<sup>1635</sup>Terra Nova River.

found the loggers had been up here all summer and had paths everywhere. Some of them must have been here a day or two since for we found at one place a fire smouldering which had taken a good hold in the dry ground. This is the second we came across. They are awfully careless and will surely burn the country, Mill and all. There is a fire blazing somewhere towards the westward these two days, as it is very smoky in that direction. We saw nothing to shoot except four black ducks and these we did not get a shot at. Very tired on return to camp.

Sunday 16th. Beautiful fine warm day. After breakfast John B. and I went up over the hills to the left and traversed over several large barrens but saw nothing. There was a great deal of deer footing but all old except one or two. Found the loggers had been up here also and travelled over the whole country. We got parted from each other and after a while seeing no use looking further I returned to camp and had dinner. John did not come till 5 O'clock. We then packed up and started for camp. Had a fine time down the lake, but when we reached the Steady it became too dark to see the shoal water so after getting aground several times and having a good deal of difficulty in clearing the boat we concluded to land and walk down leaving the boat till daylight. Got to camp about 8 P.M. Horwood and several of his men were there chatting with our lads. Learned that poor Charlie

Emerson was badly defeated in the Burgeo and La Poile contest and that Mott was returned.<sup>1636</sup> This looks bad for the Whitewayites.

Monday 17th. Magnificent day. Very hot like July weather, the finest day since we came out. Pretty tired after our three days up country. About camp most of the day. Got several blocks of granite for the Museum.<sup>1637</sup> Wrote letters etc. Making paddles for canoe.

Tuesday 18th. Another fine day very warm. Moving tonight by train to Gambo, but John Barrington, Albert and I intend spending a few days at Maccles pond. So I sent John off to put up our side camp and have all ready as it will be late when we get there. After dinner packed up all our gear and got ready for night's train. The rain which has been threatening for sometime came down in evening and it rained very hard for a time. We had a long wait for train. It did not come till about 10 P.M. We then got all aboard and were off. Reached Maccles pond about 11 P.M. and found John camped by side of track. There were a lot of sportsmen and others on train bound for different points along line. Tom and rest of crew went on to Gambo to await us there.

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<sup>1636</sup>A succession of by-elections had begun to fill seats of disqualified MHAs, one of whom was James Murray in Burgeo and La Poile. On September 10, H.Y. Mott, a Goodridge supporter, "a piano-tuner from Nova Scotia," who had lost to Murray in the district in 1893, defeated Whitewayite Charles H. Emerson, a native lawyer. (See *Eve Tel*, Sept. 14, 1894.)

<sup>1637</sup>The Reids had opened a granite quarry at Shoal Harbour; Howley would have seen the blocks used for bridge construction at various points along the line.

Wednesday 19th. Fine day. Launched our canoe and went up to head of Lake. After dinner Albert and I went in over barrens and travelled over a good deal of ground looking for some game. I saw two deer, a doe and fawn, but unfortunately they saw me first and I could not get near them. I fired a long shot at the doe but missed her. Albert also saw a young stag but was equally unfortunate in not getting a shot at him. We camped here near head of pond in order to have another hunt in morning.

Thursday 20th. Froze a little last night. Albert and I off at daylight. We tramped over much ground but saw nothing. Albert came across a single partridge and shot it. After breakfast we struck camp and went down the western shore of lake to a deep arm which is tapped by the Railway. On our way we touched at an Island rock to see the place where the Shags or Cormorants nestle. This lake is their favourite resort. The nests are peculiar, built up of small sticks on top of a bare rock to a height of a foot or more, not unlike the Flamingo's nest. We now camped near foot of lake close to the track. I took my gun and walked in some distance along the line Southward. As I was tramping along on the sleepers making a great noise I heard a snort close by me and on looking up saw a splendid old stag running away. He was close to the track evidently intending to cross it. Again I was so unfortunate as not to get a shot, I

never dreamed of seeing a deer here and had only shot in my gun. I went around the hills to look for him but saw nothing more and as it was getting dark had to make for camp.

Friday 21st. Dull, misty day. Train passed out early in morning before daylight. I sent John and Albert back to other arm to await returning train while I walked back along the line a long distance. It came to rain and blow hard and turned out a very nasty day a regular equinoctial. On my way back I was overtaken just at the lake by the section men on their trolley, they gave me a lift right back to camp. I was now very wet and cold. Had a cup of tea and lunch which with a good fire soon warmed me up again. After a while it cleared off somewhat, when I started along line Northward but it soon came to rain again and I got another ducking. I went some distance beyond Boatswains Pond.<sup>1638</sup> Got back to camp by dusk. We had a miserable time waiting for train in the wet. We thought it would never come and were beginning to think something had happened. It was after 12 O'clock at night when it at last put in an appearance. The delay was caused by the bad condition of the rails from the rain and a heavy load of sleepers, some five cars in front of the engine in addition to the train which consisted of five cars more including Mr. Reid's private car, a very heavy one. At every heavy up grade

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<sup>1638</sup>Boatswains (First) Pond.

they were obliged to unshackell the engine, run the sleepers up the grade and then come back for the passenger cars. At last we got off, found the cars filled with passengers nearly all asleep. We did not reach Gambo till after 2 O'clock A.M. Found Tom and all hands waiting up for us. It had cleared off and was now a fine night. We had a cup of tea before turning in at about 3 A.M.

Saturday 22nd. Another glorious day. Extremely hot for this season. Slept pretty late owing to being so late last night. Learnt of John Lash's becoming a candidate for Bonavista district.<sup>1639</sup> Expect they will be up here before we leave. Took a long walk in the track before dinner towards Butts pond. After dinner took some photos. of Murphy's Hotel,<sup>1640</sup> the engine and bridge. Murphy has an immense hotel 100 feet long and very well arranged but as yet it is not furnished or prepared for boarders. I dont know how it is going to pay unless this becomes a place for stoppage for meal hours. Two engines were here this evening. One from Clode Sound with sleepers and the other from Exploits to take them on. They are very busy all the time and the train hands are kept going day and night hauling in sleepers to the front. There are immense piles of them all along from here out to Shoal harbour and as there is no timber where they are now working I

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<sup>1639</sup>John F. Lash, Whitewayite, ran in the Bonavista by-election on Oct. 2; he was defeated (*Eve Tel*, Oct 5, 1894); he died in 1896.

<sup>1640</sup>Built by John J. Murphy (d. 1938), owner of the sawmill at Mint Brook, where he also had his home; for a photo of the hotel see *NQ*, 84, 4 (1989): 22.

suppose they have to bring them out there. Judging from the quantities constantly going ahead they must be making very fast progress with the line. Tom Curran a Greenspond man whom I met at Brooking's establishment in 1869 and who is related to John Murphy is now living in the hotel and acting as station master. He paid me a visit at camp. After tea we had a long chat. He is quite an intelligent fellow but a regular back-woodsman. John Murphy is up at Mint Bk. where he lives three miles from here. He is not well just now and I have not seen him yet.

Sunday 23rd. Another magnificent day. In camp reading and writing all morning. After dinner walked down to Middle Brook where there is quite a settlement and some good houses.

Monday 24th. Another lovely warm day. Albert, old Tom and I walked out the line to Alexander Station<sup>1641</sup> and back. It was a pretty good tramp and we were quite tired when we got home. An engine with a load of sleepers came in from Clode Sound and passed us on the Road.

Tuesday 25th. Albert, John Barrington and I started up the River<sup>1642</sup> to spend a few days exploring and try to get a deer. It turned out a very hot, lovely calm day. We had much difficulty in getting up to the first pond;<sup>1643</sup> the river is so dry and

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<sup>1641</sup>About 8 mi to the southeast; 5 mi inland from the bay.

<sup>1642</sup>Gambo Brook, flowing out of Gambo Pond.

<sup>1643</sup>Howley regards Gambo Pond as divided into two bodies of water.

encumbered with huge boulders. Paid a visit to Mrs John Murphy<sup>1644</sup> at Mint Brook. John went off to St. John's by this morning's train. They have a very handsome house here and there is quite a settlement around the Mill. I took two pictures, one of Murphy's house and one of the whole settlement. We then proceeded on our way up the lake. Did not get in to the Upper lake till pretty well on in the afternoon but then a sudden breeze from the N.E. sprang up which enabled us to reach the mouth of Traytown Brook<sup>1645</sup> and get up our camp by dark. All the country on both sides of the Upper Lake and South side of lower has been swept by fire since last I saw them in 1876 when I made the survey of the Gambo. It now presents a wretched appearance. Murphy's Mill must have had a narrow escape.

Wednesday 26th. Fine morning. Found a path leading up to the barrens and went up to look for deer. We soon reached the open country, Albert and John remained at one place while I went over to a great marsh. Here I remained a good while. It came on to rain and was very cold and miserable. At last I saw a fine old stag come out and cross the marsh. I ran to cut him off and got within about 60 or 70 yards of him, but I missed him badly. The smooth bore gun is no good for bullets. I then went to look for

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<sup>1644</sup>Margaret Walsh.

<sup>1645</sup>Triton Brook.

Albert and John to get a hot cup of tea as I was now miserably wet and cold. Did not find them but saw another deer, a fine doe. She however got wind of me and made off before I could get within shot. I went back to the big marsh and stayed till I was so cold and wet I could not stand it any longer. Concluded John and Albert had gone back to camp but found them near where I had left them. They had seen three deer and Albert had killed one young stag. John had the kettle boiled and a kidney roasted for me and notwithstanding the pelting rain I enjoyed the meal immensely. We then started for camp Albert carrying the two hind quarters of venison, John the two fore, I the skin, breast bone and guns. We got down all right before dark though the path was very difficult to follow. It set in an awful stormy, wet night and we had a miserable time trying to dry our wet clothes and keep dry. I met with an accident here which came precious near putting an end to my career. John had cut off a large fir tree which had partly fallen down but whose top was still kept up by another tree. It was jambed also against a dead birch which leaned outward. I caught hold of the fir tree to try and pull it down, but John saw it was dangerous and told me to stand outside and he would get it down. I did so and got, as I believed far enough out of the way, but I did not notice that I was directly opposite the dead birch. John then swayed the big fir back and forth till it lost its

perch and came down with a crash. In doing so it broke off the dead birch which fell out and struck me a heavy blow on the side of the head and left shoulder. It was like an electric shock and sent pins and needles down the right arm to the tips of my fingers. I was almost stunned but managed to hold up. Had I not been blessed with such a thick skull, it would most certainly have been crushed in as the stick was as heavy as a bar of iron. I had a narrow escape indeed and have reason to be thankful. My shoulder was very much hurt and painful, but my head though the scalp was bruised and cut did not pain much.

Thursday 27th. Fine day again after the storm. Went up again to the barrens and spent all day. Only saw one small deer and did not get a shot at it. I fired at a partridge and missed it. We got back to camp just at dusk. It is nice and calm tonight a great contrast to last.

Friday 28th. Dull cold day. Started for camp again. Came to blow a nice breeze from the West, a fair wind down, got up our sail and had a splendid time down the lakes; we got back to Gambo about 3 O'clock, found a heavy mail awaiting us. We had intended moving forward by tonight's train but it came to rain hard and was so miserable that I decided to await some other chance. It is very awkward now the train comes about midnight and would dump us down again about 2 or 3 O'clock in the dark where we could not

see to camp and there are no houses to put up at. Expect to get a lift in the morning by freight train.

Saturday 29th. Rained steadily all night and all the morning. Came to blow a gale very cold and miserable. Our camping ground is all a swamp. This is a poor termination to our fine weather of late. After dinner it cleared off a little when I walked in to Butts pond and back. It continued showery sometimes almost hail and blew very hard all evening, cold and wretched.

Sunday 30th. The train we expected to get a lift in on Monday got orders from headquarters by telegraph to go on last night. Today is very stormy blowing a gale from N.E. wretchedly cold and miserable in camp. Cleared off somewhat in afternoon. I walked up Murphy's tramway as far as Mint Brook some three miles distant, did not stay. The tramway is a wooden concern on which Murphy runs his lumber down to the shore by horse power.

Monday October 1st. In camp most of the day as we are now finished here and are only waiting for the train, to move on.

Tuesday October 2nd. Dull, cold day. Train passed out early this morning. After breakfast John Barrington and I started to walk along the line to Soulis Brook,<sup>1646</sup> the others follow by train tonight. We had a long tramp of 15 miles. Towards evening

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<sup>1646</sup>Flowing from Soulis Pond into Gander Lake, site of a sawmill owned by the Reids; the community of Benton grew at this location.

it came on very stormy with cold, wet snow. We reached Soulis Brook about sunset and put up our side camp, had supper. I then went over to telegraph Office to see when train might be expected. She only reached Clode Sound at 8.30 P.M.; we would have a long wait for her but they are very uncertain in their movements. I went back to camp and tried to sleep but did not succeed very well. I was, however, having a nap when the whistle awoke me about 1.30. We packed up and went aboard. It was a dark cold night. Sped along to Gander River or Glenwood where Mr. Sterrit's Mill is situated. Arrived here about 3 A.M. very dark cold and raw. Got all our things out and got into an old shanty owned by a man named Kelly. Here we lit the stoves and made ourselves as comfortable as we could till daylight.

Wednesday 3rd. Fine morning, got out as soon as we had light enough and put up our camps. I then took a walk along the line to the Eastward. It was wet, cold and stormy again. Very poor weather latterly. All the other lads went to sleep having had none last night. When I came back there was a deer standing on the track just in front of our camp. I had no gun and all the lads were sound asleep and did not see it. The dog started it before I could get the gun. Such a chance as that right at our camp door, is not met with every day. After dinner I walked in to the Westward some four miles. Fine line along here very level and

straight.

Thursday 4th. Fine morning. Albert and I got a run in on train with a load of sleepers to Burnt Arm station (Ouinette)<sup>1647</sup> and then walked back some 14 miles. It came on beastly wet and raw again. Got back to camp before dark. Saw several fresh signs of deer on the track but did not have the luck to meet with any.

Friday 5th. Dull, heavy morning. John, Albert and I started in canoe for a few days up the lake.<sup>1648</sup> We had a fine time up and not much wind on Lake, got over to S.W. River<sup>1649</sup> and put up our camp. It began to rain again. Albert and I went up river, saw some black ducks but did not get a shot at any. Very fine land here and splendid timber. A good deal of large pine. It came to rain very hard and continued nearly all night pouring down. Our side camp is, however, very tight and kept the wet out well.

Saturday 6th. A beautiful morning like spring, air clear, balmy and lovely. I went up River a short distance looking for ducks, got very wet from bushes. I saw some ducks and shot one but it managed to get away from me and hide itself. Albert is not well today, complains of a bursting headache. After breakfast we started for Main River.<sup>1650</sup> Had a fair wind out to point of Island

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<sup>1647</sup>Notre Dame Junction. (Burnt Arm is Burnt Bay.) *Quinette* appears on 1907 *Geological Map of Newfoundland*.

<sup>1648</sup>Gander Lake.

<sup>1649</sup>Southwest Gander River.

<sup>1650</sup>Northwest Gander River.

then a pretty strong breeze ahead, we landed at one or two places to look at rocks etc. At one point while I was spying across lake I suddenly saw something on the beach of a little cove near me. It looked like an old log till it moved its head. I then started to go back for my gun. At the same time the beast who was squat down like a dog on its hind quarters stood up and walked away up to the edge of the woods. I took it to be a wolf. We now paddled around the point in the canoe. The lad was still there. John immediately pronounced it *one of them damn things* (a lynx). It remained on the beach till we were nearly in shot of it. But all at once it jumped up and made into the thick young woods. I went ashore and peered about under the bushes but did not care to venture far in, as these are ugly customers to meet and may suddenly spring upon one. Could not see him anywhere. We then continued on up to Mouth of Main River and had dinner. Up to this time the day had been delightful but shortly afterwards as we started to go up the river it came on to rain and blew like sixty. It was only a heavy shower however, and soon cleared off. Just at dinner-time I saw a lot of geese on a bar but could not get near them. We now saw a fine flock of black ducks at nearly the same place and managed to get within shot when we both fired and killed three. Splendid birds. It blew so very hard we could not get far up the river which also soon became very shallow.

Near the mouth it is very wide and filled with several large beautifully wooded Islands, on which the soil is splendid. We now ran down the West side to a point where a path leads into the open country westward, intending to go in to Mt. Peyton tomorrow. Here we found that some Indians, John Jeddore and John Bernard had camped the day before and had killed a deer. We also camped here. Fine, mild, bright night.

Sunday 7th. Fine morning, got early breakfast and started for Mt. Peyton. We soon reached the open, burnt country. Saw plenty of signs of deer but did not come across any till nearly into the foot of the Mountain when we espied one. It was a fine stag, but as it would be too far to carry out the meat, I would not fire at it. We met a small covey of partridge just at the base of mountain and shot three. It had now commenced to rain and blow again and when we got to the summit it came on awful. Squalls of wind and wet snow which for a time made it as black as night and looked very ugly. We could not see much after our long tramp and it was too miserably cold and wet to remain here long. So we put back, boiled our kettle in last droke of woods and then returned by same route as we came. I rose a covey of partridge but only got one of them. All my shot was now gone and Albert had only two charges. I afterwards met a single old cock and fired a ball at him but missed. The second, however, was a good shot and

went right through his skull. We afterwards met a large covey, Albert shot one but the rest got away. One however remained and we fired no less than seven bullets at him but never touched him. We now had only three cartridges left and I would not fire again. Just as we reached the little Fork a fine doe and fawn ran out of the bush up over the top of the ridge before us. I fired at the doe and put the ball through her but could not get a second shot as she disappeared behind the knob, we hurried after her and saw her again bleeding very profusely where the ball passed through. She however managed to get away from us somewhere into the woods and after much searching we had to give her up as it was getting pretty late and we did not know whether we could find the path. It was an awful pity, as the poor brute cannot possibly survive. I would much rather have missed her. It was dusk by the time we got to camp very wet and tired after our long journey. The night was a blustry one but not cold. Had two partridge and a duck for supper.

Monday 8th. Fine day again, being out of cartridges and grub had to return home. We had a head wind all day but light, got down to camp about 3.30 P.M. Found our mail awaiting us and learnt of Government candidates' success in Bonavista and Fogo

Districts<sup>1651</sup> as I expected. This was a pet day and I fear we wont have many more like it. Tomorrow we move on to Exploits by train. The train arrived much earlier here tonight owing to change of time of N.F.L.<sup>1652</sup> line.

Tuesday 9th. Dull, wet disagreeable day. In camp most of day making ready for a move. Night came very wet. Had to wait up for train just taking a doze now and again. Train did not come till nearly 4 A.M. Raining down in torrents. Decided to go right on to Headquarters before it gets too late and work backwards. We arrived at Exploits<sup>1653</sup> before daylight. Still teeming rain. Had breakfast at Reid's Hotel before starting for Headquarters. Everything very nice, Hotel run by Mr. & Mrs. Gillispie, cousins of the Reids.

Wednesday 10th. Continued on our journey, found Harry Reid's car with some sportsmen viz: Capt. Farquhar and wife, Edgar Bowring and Ernest Whiteway, Capt. Melville aboard bound out to Topsails to look for deer.<sup>1654</sup> It cleared up about 10 O'clock but

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<sup>1651</sup>The by-elections, required of MHAs who accepted Crown appointments, were held Oct. 2. Donald Morison, Goodridge's Attorney General, and Morine won in Bonavista, Duder in Fogo. See *Eve Tel*, Oct. 5, 1894.

<sup>1652</sup>That is, Newfoundland.

<sup>1653</sup>A station approx. 5 mi west of Notre Dame Junction. See *Map of Newfoundland* (New York: South Publishing Co, [1899].) The railway crossed the Exploits further west, near Bishop's Falls.

<sup>1654</sup>HMS *Buzzard* (whose captain was Arthur Murray Farquhar) and HMS *Cleopatra* were in port in St. John's; a number of officers went on the trip, along with Edgar Bowring, manager of Bowring Brothers, a leading St. John's businessman, and Ernest Whiteway, son of the (now ousted) premier, a prominent sportsman (*Eve Tel*, Oct. 9, 1894). Capt. W.S. Melville was aide-de-camp to Governor O'Brien. The wives of captains of men-of-war sometimes joined their husbands for extended stays in St. John's.

continued misty, very raw and cold blowing almost a gale from N.E. Arrived at Headquarters about 11.30 A.M. Out in the open marsh country near Mary March's Brook. A very bleak, desolate place all swamp and muck. Pitched our camp in the best place we could find near the brook, very poor at that, about quarter of a mile from cars. The cars where staff live number about fifteen in all. Housed well and are on a siding just laid on the marsh. Mr. Reid kindly allowed the train to carry down our stuff to camp and we soon had everything snug. This time we put our two camps facing each other and split up an old camp so as to cover the space between thus forming a hallway in which we erected our stove for the first time. Found it worked admirably giving great heat and drying up the saturated boughs and ground. Had a long chat with W.D. Reid about the coal etc. He introduced me to his wife<sup>1655</sup> who seems a nice person. All the hunters are off this evening.

Thursday 11th. A fine day. Albert and I walked out to the Topsail ridge or height of land and had a look at the granite quarry some 4 miles from camp. It is a peculiar greenish gray syenite rather pretty. Met W.D. Reid, Capt. Farquhar and Edgar Bowring coming back on a trolley, they had seen no deer yet. We now struck across country for Trinity Hills and took a long round

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<sup>1655</sup>Minnie (Cormack) Reid.

back to camp, saw several partridge and shot five, would have had a lot more only for the dog. He ran them all up.

Friday 12th. Another fine day. Albert went off out the line to the Eastward. Met Edgar Bowring and saw some deer, they shot one stag. I took some photos. of the cars and travelled about the place near camp. In evening walked out to meet Albert and saw some men at work blasting in a hard whyn rock.<sup>1656</sup> They informed me they were looking for manganese. On the strength of an opinion expressed by one Dr. Chandler,<sup>1657</sup> who has just recently been here and gave it as his opinion that some 25 feet down manganese would be struck. He uses a divining rod. How a sensible man like Mr. Reid could be fooled thus by an evident charlatan, I cannot conceive. W.D. came along with the engine and some flat cars while I was there, and gave me a ride back to camp. Albert did not return till late, I was getting anxious about him. Tomorrow they are going to shift Headquarters to the Gaff Topsails and Mr. R. kindly offered to take me in with him.

Saturday 13th. Very cold but fine day, blowing hard from N.W. They had a good deal of difficulty getting started this morning, had two engines and had to make two trips. We did not

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<sup>1656</sup>Whinstone, very hard, dark-coloured rocks.

<sup>1657</sup>"I learnt from Mr. Reid he was looking for *manganese* here on the strength of an opinion from some Nova Scotian expert (quack)... It is about as unlikely a spot as could be found in the whole island." (1894 notebook, CNSA, 262.02.028.)

get underway till 12 O'clock and only reached the new quarters about a mile beyond the Gaff Topsail about 2 P.M. There is some little wood here and the ground is drier and more sheltered. The siding on which the cars are shunted is in the thick woods. We camped on opposite side of line. I went off after a deer we saw just as we arrived, and came up with her, a fine doe, but could not get within shot. She saw me too soon. I am most woefully unlucky with the deer this season. I saw one partridge and shot it. Mail arrived about an hour after us.

Sunday 14th. Gorgeous day for the season, bright, warm and calm. Albert and Edgar Bowring off at daylight shooting. I went up on Gaff Topsail and took two pictures. After lunch went off to look for a deer and travelled over a great deal of country but saw nothing. Albert and Bowring saw several deer and shot one young stag. Tomorrow if fine we start for Grand Lake. Wm. Scott C.E. and Reid the Operator at Sandy Lake came up today.

Monday 15th. Very wet in morning. Trains did not go to the front. It cleared off about noon and turned out a fine evening. We went off in evening to look for some partridge. Saw a good many but the dog put them all up and I never got a shot at any. Mail train left about 4 P.M. bound out eastward. Albert and Edgar Bowring off after deer, got none. I paid a visit to Reid's car after tea to see about getting a ride to the front tomorrow on

our way to Grand Lake. Harry Reid and Edgar Bowring are also going over for a flying visit. Capt. Melville returned from hunting having his complement of eight deer. He saw over one hundred in a herd and might have shot any number.<sup>1658</sup>W.D. Reid kindly offered to take us to end of track in morning.

Tuesday 16th. Cold, dull morning. Train whistle blew an hour before daylight to call all hands. Had to jump out, pack our traps and make a hasty breakfast. We were off as soon as it was well light, about 6.30 A.M. We had the baby engine<sup>1659</sup> and several flat cars loaded with provisions, tools, hay for the horses etc, and as we sped along we picked up men all along the route bound out to work. Reached the end of the irons about 6 miles from Headquarters and well down the Eastern valley of Kitty's Brook. We now got off, shouldered our packs and began our long, tiresome tramp to Sandy Lake. Harry Reid and Bowring being light and having men to carry their things went on ahead. We kept them in sight for a long while. As we tramped along we met gangs of men at work here and there, some cutting brush, some filling up with sods and others blasting boulders which were very thick in some cuttings. After crossing the eastern branch of Kitty's Brook we came across some heavy gravel cuts where men and horses were at

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<sup>1658</sup>"At this time the law allowed each sportsman to kill eight deer, three stags and five does--by far too many." (JPH's note.)

<sup>1659</sup>Locomotive smaller than the normal size.

work cutting down the banks often 20 or 25 feet high and filling up hollows with the gravel etc. It was very interesting to watch all the various operations of construction going on. The line along here follows very closely that laid down by myself in 1890 and goes within 50 yards of where I was camped near the the forks of the brook in a juniper grove. It keeps closer to the right bank of the main River. In fact right along by it and crosses some miles above Kitty's falls at a point where a rocky bluff of syenite forms a low cliff on either side. This is the very spot I had selected as an alternative crossing should the fall itself prove too difficult of approach. Some parts of the line before reaching the main crossing were very wet and up to the knees in black slimy muck. It was beastly walking but after crossing the River on the temporary trestle bridge we found it drier on the other side, though rough and uneven, here the track is merely cut out as yet. We now took to the river bank where we found a good, well beaten path down to the fall. Here we stopped to boil our kettle and have some lunch though it was just 11 O'clock, but we had a very early and hasty breakfast. From this out to Sandy Lake we followed a blazed packing trail as the R.R. Route or right of way, as it is termed, turns off just below the fall and strikes away for Goose pond and Grand Lake. We had a desperate heavy tramp through the Sandy Lake marshes which were very wet and

soft. We reached the station at Sandy Lake at last about 3 P.M. very tired and wet. Here we found H.D. Reid and E. Bowring had left about an hour before for Grand Lake. Mr. Scott the engineer having sent up a canoe to meet them and take them down. We got our little boat at the station and proceeded on down the River getting below all the worst rapids before dark. As we could not reach Grand Lake till late at night and being uncertain in what condition we should find our last year's house at Kelvin Brook, and moreover, being almost cramped from the wet and cold we decided to stop and put up our side camp in a fine thick grove well sheltered and where we had plenty of good birch for firing. We were soon comfortably housed, warm and dry and after a good supper were glad to turn in after our hard day and have a good night's sleep.

Wednesday 17th. Fine morning. Had early breakfast and proceeded on down the River. Reached Kelvin Brook about 11 A.M. Found our house intact except that a large hole had been cut in the roof, and a sort of chimney built while a fireplace of stones and sand had been built in the centre. We soon had everything in order and got our dinner. Albert and I then poled up the brook, crossed the neck to the Beach outside and walked over to Scott's camp at the mouth of Coal Brook. Just as we got there Harry Reid and Bowring arrived from a trip up the lake where they had been

viewing the coal outcrops. They had also been at Aldery Brook in the early morning to see our work there. Bowring was quite surprised at what he saw and could never have believed it had he not actually visited the spot. H. Reid pretended to think little of it but nevertheless they are most anxious to get hold of the coal. They are bound off again this afternoon as Bowring is anxious to get more deer shooting before he goes home and is disgusted at not seeing any all along this trip. I am sorry they are going so soon as I intended to properly uncover the coal seams so that they could see them to advantage. They were off about 3 P.M. to get up the River<sup>1660</sup> as far as possible in order to reach Headquarters tomorrow. Albert and I walked in to see what they were doing here<sup>1661</sup> and found they had two deep shafts sunk and timbered about 150 yards outside the first coal outcrop, where they intend boring; they reached the bed-rock having penetrated 18 feet of gravel, sand and bowlders. They also uncovered a small seam on R. side of Brook which they claimed to be a new seam, but on inspection I found it to be just the continuation, on the strike, of one of those uncovered by our party on opposite side of Brook. The boring apparatus is still on North side of Lake, where they had been using it. One of the

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<sup>1660</sup>Sandy Lake River (The Main Brook).

<sup>1661</sup>At Coal Brook.

engineers was at work setting diamonds which they had obtained from Mr. Fisher Italian Consul St. John's. As yet they have made no new discovery of coal, and this boring experiment has turned out a fizzle. It appears a certain Dr. Chandler who professes to be a great mining expert, and it is reported uses the mythical divining rod, informed them that should they bore on the shore near the outflowing river of Grand Lake they would strike a seam of coal 8 feet thick. It was on the strength of this they obtained the use of the boring rod and tried this ridiculous experiment in Lower Carboniferous strata.<sup>1662</sup> Albert and I returned to camp which we reached just at dark. John and old Tom had everything snug and a good fire burning. It was very warm and comfortable and our beds raised some 3 feet from the ground were dry and nice. It came to rain in torrents just after tea and blew a gale. We were very fortunate indeed in having such a good house to shelter us from the weather.

Thursday 18th. Beautiful fine day, quite smooth on lake. After breakfast we rowed across to inspect the boring machine and the locality. Found the former in a very dirty and poor condition exposed to all weather. Everything was scattered about higgledy piggedy. The core taken up by the machine was all coarse

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<sup>1662</sup>Howley's exasperation was expressed in his normally dispassionate official report. See *JHA* (1894-5), Appendix, pp. 171-2.

sandstone far beneath the true coal measures. They got down here 105 feet 25 of which was gravel. We next proceeded across the lake to Aldery Brook, and went in to the coal section, uncovered the No. 16 seam and got out some fine specimens of coal. It was now growing late so we went to Scott's camp again and had a chat then took our canoe home to Kelvin brook house.

Friday 19th. Blowing a strong breeze from West with squalls of half snow. Started up river<sup>1663</sup> after breakfast bound back to Headquarters. Albert and I in canoe. John and Tom in Little boat. We got up to Big Rapid by dinner-time. Here we left the boat. Tom and I walked up to Little Deer Lake while Albert and John poled up the canoe. We saw an old stag just as we left them and as we broke out on Little Deer Lake three deer, a stag, doe and fawn were swimming across, just then John and Albert came along in canoe and drove them towards the shore again. I fired at the fawn killing it instantly making a splendid shot. We hauled it ashore, paunched and skinned it and then proceeded up to Station House.<sup>1664</sup> It was now getting late and very cold so I determined to camp at Kitty's Brook for the night and have all day tomorrow to get back to Headquarters. I remained at the station till nearly dusk as Dr. Mike wished to speak with me over the wires.

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<sup>1663</sup>Sandy Lake River.

<sup>1664</sup>On Sandy Lake.

The other lads went on to put up camp. I joined them just at dusk. We had camped in a thickly wooded island in the brook well sheltered from the cold.

Saturday 20th. Fine cool day. Had early breakfast and packed up for our long tramp back, leaving the canoe here in Reid the Operator's charge. We had it very heavy crossing the marshes but being fresh at the start did not mind it so much. Reached the same spot above the falls where we had dinner coming down and stopped to rest and boil kettle. We found they had made great progress since we came down. The right of way men<sup>1665</sup> were now cutting the track about 100 feet wide some distance below this point and we soon met gangs of men filling and blasting on the left side of river below crossing. They had a great deal filled in on right side, most of the heavy cutting done. On arriving at the crossing of Eastern Branch<sup>1666</sup> found the rails laid to that point and the baby engine there with a load of hay and provisions etc., they were moving the store to this point. We now had the track to walk upon but found it more tiresome, stepping on the hard sleepers than on the soft ground. I had the fawn skin in addition to my load which made it quite heavy. We passed a construction train and finally met another the furthest out which

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<sup>1665</sup>The party surveying the right of way.

<sup>1666</sup>Of Kitty's Brook.

was soon going back so we waited and got a ride into Headquarters where we arrived just at dark pretty tired out after our long journey.

Sunday October 21st. Very foggy, raw and cold, remained in camp all day reading our letters and papers. After tea I paid a visit to Reid's car. Edgar Bowring had been out all day with John Stroud<sup>1667</sup> shooting and got two deer. I had intended moving backwards along the line tomorrow but the train leaves at daylight and we could not get ready and pack up in time. Mr. Reid kindly undertook to send us out on Tuesday in a construction train as far as Joe Glode's Pond.

Monday 22nd. Dull, foggy, wet morning. Train left early. Spent forenoon getting blocks of granite for Museum. There is a great variety to be had here, some very pretty.

Tuesday 23rd. Fine but very frosty morning. Packed up for start. Construction train came for us about 12.30 O'clock. Got all aboard and steamed off for Joe Glode's pond, where we arrived about 2 P.M. We found here some empty tilts where the old Headquarters had been, some of them in good condition. Took possession of the best and got our stove up and comfortable beds made. We were soon very comfortably housed. As we came along saw

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<sup>1667</sup>The famous guide; see p. 109.

one live deer and a number of carcasses near Patrick's Brook<sup>1668</sup> where Strang and Stein<sup>1669</sup> were camped. I took a stroll along line and up the side of a pond, saw one deer but did not get a shot at it.

Wednesday 24th. Lovely fine day. I went off after breakfast in as far as the Manganese Mine<sup>1670</sup> nearly to Mary March's brook. Saw several deer in Patrick's Marsh but crowds of hunters after them. I shot at one doe but she got away, though badly wounded. I was afraid to follow it up lest I get shot myself. The woods on either side the marsh were filled with hunters who blazed away at everything they saw. It was the risk of one's life to go near them. Afterwards learned some of the fellows got her. The whole country along the line is strewn with carcasses and entrails of deer etc. On my return in evening saw a large herd near our camp. Colonel Fawcett<sup>1671</sup> and son who came in on today's train were before me with Constable Goodland.<sup>1672</sup> They had a splendid chance at the deer but missed the whole lot having fired several shots at them. I took a flying shot as they rushed past me but also

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<sup>1668</sup>A stream flowing out of Patricks Pond.

<sup>1669</sup>Railway employees; for Robert Carl von Stein, see *ENL*, 5: 301-2; J.C. Strang's hunting success along the line is noted in *Evening Herald*, Sept. 27, 1894.

<sup>1670</sup>An 1894 notebook (CNSA, 262.02.028) clarifies this: "Walked back along track to where men were blasting for manganese? ...There is not a vestige of manganese or any other mineral except a little pyrites in the rock." (Oct. 24).

<sup>1671</sup>Morris J. Fawcett, Superintendent of Constabulary in St. John's.

<sup>1672</sup>Likely George Goodland, who was stationed at St. George's Bay in 1900 (Arthur Fox, *The Newfoundland Constabulary* ([St. John's:] Robinson Blackmore, 1971), p. 88).

missed. Albert was out in opposite direction and saw one old stag, could have easily shot him but did not fire. Found Dr. Burns<sup>1673</sup> and son and S.O. Steel<sup>1674</sup> also at camp, they came in today and already Steele killed two deer.

Thursday 25th Another fine day, had visitors to camp last night. Messrs. Joyce and Sullivan, railway men, who came out to measure a bridge some six miles outside. They slept at our tilt and were off early this morning in order to get through in time to catch return train. I walked out eastward to Head of Lake Bond looking at rocks etc. Saw no game of any kind. Albert and John Barrington went round Joe Glodes Pond in canoe. Dr. Burns and Steele out all day got only one deer.

Friday 26th. I went off to look for a deer, saw several and killed one young stag in marsh about 2 miles from camp. I then came home, sent Tom Cole and John McCarthy to skin and carry it out. Had some dinner and went back again. Saw a large herd in same marsh and several scattered ones, but did not get a shot. Albert and John Barrington off outside saw only one old stag. Col. Fawcett and son went home again last evening without anything. Dr. Burns and Steele got none today, but saw some away in on the line. I had the marsh all to myself today. Some

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<sup>1673</sup>Perhaps Alexander Burns, D.D. (*DCB*, 12: 142-3).

<sup>1674</sup>Samuel O. Steele, St. John's merchant, specializing in tableware; d. 1936.

Exploits men outside. Beaton and Gill<sup>1675</sup> killed one or two.

Saturday 27th. Albert, John B. and I spent the day in marsh where I was yesterday. Found Dr. Burns and son and Steele with Beaton there before us. About midday some deer began to appear. Steele shot four, Doctor one. I fired at one doe but she went off across marsh and took the woods. John and I went after her and got her in another little marsh. She was a last year's deer, very plump and fat just the thing to send home. While we were paunching this deer 8 or 9 came along in a herd. My gun was laid on one side some distance off and before I could reach it they flew past us. I took a running shot but missed, they passed near Albert and he shot three, doe, fawn and young stag making three splendid shots. Steele also shot one of same herd. We now boiled our kettle and Albert went out for Tom and John to come after the deer. We got them all out to R.R. track before dark. Saw no more today but saw a Marten. Steele has now seven and the Doctor only one.

Sunday 28th. Fine, cold day. Albert and the men took trolley in to fetch out our deer. A herd of 16 crossed the track close to our camp in morning. I was sitting writing about midday when Tom Thorburn came in to tell me there was an immense herd in a small marsh behind our camp. The temptation was too great, Tom and I,

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<sup>1675</sup>Family names in the Bay of Exploits.

to the infinite disgust of Dr. Burns, took our guns and went after them. S.O. Steele also could not resist the temptation and went for his gun. We got in a good position but the deer passed up the marsh. Several Greenbay men who also were too good Sabbatharians to shoot on Sunday, stood on the track watching the deer. Just then the lads were returning with the trolley. Albert jumped off and ran up the marsh, succeeded in turning the deer down on us. I shot a fine doe the leader and Tom also hit one. They both got away and the herd disappeared and ran off in various directions. I then went after my doe and when I crossed a little string of wood and came out in a small marsh saw it, as I thought, standing there. I fired and shot it but it was only a fawn. The mother which had been badly wounded was lying down nearby but I did not see it. As I fired at the fawn she jumped up and made off. I fired but missed her, saw her again in woods and fired last charge but missed again. I then came back, got my knife and went to paunch my fawn; while doing so saw a portion of the herd coming back and ran to get a shot but I was cut off by a deep gully and could not get across. Beaton was there also so I left him and after paunching the fawn, went to look for the doe. I traced it by the blood flowing from the wound some distance but then lost the track. I now returned to camp, had dinner and took John Barrington with me to hunt up the deer. John soon followed

the trail and after a considerable search found the doe dead. But it was not my doe. It was the mother of the fawn and had no horns. Mine was, I believe, a large barren doe and certainly had horns. We concluded it was the one Tom Thorburn shot. After paunching this one we went back to where mine took the woods and soon found the trail of blood. John at once concluded it was not the same deer and so it turned out, he followed the trail a long distance all through the thick woods often losing it for a while and again picking it up and turning in all directions. At length he found her not more than 300 yards from the first one. There she lay dead, a splendid fat doe. What John calls a "*Froth*" one that never had a fawn or rather never reared one, and John said never would. We paunched her. Came back to camp and sent Tom and McCarthy with John after the deer. They had all three out before dark. We now have seven deer to send home by tomorrow's train. I send three, Albert two and Tom two. It was great slaughter these two days, but nothing is wasted. The fellows inside are killing a lot of deer. They appear to be numerous just now and are evidently afraid to cross the track. Poor brutes, whenever they show themselves they are met by a volley of guns. I expect after this year very few will go either North or South across the Railway anymore. Already they have abandoned almost entirely the famous crossing place near Rushy pond on the Exploits and now the

Green Bay men have to come away in here after them. Nearly the whole male population of Exploits Bay and nearby settlements are in here now. It would be much more profitable for them to be clearing up some land than wasting weeks here idle. They will not work on the Railway. It is nearly all Conception Bay men, and a few from Trinity and Bonavista who are at work on the line. Harbour Main District in particular, supplies the bulk of the labourers and they are the only ones who appear to stick to the work. Almost all the section men on the line are from this District. The Northern men<sup>1676</sup> hate pick and shovel work.

Monday 29th. Another beautiful fine day. As the engine went in last night and we could not tell when it might be back with the regular train by which we intended going back to the Badger, we were afraid to venture far away from camp. So after packing up everything, labelling our deer etc. and getting all ready to put aboard Dr. Burns and I took a stroll along the line towards head of the pond; just as we got there three deer came swimming up the pond, but Beaton and Gill were in wait for them. I did not bring my gun as I had venison enough for the present. The Doctor however, had his rifle and got a good chance at the deer when they arrived. He fired at the doe but only shot off piece of her

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<sup>1676</sup>He appears to mean: men of the northern coasts, i.e., beyond the Avalon Peninsula. *DNE northern man*

horn. Beaton then shot her and Gill shot the next largest. The Doctor had only the fawn left and this he shot at twice killing it second shot. The train did not come till nearly dark. We got all aboard including our deer and were off for Badger Bk. where we arrived about 6 P.M. It was now quite dark, we could not see to get up our camps but fortunately there is a fine hunters' camp here and a depot of provisions belonging to the Exploits Lumber company.<sup>1677</sup> There were only two men in charge, one the cook occupied the big lumber camp all alone. He very considerately offered us lodgings for the night which we were glad to accept, the camp is large and roomy and has two tiers of sleeping berths with hay beds and is heated up by a large square stove. We had very comfortable quarters here. A crew of section men also have a camp here. There are several crews of lumber men now in the woods, some up the Main River,<sup>1678</sup> others up the Badger. Hollandsworth the man in charge of the provisions informs me that last year they cut 60,000 logs and this season expect to cut between 70 and 80,000. They have here an immense depot of provisions and food for the horses, including tons of hay and bushels of oats. Some puncheons of molasses, 30 chests of tea, 50

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<sup>1677</sup>Incorporated 1889; owners of a sawmill at Ship Cove (later Botwood); see n. 1265 above. See James Hiller, "The Newfoundland Forest Industry to 1914: A Preliminary Survey" (MS, Centre for Newfoundland Studies [CNS], 1980), pp. 6-7.

<sup>1678</sup>The Exploits.

brls. pork, beef, flour, peas, beans etc. in all about \$1500 worth and yet more to come, and this is where General Dashwood said the timber was all scrub.<sup>1679</sup> Mr. Smith, the Manager at Botwoodville is now up the Badger inspecting the camps, crews etc. One of these crews are all French Canadians. The rest Newfoundlands. Their expenses must be enormous for wages, provisions and all the operations in connection with their large lumber trade, and they must realize great prices for their lumber to keep up such expenses. So much then for our much decried pine forests. The Railway offers these people great facilities in getting their supplies up here in the very centre of their lumbering district. I think the Geological Survey can well take credit for this immense industry now employing some 400 men at good wages. The men are also treated well and supplied with the best of provisions. Beside this concern there is another large mill at Badger Bay, and Messrs. Philips at Gander Bay; Sterrit at Gander Lake; Reid's Mill at Soulis Brook; Murphy's at Gander and Horwood's at Terra Nova. All doing a flourishing business.<sup>1680</sup> Then we have three Granite quarries opened by the Messrs. Reid, one near Shoal Harbour, one near Gander Lake and the third near

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<sup>1679</sup>See n. 1270.

<sup>1680</sup>For an account of early sawmilling in Newfoundland, see Hiller, "The Newfoundland Forest Industry to 1914," in *Newfoundland in the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries*, pp. 2-7,

the three Topsails.<sup>1681</sup> What else will follow on the completion of the Railway, who can tell?

Tuesday 30th. Beautiful, fine day. Had hard frost last night, ponds caught over. This place is infested with rats which create great havoc on the cattle feed and provisions. They have been introduced by the steamers coming to Clode Sound and Exploits with supplies for the Railroad and are spread all along the line in swarms. We got up our camps after breakfast. About 10 O'clock the engine returned from Norris' Arm with sleepers and rails for the front. I got a ride in as far as Lake Bond and then walked back inspecting the country along the route. It was a lovely afternoon, bright and warm. After my return to camp I took some photos. The train went back again after dark.

Wednesday 31st. Albert and I were up before dawn and had an early breakfast so as to get a ride out to the Eastward by the section men's trolley. Just as we were leaving the regular train came in. It was a cold, frosty morning and we had a cold ride to Aspen Brook, where we got off. A number of men were at work here building the granite foundation for a bridge. It was interesting to watch them swing the immense blocks of granite with a derrick and horse power and place them in position. The granite comes from the quarry at the Topsails and is a very peculiar blue gray

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<sup>1681</sup>See Martin, *Once Upon a Mine*, p. 44.

rock rather pretty and I am told of first-class quality for the work. We now walked on nearly to Rushy Pond some four miles further and then retraced our steps walking all the way back to camp which we reached just at dusk. Not a deer was seen or any other game. Yet a few years ago this was the celebrated crossing place of the Caribou during their annual migrations and hundreds were killed here every spring and fall and now it is deserted by them. The last time I came down this river in 1888, we met boats and men at every turn and saw lots of deer killed while swimming across the river. Now these same parties have to go away in the line to Patrick's Marsh and even to Headquarters. I believe in a year or two more the deer will have deserted these places altogether, and the dreadful slaughter now carried on shall be at an end. The poor caribou, like the Red Indians will have to give place to the onward march of civilization. The iron horse soon changes the whole aspect of a country, and there can be no manner of doubt that it will do here, what it has effected elsewhere. I only hope it will not be the means of entirely exterminating our noble caribou as it did the buffalo on the Main Continent.

Thursday November 1st. Today the long term of fine weather seems to have come to an end and we have a dull, showery raw day. Remained in camp all morning reading, sewing etc. Took a walk westward along line in afternoon and got a ride back on the

trolley. The regular came along just at dark bound east with two engines and a long train of flat cars. It is said operations are closing down for the winter at the front and several men are aboard tonight bound home. We managed to get aboard, though very poked for room. A lot of the hunters were aboard bound out and there were several flat cars piled with carcasses of venison. When we arrived at Exploits station all was hurry and bluster and in the dark poor old Tom Cole lost two quarters of venison I had given him.

Nov. 2nd. All day crawling slowly along with our long heavy train. Had a very uncomfortable time. No place to lie down or take a rest. We were crowded into a box car with several others. Only that Will Noel<sup>1682</sup> and crew were aboard going home we would have nothing to eat. His cook was able to spare us a snack. Did not reach town next morning early.

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<sup>1682</sup>Assistant surveyor, Crown Lands Department.

1895

Coal found at Rail Bed near  
Grand Lake

In consequences of the bank crash of December<sup>1683</sup> last whereby our two principal banks suspended payments and were obliged to close their doors, the whole commercial fabric of the country became thoroughly disorganized. Panic reigned supreme for a time and the government were put to their wits to meet the situation. A policy of curtailment and retrenchment in all public expenditure had to be adopted. The salaries of all Civil servants

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<sup>1683</sup>The crash (i.e., suspension of business owing to failure to meet demands of note holders and depositors) of the Commercial Bank of Newfoundland and Union Bank of Newfoundland occurred on Dec. 10, 1894. See Prowse, *History of Newfoundland*, 2 ed., pp. 538-40, O'Flaherty, *Lost Country: The Rise and Fall of Newfoundland, 1843-1933* (St. John's: Long Beach Press, 2005), pp. 184-90.

had to be reduced, all votes for public services were either greatly reduced or suspended altogether for the time being. Amongst other utilities the vote for the carrying out of the Geological Survey was suspended. Consequently when the season for field work had arrived no survey parties were sent into the field. For the first time in twenty-seven years I found myself at Midsummer still in St. John's chafing under the forced idleness and deprivation of the outdoor employment which had become second nature to me. I missed this outdoor open air employment very much and longed to be back in the interior.

Owing to the stringency of the retrenchment scheme the construction of the Railway was also greatly hampered and operations were not entered upon till the season was half over. The end of the irons last fall had reached the Kitty's Brook Valley and now when the work of construction was resumed the line was pushed forward down across the flat country of the Southern Humber towards the Grand Lake and thence on to Deer Lake.

Crossing the country to the eastward of Grand Lake the accumulations of gravel and boulders encountered necessitated a great many gravel cuts to be made. No rock was met with in any of these and the work progressed fast. By the middle of August they had crossed the head of Grand Lake and were well on towards Deer Lake. The headquarters was still at Sandy Lake River near its

junction with Grand Lake.

In conversation with Sir R.G. Reid one day he informed me that in running the line through the flat country east of the great lake many fragments of coal were observed in the gravel cuts at several places but as there were no rock exposures visible no one could tell from whence this coal was derived. He asked me if I thought I would be able to locate it. I told him I believed I could if it was come at able at all. There could be no doubt that the coal underlay this flat territory somewhere and had been torn from its bed by ice action during the glacial period and scattered with the other debris over the country. I believed it would require the use of a boring drill to properly locate the actual seams, but if they could be reached at all with pick and shovel I felt pretty sure I could do it. "Well," said he, "why dont the government send you out; it is too important a matter to let drop. The value of a coal discovery near the railway is of very first importance. They should certainly send you out." I said I supposed on account of the necessity for curtailment of expense in all directions they would not entertain it now. "I must see them," said Mr. R. "and have a talk with them on the matter." He did so and in a short while I was instructed to go out to Grand Lake and see what I could do. It was now getting up towards the middle of August which left but a very

short season in which to work. However, I made hasty preparation, got my crew and things together and started out by rail having decided to pitch my camp near the crossing of Goose Brook as being a central and convenient place to work from. At this time there were no regular trains running West beyond Whitbourne, only an occasional one with supplies and mail for headquarters. We availed of one of these to get out and had a good deal of delay on the way. It was the 10th of August when we finally reached our destination at Goose Brook. Here we put up our camps and prepared for our work. Next day I walked out along the line to headquarters then located near the crossing of Sandy Lake River. I heard they were about to leave and move on to Deer Lake and I wished to see Mr. Reid and Sir William Whiteway<sup>1684</sup> who was there, to talk matters over with them before beginning the work. The distance along the line was about six miles. The travelling along the track, walking all the time on the hard sleepers, was very trying on the feet. As I moved along I stopped at every gravel cut to closely observe the debris and saw numerous fragments of coal which appeared to increase in number the further I went, but nowhere was there the least sign of bed rock visible, nor indeed anything to indicate from whence this loose coal was derived.

After waiting at headquarters till they were on the point of

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<sup>1684</sup>Whiteway had returned to the premiership in February, 1895.

moving forward I turned back to retrace my steps to camp. Just before leaving Sir Wm. asked me what the prospects for coal looked like. I replied, "that they looked very blue indeed so far as I had yet seen." "For goodness sake Howley," said he, "try and find some coal for us as it is a matter of the utmost importance." "Well, Sir William," I replied, "I will do my very best." If the coal is come at able at all I think I can find it, but it certainly will be no easy matter there is such an accumulation of gravel and boulders everywhere here, spread out over the entire surface. On my way back to camp I made a further minute scrutiny of the gravel cuts but with no better results. One thing I concluded was that as most of the debris, which was all of glacial origin, had come down from the height of land near the Topsails, boulders of granite similar in appearance to rock observed on the high lands left little room for doubt on my mind that it was from thence they had come. Having arrived at this conclusion and knowing that the movement of the glacial drift<sup>1685</sup> would thus indicate that it was from the East or S.E. towards the Northwest, the coal which was torn out of its parent beds and carried along with the other debris must also be situated towards the S.E. It certainly did not come from an opposite direction i.e. from the Grand Lake but towards it.

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<sup>1685</sup>Material picked up by a glacier and deposited in another location.

It came to rain hard before I got half-way back and I was thoroughly drenched before I reached camp. While I was absent the crew, under Mr. Balfour,<sup>1686</sup> were employed cutting a track over towards Kelvin Brook where we found the coal in 1892 but they had to retreat when the rain came on. Next day, Sunday, while all hands were resting in camp I took a stroll along the track eastward, again closely scrutinizing all the gravel cuts. I still observed fragments of coal in most of these but as I journeyed along they became less and less till I reached a point where they were no longer visible. From this I concluded I must have passed the actual position of the underlying coal measures. I, however, continued on nearly out to Kitty's Brook where I at length came across one or two small outcrops of the rock formation protruding through the gravel. These were clearly rocks low down much below the position of the coal bearing part of the series. All I could learn from these was that they represented the base of the series and that the inclination was towards the N.W. In fact they indicated the Southern edge of the coal trough, the centre of which must lay somewhere between this point and Sandy Lake River, but that was an immense area to prospect with no other clues to guide one. About a mile and a half eastward of our camp there was one gravel cut which caused me to stop and closely scrutinize it.

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<sup>1686</sup>F.H. Balfour, assistant surveyor, Crown Lands Department.

Here the gravel was more like disintegrated Carboniferous, coarse sandstone, and it struck me that possibly the solid rock was not far below the surface. I marked this spot by placing a burnt log against a large boulder on the opposite side of the track. I would at all events give this place a good overhauling.

Next Morning, Monday August 12th, I despatched the whole crew with picks and shovels in charge of Messrs. Balfour and Thorburn out to this point with instructions to dig along the side drains on the South of the track. I remained behind for a short time adjusting my instruments keeping Pat Devine with me. We were to go out to where I saw the rock outcrops near Kitty's Brook, and carefully measure the track backwards taking notes as we did so of everything observed.

We then started to walk out the track and on reaching the place where the crew were at work we stopped for a short time. This cut was about 100 yards long and they had commenced to dig near its western end, but that was not exactly where I meant them to begin, so I shifted them some ten yards further east and instructed them to sink there. Devine and I then went on out and having reached the rock outcrop commenced to measure backward. It was slow work owing to the many short curves and consequently numerous bearings to be taken. We did not get back to where the men were at work till about 4 P.M. and were surprised and greatly

pleased to find they had struck a coal seam about three or four feet below the surface, exactly where I placed them. They told us we were not gone half an hour when they met the first indications. Of course they had not yet removed sufficient of the cover to determine what the seam was like but there could be no mistaking the fact that it was a genuine coal seam. This was indeed very encouraging so soon after commencing work and at the very first point tried. I was greatly elated at our good luck, but then it was not all mere chance and I pride myself that it was a piece of Geological work I could well feel proud of. The railway men, some 2,000 in all, had gone over this district, made all these cuts, but never for a moment suspected that only three feet beneath their feet a coal seam existed. Had they occasion to sink a little lower they could not fail to strike it. Next day we continued to further explore the seam and sink down so as to get a better view of it. Continued to uncover and sink on it all the rest of the week but as soon as we got below the surface water flowed in and hindered our operations very much. The seam appeared to be of good size but was very soft and broken on outcrop and much mixed with clay and gravel. Moreover we were so close to the track, just at the end of the sleepers, that I became afraid we would undermine it and cause a cave in, especially as the ground beneath was very soft and chiefly

composed of fireclay. It was necessary to fill in our cut again and work further back into the gravel bank, so as to get well away from the track, before sinking further. This gravel bank was 10 or 12 feet high composed of boulders and gravel finely cemented together. It was exceedingly tough and hard to penetrate and it took us several days to clear out a square of some 10 yards and remove all the debris. Then at length we got a good portion of the surface exposed. The coal seam on surface measured about 4 1/2 feet and had a thick underclay beneath it. There appeared to be two layers of coal with a clay parting in middle and several thinner layers of coal, but much work was yet required to fully determine its true character. In the meantime I sent word down to Sir Wm. Whiteway at headquarters of our find.

On Monday the 19th, the train came up with a number of people aboard to see it. Sir William and Lady Whiteway<sup>1687</sup> and daughter, W.D. Reid, Burchell, Professor Holloway,<sup>1688</sup> Greata of the Bank of Montreal,<sup>1689</sup> A. Seymour<sup>1690</sup> and several other guests of the Messrs. Reid, besides a number of passengers bound out to the eastward. They all got off to see the coal and expressed great

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<sup>1687</sup>Catherine Anne Davies.

<sup>1688</sup>Robert E. Holloway (1850-1904), educator and photographer.

<sup>1689</sup>A branch of the Bank of Montreal opened for business in St. John's in January, 1895. John M. Greata was the first manager. (*Eve Tel*, Jan. 7, 15, 1895).

<sup>1690</sup>Alfred H. Seymour, functionary, magistrate, and politician; appointed sheriff of the northern district, 1892; d. 1912.

surprise at our finding it so soon and in so unlikely a place. "What possessed you to dig for coal there Howley?" queried Sir William. "Oh, you see Sir William, I had a divining rod." He turned around to W.D. Reid who stood alongside and laughed right out. We were all aware that for a year or more the Messrs. Reid had employed a charlatan named Dr. Chandler, who professed to be able to locate mineral deposits with this mysterious instrument composed, I believe, of two crooked sticks. Unfortunately the hole we had sunk near the track was full of water and we had not time to bale it out for their proper inspection. So they only saw the surface outcrop of the seam where we had uncovered it further back. The train then went on out east with the mails and passengers. W.D. Reid returned again in evening with one of the engines and they stayed quite a while with us inspecting the work. We had begun to sink on the seam<sup>1691</sup> several yards back from the track and it was beginning to show up well. This was continued for several days till we had got down some 12 or 14 feet but we were greatly hampered by the influx of water which we were unable to keep down till we procured a pump from headquarters. The seam now showed a thickness of seven feet, about four feet of which is coal. Most of this is soft and shaley, but there is at least two feet of real good coal in it.

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<sup>1691</sup>Excavate at greater depth.

We now began to costean on either side of the track, both east and west, and found several indications of coal and fireclays but the depth of gravel and boulders and the great influx of surface water everywhere completely baffled us. Only in one place 160 links in front of No 1 we struck a second seam, but at such a depth that we could not get at it to clearly expose it. So far as I could make out it was a seam of about two feet mixed coal and clay. We continued digging on both sides till end of season and found numerous fragments of bright, good coal and extensive fireclays but nowhere struck another well defined coal seam. It is quite evident however, that others must exist in this neighborhood, which have been torn up and distributed broad cast by the action of the great ice movement. It is scarcely possible to do any more satisfactory work here without the aid of a boring rod. We had several visitors during the season. Amongst the rest, Hon. R. Bond, Col. Secretary, who was greatly interested in what he saw. Hon. H.J.B. Woods, Surveyor General and Mr. Thos. Long, Deputy,<sup>1692</sup> spent a few days with us. Mr. F. Berteau also came in and later on Mr. S. Ruby<sup>1693</sup> and Bowcock<sup>1694</sup> farmers came to view the land. Ruby and Berteau each shot a deer and Mr. Woods tried to kill one but did not succeed. Deer were quite plentiful in the

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<sup>1692</sup>In the Surveyor General's department.

<sup>1693</sup>Samuel Ruby; the Ruby family farmed at the Goulds, near St. John's; he alludes to his west coast visit in *Eve Tel*, July 15, 1896.

<sup>1694</sup>The Bowcock farm was at Topsail, Conception Bay.

latter part of the season and scarcely a day passed that we did not see some crossing the track near camp. There was a large marsh about half a mile away on the North side of the Railway which was a famous place for them. We scarcely ever visited it without seeing some and it was no trouble to kill one when we wanted to. Besides supplying camp I killed one each for Mr. Woods, Mr. Long and Berteau to take home with them.

There was a company of Reid's Bridge builders engaged all the fall constructing granite abutments at Goose Brook for an iron bridge. These I also supplied with venison from time to time. Of course this was before the establishment of the game reserve<sup>1695</sup> from Grand Lake to Kitty's Brook and there was no restriction to our killing what we required. Every other day trains of flat cars arrived from the quarries near the Topsails with loads of granite blocks all cut and fitted ready for immediate use in the construction of the piers. It was very interesting to watch this work which was within a stone's throw of our camp.

Before the weather became too cold and stormy we constructed a very substantial log tilt composed of old sleepers stood upright and well stogged with moss, the roof covered with tarred

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<sup>1695</sup>Established in 1902; see Darrin M. McGrath, "Salted Caribou and Sportsmen-Tourists: Conflicts over Wildlife...at the Turn of the Twentieth Century," *NS*, 10, 2 (1994): 212.

felt. The men the Reids sent in to help costeaning with us were adepts at tilt construction and soon we had a really comfortable house. It was floored inside with small sticks placed close together. On either side and across the back we had a tier of bunks like those aboard ship, built up and when well supplied with fresh fir boughs they were very snug. We also had a sheet iron stove in the middle which gave out a fine heat and kept the place warm and dry. Altogether I dont think we were ever so well housed in the woods before.

During the season we accomplished a vast amount of digging along both sides of the track. Nowhere, except at the first place tried did we succeed in finding any coal. The surface accumulation of gravel and boulders was so deep and tough to penetrate that we could not reach the bed rock and in every instance the influx of water completely baffled us. It became quite evident no more successful exploration for coal can be accomplished anywhere here without the use of a boring machine.

I had done a great deal of surface exploration in every direction, down about the Goose Pond and up the river as far as the mountains, but nowhere were any rock outcrops come across except one very small patch far up Goose Brook and this indicated the very base of the series far below the true coal measures.

On the 11th of October a heavy snow storm set in which

lasted for two or three days, covering all the ground with such a mantle of snow as to effectually put a stop to all further costeaning work for this season. It also stopped railway construction and they began to prepare for moving out eastward. We packed up all our gear and were ready to avail of the train for home. When this arrived it was a sight to behold. The train was a very long one composed chiefly of flats and all sorts of constructions which the men had lived in during the season. Besides the human freight there were cars filled with horses, dogs, goats, fowl etc. There was no cover for the poor men at all and they had to cuddle themselves up on open flat cars suffering miseries from cold, wet and hunger, yet all anxious to get home. There were three or four engines in this long train, yet they were not able to take it up over the Kitty's Brook grade. It had to be divided up in sections, one going ahead till the height of land was gained, when the engines would return for another section and so on. This caused immense delay and as it was wet and miserable all the time the poor men suffered awfully especially some who were sick. I am sure some of them must have got their deaths out of it. All across the barrens from the Topsails to Exploits River we moved along very slowly and all the time the weather remained wretchedly cold and raw. We picked up a lot of deer hunters and a great number of deer carcasses as we

moved along. I had two carcasses myself but they were almost spoiled when we reached home.

Mr. A. Bayly owing to the cutting down of his salary consequent upon the entrenchment policy, resigned his position on the survey this spring and had taken up a piece of land on the upper Humber near Nicholls' place and gone into farming, so I was reduced to one permanent assistant Mr. Thomas Thorburne.

1896

Oil at Parsons Pond

*Tuesday August 4th.* After long delay and much humbugging in getting started for our season's survey I got off today by train for Bay of Islands where my party consisting of Thomas Thorburn, Tom Cole and Rody Hanrahan are awaiting me nearly a week. I was

to have joined them last Saturday but owing to other business delaying me I did not get off till today. I took my son, Jim,<sup>1696</sup> along with me for an outing during his holidays. Capt. Cleary and Frank Bradshaw are also on the train bound to the front. The Capt. is going up to Port a Port to visit his mining claims at Bluff Head. Old Mr. Reid with his wife and an ex-Canadian Conservative member of Parliament and wife are also on board. We had a lovely day and got along fine to Whitbourne where we had an excellent dinner at the Globe Hotel and then got aboard the N.N. & W. for across country. I begin to feel better already than I have for sometime past. Between one thing and another I had a great deal of worry lately.<sup>1697</sup> We are bound for Parsons' Pond to visit the oil region and also, if time permits, to Port a Port Bay to inspect the Chrome Iron deposits there. We reached Clode Sound about 7 P.M. and had tea, being regaled at Stone's Hotel, as usual, on hard boiled eggs and tea with bakeapples thrown in as an extra. We then steamed away for Norris' Arm and had a long, weary night without much sleep, there being no sleeper attached as yet. I could only snatch a few naps now and again as I find it impossible to sleep cramped up on a cushion as we were, besides there were several women and squalling babies in the car which

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<sup>1696</sup>Howley's deaf son.

<sup>1697</sup>A complaint against him had been sent to the Executive Council; he was worried about a possible investigation. The passage relating to this in the "Journal" (CNSA, 262.02.033) is heavily deleted.

latter made the night melodious.

*Wednesday 5th.* Arrived at Norris' Arm just at daylight, about 4 A.M. and had an hour's delay. Here we got a kind of a wash and early breakfast, then we were off again steaming up the Exploits Valley and across country at a rapid rate. We soon reached the barrens where we saw three deer. Jim was delighted with his first sight of a deer. Revd. Mr. Bayley,<sup>1698</sup> Albert's brother, joined us last evening at Clode Sound; there is also another, a Canadian traveller, a big man, going across to see the country. It rained a good deal during the forenoon, but cleared off fine afterwards. We stopped an hour at the granite quarry<sup>1699</sup> while the engine ran four flat-car loads of granite up the grade to the summit level. We got a nice cup of tea and some meat at the quarry camp which was much enjoyed. Mr. Reid and friends have Burchell's car on behind but we saw nothing of them all day. Mr. Greata, Bank Manager, used to come into our car to smoke and chat. We reached Deer Lake about 3 P.M. where we met Charlie Bayley and O'Meara who were over<sup>1700</sup> for their mail. Albert did not come over as they did not know their brother Gus. was aboard. We got down to the new pier at Brake's, mouth of the Humber,

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<sup>1698</sup>Augustus G. Bayly.

<sup>1699</sup>The Reids' quarry on the Gaff Topsails; later the name Quarry was used for the railway station at the site.

<sup>1700</sup>Evidently from the emerging agricultural district near Nicholls' farm, some distance from the railway line.

about 4 P.M. and had a long wait here till another engine came up from the front to take hold of us. Tom Thorburn came up on the engine to meet us and was delighted we were come at last. We got down to the station near Baggs' about 6 P.M. and took out all our things which we put in Baggs' store. We then went down to Mrs. Petrie's and had a good wash and good tea. I was pretty tired from the long, weary ride across country. Capt. Cleary went on to the front, the headquarters being somewhere near the Main Gut,<sup>1701</sup> Bay St. George. He intends going from Sandy Point over to the Gravels and thence to Bluff Head, Port a Port. We will go by way of Bay of Islands as I find the *Harlaw* is not due here going North till the 22nd. and I do not like going down in schooner. Found all my old friends still here. Larry Barron, Anguin, Barber and Roche. Mr. Janes,<sup>1702</sup> Customs Officer is here in his revenue cruiser with a large schooner belonging to Ozon of Bay St. George which he seized down the shore for smuggling. Ozon swears he entered all his goods at Sandy Point and paid duty, but that Hurst<sup>1703</sup> neglected to report fully. He is now gone on by train to Sandy Point and there is likely to be some trouble about it. There is a report here of a great find of pyrites in Middle Arm. Scott, Reid's man, has been over to see it for the Reids. It is

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<sup>1701</sup>The entrance to Rothesay Bay.

<sup>1702</sup>John P. Jeans?

<sup>1703</sup>Edward Hirst, sub-collector in St. George's Bay.

said the latter has given the finder, one Parke,<sup>1704</sup> \$50.00 and promised to do more for him. Of course all this has to be taken *cum grano salis*.

*Thursday 6th.* Very fine warm day. Tom and I walked up to Corner Brook to engage a man and boat to take us around to Lewis Brook, Port a Port, but were unsuccessful. We, however, secured a Mr. Kennedy with his boat, he to find another man and we will start tomorrow D.V. if a favourable time offers. We got all our things ready for a fortnight's sojourn and will be off as early as possible. Invariably the mornings are either calm or the wind is out the arm, till the sun gets well up, then it changes and blows in, usually pretty strong, so that little headway can be made. Today it blows a strong breeze from the N. West.

*Friday 7th.* Beautiful, fine morning, wind out, nice breeze, but it took so long to get underweigh and get breakfast over that at 9 A.M. when we started it was turned westerly and blowing fresh. We, however, got underweigh and had to pull all day out the Arm. We reached Bennoit's Cove by dinner-time and boiled our kettle. It now blew so strong and so dead ahead that it was no use trying to get any further till the afternoon when the wind

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<sup>1704</sup>Francis Park, a Scot in his early 60s, was mining manager at the Acadia Iron Mines in Londonderry, N.S. The Reids evidently thought of him as "a coal-mining expert" (*Eve Tel*, Aug. 30, 1897). See Howley's reference to him in his official report for 1897 (*JHA*, 1898, p. 223).

would die away somewhat. Mr. Evit,<sup>1705</sup> a trader, who lives here was busy making his hay. He has a large clearing, some cattle and sheep and is apparently pretty comfortable, but his house and premises look very dilapidated. He is an American by birth, a native of Maryland, was a sea Captain but has lived here some 25 years. He and his family, which is a pretty large one, take a trip now and again to the States where his children were educated. He delights in farming and says he never saw soil that can produce like this here. He took many bushels of oats off 1/2 of an acre some few years ago. He takes a very gloomy view, however, of the outlook for the country, the fishery and above all the Railway. Anguin and others up the Bay are of the same opinion. It moderated towards evening, when we went on and reached Frenchman's Cove in time to put up our camps for the night. Some families named Wheeler<sup>1706</sup> live here and appear to be well to do. They have good houses, stores and a fine schooner. One of them has been in prospecting near the Blow-mi-down Mine<sup>1707</sup> lately and reports having made a good find of copper. This is our first night in camp, Jim's very first. The sand flies are bad and the poor little chap finds them very troublesome.

*Saturday 8th.* Up at dawn, beautiful fine morning and fair

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<sup>1705</sup>George Evette.

<sup>1706</sup>Samuel Wheeler was a general dealer and lobster packer.

<sup>1707</sup>More commonly called the mine at York Harbour, mentioned on Aug. 8th. There is a chromite deposit near Blow Me Down Brook. See *ENL*, Chromite.

wind out the Bay. Got an early breakfast and started, we had a fine time across to South Head, but then the wind veered to S.W. and began to blow. It also came to rain hard. We got out around the head, when we found the wind dead ahead and a nasty sea making, we tried to reach Bottle Cove near Little Harbour<sup>1708</sup> but could not get round Frenchman's Head.<sup>1709</sup> The squalls off the highland made the water fly and we were glad enough to turn tail and put back. It is an awful place to get caught in, such high, rugged land and upright cliffs everywhere with no place to land in safety. We had to go right back to Lark Harbour, a long row, and were thoroughly tired and wet when we reached there. Here we camped for the night on the opposite side to the liviers who are all of one family, the Shephards by name. There is a French lobster factory<sup>1710</sup> here and several Frenchmen are running it. We had some visitors during the afternoon. It cleared off fine and looks promising for tomorrow. Should we not succeed in getting around the highland and be obliged to retreat again I intend to go up to the bottom of York Harbour, or as it is called here, Broom's Bottom, and travel on foot across to Coal or Serpentine River. From thence I will try to get down in a dory to Lewis Brook as I do not like the idea of giving it up without an

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<sup>1708</sup>Little Port.

<sup>1709</sup>Devil Head.

<sup>1710</sup>Cannery.

effort.

*Sunday August 9th.* Beautiful, calm morning, although being Sunday we cannot afford to let such a fine time slip by, as we may not be able to get along tomorrow. We had breakfast at daylight and got off about 5 A.M. It remained dead calm nearly all day and the sea was as smooth as oil. So we pulled away and got out around South Head early. Had to pull all day. Once or twice a slight breeze from the Northward helped us along a little, but it was very little. We reached Wild Cove by dinner-time and remained about an hour. This is where the Bay of Islands men come to fish. There is also a lobster factory here belonging to Anguin. We started off again and as it remained calm with no sea on the shore, we strove hard to reach Lewis Brook which we did about 7 O'clock P.M. It was a desperately hot afternoon and we got an awful roasting from the sun. Haliburton<sup>1711</sup> has a lobster factory here and his men are now idle, it being the close season. We got up camps as quickly as possible on the South side of the Brook away from the stinking lobster shells and swarms of flies which hovered about them. It was quite dark by the time we were fully settled down, and as all hands were tired from the long day's rowing we were soon asleep. It is an awful place for

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<sup>1711</sup>Henry H. Haliburton of The Gravels, St. George's Bay; agent of James Baird of St. John's.

sandflies which with black flies troubled us a good deal.

*Monday 10th.* Very hot, fine day. All hands pretty tired. Had a good night's rest. Tom Thorburn and I travelled down the shore to Bluff Head Cove and in to the Chromite Mine.<sup>1712</sup> It was desperate travelling along shore all loose masses of jagged rock. We had to pick our steps very carefully as there was great risk of falling and breaking our bones. From the cove in to the mine they have a fine road constructed which winds up amongst the hills in serpentine fashion. We found some men with horse and cart repairing the road. At the mine where they have a fine new house built and several tilts there were about 25 men at work. Mr. Holden,<sup>1713</sup> manager, kindly showed us all that was to be seen and gave us a good dinner. The mine is situated at the head of a deep ravine through which Bluff Hd. Brook meanders. The ravine forms a perfect amphitheatre and it is at the extreme bend at its head the ore occurs, just inside the boundary line behind Capt. Cleary's and Jones'<sup>1714</sup> lots. This is the same place where the disastrous snow-slide took place last spring twelve months which buried and killed three or four men, Holden's brother amongst the rest. Holden showed us where the bodies were found away down in

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<sup>1712</sup>For the history of the mine, see Martin, *Once Upon a Mine*, p. 32; it operated from 1895 to 1899. The workers killed in the Jan. 23, 1895, landslide were Thomas Holden, Patrick Byrne, Laughlin, and McKinnon. *Eve Tel*, Jan. 28, 1895.

<sup>1713</sup>P. Holden.

<sup>1714</sup>R.H. Jones, of London, England. *JHA* (1894-5), Appendix, pp. 214-5.

the valley below. The men were cutting a path across the foot of the snow bank to get over to where they were working for asbestos, on West side of the Brook, when without a moment's warning the whole great mass of snow and ice above gave way and precipitated itself down into the ravine. It must have been a regular avalanche. Poor fellows! they were hurled into Eternity in a moment. It must have been an awful sight when the poor mangled bodies were uncovered.

The men are now at work on this very slope stripping the surface so as to expose the chromite and work it by open quarrying. It is a very unsafe place to work at, and I fear further accidents will take place if they are not very careful. Holden showed us several pits dug in various parts of the hillside where ore was visible. He says he has 10 bands in all, not counting some smaller ones which range from 2 to 4 feet in thickness. In one place 8 feet of ore is visible, but it is split up by a wedge of hard porphyritic diorite into two bands of 5 feet each. Altogether it is a splendid showing of ore and gives every promise of developing into a fine mine. They have shipped one cargo of 140 tons to Philadelphia. Professor Maynard<sup>1715</sup> of

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<sup>1715</sup>See George W. Maynard, "The Chromite-Deposits on Port au Port Bay, Newfoundland," *Transactions of the American Institute of Mining Engineers*, 27 (1897): 283-88.

Yale and Mr. Willis<sup>1716</sup> left here only a short time ago. Maynard says it is the finest deposit of Chromite in North America and I don't doubt but it is so. Hundreds of tons of loose ore are scattered in boulders down in the valley below, some of them in Capt. Cleary's lot. I believe it would pay to clear off the surface soil and wash out the gravel and clay, which could be easily done by means of the brook, and pick up all this loose ore. The Capt. had not yet reached here. Holden lately found the ore on the surface 1/2 a mile? back running eastward, and came up over the hills to show us the place. There was lots of ore here in loose debris indicating a large deposit and it is no doubt continuous with that at the mine. He also pointed out to us how we could take a short cut over the hills back to camp, and also the path leading across a valley down to Lewis Brook where there are a couple of good tilts belonging to this company and Hayes'<sup>1717</sup> at the junction of their properties. We had a good tramp back to camp but the walking was fine over the top of the hills. We got along O.K. though it was awfully steep and rugged as we approached the river. We then had some desperate tucking bushes to go through and finally long woods. However, we reached camp in safety. Little Jim and old Tom had been fishing all day

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<sup>1716</sup>Charles E. Willis, a Halifax mining engineer. Martin, *Once Upon a Mine*, pp. 32-33.

<sup>1717</sup>Sandy Point merchant James R. Hayes owned claims, which he sold to Willis. Martin, *Once Upon a Mine*, p. 32.

and caught a lot of fine trout. We had a good fry for supper and enjoyed them very much.

*Tuesday 11th.* Another beautiful, fine, calm day. Tom and I tried to get up the Lewis Brook but could not get beyond about a mile. It was too rugged altogether. We then climbed a very steep slope and got on top of the mountain again. We then travelled about a great deal and finally made our way down to some tilts which we found in pretty fair condition. We had a look at several cuts here but saw very little in them. This was in the Port a Port Asbestos Company's property, where Mr. Hayes spent the Company's money. There are only a few thin irregular strings of Asbestos visible, the longest fibre scarcely 1/2 an inch, and to all appearances it would never pay to work it. Besides it is in an awful place to get it out of. It was woefully hot all day and the flies were very troublesome. We had a long tramp back to camp. The men had cut a path for us up through the woods which was a great saving. We were pretty well tired out after our long hot day and as it takes so much of the time to get in over the hills I have concluded tomorrow, if fine, to take two of the men with a few days' grub, go down to Bluff Head Cove in dory and then travel in to the tilts and spend a few days there. We will be nearer our work and can get through much more.

*Wednesday 12th.* Very fine, calm hot day again. Got ready and

after borrowing a dory from the lobster men we rowed down to Bluff Head Cove and landed, sending the dory back with old man Kennedy. Saw Capt. Cleary with his men at work up the side of the hill but did not get to speak with him. He is camped in a tilt about a  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a mile in on the road. We then went on to the mine, the men going ahead with their packs to await for me on top of the hill while I travelled up the brook.<sup>1718</sup> Near the boundary line I found many boulders of Chromite large and small. I also climbed up and had a look at the place where they had been working asbestos. The holes were all filled with water but the loose material thrown out showed a good deal of fibre, all however short. I stayed sometime chatting with Holden at the mine. They now have a good part of the ore exposed and it certainly shows well. It appears to be arranged in rudely parallel layers and it continues over to the Brook where it disappears. I believe the brook is on the line of a fault. In that case I have an idea it may be thrown down on the West side and may again be found by costeaning along that side of the Valley below. We reached the tilts by dinner-time and boiled our kettle. Leaving the men to fix up beds and make a fireplace in a corner, Tom and I went down to the main Brook<sup>1719</sup> and followed it

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<sup>1718</sup>Bluff Head Brook.

<sup>1719</sup>Lewis Brook.

up a long distance nearly to where it forks and turns in to the hills. The valley here is wider and comparatively level being well-wooded on either side. The travelling along the brook is much better. We came across two other tilts and a lot of big cuts on Hayes' inside property. Here there was a much better showing of Asbestos and they had done a big lot of work. The deep ravine of Lewis Brook continues on and is joined by another through which a branch of Bennoit's Brook flows out. This is the valley where the road was to be constructed into the mine. We now climbed a very steep high slope over the mine and after many blows<sup>1720</sup> reached the top. We then had a fine walk going back to camp, saw no vestige of the Chrome iron anywhere.

*Thursday 13th.* Rained hard during the night but our camp did not leak much. The day turned out very dull, foggy and misty. Waited till after dinner to see if it would clear off as it was too risky to venture up on the barrens in such a dense fog. It would be a bad place to get astray in as everything is so much alike. After dinner seeing no signs of a clear-up I went down to the river and travelled down stream some distance. I then followed up a gulsh on opposite side through which a mountain torrent flows. It was an awful place filled with loose rock, trees and rubbish of all kinds. At length I found it walled in by

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<sup>1720</sup>Rest periods.

perfectly perpendicular cliffs forming a regular cañon and could proceed no further. Returning to the main river I went down some distance and then climbed a very steep scrape where thousands of tons of rock and woods had been precipitated into the river below. After a desperate climb I reached the top of the Sugar Loaf just as the fog closed in again. I, however, caught a glimpse of our tilt away down below and made for it. I got on all right till I reached the slope down to the little Brook near camp. This was very steep and had a good deal of bush on it. I made for a large spot of gravel just above where they had made an opening in the cliff for Asbestos, knowing that a foot path led from there to camp. I reached the place all right but just as I stepped down on the gravel my right foot caught in a loose root behind, which threw me headlong and came near precipitating me over the rock-cut into the hole below. I had a narrow escape of being either killed or broken up. As it was, my left leg became twisted under me and all my weight came upon it giving my knee a fearful wrench. I thought it was out of place as I actually felt the bones move. The pain was something awful for a time and I became quite weak. Seeing old Tom near camp I sang out to him fearing I should faint and roll over the cliff. I lay there in agony for a long time and barely escaped fainting outright. It was a terrible sensation and I really believed my leg was out of

joint. Before however the men reached me I came to sufficiently to get up and finding the leg still intact, though so painful, I managed to crawl and by slow degrees made my way across to camp. I fear it will be some time before I have the proper use of it again, and I am a little troubled about getting out to the shore, but thank God, it might have been worse. Had it been further from camp I could scarcely have reached there. The leg grew very stiff and painful afterwards and I rubbed it with Radway's Ready Relief and went to bed but all night it pained so I could not sleep, everytime I had to turn around I was in agonies. Well, I have been thirty years travelling the woods and this is the most serious hurt I have yet met with. It was a miracle I escaped from breaking my leg. Had I done so it would have been a difficult job to get me out and I should certainly have to give up work and go home.

*Friday 14th.* Beautiful, fine day again. My leg is so very stiff and painful I can scarcely move, I cannot bend the joint at all, and could not attempt to go anywhere today. Had to lay in the tilt all day and rest it. I sent Tom off over the hills to try and trace out the Chromite. He was away till just dark and I was beginning to get anxious about him. However he returned all right and was successful in finding the ore in several places. He had been out to the mine and to Capt. Cleary's place. The Capt.

has struck Chromite also out near the shore and has a band of about 15 inches. I am very glad the poor man has at length found something and only hope it will turn out well. I believe his is a good property and most probably the ore they are working on inside will be found on his claim also. I noticed that the rocks on the west side of Bluff Head Brook or slope of Bluff Head turned outward towards the shore and I believe the ore will be found there also. In any case there are hundreds of boulders of ore down the valley within his claim which I believe would pay to collect and by clearing off the surface bush and peaty soil and burning it, then letting the Brook flow over it so as to wash out the clay and sand, I think a good many hundred tons of ore might be found.

*Saturday 15th.* Lady day. Another glorious day; bright, warm and calm. Find my leg much better and as we are now out of grub here, I determined to try and hobble out. The men cut a crutch for me and after breakfast we started on our journey. At first it was all up hill and was very trying yet I managed to get along slowly. We were a couple of hours getting out to the mine and I found going down hill worse than getting up. However, I managed pretty well. At the mine we found Master Jim who had come down in the dory with Mr. Kennedy for us. Met Capt. Cleary at his tilt near the shore and had a chat with him. He is going back on

Tuesday. Fortunately when we got to the shore it was dead calm and as smooth as oil, otherwise I would have had hard work getting in and out of the dory. We got back to camp by dinner-time all right and had a meal of fresh trout which Jim caught yesterday. He is becoming a great fisherman. I took some photos. of our camp and the river after dinner. We are certainly enjoying glorious weather the past week, I only hope it will continue a few days longer so as to allow us to get back safely to Bay of Islands. I can do no more here now in my maimed condition. After dinner Tom went down the shore to pick up some specimens of jasper I left there. He then climbed the hills near the cliffs called the Dog rocks, and discovered Chromite which he followed all along a ravine in loose boulders nearly up to the hill over our camp, in Capt. Cleary's claim. He brought back several good specimens of the ore. This will be good news for the Captain. Poor man I hope it will turn out up to our expectations. I will send him a note tomorrow and wait for him to come up to see the place.

*Sunday 16th.* Another glorious day with a light breeze from S.W. It would be a splendid time to start for Bay of Islands were we ready to go. Sent two men with the dory borrowed from the factory nearby up to Capt. Cleary with a note and specimens of the ore. The Capt. returned with the men and stayed at our camp

all day. Tom went off to look further at the iron<sup>1721</sup> deposit and did not return till dusk. I was beginning to get very uneasy about him. Capt. Cleary's two men came for him in the dory but as it came to blow hard from the S.W. and a lop began to rise, the Captain concluded to remain all night with us, and the men as soon as they had tea went back along shore leaving the dory behind. Tom reports most of the iron in the gulsh over the little pond near the top of the cliff, and outside the dividing line which just crosses this gulsh. The Captain is going up to see it tomorrow and his men are coming down with picks and shovels to uncover it. My leg is very stiff all day, and I can barely hobble about a little. I fear it will be a long while before I can get about as usual. Capt. Cleary recommended me to bathe it with hot water which I did with good effect.

*Monday 17th.* Blew hard and rained a good deal during the night. It continued to blow all day and there was a good sea heaving in. Find my leg much the same, still very stiff. The Capt. did not like to face the wet bushes so after breakfast he started to walk home along shore. It is an awful rough place to travel over and I hope he will get along all right. Tom went off with two of the men and a shovel borrowed from the lobster packers to uncover the iron band and see what it is like. I had

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<sup>1721</sup>I.e., chromite.

to remain in camp all day inactive. Jim and old Tom spent the morning trouting and caught a dozen and a half nice ones. Seeing I can do no more here in my maimed condition I have concluded if tomorrow morning is fine and the water smooth enough, to start on our return journey to Bay of Islands. It is a long one and I hope we will get over the bad part between Bear Head and all right. I half fear being caught there. It is an awful-looking place. Once inside of Bay of Islands we will have comparatively smooth water.

*Tuesday 18th.* Lovely, fine, mild morning got an early breakfast and started about 5 A.M. Had a light breeze of fair wind for a time but then it fell calm and we had to take to the oars. However, we made good time along and had nice smooth water passing the High land. At one time it became so densely foggy that we could not see a vestige of the land till we rowed in nearly under the cliff. We reached Little Harbour by dinner-time and boiled our kettle. Here the sun shone brilliantly. There is but one family living here named Traverse, originally from Placentia. It is a peculiar, but very pretty spot. Old Traverse<sup>1722</sup> has a nice clearing and fairly good house, some cows and sheep and appears well to do. There are no Frenchmen here now, though it was at one time a great place of resort and they had a large fishing room here. Only a few piles now indicate the

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<sup>1722</sup>John Traverse.

place. Two ships moored here in the early part of the summer. It is an awful place for wind, which comes out between the high mountains as from a funnel. There is a fine strip of flat land, extending across from here to Lark Harbour. We pushed on after dinner and got around South head in safety. This is the part of the coast I dreaded. It is so awfully high, abrupt and squally and when the wind is in, a dreadful place for sea. Frenchman's Head near Bottle Cove is an awful-looking precipice. It gets its name, so the story goes, from the fact that on one occasion a member of the crew of a French Fishing vessel at Little Port stabbed the mate of the vessel and killed him. He then fled into the woods and was chased by the Capt. and the rest of the crew with loaded guns who were determined to shoot him. Finally they hunted him out onto this great headland and brought him to bay. They then gave him his choice of being shot or jumping over the cliff. He chose the latter course and plunged over presumably with the faint hope of reaching the water below in safety, but the unfortunate fellow was dashed to pieces before he reached half the distance down.<sup>1723</sup> Hence the name. The cliffs along here exhibit some remarkable rock sculpture. One rock on the very top resembles a woman draped, and is called the Virgin; another on

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<sup>1723</sup>The story is old. Edward Wix heard it in 1835 (Wix, *Six Months*, p. 151) and it was retold in S.G.W. Benjamin, "The Bay of Islands, in Calm and Storm," *Century*, 6 (1884): 104.

South Head, the Monkey.

We had a nice time across from South Head to Frenchman's Cove which we reached before sunset and camped on the same side as when coming out. I took a couple of photos here. It was a beautiful calm moonlight night. We saw a steamer's lights passing out after dark. It proved to be the old *Delta* which was up to Reid's pier with coal. My leg is still very stiff and painful. I cannot sleep easy with the pain of it.

*Wednesday 19th.* Another beautiful day, had a nice gentle breeze blowing in the Humber Arm so we got along nicely. At a place called the Beaches we saw where a landslide had taken place some few years ago completely demolishing and burying up one house and killing a child, the rest of the family barely escaping with their lives. We reached Petrie's just before dinner-time and found it pretty full. J.A. Robinson,<sup>1724</sup> Editor of the *Daily News* and wife, with a Miss Barnes and young Morrison were staying here. Donald and Mrs. Morrison are up at the Manse with their namesake, the Minister.<sup>1725</sup> Found Pat Devine also here waiting to join me with a note from Mr. Woods.<sup>1726</sup> Albert Bradshaw is here in

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<sup>1724</sup>(1862-1929), Scottish-born newspaperman and politician. He edited the *Daily News* (St. John's) in 1894-98, and later.

<sup>1725</sup>In 1896 Donald Morison was MHA for Bonavista and grand master of the Orange Order. A Presbyterian church was established at Petrie's Point (later Petries) around 1876; Rev. Morison apparently was the minister in 1896. *ENL*, Presbyterian Church.

<sup>1726</sup>The Surveyor General.

camp with one man. He has been over to North Arm<sup>1727</sup> prospecting and is now bound up to Portland Creek and Hawke's Bay on *Harlaw*. Messrs. Woods, Long, White and Balfour are at Headquarters, St. George's Bay arbitrating. Sir Wm. Whiteway and a Canadian Judge came in tonight on a special car. I did not see them as I could not get about. My leg is still very painful. Roche and I went off on board the *Mohawk* man of war which is here at anchor to see the Doctor but unfortunately he was not on board. We saw Commander Saule<sup>1728</sup> who entertained us well and treated us to refreshments.

*Thursday 20th.* Dull and showery in morning but cleared up fine. Sent poor little Jim home in morning's train. It was crowded with passengers. The *Mohawk* went off again early this morning and a French man-of-war came in about midday. I walked down and went off aboard her to see the Doctor. Found he could not speak a word of English nor anyone on board except one officer to whom I could just make myself intelligible. The Doctor looked at my knee, and then wrote out a prescription in French but in such a cramped hand no one could make it out. Even if we could, the ingredients could not be had here. Dr. Webber the only one likely to have them was away at headquarters. I had my walk down and up for nothing and it did not serve my leg a bit. Feel

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<sup>1727</sup>In Bay of Islands.

<sup>1728</sup>Commander Graves Sawle.

awful being stuck here unable to go about and longing for the *Harlaw* to come. We learned this evening that she left Channel at 8 P.M. and as the weather still continues fine and water smooth she should be here early on Saturday morning. Leg very stiff all afternoon.

*Friday 21st.* Another glorious fine day. Find my leg very stiff today after yesterday's walk. Did not move about very much. We are all pretty tired waiting for the *Harlaw*. She left Bay St. George at 8 P.M. and will be here about 8 tomorrow morning. Wrote some letters home.

*Saturday 22nd.* Another glorious fine day, *Harlaw* coming in as we got up this morning. Got our breakfast and soon had all on board. I was fortunate in meeting Dr. Carey<sup>1729</sup> of Trepassey who was a passenger on board bound for St. John's by train. He told me to paint my knee with iodine and keep it bandaged. We had to go up to Corner Brook to take in some lumber which delayed us till dinner-time. The day was exceedingly hot and fine. There were several Americans, tourists, ladies and gentlemen on board who were delighted with the weather and the scenery. One lady, a French woman, translated the enigma of the French Doctor's prescription which was very peculiar. One part of it referred to pricking the flesh with hot iron points. Of course I cannot carry

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<sup>1729</sup>R.H. Carey.

out his instructions now even if I could get the ingredients. I shall try Dr. Carey's remedy. Fortunately Capt. Scott<sup>1730</sup> has some iodine in his medicine chest. Capt. Farquhar<sup>1731</sup> is not on board this time being laid up with a bad throat. We got clear of Corner Brook at last and steamed out the Bay. Had a glorious time along to Bonne Bay, water as smooth as oil. Had a grand view of the bold, rugged shore all along. It is a remarkable place, such tremendous cliffs and gorges with the high, bare summits in the rear sometimes hidden in the clouds. The entrance to Bonne Bay in particular is extremely grand. Some of the land in this vicinity is about the highest in the Island. A remarkable pillar of rock stands up on the summit of the highland on the right hand side of the entrance to Bonne Bay known locally as Jimmy Rogerson. We went ashore in Bonne Bay to do the city and I took a couple of pictures. It is a pretty little settlement nestled under the beetling cliffs. The view up the Arm and across towards Norris' Point is extremely picturesque. We remained here till after midnight so as to have daylight making Cow Head, our next point of call. The ship is so filled up that it was difficult to get berths. The Captain very kindly allowed me to have one in his own stateroom on deck; a nice, cool, airy place. It had been occupied

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<sup>1730</sup>D.A. Scott, captain of the *Harlaw*.

<sup>1731</sup>J.A. Farquhar.

on the way down by a Mr. Thomson of New York who got off at Bay of Islands to ride across the country. This is the same man whom I met at Sydney in 1893 and induced to come down to Codroy fishing. He knew me at once and we had a long chat. He has been at Codroy again this season and is now going to stay at Grand Lake for a time. The French lady aboard lost a splendid gold watch over the side at Codroy the other day.

Sunday 23rd. At daylight were off Cow Head. Here we anchored as the ship cannot go inside the Head owing to the shallowness of the water. We anchored off here and spent several hours taking in lobster cases from a factory owned by Capt. Farquhar. The sea was as smooth as oil. Some of the Americans with the Captain went off in the boat to amuse themselves hauling lobster pots. They got over a dozen lobsters and had great fun. They are all charmed with the lovely weather. One of the men, the husband of the French woman, named Platt is a bumptious sort of fellow. He is all the time blowing about the glorious Republic and running down Mother Britannia. He had things pretty much his own way on board till last night at Bonne Bay, when Preventive Officer Bancroft<sup>1732</sup> Bancroft, the celebrated Bancroft, tackled him and flattened him right out in no time. We arrived off Parsons' Pond just after

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<sup>1732</sup>James F. Bancroft (1855-1929), born in England, had been a school teacher and one of the founding members of the Newfoundland Teachers' Association.

breakfast-time, but had to anchor fully a mile off shore so shallow is the water. The Capt. gave two or three unearthly yells with the siren and two boats came off to us. We got them to take all our stuff, though they were much overloaded and had there been the least wind or sea we could not have attempted landing in them. Fortunately it was dead calm and the tide high which enabled us to get in the gut all right. The surveying ship, *Gulnare*, was anchored off here close to us but we saw nothing of her staff. When we landed, the people here did not know what to make of us. A Mr. Payne asked us up to his house but we were anxious to get up the pond, which by the way turns out to be a great Arm of the sea or saltwater lagoon about ten miles long. The oil well is seven miles up from the gut. One of the engineers was down here and came off aboard the *Harlaw*. He says they got 180 gals. oil out of the well lately. We hired a dory from Mr. Payne and the young fellows who took our stuff ashore came up the lake with us. It is very shallow for the most part and we had to keep the middle of the channel to get water enough. We went ashore to camp about a mile from the oil well. It was a poor place, the water being quite shoal for a long way off, but it was the only convenient place where we could find fresh water. Where we landed, as in many places along the lake shores, there is a magnificent field of wild hay of a most nutritive kind and grows

very luxuriously, in fact the land all around the lake appears to be quite fertile being low, level and well-wooded. The mountains which rise a few miles back from the head of the lake are cut up by deep ravines and present grand scenery. We saw a boat go down from the oil well after we landed. Mr. Lindsay, secretary of the company<sup>1733</sup> who has been up here for a week, is returning home. I was sorry I did not see him.

*Monday 24th.* A beautiful, fine day again. Set Tom and Pat. Devine at work to measure a base-line along shore with tape and compass. Old Tom and I went off in dory to put up poles on the prominent points. We called in at the oil well on our way up the pond. It is about 1 1/2 miles from our camp. Saw Mr. Spottiswood,<sup>1734</sup> Superintendent, and had a long chat with him. He seems a nice old fellow. Had a good look at the derrick and machinery which is quite an elaborate affair. They were pumping when we were there but only gas was coming up. They have, however, three puncheons and several barrels full of oil and Mr. Lindsay took away a cask with him yesterday. They have no proper means of saving the oil yet, and are losing a good deal. In fact the ground all about the derrick is saturated and pools of oil are seen everywhere. It is a pumping well so far, there has been

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<sup>1733</sup>Newfoundland Oil Company. Oil was found at Parsons Pond in 1894. See an account of activity there by the company in *Eve Tel*, Dec. 28, 1894.

<sup>1734</sup>George A. Spottiswood (d. 1896), of Kingston, Ont.

no flow of oil nor is there likely to be, but certainly the indications are most promising and Mr. Spottiswood says it now yields a paying quantity. Many of the wells in Ontario only yield about 1/2 a barrel per day. He seems to have great hopes of it. He says however, he has been greatly hampered by want of proper tools and the delay in getting anything here, also by the fact that no regular or correct record has been kept of the section bored through, so that it is impossible to tell exactly where the oil came from. The men say they first struck it at 740 feet and again at ? . The well is down 1500 altogether and they do not intend going any deeper. They are now simply testing it to see what quantity of oil it can yield and will soon try a new hole nearer the shore. This one is about 100 yards back. Mr. Spottiswood showed us several holes dug out under the bank all showing a good quantity of oil. This, however, he says is surface oil flowing from the strata and collected in the crevices and held there by the pug or clay on top. Most certainly the indications are of a promising nature. The oil is of extra good quality being a heavy lubricating oil but low in lighting properties. This quality is the most valuable. He says it has some peculiarities he has not met with before, and he is greatly interested in it. The rocks in which it occurs, which he believes

to be Quebec Group?<sup>1735</sup> are lower down than any he has ever seen oil in before. He certainly appears to be well up in this oil business. Altogether it is a most interesting locality. The machinery is a most elaborate affair consisting of a large boiler about the size of a locomotive boiler, an engine and a number of long heavy rods and pipes of large size. The pump rods are of hard wood about 30 feet long and connected by iron bolts. He had to draw all the casing pipe when he came first and found the lower ones very much bent and split open. The only rock to be seen in place near the well is a coarse brecciated limestone. There is a wide flat margin all around the lake overgrown for the most part with rank grass and bushes. Before the gut outside opened some 20 years since the water came right up to the woods all around. The pond is at present for the most part very shallow and the approach to the shore bad except in a few places. After a considerable delay, Tom and I proceeded up the lake to its extreme head and then across to the North shore putting up several poles for triangulation purposes. The mountain range, which comes close to the head of the lake, is cut up by several enormous gulshes through which brooks flow. It presents a very picturesque appearance. We had a beautiful calm day for our work.

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<sup>1735</sup>A current name, in Canadian geology, for a mineral-rich group of rocks in the Lower Silurian series. See Murray and Howley, *Geological Survey*, pp. 3, 47-50.

*Tuesday 25th.* Another glorious day. Sent old Tom and Devine over on North side to put up more poles. Tom Thorburn and I commenced our triangulation and took a number of bearings from zero point. We then moved down to point A of our base<sup>1736</sup> and took another set. There is an island off from our camp and numerous rocks and bars or ridges of boulders. Seals are very plentiful and are seen on almost every outlying rock. There are also lots of wild geese here but it is impossible to get within shot of them.

*Wednesday 26th.* Still another glorious fine day. Continued our triangulation up the pond. Stopped sometime at the oil well. They pumped three parts of a puncheonful of oil yesterday which was a good showing. Took a photo. of the derrick. We then went on with our triangulation and got up to the head of the lake.

I am now using the crude petroleum to rub my knee joint with and it seems to do it good. In other words this is simply the celebrated Indian Seneca oil.<sup>1737</sup>

*Thursday 27th.* Still another glorious day. I remained in camp plotting my work. Sent Tom. and Pat. off to the North side to traverse and sketch in the shore. It was very hot all day and the flies were very troublesome. I took a few bearings in the

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<sup>1736</sup>I.e., base line.

<sup>1737</sup>In the U.S., petroleum was once sold for medicinal purposes (*OED, seneca*).

evening from zero point and some observations for variations of compass. We certainly are favored with splendid weather.

*Friday 28th.* Dull and heavy all morning, looks for a change in the weather. Went off to the Island and took a set of bearings, sent Tom. and Pat. across to North side to continue their measurement and sketching. I then went up to head and finished up there. I did intend going back into the inside pond but it came on to rain in afternoon and we soon got wet through and were very miserable. Tried to walk up the brook but found it so very rough and the rocks so slippery it was too much for my bad leg so had to abandon the attempt. It continued to rain hard all the evening and we had to give up work and return home. Called at oil well on our way back. They were not doing any thing today and pumped no oil. They are going to try a new place down near the shore next week. We were thoroughly saturated when we reached camp. Found Mr. Buller of Surveying ship *Gulnare* with some men camped near us. They had come up to stay a week surveying the pond. Buller paid us a visit and had a long chat. He appears to be quite a nice fellow.

*Saturday 29th.* Raining all the morning and came to blow hard after noon. Quite a change in the weather. Stayed in camp plotting work. Find my leg still very stiff and sore. It cleared off late in the evening. Mr. Buller went off to put up some

marks. They have a splendid boat belonging to the ship.

*Sunday August 30th.* Beautiful fine day again, but blowing a fresh breeze from Westward. In camp all forenoon reading and writing. Mr. Buller had dinner with us. After dinner I walked up to Oil well to see Mr. Spottiswood. Tom and Buller went trouting in Little Brook about 1/2 a mile above camp. Spottiswood and I had a long chat, chiefly geological. The poor old chap is very sick and has no appetite for food. He is an inveterate smoker and I have no doubt that has much to do with his illness.

Tom and Buller came along afterwards and we remained to tea with Spottiswood. Buller and he being both Canadians knew many people and places and could chat everlastingly. It was after 9 o'clock before we got clear and as the moon was then up and tide out we had an easy time getting back to camp.

*Monday August 31st.* Dull, calm morning, went off in dory to North side and spent the whole day sketching in the shore, measuring sections and collecting fossils which we found in abundance at some points. The rocks are undoubted Levis shales and are full of graptolites and a few lingula.<sup>1738</sup> It came to blow hard in evening and we had a hard pull to get back to camp. I fired at a seal today and think I hit him, at all events the ball

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<sup>1738</sup>Levis is a subdivision of the Québec Group of rock formations. See Murray and Howley, *Geological Survey*, p. 49; graptolites are fossil zoophytes (e.g., sea-anemones, sponges); lingula are bivalve molluscs, here in fossil form.

went very close to his head. There are several deep bights on the north side of the pond while the South side is comparatively straight. Mr. Buller was working outside towards the gut all day.

*Tuesday September 1st.* Rained a little during the night. Very dull, threatening-looking morning. Sent Pat down the shore to put up a pole for me, while the two Toms and I proceeded up to the river Head and thence tramped in through the woods to the inside pond. We had a tough time getting in as the woods in places were very thick. We had to clamber along under a dangerous limestone cliff. On reaching the pond which is a very picturesque sheet of water nestled amongst the high mountains, we commenced the survey of it. I also took two photos. We got to the overflowing Brook about 4 P.M. and then had a hard time getting down. The brook is awfully crooked, and completely choked with huge boulders making the walking, especially with my game leg, desperate. We barely succeeded in finishing out to the main pond by dark. The rain which threatened all day caught us on the way back to camp and gave us a ducking. It was an hour after dark when we reached home.

*Wednesday September 2nd.* Fine day but blowing very hard. I remained in camp protracting my work nearly all day. Sent Tom and Devine down with a dory-load of things to a place near the Narrows where we intend moving camp tomorrow. After dinner Tom

and I went down to the Brook below our camp. I followed it up a long way and then struck up through the woods to a large marsh which led nearly out to the shore near camp. Mr. Buller was away all day working and is now nearly finished. He came over to our camp after tea and we had a long chat.

*Thursday 3rd.* Still blowing fresh but fine, got a loan of a second dory from Mr. Spottiswood and packed up all our traps. We had a tough time getting down as it blew hard but we succeeded all right. We put up our camps on a nice point near where the people from the gut were making hay. They have a fine natural hay field here which gives them abundance of grass. This they cut for their cattle and have houses to store it on the spot. They also have winter houses in the woods nearby. After getting up our camps and having luncheon, Tom and I walked back to pole A of base and measured along shore up to camp. It was a fine afternoon but still blew fresh.

*Friday 4th.* Raining hard and blowing a gale all the afternoon. Stayed in camp protracting my work. After dinner I took a walk down to the Narrows and saw the houses at the gut. It looks very stormy and fallish.

*Saturday 5th.* Dull morning but turned out fine. Went back to pole A to take bearings, and sent Tom and Pat back to oil well with dory. It blew very hard all day and we had a job getting

along. Towards evening it became quite cold. We finished our bearings to camp and measured out to the Narrows before sunset. Mr. Buller and crew moved out to gut today to await the *Gulnare*. She has not put in an appearance since this day week. There is a heavy sea outside now, Mr. Payne informs us, after the strong breezes lately. A few more fine days will enable us to complete our work here.

*Sunday Sept. 6th.* Beautiful fine day again. Spent the morning protracting my work. In afternoon I strolled up along shore with gun to look for some birds and took a tramp over the marshes but saw nothing. Tom and Pat went across to brook in cove north side and had some good fishing. It was a most magnificent afternoon.

*Monday 7th.* Dull morning wind from Eastward. The two Toms and myself went off in boat up to Long Point to complete the work along the north shore. It came to rain in torrents after a while and we got a great ducking. Nevertheless I continued on my work as I was anxious to get this part done, it being an open exposed shore. We got back to camp very wet and miserable. No one up making hay today.

*Tuesday 8th.* It rained and blew all night and we had rather a poor time in camp as ours leaked pretty badly. It continued dull and misty all the morning. Stayed in camp protracting. After

dinner it cleared off fine when we continued our measurement along South shore out to the gut. The travelling is awful after the heavy night's rain. There is water everywhere and the tides are also now very high making long detours necessary.

*Wednesday 9th.* Blowing hard all day but fine. The two Toms and I went out to the gut and began to sketch in the North shore. Had great difficulty in getting along owing to the high winds. We went up the Brook in Hay Cove, west side opposite Narrows. It is a deep muddy stream and runs through a flat alderly country for a long distance. The brook was now so full of water that we could go up a long way in dory. The land along the sides of the brook appears to be of excellent quality.

*Thursday 10th.* Very fine day again. Sent Tom and Pat down to the gut with a dory-load of things. I remained in camp protracting my work. After dinner it was so very fine I concluded to pack up and move camp down, but we could not take all our things so had to leave one camp and a lot behind till tomorrow. Tom, Pat and I walked down around there. We got a fairly good place to camp near old Kehoe's house on North side of gut, and had all fixed away pretty well by dusk. We are now amongst the liviers and of course have lots of visitors.

*Friday 11th.* Dull foggy day but sultry. Tom and I walked down the outside shore northward several miles. Old Tom and one

of Kehoe's boys went up after the remainder of our things. We are now anxiously looking out for letters. A man named Seeley from Bonne Bay is expected here tomorrow in his schooner with supplies for the people, possibly he may bring up our mail. I was pretty tired from our tramp today and find my leg rather painful, but fortunately travelling along shore was pretty good. There is a fine level strip of land on top of the bank extending a considerable distance back. The people cut a lot of hay here and the soil appears very rich. It would make excellent farm land if properly tilled.

*Saturday 12th.* Dull, misty nasty day. Remained in camp nearly all day. In evening we went out on beach and took a few bearings and measurements so as to connect with the *Gulnare's* marks. When we returned, to our no small joy, we found two men down from the oil well who had come after their mail. They informed us there were some letters for us on opposite side of gut. I immediately sent over and was rejoiced at receiving several letters from Dick, Maggie, Will<sup>1739</sup> and one from Capt. Cleary. All home were well, up to last of month. Dick is getting on fine, and is making lots of friends and likes his work. Capt. Cleary actually wants me to go back to Lewis Brook to run fresh lines, and saw Mr. Woods about it at Sandy Point and got a note

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<sup>1739</sup>Children of Howley's.

from him to that effect. What a conscience the old man has, to be sure.

We are pretty well through our work here and will try to get down to Cow Head as soon as a time offers. This is a very rough place and there is a constant sea heaving in which makes it an ugly place to get out of. The two men from the oil wells informed me they have now all their barrels full of oil. Today they exploded<sup>1740</sup> the hole but with what result they did not know as they left just then. Poor Mr. Spottiswood is very sick and has been in bed the past few days. He looked very sick when we were there last.

*Sunday 13th.* A fine day wind N.W., cool. Took some photos. in morning. Tom and I then started off down the shore to see a place called the Arches. We brought the camera with us. It was a long hard tramp of 6 miles down and 6 miles back but the path was pretty good most of the way. It took us all day to go and return. We did not get back to camp till just sunset.

The Arches is a peculiar and picturesque sight consisting of a great mass of brecciated limestone standing out in the landwash. It is some 20 or 30 feet high and has two great cavernous holes worn through it. Formerly there were three but

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<sup>1740</sup>When production in a well slowed, canisters of nitroglycerin were lowered to the well bottom and exploded; normally the flow of oil increased.

the biggest caved in and is now filled with great masses of loose rock. I took two pictures of it, but could not get in a good position owing to the light being in the wrong direction and the bank behind being too steep. There is one solitary family living here in a miserable shanty yet they look sleek and well-fed, though it is hard to say what they live on. There was no sign of a garden of any kind, nor yet a cow or sheep, nothing but lobster shells, no fish. In fact, the people along here have entirely given up the codfishery and do nothing else but catch and can lobsters. Every man or boy now is a lobster canner and every family has its lobster cannery consisting generally of a small galvanized iron boiler out of doors and a small shanty in which the tinning is done. Both boys and girls have been employed in some of the larger factories and have learned the business. Kehoe's boys do the soldering themselves and his wife and daughter, the washing and filling of the cans. It appears to be a very remunerative business as they get \$8.00 a case for the lobsters, and they require very little and inexpensive gear to prosecute the industry. The lobster pots are of simple construction and all made by themselves. But the lobsters they are now getting are a very small poor run and it is quite evident the fishery will soon be at an end as the fish are evidently being killed out. The whole shore along from Bay St. George is

apparently given up to lobster fishing and every nook and cranny has its factory or private cannery. Here at the Arches is the remains of a very large factory built some years ago by some Nova Scotians but it had to be abandoned when the Modus Vivendi came into operation.<sup>1741</sup> The whole shore along here is very exposed and has no harbours or even coves where it is safe to land at all times, consequently the fishing here is very dangerous. Only yesterday a heavy sea hove up quite suddenly when the boats were all out in the morning overhauling their traps and some of them had narrow escapes getting back. The water is shoal for a considerable distance off the land all along, which renders landing very ugly when the wind is in, as it generally is. The man here at the beaches seems quite contented with his lonesome lot and says he does not find it a bit lonely. There are no other liviers nearer than Daniel's Harbour ten miles further down the shore. It is astonishing how human beings can content themselves with such lives and yet they seem quite happy. Nothing to trouble them except to get enough food. How they manage that, God only knows.

*Monday 14th.* Fine but cool day. The two Toms and I went up

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<sup>1741</sup>The "Modus Vivendi" of 1890 forbade the building of new lobster factories by the subjects of either country on the French Shore, except with the joint consent of the senior French and English naval officers on the station. Those in place on July 1, 1889, could, however, be moved to a new location, if approved by the two naval commanders. Prowse, *A History of Newfoundland* (1895), p. 548n.

the Pond to pay a last visit to the oil well. Found poor Mr. Spottiswood very sick in bed. He has scarcely touched any food the past week and looks very bad. I strongly advised him to get out of this as it is a poor place for a sick man. They have the new derrick up on beach but have not yet removed any of the machinery. They are now trying to draw the casing pipe from the first hole but cannot start it as it is jammed very tight. They have now about 20 barrels of oil in all now, but did not pump the hole since exploding it. I don't think they can do much with the new hole this fall as it is now getting late, and their drill man has left. They expect a horse down by the *Harlaw* this trip. Some of the hands have gone in to look for a deer on the mountains. We had a long pull back. I shot a seal on the way but he sunk like a rock. We are now all ready to leave and will start tomorrow if a time offers for Cow Head, where I will find enough to do till the *Harlaw* comes up.

*Tuesday 15th.* Dull day wind S.W., light. Old Blanchard who was engaged to take us down was busy with his lobsters all morning and was not ready to start till 11 A.M. We then packed up and made a move, Tom, Pat and I walking along shore. It fell calm and came to rain and we had a rather disagreeable time along. It was a heavy tramp though the going was good. Did not reach Cow Head till about 5 P.M., very wet and miserable. The boat was here

two hours before us but when we arrived they had not done anything about getting up the camp. It is a wretched place, all uneven ground, little wood and no water near. We were sometime selecting a place and were compelled to go back half a mile from the houses. At last we succeeded in getting housed just by dark. We left most of our things in the store at Hewit's large lobster factory.

*Wednesday 16th.* Fine day again. Got things a little shipshaped. Blowing a good breeze from westward with a big sea on. Tom and I walked around the Head examining the rocks which are nearly all limestone. After dinner we went down to the beach which connects the Head, formerly an Island, with the main to look for Red Indian stone implements. This was a famous factory for the manufacture of chert implements and a prodigious number of flakes and spalls,<sup>1742</sup> left by them are scattered along the beach wherever the sod has been worn away and the fine sand blown off. They must have resorted here for a long time judging from the amount of debris, seal, deer, whale and birds' bones etc.<sup>1743</sup> There are distinct traces of numerous fires down on the beach. I

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<sup>1742</sup>Chert is a flint-like quartz, favored by aboriginal people for making implements, etc.; flakes are chips of stone used as cutting instruments; spalls are splinters of stone.

<sup>1743</sup>Archaeologists have discovered several levels of deposits dating perhaps from 5000 years ago to the prehistoric Beothuck period. James A. Tuck, "Excavations at Cow Head, Newfoundland; An Interim Report," *Etudes/Inuit/Studies*, 2, 1 (1978): 138-41.

noticed that in the vicinity of the fires especially, the flakes were most numerous and I have an idea that they must have heated the rock and then threw water on them to cause them to spall. We only succeeded in finding a few poor spear and arrow heads. All the best have long ago been picked up and carried away. I am told several bone needles were found here amongst other things, but we were not so fortunate as to come across any. At one time the whole beach was covered with a fine sand which had a good sward on it and grew quite a lot of wild grass but the cattle, of which the people possess a good many, have broken away the sod and the fine sand beneath has blown away leaving nothing but the round worn beach stones beneath. Towards the inner end a considerable bank of the sand still exists. Altogether Cow Head and neighborhood is a curious place. The few inhabitants here as elsewhere along shore are all now engaged in the lobster fishery. There is some very fine land on the mainland side of the beach where the country is level and well-wooded, but they do very little with it. They have, however, a fine lot of cattle and sheep but still keep a number of wretched curs of dogs. There is no sign of a horse anywhere about. They could be very comfortable if they attended more to the land.

*Thursday 17th.* Fine warm day. Tom, Pat and I started off to

walk down to St. Paul's Inlet to see Noseworthy's<sup>1744</sup> operations in boring for oil there. Had a heavy tramp down to the gut, got a passage across from some lobster catchers there and then had still a long tramp around the shore of the pond up to the place. We were pretty tired and hungry when we got there. Noseworthy was away at Parson's Pond but the driller, Mr. Wade, treated us well, gave us a good dinner of fresh venison, beautiful bread and butter and blue berries of which there are great quantities hereabout. We then had a look at the derrick and machine. It is a fine one and in good condition. Just now they are stopped work owing to the wire hoisting gear giving out and Noseworthy is bound to Bonne Bay to order another. They are down to 300 feet through sand here but no sign of oil yet. The pond altogether is a fine sheet of water deeper and wider than Parsons' Pond but not so long. It runs right up to the foot of the mountains. I took two pictures here and we then started for home. I found my leg very stiff all day and was afraid it would give out altogether. However, the men put us across to the N. side of the Narrows in boat and we were directed where to find the main government road *in prospectu*,<sup>1745</sup> which cut off at least a couple of miles of the journey. So we got back all right before sunset, had another look

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<sup>1744</sup>Jonathan Naseworthy of St. John's; *JHA* (1896), Appendix, pp. 176-7; d. 1898.

<sup>1745</sup>In the distance.

for Indian relics on the beach and found a couple. It was a very close warm day and the black flies were troublesome.

*Friday 18th.* Blowing and raining nearly all day, remained in camp reading papers. After dinner had another look for relics but it came to rain too hard so had to give it up. Continued to rain nearly all night and blew a gale towards morning. I have concluded now when the *Harlaw* comes, if it is smooth to get aboard and proceed down the shore in her and back as we may not be able to do so on her return here. This will also enable me to see some of the coast away down the Straits<sup>1746</sup> which I have never seen before.

*Saturday 19th.* Fine day again but blowing hard from the N.W. Tremendous sea on. *Harlaw* not likely to make much headway today. Old Tom and I walked down the shore to Stanford brook<sup>1747</sup> and the shore beyond. It took us all day to go and come. There are wide coves here with most beautiful sandy beaches and shoal water. Such admirable places for bathing I do not think can be found elsewhere in the Island. Were they near St. John's they would be great places of resort in summer. It is a pity we have not some places like them on our side. The *Harlaw* is due here tomorrow morning but it is not thought likely she will get up before

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<sup>1746</sup>The Strait of Belle Isle.

<sup>1747</sup>Stanford River.

Monday. Bancroft, the Customs Collector at Bonne Bay, will not enter or clear her unless she arrives there before 10 O'clock Saturday night. So should she fail to do so she has to lie over all Sunday till Monday morning.

*Sunday 20th.* Dull and wet again but calm. No sign of *Harlaw* so we may take it easy till tomorrow. In camp reading, writing all forenoon. Took a stroll in evening out along shore, and over on the beach had another look for Indian relics, found a few. It cleared off fine towards sunset and turned out a fine night.

*Monday 21st.* Fine morning but blowing fresh, considerable sea on. The *Harlaw* came in about 7 A.M. Packed up to go aboard but found it so rough they only took a few boatloads of lobsters aboard. I concluded to go on North in the steamer and leave the crew here till I returned. It was very rough getting aboard and after a short time the wind increased and such a heavy sea hove in we were obliged to give up taking cargo and clear out. There was a poor brute of a horse on board for the Oil Company but they could not land him. We started off down shore and had a fair wind after us but it blew a gale and kicked up a tremendous sea. It was very ugly on deck and she rolled nearly rail under sometimes. I got a nasty fall one time and was thrown against the rail with such force as nearly to break my other leg. As it was I gave it a nasty cut taking a piece out of my shin. Had I not brought up

against one of the iron stanchions<sup>1748</sup> I would certainly have gone overboard. Several others standing near were thrown down at the same time but none were hurt so much as I was. I appear to be most unfortunate this season with my legs and am pretty well crippled in both now. We could not look at the shore anywhere till we reached Port Saunders in Hawke's Bay. The shore all along is so open and exposed with no harbours and no shelter anywhere that we were obliged to pass the only two settlements of Daniel's Harbour and Belburns without calling in at either. The land for the most part is low along shore except at Portland Head a fairly high knob, but inland the Laurentian hill range<sup>1749</sup> towers up very high. At the head of Portland Creek a high and conspicuous hill shows up like a great dome. It is called Gros Paté or Big Pie<sup>1750</sup> Mountain. Port Saunders is a fine Harbour but the settlement is a poor-looking one consisting of some 10 or 12 houses scattered around, and the ever-present lobster factory. Hawke's Bay which runs in from here some 10 or 12 miles, is a fine Inlet. The country hereabout is fairly well wooded and the rocks are all limestone lying pretty flat. This is the Harbour which the Men-of-war on the station make their headquarters in summer, but just

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<sup>1748</sup>Upright supports on deck, carrying guardrail.

<sup>1749</sup>Long Range Mountains.

<sup>1750</sup>Probably "big block, mass." See E.R. Seary, *Place Names of the Northern Peninsula*, ed. Robert Hollett and William J. Kirwin (St. John's: Institute of Social and Economic Research, 2000), p. 105.

now there are none of them here. We heard that Governor Murray<sup>1751</sup> who came round North in the *Mohawk* took very sick and they were obliged to run down to Bay of Islands with him and send him home by rail, the Doctor accompanying him. He was, I understand, seriously ill. It would be a great misfortune just now should anything happen to the old man as he appears to take a great interest in our mineral developments. We also heard that the Railway work has ceased for the season, but this I cannot believe. We picked up Father Brown of Bonne Bay here. He is paying his regular annual visit to his parishioners. The poor man has certainly a miserable mission and has to undergo a good deal of hardship. We remained here all night, glad indeed to get in out of the gale. This being the 21st, we of course had to expect the usual equinoctials.

*Tuesday 22nd.* Somewhat finer today, wind S.E. light but dull and wet. It was extremely cold all day. We left just about breakfast-time and were soon abreast of Point Riche, the celebrated historic point of the treaties, "Cap Double" of Jacques Cartier.<sup>1752</sup> There is a fine lighthouse here maintained by

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<sup>1751</sup>Herbert H. Murray (1829-1904), Governor of Newfoundland, 1895-98.

<sup>1752</sup>For the account of Cartier naming this in his first voyage in 1534, see M.F. Howley, "Cartier's Course--A Last Word," *Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada*, 12, Sec. 2 (1895): 158, and H.P. Biggar, *The Voyages of Jacques Cartier* (Ottawa: F.A. Acland, 1924), p. 24; revised as *The Voyages of Jacques Cartier*, Intro. Ramsay Cook (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1993), p. 10. Until the Treaty of Versailles in 1783 Pointe Riche marked the westernmost limit of the French Shore.

the Dominion Government.<sup>1753</sup> The limestone strata lies very flat at the point, slightly inclined inland and resembles steps of stairs. I would much like to have got ashore to look at them, as I believe they hold abundant fossils (Calciferous?). We were soon at Port au Choix but did not go inside. Here, for the first time, we came upon a typical French fishing establishment. There were five large brigs anchored in the harbour and several stages covered with canvas and shanties for dwellings, cook rooms etc. Also a lobster cannery (French). It is a bare, bleak-looking place and I fail to see how it obtained the name Choice Harbour.<sup>1754</sup> Several large French Fishing boats or batteaux were in the offing fishing. They all came in while we were at anchor. Each boat has seven men aboard. One stands up behind and steers with an oar, he is the boss, *Patron*. Only one man pulls on the stroke and next oar but two each on the two bow oars. They go out in all weathers and are no doubt very industrious and frugal fishermen. They only receive a glass of cognac each in the early morning before starting and come in before noon to get their *La soupe*. The poor fellows as a rule are wretchedly clad and wear those sabots<sup>1755</sup> with leather legs tacked on to them. Our people

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<sup>1753</sup>I.e., the Canadian Government.

<sup>1754</sup>I.e., Port au Choix. The name is a French adaptation of the Basque *Portuichoa* "little harbour" (Seary, *Place Names of the Northern Peninsula*, p. 138).

<sup>1755</sup>Shoes carved out of wood.

could no more live as they do than they would fly. They must be a hardy race to stand the coarse diet and hard usage. We moved onward and our next port of call was Bartlett's Harbour or as it is called on the map John Meagher's Cove, near Castor Harbour in St. John Bay. Here there is a French lobster factory on one side and an English one on the other, yet both seem to work harmoniously. St. John's Bay is a pretty wide bight with several Islands in it, St. John's Island being a large one. Formerly the French had Fishing rooms here but they are now abandoned. From Bartlett's Harbour we steamed out around Ferolle Point and called off New Ferolle, a poor open cove where some English families named Rumbolt live. Took some more lobster cases aboard, apparently the chief product of the whole coast. The country here again is quite flat and shows low ledges of limestone. From Ferolle we made across St. Margaret's Bay and around Dog Peninsula to a place called Brig Bay where we stayed for the night. This is a fine harbour but the country around is flat, bare and uninteresting. Here again there is an English and French cannery on either side, the latter owned by the St. Pierre firm of Jacques Legasse. Mr. Farvacque, a nice young Frenchman who came up with us is agent here. We had the chief inhabitant, a Frenchman named Louis Garrard but a naturalized British subject married to an English or Newfoundland woman named Hurley. He is a

curious old character, swears like a trooper; complains bitterly that the Men-of-war made him take up his fishing nets.<sup>1756</sup> As a consequence he caught scarcely any lobsters since the *Harlaw's* last visit, while Mr. Farvacque's people secured some 200 cases. This certainly is a hard case seeing that the people depend solely upon lobsters now. Louis has a license to sell ale, wines and spirituous liquors. It is the only license on the shore. He has on either side of a large sign the words, "Pay today, trust tomorrow." It rained hard all the afternoon and night and was very miserable. It is so dull and foggy inland, nothing of the country can be seen beyond the mere coast-line. In passing around Ferolle Point however I caught sight of my first glimpse of the Labrador coast over near Blanc Sablon. Some very conspicuous hills known as the Bubbies were quite distinct, also a considerable fringe of low hill ranges but it was too dull to see Point Amour or the lighthouse<sup>1757</sup> there.

*Wednesday 23rd.* Rained all night; another miserable dull, wet day, reached Current Island our furthest point by breakfast-time. It is a miserable hole, low, flat and uninviting. Here a Mr. Chetwynd<sup>1758</sup> has a lobster factory and there are quite a number of liviers scattered around the coast. Here and at Brig

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<sup>1756</sup>Lobster fishermen needed nets to catch herring, used as bait in lobster traps. Prowse, *A History of Newfoundland* (1895), p. 556.

<sup>1757</sup>Another Canadian-built lighthouse.

<sup>1758</sup>J.P. Chetwynd, merchant of Grand Bruit.

Bay the people are famous hands at making skin boots like the Esquimaux but tanned and even better sewn. Several of the people aboard purchased pairs, some at \$2.00, others \$2.50 while the moccasin slippers were 60 cts a pair. This place, Current Island, is also the division line of the Bay St. George and Harbour Grace Dioceses, Father Brown's furthest point. After some delay landing freight, taking in lobsters etc. we started on our return journey. It came on very wet, foggy and blowing hard from the Eastward, evidently we are in for another equinoctial. After visiting Ferolle we went right on around Point Riche and as it was too rough to call at Daniel's Har. or Belburns we put into Port Saunders again, and remained all night. I was glad of this as it enabled me to go ashore and examine the rocks. I came across a set of limestones filled with well-preserved fossils, great orthoceratites, pleurotomaria<sup>1759</sup> etc. I could only procure a few as I had no means of breaking them out. There were three schooners in here, two from Labrador with poor fares and poor reports. Had great fun tonight over the boot puzzle and the \$5.00 note.<sup>1760</sup> Some of the Officers of the ship and passengers got quite excited over it.

*Thursday 24th.* Fine day at last, water quite smooth. One

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<sup>1759</sup>Fossil molluscs, the first a cephalopod with long, horn-like chambered shells, the second two-gilled gastropods with long whorled shells (like a child's top).

<sup>1760</sup>No details of this game have been discovered.

good thing on this coast is that as soon as the wind drops down, the sea quickly gets smooth again. We were at Daniel's Harbour and Belburns early, before I was up. As they are very insignificant places on the straight shore,<sup>1761</sup> there was no inducement to see them. We arrived at Cow Head about 10 A.M. This time it was nice and smooth and we were enabled to land all our cargo consisting chiefly of flour with a few barrels of pork and a puncheon of molasses. The poor horse was made walk the plank and tipped over into the sea where he had to swim ashore in the wake of the boatload of flour, one man holding his head up by the gunwale. The poor brute had a long cold swim but got ashore all right. Our lads got off with all their gear and after taking in some 30 cases or so of lobsters and a lot of passengers, we started for Bonne Bay, stopping at Martin's Point and Sally's Cove for a few minutes. We got to Bonne Bay about 5 P.M. and after about an hour's delay were off again for Bay of Islands. It was a fine night and we reached Anguin's wharf about 11 P.M., all well. At Bonne Bay I heard of poor John Lash's death. I also got my overcoat which was very welcome. We found the old crowd at Petrie's but she herself and her two sons are away for a trip. We got comfortable beds and were soon all settled away for the

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<sup>1761</sup>Howley is evidently using a place-name. The shoreline between Eddies Cove and Big Brook was sometimes called Straight (or Strait) Coast in the 18th and early 19th centuries (Seary, *Place Names of the Northern Peninsula*, p. 167).

night. Heard the headquarters of the Reid Railway is now at Crabb's, Bay St. George.

*Friday 25th.* Blowing fresh and rather cold all day. Finding I cannot easily get to Codroy by train this season I have concluded to go up the Grand Lake and try to get into Lewaseechjeesh<sup>1762</sup> but cannot get any satisfaction about our boats. The Reids took ours last year and no one knows what has become of her. I telegraphed to W.D. Reid but got no satisfaction. They also broke up the Telegraph boat<sup>1763</sup> and I expect the canoe we left last year at Goose pond is gone. On overhauling our stock of provisions we find everything very low and had to replenish here as it would cause too much delay now to send to St. John's. We are in hopes of getting some venison up at Grand Lake. The hunters are up now on our old grounds and have killed a good many. Telegraphed home and had a reply from Will, all are well. We are now all ready for a fresh start by Monday's train. My legs are still very sore and stiff. Dr. Webber dressed the cut for me this evening. Had two games of chess tonight with L. Barron. He won first, I second. We are about equally matched.

*Saturday 26th.* Fine calm warm day. Got all ready and after dinner sent Tom and Rody up to Riverhead in boat with all our

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<sup>1762</sup>Little Grand Lake.

<sup>1763</sup>Formerly used by the telegraph operator at Sandy Lake.

gear, as the train starts from there on Monday at 9 A.M. We will join them tomorrow evening after the train from the front comes in. The regular did not arrive till about 6 P.M. Bishop McNeil and Father Veitch were aboard, also Burchell, Arnaud and several other passengers. It was thought His Lordship would stay here but he went right on. Ned Morris and Jim McGrath are at Headquarters in a special and will be back tomorrow. Three Placentia men, Dunphy the member, James Collins, and another old man, came in by train and are staying at Petrie's.<sup>1764</sup> The house is now quite full. There is a wonderful genius gone up the country deer shooting who came by the last *Harlaw*, named Pierce.<sup>1765</sup> He is a millionaire of the Standard Oil Company. It is said he has a \$1200 rifle and having left it by mistake at Truro he paid \$200.00 for a special from Sydney to go after it. He is now gone up to Birchy Pond. Would like to run across him. Capt. Farquhar

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<sup>1764</sup>Various dignitaries, hunters, and tourists were now using the railway to gain access to hitherto unseen parts of the interior, or to travel coast to coast. Some, friends of the Reids, used special cars. Those named on this day are Neil McNeil (1851-1934), Nova Scotian-born prelate, titular Bishop of Nilopolis and Vicar Apostolic of St. George's from 1895 ("His Lordship"); Rev. William Veitch, now parish priest of Conception Harbour; F.H. Arnaud, the first manager of the Merchants' Bank of Halifax (later Royal Bank of Canada) in St. John's--the branch opened February 7, 1895; E.P. Morris (1859-1935), MHA, St. John's West, 1885-1918, Prime Minister, 1909-18; J.F. McGrath (1859-1902), MHA, Placentia and St. Mary's, 1885-94, governor of the penitentiary, 1895-1902; John T. Dunphy, elected MHA for Placentia and St. Mary's in a by-election in 1894; and James Collins, a supporter of C.F. Bennett and, later, William Whiteway, MHA for Placentia and St. Mary's, 1873-82.

<sup>1765</sup>Henry Clay Pierce (1849-1927) was the executive officer of Waters-Pierce Oil Company of St. Louis, a wholesale distributor loosely connected with the Standard Oil Company (New Jersey). He was ruthless and domineering, and his company often in the courts for violation of antitrust laws. Ralph W. Hidy and Muriel E. Hidy, *Pioneering in Big Business, 1882-1911* (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1955), pp. 449-51.

and his navigating Lieut. of the *Buzzard* telegraphed today for rooms tomorrow night. They are coming up from Bay St. George bound for the Topsails deer shooting. A great number came in by today's train and are scattered all along the line, amongst the rest Sir Wm. Whiteway. God help the poor deer! Had a letter from home by which I was glad to learn all were well. I also wrote home today.

*Sunday 27th.* Fine calm day. Went to Mass in little Chapel. It was nearly full owing to so many strangers being present. We were anxiously looking out for the train all day but up to tea-time it did not come. Heard it would not get up before 9 O'clock. The three Placentia men got tired waiting so they started off after dinner and walked up to Corner Brook. At length after long waiting we heard her blow and had just time to get up to the big cut when she arrived. Ned Morris, McGrath and Capt. Farquhar with the Lieutenant were aboard. Harry Reid in a very sick condition was in Burchell's car with his wife and attended by Dr. Martin<sup>1766</sup> and the Doctor of the *Buzzard*.<sup>1767</sup> He was in a very feverish condition and the Doctors are quite anxious about him. The engine went on to Riverhead leaving the two special cars on the track here and as they have to return for them at 7 A.M. tomorrow we

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<sup>1766</sup>E.N. Martin of Halls Bay.

<sup>1767</sup>His name was Sugrue.

concluded to go back to Petrie's and have a good night's rest, especially as Capt. Farquhar and party are staying there. E.P. Morris and party stayed with Father Sears.

*Monday 28th.* Had a very early and hurried breakfast. When we got up to the Big cut the engine and train were waiting for us. We were soon off and steamed away for Riverhead. There we took on a lot of box- and flatcars filled with men, some 400 were going home. The train was a very long and heavy one. After a little delay we were tearing away up the Humber Valley and along the shore of Deer Lake. Arrived at our destination at Sandy River crossing about 11 A.M. and had our camps all in order by dinner-time. Harry Reid is better today. After dinner I walked in along the track to look for a deer. Met Arthur Noble<sup>1768</sup> and a Theological Student and guide who were all on the hunt. I also came across Watson of Bay of Islands and J.C. Crosbie.<sup>1769</sup> The track is lined with hunters all along to Goose Brook. I went up on a burnt knoll and stayed there a good while. At length I heard old Watson blazing away with his magazine rifle and saw the deer he was firing at but he missed him five or six times. I then saw the deer coming my way and ran down to cut him off. I met him coming, a fine old stag, just as he was making out for the track,

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<sup>1768</sup>Arthur S. Noble of St. John's, speculator in mining properties.

<sup>1769</sup>(1876-1932), St. John's businessman, politician.

and had a splendid chance. I shot him through the foreshoulder. Just as I fired, another shot was fired right opposite me from the track and as the deer was staggering about in the act of falling, still another shot. I got a great scare as I did not know anyone was so near me. It was a miracle we did not shoot each other. It was Crosbie who fired, I thought he was away in another direction. He did not touch the deer, mine was the only shot that hit him, still he thought to claim him and tried to make out that it was his ball that struck him, but it was easy to tell as he was using explosive bullets in a Winchester rifle and mine is a solid round ball in my ordinary 12-bore shot gun. When Watson came up he soon decided it was my ball. However, as Crosbie felt sore about it, I offered him half the deer, but he said he did not want the meat, only the head and horns. As they were a small, though pretty set, I gave them to him. We cut off the neck at the foreshoulders. They then helped me to get him out to the side of the track. He was a splendid deer in prime condition. On my way back to camp I again met Arthur Noble and friends coming back. They had not seen anything. Shortly after leaving them I saw two more stags together and fired at them. I missed the first but hit the second very hard breaking his hind leg, yet he got off from me. I followed him some distance and saw him swimming across a pond but as it was nearly dark I gave up

the chase. I was awfully sorry to have wounded the poor brute and then lose him. I did not want him but had promised Arthur Noble I would try and shoot one for him. When I got to camp Tom had been over to the Telegraph station and got a quarter of venison from the Operator, so we had venison steaks for tea. The deer are just as plentiful up here as last year and the section men whom I met informed me they saw a great many crossing this month.

*Tuesday 29th.* Fine day, began to overhaul the Telegraph boat here at the trestle and repair her, she is in a bad condition. Tom and I went in to Goose pond to see how our canoe was. Met Arthur Noble again with Revd. Mr. Knap<sup>1770</sup> and young Shears. They are camped about 1/2 of a mile from the track on North side near a little pond. Mr. Knap and young Shears are here and Noble is staying with them. They kindly invited us to dinner with them which we accepted, but first we went down to Goose pond. Found the canoe all right, just as we left her. Evidently no one came across her or she would not be so. She was very dry and light so Tom and I concluded to carry her up to the track which we did in two spells. There we left her near some carcasses of venison belonging to Bay of Islands men and asked them to tell John Day<sup>1771</sup> to bring her out for us on the return train tomorrow. We

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<sup>1770</sup>Charles Knapp, Anglican, principal, Theological Institute (Queen's College), St. John's.

<sup>1771</sup>Conductor on the railway, killed in an accident in 1898.

then adjourned to Mr. Knap's camp and had a good meal of venison, bread and tea. Mr. Knap himself cooked the steak on an oil stove and did it to perfection. The stove is a grand arrangement and heats up the camp splendidly. It only cost \$3.00, no more than the sheet-iron one. We then all walked out on the track, I showed them a good place for deer. Tom and Arthur Noble stayed at one point and Mr. K. and guide came on further. I then left them and when I reached the pond where I fired at the stag last evening I went up around to see if I could find him but no, he had gone off into the woods, I suppose to perish. I saw another big stag swim off to an Island in the pond and as I could not get at him I fired a shot cartridge to drive him off, so that the others might get a chance at him and so they did but missed him. Tom came back at dusk and informed us that Arthur had shot his first deer, a doe. He was beside himself with delight.

*Wednesday 30th.* A beautiful day. Spent the whole day at the boat repairing and tarring her. We succeeded in getting her in pretty fair order. About 2 P.M. the train came in bringing our canoe and my carcass of venison. They broke down going out on Monday with the heavy train, about 15 miles from the quarry and another engine had to come after them. Bob Reid was on the train returning to the front. He informed me his brother Harry was better. Tom went in to the Duck pond and saw about 20 ducks but

did not get a shot at them.

*Thursday October 1st.* Dull but close day, threatening rain. Train came in about 11 A.M. Sent my carcasses of venison home. As the evening threatens rain and it blew a strong breeze from S.W. on the lake,<sup>1772</sup> did not leave to go up to Lewaseechjeesh. Albert Bayley and Sam Ruby who came up on the train today as far as Telegraph Station looking for deer, came to our camp just as we were at our dinner. Albert was glad to see us and invited us down to his farm before we leave.<sup>1773</sup> He is looking first-rate. They were going up the river but I persuaded them to go out along the track. I went with them as far as Mr. Knap's camp. Only young Shears was at home. They have killed three or four deer. We only saw one on our return but did not get a shot at it. Albert and Ruby had tea with us and we had a grand old chat afterwards.

*Friday October 2nd.* Wind N.E. blowing a good breeze, foggy and drizzling but as it is a splendid time to go up the lake, we packed up after breakfast and started. Albert and Ruby also took their things and went out to camp on the line. We heard them fire a shot just as we were leaving. We are bound up to Lewaseechjeesh nearly opposite the Western end of the great Island. I want to try and get in to the pond of the same name which Noel Bernard

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<sup>1772</sup>Grand Lake.

<sup>1773</sup>For an account of the beginnings of agricultural development here, see A.J. Bayly, "'Westward, Ho!' West Coast Farming," *Newfoundland Magazine*, 1, 5 (1918): 15-20.

told me about, and survey it if I can but if we cannot get our canoe in I expect it will be no easy matter. I am in hopes of meeting Noel who is up the lake somewhere, and employ him to guide us. We had no sail for our boat so were obliged to rig up our side camp as a substitute. We towed the canoe with all the tinware and cooking gear in her. It was densely foggy, very wet and by the time we reached Hinds' Point it began to blow a gale. Soon a tremendous sea got up and at one time we nearly lost the canoe, she sheered broadside and almost filled. We were obliged to haul down our sail and bail out the canoe. We then hauled her up alongside and tied her fast to the boat. We sped along at a great rate before the wind but as we got further and further up the lake the sea increased till it became too much for us, and threatened every moment to swamp our boat. We had to make for the shore and succeeded in getting into a small cove around a sandy point some distance beyond Old Harry Mountain. Here we remained till evening in hope of the wind dying down but as it did not we had to camp for the night. It blew hard all through the night.

*Saturday 3rd.* Still blowing fresh from N.E., great sea on Lake. After 12 O'clock it moderated a good deal, when we started onward and had a fine time up the lake though at times the sea was bad enough. We saw a deer swimming across in the height of it and gave him chase but could not catch him with our heavy boat.

We got into the Southern reach all right and up to the Narrows<sup>1774</sup> just before dark. Saw another deer walking along shore but did not stop. We found the old Micmac wigwam still intact but somewhat dilapidated. However, we spread our camps over it and got a good bed of fresh boughs and soon had it in comfortable order. All hands found ample room in it. When the fire was lit in the centre it was very comfortable. It rained hard nearly all night and the wigwam leaked a good deal.

*Sunday 4th.* Still dull and drizzling all day, wind in same quarter. I spent most of the day on beach looking for a deer as we want one badly now. Saw five geese in a cove but the brutes were off in a minute. I fired two balls at them flying but did not hit any of them. They pitched at the Narrows near our camp and I again fired two balls at them but unfortunately did not strike any of them. After dinner Tom and Pat took a stroll up the shore and saw a deer, yet I who was looking for one all day could not see a vestige of one. Just my luck. The nights are now getting very long and intensely dark and this month seems to have set in very stormy and wet. Dull but calm. Started on up the reach, had to row all day. Just as we were passing the Narrows a young stag swam across to the Island side and then walked along

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<sup>1774</sup>The southern reach is the passage to the east of Glover Island, leading to the Narrows near Connors Brook.

shore. I landed and waited for him. He came quite close, when I fired and broke his hind leg yet he got off and swam back to the opposite side. Rody and Tom went after him in the canoe, still he escaped and got ashore before them and made off into the woods. Tom and I then went over but we could not find him. I was awfully sorry to lose him as we want fresh meat badly now, being reduced entirely to pork. We had a hard pull all day the wind being against us. Did not reach the end of the island and had to camp on a point about 2 miles from it on Island side.

*Tuesday 6th.* Dull and blowing fresh again from Eastward. Started onward and soon had a spanking breeze. Nearing Lewaseechjeesh there was a nasty lop and we had to run the gauntlet through the breakers. We got there at last and camped on a nice beach. After dinner the two Toms, Rody and I went up the Brook<sup>1775</sup> a short distance in canoe and began to cut a path up the valley. It was an awful spot, the windfalls were terrible for some considerable distance, then it got a little better and we made fair progress but the axes are very blunt and only old Tom is any good at cutting. I was in hope of meeting Noel Bernard up here and employing him but we saw no sign of any human being.

*Wednesday 7th.* Blew hard all night and still blowing from N.E., cold and foggy. We started off again to continue our path

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<sup>1775</sup>Lewaseechjeesh Brook.

and cut away till noon. Then it came very wet and disagreeable. I went ahead some distance but found the hills closing in and no sign of the pond or any prospect of it for a long distance. Concluded to give up the attempt to reach it this way as it was quite evident it was a long way in and we could hardly hope to get there and survey it now that the days were so short and the weather so bad. It would take a much larger crew with good axes to cut a line in and portage our things and then we would not be able to do much without a canoe. It was quite clear we could never portage our canoe this way so we returned to camp wet and miserable.

*Thursday 8th.* Still blowing from N.E. dull and foggy, concluded to run up to the head of the pond<sup>1776</sup> in hope of getting in from there. We reached the head about noon and camped. I then went up the river<sup>1777</sup> a bit in the canoe to look for something to shoot. We are very badly off for some fresh meat and are heartily sick of pork. Besides if this weather lasts and we cannot get back soon we will be very short. I saw three black ducks, but did not get a shot at them. I killed one twillick only. The deer seem to have all passed here last month. There is no fresh footing to be seen.

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<sup>1776</sup>The southwest corner of Grand Lake.

<sup>1777</sup>Grand Lake Brook.

*Friday 9th.* Rained a good deal during the night and early morning, but cleared off fine about 9 O'clock. Tom Cole, Tom Thorburn and I then went across the pond in canoe and climbed up the hills on the North side to the barrens. It was an awful place. The windfalls were simply frightful and it was also very steep. After a desperate climb we at length reached the barrens and as we did so saw a doe and fawn but they winded us and were off before I could get a shot. While we were boiling the kettle I went on a little way to a bare knob to have a lookout and while there saw a fox on opposite side of a pond but the lad winded our fire and turned tail. When I came back to dinner they informed me three deer had come close to them within pistol shot. Just my luck again. After lunch we took a round and got on another bare ridge, when we saw four deer, one enormous old stag, a smaller one, and a doe and fawn. I went around and stalked them well, but when I got within shot the doe and fawn were rather far and the big stag in the way. He had such a fine set of antlers I could not resist firing at him, I also fired at the doe and hit both but the charges in my gun were too light, not enough powder to send the balls with sufficient force. I fired again at the stag, when they all made off as if nothing happened. I thought I had lost them all but not so. After going a short way over the ridge I came across the stag quite dead. The doe however got away. On

cutting open the stag we found him so ruddy and miserably poor we could not think of using the meat. So I only skinned the neck and cut off the head and horns. They are a splendid set, about the prettiest I have ever seen. They are now mounted in my hall.<sup>1778</sup>

It was now growing late, and came on very thick so we had to make tracks for camp. We struck out in a gorge overlooking the lake and had a frightful experience getting down. I carried the stag's head part of the way. Then old Tom took it. The poor old chap had an awful job getting along. It was a terrible steep place nearly straight up and down. At length we came on top of a perfectly perpendicular cliff 100 feet or more high, here we thought we were pinned and it was fast growing dark. We had to back up again and after a desperate time got down around only to meet rocks and holes and most awful windfalls. Slowly we climbed down, and still down, and at length reached the shore. I hurried on to get the canoe which was a good mile or more above where we came out. I found all my trouble was not over as the going along shore was also of a desperate character, all huge rocks, holes and cliffs. I scrambled along however at the risk of breaking my neck every step. I just had light enough to reach the canoe which I shoved off and paddled back for the lads. It was now intensely dark, but fortunately there was little wind. I reached them all right just

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<sup>1778</sup>In his home on Military Road, St. John's.

where they broke out on the shore. Poor old Tom was nearly played out, and got quite weak shortly before reaching the shore but he hung on to the stag's head manfully. They could never have got along the shore in the dark. We now paddled across and back to camp. The canoe was in a very leaky condition and was half full of water before we got over. It was an awful experience altogether, about the toughest place I ever went through. My poor sore shin suffered a good deal as I tore off the scab again and made it very sore. It was indeed lucky we did not break our legs, in fact our necks. Rody and Pat had given us up for the night. We were soaking wet and had to change every stitch of clothes but after a good cup of tea and a good toasting at a fine fire we soon felt O.K. again.

*Saturday 10th.* Still dull and showery at intervals but wind has at last changed to westward and it is finer than it has been for sometime, in fact since October came in. All pretty tired after yesterday. I spent most of the day skinning and cleaning my stag's head, found the skull broken clean across the forehead and can only account for it by supposing the stag while running away fell suddenly and heavily on his nose and then went head over heels. It was a wonder the horns did not break. They are a splendid set. I thought before I fired at him they were the largest I had ever seen but there is only one brow tine and a

spike. However, the other points are very handsome and symmetrical. In the evening Tom and I went down the shore a piece and took some views of two pretty falls. Seeing that we can do nothing more here, short-handed and almost out of grub, I have determined to begin our return journey on Monday if favourable.

*Sunday October 11th.* Rained again last night, very cold; found the higher hills white with snow this morning, but it turned out the finest day for the month. Tom and I climbed the hills on South side of the pond which were pretty steep and bad but nothing to compare with the other side. We struck a nice piece of barrens and soon saw some deer about a mile away feeding near the edge of a patch of woods. We took a good round and got up to leeward of them. I then crawled up till I got pretty close. There were seven in all, one big old stag, one smaller one, three does and two fawns. I could have shot the stag easily but did not want to kill him. His horns were not as good as those I have, so I fired at a doe and thought I struck her badly. They all made off but on going a little further I saw her lying down. She was not dead, and fearing she may yet get off I gave her another ball and settled her. At last we have got some fresh meat and though she is very poor, being a milking doe,<sup>1779</sup> we were glad to get her. We paunched her and cut her in two and as it was yet early

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<sup>1779</sup>One having recently given birth, hence producing milk.

we took a half each and brought it out to the top of the hill overlooking the lake. We then went back, boiled our kettle and had a ramble over the barrens in hope of seeing some partridge but not a vestige of one could we find. There was another higher ridge away to the South covered with snow where no doubt there are some but it was too far and too late to go there, besides there was a lot of thick woods to go through. The country for a long distance is very rugged and broken. Still there is an immense lot of timber especially away to the North and West. We now returned and took up our venison. Had a hard time getting down to the shore as it was very steep and dangerous so we concluded to drag it down most of the way. We got out all right just at sunset and walked along shore to camp. The lads were overjoyed at the prospect of fresh meat again. They saw three deer swimming across the pond and two we saw in the morning up near the head making 12 altogether today.

*Monday 12th.* Beautiful, fine, bright, calm and warm day. Started on our return journey down the lake. Had to row all day. As we neared the western end of the Great Island saw six deer swimming across in one place and two in another. We rowed up alongside of them and had a good look at them. The first lot consisted of 4 does and 2 fawns, one fine fat doe. But as we had plenty of venison now and I cannot carry home any this season

owing to the close time we let them all go. It is marvellous how fast they can swim. It was as much as we could do in a dead calm with four oars and a sculling oar to catch up with them. We went down the southern reach, the same we came up by, as it is the safest should it come to blow hard and has many places to camp on, which the Northern has not. It remained calm nearly all day, what little wind there was came ahead. As the night promised to be fine, calm and bright we made a push to reach the Narrows where the wigwam would afford us shelter and our beds etc are already laid. We did not reach there till nearly 10 P.M. all pretty tired out after a very hard day's rowing. However, we soon had all snug and after a good supper turned in. The night was rather cold but nothing like last night which was the coldest for the season. This morning there was half an inch of ice in our basin and everything was covered with frost.

*Tuesday 13th.* Still another beautiful day. Had a slight breeze of fair wind in morning and slipped along fine but it soon died away and became quite calm. We made another hard push to reach Whetstone point which is an extra good camping place and just reached it by dark. We soon had our camps up and all snug for the night.

*Wednesday 14th.* Last night proved nice and mild. It came to rain towards morning and continued wet and foggy all the

forenoon. We remained in camp here as we have no object in getting down pond till time for Monday's train. Saw two deer on shore near camp today. After dinner I walked up the shore about 2 miles to a little Brook to examine the black shale I saw here a few years ago. Some of it is almost coal and I believe it is quite bituminous.

*Thursday 15th.* Fine day again, quite calm. Started onward and reached Junction Brook by dinner-time. Here at Telegraph station we got our letters and papers and saw all the latest news. I left our canoe here with Parsons the Repairer for the winter. He is going to try and fix her up for me. We then pushed on for Sandy Lake River and camped near the mouth of it. Just got all straightened away when the rain came down. Found all the things we left here all right though the place had been visited and there was a camp set up near our store-house.

*Friday 16th.* Rained very hard all night, very mild weather for the season. Wet and foggy all day. Remained in camp till afternoon. We then went up Kelvin Brook to where the boring machine is stored and fixed up everything snug. Found the machine in good order, everything intact but house wanted stogging which we did. Rained hard again all the early part of the night.

*Saturday 17th.* A lovely fine day after the rain. I started off with the two Toms for Hinds' Plains in the hope of getting

some partridge to bring home. I also took the camera without the legs to use as a hand camera and four special rapid plates to try and get some pictures of deer. We walked over to Coal Brook and first visited No. 4 Coal seam where the Messrs. Reid worked last fall in getting out the carload of coal.<sup>1780</sup> They had made a considerable hole. Still not much for the amount of coal taken out, some 12 tons. There is a splendid fossil tree stump standing upright in the sandstone above the coal but they broke off the roots in digging. I would like very much to have it out for the Museum but it would be quite a job and it is very large and heavy. We now commenced to climb the hills, found our path awfully obstructed with windfalls. It took us a couple of hours to get up and it was very sultry. We reached the barrens about 3 P.M. While old Tom was fixing away for the night and getting up our side camp, Tom Thorburn and I strolled over the barrens, came across three deer, an old stag and two does and succeeded in getting near enough to get two snap-shots with the camera. They were a splendid group but rather far off. I hope they will turn out well. Did not see a vestige of a partridge though we travelled over a lot of ground. The night was fine and mild and

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<sup>1780</sup>"On the 1st November 1895, a carload of coal from the Grand Lake coal fields was brought over the railway to St. John's, by Mr. R.G. Reid" (Prowse, *A History of Newfoundland*, 2 ed., p. 548). In 1898-1900 the Reids took 8,000 tons of coal from the Grand Lake area for use in locomotives. See Howley's 1904 report, *JHA* (1905), p. 143.

old Tom kept up a good fire all through.

*Sunday October 18th.* Dull and mild, wind S.W. Tom and I went off again, saw three deer in one place and a doe and fawn in another. I got pretty near the latter but as I could not get them together I did not snap them. We started to return about 12 O'clock, saw three more deer but not a single partridge. It was awfully sultry all day. Had a hard time getting down owing to the windfalls, lost the path several times. Found Noel Bernard and Parsons there, Noel is very sick and came over to see if I had any Minard's Liniment to give him. Tomorrow we have to be up to the trestle<sup>1781</sup> to catch the homeward bound train there about 10 O'clock.

*Oct 19th.* Packed up all our gear and went up to meet the train. Had not very long to wait. It stopped to take us up and we were soon aboard and steaming away Eastward.

*Oct 20th.* Fine day, made a good run across the barrens and arrived at Exploits early in the afternoon.

*Oct 21st.* Made good progress during the night and arrived in St. John's about midday.

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<sup>1781</sup>At the north end of Grand Lake.

1897

Searching for Coal in  
Codroy Valley

The Government having decided to investigate the reported coal find in the Codroy Valley<sup>1782</sup> this season with a view to have it opened up as soon as possible, Mr. Reid<sup>1783</sup> desired that before he would undertake to do so, I should be sent to examine and report upon the same and also see if any coal existed in that neighborhood more conveniently situated for development. I was accordingly ordered off at an early date in the season, May 19th, a full month before the ordinary time. It was indeed intended that I should go by last boat<sup>1784</sup> but the time was too short to

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<sup>1782</sup>At Coal Brook; the "find" was made in 1896 about two miles from the railroad, which reached the Codroy Valley that year. "The coal lies comparatively close to the seaboard," the *Evening Telegram* reported on May 18, 1897, "and can be freighted to any part of the coast...much cheaper than it can be imported from Sydney." See Howley's letter to H.J.B. Woods, dated Mar. 10, 1897, giving his recommendations for geological work for the upcoming season (*JHA*, 1897, pp. 185-7). Searching for coal, though not specifically in the Codroy Valley, was his top priority.

<sup>1783</sup>Most likely, R.G. Reid, Sr.

<sup>1784</sup>I.e., by the *Virginia Lake*, which left St. John's for the west on May 4.

get ready and the weather, until the past few days, too bad for camping out. Owing to the awful freshets this spring, and the carrying away of the grand bridge over Exploit's River,<sup>1785</sup> and also several of the trestles along the western half of the line there is no possibility of the train getting over for, at least, another month. We were therefore obliged once more to take to the sea route which I had hoped was a thing of the past. The S.S. *Grand Lake* was booked to sail last evening May 18th, at 8 P.M. but her sailing postponed till today at 11 A.M. She has a new Captain this trip, Capt. Drake.<sup>1786</sup> The genial Capt. Pat Delaney having made his last voyage in her, he now takes up his service under Mr. Reid in command of their new steamer, *Jubilee*, now being built. This splendid boat is to ply between Port aux Basques and Sydney in connection with the Railway system.<sup>1787</sup>

We did not get away from the wharf till 11.30. Had a fair number of passengers but she was not nearly full. My own crew consisted of Tom Thorburn and myself in Saloon, and our cook, Denis Thomey, and eight men in steerage. Old Tom Cole, and old Mat Moores, being the only old hands, all the others are new men except Larry Brophy and Dick Field who were with me once before. I have also my setter dog Huxley with me. We are bound to Channel

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<sup>1785</sup>On April 28; Penney, *A History of the Newfoundland Railway*, vol. 1, p. 62.

<sup>1786</sup>Capt. R. Drake (*Eve Tel*, May 18, 1897).

<sup>1787</sup>The service was carried out by the steamer S.S. *Bruce*, with Delaney as captain.

where we have a small schooner hired to take us up to Grand River.<sup>1788</sup> We had a fine day off, wind about W.S.W. with fairly smooth water. It was, however, still pretty cold on the sea. We only saw one small iceberg. Reached Ferryland, our first port of call, about 4 P.M. and Renewa about 7 P.M. Both these places look very dull and are clearly going down. The places seem deserted, houses old and shabby; there is no fish going and everything betokens decadence. After rounding Cape Race we ran into a bank of dense fog and had a nasty time crossing Trepassey Bay. The ship rolled a good deal and I had a dose of Mal de Mer but not much. I soon turned in and dont know what time we got into the Harbour.

Thursday 20th. Fine morning wind about W.S.W. clear and cold. When I got up to breakfast we were steaming across St. Mary's Bay, having been in St. Mary's Harbour since daylight. We had a fine time all day and got into Placentia just at dinner-time. Took Albert Bradshaw on board here as passenger for Rose Blanche. Albert is bound on some wild goose chase. After reported coal inside the latter place. There is a little fish here but not a great deal and everything looks pretty dull and quiet. We did not await the arrival of the train but were off again about 2 P.M. Had a fine time across to Burin where we arrived by tea-

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<sup>1788</sup>A settlement grew up at The Gut, later called Searston.

time. It was quite cold on the water this afternoon and necessitated putting on our overcoats. I turned in before we got to St. Lawrence. Sometime during the night we called off St. Pierre to land Wm. Mackay<sup>1789</sup> and Abbott<sup>1790</sup> who are gone to put up a telephone and Electric light system. A tug came off for them.

Friday 21st. Dull and warm with fog hanging around outside. When I got up we were anchored at Fortune landing cargo. By the time breakfast was over we were at Grand Bank. Had a good time across the bay but before we reached the other side the fog closed in on us. We got into Belloram all right and after discharging there put out again but the fog was so dense and night approaching the Capt. concluded to put into St. Jacques where we remained all the afternoon and night. It is awfully monotonous aboard and the ship misses Capt. Delaney very much. He was always full of life and fun and at a time like this would amuse us all playing the tin whistle and singing etc. This man is very quiet, reserved, and scarcely says a word to anyone

Saturday 22nd. Still densly foggy. However, we put out and after some slow poking along managed to get into Harbour Briton. Here we remained all day. The fog was intensely thick and it blew and rained hard at intervals during the day. It would be useless

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<sup>1789</sup>W.A. Mackay (1873-1934), pioneer electrical contractor.

<sup>1790</sup>William Abbot, telegraph repairer.

and exceedingly dangerous to try and get around Pass Island in such weather. The place is full of rocks and shoals and the land low so that had we tried it we would simply have had a day and night, if not longer, rolling about out in the Bay. They all say here that this wind makes a heavy sea outside so though it is so fearfully monotonous it is certainly better to stay in here snugly tied onto the wharf. Albert Bradshaw and I paid a visit to Mr. Gallop,<sup>1791</sup> Newman's agent and were hospitably entertained by him. Newman's establishment however shows much signs of decay and there is no such volume of business here at all as formerly. Father Renouf<sup>1792</sup> came aboard here to pay a visit to Bay Despoir. The poor little man looks hard up. We have two Codroy men aboard, one Chafe<sup>1793</sup> of Codroy village, and Dix the Sailmaker's<sup>1794</sup> son who is now farming at the gut on Rolls' property.<sup>1795</sup> We are now four days left and are not half-way as yet. How much longer it will take us if this weather lasts it is difficult to say. I guess we will be all pretty sick of the voyage before we get through.

Sunday 23rd. Fine clear day; wind west blowing fresh and cold. Started at daylight and got to Pushthrough about 10 A.M. After considerable delay here taking in lumber and laths for

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<sup>1791</sup>E.C. Gallop.

<sup>1792</sup>Henry T. Renouf, later bishop of St. George's; d. 1941.

<sup>1793</sup>Charles Chafe, a merchant.

<sup>1794</sup>George Dicks, St. John's sailmaker, d. 1889.

<sup>1795</sup>See above, 1883, June 24, Sept. 28, 29.

Bonne Bay we were off again and had a long run to Ramea which we reached about 4 P.M. and Burgeo about 6 P.M. There was a considerable loup on all day and the steamer rolled a good deal. I came very near being sick. It was just as much as I could do to get through dinner and dare not smoke afterwards. At Burgeo I received two telegrams from His Lordship the Bishop informing me that Willie had met a serious accident riding his bike and was greatly shaken and bruised. They were afraid I would hear exaggerated accounts of it so sent to forewarn me.<sup>1796</sup> I also had a message from Clouston<sup>1797</sup> informing me that our boilers were left behind. This is a pretty go, we are now without anything to boil meat in. Burgeo looks thriving and seems to be holding its own pretty much. I turned in before we reached La Poile as the night was cold and rough. Heard the big steamer *Arcadia* which was ashore at Red Rocks near Cape Ray, had been got off this morning and towed into Port aux Basques.<sup>1798</sup>

Monday 24th. Dull and foggy again could not make Channel so thick was the fog, but when it cleared up a little we found we had overrun our course a mile or two. We got in about 7 A.M. Found the big steamer anchored here and a tug alongside. They are

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<sup>1796</sup>See accounts of the accident and Willie's condition, *Eve Tel*, May 21, 1897. Bicycles became a novelty in St. John's in 1897.

<sup>1797</sup>William J. Clouston of St. John's, manufacturer of cooking utensils (*Trade Review*, May 21, 1898).

<sup>1798</sup>The *Arcadia*, en route from Montreal to Hamburg, ran aground on May 15 (*Halifax Herald*, May 18, 1897; *Eve Tel*, June 3, 1897).

pumping water out of her all the time in a great river while divers are at work trying to patch up her bottom so that she might be taken either to Halifax or St. John's to go on dock. She is a splendid ship just off the stocks and this is her maiden voyage. She had a cargo of grain, oats, wheat and peas also a good deal of asbestos, several organs, and a few bales of furs. The organs, fur, and some of the asbestos was saved but most of the grain was thrown overboard. The people from here and Codroy are making great hauls of peas and oats etc. The "Cordelia" Man-of-War<sup>1799</sup> is also here. She and the Pelican<sup>1800</sup> were both at the wreck lending a hand. Being Her Majesty's birthday the ships are all decked out with bunting and at 12 O'clock the "Cordelia" fired a Royal Salute of 21 guns. The schooner Jim Keating had engaged for me was away at the wreck, so I had to hire another to take our crew and baggage etc. up to Codroy River. I got a fine chance to drive up myself.<sup>1801</sup> Father O'Regan<sup>1802</sup> and Father Mc.Donald<sup>1803</sup> came down to meet the Grand Lake to go into St. George's Bay and the former's horse is going back in charge of Jim Downey from the River. Dr. O'Regan kindly offered me a drive and insisted in my staying at his house while there. But as it is

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<sup>1799</sup>Involvement in surveying Lark Harbour in 1896 (Seary, *Place Names of the Northern Peninsula*, p. 55); she had arrived in Newfoundland May 21.

<sup>1800</sup>Another British man-of-war.

<sup>1801</sup>A road trip of approximately 20 mi.

<sup>1802</sup>Rev. Dr. Cornelius O'Regan; d. 1901.

<sup>1803</sup>Reginald McDonald (1835-1912).

rather far out of my way I will hardly avail of his kind offer. We started just at 12 O'clock leaving Tom Thorburn and crew to follow in the Schooner as soon as they could get ready. It was densely foggy and raw all the morning but began to clear up as we left. We found the road in an awful condition but as we had a good horse we made fine headway nevertheless. The road winds round amongst the hills and is very picturesque, especially going around the tail end of the Cape Ray range which peeped out amidst the fog and showed many large patches of snow, especially in the numerous deep gorges. We had some bother getting across the Grand Bay ferry. After that we got along fine. The mailman, John Downey, preceded us by about an hour, but as he had to turn off out to the lighthouse<sup>1804</sup> we passed him. As we reached Cape Ray and got on the western side it became fine, clear and warm but blew a gale of wind. We saw the "Grand Lake" pass and steam rapidly by for Bay St. George. After passing Red Rocks where the wreck had occurred the road was in an awful condition being cut up by the horses and carts going to and from the wreck. I dont know how we escaped being pitched out several times but the old horse proved steady and strong and the waggon, though looking slight, held out first-rate. We had a cup of tea about 5 P.M. near Little Codroy River which latter we reached about 6 P.M. The

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<sup>1804</sup>At Cape Ray.

mailman had just crossed but it blew so hard the ferryman was afraid to take us over and it looked very much as though we were here for the night. However, it calmed down after a little while and we got across. The road between the rivers was much better and we reached Grand River before sunset. It was a long, tiresome but pleasant drive. I was fortunate enough to get a nice tea and good bed at Mrs Doyle's at the Telegraph Station.<sup>1805</sup> I expected another telegram to meet me here from the Bishop about Will but there was none, and consequently I felt very anxious.

Tuesday 25th. Dull, close, drizzly day. As no message arrived up to breakfast-time I sent one to St. John's being very uneasy not hearing as I expected yesterday. I then took a stroll down the shore a long distance to look out a camping place. Found the country very wet and swampy all along. I saw two schooners coming up the shore one of which I took to be ours. It was nearly calm all day and desperately sultry. I had on my big oil coat<sup>1806</sup> and felt the heat very much. When I got back to the gut the schooner was close in but afraid to face the channel as the tide was low. After dinner I went out on the bank to watch her coming in. About 4 P.M. the tide was sufficiently high and she got in. We soon had all our stuff ashore and put into a store of

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<sup>1805</sup>John J. Doyle was telegraph operator.

<sup>1806</sup>One waterproofed with oil (*DNE oil*).

Keating's I had hired. There is some hay in it and the lads are going to spend the night here. It is much preferable to the damp, wet ground. We commenced to unpack some of our stuff preparatory to moving across to Little River<sup>1807</sup> where we will commence our work. It will bother us a good deal to get over there and I don't know which is the best way to go either by water or land.

Received a telegram from home in answer to mine saying Will is much better, also, one from Dr. Mike informing me that he will be all right in a few days, so that sets my mind at rest. When Tom<sup>1808</sup> arrived he also handed me yesterday's message which arrived just after I left Channel. Owing to a miserable state of affairs existing between Mr. McKay<sup>1809</sup> and the Government, or rather Mr. Bond, Smith of the Anglo-American line<sup>1810</sup> would not forward the message from Channel though he promised to do so. Consequently I have been put to the expense of two more and the Bishop to two.<sup>1811</sup> However, my mind is now easy.

Wednesday 26th. Very fine, warm day. Sent the men across to Little River with a load apiece. I tried to hire horses and carts to take over the rest but as they are all busy getting in their crops I could only get one. After dinner Tom and I unpacked all

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<sup>1807</sup>In the vicinity of St. Andrew's.

<sup>1808</sup>Tom Thorburn, of his crew.

<sup>1809</sup>H.H. Mackay, businessman in Channel.

<sup>1810</sup>Anglo-American Telegraph Company; Nathan Smith was the operator.

<sup>1811</sup>The tariff from Channel to St. John's was 50 cents per 10 words.

our stuff and picked out a month's supply, repacking the rest. We sent the car load off after dinner. The men did not get back till nearly 3 O'clock all pretty well jaded. It was their first load and I suppose they found it pretty tough. We will try and get over tomorrow but as it is a Holiday I am afraid I will not get any of the holy ones here to take a load over for me. It was too late to send them over again and besides it came to rain just after they got back.

Thursday 27th. Ascension Thursday being a Holiday the good people here would not work consequently we could not get anyone to take a load over to Little River for us. In any case it was raining hard nearly all day and during the night. The roads are in a desperate state with muck and the whole country saturated with water. Delaney,<sup>1812</sup> from Little River, came over in evening and stayed all night to take a load for us in the morning. Dr. O'Regan<sup>1813</sup> came up from Channel with the mailman having landed there from the "Grand Lake" this morning; we saw him at the Telegraph Office on his way home. I had a long walk in afternoon, nearly across to Little Codroy.

Friday 28th. Still dull and foggy on mountains but turned out a beautiful day. The men were off about 5 A.M. with Delaney.

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<sup>1812</sup>William Delaney.

<sup>1813</sup>The priest referred to on May 25.

We got away as soon as we could get breakfast about 8 A.M. and had a good walk across. The road was awfully soft and heavy. At the ferry we met Mr. Geo. Knowling Jr.<sup>1814</sup> who has a farm on south side of river here. We had to proceed down the River some distance to the place where we intend camping on the site of the old chapel.<sup>1815</sup> It is a nice place on the North bank of the River and there is a considerable clearing surrounded by trees. It is well sheltered and above all fine, dry ground. Found the men with all the gear here. We spent a good while fixing away everything snug and getting up our camps etc., after which set them at work getting wood, putting handles in picks and making preparations generally for commencing work. I took a stroll along the shore of River, saw some outcrops of sandstones etc. looking like Coal Measures. Came across one place quite near camp where fragments of coal were visible. I then set Mat and Larry at work and we uncovered a small dirt streak of a couple of inches showing a little true coal, so we were not long striking it. In fact, I had not left camp five minutes when I came across the place. It was my intention to work out on the sea shore in N.W. cove<sup>1816</sup> but as there seems a prospect here I will begin here tomorrow. This is

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<sup>1814</sup>Son of George T. Knowling, St. John's businessman and politician (*Trade Review*, May 21, 1898). See a letter from Knowling of "Codroy Valley" in *Eve Tel*, Nov. 10, 1897.

<sup>1815</sup>Perhaps at Little River (St. Andrew's).

<sup>1816</sup>Northwest Cove, on the coast, west of Little River.

our first night in camp and fortunately it is not a cold one. I shot two rabbits after tea. They are numerous here and the men have snares set for them. Huxley runs wild after them and after everything. I will have great difficulty in getting him over this habit, I fear.

Saturday 29th. Dull, cool day but fine. Set all hands at work costeaning along side of River. I walked up along shore a considerable distance but saw no other rock exposures. After dinner I walked down to the gut and thence across to N.W. cove and down along shore to where I was on Tuesday last. There are continuous exposures of rock all along chiefly red and greenish sandstones with shaly divisions but no sign of coal. The cliffs are very dangerous and are all the time foundering. I had a long, tiresome tramp. When I got back to the gut I stopped a while fishing and caught ten good trout. They are numerous here but I was too late as the tide was well up. Got a passage back to camp in punt with a fisherman. Men all pretty tired after the day. They struck nothing in the shape of coal this evening.

Sunday May 30th. Rained hard again this morning early, nice and warm in camp. Slept well last night. The mountains opposite camp are very picturesque, deeply scarred with ravines in which considerable snow still lodges, but it is fast disappearing. A continuous blanket of fog covers their tops ever since we came

but it does not descend into the valley. All the farmers here are busy getting in their crops. I saw some oats today a couple of inches high and looking well. The soil is very rich looking, but more stoney here than over at Grand River. There is a great patch of wet swampy land between our camp and N.W. Cove and out towards the gut. After dinner Tom and I went down to gut. Tom remained trouting and caught a fine lot, I went out along shore and around point<sup>1817</sup> to N.W. Cove. It was densely foggy all evening.

Monday 31st. Beautiful, fine morning at last. We all started up river in boat to a small Brook on South side known as Campbell's Brook where coal has been reported having been picked up loose after freshets. We had to land some distance from Mouth of Brook and walk about a mile. Followed up Brook which was low and filled with loose debris till we came to a very small outcrop of Carboniferous sandstone above which some fragments of coal were seen striking out. Set all the men at work here costeaning. I then walked up the Brook and came across the Laurentian rocks just beyond at next turn, continuing up Brook till I got into the gorge of the mountains. I then climbed up a very steep pinnacle from whence I had a good view up and down the valley and across to Grand River. There are some considerable patches of snow still remaining in the mountain gorges. When I got back to where the

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<sup>1817</sup>Larkin Point.

men were at work, I found they had uncovered some small dirt streaks and one band of fire-clay with a little nest of coal in it. Examined the Brook downwards but found no other outcrop of the Carboniferous rocks and no bands worth speaking of. The prospects for doing much work, or reaching the bed-rock, are indeed small. It came to rain again in evening and blew hard. Had a tough time getting back to camp. We are too far away and must move up nearer.

Tuesday June 1st. Raining in torrents nearly all day; very foggy and miserable, remained in camp all forenoon. After dinner I went across to the other side and had a nasty tramp through the woods looking for a brook I had supposed to fall into a cove below, but there was no brook of any size here. I got a fearful ducking and had to change all my clothes when I got back to camp. It continued wet and foggy all afternoon and I fear we are in for a spurt of bad weather. Had a new moon yesterday.

Wednesday June 2nd. Still pouring down in torrents, everything miserably wet, ground soaking, cleared up a little after dinner. Sent the lads up to Campbell's Brook with a load of things. I walked up along the north side of River to commencement of intervale. The land along here is very fine, saw some outcrops of rock in one place.

Thursday 3rd. Fine day at last. Started men off with things

and sent them all up to clear away a camping place. They had to make three trips. Tom and I waited till the last. We did not get up till dinner-time. Camped in the woods near roadside not far from river. When all was made snug went up again to where we were costeaning and did a good evening's work. Prospects not looking bright at all. Saw several fire clays but only small sign of coal.

Friday 4th. Very cold last night, froze hard, about 1/4 inch of ice in wash basin when we got up. I walked down south side to visit a brook below Knowling's and followed it up to mountains, country flat, no rock exposed except one very small outcrop. No prospect for costeaning here. When I got back to Campbell's Brook in evening men had a good deal uncovered. Struck one small coal seam showing about 1 foot good coal. This is a little cheering, but not much. There is a tremendous accumulation of bowlders here and I fear we will not be able to reach the bed-rock for any distance.

Saturday 5th. Another splendid day. All hands at work costeaning. I walked up the road to McNeil's<sup>1818</sup> and then followed up another stout brook till I reached the mountains. No rock exposed, all low and flat untill Laurentian rocks are met with. When I returned the men had uncovered the coal seam for several

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<sup>1818</sup>The farm described in 1874 and 1883 (July 10).

yards. I am sorry to say it does not amount to much. Although a good bed of fireclay occurs here, the coal in it forms but an irregular streak and thins out both ways. Struck one or two other thin dirt streaks above, but at lower end of cut could not reach the bed-rock owing to bowlders and water. I walked up river and followed the western branch some distance. It runs through tremendous gorge.

Sunday June 6th. Beautiful, fine day. Pretty tired after the week's work. Remained in camp all day reading and writing letters home for the mail tomorrow. Tom and I had invitations to dine at Mr. George Knowling's. Tom went but I preferred to rest. No news yet of the Railway having got across the Exploits. Dont expect they can do anything with the bridge yet.<sup>1819</sup>

Monday 7th. Still another fine day. Tom went for mail but it did not arrive till late in the evening. He then had to go to Grand River for it. Men at work all day at Campbell's Brook. No new developments. Prospects for getting down to bed-rock looking bad. Got letters from home giving full account of Will's accident. Find it was much more serious than I had dreamt of. He was five days unconscious and was all but gone. In fact, as Dr. Mike says, he had a miraculous escape with his life. Not much

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<sup>1819</sup>By July 13, temporary bridges damaged by flooding had been repaired as far as Crabbes River. A temporary bridge was in place over the Exploits. The Exploits bridge of steel spans which had been severely damaged in April was repaired and functioning at the end of July (*Eve Tel*, July 31, Aug. 2, 1897).

other news.

Tuesday 8th. Another beautiful, fine warm day. The weather is now clearing. I went across to post letters at Mr. Knowling's and then walked up McDougall's Brook a long way. Returned to camp to dinner and after went in to see the men at work. Found it utterly useless to attempt any further work here so abandoned the place and we brought out our picks and shovels, we will now try the main river<sup>1820</sup> further up for a few days. There is a high gravel bank near McNeil's place where we may possibly be able to reach the bed-rock.

Wednesday 9th. Still another charming day; went up to McNeil's and commenced on big gravel bank to cut into it. After luncheon I walked up on south side a long distance beyond furthest clearing, but saw nothing to induce me to try further up. I was much struck with the extent and richness of the interval land all along the River. It is magnificent and the luxuriousness of the grass is indicative of surpassing fertility. If all were cleared up it would make an admirable dairy farm or, in fact, a number of farms. It is capable of raising hay enough to feed thousands of heads of cattle. No sign of rock-bed here.

Thursday 10th. Very fine warm day again. Men at work all day near McNeil's. I started off after breakfast to climb the

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<sup>1820</sup>Little Codroy River.

mountains and travel round till I come opposite to where they were at work, and then come down. I had easy going by a wood path<sup>1821</sup> till I reached the base of the hills but from that to the summit it was simply awfully steep. Such a tangle of bush, and scrub and rocks I never met with. I aimed for a long sloping gulsh which appeared from camp to be easy of ascent. I, however, found it very difficult and the day was so hot it made the climbing most arduous. I did not reach the summit till 1 O'clock and as I brought nothing to eat I began to feel pretty hungry. I now had to take a long round to clear the gulches before reaching the ridge opposite McNeil's. I saw much snow in the gulches and walked on some of it. The summit of the mountains is pretty bare and presents a rolling plain for a long distance back. The view is superb. All the valley of the two Codroys lay beneath me in panoramic beauty. I could see up the country and out to sea a long distance but not far to the southward, as higher ridges lay behind. I was surprised to find a rich, deep grass of last year's growth on the slopes of some of the ridges. I had nearly as bad a time getting down off the mountains as going up and did not reach the place where the men were till 4 P.M. very tired and hungry. Found there was no prospect of getting at the bed-rock here, so concluded to give it up. I am now pretty well convinced that all

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<sup>1821</sup>A path giving access to timber (*DNE wood path*).

the rocks in this part of the valley are below the true coal measures. So I have concluded to move back again at once to the Main River<sup>1822</sup> and ascend it to where the coal was seen last year.

Friday 11th. Very sultry morning, packed up all our gear and got across the river<sup>1823</sup> and camped there. Sent one load of things over to Main River gut in afternoon. Will move all tomorrow.

Saturday 12th. Fine day, nice and cool; had an early breakfast, packed up all and moved across to main river gut, got over about 10 A.M. We camped on a level near water side, a bleak place, should it come to blow hard. Engaged Mr. Dicks'<sup>1824</sup> large boat to take all our stuff up River to head of tide water; from that we will have to back our things up to end of the rails unless we can procure a smaller boat. Found everything here much as we left it. Heard of a fearful accident on the Newfoundland Railway, the explosion of a boiler on one of the locomotives by which Engineer Glasco was killed and fireman Byrne badly scalded. This is the first bad accident they have had since the regular running of trains.<sup>1825</sup>

Sunday June 13th. Fine day but dull and cool. Dr. O'Regan is

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<sup>1822</sup>The Grand Codroy River.

<sup>1823</sup>The Little Codroy River.

<sup>1824</sup>The farmer Dix above, May 22.

<sup>1825</sup>See *Eve Tel*, June 12, Aug. 11, Aug. 16, 1897. The engineer or "driver" was Fred Glasgow, the fireman John Byrne. The accident occurred in the Freshwater Valley, near St. John's; Glasgow's body was thrown 150 feet from the site of the explosion.

over to Little River today. Mr. Doyle, Operator, very kindly gave Tom and I a drive over to hear Mass. It was very fine and a large congregation from both rivers had assembled. We enjoyed the drive very much. Mr. Dicks had invited us to dinner also Mr. Doyle, but as the former was the prior invitation we had to accept it. We had a nice dinner but I was not feeling well and did not enjoy it as much as I would wish. Mrs Dicks is a nice person and all the folks here are extremely kind and hospitable. We had a long walk after dinner, and then went to Doyle's to tea. His father and mother who were down to Mass stayed all day and had tea with us as we go up the River tomorrow D.V. Mr. Doyle Sr.<sup>1826</sup> has kindly invited us to stop at his home while in his neighborhood. I did not feel at all well this evening as I am suffering much from indigestion.

Monday 14th. Raining hard in morning, cleared off a little but still continued dull, foggy and wet all day. Did not succeed in getting Mr. Dicks' boat, the only one here large enough to take our stuff, till about 9 O'clock. We then got all on board and started up the river. The tide was just top high and before we got up very far it turned to run out. The big boat was very heavy and we had only two oars so that our progress was very slow. We had an Indian boy in a flat with Dennis the cook as

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<sup>1826</sup>James Doyle; see 1883, June 24.

pilots to show us the channel. By the time we got up to the interval the water had fallen so low that we could not get over the shoals. We had to stop opposite Mr. Doyle's to await the next tide. Here we spent all the afternoon patiently waiting the ebb and flow. Truly that "time and tide wait for nobody," was well exemplified in our case. Slowly it ran out till our boats were high and dry and still more slowly, so it appeared, it rose again. Not till nearly 8 O'clock had it risen sufficiently to enable us to float off our boats. In the meantime Mr. Doyle had seen us and came over in a flat and insisted on Tom and myself going over to stay the night. We were very glad to do so as it was wet and cold and we were not likely to get any place to camp or have time to put them up. It was nearly dark when the big boat got off and they just had light to get over the shoals, when they stopped for the night. Tom and I were made very comfortable at Mr. Doyle's. Had a chat about everything and then retired for the night. They gave us a nice, clean, soft, comfortable bed. A new thing to us now.

Tuesday 15th. Still dull and wet. Slept well last night and a nice breakfast. Mr. Doyle showed us some excellent tweed made at Mabou, Cape Breton from his own wool by a brother of Doyle's at Glenmuir Mills. It was splendid stuff all wool and very cheap only from 60 to 80 cts. per yard. We found the lads had put in

rather a miserable night as they had not time to get up their camps and it was misting rain all night. Got up to the head of the tide about 10 A.M. and camped. We then began to pack up to the end of the Railway track another mile and a half. Here we found two flat cars or trucks such as they use for running iron on to the end of the track. They are low with very heavy wheels and frames but we will avail of them if we can shove them along at all, to carry our stuff up to south branch of Main River. They are at present unshipped<sup>1827</sup> and lifted off the rails.

Wednesday 16th. Raining hard all night and all the morning, very miserable. It cleared off at noon, when we again continued packing. Sent two men back with Dicks' boat. The lads had a heavy time getting up the heavy barrels. I walked up to the falls and tried for a salmon, but found nothing but a few small trout. I then travelled up one of the small brooks flowing in near the fall a long distance. Saw a good deal of rock in place, all red grit. Picked up some fragments of impure dirty coal, or black shale.

Thursday 17th. Fine day. Packed all up to end of track and camped. Set some of the men at work clearing rubbish off the rails on ahead and fixing up bad spots. I went up same brook I was on yesterday and followed it up to the mountains but saw

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<sup>1827</sup>I.e., removed from the track.

nothing. We got three of the cars on the rails, greased the axles and made all ready for a start tomorrow. Packed everything, put our camps etc. on them. We will have a tremendous heavy load as the two cars are piled full. The weather is very cool as yet and there is a cold northerly wind today. Still the flies are beginning to play up lively.

Friday 18th. Fine clear and cool day. Started forward by rail taking all our gear on the two cars. We had ropes out in front and half the lads were hauling, the rest pushing behind. I took a photo just near the falls of the River and track with the cars and men hauling. I then walked ahead to see how the line was and give danger signals if required. It was nearly all slight up-grade or level, and they had a hard drag. There were, however, some down grades, I gave them orders to ease the cars down these with their ropes. Notwithstanding which, at one of the steepest, they all got on and let her go full speed ahead, just then I had come across a small cut where the banks had foundered over the track. I ran back to give them warning when I found them tearing down-grade at a great rate. I shouted to them to look out and then there was a great scene, all hands jumped off, old Tom going head over heels in amongst the stumps. Dick held on to the rope and tried to check her. Denis was afraid to jump and stuck to the cars. I tried to stop them by putting a stick across the track

but it was too light. Fortunately before reaching the cave-in the line became more level and the speed greatly diminished so that when she struck the stick she had no great way on. Had it been a steeper grade, or had there been a broken trestle ahead, all would have been smashed up. I went for<sup>1828</sup> them for not doing as I ordered them and was determined not to run any such risk again. They all got a great fright. We now proceeded on pretty well but soon came to Mollychignek brook where the trestle had been swept clean away. Fortunately, however, the sleepers and rails were still intact, swung across in a great loop. We had to stop here to repair the trestle before we could get across. It was a heavy job and took us all day from 10 A.M. till 5 P.M. We had to build up two big blocks with sticks and sleepers, obtained alongside the track and from the ruins of the trestle lying by the side of the brook. Other parts we shored up and drove wedges in between. At last we had it sufficiently strong to venture over, one car at a time. We now had fair going till we came to a big gravel cut. Here a great amount of gravel had fallen in, completely burying the rails. While the men were at work clearing this away I walked ahead and went right out to the main river. The track was in good order all along till at the Main River the trestle, rails, and all had been swept away last fall and the rails now lay along the

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<sup>1828</sup>Berated.

brook bent like hoops and half buried in the sand. It must have been an awful freshet and one can hardly conceive it as at the present moment the river is almost dry. I now walked back expecting to meet the lads about halfway but when I got to where I left them found they were still hard at work trying to clear the cut. It was a bad place and the immense gravel banks on either side were so loose that as fast as they shovelled it out it came down again and filled up the place. It was now growing dark and we had no supper yet, more than all, it was a most wretched place to camp. In fact, no place anywhere near where a camp could be put up at all. They worked away till dark. We then tried to get the first car through, but it stuck in the middle and we could neither get it forward or back. Had to give up for the night and try to rig up a shelter. We found two or three old railway tilts fixed up on top of gravel bank and some availed of these. Others covered themselves up in their camps etc. laid down near the track. Tom and I got our camp fly over one half of a tilt frame, put our camp inside, started a little fire and were very snug as the night fortunately remained fine.

Saturday 19th. We are exactly a month left St. John's today. It does not seem anytime. We cleared the cut sufficiently to get our cars through with difficulty by breakfast-time, and then proceeded on. Had a fine time now as the line was clear the rest

of the way. There were a couple of down grades and as I had been over the line last evening and knew all was clear we got on the cars and got some good runs down. We reached the forks,<sup>1829</sup> our terminus, about 10 O'clock. Here we put up our camps. After dinner commenced packing up the river to the mouth of the little Brook where the coal seam was seen last year. I walked on ahead and ascended this Brook till I came to the outcrops. It was a long way up, a couple of hours' walk, and pretty bad going at that. I could only see the debris where they uncovered the gravel last year. The bank was low and had caved in covering the coal up again. The coal seen was very bright and hard, almost Anthracite. I fear the extent here is very limited. I saw several deer tracks and the footing of a large bear just at mouth of the Brook. Also several lynx tracks. It came to rain again in evening. There were a couple of heavy showers. The travelling along the brook is pretty bad and necessitated wading nearly all the way through the water. I was well tired out after the day's hard work and travelling.

Sunday June 20th. Beautiful, fine day. All hands resting after our hard week's work. The flies are bad today and bite vigorously. After dinner Tom and I crossed the river and took a long walk on the railway track. There is a good deal of marsh and

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<sup>1829</sup>Of the North and South Branches of the river.

barrens on the north side between the two branches.

Monday 21st. Dull and blowing hard. Men all packing up to Coal Brook. I walked up the first little brook near our camp to the foot of the mountains but saw nothing of the coal measures. After dinner I went down to the fork and up the northern branch a considerable distance and then struck across for the R.R. track. It blew a gale all evening. I commenced to cut a path from track towards the marsh and coal brook for a short cut to Railway which will be convenient later on for our mails etc. It came on to rain again so I gave it up. The wind had now increased to a perfect hurricane and continued to blow hard nearly all night. It was simply terrific and I expected every moment our camp would go. A big spruce tree close by, which had been partially cut through, threatened every moment to come down. I never heard such wind and could not sleep with the noise. It is an awful gale for this season, Midsummer day.

Tuesday 22nd. A beautiful, fine, calm day after the storm. This is the great Jubilee day, sixtieth anniversary of Queen Victoria's reign and I suppose the whole British world are celebrating it in grand style. Our celebration consisted, first, in moving camp to Coal Brook and setting up again in a nice sheltered place amongst thick alders. After dinner we proceeded up to the coal outcrops which is a long walk by the river, and a

very rough one, we opened up the big seam which makes a fine showing. I named this the Jubilee Seam, also discovered another close by but so low down we could not get at it properly. Hope to do good work this week if fine. Some of the men are cutting a path along the brook to make it more easy to travel in and out.

Wednesday 23rd. Fine day. All hands at work costeaning and uncovering big seam, came across a few small dirt streaks above this. On the next bend of brook above there is a big scrape where the cliff is laid bare, just beyond this again where the woods are intact I found indications of one or more seams and apparently one larger one. Flies very bad this evening.

Thursday 24th. Cabot's Day.<sup>1830</sup> I wonder how they are getting along with the signal station etc. I suppose Judge Prowse is in his element today. Moved all the men but two up to the big scrape where we soon uncovered a splendid Coal seam<sup>1831</sup> running vertically up the hill slope. As there is an awful lot of timber, some of it heavy and also a great accumulation of clay, rocks, etc. covering the coal we will have to remove it all so as to get a full view of this place. After dinner I walked across through

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<sup>1830</sup>The 400th anniversary of the alleged discovery of Newfoundland by John Cabot. For an account of celebrations, in which D.W. Prowse was prominent, see Peter Pope, *The Many Landfalls of John Cabot* (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1997), pp. 102-09. See Howley's letter proposing a Cabot coat of arms to mark the event, *Eve Tel*, May 6, 1897. (He had earlier suggested "a simple obelisk of native granite.") A letter answering Howley followed on May 8. The cornerstone for a building commemorating Cabot and replacing earlier structures used for signaling arrival of ships was laid on June 22.

<sup>1831</sup>The find was announced in *Eve Tel*, July 19, 1897.

the woods to the other branch of the brook where I also found the coal rocks and some signs of coal. Further up this Branch I came across immense beds of white and dull coloured marble.

Friday 25th. Fine day again. Tom and Ned measuring the Brook. All the men at work chopping down timber from big slope. It was a heavy job and an immense lot of stuff had accumulated on the slope which gave us all we could do to remove and throw down in the River. Came to rain again in evening.

Saturday 26th. Tom plotting his work. Very wet all morning but cleared off fine, sent men in but did not go myself till after dinner. I crossed the brook to North side and commenced to cut the path towards R.R. line. When I got into where men were at work they were still clearing off the timber, and it was sometime before we had it all down. We then went on costeaning and uncovered several yards of the big coal seam which appears to be over 6 feet wide here. It makes a splendid show. There is another just above which also promises well but as yet we only have the tail end of it. The evening turned out very fine. We had big fires going to try and burn up some of the refuse thrown down in the brook. I have now great hopes of the coal and think it will continue up country and cross the main Brook about three miles above. If so it will be a good thing. It will be the easiest coal seam in North America to work being nearly all above the level of

the Brook extending along the base of the steep slope forming the foot-hills of the mountain range. There is an admirable line for a branch of the R.R. to connect near the forks, and the cars can be run up right under the coal seam so that the coal can be dumped from the outcrop into them. There will be no heavy or expensive machinery or hoisting gear required, at least for sometime.

Sunday 27th. Fine day. Kavanagh and Whelan went off down the River to Doyle's, all the rest in camp. After dinner I walked up the main River till it entered the mountain range, a long tramp, and on my way back I ascended a large tributary on the south, to the Laurentian rocks. This was rough travelling, I saw some deer tracks but no sign of any deer. It was dark when I reached back to camp and I felt pretty tired from my tramp. The lads had returned with our mail. Found all well at home.

Monday 28th. Fine day again. Tom surveyed the 2nd. Branch of Coal River. All at work on big scrape uncovering Coal seam and costeaning.

Tuesday 29th. Wet in morning but cleared off fine. Did not get to work till rain held up, all hands then still at Big scrape. After dinner I cut a path over to west branch and had a good look at the rocks, picked up some pieces of coal there.

Wednesday 30th. Very cold night, froze quite hard, ice on

wash basin in morning, but day fine. All hands again uncovered more of Big seam. Three hands at work costeaning further down stream. I walked up main River in morning to next small Brook and followed that up to the mountains then struck across to where men were working. The flies were awful all day, as indeed they are every day now. Men moved some more of the big seam which appears to turn away and become flat. I am inclined now to think it and the next one are the same seam and that we are at the end of the trough.

Thursday July 1st. Storm of wind and rain all day. Cold and raw like an October day rather than a July one. All hands remained in camp all day, too wet to go to work.

Friday July 2nd. Dull and showery all day. Men all at work again at Big scrape. I stayed home till dinner-time writing letters as I intend sending down two hands tomorrow. We are short of molasses and butter and if train does not soon put in an appearance will be short of other things also. All hands at big scrape. There are now apparently four seams visible, two of them small and irregular, and several wide dirt streaks. But it became more and more apparent that we are at the tail end of the trough.

Saturday 3rd. Fine, cool but bright day. Sent Ned and Kie<sup>1832</sup> off with our mail etc. down the river, all the rest at work on

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<sup>1832</sup>A nickname, but it is not clear for whom.

big scrape, have the big seam pretty well uncovered to top now which confirms the suspicion of its being one with the 2nd seam which Larry uncovered. It is a great disappointment to find this so as I had hoped it might continue eastward a mile or so. Instead I find we have just struck the tail end of a short trough, and in reality, all there is of it. My only hope now is that the 1st. big seam below is in a separate trough and may continue a few miles east and west. If not, then I fear the coal will not amount to much after all.

Sunday July 4th. Glorious, fine, bright warm day, though pretty cold last night. Blowing a fresh breeze. In camp reading all forenoon. After dinner Tom and I went down to forks to try for a salmon but did not succeed in rising one. On our way down we met Ned and Kie returning with our mail. Have all the news of the Jubilee and Cabot celebrations.<sup>1833</sup> They turned out a great success it would appear and everything went off like a theatre both in England, Newfoundland and elsewhere. Found by my letters all were well at home and enjoying themselves at the various entertainments etc.

Monday 5th. Very close and warm all day; flies desperate. Still at work uncovering big seam, some of the men costeaning further down stream.

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<sup>1833</sup>*Eve Tel*, June 23, 25, 1897 (for St. John's celebrations).

Tuesday 6th. Another close, sultry day. All hands at work clearing down loose debris from the big coal seam.

Wednesday 7th. A blazing hot day, first real summer heat we have had. All kinds of flies are bad today, especially the big deer fly or stout, which made his first appearance. All hands at work clearing down big seam. There is an awful pile of stuff to take away, but we are getting through it. This is my fiftieth birthday so I suppose I am now well over the height of life's line and will begin the down grade from this date. No sign of the Railway people yet. There is a gentleman from South Carolina salmon fishing down the river, so the lads who went down inform us. He caught three fine fish last week, as yet they do not appear to have reached up our way, nor have the sea trout either put in an appearance. We are therefore hard up for something fresh in the way of food. No deer, no trout or salmon, and no rabbits. The latter are numerous yet we cannot either snare or get a shot at them.

Thursday 8th. Another fine, hot day but not so hot as yesterday. Succeeded in uncovering the whole of the big seam. It makes a splendid showing. Denis, our cook, came in to see it today. I took two photos of it with all hands arranged along up the slope pick and shovel in hands. I next set four of them to costean near top of bank so as to try and catch the seam there.

The other four are endeavouring to penetrate the gravel bank below which is very hard, in order to get at the bed-rock.

Friday 9th. Tremendous storm of thunder and lightning last night with heavy rain. Dull and wet in morning but cleared off fine. Weather much cooler today. Could not get down to coal bed above, ground began to get dangerous so I had to give up the attempt. The others also could not reach the bed-rock where they were at work. I then moved all hands down below and commenced costeaning on R. side River opposite the first coal outcrop. We cannot do any more above. A measurement of the big seam about halfway up the slope gave 6 feet 2 inches of coal, but it is very broken and slack.

Saturday 10th. Fine day, fresh N.W. breeze. Sent all the men but Tom Cole down to pack the remainder of our stuff up to camp and also to finish the path to R.R. track from opposite side of River. Old Tom and I started off for a day on the mountains. We had a pretty, long, steep climb but got up first-rate. It was a glorious day, the breeze kept us cool and the flies at bay. We travelled over a great extent and found the going for the most part good but occasionally we struck some bad patches of tucking bushes. We saw no game of any kind on the hills and only an occasional sign of deer footing, none very fresh. The country up here is very rugged and desolate, yet in some places there are

patches of rich, deep grass and sedge. Saw numerous little ponds in one of which some gulls had their nests but we could not find the nests. We took a long round and came down again between the forks of the brooks. It was a much worse place than the one we took coming up and we had some desperate tucks to get through. Even when we reached the long woods we managed to strike a great patch of windfalls and had a hard time altogether. We only saw one poor rabbit as we came through the thick woods which I shot. Tom informed me that Burton,<sup>1834</sup> a Railway employee, with a gang of men, the vanguard of the railway army, had just arrived at the crossing today. The trains are away back at Crabb's River but all will be here in a few days more. Mr. Powells, the gentleman from S.C. is now camped at the forks and was up the river fishing when they went down. He did not, however, catch any thing today.

Sunday July 11th. Dull, cool day, rather tired after yesterday's long tramp. Remained in camp all day reading, writing and sewing. After dinner Tom and I went up the Brook a short distance to try for a fish but got none. Flies awful these days and nights, especially sand flies, never found them worse.

Monday 12th. Pouring rain all day. Did not leave camp. Rivers rising a good deal. Very miserable.

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<sup>1834</sup>Thomas Burton was a "walking boss on construction" (Penney, *A History of the Newfoundland Railway*, vol. 1, p. 61).

Tuesday 13th. Still raining hard, great flow in Brook and Main River. It cleared off a little in afternoon, when we commenced to cut a new path into where we are at work, through the woods in a direct line. This will be much shorter than by the Brook and will save wading across it, especially when flooded, as it is at present. We had only two axes and two tomahawks available for cutting, all very blunt so we made but poor progress. The wood was very thick and much encumbered with windfalls. We got about 1/4 of a mile when the rain came down again in torrents and we had to give up, being drenched wet.

Wednesday 14th. Still dull and heavy, awfully close day. Cleared off fine at noon. Sent Tom Thorburn with four men to continue the path, I with the other four went in by the old one and had enough to do to cross the brook in some places. We continued costeaning on left side and towards evening Tom Whelan struck another coal seam but as yet dont know what it is like.

Thursday 15th. Very fine hot day. All hands costeaning. Tom and I cut away several of the windfalls in our new path and continued it further up till we reached the river, near the commencement of the coal measures. After dinner sent Jack Kavanagh back along the path to cut the worst windfalls. The coal seam Tom Whelan struck yesterday turns out to be a very small but good one. It has about three feet of coal altogether, about two

feet being very good, hard, bright coal. Sent four men at work to clear away and clean up first seam on L. side as I expect Mr. Reid along in a few days to see the place and I want to have all in good shape. Unfortunately the heavy rainfall has caused a landslide above and nearly covered all our big seam again. We will have a lot of work to clear it down.

Friday 16th. Another very fine and very hot day. We are now getting pretty low in the grub line being out of sweetening the last few days and Denis is on his last baking of flour. I sent Tom off this morning to see if there was any sign of the train. He went down to the crossing and found a gang of men there rebuilding the trestle. The train has not come along yet beyond River Brook, the old headquarters of last year. But Mr. W.D. Reid leaves town today for the front and will be here in a few days. Men cleaned up the 1st seam L. side and cut it across. It looks fine. I then sent four of them up to the big seam again to clear it down. The other four still costeaning on R. side. Old Tom and Dick struck another seam which appears to be a large one, but it is low down and moreover in a nasty, wet place and will take sometime to clear away. I believe this is one of the first two seams on opposite side as we are just on their strike.

Saturday 17th. Very hot day again. Succeeded in clearing down big seam. Found it so difficult to get at the seam Tom and

Dick discovered. We commenced to clear away a large space so as to have fair play at it and try and draw off the water which comes very freely from springs behind.

Sunday July 18th. Desperately hot day. Jack and Tom Whelan went off down to Codroy for mails etc. Remained in camp reading till lunch time. Tom and I then walked down to the trestle which is all ready to lay the rails on. Tom Burton, Otto Emerson, Joyce and a crowd of men here. They have been rushing things all the week and are pretty tired out. They got a mail today by trolly<sup>1835</sup> from headquarters at River Brook. The train reached there yesterday but W.D. Reid has not yet come. The Baby engine was at North Brook yesterday and will probably be along here tomorrow. I wrote a note to Bob Reid<sup>1836</sup> about our grub. We got a few late papers from Mr. Burton. This was a desperately sultry day, in fact, it has been a hot week since the rain storm.

Monday 19th. Another hot day. All hands at work uncovering big seam and costeaning above. Heard the whistle of the Baby for the first time. She gave three loud blows at the end of our portage path indicating that they had stuff for us. Just before luncheon Bob Reid, Otto Emerson and Joyce came in to see the coal. Bob was quite surprised at what we had to show him. After

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<sup>1835</sup>A handcar; for an illustration, see *ibid.*, p. 44.

<sup>1836</sup>Robert Gillespie Reid Jr.

dinner sent Tom out with four of the lads to get our grub down from the track as it was risky to leave it there. They found that one barrel of flour, one of pork, two tubs of butter and two boxes meat and soups were wanting. I suppose in the hurry this morning at Headquarters they were overlooked. It is strange we have no mail.

Tuesday 20th. Awfully hot day. Sent the whole crew across river to carry down our things. The Baby brought the remainder this morning. I started off for the day up the Main Brook. It was very hot and but for a little breeze would be almost unbearable. I ascended the South fork to the junction and then went up the Main River till I met another small tributary, this I also ascended and found a good exposure of the coal measures, not far up. Here the mountain range approaches much nearer the River. I continued up the latter to where the coal measures strike out and cross it. I had a long tramp back to camp and was very tired when I reached there. Tom and the men had a hard job getting the heavy barrels down to the river, especially the pork and molasses. After dinner they went inside and continued costeaning.

Wednesday 21st. Desperately hot day again. Sent Tom and Ned off up the Main River to survey the two tributaries above where I saw the coal measures outcrop. I wrote letters and then went down

to the trestle to leave them at Cobb's<sup>1837</sup> camp to be forwarded to Headquarters. The Baby did not come in today. W.D. Reid is expected along, so I suppose they are waiting for him. I came back by way of the track and up the long marsh till I met our trail. It was stifling hot and the atmosphere very sultry indicating a large fire somewhere west. After dinner I went inside and got all hands at work uncovering the big seam. There were some enormous boulders to be uncovered and a good deal of debris. We got it sufficiently uncovered to make a measurement of it. It turns out to be 24 feet wide and has about 15 feet of coal in it. The central band is over 13 feet, all coal, most of it fine and solid. This is the boss seam in Newfoundland.<sup>1838</sup>

Thursday 22nd. Another very hot day. All at work on the big seam getting it gradually uncovered. Just as we were leaving off work Engineers Powell<sup>1839</sup> and Bartlett of the Railway came in. They had been running a trial line up from the trestle for a branch to the coal. This looks like business and there seems at least a prospect of our coal being worked. W.D. Reid evidently relied upon my information and took my advice to start a survey right away. Tom and Ned returned from up the River. They had a

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<sup>1837</sup>The Scot Alexander Cobb led bridge-building teams.

<sup>1838</sup>See *Eve Tel*, Aug. 12, 1897, reporting Howley's discovery of "the new 12-foot coal seam."

<sup>1839</sup>John P. Powell from Carbonear; *Dictionary of Newfoundland and Labrador Biography*, ed. Robert H. Cuff (St. John's: Harry Cuff Publications Ltd., 1990), p. 275.

miserable night last night with flies etc.

Friday 23rd. Raining hard all the morning, cleared off about noon. We then went in to work but had not been long there when it came on again and poured down in torrents. We held on till we were all soaking and could not work any longer, so we had to give up about 5 P.M. Powell and his crew were also out all day running another trial line.

Saturday 24th. Rained all night and still very dull and wet; waited till we saw it clear up about 9 A.M. when we started to work. Succeeded in completely uncovering the great seam which now measures 25 feet. It is a magnificent coal seam if it only continue any distance as wide as it is here. Powell finished his trial line into where we were at work. He finds a rise of some 250 feet in a distance of 3 1/2 miles which gives pretty steep grades; still, he thinks a fairly good line can be obtained. W.D. Reid was into the front yesterday. They now have some 300 men at work there and a lot more outside near Headquarters ballasting. I expect W.D. Reid will be in to see the coal tomorrow.

Sunday July 25th. Pouring rain all night and nearly all day, very miserable. Rivers swollen again. I expect some of their new trestles will go. Remained in camp all day reading etc.

Monday 26th. Dull but fine day. Men costeaning all above the great seam but found nothing beyond a few dirt streaks. After

dinner I removed them all down the river to a new place on R. side where we soon struck what appears to be a fine coal seam.

Tuesday 27th. Fine day again. All hands at work same place. The last find is turning out very fine, it is between 7 and 8 feet wide all solid, hard coal; towards bottom it widens out and at one part it measured 8 feet with 7' 9" coal. There is another good seam just above it of between 2 and 3 feet, they run up the face of a steep wooded bank about 100 feet high.

Wednesday 28th. A very fine warm day again. Men packing the remainder of our grub across the Main River. Then continued the costeaning, struck several dirt bands and one small coal seam above the big one in cut.

Thursday 29th. Very fine hot day. I went across to track to try and intercept the Baby on her way in and ascertain what has become of our mail, also, to try and get some boots and tobacco for some of the men who are out of both, some of them being nearly barefooted. I waited till I was tired but no sign of her. I then walked down to Powell's camp at trestle, found no one there except the cook. I waited there till after 12 O'clock but train did not come. As luck would have it of all other days the one I chose to come over she did not come in. Yesterday she brought some 300 men to the front. We do not know what to think of our mail, I believe it must be at Headquarters all the time. I

was in hope also W.D. Reid would be in today and I might have a talk with him, but I was disappointed in this also. I then came back to camp and had lunch after which I walked in to the men. Met Powell and his crew on the brook running his final location line. They finished up this evening. He says he has a fairly good line a little heavy<sup>1840</sup> in places but his maximum grade is about 2%. He promised to enquire about our mail and other things. I left a note at his camp to send into the storekeeper for boots, tobacco, axes etc. We have not one of the latter fit to cut anything with now. Succeeded in uncovering about 45 feet of the larger coal seam which holds about the same breadth all through and is all hard, bright, excellent coal. I had believed at first this was the continuation of the great seam but now conclude it is not, but another below it, probably the three foot seam. The lads above have now three small irregular seams close together, which I think are the real continuation of the great seam here split up by wedges of rotten shale and sandstone. I intended now sending Tom Thorburn up the Main River next week with four of the men to try on the small brook above where I saw the outcrop of the coal rocks, but they cannot go till we get the boots and axes.

Friday 30th. Another fine, warm day; Tom went off up the

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<sup>1840</sup>I.e., it heaves, is not on very solid ground.

Brook to see which was the easiest way to get a path to the place he is going to work at. All the men still costeaning same place. Set two hands at work on side of River below, near end of our path. Heard the Baby engine passing in about noon. Huestis, one of Reid's engineers, came in. He was sent by W.D. to make a report upon what we have. They heard most extraordinary yarns at Headquarters about the coal. I showed him all the cuttings and gave him particulars of all the outcrops etc. He stayed to luncheon with us. He says he brought in a mail for Powell but none for us. Still he thinks it might be at Headquarters. Bob Reid came in today and Powell gave him my note, so I suppose now we will get the mails and other things. They brought another detachment of men, some 300, again today. Huestis had but little news for us. He saw Capt. Cleary at Bay St. George who desired to be remembered and talks of paying us a visit. They are greatly delayed outside by the recent floods. Several trestles have again given out. The Exploits is in such an unsafe condition that trains cannot pass over it, but they will have the irons completed next week. He thinks W.D. might pay us a visit on Sunday. We completed uncovering the big seam and commenced at the one above, which improves upward and seems to approach the other nearer. I believe they will run into one. I am now quite convinced it is not the great seam, and that the three small ones

above are directly on its strike etc.

Saturday 31st. Dull morning, rained a little during night, very sultry. The baby passed in about 8.30 A.M. and gave three blows. We felt convinced she had our mail etc. Tom and Denis went up to the track and finding nothing there continued down to the trestle. Powell and crew had left and the place was deserted but no mail or anything else was there for us. This is very disappointing indeed. I cannot send the men up above for want of boots and axes. What to think about our mails I do not know. There is some bungling somewhere. Powell left a few late papers for us which were a godsend. We finished uncovering the two seams today, they almost meet at top and taken together have about ten feet of good coal in them. They made a splendid showing. Set two of the lads at work on the opposite side little valley at the back of the seam Scott<sup>1841</sup> saw and they struck it there but very much reduced in size. This confirms my belief of its being represented by the three small seams above where the 10 foot seam occurs.

Sunday August 1st. Dull, sultry day. Remained in camp all day reading and writing. I fully expected W.D. would be in on the Baby but she did not come. I suppose he is too busy and tired after the week's hard work. I went down after dinner to pool a

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<sup>1841</sup>The Reid engineer who saw the coal about Aug. 5 1896.

mile below camp, to try for a fish. Hooked one or two large trout or grilse but did not succeed in landing any. While there the old South Carolina gent came up to fish. He also rose one or two, but caught none. He told me that yesterday he landed 92 lbs. of fish, over thirty trout and one salmon. He has been very successful in his fishing. He is now about giving it up. Just as we had turned in for the night we heard the Baby whistle coming in, she gave four blows at the end of our path and we knew she had something for us. So eager were the lads for their mail and tobacco that they took lanterns and went off over but found nothing there, they then walked down to the trestle but still found nothing, came back quite crestfallen. What could be the meaning of the four blows? We felt sure she had our mail etc. and were greatly disappointed.

Monday 2nd. Just at breakfast-time a man came to our camp with the boots, tobacco and axes I had ordered from Headquarters but no mail. These things were left last night at Carter's<sup>1842</sup> camp, the Telegraph construction man, about three miles in on the line and he sent the man this morning. The engine brought in another batch of men last night. We are dreadfully put out about our mail and cannot think what has become of it. It is now over a month since I heard from home and with a Railway running past our

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<sup>1842</sup>Perhaps Herb Carter, engineer.

camp and a train every second day or so it seems preposterous to think we are left without a mail so long. We continued the same cutting all day but with no further results. Tomorrow I am sending Tom and four men up to the little Brook four miles above for a week or ten days.

Tuesday 3rd. Fine day again. Sent the four men, Tom Whelan, Jack Kavanagh, Ned and Kie off with packs up the river. Tom goes up with them after dinner. I set Tom Cole and Dick at work on steep bank above the three foot seam to costean along there, and try to strike it again. Larry and Mat at cut behind the first seam.

Wednesday 4th. Rained during night and morning but cleared off fine. I went over to track to try and meet train and post letters. She did not come in today nor since Sunday. I met Graham<sup>1843</sup> and a crew of men building culverts, gave him the letters to post. Men at work in same place all day. Larry and Mat finished cut down to hollow below first seam where we found numerous fragments of loose coal, some considerable junks but could not get through the great depth of gravel and were flooded out with water. We tried our pump but it did not work very well. I think now this loose coal must have come from the great seam and been lodged here by the river. Continued the other cut up

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<sup>1843</sup>A. Graham, one of the Reids' "engineers and roadmasters."

towards the great seam. No further developments.

Thursday 5th. Just as I was done breakfast heard the Baby give four blows and knew she had something for us. I went over and found one barrel of jowls, fish and two boxes of provisions, besides some parcels for the men, but no mail still. There were a lot of men passing back and forth packing in along the line. I carried all our stuff down some distance from the track and while I was at this the baby came back. Bob Reid came on her and had the mail at last (letters only). He got them down at Doyle's, they came by "Grand Lake" not by train. So we got them at last. Bishop McNeil was on the cars going in to Bay St. George, he got off to have a chat and was delighted to hear all about the coal. He believes it will be the making of the Codroy Valley. I carried some of the small parcels back to camp. Found by letters all well at home. I had one letter from Surveyor General<sup>1844</sup> enclosing copy of a letter from Col. Secretary<sup>1845</sup> in which I was instructed to take out from 50 to 70 tons of coal and get it out to the sea-coast for H.M.S. ship on Station to test for steam purposes by order of the Admiral. Now while I have no proper tools for coal mining, cutting, etc. I fail to see how we could mine the coal, even then, it would be quite another matter to get it out. We

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<sup>1844</sup>H.J.B. Woods, who left St. John's by train Aug. 10 "to arrange for the mining and shipment" of the coal (*Eve Tel*, Aug. 10, 1897).

<sup>1845</sup>Robert Bond.

certainly cannot carry 70 tons of coal on our backs through three or four miles of dense forest to Railway track and unless Mr. Reid is going to construct the branch line immediately it would be a useless waste to mine the coal and leave it to be carried away by the freshets. Men at work all day same places, no further developments.

Friday 6th. Very fine warm day again. I stayed to write letters till dinner-time. Wrote H.J.B. Woods also W.D. Reid enclosing the Col. Secretary's letter and asking to be informed whether he was going to construct branch line before I would begin to take out the coal. Then I went inside, men all at work on cut inside great seam. No further developments.

Saturday 7th. Dull and misty in morning but cleared off fine. I went over to the track with my letters but there was no one there to give them to and the baby did not come in. I walked a good distance along track in hope of meeting some camp but as there was none I came back again. Just near the end of our path I met two poor devils from Spaniard's Bay with their packs on their backs, or rather heads, tramping back to Headquarters, bound home. They could not stand the work. They just spent one day there and that was enough for them. They looking dropping with the hunger and it is a terrible tramp of over 40 miles along the sleepers to Headquarters. I made them come over to our camp to

get a square feed for the road and in return they took my letters to post them. I then started off up river to see how Tom and his crew were getting on. It was a long nasty tramp owing to the rough rocks along the river side. When I got up they were just boiling their kettle so I came in for a cup of molasses tea.<sup>1846</sup> They have done a good deal of costeaning, and struck two coal seams, one over two feet thick, the other not yet well seen. I was delighted to find the coal continued up to here. They are all coming down tomorrow after their things. I walked back through the woods and found it very much shorter and easier going. I broke out on the brook just below where the men were at work. They are now down about 12 feet opposite the great seam but still no sign of it. The gravel is very hard, I abandoned this place and we carried all our gear down to the other branch where we will commence on Monday. Two Indian boys from Codroy River came to our camp this evening. They tell us the graders on the line are now beyond Little River.

Sunday August 8th. Beautiful fine day. Tom and his crew came down about 10 O'clock to spend the day etc. and returned after tea bringing up a fresh supply of grub etc. Spent all day in camp reading.

Monday 9th. Dull and wet again. Heard the train going into

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<sup>1846</sup>With molasses sweetening.

the front late last night. Commenced costeaning on western branch of Brook. Found some loose fragments of coal and one thin seam about 3 inches.

Tuesday 10th. Fine but with occasional showers. Still at work on western branch. Just as we finished our lunch heard some shots fired not far off. It turned out to be Sheriff Seymour and Ernest Whiteway who had come up from the trestle where they are camped to pay us a visit. They had been up to the other branch and saw the coal with which they were surprised. They are on a fishing excursion and caught some trout and salmon. They brought me a letter from Will by which I learn all are well at home. Seymour also brought word from W.D. Reid to go on taking out the 60 tons of coal and he would get it out in time. Ernest has his younger brother, Max, and his cousin, Fred Pilot with him at camp. They had no news of any importance.<sup>1847</sup>

Wednesday 11th. Fine day again. Spent the day costeaning on same brook with poor results. I am much disappointed as I fully expected to find coal here. I travelled across through the woods westward to a branch of the next brook where I was before, but am quite convinced the true coal measures do not reach so far in that direction. Ned Morris<sup>1848</sup> was down today from upper camp for

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<sup>1847</sup>One of them wrote an account of the visit to Howley's camp (*Eve Tel*, Aug. 18, 1897).

<sup>1848</sup>Ned Morrissey, of Howley's crew.

grub. They have not found anything worth while since. Denis was down to Seymour's camp with letters and got a bundle of papers, very little news in them.

Thursday 12th. Raining and blowing a fierce gale all forenoon. Seems to have set in very bad weather lately. Did not go to work till after dinner when it cleared off. Costeaning along Right side of brook all afternoon. Saw no coal.

Friday 13th. Dull and showery again. Rained hard during the night. Continued costeaning on Right side, struck one small seam of about 1 foot fine clay and impure coal. Had another visit from Ernest Whiteway, and his brother, cousin and man servant. He brought me another bundle of papers. They are going back tomorrow.

Saturday 14th. Fine morning, men all at work again on L. side Brook found nothing but some loose fragments in gravel bed. I went up the main river to see what the lads were doing above. It was very warm and when I got to their camp I threw off my coat and then walked up the Main River a long way. It came to rain again, and I got a ducking and had to turn back. When I got to Tom's camp I lit a fire and boiled the kettle and had a cup of tea. In the meantime I dried myself. I then went in where they were at work. They had a great amount of costeaning done on both sides of Brook and have it pretty well tested. They had uncovered

four small seams on R. side and two on left, none of them of much account, the largest, the 2 foot seam first uncovered. I gave them orders to clear up this evening and come back as we must now prepare for getting out the 60 tons of coal and we will have to move camp into the place so as to save time going back and forth. It will take us all our time now to accomplish this work with such appliances as we have at hand.

Sunday August 15th. Very fine day at last. Tom and his crew came down bringing all their things. Remained in camp all day reading etc. Intend packing in some things in morning.

Monday 16th. Raining hard again in morning. To our great surprise just as we were going to breakfast who should come along but H.J.B. Woods, W.D. Reid, Thos. Long and an old miner named Parks.<sup>1849</sup> We were quite unprepared for such a visit and at such an hour and on such a wretched day. However, as it cleared off a little and they were all anxious to see the coal, we started in and had a good look at it. They were all surprised and pleased except old Parks, who I believe is a bit of a fraud. He rather threw cold water upon it all and said it would not pay to build the three miles of track here to take it out. Woods could not see this at all, neither can I and if this coal is not worth that

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<sup>1849</sup>See n. 1704. He was "a coal expert...directing operations" for the Reids (*Evening Herald*, Sept. 7, 1897).

paltry outlay, then there is no use in speaking about mining Newfoundland coal. I have my own opinion about this attempt to decry the whole thing. It rained nearly all the time we were in and we got a good soaking. I was not sorry for this as it gave these lads a taste of our life. We returned to camp and on the way paid a visit to the men on the other branch. We then had dinner at camp and as Reid wished me to visit with him another brook outside the trestle where some of his men had seen coal, we started off again for the track, where the engine and a flat car awaited us. We soon ran out to the place and all hands except Long, travelled up the Brook. It was pretty rough going and was a long way up to the junction. The rocks are all lower down than the true coal measures and are chiefly coarse, reddish grits, nevertheless, there are a couple of patches of gray sandstones with shales interstratified, and in these some thin beds of shaly coal. He wishes me to give the place a trial which I shall do, but I dont expect to find any true coal seam of any value here. It now turns out that Seymour gave me a wrong message. I am not to take out the coal at all. Reid says he will do that himself if I find it. There is some shilly shallying about the whole business, I dont exactly understand. Well, although the afternoon turned out fine, we had a rough wet tramp and I was glad to get back to camp and change my clothes. They all went back to

Headquarters. Woods and Long are on arbitration business<sup>1850</sup> and expect to finish by Saturday. I am to meet them on Saturday evening and go out to Headquarters to talk matters over. Woods has a special car and has his daughters, his brother the Minister,<sup>1851</sup> and some other stranger with him. I guess he had enough of this day's tramping. He got a nasty fall at one place and cut his chin. If I am not to take out this coal I shall not have much more to do here, and shall soon leave and have a look at a few other places. I shall then probably go on to Bay St. George and take a look at Crabb's and Little Barachois Rivers. Men struck nothing but found some loose fragments of coal.

Tuesday 17th. Raining in torrents and blowing a gale again all morning, did not go to work.

Wednesday 18th. Still dull and wet, at work costeaning on West bank. Old man Parks came in with two men and some mining tools to go to work testing coal seams. He brought a camp for himself but none for the men and no grub for himself so we will have to find them. I also had to lend his men one of our old camps. We went in after dinner and he commenced to cut into the 8 foot seam, found it soon get hard and bright and of excellent

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<sup>1850</sup>Arbitration was required to settle "the right of way for the railroad through private property" (*Eve Tel*, Aug. 30, 1897). 60 Vic., Cap 4 (passed May 12, 1897) named the Surveyor General as one of three arbitrators. See *Acts* (St. John's, 1891), p. 51.

<sup>1851</sup>A.C.F. Woods (Anglican).

quality. The old chap entirely changed his tune about it, and became now quite enthusiastic over it, although on his former visit he pronounced it not much good. According to him we are all to set to work together cutting into those seams to try them. I dont know how the arrangement will work. He wants to work day and night shifts but I dont believe my chaps will do that, and indeed I dont intend asking them. I must see Mr. Woods on his return from Grand River and have a proper understanding about the matter.

Thursday 19th. Fine day at last. All hands at work today on the three principal seams. Four on the 8 foot; Tom on the Jubilee, and three on the upper. The two former are turning out splendidly, especially the 8 foot seam which becomes harder and harder and more clear and brilliant as they go in on it. They are only cutting four feet of it, leaving the rest for a wall on top, as the overlying rock is shaky and apt to fall. The Jubilee seam has a good deal of slack but is making harder all the time and is a bright coal, but much softer than the other. The upper seam appears to be all dead, dull, slack, but shows signs of getting more compact as we go in. I have no doubt it will turn out all right yet, though Parks does not think anything of it.

Friday 20th. Dull and wet again. Had a visit from W.D. and

R. O'Dwyer<sup>1852</sup> before we were done breakfast. They came in to see the coal and were delighted with the two lower seams. We have now some 8 or 10 tons out altogether and it makes a splendid showing. Parks has entirely changed his tune and is now jubilant over the seams and quality of the coal. They stayed till dinner-time and had dinner at our camp. They are moving Headquarters tomorrow to North branch of Codroy River. I remained in camp after dinner writing letters, Parks and I go in to Headquarters on Saturday. I caught a few small trout in the little Brook (Howleys Brook)<sup>1853</sup> so named by Seymour. We got our mail at last today. Several letters and all our summer papers at once. It is really too bad the way we were treated about them. Revd. Woods and young McNeilly<sup>1854</sup> also paid us a visit.

Saturday 21st. Fine day again. Tom and I with Larry and Kie commenced to run a line west from outcrop of the lower seam with a view to costeaning along it to try and catch the seam on its strike westward. When we came back at dinner-time old Parks was in the dumps, the wedge of rock which began to show in the coal seam yesterday had widened out to 2 feet and had the appearance of running nearly across the seam. He pronounced it to be a fault or slip<sup>1855</sup> upwards and said the seam was gone and would not be

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<sup>1852</sup>Richard H. O'Dwyer, merchant and politician; d. 1922.

<sup>1853</sup>This name never became official.

<sup>1854</sup>A.J.W. McNeily had three sons. See *DCB*, 14:730.

<sup>1855</sup>Displacement between points once adjacent on either side of a fault plane.

worth following any further. In fact he said he would not give five cents for it. I had a look at this rock which certainly had an ugly appearance but I did not agree with him that it was a fault cutting off the entire seam. I pointed out the fact that the coal on top was undisturbed and seemed to pass beyond it, though on the foot-wall it had the appearance of thinning out altogether. His next trouble was that some of my lads whom he said something to about loafing, went for him and abused him to all purposes. I see plainly that the present arrangement will not work satisfactorily. My men will not be bossed by him, and I can hardly blame them. They feel a very natural resentment after their long, hard summer's toil in exposing these coal seams, to have strangers come in now that the work is done and take it all out of their hands. As soon as possible when I see Mr. Woods I must try and arrange something better than this. We went out after dinner and he and I had a wash up. We then started for Headquarters and had to wait for about two hours for the baby to come along. Woods, Long, Arthur White, Gushue<sup>1856</sup> and several others were on the flat cars. We got on and as the evening was a fine one had a very pleasant ride arriving at Headquarters a little before sunset. They had just got settled down here and men were at work everywhere building their shanties. It was a pretty

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<sup>1856</sup>Identified below, Sept. 26, as "Postman on train."

place about a mile beyond the North branch crossing at the commencement of the narrow pass between Anguille and Long Range Mountains.<sup>1857</sup> After some little while I got settled away for the night with R. O'Dwyer in the black Mariah,<sup>1858</sup> sometimes used for an hospital. Mr. Woods sent for me to have tea with himself and family, and wanted me to stay but they are rather crowded up. They, however, have a fine car and splendid mattresses curtained off into three departments and are really very comfortable. His brother the Minister, and another Minister named Bechee<sup>1859</sup> are enjoying the fishing. They caught some fine trout in the North brook today, some of which weighed over 3 lbs. Woods and family and W.D. are all going out to St. Georges tomorrow. Had several chats about the coal and our further operations. It was finally agreed that I and my party go on with our costeaning, and endeavour to trace out the coal east and west as far as possible, while Parks and his men attend to their mining. This work will probably take us till the end of September. W.D. though much elated over the coal, is so cautious that he will not undertake to build the branch till he is satisfied and in that he is, of course, quite right. Did not sleep very well as the bed was hard

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<sup>1857</sup>Near Codroy Pond.

<sup>1858</sup>A black maria is a police van for transporting prisoners; either there was a car used for some such purpose during railway construction, or it was slang usage for a particular car.

<sup>1859</sup>Rev. R. Bache (*Eve Tel*, Oct. 30, 1897).

and the mail train came sometime during the night and woke me up just as I was well asleep.

Sunday 22nd. Very fine, in fact, exceedingly hot day. Had breakfast with Mr. Woods and family who were all very kind indeed. Had further chats about our work etc. and things in general. About noon they all started off for Bay St. George and I was left alone. Finding that the baby was going out to the front in the evening I determined to return on her. This place does not suit me and I would much prefer the quiet of camp where I could have a good rest. It was about 4 P.M. before they had some repairs they were making completed. I walked on ahead and they picked me up a couple of miles out. It was a glorious evening and we had a pleasant ride.

Monday 23rd. Dull day, continued cutting line to West branch. Parks' men continued driving on the 8 foot seam and found, as I expected, that his fault was merely a jog or off shoot of rock from foot-wall, and that the coal passed inside it on the upper side, so the old man was a little bit astray this time. It reduced the thickness of the coal to 3 1/2 feet on upper side and 1/2 a foot on lower, or just half the original thickness, at outcrop. Still the seam showed signs of widening out again and I have no doubt will reach nearly, if not quite, its original thickness after a while. The quality of the coal is

excellent and it is very hard and bright. I set four men at work on strike of this seam westward in hope of reaching it to determine its continuity. Two of them are working in bed of little dry brook, just over top of hill and the other two in bed of another little brook about 12 chains beyond where the coarse yellow weathering sandstone was seen in bed of brook. The other men are at work clearing off the surface over the big Jubilee seam in order to satisfy Mr. Parks that it does not end where it was first uncovered, as he seems to think.

Tuesday 24th. Fine cool day. All hands at work in same places. Larry and Kie in first little brook over hill met several fragments of coal in gravel bed evidently indicating that the seam is there but covered by such an enormous thickness of extremely hard gravel that I do not believe we can get down to the bed-rock. The men at the Jubilee Seam are getting down pretty fast but there is here again an awful thickness of coarse gravel and huge boulders. However, we are determined to reach the coal if possible, and are in hope it will rise somewhat behind at back of cut. Parks' men are still at drift and are now in fully thirty feet. The seam has widened out again to 5 feet, consequently the old man is in great spirits. They have between 20 and 25 tons of coal now out. It makes a great pile and looks fine. The men now have a wheelbarrow to wheel out the coal. After dinner six of

Reid's men came in to pack out a couple of tons of coal to the track so as to have it tested on the baby engine. They set to work to build a log tilt and will begin packing in morning. Parks is elated over the increase in thickness of the coal seam and also of its fine hard quality. He now pronounces it better than the Jubilee seam, though at first he entertained the contrary opinion.

Wednesday 25th. Dull, wet day. Parks' men are now in about 35 feet and the drift is getting very dark especially as owing to the jog in the wall it turns away again and shuts out the light. The seam has now widened to 5 1/2 feet. He has given up the night shift as the men cannot work with kerosene oil lamps, they absorb too much air, and moreover, the dripping from the roof has cracked all the chimneys. He has set two of his men at work on outcrop of 3 foot seam on R. side of river and it is getting to look better already. Our men are still at work in same places. Those in big cut over Jubilee seam are gradually getting down but it is slow work. The seam does not appear to rise at all. On the contrary it even goes down as we uncover it at a considerable angle. Parks has some theory about this to the effect that it either ends in a sort of knot or lump here, or is cut off by a fault. My idea is simply that the surface just here has been grooved out by glacial action, owing to its soft yielding nature,

but that the seam continued on the strike, I have little doubt. The packers only made two trips for the day and took very light loads about 50 or 60 lbs. They were five hours on first trip, a most inconceivable time for a distance of about 2 1/2 miles with a good path. W.D. Reid met them on the track and gave them fits.

Thursday 26th. Fine but cool day, still at work on same places. See little prospect of getting down to bed-rock on either of the small brooks westward. The men at Jubilee Seam are nearly down to level of outside part but the seam does not rise at all so far as the cut goes. It is now fully 15 feet down at the back and the sides are getting very dangerous. I came very near being seriously hurt myself while stooping picking at the coal. Some gravel and stones fell and just grazed by head. I found two small seams today in cut below the 8 foot seam further down stream. One of these was just where old Mat. and Jack left off, before we moved to western branch; a few picks more and they would have struck it. I set Kie at work here and he soon uncovered a band of shale and fireclay showing about 1/2 a foot of good coal. Just as we were at luncheon W.D. Reid and Will Laurie<sup>1860</sup> came in. They had a good inspection of all the work. He still seems doubtful about constructing the branch line, and unless we can be certain before the end of the week that the seams continue east and west

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<sup>1860</sup>W.L. Lawrie, assistant to Government Engineer.

for some considerable distance, he will hardly go on with it. He says they will be finished grading to Port aux Basques by that time and he would like to be certain before he sends the men out. He is most anxious that I should try and cut the seams Eastward. So tomorrow I intend setting some of the men at work to costean on strike of Jubilee seam near top of big cliff above. They got far enough on Jubilee seam to prove that it still maintains its strike and apparent thickness etc. So the old man Parks is wrong again. The three foot seam is about the same but the clay seems to be getting thinner and coal increasing. The packers again only made two loads today and have not enough out to make a trial with yet.

Friday 27th. Very disagreeable, wet, showery day. The weather has been extremely broken and bad lately. Last night it rained very heavy with heavy thunder and brilliant lightning. All at work in same places, but after a little while I took the four who were at the Jubilee seam away and set them to costean in gravel bank near the top of the cliff just below upper seam. They all found some loose coal in gravel cut on top of bank a short distance from the upper seam, struck quite a lot of loose coal which seemed to indicate another seam.

Saturday 28th. Fine day again. Abandoned the 1st cut westward over eight foot seam. Saw no prospect of getting down

there so I took Larry away and put him along with old Tom and Dick. They are all now cutting one trench in line across the strike up over top of hill. It is a tough spot and the gravel is like iron it is so hard and compact, but as the place is dry we will make a desperate effort to get down. Mat's seam turned out to be nearly a nest of loose coal, but then it must have come from above somewhere. Kie has uncovered the little seam found on Thursday. It shows over a foot of mixed coal and clay and may increase to a fairly good seam. Had a visit from Engineer Scott and his men. He has been in over the mountains the last three days with Mattie Mitchell (Indian) exploring. They were nearly starved having brought very little grub with them. They saw three deer and a bear but did not get a shot at any of them. Old man Parks went out with Scott and off to Headquarters. His men are now some 50 feet in on drift of 8 foot seam and have at least 40 tons of coal out. It makes a splendid heap and looks fine. The three foot seam is hard to get at and the ground constantly tumbling above. It looks pretty good so far as they have gone on it. We also had a visit today from two young fellows named English, would be settlers from St. John's, who came to see me and get some information as to best place to settle. I recommended them to locate near here somewhere and told them to go down to Codroy and see the place there and make the

acquaintance of the people. They were astounded at the coal. They had a letter of introduction to me from His Lordship, the Bishop, and had also been to see Bishop McNeil. Now is the time for settlers to come in and occupy this fine valley; with the railway running through it and the prospect of the coal working, it will be the best part of the Island to live in.

Sunday 29th. Wretched wet day. Raining nearly all day, could do nothing but read and sleep. Had intended taking a trip up to the mountains but the day was too bad. Parks is out at Headquarters again.

Monday 30th. Fine day again. Had to abandon work west of eight-foot seam owing to the impossibility of getting down. Set all hands except Ned and Kie at one long cut near top of cliff R. side in hope of reaching the eight foot seam on its strike eastward. The two latter are uncovering the little seam found on Thursday last, which shows a foot of coal.

Tuesday 31st. Rained again hard during night. Brook flooded with water today, got down to a great depth in cut on top of hill and still no sign of the bedrock, all hard gravel and sand. Had to abandon this place and begin again over top of ridge nearer Junction to try and catch the upper seams.

Wednesday September 1st. Fine day again. Here we are into September nearly four months out yet the time seems to have gone

very fast. The men today got down again to so great a depth without striking any rock that we had to abandon the east side. The eight foot seam still continues to hold out much the same but the three foot seam supposed to be the same on the opposite side does not show well and the coal comes and goes as they tunnel into it.

Thursday September 2nd. Men still working on top of ridge above but no signs of coal or bed-rock yet nothing but hard gravel and sand. Today I found several boulders near line of fault containing a good deal of pyrites. There is evidently a vein or lode somewhere near. Took the men away again this evening and set them at work on West side over 8 feet seam where they were before, some of them on inside. Parks has abandoned the three feet seam which cut right out. He then set the men at work on the Jubilee seam in cut same side as 8 feet seam.

Friday September 3rd. Rained again during night but turned out a fine day. Dr. O'Regan, James Keating, and Peckham,<sup>1861</sup> butcher, came just as we were done breakfast and walked in to see the coal. They were all astonished at it. Towards evening Parks' men in tunnel struck a wall of hard sandstone which appeared to run across seam and cut it off. Parks pronounced it a fault and says the seam is gone, that it is thrown up and out. He is

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<sup>1861</sup>Matthew Peckham.

terribly down in the mouth about it, and indeed if he is correct, it will be awful damper upon us all. It certainly looks pretty bad yet I do not give up hope and believe it is merely a pinching up of the seam which I expect may widen out again. He is so confident that it is done, that he has written a note to W.D. Reid to come up and see it before he begins grading the line in. It will certainly be too bad after all should it entirely fail when it promised so well at first.

Saturday 4th. Fine day again. Set Tom and Dick at work on top of hill above eight foot seam about where Mr. Parks' fault should reach the surface to try and get down to bed-rock so as to see where it really is. Some of the men are trenching across little seam at base of hill. Tried to get down with drill and auger on the inside Brook but could not reach bottom except at one or two points where we struck the sandstone. Towards evening Kie struck another small seam on first little dribble, just above the outcropping sandstone. Parks' men are now fully 70 feet in with drift but it is looking very bad, both walls seem to come together at bottom and coal almost pinched out, yet I still do not believe it is a fault. The other seam has widened out to three feet of good coal in bottom. Headquarters was moved today down across South Branch within three miles of our camp. In fact, the siding it is on, forms part of the new branch to coal seams.

Bartlett, one of the levellers was up again today altering some of the gradients. Old Parks went out to Headquarters after dinner to give his report and I expect it will kill the branch line idea as he now has little faith in the seam holding out. This will be a terrible blow to our politicians, after all their bluster, especially H.J.B. Woods, who has I see by the papers given a most glowing report of the coal.<sup>1862</sup>

Sunday September 5th. Fine day again. After breakfast Tom and I started off for the mountains. We walked up the brook, took the western branch and followed it up past the marble cliffs. We then climbed the steep wooded ridge and had it very warm. When we reached the top however, it was quite cool enough. We traversed back over the mountains till we came to a valley containing several ponds. Here we had our luncheon. We then went away westward a long distance. Saw no game of any kind and but few signs of deer. When we struck out again for camp we found ourselves towards evening far below our camp and right opposite Headquarters. The hills were very broken here and cut up by deep gulches so that it would be a bad place to get down. In the meantime we came across three partridge and shot them. One, a rock partridge, (*Lagopus rupestris*).<sup>1863</sup> We now had to take a long

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<sup>1862</sup>See *Eve Tel*, Aug. 30, 1897.

<sup>1863</sup>White grouse or ptarmigan.

round to get back to the point where we came up and did not reach there till after sunset. We were soon caught in the dark and had a desperate time getting down through the woods. It was about 9 O'clock when we reached camp pretty well played out. They all thought we were out for the night. Old man Parks was back from Headquarters. After a wash up and change of clothes and supper we were soon all right again.

Monday 6th. Fine day, uncovered little seam found on Saturday near top of cliff, it is nearly a foot thick. Set Tom and Dick to try and get down to seam. Parks is working on top of ridge but there is here again an immense accumulation of gravel and sand. Parks had two men sinking lower down near top of uncovered part of seam. Mr. Parks' fault in drift turns out to be not a fault at all but a narrowing of the seam, rather the replacing of the coal by a dark carbonaceous rock, with very little coal through it. The upper seam which showed so well on Saturday, has given out also and ran into shale and clay. I located the pyrites deposit this evening at foot of slip near fault furthest up the river but there is so much fallen debris and timber over it I could not see it properly.

Tuesday 7th. Went back to Western branch again and continued costeaning on western side. James Doyle of Grand River paid us a visit and I took him in to see the coal. He was surprised and

delighted with it. Parks struck a seam on top of bank but it was difficult to get at it owing to the boulders and tough gravel. In the tunnel it remains much the same and is apparently running upwards all the time. Still the seam holds pretty much the same breadth though there is little coal in it. It certainly looks anything but well and Parks has poor hope of it.

Wednesday 8th. Froze hard last night, very cold but turned out a fine day. I walked down to the track and thence out to Mollychignek Brook which I ascended up to the Junction with the older rocks. I found ledges of red sandstone and grit all along, and finally huge cliffs and falls. There were several bands of dirty shale, some showing a little shaly coal, but these are not the true coal measures. The brook is very picturesque in places, especially at one point where huge masses of rock encumber it and immense pot holes<sup>1864</sup> are worn in the thick sandstone beds. I was pretty tired when I got back to Headquarters. Just as I reached there a train came in from the front with a poor fellow named Leary<sup>1865</sup> from Spaniard's Bay awfully smashed up. He was standing on a load of sleepers on a flat car pulled by the baby engine. When passing under the telegraph line the wire took him across the head and shipped him off, the cars went over one of his arms

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<sup>1864</sup>Cylindrical holes formed in rock formations by stones or gravel rotating in eddies of running water.

<sup>1865</sup>The accident is reported in *Evening Herald*, Sept. 15, 1897, where the man is named as John McCarthy.

and crushed it terribly, besides his face and head are much bruised and crushed. They carried him down to the Doctor's surgery to have the arm amputated, what other injuries he has sustained are not yet known. The poor fellows have a hard time of it and it is a miracle how they escape so well. W.D. Reid is in St. John's just now. I saw Robert<sup>1866</sup> who wanted me to stay for supper but it was growing late and I was anxious to get home before dark, so I declined. I walked up the river and was thoroughly tired out when I reached camp. The men inside struck nothing but gravel.

Thursday 9th. Men all at work again on Western branch, struck one small dirt streak and found several loose fragments of coal in cuts, but it is quite apparent the two biggest seams on east branch do not reach here. I can define their positions pretty accurately quite close to the junction where their place is occupied by dark carbonaceous shale. Old Parks is still following the tunnel on eight foot seam, but the coal is now almost cut out and has very little left in it. Where he cut into it on top it looks fine.

Friday 10th. Still at work on Eastern Branch. Struck a small seam of a few inches on R. side. W.D. Reid sent in for Parks. I expect his report now will kill the whole business as he said at

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<sup>1866</sup>R.G. Reid, Jr.

leaving the coal had gone out to a mere thread. Reid had Cobb and his crew all ready to commence grading the line in, when Parks sent out to stop him. After dinner I walked over to see how his men were getting on. Just after he left they again struck coal in the end of the drift which widened out to three feet, while I was there. The seam is not actually gone, but is in reality as wide as ever, but it is chiefly dark carbonaceous shale instead of coal. Two of his men are now making a shute to throw down the coal from the top. They cut into the hole on top and across the seam there, and found it to be 9 1/2 feet all beautiful coal. It is evident, the smaller 2 foot seam above joins it here.

Saturday 11th. I remained in camp till dinner-time writing and drawing. Gushue and Will. Laurie came up to see the coal and I went in with them. Showed them all the outcrop. Everyone at Headquarters feels very much put out at the poor prospect now of the coal being worked. Today the coal cut out again but again came in further on. Parks set two of his men at work on the Jubilee seam across the valley today. At first it showed well but after a while became streaked with clay. Gushue was surprised at the immense amount of work we performed during the season though he did not see one quarter of it. My lads on West branch struck a seam 1 1/2 feet thick today of nice, bright coal.

Sunday 12th. Disagreeable, showery day. W.D. Reid wanted

Parks and I out today to see some place on the track where his men saw loose fragments of coal in gravel and where some rock outcrop appears. Henderson,<sup>1867</sup> one of his bosses who is a marble worker by trade, came up to see the marble up this brook and Parks went in with him. Parks and Henderson then went down and towards evening I walked down also. It was very reluctantly I went as I do not like visiting Headquarters and hanging around there. The noise and bustle and upset of everything does not suit me at all. I had tea in the Mess room and managed to get a very hard bunk (McLellan's<sup>1868</sup>) where I slept before.

Monday 13th. The infernal unearthly howl of the engines had us all awake before daylight, and there was no use trying to sleep after that. We had breakfast just at dawn and were soon aboard the flats crowded with men and off for the front. It was very cold at first but turned out a very fine warm day. Went nearly as far as Doyle's. W.D. Reid stopped the train and we got off, he staying with us. The rock outcrop looked something like coal measures but it was not, being lower down. We did not see any of the loose coal he spoke of. Parks and I then started across the big barrens here for Little River and had a desperate tramp through thick spruce. When we reached the river we could

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<sup>1867</sup>Charles Henderson, key Reid employee; stonecutter who "built the bridge piers and abutments" (Penney, *A History of the Newfoundland Railway*, vol. 1, p. 38).

<sup>1868</sup>A. McLellan, one of Reid's "engineers and roadmasters."

not get along except through the woods or water. Followed it up a considerable distance and then retraced our steps. Saw no rock in place, not even a loose fragment of carboniferous rock. The valley is flat and the river low and gently flowing. Saw a good deal of most magnificent intervalle land. On our way back to the track we started a lynx or lucefene,<sup>1869</sup> as the people here call them. We had a long wait for the train returning from the front and did not get back to Headquarters till after dark. W.D. Reid is greatly disappointed at the supposed failure of the coal and the result of today's investigation.

Tuesday 14th. Parks and I returned to camp and then went inside. All my men except Tom and Dick are packing out coal specimens today. The former two are at work up at Junction uncovering the quartz vein and pyrites. Two of Parks' men sunk on the big seam where first uncovered on L. side. They got down about 10 feet and found it narrow considerably towards bottom. The tunnel looks very bad now. They put in a dynamite charge towards evening in end of drift. It certainly looks now as if our fine coal seam was played out. The walls appear to be closing in on either side.

Wednesday 15th. Set my men at work on upper seam today. They

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<sup>1869</sup>A variant of the North American *lucivee*, traced to French *loup-cervier* in *A Dictionary of Canadianisms on Historical Principles* and *Dictionary of American Regional English*.

drifted in a good distance but did not find the coal improve any. It is all dead, slack coal, only fit to make briquettes. Tom and Dick have uncovered a large vein of highly mineralized quartz with good deal of pyrites mixed through it. Some of this quartz looks very promising for gold.

Thursday 16th. Still drifting on upper seam, went in 28 feet. It is only three feet wide at back and is still dead slack. I made a measurement of drift today. Parks has abandoned it for good. Tom and Dick are still at quartz vein and have uncovered it all across about 20 feet. It is a very mineralized vein.

Friday 17th. Still working at same places. Parks' men sunk on big thirteen seam to about eight feet and then drifted across. It measured 13'5" now at bottom and is all pretty good. We gave up work here for good this evening and packed out the tools and remainder of our specimens. Got some of our grub etc. down to the trestle this afternoon.

Saturday 18th. Moved down to trestle this morning and camped near old Headquarters. They are now moved ahead some 10 miles and are at big marsh behind Doyle's. Parks went out to Headquarters, it was raining nearly all day and the river was pretty high. We had a nasty pack as the water was cold wading through it today.

Sunday 19th. Fine day I walked out to Headquarters and stayed all night. I took the opportunity also of visiting the

Doyle family and had tea with them. There was a crowd of Railway bosses with their wives and families down there. The Doyles treated us all most kindly. They are most hospitable people. Had a chat with W.D. Reid. It was arranged that we spend next week at the brook where we now are and also to pay a visit to River Brook to see if there is anything there. We then go on to Grand Lake where I am to show Parks the outcrop on Kelvin and Aldery Brooks which he will test. After spending a week or so there I go home for good. This was a charming day all through, a regular pet day the finest for a long time. Indeed we have had an awful lot of wet weather lately. It rained nearly every second day.

Monday 20th. Went back to camp. My men packing down river all day. Parks then went up the little brook we were on August 16th and uncovered the seams there. They proved to be only a few bands of black shale with a little shaly coal, nothing of any great account. After dinner I walked up the brook near our camp and saw some similar black shale just near Junction with Silurian. But the rocks all along are red grits and sandstones and are undoubtedly all below the true coal measures. It is quite clear there is nothing here worth delaying for. Tomorrow I go to River Brook.

Tuesday 21st. Dull heavy day. Old Tom and I started on the flat cars this morning for a run into River Brook. We reached

there in about an hour and then walked up a long way. A Bay St. George Highlander who visited our camp sometime ago, said he saw similar rocks there to those near the coal. But on investigation they proved to be dark shales with gypsum belonging to the Horton Series very low down in the formation. So we had our trip for nothing. We had a long wait for the returning train which did not come till after dark. I went to see a salt spring near the old Headquarters and a deposit of Red and Yellow Ochre. It was a curious looking place and looked like a field of blood. There is about an acre of land covered with this red deposit which is continually increasing from the overflow of the salt pool. The latter is about thirty or forty feet in circumference and is situated at the head of the spring, the waters seem to overflow from it on every side and I presume dissolve out the iron from the rocks and clay and redeposit it on the surface. The water in the pool is saturated with saline matter and nearly milk-white in colour. Altogether it is one of the most curious places I have ever seen. When the train came it was blowing a regular equinoctial from the S.W. and we had a wild ride back to camp. It was intensely dark and foggy but fortunately not wet or cold. We got back about 9 P.M. all right though at times it was enough to scare one.

Wednesday 22nd. Very cold last night, froze hard. All packed

up to proceed by train to Grand Lake, but when the train came in found only Gushue's car and an empty coal car attached, the latter crowded with men going home. There was no room for us. Conductor told us that there would be another train tonight about 2 A.M. Mr. Parks jumped aboard Gushue's car and went off. We lost the whole day waiting here, a fine one too. Had to stay up all night waiting for next train and when it at length arrived there were only a few flat cars all crowded with men. It was a desperately frosty, cold night and even if there was room on the flat cars I dont think I would have gone. It would be enough to give us all our deaths. I think Mr. Reid might have sent us a box car considering the weather. I do not feel like being herded as cattle on flat cars amongst a crowd of dirty men, who scarcely washed themselves all summer, to say nothing of the risk and danger of running on a dark and intensely cold night. We remained behind, stuck up our camps again and had a good nap.

Thursday 23rd. Lost all day again today as the train did not come back till late and did not return again. It was a splendid day and we would have had a lovely time along. The two young Englishes are building their tilt near our camp, where they have located themselves and are going in for farming. It is a splendid place and the land is of extra good quality. In fact, this spot near the trestle of South Brook and up along the S. Branch is as

fine a tract of land as I have seen. Wrote W.D. Reid for a box car.

Friday 24th. Desperately foggy, cold morning. In fact, the only genuine foggy day I have seen this summer. The train came early but no box car for us. We had to get upon a very broken, dilapidated flat car. I got up on the tender<sup>1870</sup> in front to see the country as we steamed along. It was desperately foggy till we got out into the Bay St. George country. When the sun came out bright and warm and it turned out a very fine day. We now had a fine run all through Bay St. George. I was surprised to find so much poor, barren country along the line. In fact, it is only in the valleys of the brooks we saw any good land, all between is barren and marsh. The line is very crooked and there are some heavy grades especially at Fishel's Brook where the bridge builders were at work laying down the irons. Here there is a fearful horseshoe bend. We arrived at Seal Rocks, Bay St. George at dinner hour and had to wait some hours for the Bay of Islands train to arrive. We had our dinner here of boiled eggs, fish, tea etc. The Bay of Islands train came about two O'clock and after an hour or so we started on that train back. We had a lovely evening and a fine run up the Harry's Brook valley and along the shore of Georges Pond. The country up here and from thence to Bay of

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<sup>1870</sup>Carriage with fuel and water located behind the locomotive.

Islands is well wooded; down Cooks brook the line runs through a very picturesque gorge and finally emerges around Mt. Moriah into the Humber Arm. We got up to Riverhead<sup>1871</sup> just at sunset after a pleasant run. The men got housed in a hay barn. Tom and I managed to get lodgings at Carter's Hotel where we were pretty comfortable. We could have gone on tonight, as the train from here was going up the quarries<sup>1872</sup> for stone. As, however, it promised to be cold and we would be thrown out in the middle of the night in a very miserable place to camp, I concluded to wait for the regular on Monday.

Saturday 25th. Fine day. Stayed all day at Riverhead. The regular train did not come in till late this evening. Albert Bayley and old man Nichols came on her. Albert is looking well. The train goes back again to the quarries tonight sometime. Carter's Hotel is a fine large house with a good shop and they are likely to do well here. There is a great lot of bridge iron lying here ready for use along the line.

Sunday Sept. 26th. Beautiful fine day. Tom and I walked down to Birchy Cove, we were too late for Mass as Father Sears had early Mass so as to go down the Bay on a visit. He has a beautiful Church, with two tall steeples, almost finished. It is

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<sup>1871</sup>Humbermouth.

<sup>1872</sup>I.e., the place called Quarry, once a railway station.

the shape of a cross, something like our Cathedral, but more of a Gothic style. It seems altogether too large for this place and the number of Roman Catholics here, but I suppose he is looking to the future. We went down to Mrs. Petrie's to dinner and stayed till evening. There were a large number of boarders here, including the old standards L. Barron and Anguin, Barbour and Dick White;<sup>1873</sup> Gushue, Postman on train; Albert, Scott, Engineer; Tom and myself, also a grass widow or divorced wife named Purcell from the United States belonging to Twillingate. She has figured in the papers during the summer in connection with a robbery perpetrated upon her by a Haligonian.<sup>1874</sup> There were a number of lady visitors in the evening and we were treated to grand music. Tom and I started for Riverhead about an hour before sunset and got up just at dark.

Monday 27th. Left by train for Howley where we found old Parks and his men. We all camped near the track about a mile beyond the station.<sup>1875</sup>

Tuesday 28th. Went in with Parks and men to the coal outcrop on Kelvin Brook and uncovered the seams there. Will.<sup>1876</sup> came into camp for a few days deer shooting. Deer were now beginning to cross going Southward. We had no trouble in killing all we

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<sup>1873</sup>Inspector of lighthouses.

<sup>1874</sup>See *Eve Tel*, July 23, 1897 (where her name is given as Mrs. Austin).

<sup>1875</sup>Howley station.

<sup>1876</sup>Howley's oldest son.

wanted. Will shot one fine stag near camp.

September 29th. It was now drawing near the time when we had to give up work, as by law all Government work must close a week or ten days before the election which takes place next month. We are accordingly ordered home, but before going I had to take Parks up to Coal and Aldery Brooks to show him the outcrops there, on which he is going to work. He being an employee of the Reids is not of course bound by the Election Act. Will now went home by train. Donald and Mrs Morison have a private car and very kindly offered him a berth in it. I went up with them as far as the quarries and returned in evening on incoming train. I now spent several days showing Parks all the places where we discovered coal. He and his men moved camp up to Aldery Brook, but it was not worth our while for the few days left to do so. We accordingly remained where we were. Saw many deer during our stay here, our camp is situated close to the main crossing place. We killed a couple for food and to take home.

Having finished with Parks, we prepared to close up for the season. Stored all our tools etc. at the tilt at Coal Brook. On October 10th took the train for home and arrived next day. I paid off all my men but was sorry to have to leave the country so soon as the weather was now quite fine.

The famous Election contest of 1897<sup>1877</sup> was now in full swing and party politics ran high. The usual abuse of each other was in full force. I was besieged by candidates of both sides for my vote, and as I did not care to be mixed up in anyway in the contest having always religiously eschewed politics, I longed to get away from the city during the contest. A splendid opportunity fortunately presented itself. In conversation with Mr. W.D. Reid one day he expressed anxiety at not hearing from Parks for fully three weeks and was very desirous to learn how his work was progressing. I offered if he could procure leave for me and furnish me with a pass to go out and visit Parks' camp and let him know the result of the work. To this he gladly consented. He had not much trouble in getting the permission. Most of the Government members were in their Districts canvassing, only Mr. Morris<sup>1878</sup> and Woods<sup>1879</sup> were at home so he soon had the required permission. It was now up to November month<sup>1880</sup> and getting very cold and winterish but fine weather. I went off by train to Grand Lake station where I arrived next day. Learnt Parks was still across the Lake at Aldery brook and nothing had been heard from him lately. There was no boat available to get over so there was

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<sup>1877</sup>On October 28; the Liberals led by Whiteway were defeated by the Conservatives under Sir James Winter. Whiteway lost in Trinity.

<sup>1878</sup>E.P. Morris, Liberal candidate in St. John's West.

<sup>1879</sup>H.J.B. Woods, Liberal candidate in Bay de Verde.

<sup>1880</sup>Howley's memory is faulty here; he was back in St. John's on Oct. 30 (*Eve Tel*, Oct. 30, 1897).

nothing left for me but to tramp all around the head of the lake and up the south side to his camp. I started from the station and traversed to the R.R. track to Sandy River,<sup>1881</sup> crossing by the new bridge just finished. I now had to follow the east side of Kelvin Brook until I found a place where I could wade across. This brook is deep and muddy. I was told the R.R. people had a kind of bridge up at the bend near coal brook but on arriving there could not find it. Evidently it had been carried away by the freshets, I then retraced my steps till I found a place where the water was not so deep, still there were several feet in the middle. It was a very cold evening, freezing hard and came on to snow, moreover it was growing late and would take me all my time to reach Aldery Brook. Having no dry clothes with me except what I stood in and not relishing the idea of remaining all the afternoon in wet clothes, with the uncertainty of locating Parks' camp and perhaps being obliged to remain out all night, I concluded to take off my clothes, tie them up in a bundle and carry them on my head while I waded across the river. The water was icy cold and nearly paralyzed me as at one point it came up to my waist. When I reached the other side the bank was quite steep and I was just able to drag myself ashore, thoroughly chilled. I now rubbed myself dry and hastily dressed. A few yards brought me out on the

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<sup>1881</sup>Sandy Lake River.

long beach at the head of the lake. I now had fine going for the remainder of the distance but as night was closing fast it was necessary to pull out for all I was worth to get up before it was too dark. It was a good tramp of fully three miles and very rough in parts. I succeeded, however, in reaching Aldery Brook before dark but found no sign of Parks' camp there. I then walked in a short distance on our path leading to the coal outcrops when I came across it in the thick of the woods. It was a large square Railway camp such as was used on Construction and had a large sheet iron stove at one end. There was no one home but the cook, Parks and his men not having returned from work. They soon however, put in an appearance. He was quite surprised at seeing me again. The night was very cold and frosty, but after a good supper and with the aid of the stove we managed to pass a fairly comfortable night.

Next morning I went in with Parks and his crew to view his work. He had uncovered all the principal seams and drifted some distance upon most of them. Some showed signs of thinning out but one seam in the centre of the trough looked fine. At first it consisted of several thin layers of coal, shale and clay but all had come together and now showed a clear 6 1/2 feet of beautiful, solid, bright coal. Parks was in great spirits and intends tunnelling along the strike of this seam some considerable

distance. Some of the other seams also looked well and all the coal was of excellent quality. They had quite a lot of it mined and the whole made a splendid showing. Next day we went in again and I made a careful measurement of each seam and noted all particulars. I now had to go back to Grand Lake Station to await the train for home. I was delayed here nearly two days. In the meantime Sir Robert Bond heard of my being here and telegraphed me to know all the particulars about the coal. It appeared that at a meeting held at Little Bay the night previous Morine ridiculed the Government's coal exploration and asserted there was no coal of any account in Newfoundland. Now, here I was in a nice box the very thing I came out to avoid, I found myself forced into whether I liked it or not. Of course there was nothing for me but to furnish Sir Robert with the exact particulars as I saw them, simply that and nothing more. I did not express any opinion whatever. I first gave him the measurements of the several seams as I found them. I afterwards learned he read my telegram before the electors at Little Bay which gave the fullest denial to Morine's statement. Next morning I had a message from Sir Wm. Whiteway from Clarendville to know what about the coal, and during the day another from E.P. Morris, St. John's. Of course I had to answer both, simply repeated my reply to Sir R. Bond. Here then I was right up to the neck in the

political battle which I had congratulated myself I had escaped.

To complete my discomfiture, that night my message appeared in the Evening Telegram, Government organ, under flaring headlines.<sup>1882</sup> Though perfectly innocent of any political bias, no one would believe that I did not lend myself for the purpose of upholding the Government's coal policy, and as a matter of fact I was made to feel it when as happened the Opposition party carried the day and ousted the Whitewayites. Thus in trying "to avoid Scylla, I was literally cast upon Charybdis."

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<sup>1882</sup>His carefully worded, yet very encouraging, telegram to Morris, dated from The Quarry, "Last Evening," i.e., Oct 25, 1897, is in *Eve Tel*, Oct. 26, 1897. The "headlines" (on p. 4 of the paper) read: "OUR COAL FIELDS! Good News Wired from Grand Pond by James P. Howley - The Aldery Brook Seam All Right in Quality and Quantity."

1898

## Surveying along Railway

Monday July 25th. After a great deal of humbugging<sup>1883</sup> and delay in getting off for the woods we at length got started today. Being now under the new order of things, the Director of Surveys,<sup>1884</sup> I have to take charge of the parties who are to block off the lands along the Railway line for the purpose of the Contractors,<sup>1885</sup> on the one part, and the Government on the other,

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<sup>1883</sup>Likely bureaucratic in nature. The Winter government reorganized the civil service.

<sup>1884</sup>He was appointed to this position on July 1 (*Daily News*, July 1, 1898).

<sup>1885</sup>The Reids, who had signed a contract with the Winter government in March to operate the railway for 50 years, after which they would own it. They were granted sweeping concessions, including tracts of land which now required surveying. For accounts of the 1898 railway contract and its repercussions see

in making their selections. At first it was thought several parties would be employed but it now resolved itself into two small survey parties, one under Arthur White and the other under Will Noel. The former commences at the Port aux Basques end of the line, and the latter at Bay St. George. They are both to work northward and are simply to run along by the track and intersect it at every mile North, and at every fifth or section to put down a permanent mark. We are not required to run out any side lines. I, as Director, look after both parties and will be on the move pretty constantly, besides I have to travel over as much of the country on either side of the track as I can. We were all to proceed west by the S.S. *Grand Lake* at first but something turned up to make the Government alter this arrangement and now only Tom Thorburn, Cart Alsop<sup>1886</sup> and I are going, all the others go by train to meet us.

We had considerable delay getting off owing to the amount of freight etc. It was one O'clock nearly when we made a final start. The morning had been exceedingly foggy but it cleared up before we left and we had a fine time off. I took little Jim along with me for a holiday trip. We had quite a number of passengers. Outside the water was very smooth and we got along

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O'Flaherty, *Lost Country*, pp. 200-06; Hiller, "The Railway and Local Politics," pp. 138-40; and R.H. Cuff, "Reid-Newfoundland Company," *ENL*, 4: 564-7.

<sup>1886</sup>Carteret Alsop, a surveyor.

fine. Saw a great number of fishing boats off Petty Harbour but they did not appear to be doing much. It was about 4.30 P.M. when we got into Cape Broyle Harbour, our first port of call. Here we had some delay landing freight. There were several Bankers in at anchor looking for bait. Some of the passengers for Ferryland left here and we took some more on board.

After leaving Cape Broyle we saw the little steamer Cabot in pursuit of whales. She is doing very well. Some of the passengers from here relate a curious incident of a whale having been driven ashore at Ferryland a few days since, by a Sword fish and Thrasher,<sup>1887</sup> and during the same night some big fish, presumed to be the Thrasher, struck a schooner, belonging to the Ryans<sup>1888</sup> of Bonavista a tremendous blow with his tail breaking in some twenty feet of the rail and several stanchions, but he left a piece of his tail behind on the deck. Evidently the brute mistook the schooner for the whale. The latter was found next morning dead and ripped up on the under part by the sword fish. Our informant also stated that some of the squids this season had ten horns or tentacles (Decapods). We arrived at Fermeuse and discharged cargo before dark and then steamed away for Trepassey. It came on foggy again before night and I soon turned in. I did not know when we

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<sup>1887</sup>Thresher shark.

<sup>1888</sup>Fish merchants established at Bonavista, King's Cove, and elsewhere.

got around Cape Race or into Trepassey till next day. I believe it was 2 A.M. when we arrived at the latter place.

Tuesday 26th. When I got up at breakfast-time it was densely foggy. We were somewhere in St. Mary's Bay and had been constantly blowing the whistle all morning. We dodged along very slowly, often stopping to see if the fog would lift. At one time our horn was answered by another fog horn, and presently out of the dense gloom a dark shadow loomed up which proved to be a large fishing boat bound out the Bay. It cleared up a little at last and we got into St. Marys all right. We had an immense lot of freight to land here and were surrounded with boats for several hours. They are doing exceedingly well with fish here and several of the boats have over 100 qtls. on shore, while the traps have more than they can handle.

We had it thick again after leaving till we got around Cape St. Mary's, but the water was nice and smooth and we had a good run up Placentia Bay. It was just dark when we arrived at Placentia Harbour. We did not go into the wharf, consequently had no opportunity to get a run ashore. It came on foggy and wet again just as we got in. We did not leave here till about 10 O'clock. There were no extra passengers by train nor any news.

Wednesday 27th. Densely foggy; off Burin in morning, stopped in the fog, got in about breakfast-time. Had a couple of hours'

delay landing freight and then proceeded on our journey, reached St. Lawrence, discharged and were up to Lamaline early in the afternoon. The weather had cleared off fine and the sea was as smooth as oil. We ran over towards St. Pierre to land some passengers but did not go inside the roadstead. We had six French bankers<sup>1889</sup> and their dories' men who had got astray from their vessels on the banks and were sent home by the Consul.<sup>1890</sup> Also two young ladies, Misses Hennebury and Dunphy for St. Pierre. The tug boat, Progress, came out to take them ashore. Miss Hennebury's sister who is married in St. Pierre and another lady came to meet them. The Bankers' men rowed ashore in their dories.

We had a lovely evening running in Fortune Bay, were at Fortune a considerable time landing freight. It was just dusk as we reached Grand Bank and here we delayed most of the night as it was very thick again after dark. We have now got rid of about half of our passengers and tomorrow will have few left.

Thursday 28th. Still densly foggy. We were just leaving St. Jacques when I came on deck about 7.30 A.M. after landing a lot of freight. St. Jacques looks flourishing and there are a lot of fine houses here now. We reached Harbour Breton in due course and had a long delay here landing a large amount of freight. Had a

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<sup>1889</sup>Howley's meaning is not clear here.

<sup>1890</sup>See *Evening Herald*, July 20, 1898, for an account of two of the fishermen. The consul alluded to was M. Des Isles.

walk ashore. We had it very thick again after leaving here especially on nearing Pass Tickle,<sup>1891</sup> but we got through and into Hermitage Bay all right. We called at Hermitage Cove where we landed a good deal of freight. This place rejoices in the possession of a fine stone Church with slated roof, which seems utterly at variance with the requirements of the place.<sup>1892</sup> It is related that some old Newman died or was killed in the Crimea and left money to build this Church on the place where he or his father made their wealth. A short run of some twenty minutes across Hermitage Bay brought us to Gaultois. Here we found everything very dull. It is reported Newman's Establishment here is about to close down,<sup>1893</sup> and as that means pretty well all Gaultois, of course, when the suspension takes place Gaultois is gone. We had very little freight for here and consequently little delay. Our next port of call is Ramea Island and then Burgeo. It will take all night to get through these two places. After leaving Gaultois it came on very foggy again and as it is perfectly calm I doubt whether the fog will clear enough for us to get in anywhere tonight.

Friday 29th. Very thick and foggy somewhere off Ramea

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<sup>1891</sup>Pass Island Tickle.

<sup>1892</sup>See a description quoted from J.G. Mountain, *Some Account of a Sowing Time* (London: Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, 1857) in *ENL*, 2: 920.

<sup>1893</sup>It did so in 1900. See Shannon Ryan, *Fish Out of Water* (St. John's: Breakwater, 1986), pp. 64-5. For a photo of the Newman premises at Gaultois, see *ENL*, 4: 74.

Islands at break-fast time but did not get in till late. We had some considerable delay here waiting for the fog to lift a little. We then went across to Burgeo. It had now cleared up a little. Landed a good deal of freight here and did not get away till evening. It still remained very foggy and towards La Poile was very thick. It also came to rain a good deal and turned out a nasty evening. We ran past La Poile some distance in the fog and had to retrace our course after speaking to a fishing boat. We finally got into Little Bay, La Poile and remained all night. We took several passengers aboard here. The great Jersey room<sup>1894</sup> is going down fast and very little business is now doing here.

Saturday 30th. Were at Rose Blanche early this morning and on our way to Channel when I got up. It was now somewhat clearer though still foggy. We reached Channel by breakfast-time and found Arthur White and party here waiting. They have been here since Wednesday evening. We had considerable delay landing freight and then had to go over to the coal shed to take in coal. We did not get away again till 2 P.M. Saw the new Railway Pier and terminus of the Grand cross country Railway. The terminus is at the narrows leading into the inner cove inside of the

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<sup>1894</sup>The firm of P.W. Nicolle and Co. "went bankrupt in 1863" (Ryan, *Fish Out of Water*, p. 63) and was replaced at La Poile by another Jersey firm, Le Selleur.

Islands<sup>1895</sup> and is close to the cliff. It is a pity there is not more level land here for building and other purposes. We got away just at 2 P.M. having taken aboard some additional passengers, amongst them Jimmy Baird and son.<sup>1896</sup> It cleared off fine as we were leaving and by the time we reached Cape Ray it was beautifully fine and warm. We had a nice run in St. Georges Bay but at dark it again came very thick and rained hard. We could not make the Harbour so we had to anchor in the Bay to await a clear up. We all turned in for a snooze as there was little prospect of getting in before morning.

Sunday 31st. It cleared off towards morning and at 2.30 A.M. we were at the wharf at Sandy Point. We all had to turn out and see about landing our stuff. Will Noel was down to meet us. He has been here a whole week with his crew boarding at Mrs Abbott's. They are heartily sick of waiting. So much for interfering with my arrangements. It will have cost the Government fully one hundred dollars more than had they come by steamer. We had all ashore by 5 O'clock and we then went down to Mrs Abbott's and had a sleep till 8.30. Got up and had a wash and breakfast and went to Mass. It was a very hot day, as has been

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<sup>1895</sup>The islands at the mouth of the harbour at Port aux Basques; for a photo of the pier, see Penney, *A History of the Newfoundland Railway*, vol. 1, p. 46.

<sup>1896</sup>James Baird (1828-1915), Scottish-born businessman. He had "very large interests in the fishing business on the...Treaty coast" (*Newfoundland Men*, p. 139). He had three sons.

the case here for several days past. Early tomorrow we all start for the Main Gut, where we intend making our first camp.

Monday August 1st. Fine morning. Had an early breakfast and started in three boats. Tom, Jim and I with two of Noel's men going with Nardini in his big boat. It was quite calm and we had to row all the way. We got over to the Gut in good time just as the tide was top high. There is an awful tide running in and out here, and now that the trestle is across it is extremely dangerous to be caught at half-tide. Several boats have been injured and one poor fellow drowned last fall by being dashed against the trestle. We got through all right and landed our stuff at Nardini's wharf.<sup>1897</sup> We all camped on the sand behind the Mill, a poor exposed place but we have no choice, there is no better anywhere near.

Mr. Ross<sup>1898</sup> with a crew is here preparing for the construction of the great bridge across the Main Gut. It is going to be a ticklesome job owing to the width and the very strong current. They are at present driving piles to place the piers upon and have a heavy pile driver on a car run out on the trestle. There is to be a lift or draw-bridge section in the middle of some thirty feet, all the rest including one immense

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<sup>1897</sup>His sawmill was located on Main River, a short tidal navigable stream flowing through Main Gut; the Reids built their trestle and bridge between the sawmill and the ocean.

<sup>1898</sup>Hector Ross.

span of over 200 feet, is to be a fixture. Nardini swears against the bridge in great style and has an action now pending in the Courts against the Messrs. Reid claiming heavy damages for the ruin of his lumber trade.<sup>1899</sup> No doubt it is a great hardship to him as no vessel or boat of any size can get in or out now and even when the draw-bridge is ready it will be a very ticklesome work for a schooner to go through. The tide runs with awful force and when about three parts up or down it looks very ugly from the trestle above. The piles that are projecting above the surface sway back and forth at an awful rate. We saw the Express train from St. John's pass along about 6 P.M. There appeared to be but few passengers on it. Will<sup>1900</sup> and I took some observations this evening for time and variation of compass. Nardini has a shop here and is doing a fine trade with the bridge men, all cash. He has Reid's friend, old Stevens, staying with him. The latter is here fishing up the Brooks.

Tuesday August 2nd. Fine but dull. Will and I with part of his crew went off back to the Little Barachois River<sup>1901</sup> to commence his traverse along the R.R. track. We selected as near as we could go to it the commencement of No 12 section and drove

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<sup>1899</sup>See *The Reports, 1897-1903. Decisions of the Supreme Court of Newfoundland*, ed. E.P. Morris and D.M. Browning (St. John's: J.W. Withers, 1905), pp. 91-5, 134-46.

<sup>1900</sup>Will Noel.

<sup>1901</sup>Little Barachois Brook.

a hub.<sup>1902</sup> He then began to measure and take the bearings along the line. I went off towards Seal Rocks and afterwards up the Brook a piece. Little Jim came with us to try for trout but found none. It came on to rain about 12 O'clock and turned out a wet evening. Joe Jep should have been up today but I suppose it is too wet. Noel Bernard has been humbugged by some stupid Telegraph Operator who read Sandy Pond instead of Sandy Point in my message to him from St. John's. We now learn that he has been a week up to Sandy Pond waiting for us till he was nearly starved. I have asked the Operator to tell him to join us here at the Gut. It was too wet to continue work, we had to return to camp all pretty well wet through.

Wednesday 3rd. Dull but fine. Will Noel continued his measurement Northward across the trestle. After dinner I walked out along the shore and around Sea Wolf Lagoon<sup>1903</sup> to the first rocky point. There is a beautiful sand beach all around here and it would make an admirable site for sea bathing with hotels and houses behind on the level. The sand-bank all along is covered with grass and a good deal of wood and is very level. Altogether I believe a great place of resort for summer could be worked up here. The water so far inland must be free from the Arctic

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<sup>1902</sup>Small wooden peg for survey lines.

<sup>1903</sup>Port Harmon, formerly Stephenville Pond.

current and the surf bathing admirable, but there is the further advantage of the rivers all around for trout and salmon fishing and the hills not far distant for deer shooting. I dont think a finer location exists in North America. It is moreover, very free from flies as the exposed condition keeps them away. Moreover there are several snug farms around where fresh butter and milk and vegetables can be had in abundance.

Thursday 4th. Had another observation of Sun this morning for variation, result  $29^{\circ} 37'$  W. I think this is pretty near the mark especially as our two former sets gave:  $29^{\circ} 39'$  and  $29^{\circ} 34'$  so that  $29^{\circ} 37'$  is about the mean. Will now went back to calculate his traverse and put in his mile posts etc. After dinner I walked along the track to Seal Rocks to post letters, enquire about Noel,<sup>1904</sup> and see the character of the country near the track. It was a very tiresome walk on the sleepers. The *Cordelia* steamed into the Harbour this morning and the man-of-war's men, officers and tars, are scattered around everywhere. Some of the former were up to the Gut, two were into the Steady of Flat Bay Brook fishing. A whole crew with boats and an immense seine were hauling for fish of some sort over near Little Barachois Brook. The tars were out to their necks in the water, most of them with all their clothes on. They had great fun and

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<sup>1904</sup>Noel Bernard.

seemed to enjoy it immensely. I did not get back to camp till after 7 P.M. pretty tired out. I walked most of the way back along the shore. Old Stevens was in to Flat Bay Steady today and caught a salmon and some trout.

Will Noel intends moving tomorrow some four or five miles. I procured an order from Steele<sup>1905</sup> the track master for him to obtain the use of the section man's pump car<sup>1906</sup> which will be a great help to him. Nardini goes over to the Point tomorrow and when he comes back we are going up to the bottom<sup>1907</sup> and try to get up the Brook as far as we can.

Friday August 5th. Fine hot day. Up very early so as to get breakfast over and enable Will to get his things across the bridge before the men go to work on it. They were all across before seven O'clock. I then went in with them. On the line Steele came along with a trolley and gave me a ride into the old siding some eight or ten miles. I then walked back. Found Will putting up his camps some four miles from the Gut. The country along this part of the line is very marshy. The Express from Port aux Basques passed me as I came along, it appeared to be pretty full of passengers. It is half an hour earlier today than last time. I was pretty tired on arrival at camp. Joe had the kettle

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<sup>1905</sup>David Steele.

<sup>1906</sup>Handcar.

<sup>1907</sup>Of the estuary stretching eastward from Main Gut; towards Bottom Brook.

boiled and we enjoyed our luncheon. After dinner Jim, a young fellow from the place and I went up a small brook in a dory and caught some nice mud trout. It came to rain and we had to return. The evening train was behind. There were quite a number of passengers on it. The mail arrangements are very bad, our letters, if any, are brought on some ten miles from here and are then taken over to Sandy Point to be arranged and brought back again. Tom went up after tea on a trolley with Ross the bridge builder and did not get back till late in the night, but he did not get the mails and will have to go again tomorrow as they will not send them down here.

Saturday 6th. Fine, warm day; blowing fresh. Noel did not turn up as I expected by last evening's train. Nardini has not yet come back so I dont quite know what I had best do. Tom went off after breakfast for the letters, again, nearly twenty miles of a tramp. Came to blow a good breeze from Westward. The diver was down several times today and we saw all the operation of sawing off the piles under water. A crescent saw<sup>1908</sup> is attached to a triangular frame and is pulled back and forth by men on a platform, while the diver guides the saw below. It struck me it was a poor arrangement and might be very much improved upon. Nardini came about dinner-time and wanted to start right away up

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<sup>1908</sup>I.e., bucksaw.

for the bottom Brook but as it would be rather late when we got there, we deferred our trip up till tomorrow. We were greatly disappointed at not receiving either letters or papers by last train. I hired another man Peter Bennoit to come up the country with us. He was with Mr. Stevens but left him to come with me.

Sunday 7th. Dull, squally day, waited for it to clear up a little, we then started in Nardini's big boat, taking about a week's grub. We picked up Peter and a boy Mitchell hired by Nardini, also a canoe and Peter's dory as we went along. Peter and I took the canoe and paddled up the Arm.<sup>1909</sup> It is a fine place, this estuary, and could have been made a splendid Harbour of, Peter informs me there is a large, deep hole having over 30 fathoms of water away up off the Sandy Point nearly up to the head. The two Main inflowing rivers, S.W. River and Bottom Brook, enter by one wide channel but at a couple of hundred yards up they branch off and are separated by a spur of the Long Range Mountains. The Bottom or La Chuche<sup>1910</sup> Brook is by far the finer. It was this we ascended. After leaving the big boat near the mouth we took the canoe and dory. Joe and I the former, Peter and Will the latter, while Tom, Nardini and little Jim walked across the portage to the first pond. We found the River very dry and

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<sup>1909</sup>Eastward, through the estuary known as St. George's River.

<sup>1910</sup>Fr. *souche* "stump, root," pronounced in western Newfoundland *chousse*.

were obliged to wade nearly all the way to the pond dragging the boats along. We had our luncheon here and then proceeded on up the pond and the river above, but it soon became very dry also and the three passengers had to get out and walk. We got up to second pond after a while and then had a fine steady for a considerable distance. When we stopped to camp near where the deer hunters go up on the mountain called La Chucho. It came to rain as we were putting up camp, we had several showers during the day but now it set in pretty heavy. However, we got all snug in good time. The lads caught a fine lot of trout a little below our camp. But we find that the river has been poached and barred with nets so that all the salmon and big trout appear to have been caught.

It is a very pretty valley and there are some fine flats of intervale land along the river. The hill sides and flats are well wooded and there is quite a lot of fair sized pine and a good deal of white and yellow birch and fir. It is on this river Nardini has been logging chiefly, and he also has a clearing on one of the flats near the head of 1st Pond. The soil appears to be very rich and free from stones etc.

Monday 8th. Dull and foggy in morning. Peter unfortunately cut his foot rather badly with the axe last night and is unable to move today. All the rest of us went up to the 3rd pond and as

far as we could get in the boats beyond, but the river was too dry to proceed very far. We had some fishing but did not catch many. Tom says he hooked a salmon. The third pond is a very pretty one. Nardini's men have a big lumber camp near the head of it. After dinner Nardini, Joe, Will and I started off to climb La Chuche to look for a deer. We took a couple of days' grub with us. It was a long, tiresome, uphill climb through the woods but fortunately was nice and cool. We got up at last and had time to take a look around over the first part of the barrens before night. We had the good luck to strike a pretty good side-tilt belonging to some hunters and put in a very good night. It was not at all cold.

Tuesday 9th. Dull and foggy all morning. Cleared off about 9 O'clock. We then tramped over the hills for a long distance back till we came to a valley studded with ponds where there was a good deal of fresh deer footing. Here we remained a considerable time watching. It came to rain hard and we had to seek shelter in a patch of wood and put up our side camp. While we were doing so Nardini stayed out watching, and saw a fine stag take to the water and swim across a pond near but too far off to get a shot at him. The deer had heard our chopping at camp and was startled from his lair. It rained hard all the evening.

Wednesday 10th. Still miserably wet and foggy, cleared off

about 9 O'clock when we started to go back to camp. The bushes were very wet and we were soon soaking. We took a different route going back and got into a deep gulsh where the travelling was something awful. Several times we had to take to the brook in the gulsh and as often abandon it owing to inaccessible cliffs. We had then to do some tall climbing to get up on top again. It was equally as bad there owing to loose rocks, holes and fallen timber. We did not reach camp till 1 O'clock pretty tired and very wet. Found the lads all right. Peter's foot much better. Tom and Jim had some good trout fishing since we left and Peter has a lot smoked. Two dories with deer hunters passed up the river since we left. It remained dull all the evening, we caught some trout but I lost a very large one. It is an awful pity this fine brook is completely spoiled by poachers, in several places on our way up we saw where nets had been set completely across the channel. I hardly think there is a salmon left in it and not many large trout. We saw some fine pine and other timber today as we came through the woods, the pine only on the lowest ridge. We also came through a splendid flat of intervale land. There is a good deal such on the river.

Thursday 11th. Fine warm day. Started down river. Had a fine run most of the way but the last part from 1st. pond down is very shoal and rocky. When the brook is high it must be very easy to

get up and down. We reached the mouth by dinner-time. Nardini was in a hurry to get back to the gut so started right away in his big boat. We remained and camped on the point at mouth of river. Tom and I went up S.W. Brook a couple of miles to try for fish but got nothing. We are too late, all the trout and salmon have gone away up stream long ago. We saw several large bowlders of iron ore and understand a band exists here on a small tributary South of the S.W. Brook.

Friday 12th. Beautiful fine warm day. We started for the Gut and got down about 11 O'clock, found letters and papers awaiting us. All well at home. Good news of Dick's success in the midsummer exam. He passed well, twenty-one out of eighty, and is now Sr. engineer student. Also a long letter from Maggie from Annapolis the land of Evangeline, Longfellow's Grand Pre. She is having a delightful time there.

The divers (there being now two) are getting on fast with the piles, they cut off 39 today. Saw both trains pass today. There appeared to be very few first-class passengers. Tomorrow we move on to Seal Rocks. I want to send Jim home by Grand Lake before I go further. She is due now.

Saturday 13th. Very warm, sultry day. Got a trolly from Mr. Ross and put all our stuff aboard. We had a good shove over but reached Seal Rocks about 10 O'clock, not much too soon as before

we got our stuff off a freight train came along behind us. We camped here near the station. It was very sultry all the afternoon. "Grand Lake" came in about 3 P.M. and left again going North about 5 P.M. She will be back sometime Monday.

Sunday August 14th. Dull but very sultry all day. The Bishop<sup>1911</sup> has gone to Codroy so there was no mass on this side today. Had a good look through his big convent.<sup>1912</sup> It is going to be a fine building.

Monday 15th. Lady Day. "Grand Lake" expected back this evening. Tom, Jim and I went across in ferry boat to Sandy Point and to Mass. Stayed all day, very hot. "Grand Lake" did not come till about 10 P.M. Sent Jim off in her. We then got a passage back in Butt's<sup>1913</sup> boat and walked down to camp at Seal Rocks.

Tuesday 17th. This is freight day on the line there being no regular. We availed of a freight train going West to get a lift down to Middle Barachois Brook which we reached about 11 A.M. Here we camped. After dinner I took a tramp up the River some distance, find it very dry. Intend spending a few days up here and surveying a small tributary flowing in on the south side to see if I can get any further clue to coal distribution. I was

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<sup>1911</sup>Neil McNeil.

<sup>1912</sup>St. Michael's Convent in St. George's. The Sisters of Mercy, established in Sandy Point since 1893, moved to St. George's in 1898.

<sup>1913</sup>Nathaniel Butt, a general dealer and lobster packer on South Side (St. George's).

pretty tired when I came back to camp.

Wednesday 18th. Another fine warm day. Men baking, washing and preparing for trip up country. I traversed a good deal of the track. In evening walked over to Robinson's Head river and down to Mouth taking the camera with me. I took a few views as I went along. When I got back to camp Arthur White was there having reached this point with his survey. It is just 55 miles north from his starting point at Port aux Basques. He is camped near Crabb's and will move along tomorrow. He is, I fear, rushing his work too much, has left half his outfit behind him at Little Codroy River. Bishop Jones<sup>1914</sup> and party are at the Barachois the past couple of days and are receiving a great ovation. They go back by train this evening to Port aux Basques.

Thursday 19th. Fine warm day. Arthur's crew came along this morning and went to Robinson's Brook to camp. We started off up the River and had a hard tramp over the rough rocks. We did not reach the tributary where we were to camp till after 1 O'clock. As soon as the camps were up I took a stroll up the river intending to go as far as the Murray Coal seam but found it was much further than I expected. Tom caught some nice trout. There are a few small salmon or grilse here in the holes near camp but they will not rise to a fly. The day was very warm and the flies

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<sup>1914</sup>Llewellyn Jones, Anglican Bishop of Newfoundland, 1878-1917; d. 1918.

bad. The River is now very low, one can walk across almost anywhere without getting a wet foot.

Friday 20th. Fine day; commenced to measure up the little tributary, found it very difficult to get along owing to the thick growth of Alders, had to cut our way most of the time. I went on ahead but towards evening finding the river almost closed in and getting very small with no outcrop of rock I was greatly disappointed. There is, however, a good deal of excellent intervale land up here.

Saturday 21st. Still warm and sultry. Rained hard in morning but cleared off fine again. I sent Tom and Joe in to go on with their measurement. After dinner I again walked up the brook as far as the Murray seam but it was all hidden by fallen debris. I have no doubt now this was the seam seen and described by Jukes in 1842.

Sunday August 22nd. Beautiful fine day again. I tried to catch a salmon this morning and had two hooked, one almost ashore but he got away. After that they would not look at the hook, they made off and hid under a projecting rock on the opposite side of the brook in a deep hole. I found them after a while and tried hard to induce them to take the fly but it was no go. I then tried bait and let the hook drop down just under their noses, but they would turn away in disgust. As a last resort I had to jig

them and succeeded in hooking one fine one near the tail end. He made a desperate struggle to get off but I landed him after a while. It was a fine grilse of about two or three pounds. After dinner Tom and I walked up, up to the Jukes' Coal Seam. It was all covered up not a vestige of it to be seen. Thousands of tons of rock, clay, trees etc. had slid down since last I was here, just nine years ago. We found it, however, just up the little ravine where it was uncovered that same year. Here also it was hidden by fallen debris but after some rooting we got at it. I dont think now that any stranger would find this coal in a hurry. We had a long, tiresome tramp back to camp which we reached just at dusk.

Monday August 23rd. Moved back again down the river to the bridge and camped here to await a chance along by train. None offered all day. The painters are still here idle, someone stole their brushes and they are unable to go on with their work. Poor old Tom Boland of Bay of Islands is the man. I walked back along the track to Crabb's Brook and went up that brook some distance. There is a splendid salmon hole about a mile above the bridge but there are none in it now as they have all gone up long ago, at least, if any escaped. I found here also evidences of the stream being netted. It is too bad that this destruction of these fine salmon streams is allowed to go on. I could only find one mile

post of Arthur White's marked XLIV about a mile from our camp but no sign of the 43rd. which should come this side of Crabbs. It was late when I got back to camp.

August 24th. Seeing no object in going further back on the line I now decided to hasten on to the parties ahead and see how they were getting on so as to direct their further movements. We took the next train bound East and stopped off near George's Lake. As I wished to visit Sir R. Bond's Asbestos Mine and explore some of the country in that neighborhood, we camped near the track and after finding the path leading into the mine we started off taking a week's supply of provisions with us. Our party now only consisted of Tom Thorburn, Joe Jep, Peter Bennoit and myself. We found the path to the mine pretty good but rather steep in places. At the mine we were fortunate in finding the log house in good order and soon were quite comfortable.

The country around here is densely wooded and consists of ridges and deep, narrow valleys running in various directions with occasional small marshes. It is a very easy place to go astray in, and as a matter of fact I lost myself for the greater part of one day. There was a good deal of deer footing in the marshes but we could not find any for several days. At last Joe succeeded in running across a fine doe and killing it. We now had lots of fresh meat to help out our stock of grub. After spending

a few days examining the rocks and Asbestos deposit, Joe and I started for a tramp across country<sup>1915</sup> to the Louis Hills<sup>1916</sup> taking my dog Beppo with us. We found the travelling pretty tough through the dense woods which extended a long way west, but at length broke out on more open country where we could see all around. The bare topped ridge of the Louis Hills lay before us quite a long distance off.

In crossing a little barren Beppo started a fox and nearly caught him. I could not get a shot at him for fear of hitting the dog who kept so close to him. Further on we broke out into a fairly large marsh and started another fox this time a coal black one. He ran down the marsh and then stopped to look at us. Joe held on the dog while I tried to crawl nearer him. I had only my shot gun with me. Putting in a ball cartridge I tried a long shot at him as he stood facing me. The ball struck the ground just between his fore legs and the lad got a great fright. He jumped right up and made off for a patch of tuckamore bushes. We now tried to root him out with the dog but he was too cute and dogged about in the thick bush and of course eluded us. Joe was greatly put out at my not shooting him. "Oh" said he, "you lost a hundred

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<sup>1915</sup>At this point in the "Journal" for 1898 (CNSA, 262.02.034), Howley relates a story told him by Joe Jep, describing a friendly encounter between Micmacs and Beothucks. The story is dated 1899. Under the title "An Anecdote of the Red Indians or Beothucks," a version of it was copied into CNSA, Shortis papers, vol. 4, no. 118.

<sup>1916</sup>Lewis Hills.

dollars or more." We had to cross a stout brook<sup>1917</sup> in a deep valley before reaching the base of the Louis Hills. This brook flowed Northward into Coal or Serpentine River. We camped here near the brook in a nice place. Next day we went on and after a steep hard climb reached the summit of the Ridge. It was all bare and free from timber. Indeed, in most places free from any vegetation at all. Like most serpentine tracts chiefly Peridotites weathering a rusty brown owing to the presence of so much magnesia in them. This material is destructive of vegetation.

We rambled over a considerable area of this ridge and found it very interesting from a Mineralogical point of view. We did not however, come across either Asbestos or Chromite both of which substances might reasonably be expected to occur. We met some patches of true serpentine however.

I should greatly have wished to spend some days here exploring this interesting locality but our provisions were running short and I was anxious to get back to camp and go on Eastward to overtake the survey parties. Joe and I accordingly retraced our steps and reached camp at Bond's Mine in good time where we found Tom and Peter O.K.<sup>1918</sup>

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<sup>1917</sup>Blue Hill Brook.

<sup>1918</sup>The next three paragraphs in the "Journal" (which the typist is following) are in Howley's more careful handwriting in a darker pencil stroke. They were a later addition. He left a blank space in the "Journal" to be filled in at

Old Joe is a curious individual. He is a compound of Negro and Micmac Indian. He has the Indian colour and many of their traits, having been reared by his Micmac mother and friends, but in most respects the nigger prevails. His features are decidedly of the negro type. His hair black and curly; his speech and especially his laugh or rather grin, are regular nigger. He is full of old yarns about Red Indians and Micmacs and regaled me over our camp fires at night relating these.

He told me he once visited St. John's in a schooner but was so astonished at the streets and houses and the great number of people he saw that he was afraid of his life to move or leave the vessel. One of the crew took him to see a play and he was delighted beyond measure. Had the "Movies"<sup>1919</sup> been then in existence I can imagine his surprise and astonishment. He had a sort of hazy idea of electricity having been occasionally temporarily employed at repairing the telegraph lines and was familiar with the working of the instruments in the office.

I, of course, used to tell him many things which were almost beyond his belief. Amongst others I explained to him our Electric car system and how the cars were run by the current passing

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his leisure.

<sup>1919</sup>O'Neill says "the birth date of the movies" in St. John's was Feb. 13, 1901 (*The Oldest City*, pp. 259-60). But "Bioscopic" "living pictures" were exhibited in St. John's in June, 1898 (*Daily News*, Apr. 7, June 7, 1898).

through a large copper wire suspended overhead etc.<sup>1920</sup> He seemed to take it all in very well. A few days afterward when we returned to the railroad and were travelling along the track towards camp, Joe who was ahead suddenly looked up to the telegraph line nearby and exclaimed, "Well, that must be quare to see the cars running along on dat line." Such was his idea of the Electric car system.

We now availed of the next east bound train and proceeded on to Bay of Islands. Here we learned that Noel's party had passed through about a week ago, and were now working up the lower Humber. I paid off my men here and Tom and I took up our residence at Carter's Hotel, River Head, or as it is now known, Humber Mouth. We inspected the work of Noel's party in this locality and I then walked along the track up the river side to Deer Lake, where I found Noel and party encamped. They were making good progress and doing faithful work.

White's party after finishing their section and connecting with Noel's had proceeded on Eastward to take up a new one towards the eastern side of the Island.

The season was now growing late and the time for closing up work had arrived. After some further delay and a short stay over

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<sup>1920</sup>The electric tramway operated in St. John's between 1900 and 1948. See O'Neill, *A Seaport Legacy*, pp. 517-9.

near Grand Lake we all started for home. The train was packed with workmen from the front and we could only procure a passage in an empty box car. Here we merely had standing room and were very uncomfortable being literally packed like cattle but then "beggars cant be choosers" and indeed we were lucky to be able to get along at all. The train was a very long one consisting of the whole outfit from Headquarters. There were three or four engines attached and even then they were obliged to divide the train up into sections in getting up the Kitty's Brook grade. Part of the train would move on to the head of the grade then the engines would return and take another section in tow. They even resorted to setting all the labourers at work on some of the steepest grades to help push the train. All hands were made to alight and range themselves along on either side and push for all they were worth. Poor fellows had a hard time of it and as a nasty drizzling rain set in it was especially trying crossing over the barrens of the height of land. Most of the laborers were huddled together on the flat cars exposed to the weather and must have suffered miseries, moreover, many of the poor fellows were sick. I have no doubt some must have contracted colds that in the end would take them to their graves. It was dreadful treatment to subject human beings to. The horses on the train were far better treated. They were housed in and covered over with canvas or

felt.<sup>1921</sup>

There were several passengers in our car for Bay of Islands and elsewhere and there was no such thing as procuring any food. Most of the laborers had some grub and availed of the various stoppages to get off and boil their kettles. Some however, had not a bite and one poor Harbour Grace man offered ten cents for a slice of bread but could not obtain it. We would have been in the same box had not Noel's cook who was in the next car been able to supply us with a lunch of tinned meat and bread, otherwise we would have been in a bad way. After a long, cold ride we arrived at Exploits station about 11 P.M. all thoroughly hungry and worn out. We made a raid on the hotel here and succeeded in procuring a fairly good meal. We thoroughly frightened the Proprietor, Mr. Murray, by the way the food disappeared. We were all simply ravenous.

A lot of deer hunters got off here and they had a great quantity of deer carcasses. The condition of the poor labourers on the flat cars was pitiable in the extreme. They were all drenched with the cold drizzling rain or sleet. Poor fellows! they put a hard time over them during the long, tiresome journey. After considerable delay we got started again on our journey and spent a miserable night without sleep or rest in the cold box

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<sup>1921</sup>Tarpaper.

car. Arrived in town next day glad indeed to reach our comfortable houses once more.

1899

Coal in St. George's Bay

The Hon. Capt. Cleary<sup>1922</sup> who holds leases for the coal on the Middle Barachois and Robinson's Rivers, Bay St. George, solicited from the Government my services during this season to further examine the coal outcrops there and also run out the boundary lines of his claims. His request was acceded to on condition of his bearing the expense of the investigation out of his own pocket.

As soon as things were finalized I prepared to leave for Bay

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<sup>1922</sup>Philip Cleary; see Intro., n. 164.

St. George, intending to procure my crew there. His son, John Cleary, B.L.,<sup>1923</sup> was to accompany me during part of the season.

We left the old R.R. Station at Fort William<sup>1924</sup> about 2 P.M. August 1st and after a fairly good run across country, arrived at Seal Rocks station in due course. Here we put up at the house of a Mr. Power for a few days. I had to lay off the boundaries of Capt. Cleary's land grant at this point before proceeding on to the Barachois.

I also hired six men belonging to the place for the season's work. These men, like most of the outport men, are not much used to pick and shovel work but are all good axemen and packers.

Having made all the arrangements for field work we proceeded on by rail to Robinson's Station, here we camped while the men were packing in our outfit and provisions. We followed one of my township lines of 1884 which crosses both Robinson's and Middle Barachois rivers some miles inland. It was a very heavy pack and the weather was hot with numerous flies. By August 10th we arrived at a point on the Barachois quite near the outcrop of the coal seams and camped in a nice place close to the river-side. While most of the men continued to pack in our grub etc. Bill Delaney, one of the crew, and I went up to the ravine of the

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<sup>1923</sup>Bachelor of Law.

<sup>1924</sup>From 1881 to 1903 the station was in St. John's east, in the "last building left standing at Fort William" (O'Neill, *A Seaport Legacy*, p. 487). The Riverhead station, in the "west end" of the city, opened in 1903.

little brook where we uncovered the Jukes seam just ten years ago and where it showed so well. We found in the interim that a great accumulation of material, clay, rock and timber had slid down from top of bank completely covering up the outcrop and obliterating all trace of the coal, while a lot of tall, thick young timber had grown up on the debris then dug out. We commenced to clear away the rubbish and strip the face of the seam, at the top of the steep bank on the South side, and succeeded in clearing away about 10 yards of it. This is where the seam widens out to some ten feet but is split in two by a wedge of rock in the middle reducing the actual coal to about eight feet. The best coal is on the lower part of the seam near the footwall, the upper half being more broken and shaly.

Continued uncovering the Jukes, Cleary, and other seams from August 10th to the end of the month. It was very hard labour removing the vast amount of heavy gravel, boulders and fallen trees that had so completely obliterated all vestige of the outcrops, but we succeeded in removing it all and then commenced to test the seams by driving in on them. The Jukes seam showed up fine on either side of the ravine; bright, hard, and shining black when taken from the bed. It is, however, exceedingly brittle coal and under the atmosphere and bright sun soon crumbles into pieces. It is a beautiful coal to burn and makes a

brilliant fire giving out great heat and leaves but little ash. In fact, it burns like Cannel and may be considered a caking coal. The Cleary seam which, at one place, shows two feet of good, solid coal though not of so good quality as the Jukes, yielded some excellent coal. The 18 inch Clay and Slaty seams all look well when driven upon. I sent some men down the river to uncover the Murray seam and test it. This coal is much inferior to the others. I also sent men across to Robinson's River to uncover the Howley seam. Here the whole bank had slid down carrying trees and all with it, and at first it looked an almost hopeless task to attempt to remove such a vast accumulation of debris. It was a desperate undertaking, but when we got all hands at it we succeeded in clearing all away and stripping the seam from top of bank down to the river margin. It is a fine seam averaging fully four feet in thickness. All solid, good coal with no clay or shaly partings. We cut out a path from our camp to Robinson's Brook to facilitate packing across when we are finished the work here. We also ran a line on the strike of the Jukes seam some 10 or 12 chains till we reached a large patch of open dry barrens. I then set some men to sink a large hole through the surface soil over the top of the bank, while others commenced costeaning up the ravine above the Jukes seam. We continued this work for several days but did not succeed in

reaching the bed-rock in either case. The gravel was so heavy and tough it was awfully hard to get down and in the hole over the bank we soon met with such an influx of water as to baffle all our efforts. Nevertheless, in both cases we met with numerous fragments of coal in the gravel, indicating that in the one case we were right on the Jukes Seam, and in the other that other seams must occur above those already found. The fragments in this latter case were quite angular and could not be far removed from their parent bed, but it was useless to try and get down without the aid of a boring rod.

We also sunk pits further along the strike out in the barrens. Here we found the bed-rock in three places, and also loose fragments of coal but our time was too short and our crew too small to follow it up. Still it was conclusive evidence that the seam extended so far, fully 1/4 of a mile.

On Aug. 18th Sir James Winter<sup>1925</sup> paid us a visit and remained till the 21st. I showed him all the outcrops on this river but he could not spare time to visit the Howley seam on the Robinson's River. He is surprised at the amount of work we have performed and the grand showing of coal. He is particularly struck with the size and quality of the Jukes seam. He says he never expected to see anything like it. Unfortunately the weather

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<sup>1925</sup> (1845-1911), premier 1897-1900.

was very wet and disagreeable all the time he was with us and as the rivers were high and the bushes and marshes very wet, he was prevented from seeing all we could have shown him. However, he seemed quite satisfied with what he did see, and had he ever entertained doubts about the coal I think they are now completely obliterated.

After Sir James' departure we began to take out good specimens of coal from the various seams and have them packed out to the shore. We also went across to Robinson's River and drove in some distance on the Howley seam obtaining a lot of splendid specimens to take home.

While this work was progressing I made a minute inspection of the rocks up and down the river and found one or two small, rather impure seams, both above and below. I also visited the Shears seam on the Northern Feeder. Found someone had been here and removed most of the coal visible above water, but there were numerous pieces scattered along the brook. I found one fine block of about a foot square. It was hard and solid and a beautiful quality of coal. This I carried back to camp.

Having now done about all we could with the means at our disposal to uncover and test the coal outcrops, we next began to run out the boundaries of Captain Cleary's leases. Starting from the outcrop of the Jukes seam on Main brook, we ran N 54° 30' E

magnetic or about N 25° E true and continued this course through thick woods and occasional small marshes across to Robinson's River, thence on to Northern Feeder where the line terminated a little beyond and not far from the outcrop of Shears Seam. A total distance of four miles. We marked this line at every mile with a good post, and also ran out some of the side lines at right angles for some distance.

We next started the base line of the blocks at right angles from the starting point and ran up and down the river crossing it a couple of times and marking this also by mile posts. This completed our work for the season so far as the coal exploration was concerned.

We now prepared to move out, first packing all our coal specimens to the Railway track where we carefully boxed them up for shipment home.

John Cleary left for home about the first of September. A curious thing then occurred to me. About a year and a half previously I had concluded to give up smoking although I had indulged in the weed all my lifetime since I was twenty years of age. I concluded it was not doing me any good and attributed much of my chronic indigestion to its effects. I had a very hard struggle at first to overcome the desire for a whiff. I had to curtail my indulgence by cutting off one or two pipes a day but I

found this would not work and the only alternative was to give it up in toto. At length I overcame the longing, though I frequently dreamt at night I had broken my resolution and was enjoying a glorious smoke. However, I stuck to it and when the season for going into the woods arrived I actually went off without either a pipe or tobacco. This was a great deprivation as the outdoor life is so conducive to smoking, especially as all the men were great tobacco users. Nevertheless, I managed to get through the season without breaking my resolution and now again, the present season, I came away without pipe or tobacco. I believed myself thoroughly weaned. John Cleary who stayed in camp with me was an inveterate smoker yet all the time he was there and I had to inhale the fumes of his pipe I held out manfully, but the moment he left me the longing for a whiff of smoke came back to me and I could not withstand it. I had to send old Joe Jep out to the seacoast to procure a pipe and some tobacco for me. At first I would have only one pipe a day after tea. This lasted a few days. Then I thought I might have two pipes, then three, and so on and I soon found myself just as much addicted to the weed as ever. I never repeated the experiment since.

During all the time we were up country we saw no game and were consequently deprived of any fresh meat all summer. We did, however, catch some trout and a couple of small salmon which were

a welcome change from the constant salt pork and canned meats. We had a visit at one time from two lynx at our camp near the Jukes seam. Aleck Francois<sup>1926</sup> managed to snare one which he skinned. The skin was hung up to dry near the cook's fire. Next morning when the men got up another lynx had made off with the skin, but we found it again not far away. Another morning they saw the lad, evidently the mate of the first one, crouched upon a fallen dead tree just behind my camp, not 10 yards away. Whether he had designs upon me for the murder of his fellow I know not, but his visit was altogether too close to be pleasant. When the men called me I seized my gun to have a pop at him but the brute was too cunning and made off before I could get a shot. These lynx are ugly customers and show little fear of man. They are just as apt as not to spring upon a person passing beneath their perch. Their long, sharp retractile claws are capable of giving one an ugly scar. Indeed, if they could fasten upon one's back and fix their sharp teeth into the jugular vein in the neck they would soon settle a person's hash. Aleck showed me a nasty scar in his left wrist where one had once seized him as he was walking along a path through some thick bush. The brute had been caught in a trap set by someone, and as Aleck was passing him all unaware it sprang up and seized his arm meeting its fangs in his wrist.

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<sup>1926</sup>Member of Howley's crew.

After paying off all my men but two, Joe and Aleck, I started off with those two for a trip to the Long Range Mountains. I had heard of some deposits of iron ore away back in the country, and wished to investigate them believing that in conjunction with the coal the near proximity of good iron ore would be a matter of considerable importance could I locate it.

We left for our long, toilsome tramp early one morning, and took the country from head of Flat Bay. Traversed over several large marshes and barrens and through a good deal of woods. We crossed Fishel's River a long way up stream. Fortunately the river was now quite low, almost dry in places, so we got across without getting very wet. By evening we reached a small pond near the foothills and here we stopped to camp. We saw several muskrats swimming about and Joe proposed that we shoot some, and cook them for dinner tomorrow, which being Sunday was a dies non,<sup>1927</sup> and we would remain here for a good rest. We accordingly killed two or three, skinned and cleaned them ready for cooking next day. They turned out to be first-rate eating, much more juicy and palatable than rabbit meat. I was quite surprised expecting they would have a very disagreeable flavour owing to the musk, but such was not the case and we made a hearty meal of them which we enjoyed all the more having had so little fresh

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<sup>1927</sup>Sunday is no day in law (OED).

meat all summer. It was quite a revelation to find them so good. Hitherto we had never dreamt of using muskrats for food. In fact, they were regarded as unclean animals, though why I fail to see, as they are strictly vegetarians in their diet, just as much so as the beaver, which they resemble in every way except in size. The Indians call the Muskrat the beaver's cousin. Well, I have all my lifetime been going in the woods and often was quite short of food, or longing for a bit of fresh meat, and did not think of eating muskrats, but henceforth I shall not be so foolish as to pass them by when in need of food.

Next day we proceeded on our journey and having reached the upper part of the Northern Feeder, where it emerges from the mountains, we found a nice low valley extending inland a long distance. Here we found the travelling good and not at all steep. We followed it up till we had reached a point nearly opposite the Hay place on Robinson's River. We then crossed over to the latter, or to the hills immediately overlooking it, but we did not descend into the deep valley as I had been there before some years ago. We had a magnificent view over the country inland which presented one unbroken succession of barrens and marshes as far as we could see for a long way back towards the upper Valley of the Exploits River.

We fully expected to run across Caribou every minute, the

country was ideal for them and we saw much footing, often quite fresh, but not a deer could we see. It seemed strange where they could be as there was very little cover for them anywhere. At last the mystery was solved when we came across a place where the footing of wolves and the torn up surface showed us that these ravenous brutes had been here, that a struggle had taken place and that the poor deer had been chased out of the country hereabout. While cruising around by myself I saw a fox sunning himself on a hill-side and succeeded in getting near enough to shoot him. He was a poor specimen of a red fox not of much value.

We now took a long round inland, and except for occasional patches of low tucking bushes, found the going fairly good. We camped that night in a low patch of woods on the highest part of the country and close by a couple of mountain tarns. Saw no vestige of any iron ore so far, but it is a difficult place to explore as the whole surface is clothed with moss and heather and very little rock is exposed anywhere.

The following morning was densely foggy, so thick indeed that we could not see a hundred yards anywhere and dare not go on as we must inevitably get astray. All the country around presented such a sameness, there was nothing to guide one. Here we had to remain two days fog-bound. On the afternoon of the second day I ventured away from the camp a short distance, but to

prevent myself straying I had recourse to piling up loose stones on bowlders etc. to serve as land marks. They were so placed as to be in sight of each other and were at short intervals apart. As I proceeded thus slowly over the barrens I suddenly heard the chronk of geese quite close to me. Looking down towards a little pond I saw 5 or 6 fine birds standing up just at the edge of the water. Like ourselves the poor brutes were afraid to move in the fog. I crawled down on hands and knees and got quite close to them. I fired twice killing two outright, and badly crippling a third. This latter flew a very short distance to the other end of the tarn and hid away in a kind of hole. I followed it up and succeeded in securing that one also. As it was quite close to our camp the two lads had heard my shots and soon came up to see what I had fired at. We now had some fresh meat and soon had a goose plucked and roasted which afforded us a grand meal. They were all splendid birds.

Next day it brightened up and the fog began to lift, so we packed up and began our homeward journey. We first took a long sweep so as to avoid some bad patches of tuckamores and crossed Fishel's River a long way back. We then struck out towards Steel Mountain near Flat Bay Brook. We had to traverse a series of long soft marshes which we found very heavy work, especially as it was a dull sultry day. Towards evening we at length came across some

deer and I gave Joe my gun to go after them. I was too tired myself and preferred to take a rest. Joe succeeded in killing a fine fat doe. We soon had it skinned and taking all the prime parts continued on. Our loads were now very heavy and our progress consequently slow. Late in the evening we arrived at a point opposite Cairn Mountain and overlooking the Steady of Flat Bay Brook. We now had to descend a very steep and rugged slope down to the river and traverse a mile or more of the latter hill till we reached Le Granday's abandoned clearing. As we traversed down the river we saw some loose bowlders of magnetic iron ore, no doubt derived from the large deposit further up this brook, known as Bishop's Mine, but saw no ore in place.

On reaching the clearing it was just dark and as we were very wet and tired we stopped to boil our kettle and dry our clothes. We soon had a roaring fire in, there being plenty of dry wood about. After our tea and a good rest, feeling now quite refreshed we decided to push on for Seal Rocks. The road from here out was pretty good and the night fine and we were all anxious to get through and so escape another hard day's lug. It was quite late at night when we reached the shore, all pretty well played out after our long arduous tramp over the mountains. I put up again at Power's Hotel near the station while the lads found shelter with some of their friends here.

I paid off my men and then had a good long rest awaiting the train for home. The journey across country was much as usual, nothing special to note. We reached St. John's after a tiresome ride none the worse for our arduous season's work.<sup>1928</sup>

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<sup>1928</sup>From October 10-21 Howley carried on geological work at King's Cove and other places in Bonavista Bay, and looked for iron ore on the North Shore of Conception Bay. He did not think these explorations worth recording in his *Reminiscences*.

1900

Settlers' Land Claims on  
West Coast

This season a great election contest, as an outcome of the famous Reid Deal of 1898,<sup>1929</sup> was to take place. The whole question hinged upon whether the Reid Contract was to hold good, or be set aside and a new one take its place. The whole country was up in arms against what the Secretary of the Colonies, Rgt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, characterized as a complete abrogation of the Colony's privileges.<sup>1930</sup> The Winter-Goodridge<sup>1931</sup> Government, authors of the '98 Contract, were ousted on a vote of want of confidence in the House of Assembly and the Bond Party<sup>1932</sup> resumed the reins of power, but in order to strengthen their hands and to test the true feeling of the people on the Reid Deal a new

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<sup>1929</sup>See n. 1885.

<sup>1930</sup>Chamberlain said: "Such an abdication by a Government of some of its most important functions is without parallel" (*Eve Tel*, July 23, 1898).

<sup>1931</sup>James S. Winter and Alan C. Goodridge.

<sup>1932</sup>Led by Robert Bond who moved the vote of non-confidence on Feb. 19. Winter resigned March 5; on March 7 Bond was called on to form a government.

election was called for this coming autumn.<sup>1933</sup> The contest was to be fought out chiefly upon the contract and its effect upon the country and people.

Under its provisions the Messrs. Reid were entitled to large lots of land along the R.R. line, and if not available there, anywhere else they chose to select. They accordingly applied for large areas all around the coast, in most cases covering the lands already granted to the settlers or held by them under squatters' rights. This was particularly the case in the district of Bay St. George and the Codroys where the best land in the country exists. Parties were sent out by the Bond Government to enquire into the tenure of those lands by the settlers and survey them where not already done. I was selected to proceed to the West Coast to work there. As it was a purely political undertaking, I strenuously objected to being so employed, but the powers that were insisted upon my going. So I was compelled sorely against my will, and at "the point of the bayonet," so to speak. I was told that as I had laid off these lands in 1883-4 I knew more about them than anyone else; moreover, as Sir Robert Bond put it, "No one was better fitted to explain to the people the iniquitous character of the Reid Deal."

Since the Winter Government had taken from me my remaining

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<sup>1933</sup>Nov. 8.

assistant in the person of Mr. Thos. Thorburn, and transferred him to the Crown Lands Department, I was left entirely alone. So I now had to engage, temporarily, Mr. Thos. O'Donnel, late Magistrate of Harbour Main and Mr. Wm. Firth jr. to act as my assistants during the season, and with a man to cook<sup>1934</sup> and mind camp we started by rail for Bay St. George. Here we pitched our camps near the R.R. station at Seal Rocks, from thence we worked up and down the shore. We had been furnished by the Crown Lands Department with tracings showing the location of the various lots claimed by the Contractors. These claims blanketed all the lands owned by the settlers, irrespective of whether they held grants or not.

It was our business to examine and note all grants or claims of every kind possessed by the inhabitants. Fortunately for most of them, they had applied for and obtained grants upon the lines laid down in my previous surveys, but there were still many who had neglected to apply for grants and were consequently only squatters. Had it not been for my survey of 83-84 it was very unlikely whether they would be able to hold their lands.

We now traversed the whole coast from the Main Gut to Fishels, visiting every settler's house, copying their grants where they had such, and noting the length of time of occupancy,

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<sup>1934</sup>Thomas Hanrahan; he also had Edward Kennedy as axeman.

improvements made etc.

We then moved camp to Crabb's Station and visited all the settlers at Robinson's River or Searstown,<sup>1935</sup> and along shore to Fishels on the one hand, and down to The Highlands on the other, making the usual enquiries etc. From The Highlands which is occupied by Scotch emigrants from Cape Breton, we went inland by a new road to see some clearings a couple of miles back. Here we found a beautiful tract of level interval land covered with rich soil, one of the finest agricultural areas I have ever seen. It borders on the Highland River and Pond,<sup>1936</sup> and when fully cleared up and occupied will be a lovely pastoral district. As yet there are no persons living here but the settlers on the coast come in here to clear the land and cut hay etc. They have a fine road leading into it, which I understand was constructed entirely on volunteer labour, such is the enthusiasm of those Highlanders for the land. Such a thing is never heard of on our side of the Island. I caught some splendid sea-trout here in the River. It is a famous trout river and they go a long way up country. On our way out we saw a lynx but the brute made off in a hurry and I did not get a shot at him.

While we were camped at Crabb's station, the Governor, Sir

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<sup>1935</sup>Later Robinsons.

<sup>1936</sup>Loch Leven.

Henry McCallum,<sup>1937</sup> passed in on Reid's private car accompanied by Sir Robert Reid. It was said he made speeches to the people at various stopping places, pointed out the advantages? of the new contract and boosting up the Reid Company generally.

Before leaving here I took a long walk in along the track to where the line crossed River or Highland Brook and where a tributary called Rainy River joins it. Here I had some excellent fishing, landing a splendid lot of large seatrout, just as many as I could lug out to camp.

We next moved on to Codroy river camping near the station at Little River. We then again visited all the settlers whose lands were blanketed by the Reid claims down as far as Red Rocks towards Cape Ray.

Having finished up this very distasteful work we started for home. I dont know that I ever spent a less enjoyable season than this was. We were not out of sight of civilization all the time, and I missed the charm of the lone woods far from the haunts of man. Politics certainly do not appeal to me in any form. Not only was this work so distasteful but it came near costing me my position. Someone wrote to the Governor, no doubt inspired by the Opposition Party, to the effect that I was using my services for political purposes in favour of the Government candidates. Sir

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<sup>1937</sup>Governor 1898-1901; d. 1919.

Henry McCallum demanded my instant dismissal, but I must say this for Sir Robert Bond, he stuck out manfully and told His Excellency that if *he* chose to take upon himself the responsibility he could dismiss me if he wished, but that neither the Government or Sir Robert himself would do so. As a matter of fact the Governor's own partizan actions in visiting the various districts in Reid's private car and boosting up the deal etc. was so reprehensible an action on the part of the King's representative, that it was the means shortly afterwards of he himself being removed from the Colony.

1901

Settlers' Claims on East Coast

This season the enquiry into the settlers' claims on the

Eastern side of the Island was continued. My section extended from the head of Bonavista Bay including Clode Sound and all the West side of Trinity Bay including Smith's and Random Sounds, Random Island, S.W. Arm of Random etc.

We then moved to the head of Trinity Bay; visited Bay Bulls Arm, Come-by-Chance and Black River in Placentia Bay.

The nature of the work was similar to that of last year. Every settler on those parts of the coast blanketed by the Reid claims was visited, their grants or other titles enquired into, and copies made for reference.

The work was most monotonous and uninteresting in every respect. On the strength of these enquiries the New Railway Contract was formed<sup>1938</sup> whereby the settlers were confirmed in their titles and, moreover, a strip of coast of three miles deep extending all around the island with all the timber thereon was reserved for the use of the fisheries.

The Railway which had been given to the Reids had to be handed back and in lieu of an exclusive right therein they were granted a fifty year lease. This ended the celebrated Reid Deal and all further trouble on that head.

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<sup>1938</sup>It became law on Aug. 2, 1901: see O'Flaherty, *Lost Country*, pp. 215-16.

1902

## Gold in White Bay

The discovery of gold<sup>1939</sup> at Sop's Arm, White Bay by a Mr. Stewart,<sup>1940</sup> M.E., and the actual commencement of gold mining in that region having created quite a sensation, there was the usual rush for claims and quite a gold fever on. It appeared to me that this was a matter worthy of enquiring into. The conditions under which the gold occurred and the nature of the rock formation in which the gold quartz<sup>1941</sup> was found were well worth investigation, if only to see how far these conditions prevailed and whether they were applicable to other portions of the island. I was also very desirous of seeing and exploring the geology of White Bay, a section of the country I had never previously visited.

Having represented these facts to the Government they were pleased to entertain my proposition and I was accordingly directed to proceed there and make the investigation. I was now all alone, my two Assistants, Messrs. Bayley and Thorburn, having been removed from the Survey in 1897 by the Winter-Morine

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<sup>1939</sup>James M. Jackman discovered gold in Sops Arm in 1896. The "discovery" Howley notes occurred in 1901. For the history of the mining operations in 1902-3, see Martin, *Once Upon a Mine*, pp. 35.

<sup>1940</sup>A. Stewart, mining engineer, a New Zealander.

<sup>1941</sup>Quartz containing gold.

Government.

Having made all my preparations, procured the season's supply of provisions and shipped my crew, which only consisted at starting of Denis Thomey, Cook, and Edward Kennedy, we were ready to leave by the steamer northbound on July 10th. I took along my young setter dog, Beppo, for his first outing.

*Thursday July 10th.* Left St. John's about midnight for Conche, French Shore, on the old *Virginia Lake*, Capt. Parsons,<sup>1942</sup> now belonging to the Reid Newfoundland Company. We were to sail from the Dock at 8 P.M. but as she had to call at Harvey's wharf to take in a lot of salt I did not go aboard till about 9 O'clock. We had quite a number of cabin passengers including the Glazier<sup>1943</sup> expedition to Labrador. This party consisted of about nine persons in all, mostly young students from various U.S. Colleges led by one Colonel Glazier, an old veteran of the Civil War who sported a veteran's medal and star of the Grand Army of the Republic. The other chief personages comprising the party were a Mr. Clark who was with Peary on one of his Arctic voyages<sup>1944</sup> and was the only one of the party who had any practical experience of Northern conditions. A Dr. Pedro; Mr. Donohoe, a practical Mining and R.R. Engineer. He is a tough,

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<sup>1942</sup>William E. Parsons; d. 1921.

<sup>1943</sup>Willard W. Glazier (1841-1905), of Albany, N.Y.

<sup>1944</sup>George H. Clark accompanied Robert E. Peary in 1893 as a taxidermist.

hardy customer who has seen much of life in the wild west, is a jolly all-round fellow, full of information about Mines and mining camps, and I should say about the toughest and most useful member of the party. A young student named Belamey<sup>1945</sup> of I think Harvard who has a smattering of Geology and Natural History. The others, whose names I forget, are all engaged in some branch of scientific research. The old Colonel himself is a jolly, talkative, inquisitive Yankee, always picking up information, asking everyone he meets questions. He is a fine old fellow and I talked a good deal with him on the two days' voyage we spent together.

The object of the expedition is to explore the least-known part of the Labrador peninsula between Hamilton Inlet and the N.E. coast. They propose getting out at Rigoulette, proceeding up the inlet to N.W. River, ascending the river to the height of land, and then try to get down to the coast near Nain by way of the Fraser? River. It will be a fine trip but I have my doubts of their succeeding. They have no canoes or camps and are trusting too much to chance, it appears to me.<sup>1946</sup>

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<sup>1945</sup>Likely John Benton Bellamy.

<sup>1946</sup>Glazier, author of several books on explorations in the United States, carried out this trip in 1902 and a second in 1903. See "Track chart showing route of Glazier Labrador Expeditions / Coasts and Interior of Labrador 1902-1903 / Willard Glazier assisted by C.M. Donohoe, Engineer to First Expedition and delineations by Eskimo guides," N.Y.: Bomay & Co., [190\_], a very detailed map with land and water features named, locations of the camps, and legend; also Arthur S. English, "A Trip with the Glazier Party to Labrador," *NQ*, 3, 3 (1903): 19-20.

We also had as passengers Father Colbert<sup>1947</sup> of Conche, a young Carbonear priest who was at the Propaganda with Father Sandy.<sup>1948</sup> He and I became great friends and he was very kind to me on arriving at Conche. A Mr. Scott, a young Canadian who spent three years in the Hudson Bay Co's employ at Rigoulette was my room mate. He is a nice young fellow and well posted in Labrador. We had a splendid night off with smooth water. I turned in sometime before we left the wharf but could not sleep with the noise on deck till the cargo was all on board. I then went off into the land of Nod and knew nothing further till I awoke about 7 A.M. to find we were quietly lying at the wharf in Harbour Grace.

*Friday July 11th.* It was a beautiful, calm, bright, warm morning. Before I was dressed we were off again and I did not get ashore. Most of the Glazier party were however for a stroll and were delighted with the town, though it looked so deserted, they called it a dead city. We had a beautiful day along, the finest yet the season, with smooth water and all enjoyed it very much. We reached Catalina just at dinner-time and after a short delay were off again. Reached King's Cove about 4 P.M. and here again made but little delay. The Americans are delighted with

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<sup>1947</sup>John Colbert.

<sup>1948</sup>Alexander R. Howley, J.P.H.'s nephew.

the fine weather and scenery of our coast. In crossing Bonavista Bay sighted our first ice berg off Cape Freels. None of them except Clark had ever seen one before and they were simply beside themselves at their first view of this northern monster. It was not a large berg but of course they considered it stupendous. It was probably about 30 or 40 feet high with a saddle in the middle but not at all a picturesque berg. Unfortunately it was nearly dark when we reached it and it was too far off to take a snap of it. The old Colonel would willingly give five dollars for a picture of this his first berg. We saw a few other smaller ones as we rounded Cape Freels. Did not call at Greenspond or Pool's Island. The night was fine and not at all cold. I never saw fewer bergs at this time of the year along here. Went to bed early and slept well.

*Saturday July 12th.* At Twillingate when I got up went ashore for a few minutes. The morning was fine but dull and cold. After a short delay we were off again across the Bay. It blew hard from the N.W. before we got across to Tilt Cove and was rather cold. Just as we were nearing the cove the *Clyde* came steaming along down the bay and got in before us. We did not go to the wharf but anchored off in the cove. The little *Columbine* tender, was also anchored here having come on from Gray Islands to land a wrecked crew. Did not get ashore here. I took a few snap shots to try my

new kodak and learn the manipulation of it. I also tried my rifle on some Hagdowns in coming over but there was too much motion to make a good shot. I, however, struck one but did not kill it.

We were off again and soon rounded Cape John,<sup>1949</sup> the first time I ever did so. I was now in new territory but so far off land I could see but little of it. The rocks however appeared to be all composed of the same metamorphic series as those of Notre Dame Bay generally. We arrived at Coachman's Cove about sunset. It is a wild, open bight and very rugged with a scattered settlement, people evidently poorly off. This place is in the Mouth of Bay Verte which stretched away westward into the land. The people told us there were some thirty men at work on the old Terra Nova pyrites Mine up at the bottom. It blew hard all the afternoon and night and was pretty cold. I was not, however, the least seasick. It now became evident we would arrive at Conche in the middle of the night which was very awkward especially as the place and people were all new to me. So I concluded to get off at Englee where we would arrive just at dark. On reaching the latter place I went ashore in the mail boat to try and get a boat to land our freight and also to secure lodgings but could get neither. It is a miserable hole and the people apparently are afraid of strangers, so I came aboard again in disgust and

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<sup>1949</sup>Cape St. John.

concluded to go on to Conche. We reached here about 11 P.M. I went ashore with Father Colbert who procured me lodgings at Mrs. Jas. Dower's.<sup>1950</sup> I also got two men and a boat to go off after our things, and after much delay succeeded in getting all ashore, but the lads forgot my dog, poor Beppo, and had to row off again in great haste. The steamer was underweigh and well outside before they caught her. They however succeeded. It was blowing hard and they had all they could do to pull back. We landed all our stuff in Dower's stage for the night and were glad indeed to get safely lodged ashore. The old Colonel was sorry to lose us and waited up to say good-bye. We wished them bon-voyage before leaving.

It was 2 O'clock Sunday morning before we got settled away for the night. The Dowers, who constitute the bulk of the population here, are a fine, hospitable people and received us very kindly, waiting up to get me a nice cup of tea with delicious fresh butter and bread. I then turned in, in a little cupboard of a room but had a nice, clean bed and slept well till late in morning.

*Sunday July 13th.* Fine warm day. After breakfast went to Mass in little Chapel. The people here are all Roman Catholics and are all home so that there was quite a congregation. The

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<sup>1950</sup>Kate Dower.

place is pretty open and exposed, with high, nearly bare, hills on the West or Mainland side. The East side is more level and it is here all the houses are built. There are some 300 inhabitants here altogether. They are all fishermen having no other means of existence. They depend entirely upon this one resource. It is a great place for salmon but this year that fishery has been very poor. Neither has the cod struck in yet except in small quantity and things are not looking very bright for the inhabitants. It is also a great place for seals, and last spring they did pretty well here. The people are very industrious, simple in their habits and strictly honest and upright; in fact, a splendid people all round. The place is exceptionally healthy and consumption is unknown here. I walked about a good deal during the day and in the afternoon went up to the head of the Arm and then across the narrow neck to Crouse or Cape Rouge Harbour. This is a magnificent harbour but entirely uninhabited except for one French fishing room on the N.E. side and one family who take charge of it. Formerly there were several French rooms here and also at Conche but they have now dwindled down to this solitary one, nor is there any other on the shore this season. Up to last year there was one at Croque Harbour some 10 or 12 miles further north but that is now abandoned, so that the French fishery on the coast is practically a thing of the past. Still they adhere

tenaciously to their supposed rights, and will not allow an English fishing boat north of Cape Fox at entrance to Conche. The English Man o' war watches the place and if they find any of our people infringing on the supposed French rights take up their traps and tow their boats back. There is one Bonavista Bay boat or small schooner here fishing now and a trader from N.D. Bay,<sup>1951</sup> Norris<sup>1952</sup> of Three Arms. I walked out on the south side of Crouse to the entrance to the harbour and saw the relics of several abandoned French rooms. This bottom slopes gently from the water's edge and has fine soil near the shore. It would be an ideal place for a settlement, if the French were only cleared off for good. At present it is uninhabited and no one ventures to build here as they would be ordered off. The rocks of the peninsula are of the Devonian series, the first I have seen. In some respects they resemble Lower Carboniferous and they contain a few obscure fossil plant impressions. Some indications of petroleum were found on the outside land at Pilier<sup>1953</sup> north of Crouse. Had evening Prayers at 7 P.M.

*Monday July 14th.* Fine morning, set to work unpacking our things and getting all stowed away snug. I engaged a man named Wm. O'Neil with his boat to come with me around the Bay, also

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<sup>1951</sup>Notre Dame Bay.

<sup>1952</sup>James Norris.

<sup>1953</sup>Pilier Bay.

young Johnny Dower, son of James Dower, as an extra hand. Went to see the craft, a schooner about 20 tons, a nice handy little boat containing a little cabin with two good berths and an after cuddy where we can stow a lot of things. O'Neil has not used the boat this season and she has been lying up all the time, so he will take a couple of days to clean her up, get ballast aboard and bend<sup>1954</sup> his sails etc. It is a considerable delay, but as there is no other to be had, I was glad to get her. I heard a story about some wreck or wrecks lying on the bottom near the head of the Arm and of old guns being seen buried in the mud there. Sometimes wreckage is washed ashore and the timber is oak. Attempts have been made to get the guns up, but they are too much corroded and come away in pieces. At one time a diver came down expecting to find money but whether he succeeded or not does not appear. The oldest inhabitant knows nothing about these wrecks but there is a vague tradition that they were either French fishing or Men-of-war ships chased by the English in here where they were so hard pressed their crews set them on fire, abandoned them and then made their way across to Crouse and escaped in other vessels.

I would not be surprised but they were some of the ships chased and destroyed by Capt. John Underdown about 1706. In fact

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<sup>1954</sup>To attach to the spars.

I have an idea the affair is mentioned in Anspach.<sup>1955</sup>

It came to rain heavy in the afternoon and was very disagreeable for a while but cleared off again towards night. So far there has been no real summer heat in the weather.

*Tuesday July 15th.* Fine day but dull and heavy. Walked about a good deal. O'Neil promised to be ready this afternoon and come across to our side and take in our things so that we might make an early start tomorrow but he failed to do so. Anyhow, there was no wind all day but a heavy swell outside. The people here are just beginning to get a little fish in their traps. Some of them had several qtls. today. They are a fine people all through and are ready to do a hand's turn and help one along. They all talk to us as though they knew us all their lives and ask us in to their houses. It is a pleasure to meet such a fine hospitable, open, generous and truly religious good-living people and it would be a pity should anything occur to cause them to leave. Mrs. Dower and family with whom I stayed are exceedingly kind, she is a sister of Capt. Costello<sup>1956</sup> of St. John's. She is a most intelligent woman and was at one time the school mistress here. Her husband is son of old Mr. Dower,<sup>1957</sup> the patriarch of the

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<sup>1955</sup>Lewis Amadeus Anspach, *A History of the Island of Newfoundland* (London: Printed for the author, 1819), pp. 124-9. Capt. Underdown was commander of the *Falkland*.

<sup>1956</sup>John Costello.

<sup>1957</sup>John Dower.

place in days gone by. He and wife of whom that curious story of John Kinsella's is told,<sup>1958</sup> are now dead and gone. There were two brothers who lived together in one house whose family including servants numbered 30 in all. Yet they lived together in perfect unity until the sons and daughters began to get married and went to do for themselves. She describes old Mr. Dower as a splendid character, a very king among men. He was the recipient of a gold medal from the French government, for saving the lives of a French fishing crew.<sup>1959</sup>

*Wednesday July 16th.* Calm day but heavy swell outside. Boat not ready till afternoon, when she came across. We then got all on board but it was too late to leave and there was no chance of getting along. So I decided to sleep aboard tonight and start at daylight if a time offered. Some good catches of fish were made today, the best yet. One crew, Fitzpatrick's,<sup>1960</sup> hauled in their seine between 40 and 50 qtls., others did well in their traps. It rained again in afternoon and was very dull and unsettled. Dined with Father Colbert.

*Thursday July 17th.* Still heavy and wretched weather. Little or no wind but tremendous sea on shore, the fishermen say the

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<sup>1958</sup>J.W. Kinsella, "Conche; A True Story," *The Veteran* 8, 4 (1930): 66-68, reprinted from an issue of *Christmas Bells*, now lost.

<sup>1959</sup>See "Medaille d'Honneur of Yesteryear," *Among the Deep Sea Fishers*, 65, 2 (1967): 60-61.

<sup>1960</sup>John Fitzpatrick.

worst they have seen for the time of year. Could not get near their traps to haul them. It was no time to attempt to leave, we could get nowhere and were liable to be thrown ashore. Norris' trading schooner did get out but after a while put back again. We simply had to wait patiently till a suitable time offered. It was very dull and heavy all day and in the evening we had several rain squalls. Went ashore and walked around to bottom and down the other side to a picturesque fall. It was very sultry and the flies were awful. Towards sunset it cleared off fine and looks for a westerly wind at last. The men were kept going all day sawing up wood, getting water, and making all ship shape. My bunk is very snug and I slept well last night. Our ship is called the *Silver Spray*, rather a pretty name.

*Friday July 18th.* Fine at last with light, westerly wind. After breakfast I walked out to the head to have a look at things and finding the sea coming down I decided to start. Norris also left. We are now bound for Canada Bay. We had not cleared Conche, however, when the wind began to die out and it fell dead calm. We lay all day becalmed just drifting about. It was a beautiful day but very monotonous. By dusk we were off a little place called Boutitou, or Hillier's Harbour. So we got out our boat ahead and towed the schooner in. We arrived just at dark and found the little cove chock full of fishing craft, from the southern bays,

they were all in tiers on either side of the cove and made fast to the shore. We hauled in amongst them and made fast also. Norris came in shortly after us. We beat his big schooner by about an hour. He kept too far off and when the wind fell was nearly over to the Gray Island<sup>1961</sup> or Bell Island. We had a full view of these two islands all day, they are quite large. People live on the Southern island and are well to do. Many Green and Bonavista Bay craft fish there every season. The Island is comparatively level on top and, I am told, is a great place for partridges. We saw the *Columbine*<sup>1962</sup> enter Conche after we left and leave again in evening. Our fishermen are not allowed beyond Cape Fox and the moment they overstep that limit they are ordered back. If they do not leave, the English Man-of-war tows them back and takes possession of their traps etc.

At Boutitou the boats had just come in from the traps, some with considerable fish and the crews were busy nearly all night splitting it. Here I saw for the first time the special feature of our French Shore and Labrador fishing, or fishing ships.<sup>1963</sup> It is an interesting sight. The harbour is surrounded with high, bare rocks, no land to cultivate except a small garden patch of perhaps 1/2 an acre. Only one family lives here, named Dempsey,

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<sup>1961</sup>He means Groais Island; it and Bell Island form the Grey Islands.

<sup>1962</sup>British man-of-war.

<sup>1963</sup>Schooners of the migratory Labrador fleet.

whose sole occupation is fishing and catching salmon.

*Saturday July 19th.* Beautiful, fine day. Had a look at the rocks and took some views of the fishing craft. We then got underweigh for Canada Bay. Norris left the same time and we came out side by side. I got two snap shots at his schooner under sail. Just outside the Harbour there was a small but pretty iceberg. We went pretty close to it and I got two snaps at it but the light was bad. We had a light breeze to the Eastward and soon ran down to Englee and anchored inside the Island<sup>1964</sup> in Canada Bay. It is a stragglng poor settlement but a most picturesque place. After dinner I took Ned and Jack with the boat and we went up Bide Arm nearly to its head and down the other side. The shores are nearly all limestone rock and there is some pretty gray and white marble but the latter is in thin beds and much broken. It was a most beautiful afternoon. Took Beppo with us and threw him over to try and wash some of the tar off with which he is coated from lying on the deck. The poor brute is in an awful mess, caked with tar all over his sides and rump. At first he was awfully frightened in the water but after a little while gained courage and used to come off after the boat. I tried with soap to get the tar off him but it was no use. After tea I took a stroll ashore as far as I could go, down the Island side. The people are

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<sup>1964</sup>Englee Island.

distant and sullen, entirely unlike those of Conche.

*Sunday July 20th.* Beautiful, fine day, very hot for a while in morning but about noon a nice Easterly breeze sprang up which made it very pleasant. After a walk in the morning I tried to read but soon fell asleep and did not awaken till 2 P.M. Had a light lunch and then walked out to the outside shore where, selecting a lovely sheltered spot I read all the afternoon. Beppo was with me and enjoyed himself to the full. He is fast learning to swim, get in and out of the boat, and clamber along the rocks. When we got to the lovely heathery slope he was beside himself with joy and gamboled around till he was tired out, when he lay down and had a good sleep. The poor brute is in a beastly state with tar from lying about on the deck. I fear it will be all summer before it wears off. Norris' schooner left at noon but two others came in during the day. One nearly ran into us and lost her anchor through some carelessness. No sign of the steamer yet but she may be along any moment now.

*Monday July 21st.* Blowing a smart gale all day with occasional rain squalls. No use trying to get up the Bay as the wind was blowing right out. Anyway a large schooner lay over our anchor so we could not get it up.

After dinner I walked out to North side where I was yesterday and got a number of specimens of quartz for analysis.

No sign of steamer up till dark, she will be late this trip. Three small fishing schooners from the Straits put in here on their way home laden with fish. They say there is none there now. It is extraordinary how such small craft, some not as big as ours, get along so far. Now that they are full of fish the gunwales are scarcely more than a foot or eighteen inches out of water. Of course they dodge along from Harbour to Harbour watching their chance to get along. Crossing White Bay from here is about the worst part of the voyage home. They all belong to Notre Dame Bay.

*Tuesday July 22nd.* Dull, foggy, raw, cold day like October weather. Wind Northerly but not so strong as yesterday. Got underweigh about 7 A.M. after some difficulty getting up our anchor from underneath the big schooner in front of us. We then started to go up Canada Bay. When we got across near the other side found the wind light but dead ahead and also a strong tide against us. We beat up all day but made poor progress. Having passed the Narrows we anchored on West side for a couple of hours till the tide would turn, to run in again, and also to enable Denis to go ashore and bake some bread, there being no facilities on board for doing so. I took a walk along shore with Beppo. I cleaned a good deal of the tar off him having given him a good oiling yesterday to soften it. The poor brute is in an awful

state but I suppose it will wear off in time. He was delighted to get the run on shore. We started again about 5 O'clock and tried to get up a little further but made poor progress. At dusk we anchored in a bight on East side of the Arm. The Bay up here runs very straight with low shores fairly well-wooded but down below, the land is high and pretty bare and the Cloud Mountains<sup>1965</sup> rise a few miles back from the West side with bare-peaked summits. It is rather a picturesque bay and greatly reminds me of Paradise Sound, Placentia Bay, but the land is lower towards the head. There is but one family named Reid living up here a little above where we anchored. On a point west side. Dr. Grenfell also has a sawmill on east side not far from our anchorage.<sup>1966</sup> Although well-wooded towards the head the timber was poor and of small growth and so far I have seen no good land. It was piercingly cold on the water all the afternoon yet ashore the mosquitoes were pretty bad.

*Wednesday July 23rd.* Still very calm. Started after breakfast to beat up but made very little progress. By dinner-time we were only off the point near old Reid's place in a dead calm, and finding ourselves being carried out again by the tide, we anchored. Denis went ashore to Reid's to bake more bread. I

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<sup>1965</sup>Cloud Hills.

<sup>1966</sup>For comments on Wilfred Grenfell's sawmill, see *Jessie Luther and the Grenfell Mission*, ed. Ronald Rompkey (Montreal & Kingston: McGill-Queen's University Press, 2001), p. 210.

landed with Beppo and walked up towards the Narrows, leading to the inner Arm.<sup>1967</sup> Saw several seals and fired at them but don't know whether I hit any or not. I think I killed one but as it sunk immediately there was but a poor chance of getting any of it. Late in the evening, when the tide turned to run in and a light breeze sprang up, the schooner came up and anchored just outside the Narrows.

*Thursday July 24th.* Fine day but light breeze again. Ned, Johnny and I took the little boat and some grub with my old camp, and started off up the inner arm to the mouth of the main inflowing river.<sup>1968</sup> It is a most picturesque place with islands, coves and narrow channels, and the shores all low but densely wooded. We camped at the Mouth of Main Brook<sup>1969</sup> near where old man Reid has a wigwam. After dinner Johnny and I went up in the boat to a pond just inside the mouth and then walked a long way up the River. It was pretty bad going in some parts being choked with large boulders. We tried several places for trout but found none until late in evening. The trout have all gone in sometime ago when the water was high. I struck one hole where there were a few and caught 1/2 doz. fine ones. They were not very plenty and as it was getting late we had to give it up just as they were

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<sup>1967</sup>Of Chimney Bay.

<sup>1968</sup>His movements are not clear. He seems to mean by this (and by "main brook" below) the Northwest Brook. (But he could mean Beaver Brook.)

<sup>1969</sup>Beaver Brook.

beginning to take the fly. We saw plenty of deer tracks all along, some quite fresh but had not the good luck to see a deer itself. We also saw a bear's track. The seals come right up here near our camp. I fired at one or two but did not strike any. I have not yet got the hang of the sealing rifle loaned me by Mr. R.G. Rendell.<sup>1970</sup> We made all snug for the night and kept on a good fire. Not having carried blankets with us we found it pretty cold. We met old Reid as we came up today. He and his son were up before us overhauling his seal nets. He had one very pretty young seal. I bought the skin from him for the Museum on condition he would skin it round for stuffing.

*Friday July 25th.* Another beautiful day with light easterly draft. Had an early breakfast and started to go down the Arm again. We then entered another Arm or Bay<sup>1971</sup> running in towards the base of the Cloud Mountains. Johnny and I took our guns and started off for the mountain. After a tough hard climb we succeeded in getting on the top of the highest peak from whence we had a magnificent view all around. To the South and East we could see Englee, Canada Head and the Gray Islands, but it was foggy out at sea. Westward the country is very bare and rugged being nearly all granitic barrens arranged in tiers presenting

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<sup>1970</sup>St. John's merchant, investor in mines; d. 1928.

<sup>1971</sup>Castor Cove.

distinct terraces like steps of a stair and all the beds inclined eastward at fairly high angles. Numerous ponds and tarns were seen everywhere, and a large River which runs into the head of this Arm called Clouds River, lay right under us. Away west we could see highlands in some places with snow patches on their Northern slopes. This land was evidently near the coast of the Straits of Belle Isle. To the North and N.E. the land for a long distance was low and fairly level, covered with a dense unbroken forest of spruce and fir. It is one of the finest forests of green timber I have seen for a long time. Still further N.E. out towards the coast some more highland with snow patches was discerned. This is supposed to be near St. Anthony, north of Hare Bay. Just underneath us lay a panoramic view of the various arms and coves of Canada Bay which presented a pretty picture. The summit of Cloud Mountain is composed of greenstone trap, and on the bold western escarpment about halfway to the top one broad belt of very distinct columnar basalt appears, with vertical and partly bent columns. It is the best exhibition of basalt I have ever seen. The base of the mountain and the country beyond is all bare and composed of a pinkish syenite. We went down on that side and walked over a good deal of this flat country and finally came out by a path we were fortunate in striking, to the mouth of the Clouds River. Saw no deer or game of any kind and very little

sign of deer till we neared the Brook, where we met a little footing. We returned to the schooner about 6 P.M. They were not expecting us back till tomorrow. We were pretty tired and suffered awfully from flies, especially black flies. Old man Reid came up with the seal skin before dark and I got Denis to put it in strong pickle to save it.

*Saturday July 26th.* Beautiful fine day blowing fresh westerly breeze. Ran up to the bottom of N.E. Arm and anchored. Johnny and I then went up the River<sup>1972</sup> a couple of miles. Found the country very flat, no falls or rapids as far as we went. It is a large river but just now the water is low. I tried for trout at one or two places but only caught two. I had hold of one small salmon and rose another but did not get them. Also rose several fine trout and lost them. It was a poor place to fish owing to the trees coming out to the bank all along. The country is densely timbered up here with spruce and fir. It is the place the Englee and Conche people come to cut all their stuff. There are several winter tilts and sawpits near the mouth of the river and great piles of logs and long sticks lying on the bank. These long sticks of which there are many piles all around the shores of the Bay are said to have been cut for Dr. Grenfell who afterwards refused to pay for them and now they are left here to rot. Such a

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<sup>1972</sup>Northeast Brook.

thing should not be permitted. He has a mill just opposite on a point, and is sawing away timber all summer. I wonder has he a license to cut timber here?

After dinner we got underway to run down the bay but when we got below Weymouth point<sup>1973</sup> it blew a hurricane and we were afraid the masts would come out of the schooner. Were obliged to run in under the land and anchor. It blew a great gale all the afternoon and night. They say it is an awful place for wind, which pitches down off the Cloud Mountains with a terrible force.

*Sunday July 27th.* Still blowing hard, desperately hot day. Summer has come at last and I expect now during the next month it will make up for the cold spurt. We remained at anchor in same place all day. After dinner I went ashore with Beppo and warmed some water to give him a wash. Succeeded in cleaning off a good deal of the tar and oil, which made him look like a new dog, but still there is a lot of tar on him and it has burnt the poor brute's flesh in several places making nasty sores. I then walked up along shore towards Weymouth Point, saw some splendid examples of ice action, apparently the Bay had been scooped out by a glacier which came down from the north pushing along innumerable boulders which now form lateral moraines<sup>1974</sup> on either side in

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<sup>1973</sup>On the west side of Chimney Bay.

<sup>1974</sup>Debris carried by glaciers and left behind as they melted.

great profusion. The harder Silurian rocks are polished so smooth that it is dangerous to try and walk upon them. They are also very distinctly grooved and striated, the striæ<sup>1975</sup> all pointing down the Arm.

*Monday 28th.* Light breeze from S.W., beat back to Englee and just saw the *Virginia Lake* go out on her way north. She is more than a day behind. I landed and got my mail and then we started off again to go up White bay. The wind outside was ahead and very light. Our craft is a very dull sailor and made but poor progress. She is no good to head to windward at all. In the afternoon it fell dead calm and we lay drifting about with the tide. Denis got a jigger and jiggered about a dozen nice fish. Towards nightfall we found ourselves about a mile off Hooping Harbour rolling about in a nasty swell. We got the punt ahead and sweeps out, and after a long, hard pull reached the Harbour and anchored for the night in N.E. Cove. There was a fishing schooner there from Twillingate doing fairly well with fish. It was 10:30 P.M. before we dropped our anchor. It remained dead calm all night.

*Tuesday 29th.* Still dead calm and remained so all day. Very dull and sultry. No use getting underway as there was not enough wind to carry us out the harbour. There are no people living in

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<sup>1975</sup>Grooves or ridges caused by the movement of glaciers.

the Cove where we are at anchor, but up in the bottom there are about half a dozen families. I landed to look at the rocks, which are gneiss, and after dinner rowed all round the Arm. It is a wild-looking place with cliffs on all sides towering nearly 1000 feet above our heads. The French call this *Havre sans Fond*<sup>1976</sup> on account of the depth of water. It remained calm all the afternoon and night but looks for a Northerly or Easterly wind tomorrow. Either would be fair for going up the Bay.

*Wednesday July 30th.* Wind N.E. dull and foggy outside but being a fine time for up the Bay I decided to make the most of it. We got underway about 7:30 A.M. and once outside, slipped along pretty fast. The water was fine and smooth and wind very favourable. We passed Fourchette, Great and Little Harbours Deep, and were off Little Cat Arm by 3 O'clock. It then came wet and nasty. The wind dropped and there was a heavy swell on, so we decided to put in here, as, if we kept on we would scarcely reach another good harbour. The coast all along shore is very high, bold and rugged with here and there deep gulches cut into it. These form the harbours and are typical fiords with towering cliffs on either side. Found only two families in Little Cat Harbour, in fact there is no room for any more as there are but two nooks where there is sufficiently low land to erect a

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<sup>1976</sup>"Harbour without bottom."

dwelling upon. How people can live in such a place is extraordinary. Yet, as Denis says, they have no taxes to pay, and so long as they can get a bite they have no other care. Certainly their existence is of a very rude and savage kind, perfectly isolated from the world, and no possibility of any communication with their neighbours except by water. Road construction along this shore is utterly out of the question so steep are the hills and so rugged the country all along. It certainly is the most rugged part of Newfoundland I have yet seen not excepting the Southern coast.

*Thursday July 31st.* Wind very light again today. Got underway about 7 A.M. but after getting outside it fell dead calm and we lay like a log nearly all day, just carried along by the tide which fortunately was running in the bay. An occasional "catspaw" of wind came along but it never lasted above five or ten minutes. At sunset we were off Coney Arm Head, and then we got a little breeze after dark, just enough to keep us moving. It looked as though we were to have a night in the bay. Fortunately it was fine and starlight but there was no moon. I turned in about 10 P.M. and after a short read fell asleep. About midnight as the wind had freshened a little they managed to get into Frenchman's Cove, near Jackson's Arm. Some parts of this day were very hot but it was foggy outside and we could only indistinctly

see the other side of the bay. There was one fairly large iceberg away across towards the middle of the Bay and a few other small pieces near shore, they are however very scarce this season. There is no one living in Frenchman's Cove though it is a much better place than some we have been in, and is well-wooded all around.

*Friday August 1st.* Dead calm again and blazing hot. As it was no time to get along I took the small boat and went around shore to look at the rocks for about a mile outside, Denis went ashore to bake bread in the meantime. The cliffs about here are very rugged and broken, with outlying rocks and pinnacles like needles and numerous gulches and caverns inside. Saw a young gull on one pinnacle and we managed to climb up and capture him. After dinner a nice breeze sprang up from the E.N.E., when we got underway again. Once outside, the breeze freshened and we had a spanking time up to Sop's Island, passing Jackson's Arm where we could see several houses and a church. We passed through the tickle between Sop's Island and the main but soon had the wind light again. It came on to rain and was densely foggy out in the bay but we escaped the latter. When we got through the Tickle into Sop's Arm proper we had a nice breeze from the South and soon slipped up to the bottom. The Arm seems very picturesque but the disagreeable weather spoiled our view of it. We got up to the

mouth of Corner Bk. by tea-time and anchored near the site of Jackman's<sup>1977</sup> mill which was burnt about a year ago, everything being swept clean, even the wharf. This is the brook the gold was found upon and here we saw three camps and a couple of boats but there was no one about. I went ashore after tea and saw a lot of broken quartz but it was too late and too wet to examine it. The camps were all closed up, apparently the owners are up the brook mining and only come back here occasionally. There is a high bank of fine glacial drift at mouth of Brook.

*Saturday August 2nd.* Still dull and foggy with showers of rain in forenoon. Took the small boat and went around shore to the Mouth of Main River. This is a fine large stream, with a wide delta at its mouth and shoals extending a long way off. It looks a splendid river for salmon and trout. Everything was so wet and miserable I did not try to go up it. After dinner we went in boat out along the South side of the Arm. There are several deep coves on this side, saw lots of quartz but no mineral except a little specular iron<sup>1978</sup> and pyrites. We went out on a line with the W. end of Sop's Island and then turned back. While I was away a man named Wyatt<sup>1979</sup> came to the craft enquiring for me. He is a gold seeker and has staked off some claims here. He has just returned

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<sup>1977</sup>James M. Jackman. Martin, *Once Upon a Mine*, p. 35.

<sup>1978</sup>Hematite, especially occurring in crystals.

<sup>1979</sup>William Wyatt.

from St. John's by way of the White Bay road.<sup>1980</sup> I did not see him as he was gone before I returned, for which I was not sorry. Denis saw two men come out to the camps for something and then return. He learnt from Wyatt that John Buzan<sup>1981</sup> and another man are all that are here now, Stewart having gone back to St. John's.

*Sunday August 3rd.* Dull, close day. Stayed aboard reading most of the forenoon. After dinner I took a walk in the path leading up the river valley. In a short while I came out on a long narrow pond. Here I found two boats, one a canvas canoe. I got into this and rowed up the pond and after a little search found the continuation of the path. This I followed for about twenty minutes, when it turned down again to the river. Here I found a tilt, a blacksmith's forge, cellar or storehouse etc. and concluded it was Stewart's headquarters. There was nobody about. However, I had a look around a bit but did not see where they are working. The river here was rapid and pretty deep with cliffs of drab yellow Talcose<sup>1982</sup> slate along the eastern side and ledges of the same in bed of Brook. There did not appear to be much quartz anywhere near except thin, irregular veins and some loose pieces in the brook. It took me about an hour and twenty minutes to walk

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<sup>1980</sup>A rough road had been cut from the head of White Bay to Sandy Lake; there was then access by water to the railroad.

<sup>1981</sup>Of Little Bay, Notre Dame Bay, occasional speculator in mining property.

<sup>1982</sup>I.e., containing talc.

and row back slowly, and I should judge the distance to be between two and three miles. The evening was warm and the flies pretty bad. At first the woods outside the pond are all burnt but from the pond in, it is green. The valley is narrow and surrounded by high hills. I saw one or two pines cut down, one pretty large one but with a hollow heart.

*Monday August 4th.* Still dull in morning but cleared off fine and turned out a very hot day. Ned, Johnny and I started for the river. Early in the morning four men came up in boat and went in. I expected to find the boats gone and thought we would have to build a raft to get up the pond, but we found the canvas canoe still there. We took her and paddled up. At the head of the pond found two of the miners with the other boat. They were inclined to be cross at our taking the canoe and said Mr. Stewart would allow no one to use her, but after a little paylaving they became more civil. They were carrying in an anvil. They both belonged to Little Bay and had two other men from Sop's Island. They said Stewart and Buzan had gone to St. John's and they were expecting them back every hour in a schooner with provisions and utensils etc. to begin actual mining. As yet they have done but little, being engaged cutting trees and paths, building their shanty etc. They told us the lines recently run out proved the find to be on Stewart's property after all, which is only as it

should be, considering he was the actual discoverer of the gold. We walked in with them to their camp and after they had their breakfast the first two, who were the actual miners, brought me down the Brook to show me where the gold was found. By this time they had evidently found out from my men who I was, and were now quite civil and ready to tell me everything.

We walked, or rather waded, down the brook two or three hundred yards and found a small opening on opposite side of river where a couple of small irregular quartz veins ran through the slate. A pile of quartz lay alongside, which however had been all picked over. It was very ferruginous<sup>1983</sup> and they informed me that minute particles of gold existed in the oxide of iron, which could be washed out. There certainly was no visible gold that I could see in it. I examined much of it with my glass<sup>1984</sup> but did not detect a particle. In the meantime one of my men took my hammer and after considerable picking managed to obtain two small specimens out of one of the veins which did contain visible gold. It was very small however and seemed to be associated with galena, a little of which with iron pyrites and some copper pyrites<sup>1985</sup> was seen here and there in the quartz. While there is no doubt about the actual presence of gold in the rock, it

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<sup>1983</sup>Rust-coloured, hence containing iron.

<sup>1984</sup>Magnifying glass.

<sup>1985</sup>Chalcopyrite, a sulfide of copper and iron, coloured yellow.

certainly is very scarce, and unless the quartz contains paying quantities of invisible gold there is nothing that I can see to warrant all the stories about the wonderful gold discovery. How Stewart ever found it is surprising and he must be a very keen observer indeed. I was sorry he was not here to have a talk with him but he may be back before I leave the place. The men say he took quite a lot of gold with him to St. John's. They told me in some washings they got 6 and 7 distinct nuggets. They have a regular gold-washing pan and an iron mortar<sup>1986</sup> for breaking up the quartz in. I learnt from them how to use this pan, which was worth coming in for. We then had our dinner and I commenced to measure out the path towards the shore. It was extremely hot and the flies were awful, especially the black flies and stouts. At the pond I stuck up a pole with two cross bars to measure it with the micrometer tomorrow. We got out to the shore just about sunset.

*Tuesday August 5th.* Dull, close day, rained a little during night. After breakfast I went in to the pond and made the micrometer measurement. I then walked down the brook a piece, tried washing the gravel at one or two points, broke up and examined several loose pieces of quartz but did not succeed in finding a single speck of gold. I then climbed up the hill on

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<sup>1986</sup>A tub with grated sides for crushing ore.

opposite side of the river where I found several openings and a small shaft on quartz veins running through the porphyritic rock on that side. I examined much of this quartz also but only saw specular iron and pyrites with a little copper, yet I believe it was from here Mr. Rendell<sup>1987</sup> obtained the ore which gave an analysis of over 2 ozs. of gold per ton. In fact, I do not doubt that all the quartz here contains some gold. After dinner it came to rain and we had several hard showers so I remained on board all the evening labeling specimens etc. The slates which crop out on the shore just near our anchorage are certainly the same as those at Stewart's mine. The gull got away yesterday when all hands were ashore but came back again today to look for something to eat.

*Wednesday 6th.* Fine day. Ned, Johnny and I started off for the Main River, O'Brien's River<sup>1988</sup> so-called after the Governor, Sir Terence O'Brien, to spend two or three days travelling up it, I intend also measuring a portion of it back. We landed just inside the cliff near the mouth and then made up our packs and started up country. It is very wide at mouth and full of large and small islands and bars which extend a mile or more up stream. It then resumes a single channel but is wide and very rapid. The

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<sup>1987</sup>Robert G. Rendell.

<sup>1988</sup>The name did not survive.

whole river bed is choked with granitic boulders often of immense size. It was difficult and dangerous travelling and we made but slow progress. By dinner-time we reached a place where there was a fine, deep hole with a shelving<sup>1989</sup> granite cliff on the right side. We stopped here and I had a short time fishing, only caught a few trout mostly small but one or two fairly good ones. We found a first-rate side tilt in the woods close by so I determined to camp here as it was too bad to carry our load much further. After dinner we left Johnny to fix up the tilt and get wood for the night and Ned and I walked on a couple of miles further. We soon met cliffs along the side we were on which were all but impassable. However, we managed by great clambering to get past them, but a little further on we encountered more which were altogether impassable. The opposite side was low but the brook was too deep and the water too strong to attempt crossing. So we had to give up the attempt to get any further. I commenced to measure back from here but had to keep the one side all the time. It was nearly sunset when we got back to the camp and I was pretty well tired out. I had another spurt fishing and caught a couple of fine trout and rose one salmon but he did not take the hook, merely made a rush at it. He would not rise a second time. The trout also are very scarce and I presume have all gone up

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<sup>1989</sup>Sloping.

stream. It is certainly a splendid brook for fishing, in the proper season. We are entirely too late. Got a good fire on and made the best of it for the night using our little camp for bed and blanket. The night was not cold but the sandflies were awful.

*Thursday August 7th.* Raining and foggy all day. Had to remain in camp as it was too wet to do anything out of doors and the wet rocks were really too slippery and dangerous to walk upon. Unfortunately I forgot to bring along a book to read, so found it very monotonous. Our bed was very hard and I had a bad pain in the back. In fact, I did not feel well all day. As there was nothing else to do we all slept most of the forenoon not having had a great deal last night. After dinner it held up a little so I started up the river a bit to fish at two holes I saw yesterday. In the first one I caught a few fine trout and one small salmon and in the second some 8 or 10 fine trout. I have now a nice catch altogether. Fortunately our side tilt is very tight and does not leak a drop. Tonight was quite mild so we slept better than last night. We saw the footing of one deer but the place is too rough for them. The valley of the river is narrow with high wooded hills on either side. It is quite a large stream and must run a long way up country.

*Friday August 8th.* Fine morning, blowing a strong breeze from Westward. Started to go back measuring as we went. Got down

to the mouth about noon and found it blowing a screecher down the arm. Got aboard about 1.30 P.M. really tired and worn out. Had a good wash and dinner of nice fried trout. Found that some of Stewart's men had come since we left including Buzan, but Stewart himself has not arrived yet. The schooner has gone back to Little Bay for him. They are building a tilt, or store house, on the site of the mill. I went ashore after dinner and walked down a good way examining the rocks. Those between the Mouth of the Corner Brook and the first point outside our anchorage are undoubtedly the same as those Stewart is working in. Quartz veins are numerous and pieces of loose quartz strewn along shore everywhere. I broke up and examined hundreds of pieces but failed to find one speck of gold. They all contain pyrites and a little galena. It is strange the gold should be so scarce yet. I believe all this quartz will assay gold when analyzed, at all events, it all looks very promising stuff.

*Saturday August 9th.* Very warm in morning. Started off in punt to examine the North side of the Arm. I first landed at the mouth of the Main channel of the O'Brien Brook and walked up to where I saw what looked like limestone and such it turned out to be. It is a very beautiful marble in fact of pale bluish and white streaked with veins of red. There are several thick beds here and I think could be worked to advantage. It was a hard

tramp up and down, though the distance was short, owing to projecting cliffs and deep water which necessitated my climbing up over and travelling through burnt woods and windfalls. The flies, especially the stouts, were awful. We then rowed down along shore into various coves and nooks, around George's Island and out into the main channel between George's and Sop's Island. Saw a good deal of quartz, some of it good-looking stuff but though I broke and examined hundreds of specimens I did not see a speck of gold. It was calm and dull all day and towards evening got very overcast with some thunder and a few showers of rain. We went over to Sop's Island on our return and examined a good part of the western shore. The men who came up a few days ago have built a tilt near the mouth of Corner Brook. They turn out to be Jackman's men, and are going to work on his claim near the head of the pond where they say they found good signs of gold. Some of the quartz from this place is in a dump near their camp and one of the men showed me a small specimen of free gold he picked out of it today. I examined a lot of it but saw no free gold, yet the quartz looks well.

*Sunday August 10th.* Dull, cool day. Remained on board all day writing and reading. In the afternoon just as I was thinking of going ashore John Buzan, Stewart's manager, came aboard to see me and we remained chatting till tea-time. John is the man who in

1897 left the *Virginia Lake* with me in Seldom-come-by, when we made that memorable journey by boat and over the ice up through Dildo Run. I went to Moreton's Harbour and John continued on to Little Bay. I never saw him since till now. John is a fine fellow, a genuine old miner who has worked at nearly all our mines. His home is in Little Bay where he has a little farm and where his family reside. John gave me a lot of interesting and valuable information. He has been with Mr. Stewart the past seven years and was with him when he found the gold. He says Stewart is a regular gold expert and had a good deal of experience in Australia. As soon as he saw the rocks here and the character of the quartz he said there should be gold here. John told me they found gold in several places beside that I saw. He also told me these same slates run out in Gold Cove at the head of the Bay<sup>1990</sup> and that he washed gold out of the quartz up there. It may be that the presence of gold there really gave origin to the name after all. He and Stewart have travelled a great deal of this Northern Peninsula and also on Labrador where they found some large mica. John stayed to tea with me and tomorrow I am going in to see him. He says they have a large band of quartz about a 1/4 of a mile above their camp in which they found gold also. The man McDonald who is here for Jackman is his brother-in-law. It was he

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<sup>1990</sup>White Bay.

who sold the information about Stewart's find to Jackman and Rendell.<sup>1991</sup> After tea, I went ashore with him and saw him and his men off for their camp. I had a chat with McDonald who is going in to work at their find tomorrow.<sup>1992</sup> He promised to get me a specimen of gold for their claim. Buzan appears quite sanguine about the gold.

*Monday August 11th.* Warm, sultry day. I started off after breakfast, spent nearly all day in at Stewart's mine with Buzan going about. We saw abundance of quartz everywhere along the River and up over the hill, but did not detect a particle of gold in it, yet it all looked most favourable. Buzan had four men at work clearing down the loose rock and debris from the cliff about 300 yards below their camp. They uncovered two good veins of quartz at one place besides smaller ones. One of the very first pieces they threw down this morning on being broken showed quite a lot of free gold along one edge. It was the best thing I have seen by far and left no doubt about the presence of free gold. Yet strange to say, both Buzan and I broke up and examined hundreds of other pieces here and could not find another speck. I suppose I am the Jonah, anyhow I found none myself nor did anyone else with me. Buzan expected the schooner back today with Mr.

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<sup>1991</sup>Details are given in Martin, *Once Upon a Mine*, p. 35. Stewart's claims gave rise to the Browning gold mine.

<sup>1992</sup>Two mining sites were being investigated.

Stewart but she did not put in an appearance.

On my way back I went to visit Jackman's men on S.S.<sup>1993</sup> Pond but they were left and I could not find where they were working. They were out at camp when I got to the shore. They thought they found gold today but on examining their specimens with a glass I could only see bright points of crystals stained yellow by iron which when the sun shone on them were very deceptive indeed.

*Tuesday August 12th.* Light breeze from E.S.E., started to go across the Bay to look for our mail which should be due about this time. Western Cove is the furthest point up that the mail reaches so we tried to get there but the wind was too much ahead and we only made the South end of Granby's Island, it then began to drop. We had to beat up between the Island and the Main but as it fell dead calm towards evening we had to tow her into Purbeck Cove which we reached just after dark. This is where Lacy<sup>1994</sup> has the Marble quarry.

*Wednesday August 13th.* Wind in from the East or N.E. blowing hard and tremendous sea on, even heaving in here, could not budge all day. I went ashore to see Lacy's Marble quarry and he took me up over the hill to see the extent of it. It certainly looks a fine thing but as the surface of the outcrops is much jointed,

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<sup>1993</sup>South side.

<sup>1994</sup>William C. Lacey, "energetic mining prospector" (*Trade Review*, Nov. 14, 1903).

broken and weathered it is impossible to tell what it will be like when worked into. A good deal of the exposed rock seems very coarsely crystalline but there is, at least, one belt of very close-grained and beautifully white statuary marble which looks fully equal to Carrara.<sup>1995</sup> Whether there is much of this quality or not I cannot say. Lacy who is the very mischief to talk on all manner of subjects kept us going all day. He very kindly presented me with a nice piece of venison. He and the other folk residing here, three families in all, managed to butcher a young pricket yesterday while attempting to swim across the Cove. He tells me it is the third they killed this summer. This is rather an open, wild place though considered a good harbour. The scenery around is fine being high, bold and densely timbered.

*Thursday August 14th.* Very dull and foggy, wind still much the same but moderate. Sea gone down considerably. After breakfast started for Western Cove. It came to blow fresh after we got out and there was a very ugly tumble which nearly fetched<sup>1996</sup> me. We got up to Western Cove about 11 A.M. This is about the most picturesque place we have seen yet. It boasts a public wharf, a fine church, and a Merchant, Mr. Pierce.<sup>1997</sup> I went ashore to buy some things from the latter and to enquire for

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<sup>1995</sup>The famous marble of Carrara in northern Italy.

<sup>1996</sup>Felled (i.e., made him sick).

<sup>1997</sup>George H. Pierce (*Trade Review*, Nov. 7, 1903).

letters, but the mail has not arrived. Whatever can be keeping it? We found the Minister, Mr. Woods<sup>1998</sup> from Exploits, in his pretty yacht *Harbinger* here. We last saw her at Englee and Hooping Harbour. She is a perfect little beauty and is, I am told, a splendid sailor and seaboat. She is also splendidly fitted up being nearly all saloon and fore-castle. I walked over to Pound Cove before dinner, it is only about 3/4 of a mile and there is a good road. It is here the Post office is situated. I found the mail had not yet arrived. However, I posted my letters and will wait at Western Cove for the mail. After dinner finding the road continued on to Western Arm I walked across and was surprised to find a beautiful level well-timbered valley, but narrow with no hills except on either side, stretch right across. A very excellent track partly graded and very level is made and apparently a good deal used across here. It took me 1 1/2 hours to walk it leisurely. I did not see much of Western Arm owing to a dense fog. No news of the mail here either. Got back just at teatime. The fog outside is extremely dense but the wind and sea have gone down.

*Friday August 15th.* Fine day; wind east, light. Our mail at length arrived and I was called up at 5 A.M. to receive mine. Got

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<sup>1998</sup>Rev. C. Woods, Episcopalian minister in Exploits, Burnt Islands; McAlpine, *Newfoundland Directory* (1898), p. 850.

up and read my letters. After breakfast we started for Middle Arm. Had to beat all day and made but slow progress. Our old craft is no good at all to beat to windward and oftentimes we do not gain 100 yards on a tack. At sunset we found ourselves again becalmed within a couple of miles of Middle Arm and being rapidly carried back again by the tide. We had to make for some shelter and found a small cove called Stuckless Cove inside Pigeon Island into which we succeeded in towing after dark. It is a poor place, open to the N.E. and there is barely room for our craft to lie at anchor. However we were glad to get in anywhere for the night.

*Saturday August 16th.* Wind right in on us and densely foggy outside, looks very nasty. Could not proceed. I went ashore and walked across to Bear Cove in Western Arm which is a fine Harbour. There is a road or path across which passes through another Cove, Sandy Cove, where there are a few liviers. Found a great abundance of coarse garnets in the rocks here which are all Mica schists and gneiss. After dinner the wind began to freshen and looked as though we were in for a bad time. So we concluded to get out of this hole<sup>1999</sup> and run around into Bear Cove. We had to get a long-line out ahead with our grapnel to warp her out clear of the rocks. It was so intensely foggy outside we could scarcely see anything 100 yards ahead but fortunately the wind

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<sup>1999</sup>I.e., cove.

was fair and the coast clear of rocks or shoals so that we could just trim<sup>2000</sup> along by it all the way and follow it round. We were able to make Bear Harbour easily in the fog owing to conspicuous cliffs of white marble showing very clearly which I noticed when over to Wild Cove yesterday. When we beat into the Cove we found it a splendid safe place. Mr. Woods' yacht was here at anchor. He appears to be before us all the time. It was indeed well we left the place we were in as the wind continued to freshen and it blew hard from the N.E. all the evening and night and must have been very rough around on that side. After we anchored I took the small boat and went out to see the marble cliffs. There is a good deal of it here but all coarsely crystalline and discoloured, much of it has a pink tinge which gives it a pretty appearance but it is all too jointed and broken to make good marble. There are several houses and a few stores in this place which seems to be one of more importance than the generality. There is also a small church and school house on the road over to Sandy Cove.

*Sunday August 17th.* Wretched day, blowing a gale with heavy rain most of the time. We can bless our stars we did not stay at Stuckless Cove as it must be very nasty there today. It was too disagreeable to go ashore all day so I stayed aboard reading. Late in the evening it cleared off a little. I went ashore and

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<sup>2000</sup>Arrange the sails to best advantage.

walked over to Stuckless Cove. It was very wild out there and there was a big sea in the Bay. We were indeed fortunate in getting out of it.

*Monday August 18th.* Fine again, very light wind from S.W. I took the boat and went up to the head of Western Arm. It is very shoal at the head, well-wooded and has a deep valley extending inland with a stout River. Got back by dinner-time. After dinner although nearly calm we started for Middle Arm but reached only just out around the head when it became stark calm with a tremendous tide running in. We were swept back past Bear Cove and up the Arm so were obliged to tow her into a Cove on South side and anchor. It remained calm all the afternoon and night. The flies came off aboard in swarms.

*Tuesday August 19th.* Calm again this morning but after breakfast a nice breeze sprang up from S.W. We got underway and had a fine run down to Middle Arm where we arrived about 1 P.M. We have been just eight days trying to get here, as we left Sop's Arm this day week. It is very shoal at the narrows leading into the Arm and we had to keep a sharp lookout as we had to beat in and the tide was low. Sometimes we had scarcely a foot of water under our keel, and the anchor was all ready to let go at a moment's notice. However we got through all right into the deeper water inside and anchored just inside the narrows on North side

Arm. There are some half a dozen families living here on both sides of the narrows. After dinner I took the boat and went up the Arm. It is picturesque place and well-wooded with spruce, fir and birch and a good sprinkling of Aspen. It is also very shoal at the head for quite a distance out. The valley leading inland is wider and flatter than that of Western Arm and there is a fine, deep, smooth River<sup>2001</sup> running through it. When the tide began to rise we went up this quite a piece in our boat. I believe a canoe could go a long distance up. This river comes from the Flat Water Ponds, the same Prof. Hind travelled across by from N.W. Arm.<sup>2002</sup> There is a fine lot of interval land on this River, the best and largest patch I have yet seen. It blew hard all the afternoon and we had several heavy squalls of rain. Blew almost a gale all night. The flies were awful thick up the river. There is apparently much fine timber in this valley. I saw some good spruce logs along the shore.

*Wednesday August 20th.* Very calm fine day. No wind for the schooner to go anywhere so after breakfast I took the boat and rowed up to Southern Arm and went up to the head of it. This is

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<sup>2001</sup>Middle Arm Brook.

<sup>2002</sup>In 1877, apparently at the suggestion of the Governor, Henry Youle Hind made a field sketch of the Upper Humber River and "the track across country from White Bay to Green Bay." See a letter to Sir John Glover, dated March 31, 1878 (CNSA, 262.2.05.002). See W.L. Morton, *Henry Youle Hind 1823-1908* (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1980), p. 117.

the most picturesque of the three Arms here, surrounded by very high hills and at one place it narrows to a couple of hundred yards. Here it is barred across so that we could barely get through with our punt, especially as the tide was running out with such force that it was all the two men could do to pull her through. Inside is a deep basin right up to the head. The lofty hills are or were well-wooded but unfortunately a forest fire has swept over nearly all the North side and a good deal of the Southern also. There were two trading schooners anchored in the Arm just outside the narrows. There are several houses scattered around in coves, and outside near the northern head there is quite a large settlement in Seal Cove, but I did not go in there. The River at the head of this Arm is quite small and the valley inland narrow. From Seal Cove there is a track cut across country to the head of Bay Verte which is about nine miles long. It is the mail route from Coachman's Cove to White Bay. We got back again aboard the *Silver Spray* at Middle Arm about 4 P.M. It was perfectly calm out in the Bay and the water shone like a mirror. Shortly after we got back two men came aboard, one named Pitman from Sop's Island had his arm in a sling. The poor chap had been down to Tilt Cove to get one of his fingers cut off. He ran a herring bone into it in the spring and it got so sore it began to

mortify.<sup>2003</sup> He had to go to Tilt Cove to the nearest Doctor to get it cut off. He is now working his way back and has walked across country from N.W. Arm, Green Bay. He came aboard to ask me if I would give him a passage up tomorrow as far as we can get, when he will try and get across to Sop's Island. He is a half Indian, his mother being a Stevens, sister of Big John's and Abraham's of Hall's Bay. I had heard of these Pitmans before. He is very like Big John, just as dark but not so tall. Poor chap, the loss of his finger is a sad detriment to him and he has not been able to do anything all summer.

*Thursday August 21st.* Calm in morning but sprung up a light breeze after breakfast from N.E., started for up the bay but were a long time getting out of Middle Arm the wind was so light and the tide against us. When we did get out in the open Bay we had a nice time along. The wind, however, remained very light all day and our old tub barely moved along. We reached Big or Granby's Island just at dusk and anchored inside the N.E. Point. Here we found old man Pardy who had rowed all the way up from Southern Arm to stake off the Island. He was just in time, as Albert Bradshaw came there just as he had finished but finding the old man before him went off in disgust. We landed our passenger Pitman here as it is right opposite his home on Sop's Island.

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<sup>2003</sup>To become gangrenous.

*Friday August 22nd.* Calm again in morning. I went off with old man Pardy to look at his quartz bands. There is a great deal of quartz on the Island, some very large bands. It looks pretty good for gold but we did not succeed in finding any. Only a few specks of pyrites, copper and galena. A light breeze having sprung up again from S.E. we got underweigh and had a lovely day going up the Bay. We moved very slowly however, and did not get up to Gold cove till 4 P.M. The upper part of the Bay is very narrow and straight, not more than about two miles wide. The shores are high especially on South side, with cliffs all along and densely wooded hills in rear rising very high. I went ashore and had a look at the rocks before tea-time. There are a few nice but small settlements here and there towards the head of the Bay.

*Saturday August 23rd.* Dead calm all day and very hot, the hottest day yet. I took the boat and two men and rowed down along shore to Brown's Cove then went across to Chance Brook and from that all up around the East side and bottom of the Bay. It was a beautiful day and we saw a good deal of the shores. The Bay was full of Horse mackerel<sup>2004</sup> all day and they could be seen schooling along near the surface sometimes with their back fins out of the water. I fired at one but as I only had shot I did not do him much damage. They were around about the vessel all day and

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<sup>2004</sup>Bluefin tuna (*Thunnus thynnus*).

after dark I fired a ball at one but could not say whether I hit him or not. One of the fishermen here harpooned one but it got away from him. I am very anxious to see one and photograph it so as to try and have it identified with the Tuna fish.

*Sunday August 24th.* Blazing hot day and dead calm again. The Schooner we saw beating up the Bay yesterday came in here during the night and anchored alongside of us. She proved to be Manuel's<sup>2005</sup> trading vessel the *Pretoria*. I went ashore after breakfast and climbed the hill opposite our anchorage by the path leading into the deer country. It is very steep going up hill but I believe fairly level afterward. The skipper and the other lads went away washing clothes. On their return at dinner-time the Skipper informed me that the Horse Mackerel a man harpooned yesterday was hauled up ashore on Miller Island. So after dinner he, Johnny and I went over to see it. It was the first one I ever saw out of the water, and it certainly struck me as exceedingly like the tuna fish. It is a pretty fish, very much the shape of a mackerel but I think shorter in proportion to its size. This one was about 8 feet long and probably 6 feet around the biggest part of the body. It is a true fish, having gills, and is covered with fine scales. Its head is like a salmon's but thicker and more stubby. Its back is black or dull lead colour but it grows

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<sup>2005</sup>Jabez Manuel, merchant of Exploits, Burnt Islands.

lighter down the sides. Its under parts and hinder part is light, glistening and nearly white on belly, just the colour of a mackerel. It has one large fan-like dorsal fin on the highest part of back which closes down and fits away into a groove in the back so that when shut in, this part is all smooth. There is another sharp curved stiff dorsal fin further back. There are two pectoral fins on a line with the larger dorsal and two ventral behind these. Then another ventral behind the vent similar in shape and size to the dorsal above it. Besides these and behind the two latter fins there is a row of small peculiar fins above and below extending to the tail. On top I counted 10 of these and below 9. These small fins are of a light lemon-yellow colour tipped with a dark brownish edge and look very pretty. The tail is vertical and consists of two immense pointed blades forming together a large crescent. Two peculiar fin-like projections occur at the butt of the tail extending out laterally. The head is large but the mouth not extra large, the lips are like India rubber and tongue also black. There are rows of fine pointed teeth along both jaws. Altogether it is a handsome fish. I noticed also that where the flesh was torn open by the harpoon that inside the thin outer cuticle and between it and the inner, the sides are constructed of fine bony scale-like plates, which lap on one another like shingles and form a complete armour

plating inside the skin.<sup>2006</sup> I took 4 photographs of it as it lay on the beach but I would like to have had it hoisted up so as to get a good picture. It would probably weigh several hundredweight yet the Skipper says it is a small one. It appeared to be a very fat oily fish and is said to be good to eat, nor do I see why it should not. I regret I did not see it last evening while it was fresh.

*Monday August 25th.* Very hot day, by far the hottest yet. Went down along shore in boat beyond Brown's Cove. Made all arrangements to go in on barrens tomorrow to see country and try to kill a deer. Hired a young chap named Osborne as guide to show us the path etc. This barrens is between 4 and 6 miles in westward and they have a path cut through the woods over the hills and a couple of good tilts built for the Men-of-war officers who come here every year about 1st of September to get some shooting. The Commodore<sup>2007</sup> goes on the South side some 12 miles in where he also has a fine path cut and tilts built. They come here every fall about this time and employ the inhabitants as guides.

*Tuesday 26th.* Rained hard during the night but cleared off fine in forenoon. Being fairly cool after the rain I decided to

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<sup>2006</sup>Howley adds: "The whole fish is like this, see photo." A view of the swollen fish, with staring eye, is in the Howley photograph file, ELRC. There is a pencil sketch of the fish in the "Journal" for 1902, CNSA, 262.02.039.

<sup>2007</sup>Commanding officer of the British warships on the station.

start for the barrens, so after an early dinner we were off; Ned, Johnny, George Osborne and myself. We had a desperate climb over the ridges four in number which succeeded each other at short intervals till the summit is reached, about 800 feet in all. Some of the hills are nearly vertical and it pretty well took the good out of us by the time we reached the top. After that the path was fairly level with a few short, steep descents and rises till the barrens was reached. Here the travelling was fine and we got in to the camps situated in a small droke of woods near the highest point or lookout. We found two good studded<sup>2008</sup> tilts, one quite new built for the officers. We took possession of the oldest as, having an open fire place, it suited us best. We soon had a good bed of boughs and made all snug. I left the lads to get wood for the night and went up on the lookout where I stayed till nearly dark but saw nothing moving. In fact, there is very little sign of deer here as yet and I fear we are too early. Apparently they have not yet begun to take to the barrens. The rocks of the barrens are nearly all Syenite and trap.

*Wednesday 27th.* Slept very poorly last night. The bed was woeful hard, the tilt draughty and dreadfully smokey. I was up just after dawn and stole away by myself. It was a beautiful morning. As the best signs of deer we saw on our way in were over

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<sup>2008</sup>With vertical logs closely placed side by side.

near the woods I went that way but saw nothing. After breakfast George and I went up on the lookout and stayed till dinnertime but saw no sign. It was a beautiful, fine sunny day and a nice breeze kept the flies at bay. We went off again about 4 O'clock up on the lookout and spent the evening. I was beginning to give up hope of seeing any deer and had almost concluded to return again in the morning when George saw an old stag a good way off. Unfortunately he was exactly to the leeward of us and winded us almost immediately. He made off at full speed across the barrens. We started to run and got over to the little lookout when we saw him standing in a marsh about 5 or 600 yards off. I was going to fire but George said he may come nearer. He however again winded us and made off back towards the woods. He stopped when over 1,000 yards off for a few seconds. I fired a shot and went within an ace of hitting him. The ball struck just between his legs and dashed up the water of a little tarn on him. Having at last seen a deer we began to take hope. Evidently they were just beginning to come and if tomorrow be fine we have a great chance of getting one. Had a better bed tonight and slept well.

*Thursday August 28th.* Another beautiful day but blowing almost a gale. George and I went off before breakfast and after about an hour's wait on the little Lookout saw a doe coming down the barrens. We ran down and by good stalking got quite close to

her. I fired and apparently missed her, as she ran off very fast, fired again with no better result but when she had gone about 500 yards we saw her suddenly begin to stagger about and then collapse. When we got up to her she had a desperate wound in the breast, the bone being all shattered by the explosive bullet which we found on cutting her open had also torn through her heart yet she ran off as though nothing happened her. She was a dry doe but rather a poor one. However, I was glad enough to get her. We paunched her and returned to camp for breakfast. On our way we saw two men on the lookout who proved to be George's father and cousin just come in to look for a deer. After breakfast I sent the lads to cut up our doe and carry the meat out part of the way so as to make it easier tomorrow. I went off for a long tramp over the barrens to see where Corner Brook of Sop's Arm went. Just as we were passing the lookout we heard a shot and saw old man Osborne knock down a deer. It was a young stag in splendid order. I got across on another high ridge and after travelling some distance came across three more men from Brown's Cove who came in yesterday. They had two deer and saw four or five. So the deer are now coming along fast. I travelled over to the highest ridge or Corner Brook ridge where I could see out into Sop's Arm and all the country around for miles. Away to the Westward a deep valley led out towards Aldery Pond on the

Humber and still further I could see Adie's pond. I also saw the valley I followed up in 1891 to the pond with the Marble cliff on it. This pond the people here know well and call it Taylor's Pond. It nearly meets the west branch of Corner Brook and I believe the gold-bearing rocks run out there. The East River<sup>2009</sup> of Corner Brook comes up on the barrens not far from the big lookout and makes several ponds, one very large one lay right under me. All this barren country is composed of granitic or Syenitic ridges, quite bare for the most part. It is fine travelling and is intersected everywhere with deer paths. I did not go back to camp till after 4 O'clock pretty well tired out. Had the kidneys and a marrow bone for my supper and made a royal meal. The two Osbornes spent the night with us in camp and were pretty well jammed up for room. They saw 4 more deer this evening but did not get another shot.

*Friday August 29th.* Fine morning again but a little dull. Cleared off a very fine and hot day. The Osbornes were off at daylight to carry out their deer, taking a half each which is a heavy load. We took our time and as we were getting breakfast we heard them fire a shot over towards the eastern edge of the barrens. Before we were through breakfast two officers, a blue jacket and two guides came in. The former looked rather glum at

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<sup>2009</sup>The "Journal" reading appears to be "Branch."

seeing us in their camp and barely condescended to say good morning. They were off immediately for the lookout. We started for the shore. At the further side of the barrens we came across a magnificent old stag which old Osborne killed. It was in splendid condition and the old chap was very lucky in meeting it and at such a place over a mile nearer the shore. They had gone on with their loads but we met them coming back to carry out the stag. It was desperately hot in the woods and I was pretty tired after yesterday's tramp. We did not get out till nearly 12 O'clock when we found our craft deserted, both Denis and the Skipper being away. The *Columbine* was anchored just outside of us. It was her Captain and another officer we met on the barrens. I remained on board all the remainder of the day to rest. George Osborne went in again to help his father and cousin with their loads and by sunset they got out with the two deer. It was a desperate lug and I don't know how they stood it. Two other chaps of Gold Cove also came out with a fine fat stag. They killed two some distance to the west of where we were. The Captain and others from the *Columbine* returned just at dusk without any venison. We heard they saw 6 small deer but would not shoot them as they wanted old stags. The ship got underway and left just at dark. They came up to tell the guide to be ready for the Commodore early next week. I expect they will be awfully mad to

find we were there before them and killed so many deer.

*Saturday August 30th.* Very fine warm day again. Ned, Johnny and I rowed across the head of the Bay and went in on the new road<sup>2010</sup> to see the country there. We travelled till dinner-time and went about 8 miles in. The country is densely wooded with fine timber and the valley is a splendid place for a settlement of industrious farmers. The road is well laid out for the most part and runs very level except near the crossing of two branches of the River Head Brook.<sup>2011</sup> It would with a little alteration make a splendid line for a branch railway. It was desperately hot in the woods all day. We saw several fresh signs of deer along the road and heard one in the woods on our way back. This upper part of White Bay is a pretty place and might be made a very thriving one were the right class of settlers here, with a railway run out from the main line near Goose Brook<sup>2012</sup> and a steamer on the Bay. It would be a fine place also for a saw or pulp mill.

*Sunday August 31st.* Fine day, wind east, cool. Stayed aboard most of the day reading. In afternoon Denis and I went up to the mouth of the river and caught some nice trout. They are numerous here but not very large.

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<sup>2010</sup>Towards Sandy Lake.

<sup>2011</sup>Hampden River.

<sup>2012</sup>Located about 12 mi southwest of this point.

*Monday Sept. 1st.* Fine day, calm in morning but blew hard afterwards. Started for Salt Pond and had a fine run down. Anchored on West side of Cove near a fishing stage. I then took the boat and went up around the shore into Sop's Arm till I reached the junction of the Devonian with the Silurian rocks. The cliffs are very high and jagged and there are several fine coast scenes; took some photos. It blew hard all the afternoon and night but fortunately the wind is off the land. This cove is opened to the N.E. and it would be a poor place for us if the wind were to come in and blow hard in that direction.

*Tuesday September 2nd.* Fine again but blowing pretty stiff out of Bight. Went up to Beach and got our boat in through the gut to the salt pond, up which we towed. It is a very pretty place. We then went out around the shore towards Brown's Cove. Saw some Devonian fossils. After dinner we started for Sop's Arm and had a fine run up till we got well inside when the wind died away and became dead calm. We then had to get out our boat and tow to anchorage near Corner Brook but did not get there till about 9 P.M. It was so dark we nearly ran aground.

*Wednesday September 3rd.* Very fine day, found Mr. Stewart's schooner anchored alongside when we got up this morning. He was on board himself, having arrived early from Nipper's Harbour with a load of lumber to build houses at the mine. He had also a small

hoisting engine and boiler aboard and brought several men along. This looks like actual mining operations. I had a talk with him as he was going ashore and promised to go in tomorrow to see the mine. His men spent all day landing their cargo and hauling it in. It was heavy work and they will have all they can do to haul in the engine and boiler. They will have to make some sort of a road first. It came on to blow half a gale and we could not get about in our small boat till late in the evening when the wind abated somewhat. About midday we were surprised to see a great white ship steaming in the Arm. She turned out to be the French warship *D'Estrées*. As soon as she anchored, a boat was lowered and an officer rowed ashore. We were at the time grinding down some specimens of marble on a grindstone belonging to Jackman's men. Stewart's crew were just returning to their schooner for dinner. The officer came ashore and enquired in good English for the manager of the mine. On being informed he was inside he asked how far it was and the way thither. Having obtained the necessary information he started off alone leaving the boat's crew to wait for him. I, of course, said nothing but I was vexed with Stewart's men for giving him the information, as it was quite evident these Frenchies were going to try and prevent his working a mine here.

It was late when the officer returned and he was accompanied

by Mr. Stewart. Almost immediately the man-of-war got underweigh and steamed off again. Stewart told me the officer only made a few enquiries as to whether he intended building wharves and stores to ship ore etc. When informed to the contrary he seemed quite satisfied and went off. Fortunately it is not necessary to construct any elaborate shipping facilities for gold mining as all the gold likely to be recovered can be carried out on men's backs. But had it not been so, it is simply preposterous to think that they could come away up here and hamper or prevent what may prove an important mining industry. So far from such work interfering in any way with their fishing rights there is no French fishing establishment nearer than Cape Rouge fully 100 miles distant. There never was any fishing up here as the fish did not come so far in the Bay. It is high time something were done to put an end to those preposterous French claims which are so hampering the country's progress and development.

After tea I went aboard Stewart's schooner. She is a fine craft and has a large roomy cabin. I should wish to have one like her.

*September 4th.* Very fine hot day. I went in with Mr. Stewart and spent most of the day looking around and examining their mining operations. They have a fine new boarded house built and are erecting a large cook-house. Stewart has 25 men at work, most

of them being employed packing in from the shore. Four miners were engaged sinking a shaft on the south side of the little brook opposite his camp. He intends carrying this shaft down some 200 feet, so as to intersect the quartz veins and see if they carry paying quantities of gold to that depth. The quartz which came out of this shaft looks well though it shows no visible gold, but on crushing and washing several sights were obtained. Stewart tried some while I was there just to let me see. He crushed about 3 ozs. of rock in a small mortar and then washed it in a pan. When all the coarse matter was removed we could detect quite a lot of fine gold. I counted some 15 sights about as large as a pin's head and saw innumerable very small specks. Stewart said it would go about 10 ozs. to the ton, which was very rich. He said he did not want to see it so rich as that. He is very cautious about his statements, but is nevertheless quite sanguine that he has a good thing here. I also tried my hand at washing. John Buzan, his foreman, crushed up a small piece of quartz for me, and although I must have lost some in washing owing to my inexperience nevertheless I had several sights of gold probably over a dwt.<sup>2013</sup> in all. Stewart then took me around to see several open cuts and pits at various points out of all of which he says he washed gold. He even obtained sights from washings of the

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<sup>2013</sup>Pennyweight, 1.555 gr.

surface soil and of the crushed slate rock. At one point the rock was a bluish limestone, hard and compact, containing numerous cubes of iron pyrites. This also yielded gold. We looked over a lot of quartz today yet only observed two very small specks of visible gold. According to Mr. Stewart this fine "flour gold" is more promising than coarse visible gold which is not so well disseminated. He is now going to procure a small crusher and establish a cyanide plant to treat the ore. Stewart is a regular gold mining expert and has spent several years in Australia and the Western States and in the Rockies of British Columbia. Gold is his hobby and he certainly understands a lot about it. He is a practical Mining Engineer and an opinion from such a man on the subject is worth something. I am now quite satisfied from what I have seen here that his property gives great promise of producing paying quantities of gold, if carefully and economically treated. But it would require a large plant and up-to-date gold stamp mill<sup>2014</sup> to properly pulverize the rock and then amalgamate the gold with Mercury. He certainly deserves success as he has spent several years and expended a lot of money prospecting for the precious metal both on Labrador and in Newfoundland and he well deserves to be rewarded for his time and labour.

The process of crushing and washing the quartz is a very

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<sup>2014</sup>Apparatus used to crush ore.

interesting operation and I watched it closely. First the rock is broken with a maul into small pieces. These are then placed in an iron mortar and with the aid of an iron pestle pounded up till reduced to a fine powder. This is then transferred to the washing pan, or shallow iron dish somewhat the shape of a frying pan, with very sloping edge all around. The pan is then submerged in the water of the brook and the contents stirred up and agitated so that all dirt and lighter material is washed away over the edge of the pan. Then the pan is again filled with water and the contents kept continuously moving around by a peculiar twisting motion of the hands. Soon the coarser gravel collects at one side and is gradually forced off over the edge of the pan. Finally after treating the contents thus several times but a small portion of the very finest sand is left. This contains the gold, if any. There is a good deal of Black iron sand in this residue which gradually accumulates at one side or in the middle of the pan. By looking carefully along the edge of this black sand the particles of gold are distinctly seen shining out as they form such a contrast to the dull black iron sand.

On my return to the Schooner I wrote home, Mr. Stewart kindly offering to forward my letter with his own mail from the head of White Bay to Howley Station on the Railway. There is a roadway cut out here and partly graded as far as the head of

Sandy Lake. Then by boat down this lake and up the Goose ponds to the R.R. line about five miles east of Howley. About every week or ten days, Stewart despatches a couple of his men by this route with and for his mail.

After tea I again paid him a visit on board his craft and had a long chat with him. I learn he has travelled extensively and possesses a vast amount of knowledge and experience of gold mining.

*September 5th.* Calm and dull. We started for Jackson's Arm, but shortly after we got underway a squall of wind and rain came on and I thought we would have to put in at Sop's Island, as it looked very threatening. However, the wind dropped considerably as we passed through the Tickle to the North of the Island but the rain continued to pour down in torrents all afternoon. We continued on and reached Jackson's Arm by dinner-time. There is a large settlement here and it is quite a pretty place. I went ashore and was rejoiced to get my mail which arrived here two days ago. I then took the boat and went out along shore to a place called Godfather's Cove and thence across to the southside of the Arm. It blew very hard all the afternoon and the weather is beginning to have a fallish feel about it. I was glad to have a fire in the little cabin on my return on board.

The rocks here-about are exceedingly like the Auriferous<sup>2015</sup> rocks of Corner Brook. A Mr. Pierce of Western Cove is here in his schooner trading and I was glad to avail of the opportunity to purchase a few things we were in need of.

*Saturday September 6th.* Fine day again. Spent the forenoon on board reading my papers and packing away specimens. After dinner we went up to head of Arm and examined all the shores on either side. This is a very picturesque place and is well-wooded all around and there are several patches of good soil here and there. Stewart came up in his schooner after his mail but made little delay and went right off again. Another trader named Reed came in during the evening. We met some deer hunters at the head of the Arm, who had just come out of the country. They killed one doe.

*Sunday September 7th.* Fine day. Spent most of it aboard reading. After dinner I went ashore and took a walk around the settlement and over to Godfather's Cove.

*Monday September 8th.* Dull, heavy morning. We went up again to head of Arm. I then walked in to a pond where we found a small boat. We took a loan of it and cruised all around the pond, which is a fairly large one, lying in a deep valley. There are high cliffs of limestone all along the Northern side of the pond. I

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<sup>2015</sup>Gold-bearing.

then walked down the river some distance but found it pretty bad going. Just as we had our kettle boiled, the rain which had been threatening all the morning, came on. Fortunately we took the precaution to bring along our rain coats, so we got back to the schooner without getting very wet. It continued to rain hard all the afternoon.

*Tuesday September 9th.* Calm all the morning. About 11 A.M. a light breeze sprang up, when we started for Coney Arm. We slipped along nicely and rounded Coney Arm Head by dinner-time and then proceeded up the Arm but it was so calm we did not reach the head till late. We took our boat and went inside the gut where we found a deep estuary extending inland a mile or more. We then walked up about another mile till we reached a nice steady. Here I tried for trout and caught about half a dozen fine ones. It is a beautiful river and is said to be a fine trout stream. Saw a good many signs of deer but none very fresh. There are no persons living up here but at Little Coney Arm there are some five or six families near its head.

*Wednesday September 10th.* Spent the forenoon examining the rocks around the Arm. A high ridge of limestone extends all along the Western side and reaches far inland. Coney Arm is a very exposed place open to the North East and with no shelter anywhere, so as it was risky to stay here long and as the wind

came in we wasted no time in getting underweigh and ran down to Little Coney Arm, but the wind was so light and the old tub of a craft so dead in the water we could not reach it till after nightfall so we decided to put back and anchor on the eastern side of the Great Arm, which afforded some shelter. A heavy swell hove in during the night causing a nasty roll.

*Thursday September 11th.* Still dead calm, I spent the forenoon breaking up some of the Sop's Arm quartz and washing it in my hand basin but found no gold. After dinner Denis, Johnny, and I again went up the river and caught a fine lot of trout. But being so late in the season most of them have gone further up stream. The fishermen tell us it is a great place for trout earlier in the season.

*Friday September 12th.* Still very calm. Spent most of the forenoon breaking up and panning some of the Sop's Arm quartz. In one washing I had 4 or 5 sights of gold. After dinner a little breeze came up, when we again started for Little Coney Arm, but the wind was so light it took us all the afternoon to get down and we were obliged to tow her most of the distance. This place is very peculiar. It has a long straight narrow entrance walled in by high cliffs and at one point is extremely narrow and shallow. We had barely enough water to float us here, but immediately inside it opens out into a deep rounded pool. Once

inside the narrows it is a perfectly sheltered harbour. It is a peculiar and very picturesque place. At its head there is a pretty waterfall tumbling down a ravine. From here there is a good path leading into the barrens some two miles distant. I intend if the weather continues fine to pay this a visit on Monday to see what the country is like inside.

*Saturday September 13th.* Dull and calm all day. Rowed along shore quite a distance examining the rocks. Passed Cobbler's Head where we found such a nasty sea on the shore we could not land anywhere. The limestones still hold the shore to a cove inside Cobbler's Head. Here there is a change of formation with an unconformable junction. After returning to the schooner and having dinner I went ashore again and broke up some of the quartz we got on Big Island, and washed it but found no visible gold.

*Sunday September 14th.* Beautiful fine day. Took some snaps of the fall at the head of the Arm, also a view of the settlement. I then climbed the hill by the country path,<sup>2016</sup> a very steep one, which I followed nearly in to the barrens till I struck a pond. Once on top of the hill it is fine going, much better than that at Gold Cove. I engaged a young man to come with us tomorrow and pilot us in. After dinner I went up to the pool inside the fall and had a good wash. Though the water was pretty

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<sup>2016</sup>Path leading into the country. See *DNE country path*.

cold I enjoyed it very much. I then walked out towards the cliffs. A woman called me to show me part of a Red Indian steatite pot she had dug up in her garden. It had been well made, but was unfortunately so broken and so small a fragment it was not worth having. No doubt the Indians found this an ideal place to hide in, just such a one as would take their fancy.

*Monday September 15th.* Rather dull morning. Ned, Johnny, our guide Albert Hynes and myself started off for the barrens to view the country and have a look for a deer. We had a stiff climb at first over the hill by the side of the fall, but after that the path was pretty good in to the first pond. When we reached the barrens we overtook 4 men who had started off this morning to travel away inside some 20 miles where they were going to build a tilt and establish themselves on the hunting ground for the fall. They also intended building a flat-bottomed boat for use on a large pond which they frequent. We journeyed along with them for a couple of miles, then struck off to the right for a droke of woods where there is a tilt near a pond, where we intend to put up. The travelling was pretty fair till we reached this pond, but getting around the shore it was rather rough. We just reached the tilt when it came on to rain and became very foggy. We were obliged to remain in doors all the afternoon. Late in the evening it cleared off for a while. Albert and I then went up on the

barrens behind the camp to have a lookout. We saw nothing and as it again came to rain hard we had to return to the tilt soaked through with wet. The tilt proved to be fairly comfortable and we put in a very good night, keeping a fire going all the time.

*Tuesday September 16th.* Densely foggy all the morning, could not venture to travel on the barrens as we could distinguish no land marks. It cleared off about 8 O'clock however and we started to return. The day turned out beautifully fine and calm. We took a long round up to the Westward, stopping now and again on the heights to look around. We saw no deer nor indeed much signs of any, yet the country looks ideal for deer. The people kill quite a number here every fall. Still they assert they find them becoming scarcer and scarcer every year.

The entire surface for many miles in every direction is exceedingly bare and rugged with but an occasional droke of stunted woods in the hollows. There are numerous bare granitic patches and perched boulders everywhere. There is little or no marsh, but innumerable ponds and tarns. The travelling is however not at all bad. A long, low, well-wooded ridge lying Northwesterly is said to be within 7 to 10 miles of Portland Creek on the Bell Isle Strait side of the Peninsula. After dinner we continued our return journey and had a long hard tramp. We came across five partridge at one place but Beppo ran them up and

I only succeeded in bagging one. Beppo found the dead bird for me, but as it is the first time he ever saw a partridge he did not know what to do. I think he set them<sup>2017</sup> all right but as we were going up a little rise and he was on ahead I cannot be sure. He was inclined to chase them when they went to wing but I stopped him. He has a keen nose and often took up scent of where birds had been, but he does not care to go into the thick, low tucking bushes. He does not range much, yet on the whole I think after a little while he will turn out a good dog. If I had the opportunity of taking him out a few times with a well-trained dog I believe he would soon learn what to do. We did not reach the shore till just at dusk all pretty well tired out after our long tramp. I had the misfortune at one place while going down a hill to trip in a root which crossed the path and be thrown headlong, falling pretty heavily. I was carrying my gun muzzle forward on my shoulder. The muzzle struck on a rock and became badly bulged which will necessitate having about half an inch cut off the barrels. It was indeed fortunate that the hammers did not strike or the gun go off. Had this happened I would almost certainly have shot myself. Many gun accidents occur in this way.

*Wednesday September 17th.* Began our return voyage down the bay, but shortly after we got outside it fell dead calm and we

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<sup>2017</sup>I.e., "pointed" them in the manner of trained hunting dogs.

lay drifting about all day at the mercy of the tides. There were numerous porpoises playing around us, often approaching quite close to the sides of the craft. I fired at several and killed one. The ball struck him square in the back and being an explosive bullet it made a fearful wound, tearing a great hole and killing the brute instantly. We got it aboard and I commenced to skin it hoping to save the skin to mount for the Museum. It was a difficult job and I found when completed the skin was so cut and torn it was no use for the purpose. There was about 1/2 an inch of fat inside the skin which we saved for oil. This oil was very clear and pure like water and is a splendid oil for machinery of any kind. Towards dusk we found ourselves almost back again to Little Coney Arm and as the night looked threatening we got out our punt and towed her back to anchorage in the outer part of the entrance, anchoring about 10 P.M.

*Thursday September 18th.* Fine morning wind off from the S.W. Got underway and had a fine time at last. As we proceeded down the Bay the wind veered more westerly and came to blow pretty hard but we kept on, passing Great and Little Cat Arms, also Little Harbour Deep and towards evening found ourselves off Great Harbour Deep and concluded to put in there for the night. It is rather risky at this season in so small a craft to keep on at night especially, as owing to the very high land all along this

part of the coast of White Bay it is a very squally place. Our old tub of a craft is badly found in rigging and sails. During the day the mainsheet burst and the fore peak block gave out and came down crashing on deck. We would indeed be in a bad fix had the wind increased to a gale and come on ahead. We had to beat up Great Harbour Deep which is a long indraft. The water everywhere is so deep we could find no anchorage till we reached nearly to the head of the Arm. We got into a place called Soufflets Arm by the French, just at dusk. Even here we could find no anchorage till we went nearly ashore. All the country around here has been swept by fire and presents a very desolate appearance. The only inhabitants in this Arm live in two coves out near the entrance. While at anchor here a curious circumstance took place. The wind had died away and a dead calm settled down. In this weird, lonely place not a sound disturbed the stillness. The place was so far removed from the outer waters of White Bay that craft rarely, if ever, frequented it. The Labrador schooners on their homeward voyages every Autumn are in the habit of hugging the shores pretty closely so as to avail if necessary of the shelter of some of the numerous harbours along this Northern Peninsula. The wide-open mouth of White Bay exposed as it is to the full force of the N.E. and easterly winds is one of the roughest parts of the homeward journey. Consequently very many of the fish-laden craft

take shelter on this side<sup>2018</sup> until a favourable opportunity presents itself to strike across the bay and round Partridge Point, forming its eastern entrance. Unless conditions are exceptionally favourable few of them care to strike across during the night time. Many of the craft are quite small and the nights at this season are long and usually dark. This place, Harbor Deep, being directly opposite Partridge Point, is no doubt frequently availed of for shelter, but it is only in the inhabited coves near the entrance to the Arm that suitable anchorage can be had. When a favourable time offers they have only to slip out and make a straight run across. There is no apparent reason why any craft seeking shelter here should run away in to the bottom of the deep Arm and have so much ground to go back over, unless indeed they came up here for a supply of wood and water.

At all events, while laying quietly in the dead calm of this lonely cove and after we had all retired to our berths for the night, we were suddenly aroused by the noise of an anchor being let go and the chain running out in close proximity to us. We were soon on deck to learn who the stranger could be coming in at such an hour. The night was very dark and we could barely discern the spars and hull of some kind of craft in the dim light, not

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<sup>2018</sup>The western shore of White Bay.

more than a hundred yards or so from us. Her sails were all down, but we could not discern any signs of life about her deck. There were no lights visible aboard and we could not detect the sound of voices though we were near enough to do so had there been any conversation on board. Taking all the circumstance into account it looked a very mysterious and uncanny occurrence. Our crew, all of whom were extremely superstitious, could not but imagine that the stranger was some phantom ship. I wanted to lower our punt and go over to investigate, but not one of them would come. We soon retired again to our bunks and were not further disturbed during the night. But at early dawn next morning when some of the hands went on deck, Lo and behold! the craft was not there and not a vestige of her was to be seen anywhere around. This of course confirmed the crew in their belief that she must have been some unearthly visitor, perhaps the ghost of some lost ship and crew which had come to grief hereabout in years gone by.

*Friday September 19th.* Fine day, took the boat and rowed around shore into Pigeonaire Arm which receives a stout Brook. It blew pretty hard all day in these Arms. The very high land all around causes the wind to pitch down in squalls of great violence at times.

After dinner Denis, Johnny and I rowed up to the head of

Soufflets Arm where we found a fine river<sup>2019</sup> flowing in. We walked up it a short distance and caught a couple of dozen of fine trout. I believe it is a good trout and salmon Brook in the proper season.

*Saturday September 20th.* Dull, foggy and wet all the morning, no time to leave. We are now on the eve of the equinoctials. We concluded to stay on here till Monday. It cleared off in the afternoon. I stayed on aboard trying to clean my porpoise skin but cut it so badly that in the end I had to abandon the operation and throw it overboard. In the afternoon the wind came in and when the craft tailed in towards the shore her stern was not 20 yards from the rocks and she began to strike the bottom aft. All the crew except Denis and myself were away getting wood. We hove out the anchor but found it would not hold her as the bottom is all smooth rock. We then had to get out the grapnell with a long-line and heave on that till we got her clear, otherwise the keel would be beaten out of her.

The night turned out fine after dark.

*Sunday September 21st.* This is the day the Sun crosses the line and we were expecting a blow but it turned out a beautiful fine day and nothing unusual occurred.

*Monday September 22nd.* Very threatening-looking in morning,

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<sup>2019</sup>Soufflets River.

but it cleared off fine. We then got underway to go down the shore. We were scarcely well outside when the wind began to freshen. Fortunately it was fair, coming from the S.W. It began to blow harder and harder and by mid-day was almost a gale. We had to run before it and made rapid progress, passing by Fourchette about dinner-time. We could not attempt going in there or yet into Hooping Harbour and were obliged to keep on for Canada Bay. Off Canada Head it blew a perfect hurricane and we were obliged to haul down our mainsail and jib and run under foresail alone. Got into Canada Bay about 3 P.M. It was now blowing a screecher. We made for Englee to harbour, but found it filled up with Labrador craft bound home, but sheltered here out of the storm so we went across to a cove on the West side of Bide Arm to anchor. It was a good safe place. Towards night the wind dropped and then came around to the North. I went ashore and walked a long way up the Arm viewing the rocks. There are here several bands of white marble, but they are all thin and shaly.

*Tuesday Sept. 23rd.* A fine day after the storm, wind still northerly but not blowing so hard. Went over to Englee in boat and got our mail. All the Labrador craft have left to take advantage of the fine time across White Bay. We found the Coastal boat got up here early on Saturday morning and is expected back from Labrador next Saturday so that our time is now getting short

if we are to catch her. After dinner we got underway and ran up the Arm for some distance but managed to get aground and for a while it looked as though we were pinned here for the night with rocks lying all around us. Fortunately the wind was light and the bottom smooth so there was not much danger. We got out our kedge anchor with a long-line and by shifting our ballast forward on the deck, we succeeded in warping her off just in good time, as the tide had turned to fall. We then went across the inner Arm and anchored in a cove called Otter Cove on the mainland side. The Cove is known locally as Devil's Cove and the devil of a place it turned out to be. We anchored just inside the Eastern Point, I then took the boat and went out around the shore for some distance. The country inside here is very bare and rugged from Cloud Mountain down to the water's edge.

*Wednesday September 24th.* Came on to blow very hard and increased during the day to a gale. Had to let go both anchors and the kedge as well. Glass fell to 28.95. In the afternoon I managed to get ashore and ramble over the hills but it blew so hard I could scarcely get about. Towards evening the wind shifted around to the northward with squalls of cold rain and hail and it became very cold. Wind continued increasing and blew with great fierceness, pitching down off the Cloud Mountains which were not more than a mile distant. The glass went up again to an

unprecedented height and stood at 30.71. It was evident we were in for a great gale. It came on during the night and blew a terrific gale from the S.W. shifting again to the North before morning. During the night one of our boats burst the painter and drove ashore on the point outside of us. They managed however to secure her again before any great damage was done.

*Thursday September 25th.* Blowing a terrific gale from the Northward right off the Mountain. The craft dragged close inshore almost on the rocks. They got out ropes and made them fast ashore. In some of the fierce squalls she almost drove ashore as she dragged her anchors considerably. Fortunately however they held on. It was bitterly cold all day and we could not attempt to get ashore. It dropped a little towards evening but we dare not try to leave here as she would not live outside, so we had to put in another night in this Devil's hole.

*Friday Sept. 26th.* Wind gone down considerably but still blowing a strong breeze. We waited till after dinner and then started for Conche. Had a fair wind up but a heavy sea all the way. Arrived at Conche about 5 P.M. and went well in the cove on east side where the small craft harbor and where the bulk of the inhabitants dwell. Went ashore and took up my lodgings again at Mrs. James Dower's. Found that the *Virginia Lake* is not expected back before sometime on Sunday.

*Saturday September 27th.* After paying off O'Neil and Johnny Dower and packed up all our gear to have ready for the steamer, I then walked around and had a good look at the Geological structure here which is all Devonian.

*Sunday September 28th.* Blowing hard all the day from S.W. As this wind blows right in to the open Bight of Conche it created a nasty sea. Late in the evening the steamer came in and it was then so rough she ran away up in the bottom of the harbour for shelter and remained all night. There were several young fellows about to proceed over to the Terra Nova Mine,<sup>2020</sup> Bay Verte, to look for work. These with a few others manned a large skiff and I availed of the chance to get off to the steamer. It was blowing a gale and there was a great sea running in the Arm. We had all we could do to weather one point where the seas broke furiously. But that we had a fine boat and large crew of able young men we could scarcely have done it. When we reached the steamer's side it was no easy matter to get aboard. Our boat was nearly dashed to pieces and it was only by good management and with much risk we succeeded in clambering over the ship's rail. So rough was it that the Capt. would not risk sending the mail boat ashore till the sea abated somewhat. Father Colbert, who was to take passage

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<sup>2020</sup>The Terra Nova copper mine, begun by Smith McKay in 1859, operated until 1864 and then was active again from 1901 to 1913. Martin, *Once Upon a Mine*, pp. 11-12.

in her could not get off. We found the ship crowded with passengers and every available berth taken up. There were two or more shipwrecked crews<sup>2021</sup> forward. After considerable time the purser managed to get me some sort of a shakedown.<sup>2022</sup>

We remained all night here rolling and rocking desperately and all were glad at daylight next morning to get out of it.

*September 29th.* Still blowing very hard, ran up to Englee and after a short delay left to cross the Bay. There was a big sea on and after rounding Partridge Point it was exceedingly rough. In the height of the wind and sea we saw a large school of whales dashing away towards the N.E. There appeared to be a great many and it was a grand sight to see them spring out of water as they dashed along right in the eye of the wind.

This rough weather continued till we reached King's Cove but we then ran out of it and had a fine time home.

### Resumption of Coal Exploration at Grand Lake

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<sup>2021</sup>From wrecked schooners engaged in the Labrador fishery.

<sup>2022</sup>Makeshift bed.

This season the Messrs. Harmsworth, Publishers, of London, England sent out Mr. Mayson Beeton to investigate the timber and water power resources of the Grand Lake region, with a view to establishing their pulp and paper making enterprise there.<sup>2023</sup> Mr. Hardy, an expert Hydraulic Engineer, came from New York to meet Mr. Beeton and make an estimate of the available water power on the Junction Brook below Grand Lake. Mr. Beeton was accompanied by his wife and daughter who spent the summer with him in camp, while he was inspecting the timber supply etc. They had a motor boat<sup>2024</sup> on the lake hired from the Horwood Lumber Company at Dog Bay. It turned out a most magnificent season. The weather all through was bright, warm and calm and they spent a most enjoyable time around the great Lake.

The Government induced the Company to enquire into and investigate the coal resources here also, with a view to inducing them to develop the same. They were to procure the services of an expert from the U.S. with a boring outfit to test the coal seams. A Mr. Chance, M.E. from Philadelphia was procured for this

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<sup>2023</sup>See J.K. Hiller, "The Origins of the Pulp and Paper Industry in Newfoundland," *Acadiensis*, 11, 2 (1982): 51 ff. Mayson M. Beeton was "a former *Daily Mail* correspondent who had remained one of the inner circle" with the Harmsworth brothers Alfred and Harold. (The London *Daily Mail* was owned by the Harmsworths.) Beeton and party, which included Harold Harmsworth, arrived in St. John's July 30.

<sup>2024</sup>The *Bay State*, a "gasoline launch," in operation by late September. *Trade Review*, Sept. 26, 1903.

work.<sup>2025</sup>

In the meantime I was sent out with a crew of men to clean down and thoroughly expose the coal outcrops, already located, for his inspection and to render him any assistance in my power. I was also instructed to erect a small house<sup>2026</sup> at some convenient point for his accommodation. We arrived at Howley about the middle of June, and portaged all our stuff into coal Brook by the now abandoned Reid coal branch. Here we located close to the outcrop of the three foot coal seam partly worked by the Reids a year or two ago. Here we set to work to uncover the coal seams on this Brook and also on Aldery Brook. It was here also we built the house, a small but comfortable structure, and had all in readiness long before Mr. Chance arrived. I had several visits from Mr. Beeton and he asked me to go over to his camp at Junction Brook and examine the site of his proposed dam about three miles down the river. There was a fine flow of water here through a gorge walled in on either side by cliffs of red sandstone. He wanted my opinion from a geological point of view as to the stability of those sandstone cliffs, which I gave. It was entirely favourable as there could be no question of the

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<sup>2025</sup>H.M. Chance (*Daily News*, Mar. 16, 1904). Hiring an outside "expert" to duplicate work already done by Howley was controversial. It was raised in the Assembly by Howley's son William, now MHA for the district of St. George. See *Eve Tel*, May 2, and *Daily News*, May 4, 1903.

<sup>2026</sup>To hold 6-8 people. *Trade Review*, Apr. 22, 1903; see also *Eve Tel*, Aug. 10.

natural rock walls withstanding almost any amount of pressure.

Mr. Chance did not arrive till well on in July and did not bring along any boring outfit. He spent about a fortnight on the ground. I showed him all the coal outcrops which we now had in good shape for inspection. Mr. Beeton and Mr. Harold Harmsworth accompanied him to our camp when he arrived and took up his quarters in the new house.

Having visited all the coal seams, including that near Goose Brook discovered in 1895 and which the Reids had developed to a certain extent, Mr. Chance then took his departure. The poor fellow could not stand the flies and as he was rather a heavy man found the heat and travelling very trying.

We now continued prospecting with pick and shovel during the remainder of the season and succeeded in discovering a few new, but small, seams. Mr. Beeton being desirous of seeing the big seam on Aldery Brook where the Reids had driven a tunnel some 150 feet and taken out quite a quantity of coal, he came over for me in his motor boat and I accompanied him up the lake. We landed near the end of our path. Reid's Engineer, Wm. Scott, was with him besides his wife and daughter. We all tramped in through the woods. It was pretty tough in places for the ladies but they kept on manfully? and when we reached the coal outcrops they were all greatly surprised at the fine showing. Later on we had several

visits from them at camp. At one time they were run out of provisions and came up to borrow from us.

Apparently Mr. Beeton was not satisfied either with the timber supply or Mr. Chance's report on the coal. At all events it came to nothing and next year they transferred their investigation to the Exploits Valley and Grand Falls, which they decided upon for the establishment of their pulp industry. While the latter locality possessed many advantages, such as a more extensive wooded tract of country extending up the Exploits valley for a long distance, it also afforded in the Grand Fall, the finest water power in the island; still in other respects it was to be regretted they did not choose the Grand Lake region. There certainly was here also a vast forest region surrounding the great lake and extending up the valley of the main Humber River and Birchy pond,<sup>2027</sup> or Sandy River valley. Then again the great extent of the Grand Lake, 56 miles in length, afforded admirable facilities for floating logs to the works at Junction Brook. It would also afford a splendid site for a town and there was much good land around the lake where a large agricultural settlement might easily be established, but above all the establishment of their pulp industry would eventually

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<sup>2027</sup>Birchy Lake, on the Upper Humber; but Howley could mean Birchy Lake, east of Sandy Lake.

bring about the development of the coal deposits in the vicinity.

Were two such industries once fully established here, the Grand Lake territory would soon become the most flourishing part of the country. The magnificent sheet of water with its picturesque scenery and its sporting attractions would become a great resort for tourists and sportsmen, and being connected, as it is, by rail with both sides of the island, is easily accessible.

I have very little doubt that sooner or later these favourable conditions will be recognized, and that the future will witness a great industrial boom on the shores of our great inland sea.

Game was fairly plentiful during the season, especially rabbits and we secured a great many. Our cook, Joe Dawe, was an adept at snaring them and kept us well supplied with fresh meat. We also killed a couple of deer. Haddon<sup>2028</sup> and I paid a couple of visits to Hinds' Plain where we saw a good many deer. As Howley Station was only a couple of miles distant from the scene of our operations, we paid frequent visits there for our mails, provisions etc.

On one of these occasions we were told that a few days previous the Telegraph Operator Abbot and young Steele, son of

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<sup>2028</sup>William Haddon, member of Howley's crew.

the section foreman,<sup>2029</sup> while out on the line trouting had been chased by a black bear and got the fright of their lives. He nearly caught them till they reached the Railway track, but here he could not make such headway owing to the sleepers and they were able to outrun him. The lads were so scared that they would not venture far from the house for the remainder of the season. About a week subsequent to this Master Bruin made his appearance again close to the station and chased the Operator up to the very platform. He then procured his rifle and fired at the brute wounding him severely, but he managed to get off over a bare ridge behind which was a pond. They were afraid to follow him but a few days after they found his dead body floating in the pond. The skin was however spoiled.

While we were waiting at Howley to take the train for home, John Stroud, guide, his two sons and two American sportsmen came down from Hinds' Plains. They had great sport and secured several fine heads. It was now the close season and no more deer could be killed, but we saw a great number crossing the track bound southward. Sometimes herds of several hundred would come along, to be followed at short intervals by others, and so on nearly all day. The Americans were amazed at the numbers of caribou in the country and went home to tell their friends what a grand sporting

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<sup>2029</sup>David Steele.

country Newfoundland was. I purchased a pretty little Winchester carbine rifle from one of those gents. She was a perfect little beauty.

1904

Steam-drilling for Coal Resumes, Grand Lake

After urging upon the Government for several years past the advisability of carrying out a systematic attempt at testing the coal area by means of the boring drill, and although my recommendation was entertained, yet for some reason, I was not

consulted in anyway in negotiating the purchase of a drill and hiring an expert to run it.<sup>2030</sup> The first intimation either I or the Minister of Agriculture & Mines, Hon. Eli Dawe,<sup>2031</sup> had of the transaction was when a drill man named Brady arrived from New York and reported to the Department.

It now turned out that a secondhand Calyx Drill<sup>2032</sup> had been purchased from an American Syndicate who had a couple of years previously imported it to do some boring near Mings Bight. This same Brady was employed by the company but the boring turned out a fizzle and apparently somebody with a pull succeeded in pawning the machine off on the government.<sup>2033</sup>

Now, however, when the whole business was completed I was asked to take charge of the operations, see to the carrying out of the work, locate the bore holes etc.

As the boring drill was down at Mings Bight and had to be got up to Lewisport and brought in by rail to Goose Brook where we intended making a beginning, I accordingly dispatched Brady off for the machine while I got my crew and provisions etc. ready

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<sup>2030</sup>Coal had by now become a hot issue in Newfoundland politics. 1904 was an election year. Bond's opponents were claiming the coal-boring scheme of 1903 had been a "fizzle" and were using Howley's report from that year on coal (unpublished but circulated) to support their arguments. See, e.g., *Daily News*, Mar. 16, 19, Apr, 9, 11, 1904. It was said that Howley had been "humiliated" by the import of the "expert," Chance.

<sup>2031</sup>Conception Bay politician, MHA 1889-1909; d. 1930 (Mott, *Newfoundland Men*, p. 81).

<sup>2032</sup>The Davis calyx drill is a steel-pointed core-drill.

<sup>2033</sup>See a comment in *Daily News*, July 27, 1905, on the defective equipment given to Howley in 1904.

for the operations and left by train<sup>2034</sup> for Goose Brook, where we were to make a commencement. Here we pitched our camp in proximity to the Reid coal shaft, about a mile east of Goose Brook crossing.

While waiting for Brady with the machine we employed ourselves collecting firewood and preparing a place for the first bore hole. I also set the crew to work digging series of trenches behind the coal shaft to try and reach bed-rock so as to ascertain the true dip and strike of the measures and the possible existence of other coal seams in that vicinity. This work was carried out all through the season and resulted in discovering one small seam near the track in front of the coal shaft, also a larger seam some distance back to the S.W. of the latter. I had great hope this would turn out a good seam, but when fully uncovered we were greatly disappointed to find, that though it gave a total thickness of about 15 feet it was chiefly made up of thick layers of fireclay and carbonaceous shale with but one layer of real coal of 1' 4", most of it shaly. However, it showed we were in the true coal measures and that we now had three distinct seams, including that discovered in 1895 on which the Reids sunk a shaft. We also struck some small seams further south near where our camps stood.

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<sup>2034</sup>On June 24.

When at length Brady arrived with the machine, we found it but a part of a boring outfit. Merely the engine and hoist on a wooden frame, with about 100 feet of drill rods, but there was no boiler or pump and no casing pipe, while otherwise it was lacking in many other necessary appliances. Of course in this condition it was useless, until we could procure what was lacking from the United States through the Angel Engineering Co.<sup>2035</sup> We sent off at once to have these things ordered, but they did not arrive till well on in August and consequently no drilling could be undertaken without them.

I utilized the crew in the meantime digging pits in various directions. We also commenced the construction of a road for moving the heavy machinery along from place to place when it did come.

Mr. Wm. Haddon, who acted as my assistant and is very handy with carpenter's tools, with another man named Hiscock I set at work to construct a shack down near where the Railroad crosses a small pond about a 1/4 of a mile west of where we were at work. There was a large dry pine near here which we cut down and with the aid of a whipsaw, borrowed from Shaw the operator at Sandy Lake, we had it sawn into board. This went a long way on the house but we had to order some more from a mill on Deer Lake.

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<sup>2035</sup>Angel Engineering and Supply Co. operated in St. John's 1900-10.

During the delay awaiting the arrival of the boiler we had a visit from the Hon. Eli Dawe Minister of Agriculture & Mines. He was accompanied by two Canadians, father and son named Pretty, who came out to investigate the land on the upper Humber with a view to starting a sheep farm. They stopped at our camp to take me aboard as Capt. Dawe wanted me to accompany them down to Deer Lake to point out the best lands there. We were absent about three or four days altogether. Visited Nicholls' and Browning's<sup>2036</sup> farms and went up the river as far as Junction Brook. They were pleased with the richness of the soil and the growth of hay, vegetables etc. at Nicholls' but their visit did not result in the establishment of the proposed sheep farm.

On another occasion, August 5th, we had a visit from two English gentlemen, Mr. H.C. Thomson and a young fellow named Wallace.<sup>2037</sup> Mr. Thomson came to me with a letter of introduction from Sir Robert, with whom he had just made a passage from England on the Allan boat. Sir Robert wished me to show him the coal outcrops and give him any information he required about the country generally. It appeared Mr. Thomson had a grand scheme underway to construct a short line of railway to a point on the Strait of Belle Isle, then tunnel underneath the Strait to the

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<sup>2036</sup>Louis Browning.

<sup>2037</sup>Wallace H. Burt and Harry Craufuird Thomson. See Thomson's "Notes on a Journey through the Northern Peninsula of Newfoundland," *Geographical Journal* 26 (1905): 187-98.

Labrador side and continue on through Quebec Province till he connects with the Canadian Railway system and thus complete his short line route. It was certainly a very grand conception and he was completely obsessed with his scheme. He must have also succeeded in captivating Sir Robert as subsequently appeared.<sup>2038</sup>

Mr. Thomson was an exceedingly nice old gentleman and could talk most entertainingly on a variety of subjects. He was an author of repute having written several books. He had travelled extensively and had been in China during the Boxer Uprising<sup>2039</sup> and accompanied the allied relief expedition when they fought their way to Peking and rescued the European legations. He afterwards wrote an account of his experiences in which he gave a masterly representation of the whole case.<sup>2040</sup> He was a great admirer of the Japanese and Russian troops, especially the former. They were the first to enter the besieged city. Mr. Thomson also travelled in India and wrote a book on Chitral

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<sup>2038</sup>Bond as premier tried to implement Thomson's schemes. See *JHA* (1907), p. 5; Bond's speech in the Assembly, and subsequent debate, *Evening Herald*, Feb. 28, Mar. 2, 1907; also *Acts* (1907), pp. 50-73.

<sup>2039</sup>The Boxers were a Chinese secret society which attempted in 1899 to drive out foreigners and attack Chinese Christians. A small relief force opposed these attacks, and after killings of officials and foreigners being besieged in legations in Peking, a second international force captured and looted Peking in August 1900, relieving the beleaguered Christians and foreigners. A peaceful agreement was reached in Sept. 1901.

<sup>2040</sup>*China and the Powers. A narrative of the outbreak of 1900* (London: Longmans & Co., 1902).

campaign<sup>2041</sup> from personal experiences, and in Africa and over the Balkan peninsula. He published another very interesting book on the latter dealing particularly with Servia. This book was entitled "The outgoing Turk"<sup>2042</sup> and was admirably written in choice language. He foreshadowed therein much of the more recent events which have occurred in that section of Europe. He kindly presented me with a copy of this book.

But it was in connection with his pet scheme of a short line route and the tunnelling of the Belle Isle Strait that he was at his best. He went to an enormous amount of trouble in gathering statistics to prove the feasibility of his project and also that there is a zone in the vicinity of Northern Newfoundland comparatively free from fog. On this account his undertaking became known as the "Fog Free Zone." He kept at it for years and succeeded in interesting capitalists on both sides of the Atlantic and finally obtained a charter from the Newfoundland Government and the promise of a subsidy on completion of his railway. Subsequently he had a survey made from the S.W. Arm of Green Bay to Bonne Bay, but it was never completed to the Belle Isle Straits and the whole grand scheme seems to have fallen

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<sup>2041</sup>*The Chitral Campaign. A narrative of events in Chitral, Swat, and Bajour* (London: W. Heinemann, 1895). Chitral was in the North-West Frontier region of India, an area hard for imperial Britain to pacify.

<sup>2042</sup>*The Outgoing Turk: impressions of a journey through the western Balkans* (London: W. Heinemann, 1897).

through. Mr. Thomson was most enthusiastic about it and never tired of setting forth its advantages. On this and all other subjects he was a most interesting talker and I could listen to him for hours. Poor man, I believe he beggared himself in trying to put his scheme through. He certainly spent much money and time on it, making several trips back and forth to Europe and America gathering statistics and information of every kind in furtherance thereof. I, of course, helped him all I could in so far as the Newfoundland section was concerned, in fact he succeeded in infusing into me much of his own optimism.

As requested by Sir Robert Bond I did all I could to point out the most feasible route for his cross country line. I then started off for Grand Lake with himself and his young friend Wallace to show them the coal out-crop on Coal and Aldery Brooks and to take them for a trip up the lake. Taking along two of my own men, Field<sup>2043</sup> & Adie we went in by train to Junction Brook. On arriving here we found the whole place on fire. The dry peaty surface was smouldering away on both sides of the river and had spread over a considerable area to the eastward. The government Telegraph office had been burnt to the ground and the operator was now camped on the site under canvas. It has been very hot and

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<sup>2043</sup>Richard Field.

dry lately and W.H. Taylor<sup>2044</sup> who came in by train says there are fires all along the line, this being the smallest of them. Before we left camp a great blaze was raging in the Kitty's Brook valley and had the wind come to the eastward and blew hard our camps would be endangered. Fortunately it remained pretty calm. I procured a boat at Junction Brook for our trip up the lake. She was a low, flat river boat, and not at all what I should wish, but she was the best we could obtain.

August 9th. It blew very hard from the N.E. rather too much for our frail boat. Fortunately it rained a good deal during the day which helped to deaden the fires. Next day, August 10th, though it was still blowing hard but with the wind tripping somewhat off the North shore of the lake, we proceeded along shore hugging it closely till we reached Whetstone Point. Here we remained till late in the afternoon, until the wind and sea abated considerably. We then proceeded along shore some 4 or 5 miles further till we reached a point opposite old Harry Mountain. Here we camped for the night. Next day the wind was ahead but light and off shore. Kept close along shore till we reached opposite the Eastern end of the great Island, we then struck across for the entrance of the Southern Reach, but before

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<sup>2044</sup>William H. Taylor of St. John's, a young land speculator with property on the Gander River.

we reached the shelter of the Island the wind freshened up and a nasty sea arose and waves begun to come in over the low gunwales. Our boat was too small and overloaded and things looked very ugly for a time. We shipped a good deal of water and were obliged to keep constantly baling it out. When once we reached the shelter of the Island it was much smoother and we now had a nice time along. We now kept close under the lea of the island, and reached the narrows early in the afternoon. Found the old Micmac wigwam demolished and had to put up our camp, a large bell-shaped oiled one. It was quite roomy and we found it very comfortable. Our visitors were charmed with the scenery all along the lake but especially with the beautiful spot here at the Narrows.

Just as we rounded the end of the island we saw three deer but I did not get a shot at them, and before reaching the Narrows we saw two more on the Island side. I got ashore and had a shot at one, a fine doe, hitting her very hard yet she got away from me into the thick woods and I could not find her. I was very much put out at this, as I hate wounding a deer badly and see it get away only to perish, besides I was very desirous to give our guests a blowout of venison. We saw still another deer swimming across from the island just after pitching our camp, but it was too late and the animal was too far off to go after it.

August 12th. The wind today was up from the N.E. again

blowing right up the lake and dead ahead for returning but both Thomson and Wallace were anxious to get back to meet the train on Sunday 14th. Wallace who is a student at College, out on his holiday, has to be back in England for the opening of school, anyway our small stock of grub is running pretty low. We got along all right to Big Pond<sup>2045</sup> on South Shore but beyond this we could only proceed as far as a big bay a mile or so further. Here we were obliged to stop as it was too risky on this exposed shore to venture any further. There was a big sea breaking all along shore from this down the lake. As it was yet early in the afternoon, I took my rifle and strolled along shore eastward for a considerable distance and was fortunate enough to run across a nice sized young stag which I shot. He, however, made off into the woods where I found him lying down badly wounded, still he made an attempt to get up and be off but another shot fixed him. I then set to work to paunch and skin him, cut the carcass in halves and carry it out to the beach. By the time I had this done it was getting quite dark. I hastily carried out the breastbone and kidneys and started for the camp. I had a notion of remaining all night as the going along shore was so bad in places as to make it risky to travel in the dark, but fearing the others would be anxious about me I pushed on. When I at length reached them I

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<sup>2045</sup>I.e., Big Pond Point.

found they had not put up camp. They had made an attempt to come on with the boat but had to give it up, the lop was too much for them. I was glad I came back as they were very anxious about me, and did not seem to know what was best to do. We now hastily set our camp in the Alders on the back of the beach. We soon had a good fire underway and I cooked kidneys for our supper which they thoroughly enjoyed.

Saturday 13th. Lovely fine calm day, very warm. We had an early breakfast and then commenced our return journey down the lake, keeping close along the South shore. As we passed along we touched in to take our venison aboard. We had to row all day as it was dead calm. The surface of the great lake was like a mirror and the sun poured down with intense heat on us, but we had a fine time along. When we reached Aldery Brook Mr. Thomson and I landed to go in to see the coal, the others went on to Coal Brook with orders to put up camp and await us there. We then walked in through the woods and had a good look at the coal with which Mr. T. was greatly pleased. We then continued down through the woods by our old path to the outcrops on Coal Brook, then walked out by our road to the beach where we found the men had the camp up. It was now just night so we had a good supper of venison steak, tea and bread etc. Next morning we started for Sandy Lake River. Thomson, Wallace and I walked along the fine beach at the head of

the lake and met the men and boat at the mouth of the river. We then pulled up to the R.R. bridge and landed our gear. We were now short of some grub so Thomson, Wallace and I walked into Howley to get some bread, also to ask the operator to telegraph to the incoming train at Bay of Islands to stop and pick us up when passing east. After dinner Thomson and Wallace walked over to Junction Brook to meet the train and our two other men started to take the boat over also but it came to blow hard and kicked up such a sea they could not get very far. I remained where I was to see the camps and baggage on the train and had everything ready packed when she came along. Abbott the operator had sent a message to the Conductor while we were at Howley who promised to stop for us but when the train did come it flew past without stopping, across the bridge and up over the steep grade beyond leaving me in the lurch. I was rather put out as I fully believed White<sup>2046</sup> the Conductor would stop to take me up. I afterwards learned it was owing to a misunderstanding between the Conductor and Engine driver. However, after going about a mile the train backed up again and took me on. We soon arrived at camp where I got off bidding good-bye to Thomson and Wallace who proceeded on to town.<sup>2047</sup>

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<sup>2046</sup>Malcolm White.

<sup>2047</sup>St. John's.

Found our drill-man Brady very sick with swollen tonsils and jaw, scarcely able to do anything. The boiler and pump arrived on the 10th August and he had all fitted up in place over site of first bore-hole in front of old shaft on N. side R.R. track and commenced boring yesterday making a couple of feet.

Brady who is a delicate chap continued to grow worse every day, and at length had to go to Bay of Islands to consult a doctor. He came back with his jaws tied up having had two jaw teeth drawn. He is not much, if anything, better and it is quite evident he will soon have to give up.

This is a great handicap, what with the delays in getting fittings and Brady's sickness it looks as though our coal boring for this season must inevitably prove a failure, all owing to the stupid interference on the part of the powers that be. Had they left the whole matter of ordering a drill and engaging a proper man to run it in my hands, this would not have occurred. Under the circumstances there was nothing else to do at this late season but to try and get some local man with a knowledge of handling steam to take his place and if possible to have a few days with Brady to try and pick up some inkling of manipulating the machine. I therefore sent out to St. John's for Mr. Andrew Aylward who had had several years' experience as a marine engineer on our coastal boats. Aylward arrived on Sept. 5th. I at

once put him with Brady to pick up as much as possible from him. Aylward was perfectly at home as regards handling steam and machinery but of course had no previous experience of running a boring drill, in fact, never saw one before. He was however quick to observe and was not long in becoming initiated into the modus operandi, but there were many little but important details that could not be picked up in a few days and could only be learned after long experience. Brady grew worse and worse and lost most of his time in camp sick, which caused an almost complete hang up of the boring. At last he gave out altogether and had to go on to St. John's to consult a doctor there. He left on the 14th and after waiting hung up for four days for him, he at length came back but had given up work and was bound home to New York. In fact, he was very very sick on train and did not get out at all. This was a pretty go. We had now to make the best shift we could and Aylward had to take full charge of the drill. He managed to get along fairly well for a time till the ground began to get bad and the soft shale and clay passed through caved in so badly as to jamb the drill rods everytime we tried to get down or pull up. This gave us endless trouble and prevented our making any headway worth while. It would frequently take nearly all day to get down to bottom of the hole and almost as soon as a foot or so of depth was gained the rods would again become jambed. We had to abandon

the hole and move the machine a few feet and commence all over again. We now started well and for a time made rapid progress downward, but soon we struck the soft shale and had the same trouble over again. When we reached a depth of 90 feet we were recalled to town as it was now too late and weather too stormy and wet to do any more effectual work this season. We dismantled the machine, cleaned up everything, removed all the smaller parts down to our shack and hauled the boiler up on higher ground and housed it in for the winter.

So the first attempt at coal boring proved a failure, at least as regards finding any workable seams of coal, nevertheless it was not without its value for it gave conclusive evidence that we had struck the true coal measures as proven by the cores and numerous fossil plants obtained. Some few small layers of coal were passed through, but none that could be considered of value. Finished the road down to and around the little pond near our shack. The latter also was completed and proved a very comfortable house. It had one big living room heated with a small stove and a partition across at one end where our sleeping apartment was situated. Here there was room for several comfortable berths like those on ship board. At the other end was a linhay<sup>2048</sup> built for a cook room in which was placed a cooking

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<sup>2048</sup>Porch.

stove. Here also our cook had his berth. A door from this opened into the living room. Our furniture consisted of a table and some benches and stools all made by ourselves. When the weather began to get cold and stormy we found this shack very comfortable indeed. We named it MacGregor, in compliment to Sir William the Governor. The crew lived under canvas all through. They had fine large roomy camps well heated with sheet iron stoves. They built raised berths along each side and were very cosy. During the season we shot several deer and snared many rabbits so that we had a plentiful supply of fresh meat. I also killed several black ducks in a pond behind our house. We also found trout abundant down at the Goose Ponds and made some fine catches. Altogether it was an ideal place to camp. Berries of several kinds were abundant, especially raspberries, blueberries, and wild gooseberries of which we picked great quantities. Our cook Joe kept us supplied with jam all the fall.

We had a fine dory stored down on Kelvin Brook near where we were at work eleven years ago, and during the summer I with two of the men went down to bring her up the river and the Goose ponds so as to have her near when required. It is about a mile from our camp to the lower Goose pond and there is a great marsh lying between. This is a famous place for deer crossing south in the fall.

I made a survey of the upper part of the Goose Brook above the bridge and a minute inspection of the debris all along. Found some fragments of coal at one place but as there was no rock exposed in place anywhere near could form no conclusion as to where the coal might be and owing to the water it was no use trying to sink there with pick and shovel. I came across one small outcrop of coarse carboniferous conglomerate forming a small cliff. It was the very base of the formation and rested upon the Laurentian gneiss of the mountain range which bounds the Humber valley on the south side.

As nothing further could be done this season with our inadequate outfit we stowed away all and left for home about the 1st of November.

1905

#### Drilling for Coal, Grand Lake

Continued the coal boring again this season with Andrew Aylward in charge of the drill. He was assisted by Rody Kennedy,

a very handy man but with no experience of this kind of work.

We tried the old hole of last year near the R.R. track but met with similar difficulties all through the season. The sides had caved in badly during the winter and we found the hole filled in for a depth of 25 feet from the bottom. It took a long while to get through this and wash it up but as fast as we did so it filled in again. It would frequently take a whole day to reach the bottom of the hole and we would scarcely make any progress when the core barrel and cutter would become plugged up with mud from the soft shale and necessitate withdrawing the rods again. It became worse and worse as we went down and our rods and core barrel were constantly becoming jammed. It was evident that without proper casing pipe and a larger core barrel to cut away for it we could not hope to succeed. However, we kept at it and by dint of perseverance succeeded in making slow progress till we reached a depth of 134 feet chiefly through shale filled with fossil plants and occasionally showing small streaks of coal. Apparently we had passed through some thin seams but owing to the loose nature of the shale we could not get any good cores up. At length our rods became so badly jammed we could not get them up. They were held as though in a vice and all our efforts to clear them proved unavailing. We tried to start them by placing a clamp

on the projecting end of the rods under which four long prizes<sup>2049</sup> of stout sticks were placed. All the crew put their weight upon these and by jumping on the sticks succeeded in starting the rods from the bottom but they only jammed the tighter. They actually broke the levers off, sticks of 8 and 10 inches in thickness and had to try larger and heavier ones, but all to no purpose. The strain was so tremendous that something had to give way. One of the screw joints of the rods burst, and we had to abandon this hole leaving 120 feet of rods with core barrel attached down in the hole. This of course was a terrible setback. We now moved the machine to a new position up to where our road made a sharp turn and some 200 feet from the position of the first hole. Here the surface deposit was much deeper and was composed of very hard gravel and large granite boulders. We tried to dig through this debris but were met with an influx of water, could not get down. We put in a casing pipe and tried to drive it through the surface deposits, but struck a nest of granite boulders which delayed us very much. Finally we got down to bed-rock but could only make slow progress as the hole was constantly caving in and giving us endless trouble. It became more and more evident that the old machine was too light to cope with such exceptionally difficult conditions and in order to make a success of the boring we would

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<sup>2049</sup>Lever's.

have to procure a much larger and heavier one. By the time we had penetrated to a depth of            feet<sup>2050</sup> the season had so far advanced and it had become so stormy and wet it was now too late to try a new hole. All the time the crew were kept busy cutting trenches across the strike of the rocks at several points and an immense lot of work was performed. In most cases we were completely baffled in getting down to the bed-rock, owing to the depth of gravel boulders and the influx of water, nevertheless, we did succeed in some instances and came across several small coal seams, but none of any consequence.

About the end of September I took two of the men and went down to Sandy Lake inside Little Deer Lake which I named after the late Director of the Survey, Murray Lake.<sup>2051</sup> It was a very picturesque sheet of water, surrounded by green timber and had several arms extending in various directions. When finished and plotted to scale it formed quite an addition to the topography of this section. I also measured from the lower Goose pond up to the Railway track near Macgregor. The distance was nearly two miles and the line crossed the large marsh behind our home. The people of White Bay frequently came into Sandy Lake by a track cut in from the head of that Bay, and then take a boat up Sandy Lake and

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<sup>2050</sup>Blanks were sometimes left in the typescript, to be filled in later by Howley by hand. Some remained blank.

<sup>2051</sup>Name did not survive.

the lower Goose Pond and thence over this big marsh to the track which they follow out to Howley station. During the fall we had visits from several parties of these people bound out to Bay of Islands to engage in the Winter herring fishery.

A branch of the railway from here to the head of White Bay and a small steamer on that Bay would be of good service to that district. With such a branch the inhabitants would be in a position to send all their salmon fresh to the Canadian markets. There is no district in the island that possesses such an abundance of salmon; while the herring fishery also of White Bay nearly equals that of Bay of Islands.

1906

Drilling for Coal, Grand Lake;

Trip to Labrador;

Gambo Pond

Continued the coal boring operations near Goose Brook,<sup>2052</sup> and got my crew off on June 1st in charge of Haddon and Aylward, I joined them on the 12th after attending to matters pertaining to pipes, fittings etc. They had orders to try and sink a shaft at No. 3 bore hole of last year in the hope of being able to reach bed-rock with pick and shovel and thus avoid the tediousness of trying to penetrate the surface covering with the machine which we had found from experience was not at all adequate to such heavy work. An expert drill man<sup>2053</sup> from Duluth,

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<sup>2052</sup>This time with "adequate apparatus" (*Trade Review*, June 23, 1906).

<sup>2053</sup>Adolph Lundsten.

Minn. had been engaged to undertake the supervision of the work this season, but he did not arrive until well on in July. In the meantime we continued to sink the shaft but when we reached a depth of some 16 feet the influx of water and sand from the bottom was so great as to completely baffle our efforts. We tried timbering the shaft, first with one set of sticks and a stout frame let down near the bottom but this did not prevent the gravel from coming in below. A second set of timbers were driven down to the bottom of hole and some further progress was made, but so great was the pressure of the sand and gravel on the outside that the timbering gave way and we were obliged to discontinue the attempt to dig down. We now tried to drive the casing pipe when we met such a nest of boulders which we could not remove that we were obliged to disconnect the machine and move it a few feet and begin over again.

At this junction His Excellency Sir Wm. Macgregor with his Aide-de-camp, Mr Reeves<sup>2054</sup> came along bound for the Straits of Belle Isle to take some observations for fixing the point at Blanc Sablon where the boundary between Canada and Newfoundland commenced;<sup>2055</sup> he wished me to accompany him and had the

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<sup>2054</sup>H. Reeve.

<sup>2055</sup>The boundary had been defined as "a line to be drawn due north and south from the bay or harbour of Ance Sablon" in an act of Parliament in 1825 (6 Geo. IV, c. 59). From that point the British government regarded "the coast of Labrador from Anse au Sablon eastwards" (CO. 194/151, f. 240) as a Newfoundland dependency. Governor Sir Alexander Bannerman understood from his Commission that the boundary was "at Anse (Blanc) Sablon, in...Longitude 57°

permission of the Government for my doing so.

We left by train July 10th and ran down to Bay of Islands where we found the *Fiona* awaiting us. Capt. Eli Dawe, now Minister of Marine and Fisheries, H.W. LeMessurier, Collector<sup>2056</sup> of Customs, and Inspector O'Rielly<sup>2057</sup> were on board. We all got aboard and were soon off, first for Bonne Bay. Had a nice time with smooth water all the way. After a short delay at the settlement on south side we steamed across the Arm and into the Eastern Arm then turned into Neddy's Harbour, a splendidly well sheltered place almost completely land-locked. Here we found the man-of-war on the station anchored. The Governor paid a visit to the ship. We remained at anchor here all night. Next day we steamed up the Arm and anchored about 1/2 a mile from its head, we could not venture any nearer owing to Shoal water. We then went up in boat to the mouth of the river. Mr. Reeve tried for fish and caught one small salmon. I walked up a considerable distance to see the country but found the travelling very bad. The river, which is a large one, runs in a deep gorge with very steep hills on either side. The slopes are densely timbered with

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9, W." (*JHA* [1864], p. 141). But Canada (acting for Québec) did not accept this boundary, and in 1904 requested a referral of the question of its location to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in Britain. Newfoundland agreed to the referral in 1907. The dispute was settled, and the boundary set, in the Committee's decision of 1927.

<sup>2056</sup>Assistant Collector.

<sup>2057</sup>District Inspector Joseph O'Reilly, Newfoundland Constabulary.

a fine forest growth. There is a sawmill in a cove just outside the mouth of the river, and the lumbermen have tracks cut by the river side for getting along to their camps inland. There was a boom stretching across the river not far up used for catching the logs as they floated down stream. The River is not a very good one for fishing owing to the water reaching right up to the woods rendering it difficult to get along and leaving no margin clear of the bush for casting a line.

The scenery all along this Arm is magnificent. Towering cliffs appear on either side of variagated rocks often deeply scored, producing fantastic, and oftentimes, majestic scenery. We spent most of the day here, but left again in evening to proceed on our way to Blanc Sablon.

Next morning we were well up to the Straits of Belle Isle and as the day turned out beautifully fine and calm we made good way reaching our destination about midday. As we approached the place we saw several fishing schooners either at anchor or moving slowly about. Sea-birds were very numerous all around us, particularly Turrs and Puffins. I tried my rifle at them and made one very fine shot, but was reprimanded by Mr. Reeves for my wanton destruction of life etc.

Blanc Sablon is a large open cove or Bight but it is comparatively sheltered by two large islands, Greenly and Woody

Islands lying across the entrance. Quite a large fishing fleet from our Northern and Eastern Bays frequent this place during the fishing season. There is a large fishing room on the eastern side of the cove owned by Job's firm,<sup>2058</sup> and presided over by Mr. Grant<sup>2059</sup> of Trinity. He has a nice house and fine stores. A large number of shore fishermen carry on the fishing with traps and hook and line. The traps are set out near the islands and every day fleets of boats, towed back and forth by steam launches, can be seen going back and forth to the fishing ground. There is another fishing firm on the Western or Canadian side of the cove presided over by a Jersey man.

The beach extending along the head of the cove no doubt gave origin to the name Blanc Sablon or white sand, but it is by no means a white sand, but rather of a dirty drab colour. A stout brook enters the cove about the middle of the beach and a fairly low valley extends inland a considerable distance. Flanked in the rear by the high, rugged, bare Labrador mountains. Several ponds occur on the river about two miles up the valley. Some of the sports on board caught a fine lot of sea trout in the river and ponds.

The surveying steamer, *Gulnare*, came in at the instance of

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<sup>2058</sup>Job Bros. & Co. of St. John's acquired this from the De Quetteville firm in 1884.

<sup>2059</sup>Edward Grant.

His Excellency to help in the observations. Capt. Tooker<sup>2060</sup> did not seem at all too well pleased at being called away from his regular work, but of course did not say so in the Governor's presence. His Excellency took a set of observations on the beach to establish a true meridian and Mr. Reeve and I measured a base from which to triangulate in some points on either side of the valley. His Excellency being a keen botanist sent Mr. LeMessurier and I to collect mosses and lichens. He wished to ascertain whether food suitable to Reindeer existed here in sufficient quantity to sustain a herd of those animals in this vicinity. It was quite evident that such was the case. He afterwards sent this collection to the Kew<sup>2061</sup> authorities for identification. They recognized several varieties of Reindeer moss. (*Rangiferina*).

It now set in desperately foggy. I dont think I ever witnessed a more dense fog. One could not see 20 yards. In rowing back and forth from the shore to the steamer, which lay off about 1/4 of a mile, we actually got astray one day and but for some fishermen we happened to meet who gave us our course we might have been out all night. It is said this part of the Straits is the very home of the fog.

We next started for Forteau, calling in at a place called

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<sup>2060</sup>William Tooker.

<sup>2061</sup>Just west of London, site of the Royal Botanic Gardens.

Lance Eclair<sup>2062</sup> where we witnessed some fishermen engaged in seining capelin for bait. The Governor was greatly interested in this operation and in the beautiful little fish. We rowed up alongside of the boats where the men were dipping them up with dip nets, and putting them in their boats. These men belonged to some Nova Scotian or American schooners anchored off in the cove. We went ashore here and while His Excellency was interviewing some of the liviers I climbed up on the hills to make a geological examination of the rocks. All along this side of the Strait a series of flat strata consisting of coarse quartzose sandstone and grayish limestones stretch along shore and form vertical cliffs of from 100 to 150 feet high. I found several fossils in the limestone all distinctly low down in the Silurian or upper Cambrian series. Similar rocks occur on the Newfoundland side of the Strait clearly indicating that at one time a trough of this formation must have existed stretching from shore to shore, filling the space at present occupied by the waters of the Strait. This connecting bridge of Silurian strata must have been removed by the glacial period leaving a mere fringe on the shores to show that it once existed. We now proceeded on to Forteau which is a deep bight, on the north side of which the promontory of Point Amour stands boldly out. Point Amour, on this side and

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<sup>2062</sup>L'Anse-au-Clair.

savage Point on the Newfoundland side form the narrowest part of the Strait. Here it is only nine miles across. Quite a large river<sup>2063</sup> flows into the head of Forteau which runs through a wide valley and comes from a suite of large lakes about two miles inside. Some of us paid a visit to the falls immediately below the lakes. There are here a series of picturesque cascades. O'Rielly tried for some fish and hooked a salmon but lost it. The officers of the warships on the station frequent this river a good deal during the season. When we got back to the shore the Governor was anxious to be off having received a recall from the Colonial Secretary on some matter connected with the fishery dispute.<sup>2064</sup> He was very much put out at this interruption to his cruise and we all shared in his disappointment. I for one should very much wish to have seen more of the Labrador coast, this being the first opportunity I have had of doing so. But there was nothing for it but to return. We left that evening and as we steamed down the Strait at night the lights<sup>2065</sup> on either coast were plainly visible. Most of those belonged to the Dominion Government. We had a fine time along and made no delay till we arrived back at Bay of Islands.

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<sup>2063</sup>Forteau Brook.

<sup>2064</sup>Bond, now premier, was attempting to impose severe restrictions on the American herring fishery in the Bay of Islands. See J.K. Hiller, "The Political Career of Robert Bond," in *Twentieth Century Newfoundland*, pp. 28-31.

<sup>2065</sup>In lighthouses.

On reaching Goose Brook<sup>2066</sup> we found our new drill man Lundsten there. He arrived the same afternoon we left for Labrador. He is a Swede, but hails from Duluth, Minnesota. He appears to be well up in his business. They had given up the attempt to sink the shaft at No. 3 hole. The shifting sand and great influx of water rendered it utterly useless to try and reach bed-rock with pick and shovel so Lundsten concluded to try and get a casing pipe down. They succeeded by dint of perseverance in screwing and driving the pipe a considerable distance but were met with huge granite boulders near the bottom and after a vain attempt to chop and bore through these, after first trying to break them with a charge of dynamite, we had finally to withdraw the pipe and move the machine a few feet and begin all over again. This time we escaped the worst of the boulders or passed between them and at length reached bed-rock at a depth of 32 feet, unfortunately just as we began to pierce the hard gritty sandstone, some of the teeth of our crown wheel<sup>2067</sup> broke off and put a stop to further operations for the present. I was obliged to proceed to town to order a new piece. This as soon as ready was shipped by train but by some bungling on the part of the Railway people it went astray. It took several days to trace

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<sup>2066</sup>He was back in camp on July 19.

<sup>2067</sup>A contrate wheel, that is, one with its cogs (teeth) set at right angles to its plane.

it and in the meantime we were completely hung up, all except the pick and shovel men who continued sinking trenches on South side of track.

We now continued to bore and made fair progress, but were a good deal hampered by constant caving in of the sides of the hole. The cores brought up were coal measure sandstones and shale containing fossil plants, but we struck no coal. After reaching a depth of 92 feet, it became quite evident that we were too low down in the series to expect much coal. So we decided to abandon this hole and move down to the side of the little pond near Macgregor.

By September 13th we had the machine down by the pond and all set up ready to begin a new hole. We now have a new engine which works splendidly and is a great improvement on the old one. Met the same difficulties getting down through the boulders which appear to be, if anything, more numerous and of larger size here.

On the 15th October<sup>2068</sup> I received a message from the Governor asking me to meet him at Gambo. He did not say what for. I took the train that evening and arrived at Murphy's hotel, Gambo, early next morning. I found the Governor had with him the Capt. and first Lieutenant of the French Warship on the station

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<sup>2068</sup>A notebook for 1906 (CNSA, 262.02.041) indicates that this message was received on September 15; he left on the train next day.

and was bound up the Gambo lakes<sup>2069</sup> to look for deer. He wished me to accompany them as I knew the country so well. Had I known this was what he wanted me for I should have brought my little rifle with me, but they had several guns and I could have a loan of one if I wished. We started off after breakfast for Mint Brook where the mill owner had a steam scow ready to take us up the lakes. We were soon off and made pretty good way. We took along a guide and two or three packers. We soon reached the narrows between the two lakes where a strong current runs out but with the aid of poles and steam we surmounted it without much difficulty. Once into the upper lake we proceeded rapidly and reached Trayton River<sup>2070</sup> early in the day. After proceeding up this stream about 1/4 of a mile to a place where the lumbermen have a large store we landed, and then sent the scow back. She is to return for us in two days' time. We then struck up through the woods by an old path and reached the barrens in time to put up our camps and have a look for deer. There was a good deal of fresh footing about, one of a large old stag which appeared to have used this place all the summer. Kie, the guide, and two men went off with the French officers and travelled a considerable distance inland over the barrens. The Governor and I stayed

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<sup>2069</sup>Gambo Pond narrows at the centre to form, in effect, two lakes.

<sup>2070</sup>Triton Brook.

nearer home and saw some geese but did not get a shot at them. Towards dusk the others returned and the Lieut. was fortunate enough to have secured one nice sized young stag. He was in great glee. It was then arranged that I should go off with them at daylight next morning. The Governor lent me one of his rifles, an old Winchester belonging to Mr. Reeves.

When next morning I went to call the Frenchmen they were too tired to get up so I had to go off by myself. It was a beautiful morning almost perfectly calm but nothing was stirring. After rambling about till it was time to go back to breakfast I started for camp. All at once I saw a magnificent old stag come up out of the woods no distance from me. He was as fine an animal as I had ever seen. I stopped to watch him and see which direction he intended to take. He was perfectly oblivious of my presence and came slowly along in my direction till he mounted the bare ridge immediately in front of me. I availed of the cover of a couple of large boulders to crawl up to within easy range of him. On he came right for where I was. I rested my rifle on the top of the boulder and waited till he came within 30 or 40 yards of me. I felt perfectly sure of him, but alas I fired and missed him disgracefully. I fired again and again, three shots but never touched him. I could not account for it till I looked at the rifle when I found the forward sight was quite loose and had

slipped to one side. This of course put me out of my aim and caused me to shoot behind him each time. To say I was mad would be putting it mildly. I was sorely tempted to smash the old rifle upon a boulder, and had it been my own I would certainly have done so.

They heard my shots at camp and presently three of the men came up with axes, knives, ropes etc. to cut up and pack the venison to camp but were sorely disappointed. I went back with them to camp completely crestfallen. When I told the governor about the gun and showed him the sight, which dropped out on the ground, he told me it belonged to Mr. Reeve and began to extoll its good qualities and all the good work it had performed amongst the head-hunters in New Guinea.<sup>2071</sup> "Well, Sir," I replied, "I would strongly advise Mr. Reeve to boil it." I was indeed in a very ugly frame of mind at the time. We now had to pack up and move down to the shore where the scow had arrived to take us back. We learnt from the crew that my old stag ran down the steep incline then took to the water to swim across the lake. They followed him in the scow and fired several shots at him but he escaped scott free and landed on the North shore and made off into the woods.

We now began our return journey down the lakes. About half-

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<sup>2071</sup>MacGregor had been appointed administrator of British New Guinea in 1888.

way we came across a loon and all hands commenced to blaze away at him with the rifles, following him up with the scow, but none of us hit him though we gave the poor brute an awful fright. A loon is one of the most difficult objects to hit in the water. He just shows his head or top of his long beak for an instant, gives a bawl and is down again like a shot. One never knows just where he is going to pop up and it nearly always happens to be where one least expects and is not looking. So quickly can he dive that it is useless to aim directly at his head. He hears the report and gets under before the shot can reach him. The only way one might catch him is to watch where he dips his bill in the water when swimming along and aim exactly for that spot. Then there is a chance of the shot taking him in the head as he dives. But this can only be done when he is undisturbed and unaware of one's presence.

When we got back to Gambo the governor and party took the train for St. John's, and I the first west bound for camp at Macgregor. On arrival<sup>2072</sup> found they had reached a depth of 54 feet when the rods got badly jambed. It was such a difficult hole to negotiate and moreover the cores taken up so clearly indicated that we were in the unproductive part of the formation, that I

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<sup>2072</sup>He was back in camp Sept. 21, starts his narrative of events on that date, then inexplicably returns to Sept. 13 and 15. Then, at "In washing up" (nine lines below) he returns to Sept. 21.

decided when we had reached a depth of 92 feet to abandon it and move the drill down to the pond near Macgregor.

September 13th. Were all ready to begin boring and tried to get down casing pipe. As usual we struck a nest of large and small granite boulders. On the 15th we made good progress and got the pipe down 28 feet without striking the rock. In washing up the gravel numerous fragments of bright black coal came up, indicating the presence of a seam somewhere in the vicinity but it had evidently been all broken up. At a depth of 47 feet we passed through a large boulder. While the drill man was trying to get down to the bed-rock here I took the opportunity to visit Sandy Lake<sup>2073</sup> to make a resurvey of it. I had long contemplated doing so, as hitherto no regular survey of this large and important sheet of water had been made. Mr. Murray passed through it in 1865 and made a rough sketch of it taking a few bearings only from a base measured along its southern shore.<sup>2074</sup> I took two of the men with me and supply of provisions sufficient for about 10 or 12 days. We crossed the big marsh behind camp to the place where our dory was hauled up on the shore of lower Goose pond. We then proceeded down the lake and around into Sandy Lake where we commenced the survey. We spent 10 days making a careful

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<sup>2073</sup>The survey of Sandy Lake began Sept. 27.

<sup>2074</sup>Murray and Howley, *Geological Survey*, pp. 57-8.

trigonometrical survey and traversing all the indentations of the shore. Towards the upper part the shores on the west side are deeply indented with coves and bights, and there are several islands some of considerable size along this side also. The south and east sides are comparatively straight and very exposed to wind from the north and west. The water over the greater part of the lake is quite shallow and the bottom nearly all fine sand. It is wide on the southern portion but runs up quite narrow towards the northern end or head of the lake. Here a small brook comes in, the valley of which leads out towards the head of White Bay through which a track has been cut for a connecting road. It is by this route the people of White Bay come in to meet the Railway at Goose Brook crossing.

We met at one point on the lake shore an American sportsman with his guide camped on the shore of a pretty cove. Just inside of this there is a nice barrens and marsh which lays right in the track of the deer coming up from the country North of White Bay. It appears to be a very fine place to intercept them. Unfortunately while here the weather set in very wet and stormy and the deer did not seem to be moving much. We only saw one and did not get a shot at it. We afterwards found that some sports were away inside of us and cut off all the deer from us.

We saw several seals in the lake but they were too yarry for

us. We went up the inflowing Birchy Pond river a short distance as far as Seal pool a deep hole of water much frequented by seals. These brutes follow up the salmon and sea trout to the extreme head of the upper Birchy lake, which is more than half across the country.

Sandy Lake is about the 5th largest sheet of fresh water in the island having a surface area of about 20 square miles.

Having finished the survey of the lake we returned to Goose pond<sup>2075</sup> and thence walked back to camp. Found the bore-hole down 70 feet. They had encountered tremendous difficulty in getting down so far. Numerous fragments of coal had been washed up but no regular seam had been struck, nothing but some thin streaks of coaly matter in the shale. On reaching 78 feet the rods became jambed and in trying to loosen them the shot bit<sup>2076</sup> gave out and twisted off from the core barrel. It had been worn so thin from constant grinding against the hard grit rock, that it could not stand this strain. We had to draw up leaving the bit in bottom of hole. Tried to fish it up but could not succeed. We were now down 90 feet and what little core we succeeded in bringing up looked very favourable. It was chiefly shale and fine grained sandstone filled with carboniferous fossil plants. But after our mishap we

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<sup>2075</sup>He was back Oct. 6.

<sup>2076</sup>The drill being used had an annular (or ring-shaped) bit fitted with metal in small pellets (shot) for grinding through the rock.

were compelled to abandon this hole also.

We now moved ahead along our road to where it crossed a small brook about 1/4 of a mile further west and started a new hole. By October 22nd we had all over and everything ready to commence. Instead of trying to drive down the casing pipe this time Lundsten bored with it through the gravel and sand and we found this plan worked well. We succeeded in reaching bed-rock at 26 feet and commenced to bore. All through the surface material we washed up numerous fragments of coal.

This hole was continued till November 2nd when a depth of 77 feet was reached. The indications for coal were good, much shale crowded with fossil plants was passed through and some four or five thin coal seams were struck, but they were all of small dimensions only averaging a few inches in thickness. Still they afforded undoubted evidence that we were well in the true coal measures and had we been able to continue it is very probable we would have struck something better. On the 1st of November a fearful storm of rain and wind set in. It continued to pour down in torrents all night and next morning the whole country was flooded. The position of our bore-hole was at so low a level that the water rose up all around the drill to such a depth that we could not get near it to work. So as soon as the water subsided sufficiently we had to abandon the work for the season. We then

dismantled and disconnected all the machinery. Housed all the small gear at Macgregor. The boiler was hauled up on dry ground and housed over for the winter.

The season throughout had been a pretty fine one. At times it was extremely hot and the plague of flies awful. During the latter part it was very wet and stormy with occasional showers of wet snow. We did not see many deer till late when we got a few. The weather all the fall had been too mild, even after the great rainstorm on Nov. 1st and 2nd the atmosphere was like midsummer and black flies were still numerous. The men not immediately engaged about the drill were employed all the time digging trenches, cutting and carrying out firewood of which we required an immense lot. They also continued the construction of the road towards Goose Brook and finished out to the bridge. Some parts of this road being over low, marshy, wet ground had to be corduroyed, this also took an immense lot of wood, much of which had to be carried quite a distance.

1907

Drilling for Coal, Grand Lake;

Town of Grand Falls

This season we continued the coal boring. A new man named Ellison, a Southerner from West Virginia was sent down by the Ingersol Rand Drill Co. to take charge of operations.<sup>2077</sup> He was a very good fellow and very competent. Not one of those swaggering,

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<sup>2077</sup>He arrived in St. John's from Halifax June 17.

swearing Yankees like Brady, for instance. He arrived in St. John's on the 18th of June and immediately started for Goose Brook with the crew. I left on the 20th and reached MacGregor next day. The men were all at work cutting firewood and setting up the machine. They had the latter in position at the old bore hole No 3 of last year. On leaving last fall we filled the hole with cement in hope that it would set and fix the loose stuff in place so as to enable us to rebore the hole as if through solid rock, but the cement did not harden and when we commenced to bore it all washed out in the pumping. I found they were down 7 feet below the bottom of hole or 87 feet in all. We met the usual trouble in getting down. The hole caved in very badly everytime we tried to haul up or get down the rods. The rock appears to be nearly all shale but we can not procure any cores, everything grinds up into muck. Ellison believes something has fallen in, probably one of the steel balls from the ball-bearing joints which prevents the shot from taking effect, while the ball rolls around and grinds up all the core. The wash from the hole shows numerous fine fragments of coal, all is ground up by the hard steel ball. We now met with a series of accidents and other troubles which hampered and delayed the work greatly. Some essential parts of the machine gave out and necessitated my going

into town<sup>2078</sup> to order new parts, and while awaiting them get a temporary set made at the Terra Nova Engineering works.

I left to return on July 21st, arrived at Grand Falls Station on the 22nd. I stopped off here to visit the new town of Grand Falls and have a look at the work being performed here. It was quite an interesting experience. They are doing great work. There are a lot of fine new houses being built. The great concrete dam being constructed across the river<sup>2079</sup> is situated just above the great fall. They are pushing out from both sides of the river and there is now only a section of about 150 yards in the centre to finish. There is an awful rush of water through this channel and it would seem almost impossible to build across this torrent, but they are quite sanguine of being able to do it. They are pushing out their coffer dam from either side, which in itself is a wonderful undertaking. How they manage to put down the planking and keep it in place is marvelous. The planking is heavily ballasted and when the water is pumped out till the bottom is almost dry. They then dump in enormous quantities of rock and cement which latter sets rapidly. Layer after layer is thus laid down till it rises to the level of the water above. Then when firm enough the coffer dam is again pushed forward and

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<sup>2078</sup>He got there July 15.

<sup>2079</sup>The Exploits.

a new section completed. As they near the centre of the torrent it becomes more and more difficult, as the channel narrows and deepens the rush of water increases. It looks now as though they could never bridge this space.

They have an overhead wire stretched across the river from side to side suspended from great wooden piers, and along this a trolley car travels with a large bucket attached to convey the cement out to the point where it is required; it is then lowered into place. It is a thrilling sight to watch men going back and forth by this trolley suspended over the boiling raging torrent.<sup>2080</sup> They dont seem to mind it a bit, but I must confess I should not like to try the experiment. Yet they tell me a woman went and came across by it yesterday. She must have had a wonderful nerve. Of course if anything gave away she would be cast into the torrent and swept down over the fall in an instant. As a matter of fact later on, two poor fellows did lose their lives in this manner. It was all owing to the stupidity of the man in charge on the far side who let go the rope by which the trolley was manipulated just as it was over the centre of the Channel. Down came the tub till it touched the surface. It was immediately caught by the rough water which swept the whole

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<sup>2080</sup>For a picture of "the buckets crossing Grand Falls river," see *Evening Herald*, Oct. 8, 1909.

thing, men and all, down over the fall. Poor fellows there was no chance for them. Yet one young fellow was saved as by a miracle. Realizing what had happened he seized the rope hanging from the overhead wire and shinned up like a cat hand over hand till he reached the wire rope, there he hung on till rescued. Two others who were with him were swept into eternity. They have another wire stretched across the gorge below the falls, where the channel is quite narrow and walled in on either side by perpendicular walls of rock. This is where the operatives<sup>2081</sup> usually cross when going or coming from work on the South side.

There are several fine roads and streets laid out, and they are now constructing a Railway down along the side of the river to connect with Reid's main line near Bishop's Fall Station. An Engine and flat cars are all the time on the move going back and forth carrying rocks for ballasting and sand for concrete etc. Also bringing up freight from the main line about 1¼ miles distant. The Reids are now constructing a fine new station house and freight sheds at this point.

Near the falls the surface is all rock, red sandstone, and forms uneven ridges and gulches. This they are cutting down and levelling. It is an enormous undertaking. There is one big rock cut now underway for laying a huge pipe or flume from the

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<sup>2081</sup>Workers.

forebay<sup>2082</sup> at the dam down to a point below the fall where they are constructing a concrete power house. They have also underweigh an immense concrete building for paper storage.

The town proper is some distance below the dam and stretches along the North side of the river. Already several nice buildings are erected. On a higher level a little back from the town are situated the offices and staff house. Mr. Beeton<sup>2083</sup> has a fine log house on a rise still further back which overlooks the entire works. This building is quite unique and beautifully situated. The view from it is extensive taking in the fall, a long stretch of the river above, and in the other direction, the new Railway station. The grounds about Mr. Beeton's house are beautifully laid out with nice flower beds and plots of shrubbery. It will be a charming place in course of time when everything is in order. Immediately behind the log house Bayley's farm<sup>2084</sup> is situated. It extends all along by the west side of the road leading out to the R.R. station. The company have built a fine new house for Bayley about midway between the Fall and the station. The land, while not extra good, is nevertheless capable of growing good crops of vegetables and just now the turnips, potatoes and cabbages are as fine as any in the country. Altogether there are some 30 acres

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<sup>2082</sup>A type of reservoir.

<sup>2083</sup>Mayson Beeton; see n. 2023.

<sup>2084</sup>Albert Bayly, Howley's old assistant, now a farmer.

cleared and cultivated. Bayly has several head of fine cattle and supplies the town with milk, vegetables and beef. I did not see Albert himself but think he must be doing well. I tried to get some photos of the works and portions of the river but it was such wet and miserable weather all the time I was there my picture turned out poor.

I left for Macgregor on the 23rd by the accommodation train but did not get off till 5 P.M. nor arrive at camp till 11 P.M. Found all well.

Occasionally we got up some small pieces of core which was fairly representative of true coal measure rocks and were filled with fossils. It was quite evident also that we must have passed through several small coal seams judging from the amount of small coal fragments and coal dust washed up, but we had no chance of determining the thickness. Apparently, however, they were all quite small and not of any economic importance. Yet the indications here were of a very promising nature. When, however, we had reached a depth of 195 feet the hole became so bad and so encumbered with material falling in from the sides that we were compelled to abandon it and move to a new position some 400 feet back, towards the pond.

About this time<sup>2085</sup> we had a visit from the Governor, Sir Wm.

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<sup>2085</sup>Aug. 26.

Macgregor and Mr. Reeve, who were desirous of seeing the boring operations and also to visit the outcrop at Aldery and Coal Brooks on Grand Lake. We showed them all that was to be seen including the cores taken up by the drill. I went out to Grand Lake with them in their private car which was side-tracked near the station.<sup>2086</sup> We hired a man named Gillard with his boat<sup>2087</sup> to take us across the lake next day. Fortunately it was fine and calm and we were not long getting over to Aldery Brook where we landed and took our old path through the woods for the coal outcrops about a mile up stream. Found our path very much encumbered in some places by windfalls etc. When we reached the coal deposits it was a great disappointment to find most of the exposures covered with fallen debris and the mouth of the tunnel on the principal seam also choked up.<sup>2088</sup> Not anticipating this we did not come prepared to remove the debris. Had His Excellency only given me a sufficiently timely notice I would have sent some of my men up with picks and shovels to clear it away. However, the large bulk of coal removed from the tunnel and dumped outside was still there to be seen and though overgrown to some extent with weeds and bushes we were able to hook out several large

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<sup>2086</sup>Grand Lake station.

<sup>2087</sup>Rowboat.

<sup>2088</sup>"It was however very disappointing to me when such a chance offered to show & explain everything to men who were capable of understanding & appreciating, that the coal in the cutting could not be seen" (1907 notebook, CNSA, 262.02.042).

blocks of coal and break them up so as to display their quality with which they were both pleased and surprised.

We then travelled up by the line through the woods to Coal Brook and inspected the outcrops there. Returning to the Sandy River Crossing in the boat, we paid off our boatman and then walked back along the R.R. track to Howley station. Here we found the Governor's private car side-tracked awaiting him. We had something to eat on the car and then Mr. Steele, track-master, took us into Macgregor on his motor car. They made a further inspection of the drilling operations, had some refreshments at our camps and then returned to Howley to take tomorrow's express for town.

Ellison has the new hole well underweigh and is down about 9 feet. Meeting with the same difficulties from boulders etc. On August 28th owing to the non-arrival of the things ordered, I was obliged to revisit St. John's to see after them and had to spend five days awaiting the arrival of the *Rosalind*<sup>2089</sup> with the pipes and fittings. Did not get them all till the 31st of August and had them shipped on the train September 2nd. Next day I took the Express back to camp.

On September 6th. Had a visit from Mr. Clift<sup>2090</sup> and Geo.

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<sup>2089</sup>From Halifax.

<sup>2090</sup>J.A. Clift, MHA for Twillingate, minister of Mines and Agriculture; d. 1923.

Turner, Minister and Deputy Minister of Mines. They took me aboard their car to go on to Grand Lake station and show them the coal outcrops on Aldery and Coal Brooks. I also took along Paddy Leary with pick and shovel to clear out the debris from the drift at the former place. We were two hours behind time when we reached Grand Lake. But as the evening was very fine and not a breath of wind on the lake, we concluded to go across to Aldery Brook. We engaged lodgings at Mr. Whitaker's Bungalow. We also hired their gasoline motor boat to put us across the lake. The engines did not work very satisfactorily and we had to stop several times to put things to rights. Owing to the delay we did not reach the other side till nearly 5 O'clock. We had to make haste to reach the coal outcrops and get back again to the lake before night. When we reached the coal outcrops we had just time to clear out the mouth of the tunnel<sup>2091</sup> sufficiently to crawl inside. Mr. Clift would not venture beyond a few yards but Mr. Turner followed me into the end of the drift. We both carried lighted candles. At about 50 yards in the seam shows best. Here it was 6 1/2 feet wide, all good coal. Turner was surprised at it. We then overhauled<sup>2092</sup> the dump outside and took away several good specimens of the coal. It was now too late to visit the

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<sup>2091</sup>Site of exploratory mining by Park in 1897.

<sup>2092</sup>Examined thoroughly.

other outcrops on this Brook, but they were both pleased and surprised at what they saw. We hastily returned to the shore and just got back across the lake at dark. Fortunately it remained perfectly calm all the afternoon and it was beautiful on the lake. We had tea and spent the night at the Bungalow. Next day was dull but quite calm so we again hired the launch and went across to Coal Brook. Here we paid off Mr. Cox the owner of the launch and then walked in by our old road to where the Reid branch line crossed and where they did some mining a few years ago.<sup>2093</sup> After the inspection of the coal seams here and a rest in our old house, we started for Howley on foot, following the now abandoned railway track.<sup>2094</sup> We found the track much overgrown in places with thick bushes rendering it almost impassible and the trestles over all the brooks were broken down and carried away. A sudden storm of rain with thunder and lightning overtook us on the way out and we were soon drenched with wet. At the station we were informed there would be no train along till 7 P.M. So after having a lunch we decided to walk back to camp. We had scarcely proceeded a mile when we were again overtaken by one of the heaviest rain showers I was ever out under. We were again thoroughly drenched in a very short time. It cleared off before

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<sup>2093</sup>In 1898-1900.

<sup>2094</sup>Built by the Reids to carry coal from Grand Lake.

we reached camp and turned out a fine evening. We reached the driller at hole 6 about 5 P.M. They were getting down very slowly and only made about 2 feet all the time we were away. Altogether they are down 10 feet through the surface debris. It is an awfully tough proposition to get through this material owing to the numerous boulders and tough gravel. We are afraid to put on too much pressure or to drive the casing pipe too forcibly lest something should give out again. We returned to camp to rest and have some tea. We had scarcely left the drill when Ellison came up to inform us that the new journal<sup>2095</sup> had given out. One of the gate pins broke off and in a jiffy, owing to the tremendous steam pressure the journal broke into atoms.<sup>2096</sup> This was dreadfully provoking and necessitates another long delay. It is now too late to order another from New York this season, so we packed up the broken gate and sent it in by the Express to the Terra Nova Engine and Boiler Works to have repairs effected with all possible speed. I was glad Mr. Clift and Turner were here to see for themselves the difficulties and drawbacks we labour under. They remained over all day Sunday September 8th. which turned out very fine. After dinner I took them all down to a pond about a

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<sup>2095</sup>Part of shaft which rests on the bearings.

<sup>2096</sup>The steam engine supplying power to turn the drill broke down when one of its parts (the "gate," held fast by a "pin") came loose, causing an explosion of steam. The explosion damaged the shaft linking the engine to the drill itself. The drill could still be worked by hand. On Sept. 26 he reported: "Drill running smoothly" (1907 notebook).

mile behind camp to see a beaver house, but the beaver themselves did not appear. I afterwards found that they had abandoned this house and built another on opposite side of pond. The evening's express did not arrive till 8 P.M. when our visitors went aboard bound for home.

While awaiting the repairs to the journal<sup>2097</sup> we tried to drive our pipe and chop a way for it but as we dare not drive too hard, fearing we telescope the joint<sup>2098</sup> of the pipes our progress was very slow. We made about a foot a day. By the 24th we at last reached bed-rock at a depth of 21 feet. We now began to bore with the 4 inch cutter and succeeded in getting up a good deal of core, all coarse, white grit and some close grained gray rock like limestone. The latter contained fossil plants.

At a depth of 50 feet we passed through a small coal seam of a few inches only. Again at 55 feet struck another small seam, but it was all ground up. The washings showed considerable fine, bright, black coal and dark shale.

The weather latterly has been very stormy and wet with occasional snow showers. It is becoming very cold and disagreeable. Between 57 & 59 feet struck two thin seams of coal a few inches in each case and at 61 feet passed through a layer

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<sup>2097</sup>"While awaiting the new journal & repairs to gate" (1907 notebook). (The journal could not be repaired.)

<sup>2098</sup>"joints" (1907 notebook).

of good coal 9 inches in thickness. In fact all the strata from 50 to 61 feet was chiefly black carbonaceous shale and coal mixed. Unfortunately we got no cores all being ground up. Between 67 & 70 feet we cut a good seam of excellent coal 3 feet in thickness. Did not obtain a core but by marking the drill rods when we entered the coal and again when we got through it we were able to determine its thickness. The washings caught up in the calyx barrel was nearly all coal in small knobs. By emptying this into a piece of pipe of the same dimensions we were enabled to get a fairly accurate measurement of the seam. This is indeed very promising decidedly the best indications yet obtained by the boring rod.

The section passed through from the time we entered this shale was as follows:

48'8" to 50'	dark shale.
50' " 50'3"	coal.
50'3" " 57'	shale with coal streaks.
57' " 61'	shale and ironstone.
61' " 61'9"	good coal 9 inches.
61'9" " 67'	shale.
67' " 70'	good bright coal 3 feet.
70' " 72'	fireclay.

Had a heavy snow storm on Monday October 21st which made everything look very winterish. It continued all next day and was very cold, blowing and freezing hard. Nearly two feet of snow on

ground covering the track. No trains came over the rails today, but the snow soon melted again as the weather turned mild with a warm S.W. wind.

On October 25th Mr. H.C. Thomson and his survey party came up from Sandy Lake. They have reached the head of the lake with their location survey for short line R.R.<sup>2099</sup> He says that so far they have found an easy gradient all the way from S.W. arm. They had a pretty hard time getting through and were short of grub several times.

On October 30th Mr. W.D. Reid, Mr. Beeton and a Mr. Fielding came in to see us on a special train. They stayed a while watching the boring operations. Mr. Fielding is a bit of a geologist and asked a number of questions about the prospects etc. They had left the Governor up at the Quarries to do some deer shooting. The past three days have been beautifully fine and warm but it came to rain hard in evening. Next day we had a visit from Hons. Edgar Bowring, John Harvey and W.C. Job<sup>2100</sup> all bound deer shooting near Howley. They stopped a while to see the drilling.

At 207 feet we struck a coal seam which showed some excellent lumps of bright, hard coal, but it was all ground up,

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<sup>2099</sup>Railroad (see pp. 1868 ff.).

<sup>2100</sup>St. John's businessmen.

from this to 210 feet, found strata all dark carbonaceous shale with several coal streaks.

Some of the men now asked to be paid off and return home, I let them go as we have sufficient crew left to finish up for the season. We continued boring up to November 9th and reached a depth of 250 feet in all. Latterly we have passed through a lot of dark shale with many indications of coal, but could not obtain cores. Undoubtedly the rocks here are all true coal measures and look very favourable for coal seams at lower depths. But the weather was now so broken and stormy and the season so far advanced all the men were anxious to get home.

We dismantled the machinery and stowed away all the smaller parts, then housed in the boiler for the winter.

This ended our work for the season. It had been fine weather most of the time often extremely hot. One Sunday afternoon some of the men ran across a brood of young wild geese near Goose Brook and succeeded in capturing five goslings. They brought them to camp and I made a pound for them down near the pond so as to take in a part of the water. We made a house of a large packing case for them to rest in at night. We had lots of food for them in the broken bread and potato skins from the kitchen. We also found a species of weed growing luxuriantly on the R.R. track between the sleepers which they were exceedingly fond of. They

grew rapidly and soon developed into splendid birds. After a while they became exceedingly tame and we were able to let them out to roam at will. They remained about the house pretty well all the time going occasionally out in the pond to swim and wash themselves, preening their feathers. They would visit the kitchen regularly to look for food, even boldly enter by the door to eat out of the cook's hand.

We had cleared a piece of ground in front of our house and sowed in it potatoes, radishes, lettuce, cabbage plants, savoury etc. All grew splendidly though the soil was by no means good, being very sandy. However, it afforded us several meals of good cabbage and potatoes and we had an abundance of the finest lettuce I ever saw. The cabbage leaves and small potatoes furnished a further source of food to the geese. Late in the fall they took to wandering rather far away and being afraid of losing them I sent them on to town. One pair were presented to His Excellency the Governor which pleased him greatly.

Deer were fairly plentiful pretty well all the season, but especially after the big snowfall. We killed several for food and were seldom without ducks which are, perhaps, the best table birds we have in Newfoundland.

Of course the usual plague of mosquitoes were ever present so long as the weather was warm, even up to November. We all

enjoyed good health during the season.

1908

More Drilling for Coal, Grand Lake

The success of last year's boring encouraged the Government

to continue the operations near Goose Brook, but it was decided to give the prosecuting of the work out to contract. I was instructed to communicate with the Ingersol Rand Co. of New York to see if they could recommend a suitable person to take up the contract. They recommended a Mr. J.W. Randall of White Plains, New York State, a man of large experience in such work, and one who had the machinery and means to fulfil his agreement.

Mr. Randall was communicated with and during the late autumn came down himself to make enquiries as to the nature of the ground and facilities for getting his machinery on the site. He visited the place by rail and after gathering all necessary information concluded a contract with the Government to put down holes, where specified, to aggregate 3,000 feet in all. Early in May he sent forward Mr. Ellison who was employed last year, to work with the small drill preparatory to his arrival with two larger and much more powerful drills.

Ellison and his assistants reached here early in May and immediately proceeded to Macgregor. He was instructed to continue the hole No. 3 of last year and try to get down a hundred feet or more further.

Randall with two other drillmen, Douglas & Keith, and all

his machinery, piping etc. arrived about the end of May<sup>2101</sup> and made no delay in getting underweigh. Under my direction the two new drills were located, one midway between the last hole and Goose Brook bridge, the other near the bank of Goose Brook, south of the bridge. Ellison found the old hole caved in badly and filled up for 130 feet from bottom. It took quite a while to clear out all this muck before he could continue the boring and when he reached a depth of 287 feet it again caved in so badly that he was obliged to withdraw all the casing pipe and ream down to allow of driving the pipe to bottom of hole.

Randall himself with Keith took charge of the largest drill at next hole and Douglas that near the river.

I joined them on June 12th and as they had possession of the shack at Macgregor, I located with my cook Denis Thoomey in an old section house near the bridge. I found them all hard at work, Ellison still reaming the hole he is at, the other two trying to penetrate the surface gravel and bowlders. They are meeting with enormous difficulties and seem to have struck an extra accumulation of great bowlders. They are making but very slow progress. Randall has only reached 30 feet as yet and Douglas about the same. They both declare they never met such a tough

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<sup>2101</sup>Howley, with Governor MacGregor, visited the Micmacs in Bay d'Espoir in late May; in mid-July he visited Nova Scotia. Neither trip is recorded in the *Reminiscences*.

proposition in all their experience.

They continued chopping, driving and boring through these boulders, and brought up several large cores of granite from those passed through. We had to abandon the old hole after reaching a depth of 181 feet. Could not get further with the small drill except at risk of losing all the tools. We now moved this machine back to the edge of the pond at Macgregor and commenced a new hole. No. 1a.

The weather during the last few days of June and first few of July became desperately hot. The drillmen said they never found it hotter in New York.

Having occasion to run down to Bay of Islands for some things required, I paid a visit to the slate quarry near Corner Brook. Mr. Owen<sup>2102</sup> the Welsh quarryman in charge showed me around. They have a large patch of the cliff uncovered and a big hole made into it. The slate outside is much broken and shattered, but as they work further in it improves rapidly. They have a well equipped workshop where every contrivance for sawing and dressing the slate is installed. They have quite a lot of roofing material made and packed in this house and it certainly looks very fine. The slate is of a pretty purplish colour and has

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<sup>2102</sup>Owen J. Owen. See Martin, *Once Upon a Mine*, p. 46; *Eve Tel*, Aug. 1, 1903. The quarry was at Summerside, on the north side of Humber Arm.

a fine silky surface. Owen says it is the best slate he has ever seen. There is another quarry on the opposite side of the Arm, but it is idle just now, being hung up by litigation.

On my return to Macgregor I found Randall absent. He went on to St. John's and thence to New York to purchase another drill of a different pattern called a Keystone which he says is better adapted for penetrating the surface deposits. No 2 drill has been stopped since he left. It had reached a depth of 143 feet still in boulders and gravel, and no sign of bed-rock. This is an enormous depth of surface deposit. We never expected anything of the kind. No. 1a is down 45 feet and still no sign of bed-rock.

Randall did not arrive back with the churn drill<sup>2103</sup> till the first week in August and immediately started a new hole some distance down the river on the east side. We had previously cleared out a track on this side through the burnt woods. This new drill is a wonder. It is furnished with a traction-engine<sup>2104</sup> and two large wheels with cross bars of steel to grip the ground. The boiler, hoist and all the apparatus are mounted on a strong frame. The machine can travel almost anywhere over the surface. It has an upright, ladder-like apparatus on front of the car which is erected to a vertical position. At the top of this is a

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<sup>2103</sup>Large drill with chisel point at each end.

<sup>2104</sup>Powerful, mobile steam engine.

grooved iron pulley over which a large hempen rope is let down. To this is attached a heavy steel chopping bit weighing some 400 lbs. The rope passes behind and is wound around a large drum on the body of the frame. Behind this again are the levers which work the drum, hoist the cutting tools and then let them drop again into the hole. The great weight of the chisel strikes the rock at bottom a heavy blow. There is a wooden clamp fastened on this rope just above the surface of the drive pipe, and everytime the tools are hoisted up, the person operating the machine gives them a half turn by means of this clamp, so that the chopping edge strikes in a different place each time.

The small upright boiler and engine occupy the tail end of the frame-work and the boiler is fed from a barrel of water standing on a platform close by. When moving this machine from place to place, the driver stands on this same platform and by means of a long rod with a guide wheel on the end, can so slew the front wheels as to turn the machine to either side. It travels along by means of the wide traction wheels, with great ease, though slowly. It is also able to tow the boilers and heavy gear of the other machines along which is a great advantage, as otherwise it would be very heavy work to move them by hand power alone. It is a sight to see this machine travel through the woods over bowlders and stumps so long as they are not too big and too

high.

In sinking and driving the large 6 inch casing pipe, a way is first chopped for it and by a weight striking on the top of the pipe it is forced down. This is certainly the only sort of machine to cope with such heavy surface deposits as are here met with.

Though this drill is not adapted to cutting cores like the shot drill still there is an apparatus goes with it by which a core can be obtained. It is a tube of several feet long which works in the centre of the chopping bit and as the latter cuts away down, this tube drops to the bottom and is filled with material from the rock passed through. Randall did not bring this apparatus along as it costs considerable, at least \$200 extra.

We now began to make better progress but had to abandon Nos 2 & 3 holes after reaching depths of 132 and 130 feet respectively, without striking bed-rock.

At No. 1a hole near pond we got down 278 feet chiefly through shale and thin sandstones, all coal measures. Much of the shale was dark and carbonaceous filled with fossil plants. A few thin seams of coal and coaly matter were struck but none of any dimensions beyond a few inches. Randall now decided to discontinue boring with this small machine which he says is only a toy and entirely unsuited for such conditions as prevail here.

The next hole was located some distance down the river, where we were fortunate to strike bed-rock in a depth of only 19 feet. This hole was continued down to a depth of 540 feet, and proved to be the most promising yet sunk. The cores taken up were chiefly arenaceous,<sup>2105</sup> argillaceous<sup>2106</sup> and carbonaceous shale, with occasional thin layers of sandstone and much ironstone.<sup>2107</sup> All the rocks were crowded with fossil plants well preserved and some seven true coal seams were passed through ranging from a few inches up to two feet and a half in thickness. The coal was of excellent quality and to all appearances we were now well into a regular trough of the measures. Seams were cut at depths of 32, 111, 124, 184, 220, 302 and 306 feet, showing the following thicknesses:

No. 1	Coal 2' 6"
" 2	" 1' 0"
" 3	" 2' 4"
" 4	" 4"
" 5	" 1' 0"
" 6	" 6"
" 7	" 1' 6"

The coal in each was of good quality very clean and bright.

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<sup>2105</sup>Composed of clay; clayey.

<sup>2106</sup>Composed of sand; sandy.

<sup>2107</sup>Hard sedimentary rock rich in iron.

A new hole was located further down the river, No 5 of this year. The Keystone drill only, was put on this and the hole drilled down to a depth of 200 feet chiefly through shale and clay. Fragments of coal and dark shale were washed up but no actual seam struck.

The season was now far advanced and the weather had become very cold and stormy. So after locating sites for new holes still further down the river, we prepared to close up work, by housing in the machines and stowing away the small gear. Randall has now bored 1,368 feet of his 3,000 contract and it will take him all next season to complete it.

The summer had been a very fine one and at times excessively hot. Our New Yorkers were surprised at it. During the season we caught a great number of fine trout, and late in the fall killed several deer. We also caught a couple of salmon under Goose Brook bridge.

Early in the season I found a splendid patch of interval land a few hundred yards behind our camp. The bushes and trees had all been burnt away a few years since and only the charred stems and trunks now lay on the ground. I set to work to clear up this patch, and after much labour in removing the stumps and bushes and several large boulders, I succeeded in clearing a space of nearly 1/4 of an acre. The soil here was about the

richest and deepest I ever came across. I now set out a lot of small seeds<sup>2108</sup> and cabbage plants. All grew well, especially the latter, and by the fall I had a splendid lot of very fine cabbage.

I received a message one day asking me to run out to Grand Falls to see Lord Northcliffe<sup>2109</sup> and P.T. McGrath.<sup>2110</sup> It appeared that some American newspaper men who had been down there this summer had made some depreciating remarks about our pulpwood and amongst other things stated that the country when once burnt over never renewed its growth, at least not for a great number of years. They wanted to consult me upon this and other points with regard to our forest growth.

I took the train for the falls and on reaching there was kindly put up by Mr. M.S. Sullivan where P.T. McGrath also stayed. He, McGrath, wished to refute the Americans' statements which were calculated to do the country much harm. I was able to supply them with conclusive information on all the points raised, and on my return to camp I made a close investigation of the young growth of trees now springing up abundantly over the burnt region here; knowing the date of the fire which swept this region some ten years ago it was easy to form a conclusion as to the

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<sup>2108</sup>Vegetable seeds, e.g., for turnip, carrot, parsnip, etc.

<sup>2109</sup>Alfred Harmsworth, co-owner, with his brother Harold, of the Grand Falls mill, became Lord Northcliffe in 1905.

<sup>2110</sup>Prominent St. John's journalist; d. 1929.

rate of growth etc.

Deer were plentiful during the autumn and we killed several for food.

1909

Coal-drilling ends, Grand Lake

This season witnessed the completion of Mr. Randall's coal boring contract and also the conclusion of my 41st and last year of actual exploration in the interior.

Mr. Randall arrived early with his assistants being anxious to complete the work. I did not join them till July 1st. Found the hole behind Hicks' shack near the River down 110 feet and yet no sign of bed-rock. Randall says he struck here the worst nest of bowlders yet. He is trying to force the pipe down with the calyx drill and has used several charges of dynamite to break them up but all to no purpose. Seeing the futility of trying to penetrate this awful accumulation of surface debris, we decided to abandon this hole.

In the meantime a new hole was started between Nos 3 & 4 of last year. A good deal of core was obtained from this, chiefly fine grained sandstone and coarse grit. Little shale was struck except towards the bottom and this was chiefly reddish strata indicating too low an horizon to expect much coal so this hole was abandoned at a depth of 360 feet.

A new hole was now started midway between Nos 4 & 5 of last year. No. 5 was found to have caved in very badly during the winter. It took three weeks to clear it out and get the casing pipe down to the bottom. We now put one of the new calyx drills on this hole and commenced to bore. Randall had seemed very reluctant to go on with it, giving it as his opinion that as we had reached 200 feet in depth here without striking any coal, it would be useless to sink it further, but I did not coincide with

this view, and insisted on continuing the hole downward with the result that after boring just 6 feet or 206 in all we struck a fine seam of coal and carbonaceous shale 4' 4" in thickness. Unfortunately the cores were broken up and we only secured a few solid pieces, one of 3 inches and several smaller pieces of good bright coal. Continued this hole to a depth of 457 feet, when it became too difficult to penetrate further.

The rocks passed through were chiefly shale, fine grained sandstone crowded with fossil plants and rootlets, some very perfect. These were all typical coal measure rocks. Besides the 4 foot coal seam at 206 feet we passed through two or three smaller ones and again between 382 & 385 three feet of carbonaceous shale and about 2 feet coal, hard and bright. This makes four seams in this bore-hole.

While still boring at hole 4a between 4 & 5 sent the Keystone down the river a considerable distance and started three new holes Nos. 6, 7 & 8 and in each case reached bed-rock without very great difficulty. Got down casing pipe preparatory to putting on the core drill.

In 4a between 114 & 115 1/2 feet passed through black carbonaceous shale and impure coal. These shales contained numerous plant impressions, some very perfect. There was one beautiful fern.

Again between 135-36 feet cut one foot of impure shaly coal and between 161 & 175 feet similar shale and coal. At 211 feet a small seam of a couple of inches and another small seam at 238 feet. This hole was bored to a depth of 421 feet. Altogether seven seams were cut mostly of small dimensions except two, one of which was 1'6" and another 2'6".

No. 6 hole reached a depth of 457 feet and showed six seams ranging from 6" to 4'4".

No. 7 reached a depth of 256 feet and showed three seams, one of 2 feet and one of 6 feet of mixed coal and shale.

No. 8 and last furthest down stream showed no coal and after reaching a depth of 206 feet was abandoned. It was quite evident from the cores taken up we had here again struck a lower portion of the series beneath the true coal measures and that we had reached the other edge of this trough which shows a breadth of about 6,000 feet in this particular section. This then completed the contract of 3,000 feet. We now brought all the drills and pipes etc up to the Railway track and built a substantial shed to store them in for further use.

The season had been a fine one for the most part being very bright and warm. The usual plague of flies were at times almost unbearable. We had several visitors during the season. Mr. W.W.

Blackall C.E.,<sup>2111</sup> Inspector of Schools, who travelled up from the head of White Bay by way of the new road and Sandy Lake, spent a night with us and had time before the train arrived next day to visit the drills and see them at work. Later on we had a visit from Mr. P.T. McGrath, Editor of the Evening Herald<sup>2112</sup> who also spent a night at our camp and was able to take in all the operations and inspect the cores taken up. He was greatly interested in all he saw, and on his return to town wrote an account of the work.

Shortly before leaving off work I had a message from Sir Wm. Macgregor<sup>2113</sup> asking me to select a place outside the game reserve<sup>2114</sup> line where he could spend a few days deer shooting. I set out one afternoon and after travelling about a mile and a half south of the track near Howley I hit upon a splendid strip of elevated barrens over which most of the deer travelling south passed in their annual migrations. When he arrived on a special car with W.D. Reid and Mr. Paddon<sup>2115</sup> accompanied by two guides, we packed in and camped on the ground. We were not long there when the deer came along in great numbers. We could see them

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<sup>2111</sup>He was superintendent of Church of England schools.

<sup>2112</sup>An important St. John's newspaper.

<sup>2113</sup>Probably an error for Sir Ralph Williams, the new governor who arrived September 5.

<sup>2114</sup>Created in 1902, "along the railway line from Goose Brook...to Grand Lake," extending five miles on either side (McGrath, "Salted Caribou," *NS*, 10, 2 (1994): 212).

<sup>2115</sup>J.A. Paddon.

coming for quite a distance from our elevated position which commanded an extensive view over the low country and marshes which lay between us and the Railway track. His Excellency shot three the first day we were there and enjoyed the sport immensely. I killed three also, one very fine fat doe. Although we saw so many there were no large stags with good antlers. The guides also shot a couple for their own use. In fact did the law permit we could have killed any number. Before we had secured all our deer the Governor got a code message calling him back to town, so he left to go out and catch the train. But the car remained at Howley for our accommodation.

Mr. Paddon and W.D. Reid with W.C. Job remained down below as they did not relish the long tramp through the marshes and burnt woods, or camping out on the barrens. The weather was cold and stormy and it froze hard every night. Yet we made ourselves quite comfortable with a good wood fire in front of our camps. The guides had erected a shelter with boughs on the highest part of the barrens where His Excellency could sit down to watch for the deer coming along. I, however, kept on the move pretty well all the time.

After the Governor left we got all our venison out to the station. It was a heavy drag and took us a couple of days. I then returned to camp while the others went on to town with the

venison.

As the work was now all but completed for the season, we did not stay long, and when we had everything safely stowed away we took train for home, getting back to town about the 1st of November.<sup>2116</sup>

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<sup>2116</sup>Howley remained convinced that mining coal was economically feasible in Newfoundland. In 1912 he said: "I have no hesitation in pronouncing the opinion that the country possesses hundreds of millions of tons of coal." He was worried that the "knowledge obtained during many years labour, as to the location of the coal seams, so far discovered, may die with me." *Eve Tel*, Dec. 4, 1912; also Dec. 12. (Letters quoted from missing issues of *Daily News*.)

1910

## The Festival of Empire Postponed

This year the great Festival of Empire Exhibition<sup>2117</sup> at the Crystal Palace, London was to take place, and I was delegated to proceed to England and take charge of our Newfoundland exhibits. Arrived in England, I took up my quarters at Upper Norwood near the Palace. We were making good progress in arranging our court, which was the Egyptian room, when unfortunately King Edward VII's death occurred on the 6th of May. This of course put an end to the festival for this year, and after a short delay, I returned home on the Allan liner *Mongolian*.

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<sup>2117</sup>See *Evening Herald*, Dec. 11, 13, 1909, for the elaborate plans for the Festival. Lord Northcliffe represented Newfoundland on the organizing council in Britain. See also *Evening Herald*, Dec. 29, 30, 1909; Jan. 6, 7, 1910; for the type of display needed from Newfoundland, see Northcliffe's letter, Jan. 17, 1910. Howley was appointed to the local Executive Committee in January (*Evening Herald*, Jan. 20, 1910).

1911

## The Festival of Empire

Coronation year of King George V. The postponed Festival of Empire took place this year and I was again sent over to take charge of our exhibit. I spent 8 months in London chiefly at the Crystal Palace but I also took in the Coronation, and the grand Naval Review and saw many of the great sights of London.

EMENDED TEXT

This section lists emendations to Howley's original text--his typescript--made by the editors. First are the page number and the emended word or phrase, closed by a bracket. Next is placed the form in the typescript which has been replaced. Brief explanatory comment is provided as needed

	Introduction	
2	birds' eggs] birds eggs curriculum] curriculum <i>Chambers's Miscellany</i> ] Chambers Miscellany absorbed] obsorbed	1868 Avalon Peninsula: Placentia Bay, St. Mary's Bay] Peninsula of Avalon. Placentia. Colinet. &c.
4	Indian's happy] Indians happy day's poling] days polling	The beginning was the season] Beginning with the season
5	fatigue] fatigue ozone-laden] ozone laden <i>et hoc genus omne</i> ] <i>et hoc genus omne</i> ] day's toil] days toil	11 the King's Beach] the beach 12 for, completely] for completely possess: we] possess. We after, stopping] after stopping
6	with might and] for might and paralyzed] paralyzed day's journey] days journey Notwithstanding that] Notwithstanding, that venison] vension	house; we] house, we 13 life-giving] life giving turf, sods] turf, sods turf
8	Beothuck's canoe] Beothucks canoe Red man's] Red mans	14 Condon's] Condons Fleming] Flemning
9	succeeding half?] succeeding half. day's happenings] days happenings to lose] of loosing	15 shortline] short line 17 ceded] ceded examining] examning remunerative] renumerative returned. I] returned I
10	stirring] stiring	18 Condon's] Condons merely] mearly which led] which lead Long, and Red] Long, Red

ugly-looking] ugly looking  
 19 Brennan's] Brennans  
 20 Placentia, the] Placentia.  
 The]  
   aneroid] aneiord  
   Brennans to take]  
 Brennan's to take  
 21 slunk away appalled, they]  
 shunk away appalled they  
 22 cod-nets] codnets  
   cods' livers] codslivers  
 23 brick-red] brick red  
   Mrs. Conway's] Mrs  
 Conway's  
   brogue] broque  
 24 markets with] markets.  
 with  
   family, which] family  
 which  
 25 bbls.] bls.  
   well-kept] well kept  
   well-preserved  
   crustaceans] crustaceous  
   Bennetti] Bennettii  
 26 Trilobite] Tri-lobite  
 27 Englishes'] English's  
   out from] out. from  
 28 distinctive] destinctive  
   Bwanch] Bwanch  
   Sabbatarian] Sabatarian  
   Conway's] Conways  
 29 Conway] Conway'  
 30 Brennan's] Brennans  
   pieces] peices  
   losing] loosing  
   averred] avered  
 31 Apropos] A propos  
   aloft, cut off] aloft cut  
 off  
   yardarm] yard arm  
 32 Burke, in] Burke in  
   unloading, one] unloading  
 one  
   lo] Lo  
   up (in] up, in

neighborhood), but]  
 neighborhood, but  
   no, there] no there  
 33 tide during] tide, during  
   Reine de Provence] Reiné  
 de Provoyance  
 34 piano, which] piano which  
   as to who] as to whom  
   scourging] scurging  
 35 day, wrote] day wrote  
   debris. A few] debris, a  
 few  
   it, presumably] it  
 presumably  
   magazine, still] magazine  
 still  
   well-built] well built  
   masonry] masonary  
 36 stronghold] strong hold  
   stated, Placentia] stated  
 Placentia  
   Packet-boat] Packet boat  
   hour's walking] hours  
 walking  
   hours, hard] hours hard  
   Mrs. Cohu] Mrs Cohu  
   well-built] well built  
 37 here, as soon] here as  
 soon  
   arrived put] arrived soon  
 put  
   age, a] age. A  
   thick-set] thick set  
   moustache, which]  
 moustache which  
   half-breed] half breed  
   lady's] ladies  
 38 Mrs. Cohu] Mrs. Cohn  
   Cohu's] Cohn's  
   Harry Cohu] Harry Cohn  
   At 1 O'clock] At. 1  
 O'clock  
   miners' suits] miners  
 suits  
 39 stuck] struck

40 northwest] north west  
miners' houses] miners  
houses  
these, sheds] these sheds  
manager's house] managers  
house  
41 box-like] box like  
hopper-shaped] hopper  
shaped  
revolved, when] revolved.  
When  
coarse] course  
42 carpenter's shop]  
carpenters shop  
by the winch] by the winze  
44 £8. currency] £8. cy.  
8-hour] 8 hour  
45 stayed] staid  
46 between] betwen  
*Summers*] "*Summer*"  
47 Chambers's] Chamber's  
48 end] and  
49 Mrs.] Mrs  
Indians] indians  
place,] place  
50 fair-sized] fair sized  
51 anything, snapped]  
anything snapped  
52 thought] though  
Mrs.] Mrs  
M.] M  
53 nice-sized] nice sized  
Mrs. M.] Mrs. M  
everything, we] everything  
we  
Mr. M.] Mr. M  
54 good-sized] good sized  
similar flats] similar  
flat  
Bear's] Bears  
56 camp, made] camp made  
nettled] netled  
57 shank's mare] shanks mare  
deer's and bears' tracks]  
deers and bear's tracks

schooners' spars]  
schooner's spars  
winter, cut] winter cut  
58 river, deposit] river  
deposit  
steady, saw] steady saw  
59 moss-covered] moss covered  
61 water's edge] waters edge  
even-flowing] even flowing  
variegated] variagated  
62 Bear's Folly] Bears Folly  
and John] and john  
63 when they] then they  
venison food] vension food  
64 Mr. Murray's] Mr. Murrays  
beaver, which] beaver  
which  
steaks] stakes  
venison roast] vension  
roast  
night too] night to  
65 disagreeable] disagreeable  
burn, the wood] burn the  
wood  
venison] vension  
66 *to save it*] to save it  
mildew] mildrew  
stayed] staid  
67 done, the cake] done the  
cake  
out, turned] out turned  
out, dusted] out dusted  
thoroughly] throughly  
venison] venison  
68 rocks, our] rocks. Our  
Mr. M.] Mr. M  
began, getting] began.  
Getting  
losing] loosing  
69 venison] vension  
paddles, washing] paddles  
washing  
perfectly, always]  
perfectly. Always  
first-class] first class

- Bear's] Bears  
70 Bay, the Powder] Bay, The Powder  
71 This I concluded] Thus I concluded  
72 meant] ment  
proceeded] preceeded  
73 Mr. M.] Mr. M  
leaving, John] leaving John  
paddles, cut] paddles cut  
74 stayed behind] staid behind  
River. When] River when  
75 Blackadder] Blackaddar ff.  
Come-By-Chance] Come-By Chance  
76 Mrs. Murray] Mrs Murray  
my quarters] my quarter  
Mrs. Hearn's] Mrs. Hearn's  
Colinet] Collinet ff.  
77 Mrs. M.] Mrs M.  
Heart's Content] Hearts Content  
Cohu's] Cohue's  
78 passenger, a girl] passenger a girl  
Burgeo Island, Placentia Bay] Burgeo Island  
79 Mr. Chambers's] Mr. Chamber's  
Patrick's] Patricks  
broken, rugged] broken rugged  
high in places] high in place  
small-sized] small sized  
Chambers's] Chamber's  
had liked] had like  
in lee] in lea  
80 comfortable] comfortabl  
last night's] last nights  
curious-looking] curious looking  
across from] across. from  
wide, very] wide very  
81 barren-looking] barren looking  
landlocked] land locked  
clean-up] clean up  
from Mr.] from Mr  
did not] dodnot  
82 Sinnott's] Sinnotts  
Mr. M.] Mr. M  
merely] nearly  
wagon-load] wagon load  
Kellys] kellys  
comfortable, all] comfortable all  
83 their house] there house  
however, of being] however, being  
really] realy  
84 double-barrelled] double barrelled  
here, played the] here played the  
Mrs. Bugden's] Mrs. Bugdens  
85 John's Pond] John's pond  
houses here, some] houses here some  
86 father's people] fathers people  
taking bearings] taken bearings  
few days] few day's  
Bonia's] Bona's  
87 mild, Billy] mild Billy  
A.M., took] A.M. took  
ducks. They] ducks, they  
88 River, travelled] River travelled  
89 high, is] high is  
fall, cuts] fall cuts  
catamaran] catamoran  
Hodge Water River] Hodge water River  
deer tracks] deer tracts  
90 it led] it lead

dusk, pretty] dusk. pretty  
 Davises] Davis's  
 91 Cary's] Carry's  
 P.M., had] P.M. had  
 station, the wires]  
 station the wires  
 92 Mrs. Whitten's] Mrs  
 Whittens  
 Ann's] Anns  
 months' absence] months  
 absence  
 soon, I] soon I  
 93 weather-beaten] weather  
 beaten  
 1869  
 Bonavista Bay, Trinity  
 Bay, Conception Bay]  
 Bonavista. Trinity &  
 Conception Bays. coastline /  
 M<sup>r</sup>. Murray & party ascended  
 Terra Nova River.  
 94 in June] on June - \_\_\_\_  
 mal de mer] mal de mer  
 service. To] service, to  
 century!] century?  
 soon after] on the ----  
 Noonan, then] Noonan then  
 several days] --- days  
 95 first-class] first class  
 (twice)  
 greensward] green sward  
 arsenopyrite, a compound]  
 arsenopyrite a compound  
 McKay] Mc.Kay  
 are as] is as  
 96 date in June] date June -  
 snow-white] snow white  
 sheet-iron] sheet iron  
 discomfort] discomfit  
 97 superfluous] superflous  
 schooner, when] schooner  
 when  
 Pitt Sound] Pit Sound  
 high, rugged] high rugged  
 coal-black] coal black

well-fed] well fed  
 98 old-time] old time  
 one's hair] ones hair  
 saying, "When] saying when  
 bread.]" bread.  
 99 south-flowing] south  
 flowing  
 farming] farming  
 mercantile] merchantile  
 sons, John] sons John  
 great] geat  
 sought-for] sought for  
 101 Hon. Dr.] Hon Dr.  
 neck-shaped] neck shaped  
 pierced] pierched  
 was made] were made  
 102 French Treaty] French  
 treaty  
 river soon after] river on  
 the \_\_\_\_  
 Mr. M.] Mr. M  
 he delegated] de delegated  
 103 party] party on the - \_\_\_\_  
 These islands] These  
 island  
 Pan Island] Pan, Island  
 shore, it was] shore it  
 was  
 good, being snow-white]  
 good being snow white  
 fine-grained] fine grained  
 well-adapted] well adapted  
 to indicate, it] to  
 indicate it  
 1911, were] 1911 were  
 proceeded] preceeded  
 canvassing] canvasing  
 Soon we] On the -- we  
 105 Cape Bonavista] the Cape  
 sandstones] sand stones  
 school-time] school time  
 106 so-called] so called  
 wheel-locks.]" wheellocks.  
 107 time, and entirely] time.  
 It was entirely

vehicles, I] vehicles. I  
 stead. I] stead I  
 Gent's] Gents  
 Mr. Bremner] Mr. Bremmer  
 108 *Discourse...*]  
 "Discourse...  
 Walters, a] Walters a  
 109 in a day or two] on the  
 morning of the ----  
 distance of 12 miles]  
 distance of miles  
 Ireland's] Irelands  
 110 John Currie] John Curry  
 (ff.)  
 They have] the have  
 Newfoundlanders, were]  
 Newfoundlander's were  
 huge] hugh  
 111 wide-edged] wide edged  
 heavy-bladed] heavy bladed  
 wooden handle] wooded  
 handle  
 called a sax.] called \_\_\_?  
 slate, if] slate if  
 edge, then], edge then  
 head. As] head, as  
 cleavage plane] cleavage  
 plain  
 112 country] countr  
 113 Smith's Sound, a] Smith's  
 Sound. A  
 Sound stopping] Sound on  
 the \_\_\_ stopping  
 one journeys] one  
 journey's  
 114 fossil-bearing] fossil  
 bearing  
 importance. In later]  
 importance in later  
 world-famed] world famed  
 115 Mathew] Mathrew  
 best-preserved] best  
 preserved  
 Brickyard] Brick yard  
 Englishman] English man  
 chocolate-coloured]  
 chocolate coloured  
 first-class] first class  
 116 attached a swingletree]  
 attached a swing ?  
 stupid-looking] stupid  
 looking  
 thoroughly] throughly  
 prepared, the] prepared  
 the  
 breaking, the crude]  
 breaking the crude  
 117 deleterious] deleterous  
 proceeded] preceeded  
 Sound, after] Sound. After  
 well-wooded] well wooded  
 were] wer  
 well-marked] well marked  
 fucoids] fucords  
 plants, a] plants a  
 pyrites. Occasionally]  
 pyrites, occasionally  
 dirty-white] dirty white  
 118 Tilly, the] Tilly the  
 welcome, otherwise]  
 welcome otherwise  
 residents being]  
 residents, being  
 119 *in situ*] in situ  
 overflow] over flow  
 accumulate] accumlate  
 house of a resident] house  
 of .....  
 120 bye, transferred] bye.  
 Transferred  
 Cove, a snug] Cove. A snug  
 Arm inlet] Arm Inlet  
 cross-country] cross  
 country  
 121 Master Slany] Master  
 Stancy  
 at Newhook's] at Newhooks  
 seven-barreled] seven  
 barreled  
 122 country's chief] countries

chief  
     Power's] Powers  
 123 them. My] them my  
     observant] observent  
     extra-heavy] extra heavy  
     miner's boots] miners  
 boots  
     square-headed] square  
 headed  
     fatigue] fatigue  
     away down] a way down  
 124 of Tickle Harbour Point]  
 Tickel Harbour point  
     The Broad] the Broad  
 (twice)  
 125 marketing] marketting  
     Brigus, the] Brigus the  
     of Radway's Ready Relief] of  
 R.R.R.  
     covey of] covy of  
     A.1] A.I  
 126 one to] one. to  
     Adams's house] Adams house  
     clearing, quite] clearing  
 quite  
     cattle, plenty] cattle  
 plenty  
     a long distance] along  
 distance  
     well-beaten] well beaten  
     Cable, how] Cable. How  
 127 lodging.] lodging at the  
 house of .....  
     some 3-4 miles] some  
 ..... miles  
 128 plainly. The latter]  
 plainly, the latter  
     Mary's] Mary'  
     make tracks] make tracts  
     well-defined] well defined  
     spot. Consequently] spot,  
 consequently  
     their whereabouts] there  
 whereabouts  
 129 ground, the truth] ground.

The truth  
     left, believing] left  
 believing  
     Arm in] Arm.in  
     grown-up] grown up  
     place. The latter] place,  
 the latter  
 130 eastward, then] eastward  
 then  
     Green's Harbour] Greens  
 Harbour  
 131 derived, I] derived. I  
 132 newcomers] new comers  
     red-headed] red headed  
     discomforts] discomfits  
     breaking, all hands]  
 breaking all hands  
     fellows, they] fellows  
 they  
     tannic acid] tanic acid  
     tonic.] tonic?  
 133 safety, I] safety. I  
     old gentleman] old  
 gentlemen  
     Slades] Slades?  
 134 afforded, were] afforded  
 were  
     old gentleman] old Mr. ...  
     1892] 92  
     Mrs.] Mrs  
 135 Mr. Watson doing] Mr.  
 ..... doing  
     anticipated, the gold]  
 anticipated the gold  
     True, there] True there  
 136 1869] 69  
     Hon.] Hon  
     Lizzie, was] "Lizzie" was  
 137 snail's pace] snails pace  
     like a Trojan] like a  
 trogan  
     good, unable] good unable  
 138 days' rest] days rest  
     Topsail, old] Topsail. Old  
     tiresome drive] tiresome,

drive  
 Halfway House] halfway  
 house  
 Afterwards I had a look]  
 After having a look  
 Rivers, the] Rivers. The  
 139 span.] span of about  
 Feet.  
 view the site] view the  
 sight  
 done, the line] done the  
 line  
 with. Discovering] with,  
 discovering  
 Works Department] Work's  
 Department  
 constructed, it was]  
 constructed. It was  
 reaching across] reaching  
 a cross  
 140 Works Department] Work's  
 Department  
 The Barachois] the  
 Barachois [twice]  
 Their only] There only  
 bread, a little] bread a  
 little  
 141 meal bread] Meal, bread  
 Cove, a wild] Cove a wild  
 Ridge, a high] Ridge a  
 high  
 I could, only] I could  
 only  
 142 found, if ever] found if  
 ever  
 143 fossil are found] fossil  
 is found  
 Bennetti] Bennettii  
 scientists.] scientists. ?  
 crops, have] crops have  
 southeasterly] south  
 easterly  
 narrow an escape] narrow  
 escape  
 The Barachois] the

Barachois  
 144 Once, failing to find any,  
 I] Once failing to find any I  
 laborious] labourous  
 work. However] work,  
 however  
 boldly. Next] boldly, next  
 was, I] was I  
 145 space. I] space, I  
 Davises] Davis's  
 good-natured] good natured  
 venison] vension  
 wizened] wizzened

The following, dealing with an incident treated in 1868 (p. 96 in the *Reminiscences*), is deleted by Howley in the typescript:

"While here I made a trip with Billy jr. into the country after ducks. etc. Billy also wanted to visit his beaver traps. We travelled over a good deal of soft spongy marsh and through much scrub. Billy of course knew every inch of the country. He brought me to a famous duck pond in the woods where we witnessed an extraordinary sight. The pond which was only about a couple of acres in extent was simply alive with black ducks. They were all huddled together as close as they could stow in the centre of the pond. Billy termed this a bed of ducks. We didnot succeed in getting a shot at them, as they remained in one position out of shot from the shore, [lines missing]  
it is only young birds which will toll, as it is termed, never however when there are many together.

We next visited the beaver dam where Billy had his traps set, only to find that the animal had sprung it without getting caught. This also is a wonderfully knowing animal and marve[l]ous tales are told of the beaver and his works. An old hunter of the South east Arm of Placentia named Kelly was fond of relating one of his experiences, which however must have originated in his very vivid imagination. The story was as follows. On one occasion he trapped an old Beaver, but upon visiting the place found the animal gone leaving one of his hind paws in the trap. The bone having been broken the beaver deliberately gnawed off the foot and escaped (that part of the story may have been true and I had it afterwards confirmed by the Indians). Kelly saw nothing of this beaver again for a long time, but at length he came across his footing in the snow. The print of the sound foot was quite distinct but where the other should be there appeared only a small hole as if made with a stick. Coming on spring he again succeeded in trapping or shooting this same animal. What was his astonishment to find that he had dexterously spliced onto the injured limb a stout piece of wood. The old [man] had so frequently told this marvelous yarn, that I actually think he had come to believe it himself.

Bay d'Est] Bay Dest

146 hostelry] hostling

boulder-bestrewn] boulder  
bestrewn

Here I found my brother]  
Here my brother  
to meet me] to met me  
upper Terra] Upper Terra

1870

147 Shorelines of Southern and  
Eastern Bays; St. Pierre]  
Examining shores Southern &  
Eastern Bays. Visit S<sup>t</sup>. Pierre  
148 around, a sea] around a

sea  
 149 away, a light] away a  
 light  
     fair wind, now] fair wind  
 now  
     nice-sized] nice sized  
 150 Lance, which] Lance, Which  
     Virgin Rocks] Virgin rocks  
     so, as] so as  
     turning] tunring  
 151 A. Bradshaw] A Bradshaw  
     Mr.] Mt.  
     2:30] 2.30  
     to the] the the  
     reddish] redish  
 152 W., poor] W. poor  
     8:30] 8.30  
     morning, Wind] morning  
 Wind  
 153 go in to] go into  
     examine them] examine.  
 them  
     morning, started] morning  
 started  
     sandstone, slate]  
 sandstone slate  
     vesicular] vessicular  
     parallel] parallell  
 154 threatening] threating  
     E., cold] E. cold  
     A. Bradshaw] A Bradshaw  
     Mr. M.] Mr. M  
 155 question, so] question. so  
     anchor, I] anchor I  
     Placentia, Mr.] Placentia  
 Mr.  
     9 A.M.] 9 P.M.  
     S.W., got] S.W. got  
     M., wind] M. wind  
 156 masts, rigging] masts  
 rigging  
 157 hills.] hills  
     day, had] day had  
     sometime, then] sometime  
 then  
     were past] were passed  
 158 Turbot, the] Turbot the  
     Company, an] Company an  
     firm, have] firm have  
     old-time] old time  
     old-fashioned] old  
 fashioned  
     well-kept] well kept  
     remunerative] renumerative  
     from] fro  
 159 at Newman's] at Newmans  
     in, men] in men  
     French of] French.of  
     quaint] quant  
 160 etc., unpacking] etc.  
 unpacking  
     went] wnet  
     season, Mr.] season Mr.  
     Mr. M.] Mr M.  
 162 so-called] so called  
     steel-gray] steel gray  
     4:30] 4.30  
 163 granite, gneiss] granite  
 gneiss  
     Bennett, member] Bennett  
 member  
 164 on past] on passed  
     harbour, well] harbour  
 well  
     here. Most] here most  
 165 Corbin, and] Corbin and  
     2:30] 2.30  
     River in Bay] River or Bay  
 166 provisions] provision  
     day, could] day could  
 167 afternoon, then] afternoon  
 then  
 168 day, I] day I  
     well-built] well built  
 169 kept under control.] kept  
 under.  
 170 leak, the] leak the  
     caulked] calked  
     There are also] there also  
     greenish-gray] greenish

gray	trappean] trapean
reddish] redish	the hawser] the hauser
calcspar veins] calespar	Lawn, our] Lawn our
veins	181 clumsy batteaux] clumsy
171 Trappean] Trapsean	batteau
dark-gray] dark gray	singsong] sing song
172 them, etc.] them. etc.	bulk, then] bulk then
place they might help us]	craft, not] craft not
place	square-rigged] square
173 trilobites] triblobites	rigged
174 Miquelon, a] Miquelon a	a contrast to] a contract
so-called] so called	to
were said] was said	smart-looking] smart
rich-looking] rich looking	looking
175 sulphur] suplhur	schooners, a] schooners a
occurred] occured	182 hove to, to] hove too to
old-fashioned] old	183 earthy-looking] earthy
fashioned	looking
called it.] called it,	was made, when] was made
piece, pounded] piece	when
pounded	Proustite] Prouslite
amusing, this] amusing	irregular, at] irregular
this	at
dame] dame (twice)	184 disturbed. Large]
176 gabble] gable	disturbed large
smile, when] smile when	well-defined] well
foggy, did] foggy did	defined
reddish] redish	afternoon, when] afternoon
up, when] up when	when
Percé] Percee (twice)	185 style!] style.
dark, nearly] dark nearly	Spaniards] spaniards
177 shale, all] shale all	landlocked] land locked
place, very] place very	186 side, the] side the
way, entirely] way	Island] Island.
entirely	morning, rained] morning
Sacré] Sacre	rained
178 <i>disciplinaires</i> ]	day, tremendous] day
<i>disciplinaires</i>	tremendous
here, not] here not	187 day, dare] day dare
curfew] curfrew	weather. I] weather I
179 Commercial Bank]	188 Careen, the] Careen the
Commercial bank	pannikin] pannakin
this] theis	189 run up the bay for] run up
get, I] get. I	the for
180 affect us] effect us	190 5:30] 5.30

*genus homo*] *genus homo*  
 191 John's was taking] John's  
 taking  
     *merchants' wharfs*] *merchants' wharfs*  
 Here, look out, and] here  
 lookout and  
     *Mary's, the*] *Mary's. The*  
     *in any*] *in, any*  
 192 out, the] out the  
     *Keys, an*] *Keys an*  
     *water, extends*] *water*  
 extends  
     *freshets*] *freshlets*  
     *open, fish*] *open fish*  
 193 etc.] etc  
     *in, there*] *in there*  
     *bay, we*] *bay. We*  
     9:30] 9.30  
 194 John's, blowing] John's.  
 Blowing  
     *today, having replenished*] *today having replenished*  
     *etc. we*] *etc. We*  
     *lay to*] *lay too*  
     *Pelley's*] *Pilly's*  
 195 boxes, we] boxes we  
     *along, put*] *along put*  
     *Britannia*] *Brittania*  
 (twice)  
     *boat, collected*] *boat*  
 collected  
 196 E., too] E. too  
     W., left] W. left  
 197 distance, where]  
 distance.where  
     *conical-shaped*] *conical*  
 shaped  
     *last, wind*] *last wind*  
 198 W., we] W. we  
     *over, the*] *over the*  
 200 our decks] out decks  
     *phosphorescence, all*] *phosphorescence all*  
     *little. We*] *little, we*

*lee*] *lea (twice)*  
*inshore, glad*] *inshore*  
 glad  
     *night, all*] *night all*  
 201 sails, got] sails got  
     *overboard*] *over board*  
 202 shift, to] shift to  
     *Gale over, a*] *Gale over a*  
     *along. When*] *along. when*  
     *Narrows*] *narrows*  
     *in, all*] *in all*  
 203 was, two] was two  
     M., too] M. too

1871

204 Notre Dame Bay, Gander Bay  
 and River] Notre Dame Bay.  
 Gander Bay & river. Green Bay.  
 Hall's Bay &c  
     Ebenezer] Ebenezer  
     Nova Scotia Mackerel] N.S.  
 mackeral  
 205 booze] booze  
     *deep-sea*] *deep sea*  
     *Wadhams*] *Wadham's*  
 206 past] passed  
     *year, a fine*] *year. A fine*  
 207 absorbing] obsorbing  
     *gleaned*] *gleamed*  
     *fishermen's and furriers'*] *fishermens and furriers*  
 208 Peyton family] Peytons  
 family  
     *persons then who*] *persons*  
 now who  
     *other, a very*] *other being*  
 a very  
     Taylor, a] Taylor a  
     *well-preserved*] *well*  
 preserved  
 209 familiar scenes] familiar  
 scences  
     *and related his*] *and*  
 relate his  
     Exploits Burnt] Exploits,

Burnt  
     Point of Bay] point of Bay  
     deep-water] deep water  
 210 reach, stretching] reach  
 stretching  
     background] back ground  
     descendants] desendents  
     summer,] summer;  
 211 200 bbls] 200 lbs.  
     tea, molasses] tea  
 molasses  
     said to me, "I] said to  
 me. "I  
     luxuries." ] luxuries.  
     it all together] it  
 altogether  
     Point, the site] Point the  
 site  
     Valance's] Valances  
 212 here, finding] here  
 finding  
     started, left] started  
 left  
 213 specimens, Mr. Murray]  
 specimens. Mr. Murray  
     point, a pretty] point a  
 pretty  
     Beaton, an] Beaton an  
 214 one named Benton,] named  
 Benton and ....?  
     nap, we] nap. We  
 215 deep-cut deep cut  
     pent-up] pent up  
     tumult, debouching] tumult  
 debouching  
 216 summer's cruise] summers  
 cruise  
     aboard, all] aboard. All  
 217 ill-fated] illfated  
     grave," reared] grave."  
 Reared  
     cross-handed] cross handed  
 218 procured] preocured  
     flat-bottomed] flat  
 bottomed  
     well-acquainted] well  
 acquainted  
     flat, camping] flat  
 camping  
     New World Island] N.W.  
 Island  
 219 thoroughly] throughly  
     *Blue Jacket*] Blue Jacket  
     bottom, the] bottom. The  
     *Phoca vitulina*] Phoca  
 litorea  
     Brinton] Brenton  
 220 high-grade] high grade  
     came in, the] came in the  
 221 Change Islands] change  
 Islands  
     Fog. Next day] fog, next  
 day  
     Change Island] Chance  
 Island  
 222 celebrated Barracks]  
 celebrated barracks  
     island, could] island  
 could  
     storm-stayed] storm stayed  
     calm, and the storm] calm  
 and the storm  
     fossils, chiefly] fossils  
 chiefly  
     *gothlandicus*] Gothlandica  
     *Petraia*] Petraea  
 223 fossils, I decided]  
 fossils. I decided  
     inland, taking] inland.  
 Taking  
     first-rate, though] first  
 rate though  
     First Steady] first steady  
     poling] polling  
 224 instruments, I]  
 instruments. I  
     seen it, is] seen it is  
     smooth-flowing] smooth  
 flowing  
 225 empty-handed] empty handed

difficulty, there] difficulty. There  
 boisterous, blowing] boisterous blowing  
 226 Twillingate Main] Twillingate main  
 copper-bearing] copper bearing  
 227 next day, we] next day we  
 quality. The rocks] quality, the rocks  
 228 shelter, which] shelter which  
 230 fog. We left] fog we left  
 was, we] was we  
 was rising, so] was rising so  
 fog, could not] fog could not  
 231 offered. We] offered we  
 home, got] home got  
 232 Seldom Come By] Seldom Come by  
 lightning] lightening (twice)  
 cross-sea] cross sea  
 out-winds] out winds  
 threatening] threathening  
 233 lightning] lightening  
 us, so very] us. So very  
 ship's-bell] ship's bell  
 no more, yet] no more yet  
 unnerve] unnerve  
 234 to pieces. At the] to pieces at the  
 something, which] something which  
 235 kettle and get] kettle get  
 lightning. We were] lightening we were  
 that, but] that but  
 over, beating] over beating  
 236 man's head. We] man's head, we

arm, he then] arm he then  
 now-unconscious] now unconscious  
 resuscitate] resusitate  
 237 and led to] and lead to  
 search, for] search for  
 238 tell the tale."] tell the tale.  
 Holly Branch] Holly Leaves

1872

239 Interior of the Avalon Peninsula] Central interior of Avalon.  
 240 take to the] take the  
 241 Huron, Chippeway] Huron Chippeway  
 242 arduous] arduous  
 244 several islands] several island  
 led upward] lead upward  
 245 affect us] effect us  
 one's] ones  
 noir,"] noir.',  
 brief] breif  
 246 fatigue] fatigue  
 night's rest] nights rest  
 seized] siezed  
 247 venison] vension  
 249 led us] lead us  
 wooden] wooded  
 stuck upright] struck upright  
 252 incautiously leant] incautiously lent  
 253 coolly] coolly  
 way] wasy  
 ducks; when] ducks, when  
 venison] vension  
 losing] loosing  
 255 dives, the] dives the

1873

256 Port au Port Bay and St. George's Bay; Coal in St.

George's Bay] St. Georges and  
 P<sup>t</sup> au P<sup>t</sup>  
 eventful] eventiful  
 Bay, the] Bay. The  
 west on July] west in July  
 Basque we] Basque We  
 258 south side, the valley  
 and] southside the valley and  
 261 Sears maintained] Sears,  
 maintained  
 262 contingent] contigent  
 264 we next hired] next hired  
 265 station protested]  
 station, protested  
 268 Longfellow's] Longfellows  
 269 numerous; in] numerous, in  
 270 Mathews] Methews  
 271 men following] men  
 followly  
 water trickling] water  
 tricking  
 bearings therefrom]  
 bearings, therefrom  
 273 himself such] himself,  
 such  
 275 men's heads] mens heads  
 276 summer's work] summers  
 work  
 277 the Jukes] the Juke's  
 284 room, set up] room set up  
 month's work] months work  
 285 nonsense] nonsence  
 himself, he and] himself  
 and  
 says he, "I'm] says he.  
 I'm  
 286 diseases] deseases  
 287 poling] polling  
 recovered, accompanied]  
 recovered accompanied  
 289 venison] vension  
 rump steak] rump stake  
 294 here, amongst] here  
 amongst  
 295 ship's head] ships head

1874

296 More Surveying in Port au  
 Port Bay and St. George's Bay]  
 St. Georges and P<sup>t</sup> au P<sup>t</sup>  
 297 which tended] which  
 tendered  
 298 deposit at Lead Cove,]  
 deposit, at Lead Cove  
 year's report] years  
 report  
 300 grooves] groves  
 listening] listing  
 to choose] to chose  
 301 river's bed] rivers bed  
 venison] vension  
 doe here] doe. here  
 302 barrel, carried] barrel  
 carried  
 upset it, then] upset it.  
 then  
 303 disappeared] desappeared  
 304 ahead, all] ahead. All  
 trigger, I] trigger. I  
 305 open, clear] open clear  
 venison] vension  
 journeyed] journed  
 306 bundle, commenced] bundle  
 commenced  
 307 secured] secure  
 hospitality, gave]  
 hospitality gave  
 309 river's course] rivers  
 course  
 311 lose] loose  
 312 give up, being] give up  
 being  
 affect] effect  
 313 day's tramp] days tramp  
 river's course] rivers  
 course  
 River, a brawny] River a  
 brawny  
 roomy house, had] roomy  
 house had  
 314 and was much] and much

he said, pointing] he said  
pointing  
316 woods life] wood's life  
difficulty] difficultly  
Keating's] Keatings

1875

317 Bay of Exploits to the  
South Coast: Red Indian Lake,  
George IV Lake, Victoria  
River, Grandy's Brook]  
Exploits to George IV Lake.  
Victoria river. returning  
south to Grandys.  
years'] year's  
318 etc., it fell] etc. It  
fell  
319 fields] feilds  
arduous] ardous  
350 preceded] preceeded  
flat-bottomed] flat  
bottomed  
Micmacs, two] Micmacs. Two  
Wigwam Point] Wigham Point  
birchbark] birch bark  
320 cauldron-like] chaldron  
like  
cauldron] chaldron  
pent-up] pent up  
321 tremendous] tremendous  
well-wooded] well wooded  
322 interspersed]  
enterspersed  
line, looking] line.  
Looking  
N.E., several] N.E.  
several  
323 covering, and we] covering  
and we  
heavily-laden] heavily  
laden  
long-looked-for] long  
looked for  
324 peculiar-shaped] peculiar  
shaped

behindhand] behind hand  
preceded] preceeded  
325 contents, some] contents.  
Some  
still, they] still they  
conflagration]  
conflagation  
heterogeneous] hetregenous  
326 thoroughly] throughly  
327 journeyed] journyed  
large-sized] large sized  
gauntlet] gaunlet  
befell me] befel me  
328 dinner. Into this] dinner,  
into this  
moment's reflection]  
moments reflection  
329 still-smouldering] still  
smoulding  
N.E., overtake] N.E.  
overtake  
330 fir boughs] fir bows  
miles. Here] miles, here  
blowout] blow out  
uphill] up hill  
331 Macdonald's] Mc.Donald's  
back-woodsman] back  
woodsman  
332 Carbonear amongst them, a]  
Carbonear, amongst them a  
333 approached, all]  
approached all  
might be, seeing] might be  
seeing  
over, John] over John  
334 upper Exploits] Upper  
Exploits  
hemmed] hemned  
labour, poling] labour  
polling  
of 1694 feet] of feet  
Pit Paeg] pit paeg  
335 single-handed] single  
handed  
river. We] river we

had affected] had effected  
 deprive] deprive  
 336 Lloyd's Pond] Lloyds Pond  
 pole] poll  
 Reuben] Beuben  
 losing] loosing  
 337 in bringing] in bring  
 all, his foot] all his  
 foot  
 lay, chilled] lay chilled  
 338 river. She was] river she  
 was  
 poling] polling (twice)  
 339 well-aimed] well aimed  
 together, took] together  
 previously, it] previously  
 it  
 340 T] T  
 South-flowing] South  
 flowing  
 48° 13'] 47  
 aneroid] aneiorid  
 so far as] so far from  
 341 Being, however] Being  
 however  
 south, I] south. I  
 find, taking] find. Taking  
 342 eastbound] east bound  
 venison] vension (twice)  
 tobacco, all] tobacco all  
 stopped] stoped  
 blow] blew  
 343 one's way] ones way  
 344 Renouf, Clément] Renouf  
 Clément  
 old-time] old time  
 days'] day's  
 venison] vension  
 arduous] arduous  
 345 fire, I saw] fire. I saw  
 cock-shot] cock shot  
 hand, he] hand. He  
 346 some ten miles] some  
 miles  
 plentiful, we] plentiful

we  
 averred] avered  
 nearest] mearest  
 347 imminent] imminent  
 "Sauve qui peut"] "Sauve  
 qui peut"  
 windbreak] wind break  
 (twice)  
 348 life-saver] life saver  
 Indian-like] Indian like  
 other's camp] others camp  
 speak, without] speak  
 without  
 349 close by] close near  
 camp. Stooping] camp,  
 stooping  
 nice-sized] nice sized  
 350 us several days] us days  
 loveliness] loviliness  
 Their] There  
 again, the distance] again  
 the distance  
 351 positively] possitively  
 to the Bay] the Bay  
 In mid-November] On....  
 November  
 352 to eat, it] to eat it  
 bad, full] bad full  
 work.] work on  
 worn-out] worn out  
 venison] vension  
 our backs, we] our backs  
 we  
 preceded] preceeded  
 considerable-sized]  
 considerable sized  
 353 wet. When] wet, when  
 354 for?"] for."  
 myself, went] myself went  
 stag. Keeping] stag,  
 keeping  
 venison] vension  
 355 jump, made] jump made  
 side, just] side just  
 356 Peter, however] Peter

however  
 coast, game] coast game  
 left, bad] left bad  
 357 venison] vension  
 and by] and bye  
 doesn't] does'nt  
 which was] which there was  
 358 Louis's] Louis'  
 coming, sure] coming sure  
 359 route, was] route was  
 storm-stayed] storm staid  
 McCourt] Mc.Court  
 Dicks' where] Dicks where  
 wild-looking] wild looking  
 newly-married] newly  
 married  
 home, reaching] home.  
 Reaching  
 360 calamity-mongers] calamity  
 mongers

1876

Northwest and Southwest  
 Gander Rivers; Gambo Pond]  
 Gander river above lake.  
visited Burnt Hill  
 364 gauntlet] gaunlet  
 366 observable] obserable  
 370 conflagration]  
 conflagation  
 371 side; had] side. Had  
 dollars' worth] dollars  
 worth  
 372 discomfort] discomfit  
 373 100°] 100'  
 377 favourably] favourable  
 379 descried] discried  
 seized] siezed  
 381 started down] started done  
 to take] to takes

1877

383 Mining Claims in Notre  
 Dame Bay] Mining claims Notre  
 Dame Bay  
 and, moreover] and  
 moreover  
 384 well-found] well found  
 Skipper, George] Skipper.  
 George  
 385 the Narrows] the narrows  
 would allow, nothing]  
 would allow nothing  
 it was, he] it was he  
 387 well-built] well built  
 keeper's house] keepers  
 house  
 388 Orange Day] Orange day  
 gaudy-coloured] gaudy  
 coloured  
 poured rain] pured rain  
 8 A.M. We] 8 A.M. we  
 P.M., towed] P.M. towed  
 days' grub] days grub  
 stark calm] stock calm  
 389 deep, well-sheltered] deep  
 well sheltered  
 stove, funnel] stove  
 funnel  
 390 thinnest] thinst  
 up, catch] up catch  
 everything, even]  
 everything even  
 be, everything] be  
 everything  
 floor, being] floor being  
 391 six-footers] six footers  
 392 Prince, a greyhound, fell]  
 Prince a greyhound fell  
 losing] loosing  
 heave to] heave too  
 Mr. McKay's] Mr. McKays  
 peculiar-looking] peculiar  
 looking  
 place, merely] place.  
 Merely  
 393 well-supplied] well

supplied  
     freshwater] fresh water  
     oval-shaped] oval shaped  
     miners' houses] miners  
 houses  
     dome-shaped] dome shaped  
     rusty-coloured] rusty  
 coloured  
     well-constructed, much]  
 well constructed much  
     miners' houses] miners  
 houses  
     clean, the whole] clean.  
 The whole  
     manager's house] managers  
 house  
 394 right-hand] right hand  
     Mr. M.] Mr. M  
     Glover, is] Glover is  
     cauldron-] chaldron-  
 395 Manager's house] Managers  
 house  
     boundary] bounderary  
     this is, the] this is the  
     broken, completely bare]  
 broken completely bare  
     belonging to] belong to  
 396 connect with, when]  
 connect with. When  
     Notre Dame] N.D.  
     so-called] so called  
     camp, packed] camp packed  
     Gill's] Gills  
     here, an Anglican] here.  
 An Anglican  
 397 Gill's with] Gills with  
     Mrs. Boyle] Mrs Boyle  
     Mrs. Gill] Mrs Gill  
 398 Pond, close] Pond close  
     passes, is] passes is  
     Mrs. Dr.] Mrs Dr.  
     measuring] measureing  
     desperate-looking]  
 desperate looking  
 399 back, when] back when  
     Mr. M.] Mr. M  
 400 work, the boats] work. The  
 boats  
     improved, still] improved  
 still  
     in to another] into  
 another  
 401 man-of-war] man of war  
     G.-ship] G-ship  
 402 Duder's grant] Duders  
 grant  
     meant] ment  
 403 once it nearly] once  
 nearly  
     ore, the S.S.] ore. The  
 S.S.  
 404 feet down] feet. Down  
     compressed-air] compressed  
 air  
     200 or 300] 2 or 300  
     hills, it was] hills it  
 was  
     curious-looking] curious  
 looking  
     high, rising] high rising  
 405 miners' dwellings] miners  
 dwellings  
     *here* moved after *anything*  
 from before it  
     cleanliness] cleanliness  
     altogether] all-together  
     foggy, wet] foggy wet  
     Stayed aboard] Staid  
 aboard  
     went and] went. and  
     engineer, who] engineer  
 who  
 406 day, started] day started  
     measuring] measureing  
     structure, which]  
 structure which  
 407 as the visit] as the  
 visits  
     barque] bark  
     latter's gunwale] latters

407 gunwale  
     steamer's rail] steamers  
 rail  
     else's way] elses way  
     on, neither] on neither  
     late, the] late the  
     cheap here. It] cheap here  
 it  
     casualties] casualties  
     fellow, whose name] fellow  
 whose name  
     Martin,] Martin  
     last night.] last night  
     him, not] him not  
     Pond, Dr.] Pond Dr.  
     examining] examing  
     boundaries] boundary's  
     no wonder, as] no wonder  
 as  
     square-mile] square mile  
     day, plotted] day plotted  
     Eales. They] Eales they  
     billiard] billard  
     here, invited] here  
 invited  
     assayist, is] assayist is  
     Henderson's] Hendersons  
     over, the] over the  
     in charge, invited] in  
 charge invited  
     He, Fisher] He Fisher  
     stayed] staid  
     after, chatting] after  
 chatting  
     day, all] day all  
     Henderson's] Hendersons  
     M.E.,] M.E.  
     rubber hoses] rubber hose  
     compressed-air] compressed  
 air  
     cross-bit] cross bit  
     again, he keeps] again,  
 keeps  
     sludge] sluge  
     peculiar-looking] peculiar

413 looking  
     S.E., could] S.E. could  
     outer, harbour is] outer  
 harbour, is  
     any-sized] any sized  
     outdoor] out door  
     Harbour and] Harbour. And  
     Thorough soaking] through  
 soaking  
     Lightning] lighting  
     did not, so] did not so  
     Mrs.] Mrs  
     lose] loose  
     afternoon, when] afternoon  
 when  
     but as the sea] but the  
 sea  
     day, stayed] day staid  
     day, went] day went  
     Pill, a] Pill a  
     Capt., now] Capt. now  
     (Rouge) Harbour] (Rouge  
 Harbour)  
     to-day] to day  
     measuring] measureing  
     Red Harbour] Red. Harbour  
     wet, could] wet could  
     Mrs.] Mrs  
     wide-open] wide open  
     morning, rained] morning  
 rained  
     mile, to] mile to  
     proper, towards] proper  
 towards  
     bearings, also] bearings  
 also  
     Calm, fine, and] Calm fine  
 and  
     time.] time  
     Naked Man] naked man  
     schooner, taking] schooner  
 taking  
     again, commenced] again  
 commenced  
     Harry's] Harry'

422 cold, continued] cold  
continued  
so-called] so called  
hard, very] hard very  
Mr. M.] Mr. M  
cold all] cold. all  
in to the] into the  
situated, commenced]  
situated commenced  
included seven] including  
seven  
torrents, very] torrents  
very  
day, got] day got  
but as it] but it  
Island, we] Island we  
Wednesday, the same]  
Wednesday the same  
since, sinking] since  
sinking  
dinner. Capt.] dinner  
Capt.  
Walked in to] Walked into  
a clear-up] a clear up  
anticipated, it]  
anticipated it  
shortcut] short cut  
along, sometimes] along.  
Sometimes  
the path, it] the path it  
the Bay, no] the Bay no  
Mursell's] Mursells  
Harvey. Charlie] Harvey,  
Charlie  
in to the wharf] into the  
wharf  
rail, just] rail just  
King's] Kings  
Old Perlican] old Perlican

1878

437 Return to Mining Claims,  
Notre Dame Bay] Mining claims  
Notre Dame Bay  
schooner] schooner

437 crew John] crew; John  
proceeded] proceed  
with you." ] with you.  
further in,] further in.  
hand. "Put it] hand, "put  
it  
issue, taking] issue.  
Taking  
Crescent] Cresnet  
one's face] ones face  
brought] brough  
seeing] seening  
costeaning] costening  
later on] latter on  
unoccupied] unoccupied  
discernible] discernable  
Mammateeks] Mannateeks

1879

454 First Attempt at Boring  
for Coal at Grand Lake; Upper  
Humber River; Sandy Lake to  
Hall's Bay] First attempt  
boring, Grand Lake, then to  
Hall's Bay  
June] june  
windlass] windlas  
poling] polling  
remunerative] remunerative  
insignificant]  
insignificent]  
Souliann; Mr.] Souliann,  
Mr.  
Nichols' farm] Nichols  
farm  
brush] brushes  
Nichols'] Nichol's  
length] lenght  
shore, that] shore that  
ground, then] ground then  
material] materal  
pool below] pool.below  
willows; much] willows,  
much  
afternoon, sitting]

466 afternoon. Sitting  
 body; in this] body in  
 this  
 to gambol] to gamble  
 White Bay] white Bay  
 by aneroid] by aneioid  
 Reuben Souliann] Reuben  
 Sonliann  
 preparing] preparaing  
 Saturday] saturday  
 venison] vension  
 the narrows, while] the  
 narrows. while  
 poles set] poles were set  
 around, each] around each  
 inside, it] inside it  
 pronunciation]  
 pronunciation  
 one throws] one throw  
 novels, when] novels. When  
 victim's skin] victims  
 skin  
 forward, swing] forward  
 swing  
 deer's shin] deers shin  
 deer's hair] deers hair  
 ferocious] feroceous  
 dancer passed] dancer past  
 hatchet] hatched  
 what it meant] what it  
 ment  
 animals; only] animals,  
 only  
 their way. I] their way I  
 for food, the others] for  
 food. The others  
 wasted; he] wasted he  
 fire, commenced] fire  
 commenced  
 venison] vension  
 whole carcase] whole  
 carcases  
 averred] avered  
 are some; I] are some I  
 venison] vension

483 Cooper's men] Coopers men  
 inveterate] inverarate  
 trawl line] thrawl line  
 face, neck] face neck  
 Scotchmen] Scotchman  
 Sunday, it] Sunday. It  
 swarmed] swamed  
 Bay, after] Bay. After  
 precipitated] precipated  
 telegraph] ttelegraph  
 venison] vension

1880

490 More Mining Claims in  
 Notre Dame Bay] Notre Dame Bay  
 Rabbit's Arm] Rabbits Arm  
 (three times)  
 Notre Dame] Norte Dame  
 risk it; by] risk it, by  
 render them] render than  
 miners' tallow] miners  
 tallow  
 one's nervous] ones  
 nervous  
 arrived there, there]  
 arrived there there  
 cartridges; as a]  
 cartridges, as a  
 wrong, asked] wrong asked  
 know, said] know said  
 said he,] said he  
 cartridge, filled]  
 cartridge filled  
 proceeded] preceeded

1881

499 Gold Claims in Conception  
 Bay] Gold claims Conception  
 Bay., Brigus  
 least half] least, half  
 altogether] all together  
 apparently] apparently  
 sameness,] sameness.  
 ponds, it was] ponds. It

502 was  
 Indians' ways] Indians  
 ways  
 than venison] then venison  
 town, all] town all

1882

507 Surveying Exploits Valley  
 Townships] Exploits valley  
 townships  
 entitled under] entitled  
 to under  
 Plover] Plover  
 land us, Harvey's] land  
 us; Harvey's  
 Manuel, a...Captain's, to]  
 Manuel a...Captain's to  
 the riverside] the River-  
 side  
 in 1768] in 1786  
 Their] There  
 consequences.

Nevertheless] consequences,  
 nevertheless

cure for toothache] cure  
for toothache  
 come out, I] come out. I  
 full-grown] full grown  
 moisture-laden] moisture  
 laden

shelter, got boughs]  
 shelter got boughs  
 my clothes, wrung] my  
 clothes wring  
 of them, dried] of them  
 dried

nap] knap  
 than ever, still] than  
 ever. Still  
 stayed] staid  
 I could, but] I could but  
 the question. I] the  
 question I  
 my shirt. This] my shirt,  
 this

516 rest, then] rest. then  
 paralyzed] paralyzed  
 direction Harvey's]  
 direction. Harvey's  
 and climbed trees] and  
 climbing trees  
 Grand Fall, with] Grand  
 fall with  
 direct them] direct then  
 shoulder. Nevertheless]  
 shoulder, nevertheless  
 venison, the first]  
 venison the first  
 Grand Fall] Grand fall  
 canoes, the] canoes; the  
 could not, and on] could  
 not and on  
 the compass, which] the  
 compass which  
 easy-going] easy going  
 here, is expected] here is  
 expected  
 provided than we] provided  
 then we  
 men, not having] men not  
 having  
 for him, as] for him as  
 on apace] on a pace  
 White, who is] White who  
 is  
 Plover] Plover  
 mail down, also] mail down  
 also  
 and, if not, go] and if  
 not go  
 after, we] after we  
 Little Rattle] little  
 Rattle  
 long-lines] long lines  
 mouth] Mouth  
 returned, Harvey's]  
 returned harvey's  
 stayed] staid  
 depart, Cunningham] depart  
 Cunningham

524 Hobbs, Stewart] Hobbs, and  
Stewart  
Hiram Perry] Hiram Perry  
Hobbs paid] Hobbs payed  
McLeod] Mc.Leod (3 times)  
end of the month] end of  
the mouth  
baymen] bay men  
in to where] into where  
canoe-load] canoe load  
6th-mile] 6th mile  
today, had to] today had  
to  
today, a good] today a  
good  
the month] the mouth  
fine, sultry] fine sultry  
many of the bare] much of  
the bare  
he meant] he ment  
a pole, now] a pole now  
Brook, all] Brook all  
winter set] winter sets  
day, the] day. The  
stayed] staid  
Plover] Plover  
Paid Peter] Payed Peter  
good-bye, then] good-  
bye then  
camping. We] camping we  
paid much] payed much  
no one paid] no one payed  
day, I] day I  
Geoffrey] Jeoffrey  
Orion, the] Orion. The  
fish's tail] fishes tail  
decidedly] decidely  
nights] night's  
caught over] cought over  
ubiquitous] ubiquitous  
Black-capped] Black capped  
re-echo] reecho  
progress] preogress  
politics, both] politics  
both

538 men, is] men is  
break-up] break up  
anticipated, today]  
anticipated today  
S.W., the first] S.W. the  
first  
28.02"] 28'o2  
has veered] has verred  
out, having] out having  
snow-white] snow white  
hares, which] hares which  
behindhand] behind hand  
Change Island] change  
Island  
hours' tramp] hours tramp  
partridge, the] partridge  
the  
each in to] each into  
further, being] further  
being  
miles, as far] miles as  
far  
day, a good] day a good  
morning in to] morning  
into  
till dark, yet] till dark  
yet  
hours' work] hours work  
river, over 30 miles, and]  
river over 30 miles and  
A.M., then] A.M. then  
attempt after all, as it]  
attempt, after all as it  
I went to work] I sent to  
work  
others paired] others  
pared  
all along] all long  
broadside] broad side  
sternforemost]  
sternformost  
was a truly] was truly  
below, when] below when  
boatload] boat load  
rafts, a feat] rafts. A

549 feat  
 blowout] blow out  
 late, we] late we  
 bowl along] bole along  
 here, naturally] here  
 naturally  
 Picket's] Pickets  
 Hagan's, were] Hagans were  
 Irishman-like, he]  
 Irishman like he  
 in fact] infact  
 then proceeded] then  
 preceeded  
 the men, who] the men who  
 all over, we] all over we  
 Brimstone] Brinestone  
 paid] payed  
 men's] mens  
 We then] When then  
 day, were] day were

1883

553 Surveying in Codroy  
 Valley] Codroy valley  
 coast, particularly] coast  
 particularly  
 settled,  
 misunderstandings] settled  
 misunderstandings  
 Curlew] Curlew  
 Caspian] Caspian  
 Dwyer, the] Dwyer the  
 A. White] A White  
 Mal de mer] Mal de mer  
 dense and] dense. and  
 River, I] River. I  
 hours' delay] hours delay  
 one, the] one the  
 Holyrood, all] Holyrood  
 all  
 a man, woman] a man, women  
 fisherman] fishermen  
 birds, would] birds would  
 steamer's way] steamers  
 way

559 Hagdown. These] Hagdown  
 These  
 streaks and] streaks &  
 fortunate] for fortunate  
 old-fashioned] old  
 fashioned  
 barks] bakes  
 line-of-battle] line of  
 battle  
 sailors'] sailors  
 wide-bladed] wide bladed  
 guns, as] guns. As  
 old-fashioned] old  
 fashioned  
 cotterel] coterel  
 2:30] 2.30  
 Merlin] Merlin  
 The Gut] the gut (*passim*)  
 Gale's Cove] Gales Cove  
 agent, in whose] agent in  
 whose  
 McGinnis] Mc.Ginnis  
 miles, is] miles is  
 4 miles] \_\_\_\_ miles  
 Rosey, i.e., Enragée]  
 Rosey, Enragée  
 lookout] look out  
 Mr. Rolls'] Mr. Roll's  
 John B.] John B  
 balsam] balsom  
 trees, roots and all,]  
 trees roots and all  
 McGinnis] Mc.Ginnis  
 (*passim*)  
 motley] motly  
 Highlanders, French]  
 Highlanders. French  
 Rolls'] Hall's  
 for Channel] for channel  
 done, that] done. That  
 afternoon, a regular]  
 afternoon a regular  
 Point. As a] Point, as a  
 John B.] John B  
 tramping. We] tramping we

572 Fine, but] Fine but  
 warm, commenced]  
 warm commenced  
 player's] players  
 fig, Uncle] fig. Uncle  
 feu de joie] feu de joie  
 at Ryan's] at Ryans  
 backwoods] back woods  
 one's attention] ones  
 attention  
 hard-working] hard working  
 such, I] such I  
 first-class] first class  
 tidewater] tide water  
 (twice)  
 side, and] side and  
 reddish-brown] reddish  
 brown  
 survey, having] survey  
 having  
 McNeil] Mc.Neil  
 land with, it] land with  
 it  
 decidedly] decidely  
 McKeown] Mc.Keown  
 grown-up] grown up  
 is the reed.] is the reed?  
 the women also] the woman  
 also  
 but as that gentleman] but  
 that gentleman  
 Little River] Little river  
 spaces, when] spaces. When  
 boat, bottom up, laying]  
 boat bottom up laying  
 inhabitant, could]  
 inhabitant could  
 as to who] as to whom  
 remote] lengthened  
 across, which] across  
 which  
 begin blocking] begin the  
 blocking  
 North, South] North South  
 adhered to, there] adhered

582 to there  
 Ryan's] Ryans  
 eastward, of] eastward of  
 settlers' boundaries]  
 settlers boundaries  
 clearing, then] clearing  
 then  
 witchhazel] wichhazel  
 our base] out base  
 brought] brough  
 man, which] man which  
 Highlander, broad-  
 shouldered] Highlander broad  
 shouldered  
 thick-set] thick set  
 party, five] party. Five  
 Rolls' agent] Roll's agent  
 preposterous] prepostrous  
 first-mile] first mile  
 line, Arthur] line. Arthur  
 here, has] here has  
 our things] our thing  
 trees embedded] trees  
 embodied  
 so-called] so called  
 dead-level] dead level  
 rain, all] rain all  
 2nd-mile] 2nd mile  
 occupied] ocupied  
 cutting. Owing] cutting  
 owing  
 separated, Arthur]  
 separated. Arthur  
 canoe-load] canoe load  
 (*passim*)  
 3rd-mile] 3rd mile  
 time, a little] time a  
 little  
 again, Arthur] again.  
 Arthur  
 the fall, this] the fall  
 this  
 breakdown] break down  
 bark] back  
 generally] generally

591 McQuarry] Mc.uarry  
 Brook. I picked] Brook I  
 picked  
 Brook, our] Brook our  
 along, the water] along  
 the water  
 the way, up to] the way up  
 to  
 heavy-looking] heavy  
 looking  
 woods, Arthur] woods.  
 Arthur  
 thorough] through  
 trees, grow] trees grow  
 birch, witchhazel] birch.  
 wichhazel  
 7th-mile] 7th mile  
 evening's work] evenings  
 work  
 Waltonian] waltonian  
 witchhazel] whichhazel  
 shallow. When] shallow  
 when  
 blow, as] blow as  
 morning, continued]  
 morning continued  
 dull day, went] dull day  
 went  
 days' grub] day's grub  
 now reached, it] now  
 reached it  
 Lady Day] Lady day  
 Northern Branch] Northern  
 branch  
 evening's sport] evenings  
 sport  
 deer, one a large] deer  
 one large  
 sufficed] sufficied  
 poor-looking] poor looking  
 fire, blankets] fire  
 blankets  
 came on and we] came on we  
 5:30] 5.30  
 piece of sport] piece

600 sport  
 strings, as much] strings  
 as much  
 as we could] as could  
 is, the river] is the  
 river  
 sunset, all] sunset. All  
 to ask me] to ask me to  
 ask me  
 fellow, one] fellow one  
 up. Beyond] up, beyond  
 Gabriel's land] Gabriels  
 land  
 settlers' houses] settlers  
 houses  
 North-South] North South  
 all, so] all, So  
 Arthur, John] Arthur John  
 The Gut] the gut  
 Andrew Gabriel's] Andrew  
 Gabriels  
 give in, sorely] give in  
 sorely  
 confusion later]  
 confusion. later  
 Monsignor's] Monsignors  
 Dunot's] Dunots  
 expectant, Father]  
 expectant. Father  
 Leopard] Leopard  
 Broom's] Brown's  
 Monsignor's] Monsignors  
 (twice)  
 bride's uncle] brides  
 uncle  
 sermon, the] sermon. The  
 Sears, another] Sears  
 another  
 Monsignor, as] Monsignor  
 as  
 adjourned] adjoined  
 (twice)  
 sweet (?)] sweet?  
 camp, spruced] camp  
 spruced

608 come, he] come he  
pitch-dark] pitch dark  
dark, we] dark we  
potato] potatoe  
to lag, the] to lag the  
hours' rest] hours rest  
work, I] work. I  
witchhazel] wichhazel  
(twice)  
again, continued] again  
continued  
McKeown's] Mc.Keown's  
Downey's] Downeys  
McDonald] Mc.Donald  
McArthur] Mc.Arthur  
(twice)  
Mass, afterwards] Mass  
afterwards  
long-tailed] long tailed  
talking about] taking  
about  
Land-leaguers] Land  
leaguers  
day, continued] day  
continued  
McIsaac] Mc.Isaac  
to lose] to loose  
yard. As a] yard, as a  
fallish-looking] fallish  
looking  
Ryan's Brook] Ryans Brook  
McKeown's] McKeouwn's  
prospecting] preopecting  
there, owns] there owns  
Confederation, says]  
Confereration says  
situation] siruation  
witchhazels] wichhazels  
The Gut] the gut  
Rolls' line] Rolls line  
(twice)  
straightening]  
straightning  
Gale's Cove] Gales Cove  
McGinnis] Mc.Ginnis

616 McArthur's] Mc.Arthur's  
Proteus] Proteus  
short-sighted] short  
sighted  
at Gale's] at Gales  
Rolls'] Rolls  
The Gut] the gut  
Croke, for] Croke for  
at Keating's] at Keatings  
Curlew] Curlew

1884

619 Surveying in St. George's  
Bay] S<sup>t</sup>. Georges.  
district; instead]  
district, instead  
axemen] axeman  
wind, similar] wind  
similar  
Agent's] Agents  
130 qtls.] 130 qlts.  
cricket] criket  
Sears'] Sear's  
Lilly, Collector] Lilly  
Collector  
Customs, to] Customs to  
beaches] beeches  
harbour; she] harbour, she  
tonight] to night  
Parsonses] Parsons's  
*Wilsonia pusilla?*  
Wilsonia pusilla?  
*Mniotilta varia?*  
Mniotilta varia?  
*Passerella iliaca]*  
Passerella iliaca  
*Hylocichla guttata*  
*pallasii]* *Hylocichla guttata*  
*pallasii.*  
*Picoides Arcticus]*  
Picoides Arcticus  
auger hole] augur hole  
low, I sent] low. I sent  
water in] water.In  
evening's work and]

639 evenings work.and  
 evidently] evediently  
 dull, had] dull had  
 again, remained] again  
 remained  
 an old] and old  
 deer tracks] deer tracts  
 season; furthermore]  
 season, furthermore  
 morning, continued]  
 morning continued  
 tobacco I] tobacco.I  
 day, continued] day  
 continued  
 few yards] yew yards  
 some specimens]  
 some.specimens  
 three feet] thee feet  
 one's men] ones men  
 the seam; was] the seam  
 was  
 Museum?] Museum.  
 soon] soon soon  
 down, not up stream] down  
 not up stream  
 seems] semms  
 men returned] man returned  
 each, having] each having  
 Lady Day] Lady day  
 bushes and] brushes and  
 N.E., made] N.E. made  
 gun, waded] gun waded  
 me. They] me.. They  
 vain, we] vain we  
 summer, here] summer here  
 day, continued] day  
 continued  
 deer, just] deer just  
 rain, very cold] rain very  
 cold  
 was situated for] was  
 situated to  
 the barrens, I] the  
 barrens. I  
 were very heavy and] were

665 very heavy and were very  
 heavy and  
 day's work] days work  
 bothered me, I] bothered  
 me I  
 white today] white to day  
 Charlie] Charle  
 snow bird's] snow birds  
Junco hyemalis] Junco  
hyemalis  
 timber, very] timber very  
 McDonald's] McDonalds  
 Pictou, then] Pictou then  
 sheep's wool] sheeps wool  
 McPherson's] McPhersons  
 there fronting]  
 there.fronting  
 dictated; as] dictated, as  
 insisted on laying]  
 insisted in laying  
 and some] & some  
 McPherson's] McPhersons  
 night, quite] night quite  
 to blanch] to blanche  
 day, continued cutting]  
 day continued cutting  
 line again] line.again  
 Moved camp about] Moved  
 camps about  
 season's work] seasons  
 work  
 woodmen] woodman  
 the ascent] the assent  
 day, no] day no  
Golden Eye] Golden Eye  
 Nardini] Nardiné  
 ago to] ago.to  
 tonight] to night  
 turned in; all] turned in  
 all  
 Pierre; I] Pierre I  
 Frenchmen] Frenchman  
 Bowring's] Bowrings

1885  
 688 Surveying in the Avalon  
 Interior] Avalon Peninsula  
 midway] midday  
 and W, N] and W.N  
 thinnest part] thinnest  
 part

1886  
 692 Surveying in Bay of  
 Exploits] Exploits Bay and  
 river.  
 than ever] then ever  
 Brooking's splendid]  
 Brookings splendid  
 Bremmer's & Grieve's]  
 Bremmers & Grieves  
 wharf; I] wharf I  
 foggy, got] foggy got  
 he, John,] he John  
 day, could] day could  
 Winsor's, got] Winsor's  
 got  
 dissertation] desertation  
 jinney.] jinney  
 decidedly] decidely  
 Alfred Beaton's] Alfred  
 Beatons  
 comfortable; as]  
 comfortable as  
 chimneys, one] chimneys  
 one  
 the Peytons] the Peyton's  
 poles, then] poles then  
 hours' rest] hours rest  
 Winsor's] Winsors (passim)  
 few so called] few, so  
 called  
 River, crosses] River  
 crosses  
 halfway, when] halfway  
 when  
 is all] is a  
 went, nearly] went nearly  
 at Beaton's] at Beatons

709 work, chainmen] work  
 chainmen  
 He, old John,] He old John  
 winnum too] winnum to  
 at Peyton's] at Peytons  
 to Winsor's] to Winsors  
 (twice)  
 Gill's at] Gills at  
 today] to day  
 them, they] them they  
 reply "I] reply I  
 here." Nance] here.  
 Nance]  
 widdum not] widdum not  
 place, the] place the  
 morning, packed] morning  
 packed  
 morning, remained] morning  
 remained  
 down, shortens] down  
 shortens  
 etc., so] etc. so  
 shore, could] shore could  
 arrived, must] arrived  
 must  
 hewed off] hued off  
 the pursuit] the persuit  
 hands, soon] hands soon  
 varied, there] varied  
 there  
 of mussels] of muscles  
 skulls, merely] skulls  
 merely  
 men, Connors] men Connors  
 ghoulish] goulish  
 loose fragments] lose  
 fragments  
 type, the spout] type the  
 spout  
 exertions in] exertions.in  
 Hann, Tom Ebbs] Hann, Tom,  
 Ebbs  
 proved under] proved to  
 under  
 the words but] the word

727 but  
 seized him] siezed him  
 sunset, intended] sunset  
 intended  
 whiled away] wiled away  
 W., could] W. could  
 ornaments, all] ornaments  
 all  
 boar's tusks] boars tusks  
 day, continued] day  
 continued  
 sea on, could] sea on  
 could  
 Manuel's schooner] Manuels  
 schooner  
 this work.] this work  
 Struck camp] Stuck camp  
 Winsor's] Winsors  
 near Antle's] near Antles  
 weather latterly] weather  
 laterly  
 today, complains] today  
 complains  
 Connors' account] Connor's  
 account  
 day, commenced] day  
 commenced  
 grepe's nest (Bald] grepes  
 nest. (Bald  
 northerly, cut] northerly  
 cut  
 day, remained] day  
 remained  
 grepe's nest] grepes nest  
 large as] larges as  
 handles, fully] handles  
 fully  
 all and] all.and  
 sharp stick] sharp s stick  
 bay, carried] bay carried  
 crossed, not] crossed not  
 one's knees] ones knees  
 necessary, the] necessary  
 the  
 stockings, tuck] stockings

738 tuck  
 left; crossing] left  
 crossing  
 screws, ply] screws ply  
 side said] side.said  
 drowned, he] drowned he  
 unless] unles  
 tragedy] tradegy  
 was, when] was when  
 purpose, life] purpose  
 life  
 camp, carried] camp  
 carried  
 home, made] home made  
 hours' rest] hours rest  
 river, Willie] river.  
 Willie  
 were, some] were some  
 day; as] day as  
 19th] 18th  
 Albert, Hann] Albert Hann  
 (twice)  
 presentment] presentament  
 tonight.] tonight:  
 fisherman] fishermen  
 height, regular] height  
 regular  
 abating, fearful] abating  
 fearful  
 down, got] down got  
 6:30.] 6.30  
 home, amongst] home  
 amongst  
 child, a boy, rather]  
 child a boy rather  
 one's ankles] ones ankles  
 season. Continued] season  
 Continued  
 spruce, fir,] spruce fir,  
 day's work] days work  
 E., raining] E. raining  
 frontages, 10] frontages  
 10  
 old villain] old villian  
 Gill's after] Gills after

754 at Peyton's] at Peytons  
 season too and] season to  
 and  
 crew idle] crew.idle  
 Gill's in] Gills in  
 side.] side  
 helpless, reaching]  
 helpless reaching  
 not affected] not effected  
 up, lead] up lead  
 bad, so] bad so  
 get off] get of  
 small knuckle] small  
 nuckle  
 we too] we to  
 decidedly] decidely  
 risky, besides] risky  
 besides  
 today, men] today, Men  
 only, we] only we  
 work, Hann] work Hann  
 night, could] night could  
 this side] this s side  
 Beaton's] Beatons  
 warm, in fact] warm in  
 fact  
 camp, go] camp go  
 to Gill's] to Gills  
 Winsor's two] Winsors two  
 are, too] are too  
 6th] 5th  
 cook, in] cook in  
 Harbour, gave] Harbour  
 gave  
 deer's horn] deers horn  
 bark, fold] bark fold  
 no freedom] no fredom  
 thoroughly] throughly  
 Manuel's and] Manuels and  
 Nance's] Nances  
 bottom.)] bottom)  
 around] arounf  
 deer skin] deed skin  
 Wells'] Wells  
 distances, one] distances.

768 One  
 Bay, then] Bay then  
 11:30, all] 11.30 all  
 appalling tragedy]  
 appalling tradegy  
 Connors'] Connor's

1887

770 Cross-country, Fortune Bay  
 to Bonavista Bay; Bay du Nord  
 and Terra Nova Rivers] Cross  
 country. Fortune to Bonavista.  
 taking in M<sup>t</sup> Sylvester &  
 vicinity  
 en fete] en fetè  
 her filthy] her fifty  
 P.M., went] P.M. went  
 manoeuvred] manaeuvred  
 threading his devious]  
 treading his devious  
 water, would] water would  
 4 P.M.] 4 P.m.  
 strange place; besides]  
 strange place, besides  
 the Burkes] the Burke's  
 Denis Burke's] Denis  
 Burkes  
 Mike's two] Mikes two  
 should lurk] should lurke  
 cañon] canôn (twice)  
 Indian families] Indians  
 families  
 good-for-nothings] good  
 for-nothings  
 Cinq Isle] Cing Isle  
 He has] He had  
 narrow cañon] narrow  
 cannon  
 loads, Mike] loads. Mike  
 few days' provisions] few  
 days provisions  
 Before we carry] Before  
 carry  
 cook's, we] cooks, we  
 today] to day

790 half; no] half no  
 ponds; it] ponds it  
 hottest] hotttest  
 pole] poll  
 poling] polling  
 pond; first] pond, first  
 their allowance] their  
allowance  
 pond, crossed] pond  
 crossed  
 Tonight] To night  
 as there] as their  
 getting along] geting  
 along  
 canoe, which] canoe which  
 dog, who] dog who  
 supper, my] supper. My  
 Sandy Pond] Sandy pond  
 (ff.)  
 it affects] it effects  
 poling] polling  
 misnomer] missnomer  
 hard, could] hard could  
 couple of days'] couple of  
 day's  
 at this, he] at this he  
 to lose] to loose  
 galled my] gauled my  
 same] smae  
 1822, after] 1822. After  
 semi-cavern] semi-cevern  
 as when] a when  
 woods, spec] woods," spec  
 barren waste] barron waste  
 poles] polls  
 packs, Albert] packs.  
 Albert  
 hungry looking, incapable]  
 hungry looking incapable  
 disintegrated]  
 disintegrated  
 August 26th. Dull] [date  
 omitted] Dull  
 all over, wind] all over  
 wind]

825 luxuriously] luxiously  
 day, continued] day  
 continued  
 months' stock] months  
 stock  
 morning, remained] morning  
 remained  
 camp; we] camp, we  
 Cene] Cana  
 high on] highy on  
 until] untill  
 point of abandonment]  
 point abandoment  
 fleshy part] fleashy part  
 all day. A] all day. a  
 again, commenced] again  
 commenced  
 pertaining] partaining  
 mineral Peter] mineral,  
 Peter  
 ground] fround  
 below, some] below some  
 before, got] before got  
 camped; as we] camped as  
 we  
 biggest] bigest  
 E.N.E. very  
 fine, warm] fine warm  
 be led] be lead  
 us, it being] us. It being  
 length acceded] length  
 acceded  
 symmetrical] symetrical  
 to pole] to poll  
 went] wnet  
 Mollyquajeck] Mollyquajeck  
 dark, Albert] dark. Albert  
 stag, one] stag one  
 together; this] together,  
 This  
 hemmed as it] hemned as it  
 Peter's two] Peters two  
 prevents] prevent  
 times, still] times still  
 lay to] lay too

861 imminent risk] imminent  
risk  
losing] loosing  
i.e.] i e.  
fare off much] fare of  
much  
choosers; we] choosers, we  
Colbourne's] Colbournes

1888

868 Cross-country, Bay  
d'Espoir to Bay of Exploits;  
Meelpaeg Lake] Cross country  
Bay d'est to Noel Pauls river  
Maelpeg lake &c.  
Curlew] Curlew [all names  
italicized]  
the Narrows] the narrows  
pillar gauge] pillar guage  
to lay to] to lay too  
2:30] 2.30  
skipper] Skipper  
P.M., reached] P.M.  
reached  
Harbour Breton] Harbour  
Briton  
belonged to] belong to  
Camp's] Camps (twice)  
discomfort] discomfiture  
Everybody's] Everybodys  
30°] 30' [degree symbol  
corrected *passim*]  
Madrepore] Madrepora?  
6 A.M.] 6 P.M.  
Leslie's] Leslies  
Mathews'] Mathews  
two Barneses came] two  
Barnes' came  
Bay D'Est river] Bay  
Despoir river  
poor one. (H. adds:  
"This refers to Small Pond.")  
don't] dont [all  
apostrophes inserted]

882 not a breath] not a  
breadth  
suspected, the] suspected  
the  
Long Pond] Long, Pond  
all in to] all into  
Barneses] Barnes's (twice)  
poling] polling (*passim*)  
Souli's] Soulis (*passim*)  
large-sized] large sized  
tree, I then] tree I then  
long sandy point] long  
Sandy Point  
discomfort] discomfiture  
yesterday, I got]  
yesterday. I got  
lee] lea  
Pond, leaving] Pond.  
Leaving  
poling] polling  
again,] again-  
distance. Then] distance.  
then  
beautiful-looking]  
beautiful looking  
leeward] leaward  
smooth-bore] smooth bore  
carcass] carcass  
yards caused by] yards  
cased by  
sparse] sparce  
lake, while] lake. While  
birds' instinct] birds  
instinct  
numerous, many] numerous.  
Many  
station I] station.I  
plan of] plan, of  
Joe's place] Joes place  
calm, finest] calm finest]  
Koskaecodde] Koskaecoddee  
main shoreline] mainshore  
line  
we find] we fined  
*ad infinitum*] *ad infinitum*

914 Dull, raining] Dull  
raining  
unravel the] unravel, the  
venison] vension  
actually see him] actually  
see it  
Decidedly] Decidely  
late, without] late  
without  
men's report] mens report  
Hennebury, who] Hennebury  
she  
collapse] colaps  
Parnell-*Times*] Parnell  
Times  
Capt. Pat] Capt Pat  
boisterous] boisterious  
weeks' work] weeks work  
their wont] their want  
all day, could] all day  
could  
last, comparatively] last  
comparatively  
"L'homme propose, et Dieu  
dispose."] "L'homme propose,  
et Dieu dispose."  
great southern arm] great  
Southern Arm  
October] october  
The section "*October 11th*"  
... "fowl and the brute.'" "  
follows the text in *The*  
*Beothucks*, 147-50, rather than  
the "*Reminiscences*"  
typescript.  
After *qualities* one  
paragraph of Cormack's  
text is omitted.  
Pudops Gospen] Pudops  
gospen  
decidedly] decidely  
south-flowing] south  
flowing  
boulder-bestrewn] boulder  
bestrewn

940 decayed deer's] decayed  
deers  
large, one in] large. One  
in  
Pidau Gospen] Pidau gospen  
rugged-looking] rugged  
looking  
on the] on the the  
Island Pond] Island pond  
(twice)  
move, we] move we  
bright day] bright, day  
Exploits after]  
Exploits.after  
again, wind] again wind  
them; often] them; Often  
foxy-grayish] foxy  
grayish  
Noel Paul's Steady] Noel  
Paul's steady (twice)  
What is that for Joe I  
asked, what are you going to  
put in it?: eds. have  
punctuated Howley's  
dialog.  
handkerchief] hankerchief  
proved] proved  
Grand Falls] grand Falls  
place, upset] place upset  
hair's breadth] hair's  
breath  
losing] loosing  
herd] heard  
extremely imminent]  
extremely iminent  
anonymous] annonymous  
scribbler] scribler  
*Telegram*] *Telegram*  
falsehoods] falshoods  
alleged] alledged  
*German manner*] German  
manner  
columns] columnes  
the steady Joe] the  
steady. Joe

965 heeled over] healed over  
 Mathews'] Mathew's  
 bailed her] baled her  
 saturated] satuated  
 get across, my two] get  
 across. My two  
 while, it] while it  
 papoose] papose  
 quickly, there] quickly  
 there  
 one's senses] ones senses  
 hair's breadth] hair's  
 breath  
 precipitated] precipitated  
 "All's well] "Alls well  
 along, there] along there  
 Beothucks, being]  
 Beothucks being  
 on, Noel] on Noel  
 Joe's little] Joes little  
 reached Red] reach Red  
 three miles] thre miles  
 about] about about  
 in the long] on the long  
 desirous] desirious  
 stuck at it] struck at it  
 smooth-flowing] smooth  
 flowing  
 long-barrelled] long  
 barrelled  
 some deer, from] some deer  
 from  
 What you say asked Noel:  
 eds. have punctuated Howley's  
 dialog.  
 this down, the River] this  
 down the River  
 High Point] high Point  
 letters and] letter and  
 was one of] was of of

1889

996 Coal in St. George's Bay]  
 S<sup>t</sup> Georges coalfields  
 Government, that I]

996 Government. I  
 dollars' worth] dollars  
 worth  
 way, to] way to  
 Volunteer] Volunteer  
 (names of ships are  
 italicized)  
 preceded] preceeded  
 flobbered] flobered  
 me through.] me through  
 lee railing] lea railing  
 Trepassey Bay] Trepassey  
 bay  
 Tom Ebbs] Tom. Ebbs  
 along, great] along. Great  
 Bird Rock] Bird rock  
 this morning, and] this  
 morning. and  
 Mrs.] Mrs  
 grandson, McGee] grandson.  
 McGee  
 was fined] was find  
 months' imprisonment]  
 months imprisonment  
 bait, netting] bait  
 netting  
 Minard's] Minards  
 Mrs. Pike] Mrs Pike  
 La Hune] La Hume  
 morning, having] morning.  
 Having  
 nice-looking] nice looking  
 Mrs. Houlihan] Mrs  
 Houlihan  
 girl, an orphan, and] girl  
 an orphan and  
 Harlaw] Harlow  
 Mrs. Nardini] Mrs Nardini  
 Boston, a sister] Boston a  
 sister  
 Mrs. Dryer] Mrs Dryer  
 thoroughly] throughly  
 succeeded] succeeded  
 got in to] got into  
 indigestion, an]

1008 indigestion an  
 walk, it] walk it  
 Mrs. Guerney] Mrs Guerney  
 parties' boundaries]  
 parties boundaries  
 poopooed] poopood  
 telegraphed to] telegraph  
 to  
 out from] out.from  
 day, blowing] day blowing  
 Pooh Bah] Poo Ba  
 Tom is] John is  
 o'-war's man] o'-wars man  
 here. Even] here, even  
 dread of] dread off  
 yet. Mike Cole] yet Mike  
 Cole  
 men, Swyers, complained]  
 men Swyers complained  
 today, the] today. The  
 with us, putting] with us  
 putting  
 many more, as] many more  
 as  
 nice-sized] nice sized  
 downhill] down Hill  
 Paul, and] Paul and  
 morning, and] morning.and  
 hand. He] hand, he  
 loads except] loads,  
 except  
 over-tired] over tired  
 packing, all] packing all  
 good-sized] good sized  
 night, I] night. I  
 13th] 15th  
 first-rate] first rate  
 Slade's employees] Slades  
 employees  
 over-warm] over warm  
 that's eight] thats eight  
 4", two] 4". Two  
 too deep] two deep  
 Middle Barachois] middle  
 Barachois

1023 coal, I] coal. I  
 five feet. On] five feet  
 on  
 it, one...Shears, had] it  
 one...Shears had  
 stayed] staid (twice)  
 give up. As] give up as  
 evening. It was] evening  
 it was  
 large-sized] large sized  
 lightning, the first]  
 lightning the first  
 diseased] deseased  
 Harlaw] Harlow  
 galled] gauled  
 clay, two only] clay two  
 only  
 real coal. The] real  
 coal, the  
 below, 14] below 14  
 camp, blankets] camp  
 blankets  
 marten] martin  
 flats, a very] flats a  
 very  
 fall, the first] fall the  
 first  
 tremendous] tremendous  
 river here] river and  
 here  
 approach] appraoch  
 days' grub] days grub  
 on, becoming] on becoming  
 boulders. In fact]  
 boulders in fact  
 bare-topped] bare topped  
 brown-] brown  
 purple-topped] purple  
 topped  
 grows so thick] grows  
 thick  
 birch-rind] birch rind  
 struck another] stuck  
 another (twice)  
 day, about] day about

1034 dinner. It] dinner it  
 upper- and] upper and  
 brittle, intensely]  
 brittle intensely  
 small, very] small very  
 river, but] river. But  
 latterly] laterly  
 hay-growing] hay growing  
 forenoon, a] forenoon a  
 downpour] down pour  
 country, Albert] country.  
 Albert  
 foggy, miserable] foggy  
 miserable  
 Robinson's River]  
 Robinson's river (*passim*)  
 loads. I] loads I  
 occur close] occurs close  
 strapping-looking]  
 strapping looking  
 them. Glad] them glad  
 Bonaventure's]  
 Bonaventures  
 John's. A] John's a  
 seen, there] seen there  
 salmon. It] salmon it  
 water-soaked] water  
 soaked  
 6 1/2". About] 6 1/2"  
 about  
 tramp and] tramp.and  
 cliffs, which are] cliffs  
 which wre  
 found. I am] found I am  
 promising-looking]  
 promising looking  
 downthrow] down throw  
 bank, trees] bank trees  
 darkish-looking] darkish  
 looking  
 Set some] Let some  
 Jukes] Juke's  
 He caught] We caught  
 Robinson's] Robinsons  
 again, a few] again a few

1046 of coal, one] of coal one  
 Little Brook] little  
 brook (twice)  
 direction, showing]  
 direction.showing  
 Murray Seam] Murray seam  
 Jukes' seam] Jukes seam  
 here, much] here much  
 enabling us] enably us  
 pork, I] pork. I  
 the bottom, it] the  
 bottom it  
 cañon] cannôn  
 we stayed] we staid  
 good-sized] good sized  
 ravine led] ravine lead  
 but no, he] but no he  
 timber, several] timber  
 and several  
 luck!] luck?  
 the Jukes] the Juke's  
 at work, some] at work  
 some  
 a marten] a martin  
 Station] sta. (*passim*)  
 rock, only] rock only  
 the case, as] the case as  
 seams, one] seams one  
 carbonaceous] carbonaeous  
 I stayed] I staid  
 8-inch] 8 inch  
 seam. I set] seam set  
 complaining] complainig  
 believe] believe  
 face, found] face found  
 Little Brook] little  
 Brook (*passim*)  
 1 1/2 foot-] 1 1/2 foot  
 8-inch] 8 inch  
 hill. They] hill, they  
 the Shearses] the Shears  
 fellow, his] fellow his  
 good-hearted] good  
 hearted  
 out. All hands] out all

<p>1057 hands  coal, also] coal also  Slaty Seam] Slaty seam  fellows, had] fellows had  I thought] I though  failed. I] failed I  ends, there] ends there  Cleary Seam] Cleary seam  Fern Seam] Fern seam  better. They] better they  remarkably fine]  remarkable fine  place, found] place found  preceding] preceeding  fault, found] fault found  position, all] position  all  dog, I] dog I  no use. He] no use he  determined] dertermined  fired, the dog] fired the  dog  head, stopping] head.  Stopping  bad. We] bad we  Jukes Seam] Jukes seam  There has been] There had  been  work, some] work some  them, a quarter] them a  quarter  coal] caol  lately, a] lately a  dinner-time, after]  dinner-time. After  crossed, looking] crossed  looking  suspected, the seam]  suspected the seam  holds] holding  throughout.] throughout  Salmon Hole] Salmon hole  here, at least] here at  least  Big Seam] big seam</p>	<p>1066 (<i>passim</i>)  wherever] wherever  is, is making] is, making  if it] if ir  boulders, gravel]  boulders gravel  called, occur] called  occur  a long distance] along  distance  Mike, also] Mike also  England, Eddy] England.  Eddy  Mrs.] Mrs  September, still]  September still  July] july  seam by] seam.by  thoroughly] throughly  moreover] moreeover  -time, after] -time.  After  Delaney's bundle]  Delaneys bundle  latter's back] latters  back  thank God] Thank God  pitched our camp] first  camped  warm, more so] warm more  so  so, as] so as  here, I] here I  day, up] day up  morning, looks] morning  looks  each comber] each comer  in, which] in which  tide, and] tide.and  down, amongst] down  amongst  Mrs. Shears'] Mrs Shears  Lily] Lilly  Mrs.] Mrs  a baby, is] a baby is</p>
---	--

1074 fair, as] fair as  
 outside, no] outside no  
 last, sea] last sea  
 poor fellow] poorfellow  
 and Noel] an Noel  
 Rody, the] Rody the  
 rains. I] rains I  
 galled] gauled  
 today. Set] today Set  
 Big Scrape] big scrape  
 priest's] priests  
 disappointed, Father]  
 disappointed. Father  
 Point last] Point.last  
 then took] then tokk  
 Romain's] Romains  
 back, several] back  
 several  
 witchhazel] whichhazel  
 fellow, told] fellow told  
 McLean's wake] McLeans  
 wake  
 water. Saw] water saw  
 bridge, followed] bridge  
 followed  
 in to the] into the  
 (twice)  
 day, men] day men  
 McGrath's] Mc.Grath's  
 to warrant] to warrent  
 structure] struture  
 followed] folowed  
 Head Pond] Head pond  
 Mass, Father] Mass.  
 Father  
 The Gravels] the Gravels  
 days here] day's here  
 Main Gut] main gut  
 Bottom Brook] bottom  
 brook

1890

1085 Railway Survey West from  
 Exploits River] Railway survey  
 cross country.

1087 season's provisions]  
 seasons provisions  
 we reach] we reached  
 latter's son] latters son  
 Methodist] Methodists  
 breaks] breakes  
 presumptuous]  
 presumptuous  
 John Gill's] John Gills  
 in them; such] in them,  
 such  
 pole] poll  
 poling] polling (*passim*)  
 well; they should] well  
 they should  
 crossed to the other]  
 crossed to other the  
 well; they] well they  
 chute; they] chute they  
 lumbermen's prog]  
 lumbermens prog  
 warbler's] warblers  
 Thrush, sings] Thrush  
 sings  
 low one, then] low one  
 then  
 all day, came] all day  
 came  
 up little brook] up  
 little Brook  
 deer everywhere]  
 deer.everywhere  
 Indians, who came]  
 Indians who came  
 loaned me, is] loaned me  
 is  
 another deer, a] another  
 deer a  
 beef, which is] beef  
 which is  
 pond, the first] pond the  
 first  
 mentioned, and] mentioned  
 and  
 in choosing] in chosing

1106 comfortable again] comfortable.again  
     the line; we] the line we  
     all day, met] all day met  
     a long way] along way  
     volumes] volumnes (twice)  
     fire burning after] fire  
 lightning after  
     it so completely] it  
 completely  
     fire was travelling] fire  
 travelling  
     getting headway, it]  
 getting headway it  
     our line, after] our  
 line, After  
     boulders, could] boulders  
 could  
     stride forward, reaching]  
 stride forward reaching  
     break or gap] break or  
 gag  
     flour, some] flour some  
     the night, I fear] the  
 night I fear  
     lead, past] lead passed  
     day. Went] day Went  
     few days' rest] few days  
 rest  
     down and] down. and  
     day, continued] day  
 continued  
     old place, went] old  
 place went  
     very high, nearly] very  
 high nearly  
     easily spanned, being]  
 easily spanned being  
     double curve, one] double  
 curve one  
     Hinds' plains] Hind's  
 plains  
     Hinds' pond] Hind's pond  
     Sclater's old] Sclaters  
 old

1135 extracting it; in] extracting it in  
     report, I felt] report I  
 felt  
     deer. I suppose] deer I  
 suppose  
     today; of course] today,  
 of course  
     however; carefully]  
 however, carefully  
     Goose Pond, took] Goose  
 Pond took  
     all, our small] all our  
 small  
     the line, as we] the line  
 as we  
     arrived] arriv-  
     below, too] below too  
     Albert, John] Albert John  
     sea on, could] sea on  
 could  
     of time, which] of time  
 which  
     affected by] effected by  
     water's edge, in] water's  
 edge. In  
     water, showing] water  
 showing  
     a lookout] a look out  
     outlet, than] outlet than  
     are good; besides] are  
 good, besides  
     five miles, all] five  
 miles all  
     was so affected] was so  
 effected  
     has had] had had  
     bread; they] bread they  
     Grand Pond, the] Grand  
 Pond. The  
     quite leisurely,  
 stopping] quite leisurely  
 stopping  
     single-barrel] single  
 barrel

1226 double-barrel] double barrel  
     pushed on, taking] pushed on taking  
     half-roasted] half roasted  
     rains, up] rains up  
     they struck] they stuck  
     Grand Lake with] Grand Lake.  
 Lake.with  
     which led] which lead  
     years. Cheering] years, Cheering  
     with loads, they] with loads they  
     Nicholls' farm] Nicholl's farm  
     etc., had] etc. had  
     carcases] carcass  
     the afternoon; even] the afternoon even  
     here than] here then  
     desideratum] desireratum  
     a great bay I] a great bay. I  
     tonight] to night  
     Corner Brook] corner Brook  
     O'clock, very] O'clock very  
     Baggs'] Baggs (*passim*)  
     Petrie's] Petries (twice)  
     Lewises, pilot's]  
 Lewis's, pilots  
     place] places  
     Brake's] Brakes (*passim*)  
     coolly] cooly  
     Thursday 9th.] Thursday 8th.  
     great enquiries] great enquires  
     canoe loads] canoes loads  
     hay; now] hay, now  
     lumberers' paths] lumberers paths

1251 steep. Albert] steep Albert  
     Brook; seen] Brook, seen  
     in the] in th  
     lately has had] lately had had  
     Corner Brook] corner Brook  
     latter's vexation] latters vexation  
     midday, went to work, Albert] midday went to work Albert  
     cold, in fact] cold in fact  
     river; we now] river we now  
     Brake's] Brakes (*passim*)  
     steep. I] steep I  
     brooks] brookes  
     river, landed] river landed  
     canoe. I] canoe I  
     Brook, found] Brook found  
     road, very] road very  
     though very] through very  
     S.S. River, very] S.S. River very  
     Baggs'] Baggs (*passim*)  
     one's weight] ones weight  
     morning, looked] morning looked  
     crossing place] crossing.place  
     behind; thought] behind thought  
     hill, then] hill then  
     side, then] side then  
     an S; after] an S after  
     line; even] line even  
     Brook folk.] Brook folk  
     have to be done: [H. left a space for a sketch at this point.]  
     tall, well built] tall

1185 well built  
 fixed, the days] fixed  
 the days  
 W., believe] W. believe  
 line, part] line part  
 waters, then] waters then  
 up and] up.and  
 started; we] started we  
 uncomfortable] unfortable  
 again, could] again could  
 Volunteer's] Volunteers  
 pond; crossing] pond  
 crossing  
 pond, crossing] pond  
 crossing  
 at all. I] at all I  
 rest. I] rest, I  
 to camp, I] to camp I  
 children, what] children  
 what  
 one's friends] ones  
 friends  
 Petrie's] Petries  
 (*passim*)  
 last by] last.by  
 by cession] by session  
 evening; the] evening the  
 Allan's] Allans  
 across] a cross  
 shovelfuls] shovefuls  
 (twice)  
 greatly affected] greatly  
 effected  
 stranger, Captain]  
 stranger Captain  
 stranger's plot]  
 strangers plot  
 tonight] tonigh  
 Bennoit's Cove] Bennoits  
 Cove

1891

1205 Resumption of Search for  
 Coal at Grand Lake; North  
 towards White Bay; Georges

1205 Lake] Coal investigation  
 Humber region.  
 June 25th] June 21st  
 place, could] place could  
 much mars] much marrs  
 on, got into] on got into  
 close up. The] close up  
 the  
 Petrie's] Petries  
 Messervey's] Messerveys  
 Grand Pond] Ground Pond  
 Tonight] To night  
 up theirs, got] up theirs  
 got  
 of it, quite] of it quite  
 Nicholls'] Nicholl's  
 (*passim*)  
 from opposite] farm  
 opposite  
 accurate, agreed]  
 accurate agreed  
 for us; had] for us had  
 wind been ahead] wind  
 being ahead  
 and there is] and their  
 is  
 Brake's] Brakes (*passim*)  
 Baggs' wharf] Baggs wharf  
 (*passim*)  
 Petrie's] Petries  
 Monday 13th] Monday 15th  
 She had] She has  
 N.S. Lake; continued]  
 N.S. Lake continued  
 hard; did] hard did  
 thriving population.]  
 thriving population  
 party; I] party I  
 afterwards, still]  
 afterwards still  
 it beat] It beat  
 any negro's] any negros  
 exceedingly rare]  
 exceeding rare  
 chooses] choses

1226 the fly; I] the fly I  
 Stevens' coal] Stevens  
 coal  
 brook John] brook. John  
 over; then] over, then  
 became] becomes  
 ponds, could] ponds could  
 bosom, and] bosom and  
 night's camping] nights  
 camping  
 Tuesday 28] Monday 28  
 cliffs of white] cliffs  
 or white  
 Stevens'] Steven's  
 (*passim*)  
 Laurentian, there]  
 Laurentian. There  
 to me the] to me that the  
 veracity.] veracity  
 rookery] rookery  
 to Nicholls'] to Nicholls  
 (*passim*)  
 across; just] across just  
 River, saw] River saw  
 three. He] three He  
 rock, the sand] rock the  
 sand  
 affected] effected  
 Twining's line] Twinings  
 line  
 about midway] about  
 midday  
 Brook. I] Brook I  
 before us; they] before  
 us they  
 Albert, Tom] Albert Tom  
 observations, writing]  
 observations writing  
 bottom; this] bottom this  
 Moses' seam] Moses seam  
 coal. I took] coal I took  
 occur here, bringing]  
 occur here bringing  
 and again, in] and again  
 in

1251 lose] loose (twice)  
 poorer men] poorer men  
 in vertical] invertical  
 us. It] us It  
 back, desperately] back  
 desperately  
 evening, men] evening men  
 coming. I] coming I  
 woods. I] woods I  
 too early] to early  
 lad's appearance] lads  
 appearance  
 here; we] here we  
 back, crossed] back  
 crossed  
 pond; here] pond here  
 also lost him] also lost  
 costeaning. I] costeaning  
 I  
 coat, took] coat took  
 are past] are passed  
 there. I thought] there I  
 thought  
 brook, I shoved] brook. I  
 shoved  
 ashore seized] ashore  
 siezed  
 deer, a fine] deer a fine  
 young stag, was] young  
 stag was  
 breast, penetrated]  
 breast penetrated  
 forth; when I] forth,  
 when I  
 canoe, took] canoe took  
 from camp, fully] from  
 camp fully  
 evening's work] evenings  
 work  
 calm day] calm, day  
 beach, found] beach found  
 yards below, another]  
 yards below another  
 got our] got to our  
 after him in the] after

1269 him, in the  
 woods, drove] woods drove  
 ashore, skinned] ashore  
 skinned  
 journey; for] journey,  
 for  
 trimmed] trimmed  
 M., found] M. found  
 ducks, I] ducks I  
 calmed down] calmed done  
 ducks, saw] ducks saw  
 camp, Albert] camp Albert  
 screecher] screecher  
 of section, looks well]  
 of section looks well  
 seam, No. 6] seam No. 6  
 here, is No. 13] here is  
 No. 13  
 Hinds Point; I] Hinds  
 Point I  
 mail, Joe] mail Joe  
 casualties] casualties  
 specimens, washed]  
 specimens washed  
 outcropped] outcropped  
 things. Informed] things  
 Informed  
 specimens; before]  
 specimens before  
 got over, it came] got  
 over it, came  
 stroll] stroll  
 canoes, get] canoes get  
 Mat went] Mat, went  
 deer; I] deer I  
 cold. Men] cold.men  
 broke down; there] broke  
 down there  
 tonight] to night  
 today. But] today.but  
 horse's shoe] hore's shoe  
 time, got] time got  
 day; the little] day the  
 little  
 hunting; this] hunting

1286 this  
 out; fortunately] out,  
 fortunately  
 the River; after] the  
 River after  
 trackless] tractless  
 while, gave] while gave  
 accept. The] accept The  
 mocassins] moscassins  
 After effecting] After  
 affecting  
 dilapidated] dilipated  
 comfortable, gave]  
 comfortable gave  
 1892  
 1294 Search for coal Continues  
 at Grand Lake] Coal  
 investigation Humber region.  
 no stemming] no stemming  
 devastated] devastated  
 years' absence] years  
 absence  
 lose] loose  
 Pushthrough] Pushthrough  
 were past] were passed  
 La Hune] La Hume  
 Bay, arrived] Bay arrived  
 O'Rourke] O'Rouke  
 Baggs' wharf] Baggs wharf  
 Mrs. Petrie's] Mrs  
 Petries  
 witty] witty  
 on Arm, had] on Arm had  
 lumberers'] lumberers  
 beaver for] beaver.for  
 Very fine] Very, fine  
 side, stopped] side  
 stopped  
 Rody, all] Rody all  
 working till]  
 working.till  
 weeks' supply] weeks  
 supply  
 Ulunda.] "Ulunda"

1310 then commenced] the  
 commenced  
     the country was like]  
 like the country was  
     as he] as we  
     beach with] beach.with  
     At last] At.last  
     him; a flying] him, a  
 flying  
     anywhere; they] anywhere  
 they  
     beasts, it] beasts it  
     days, probably] days  
 probably  
     2nd., Connolly] 2nd.  
 Connolly  
     in to where] into where  
     Brook after] Brook.after  
     tiresome tramp] tiresome,  
 tramp  
     25, got] 25 got  
     Hinds' Point] (Hind's  
 Point (twice)  
     Hinds' Brook] Hind's  
 Brook (twice)  
     started; had] started,  
 had  
     season's work] seasons  
 work  
     here, as] here as  
     work. I think] work I  
 think  
     pieces of brilliant]  
 pieces brilliant  
     Indians, the] Indians the  
     camping, about] camping  
 about  
     ahead, struck] ahead  
 struck  
     Brook, found] Brook found  
     ducks, fired] ducks fired  
     costeaning, uncovered]  
 costeaning uncovered  
     in most] is most  
     stormy, still] stormy

1324 still  
 not, all] not all  
 Saturday] Sunday  
 river, cut] river cut  
 Noel's gun] Noels gun  
 sometime, now] sometime  
 now  
     day; he had] day he had  
     and pushed hard; we] and  
 pushed hard we  
     Furthermore] Further more  
     hardly probable] hardly  
 probably  
     hours' walk] hours walk  
     again with numerous]  
 again numerous  
     Noel and Pat] Noel, and  
 Pat,  
     undertake] under take  
     Hinds' pond] Hind's pond  
 (*passim*)  
     started off] started of  
     Hinds' Plains] Hind's  
 Plains  
     barrens; the] barrens the  
     boots; when] boots, when  
     squalls] squall  
     us, some] us some  
     camera; I] camera, I  
     -time; he] -time he  
     Nicholls is] Nicholl's is  
     portage, having] portage  
 having  
     dry, never] dry never  
     rot; it] rot, it  
     Nicholls' again] Nicholls  
 again  
     fine day] fine, day  
     ducks, just] ducks just  
     glimpse] glympse  
     route than] route then  
     Mat.] Mat  
     Nicholls' big] Nicholls  
 big  
     in; with] in with

1338 so; I] so I  
 running, they] running  
 they  
 marsh, I] marsh I  
 Nicholls', very] Nicholls  
 very  
 them, still] them still  
 Nicholls' about]  
 Nicholl's about  
 clock, took] clock took  
 lake, some] lake some  
 country's] countries  
 Baggs' wharf] Bagg's  
 wharf (*passim*)  
 We arrived] He arrived  
 Petrie's] Petries  
 (*passim*)  
 Harlaw] Harlow  
 musician] muscian  
 today, expect] to day  
 expect  
 Baggs' wharf; we] Baggs  
 wharf we  
 says, the] says the  
 jib-boom] jiboon  
 experienced there]  
 experience there  
 ship, another] ship  
 another  
 Monday October 31st.]  
 Monday November 1st.  
 Newman's premises]  
 Newmans preminses  
 Burkes] Burke's (twice)  
 proverbially] proverbally  
 Tuesday November 1st.]  
 Monday 31st.  
 Wednesday] Tuesday  
 Lake line; besides] Lake  
 line, besides  
 rechristened]  
 rechristined

1893

1347 Steam-drilling for Coal

1347 at Grand Lake; Trip to  
 Nova Scotia] Coal  
 investigation Humber region.  
 agreed] agreeded  
 stewards] stewarts  
 drought] drought  
 sandstones; where]  
 sanstones, where  
 entrance, had a] entrance  
 had a  
 They] Yhey  
 evening, taking] evening  
 taking  
 Sydney main seam] Sydney  
 Main seam  
 2.25).] 2.25)  
 twenty minutes] twenty-  
 minutes  
 transmission] transmittion  
 Secession soldier, went]  
 Secession soldier went  
 rooms, had a wash] rooms  
 had a wash  
 machinery, found]  
 machinery found  
 46th birthday] 46th.  
 birthday  
 afternoon; it] afternoon  
 it  
 toddling, gamboling]  
 toddling gamboling  
 Railway, coal] Railway  
 coal  
 Harlaw. I] "Harlaw" I]  
 one's own] ones own  
 morning steaming]  
 morning. steaming  
 Senator, Gillis,] Senator  
 Gillis  
 Badeck, a fine] Badeck a  
 fine  
 Island; here] Island,  
 here  
 One, a] One a  
 others; they] others they

1369 Entrance and] Entrance.and  
 hours' delay] hours delay  
 last named] last names  
 going incessantly] going.  
 incessantly  
 in; nearly] in nearly  
 Petrie's] Petries  
 Baggs' wharf] Baggs wharf  
 (*passim*)  
 Larry Barron] Lary Barron  
 Kelvin Brook] Kelvin'  
 Brook  
 calm. The] calm The  
 Nicholls'] Nicholl's  
 after, we] after we  
 up to the Lake] up the  
 Lake  
 grit rock; they] grit  
 rock they  
 cautiously] coutiously  
 at length] at lenght  
 quickly; when] quickly,  
 when  
 stopped here] stopped her  
 afternoon.] afternoon  
 arrived, they] arrived  
 they  
 to Nicholls'] to Nicholls  
 Baggs' wharf] Baggs wharf  
 Petrie's] Petries  
 has done] has down  
 Petrie's] Petries  
 Fiona; they] "Fiona" they  
 here, were] here were  
 threatens] threathens  
 Nicholls' farm] Nicholls  
 farm (*passim*)  
 pipes, they] pipes they  
 thus lightening] thus  
 lightning  
 drag, they] drag they  
 camp again] camp.again  
 camp; they] camp they  
 week.] week

1392 Nicholls'] Nicholls  
 Exploits; I] Exploits I  
 I do] I dod  
 post, we] post we  
 town site] town sight  
 steam] stream  
 today] to day  
 again, screwed] again  
 screwed  
 progressing] pregressing  
 today, it] today it  
 carpenters' tools]  
 carpenters tools  
 pipe, only] pipe only  
 hills. I only] hills I  
 only  
 hole; several] hole  
 several  
 doe, she] doe she  
 woods. I] woods I  
 one; when] one, when  
 appearance. When]  
 appearance When  
 pond, tried] pond tried  
 pipe again] pipe.again  
 feet, struck] feet struck  
 back, he] back he  
 Hinds' point] Hind's  
 point (*passim*)  
 potatoes, bread] potatoes  
 bread  
 well, my] well my  
 drew them] drew then  
 Preparing reamer]  
 Preparing remeaner  
 smoke stacks.] smoke  
 stacks  
 head; we] head he  
 dinner, it] dinner it  
 week. I] week I  
 evening, found] evening  
 found  
 storm staid.] storm staid  
 side, the wind] side the  
 wind

1412 Twillicks] Tweillicks  
 cool, proceeded] cool  
 proceeded  
 deer, small] deer small  
 views. We] views We  
 existing, I] existing. I  
 about, this] about this  
 path, had] path had  
 shore, saw] shore saw  
 smokey; evidently] smokey  
 evidently  
 first pond.] first pond  
 ill luck] illluck  
 touched the button]  
 touched the botton  
 sandstone; they]  
 sandstone they  
 Tuesday 19th] Tuesday  
 17th  
 Nicholls'] Nicholls  
 brought up] brough up  
 Spend the] Spent the  
 Hinds' Brook] Hind's  
 Brook  
 to cross] to swim cross  
 stag ashore] stag shore  
 Nicholls' horse] Nicholls  
 horse  
 coal measures. I] coal  
 measur I  
 tomorrow; we will]  
 tomorrow we will  
 prepared] prepaired  
 it stuck and] it struck  
 and  
 will find] will fine  
 day, got] day got  
 commenced driving]  
 commenced diving  
 belongings.] belongings  
 today, struck] today  
 struck  
 dinner-time] dinne time  
 to look out] to lookout  
 deer, some] deer some

1429 beaver I saw] beaver.I  
 saw  
 mudbank, we] mudbank we  
 to it; just] to it just  
 under, we] under we  
 wife, the] wife. The  
 Vallance; they] Vallance  
 they  
 boat. I] boat I  
 days' supply] day's  
 supply  
 Hinds' Plains] Hind's  
 Plains (twice)  
 bright, warm] bright warm  
 Nicholls' tonight]  
 Nicholl's tonight  
 assured, could] assured  
 could  
 coal. Even] coal Even  
  
 1894  
 1438 Geological Features along  
 Railway] Geological features  
 along N & W. Railway.  
 sufficed] sufficied  
 7 P.M.] 7 A.M.  
 Tuff's] Tuffs  
 got up] Got up  
 Reid's private] Reids  
 private  
 sore. I] sore I  
 Thursday 30th] Thursday  
 29th  
 no one knows] no ones  
 knows  
 them; here] them, here  
 too late to look] too  
 late look  
 afternoon. I] afternoon I  
 Reid's and] Reids and  
 country, got] country got  
 Capulet, coal laden,]  
 "Capulet" coal laden  
 England, the maker]  
 England the maker

1456 long, has] long has  
 Pond, saw some] Pond saw  
 some  
 failed, she] failed she  
 Pond, got] Pond got  
 Fine day, got] Fine day  
 got  
 Wednesday 19] Wednesday  
 20  
 trolley, they] trolley  
 they  
 bridge.] bridge  
 there is] their is  
 hot, lovely] hot lovely  
 pond; the] pond the  
 miserable.] miserable  
 badly.] badly  
 it most certainly would]  
 it most certainly  
 West, a] West a  
 down, got up] down got up  
 lakes; we] lakes we  
 distant, did] distant did  
 Brook, the] Brook the  
 M.; we] M. we  
 Lake, got] Lake got  
 river, saw] river saw  
 still there] still their  
 three. Splendid] three,  
 Splendid  
 Indians, John] Indians.  
 John  
 back, boiled] back boiled  
 again, being] again being  
 candidates' success]  
 candidates success  
 journey, found] journey  
 found  
 Reid's car] Reids car  
 it worked] it work  
 camp, saw] camp saw  
 five, would] five would  
 deer, they] deer they  
 late, I] late I  
 morning, had] morning had

1476 Reid's car] Reids car  
 out, pack] out pack  
 off, shouldered] off  
 shouldered  
 brook, crossed] brook  
 crossed  
 boring; they] boring they  
 section, uncovered]  
 section uncovered  
 house.] house  
 ashore, paunched] ashore  
 paunched  
 side, most] side most  
 etc., they] etc. they  
 Reid's car. Edgar] Reids  
 car Edgar  
 pond, saw] pond saw  
 one's life] ones life  
 stag, could] stag could  
 camp, they] camp they  
 deer, saw] deer saw  
 year's deer] years deer  
 marsh, succeeded] marsh  
 succeeded  
 away and] away. and  
 her, saw] her saw  
 back, got] back got  
 fawn; while] fawn while  
 losing] loosing  
 "Froth" one] "Froth" one  
 brutes, whenever] brutes  
 whenever  
 whole male] whole mail  
 land than] land then  
 pond; just] pond just  
 hunters' camp] hunters  
 camp  
 food] food  
 oats. Some] oats Some  
 Mr. Smith] Mt. Smith  
 Reid, one] Reid one  
 at the] at thre  
 afternoon] after noon

1496 Coal found at Rail Bed  
near Grand Lake] Coal at Grand  
Lake.

chafing] chaffing  
in which to work] in  
which to work in  
together] to gether  
Whitbourne, only]  
Whitbourne only  
Northwest, the]  
Northwest. The  
Howley, " queried]  
Howley, " queried  
laughed] laughted  
Reid's Bridge builders]  
Reids Bridge builders  
abutments] abutements  
quarries] quaries  
stone's throw] stones  
throw  
moss, the] moss the  
costeaning work]  
costeaning.work  
the men] they men

1896

1510 Oil at Parsons Pond]  
Parsons Pond & vicinity  
N.N.& W.] W.&N.W.  
attached] attatched  
4 A.M.] 4 P.M.  
Petrie's] Petries  
Harlaw] "Harlaw"  
*cum grano salis*] "cum  
grano salis"  
well up, then] well up  
then  
morning, wind out]  
morning wind out  
underweigh] underweight  
birth, a] birth a  
took many bushels of oats  
off] took.... oats off  
others] other  
evening, when] evening

1515 when  
Harbour, a long] Harbour  
a long  
morning, although]  
morning. Although  
day's rowing] days rowing  
in to the] into the  
(twice)  
occurs, just] occurs just  
men, Holden's] men.  
Holden's  
Professor] Prefessor  
clay, which...brook, and]  
clay which...brook and  
Hayes' at] Hayes'.at  
Lewis Brook] Louis Brook  
Hayes] Hayse  
Company's] Companies  
days' grub, go] days grub  
go  
mine, the men] mine. The  
men  
well-wooded] well wooded  
fine walk going] fine  
going  
clear-up] clear up  
cañon] cannôn  
Sugar Loaf] Sugar loaf  
Asbestos, knowing]  
Asbestos knowing  
it was, my] it was my  
came to] came too  
worse. Had ] worse, had  
it was] it ws  
it, then letting the] it  
then let the  
out. The men] out, the  
men  
past week, I] past week I  
nearby up] near up  
same, still] same still  
awful-looking] awful  
looking  
A.M.] A.m.  
Frenchmen] French men

1529 here. Only] here, only  
 wind, which] wind which  
 in, a dreadful] in a  
 dreadful  
 awful-looking precipice]  
 awful looking precipice  
 Little Port] Little port  
 Reid's] Reids'  
 painful. I] painful I  
 child, the] child. The  
 Petrie's] Petries  
 Messrs. Woods] Mr. Woods  
 could, the ingredients]  
 could the ingredients  
 tourists] toutists  
 beetling] beatling  
 Thomson] Brown  
 woman, named] woman named  
 siren] syren  
 had there been] had their  
 been  
 landed, the people]  
 landed the people  
 gals.] gals  
 channel] chanel  
 place, the water] place  
 the water  
 luxuriously, in fact]  
 luxuriously in fact  
 low, level] low level  
 well-wooded] well wooded  
 company who has] company,  
 has  
 week, is] week is  
 the wells in] the mills  
 in  
 through, so] through so  
 bushes. Before] bushes,  
 before  
 range, which...lake, is]  
 range which...lake is  
 puncheonful] puncheon  
 full  
 Seneca] Senaca  
 morning, looks] morning

1541 looks  
 Gulnare] Gulnare (*passim*)  
 us. They] us they  
 Spottiswood. Buller]  
 Spottiswood, Buller  
 morning, went] morning  
 went  
 shore, measuring] shore  
 measuring  
 graptolites] grapholites  
 dull, threatening-  
 looking] dull threatening  
 looking  
 me, while] me. while  
 mountains, we] mountains.  
 We  
 dory-load] dory load  
 Buller] Bullman (twice)  
 fine, got] fine got  
 grass. This] grass, this  
 along. Towards] along  
 towards  
 now, Mr....us, after] now  
 Mr....us after  
 Long Point] Long point  
 done, it] done it  
 Cove, west side] Cove,  
 W.S.  
 dory-load] dory load  
 outside] out side  
 back. The] back, the  
 well, up] well up  
 has, to] has to  
 Spottiswood] Spottiswood  
 well-fed] well fed  
 tinning] tining  
 remunerative]  
 renumerative  
 Modus Vivendi] modus  
 vivendi  
 traps and] traps.and  
 land all] land.all  
 along, which] along and  
 which  
 nearer than] near than

1550 Daniel's] Daniels  
 that, God] that God  
 Toms] Toms'  
 in to look] into look  
 S.W., light] S.W. light  
 move, Tom] move. Tom  
 P.M., very] P.M. very  
 place, all] place all  
 birds' bones] birds bones  
 to spawl] to spawl  
 beneath. Towards]  
 beneath, towards  
 well-wooded] well wooded  
 venison, beautiful]  
 venison beautiful  
 Parsons'] Parson's  
*in prospectu*] in  
 prospectu  
 sunset, had] sunset had  
 comes, if] comes if  
 shore, and] shore and  
 fresh, considerable]  
 fresh considerable  
 boatloads] boat loads  
 leg. As] leg, as  
 poor-looking] poor  
 looking  
 ever-present] ever  
 present  
 rail, the Doctor] rail  
 the Doctor  
 happen to the old man]  
 happen the old man  
 Riche, the] Riche the  
 treaties, "Cap] treaties  
 "Cap  
 Jacques] Jacques  
 point, slightly] point  
 slightly  
 (Caliciferous)]  
 (Caliciferous)?  
 bleak-looking] bleak  
 looking  
*La soupe*] La soup  
 Ferolle, a poor] Ferolle

1560 a poor  
 aboard, apparently]  
 aboard apparently  
 side, the latter] side.  
 The latter  
 Jacques Legasse] Jacque  
 Légasse  
 inhabitant, a] inhabitant  
 a  
 character, swears]  
 character swears  
 nets. As a] nets, as a  
 Point Amour] Point Armour  
 low, flat] low flat  
 well-preserved] well  
 preserved  
 Daniel's] Danile's  
 boatload] boat load  
 flour, one] flour one  
 gunwale] gunehale  
 P.M., all] P.M. all  
 Petrie's] Petries  
 Reid Railway] R. Railway  
 men, Dunphy] men Dunphy  
 man, came] man came  
 Petrie's] Petries  
 genius] genuis  
 millionaire] millionare  
 \$1200] \$1200 dollar  
*Buzzard*] Buzzard (twice)  
 poor deer!] poor deer.  
 with the Lieutenant] with  
 Lieutenant  
 Petrie's] Petries  
 breakfast. When]  
 breakfast, when  
 Riverhead. There]  
 Riverhead, there  
 box- and flatcars] box  
 and flat cars  
 men, some] men some  
 our destination] our  
 distination  
 fired, another] fired  
 another

1568 falling, still] falling  
still  
12-bore] 12 bore  
meat, only] meat only  
horns. As] horns, as  
leg, yet] leg yet  
lose] loose  
but had promised] but  
promised  
Tuesday 29] Friday 29  
day, began] day began  
her, she] her she  
in to Goose] into Goose  
Knap and] Knap, and  
her. Evidently] her  
evidently  
\$3.00, no] \$3.00 no  
sheet-iron] sheet iron  
track, I] track I  
no, he] no he  
camp. Only] camp, only  
lake, we] lake. We  
get in to] get into  
foggy, very] foggy very  
Hinds'] Hind's  
canoe, she] canoe she  
bail] bale  
E., great] E. great  
deal, when] deal when  
reach, had to] reach had  
to  
close, when] close when  
canoe, still] canoe still  
to lose] to loose  
now, being] now being  
Lewasceechjeesh]  
Lewasceechjeesh  
gauntlet] gauntlet  
spot, the] spot the  
E., cold] E. cold  
pork. Besides] pork?  
besides  
a lookout] a look out  
tail. When I] tail, when  
I

1576 ridge, when] ridge when  
deer, one] deer. One  
light, not] light not  
stag, when] stag when  
set, about] set about  
stitch] stich  
short-handed] short  
handed  
in all, one] in all one  
I have, so] I have so  
badly. They] badly, they  
back, boiled] back boiled  
broken. Still] broken  
still  
sculling oar] skulling  
oar  
reach, the same] reach  
the same  
day, what] day what  
fine, calm] fine calm  
Sandy Lake River] Sandy  
Lake river  
night, very] night very  
order, everything] order  
everything  
Hinds'] Hind's  
home. I] home I  
deer, an old] deer. An  
old  
mild, wind] mild wind  
again, saw] again saw  
clock, saw] clock saw  
windfalls, lost]  
windfalls lost  
Minard's Liniment]  
Minards Liniment  
day, made] day made  
John's] Johns  
1897  
1585 Searching for Coal in  
Codroy Valley] Codroy valley  
coal  
possible, Mr.] possible.  
Mr.

1585 season, May] season May  
 quite cold] quiet cold  
 on Rolls'] on Roll's  
 go, we] go we  
 few bales] few bails  
 especially in]  
 especially, in  
 Downey, preceded] Downey,  
 preceded  
 of Keating's I] of  
 Keatings.I  
 their crops] there crops  
 morning; we] morning we  
 River, saw] River saw  
 sandstones] snadstones  
 picturesque, deeply]  
 picturesque deeply  
 foggy all] foggy.all  
 evening and] evening.and  
 brook I had] brook. I had  
 night, froze] night froze  
 hard, about] hard about  
 flat, no] flat no  
 McNeil's] McNeils  
 (*passim*)  
 exposed, all] exposed all  
 Knowling's] Knowlings  
 opposite McNeil's]  
 opposite. McNeils  
 P.M., very tired] P.M.  
 very tired  
 breakfast, packed]  
 breakfast packed  
 Dicks' large] Dick's  
 large  
 water; from that] water  
 from that  
 will have] will either  
 have  
 Doyle's] Doyles (*passim*)  
 wool by] wool.by  
 We then] He then  
 place, all] place all  
 down grades, I] down  
 grades I

1608 check her] cheek her  
 swung across] swong  
 across  
 inside, started] inside  
 started  
 to the mouth of] to the  
 month of  
 hours' walk] hours walk  
 first, in] first; in  
 fine, sent] fine sent  
 Doyle's] Doyles  
 night, froze] night froze  
 day, too] day too  
 scrape, have] scrape have  
 Ned and Kie] Ned and Kei  
 entertainments etc]  
 entertainments. etc  
 down inform] down, inform  
 day, the] day the  
 any kind] anykind  
 deer footing]  
 deer.footing  
 day, rather] day rather  
 hard, great] hard great  
 They got] The got  
 morning, cleared] morning  
 cleared  
 grades; still] grades  
 still  
 7' 9" coal] 7". 9' coal  
 3 feet, they] 3 feet they  
 believed] beleived  
 somewhere. Powell]  
 somewhere Powell  
 seam Scott] seam. Scott  
 morning, rained] morning  
 rained  
 fish, over] fish over  
 in, she] in she  
 mail and] mail an  
 axes I] axes, I  
 coal, some] coal some  
 been lodged] been lodge  
 Doyle's, they] Doyles  
 they



1688 day, waited] day waited  
 little, we] little we  
 estuary, and] estuary and  
 days' grub] days grub  
 Peter's foot] Peters foot  
 evening, we] evening we  
 by poachers] by poaches  
 late, all] late all  
 clock, found] clock found  
 home.] home  
 piles, they] piles they  
 clock, not] clock not  
 Butt's boat] Butts boat  
 After dinner I] After  
 dinner. I  
 low, one] low one  
 their noses] thier noses  
 up, up to] up up to  
 uncovered that]  
 uncovered. that  
 White's marked] Whites'  
 marked  
 43rd.] 53rd.  
 At last] At.last  
 nigger] niger  
 decidedly] decidely  
 workmen from] workmen for  
 uncomfortable being]  
 uncomfortable.being  
 made to alight] made  
 alight  
 miseries, moreover]  
 miseries, Moreover  
 sleet.] sleet

1899

1704 Coal in St. George's Bay]  
 S<sup>t</sup> Georges coalfields  
 solicited] solicted  
 His request] He request  
 Barachois] [illegible]  
 Cannel and] Cannel.and  
 impure] impure  
 customers] costumers  
 Their long, sharp] There

1712 long, sharp  
 one's back] ones back  
 iron ore] iron, one  
 stream.] stream  
 have ... been] have ...  
 being  
 patch of woods] path of  
 woods  
 further] durther  
 day's lug] days lug  
 worse for our] worse of  
 our

1900

1719 Settlers' Land Claims on  
 West Coast] S<sup>t</sup> Georges  
 coalfields  
 squatters' rights]  
 squatters rights  
 exists] exist  
 it, "No one] it. "No one  
 Winter Government]  
 Winter-Government  
 settler's house] settlers  
 house  
 enquiries] enquires  
 soil, one] soil one  
 Reid's private] Reids  
 private (twice)  
 speeches] speaches  
 Governor's own] Governors  
 own

1901

1724 Settlers' Claims on East  
 Coast] Settlers claims  
 Bonavista Bay &c.  
 enquiries] enquires

1902

1726 Gold in White Bay]  
 Exploration White Bay  
 were well worth] was well  
 worth  
 alone, my] alone. My

1727 crew, which] crew which  
 Kennedy, we] Kennedy we  
 northbound] Northbound  
*Virginia Lake*] *Virginia*  
 Lake (all names are  
 italicized)  
 one Colonel] one, Colonel  
 Civil War] civil war  
 all-round] all round  
 others, whose] others  
 whose  
 forget, are] forget are  
 days' voyage] days voyage  
 together.] together  
 least-known] least known  
 Rigoulette, proceeding]  
 Rigoulette proceeding  
 River, ascending] River  
 ascending  
 town, though] town though  
 King's Cove] Kings Cove  
 off Cape] of Cape  
 Pool's Island] Pools  
 Island  
 Tilt Cove] Tilt cove  
 Clyde] "Clyde"  
 John, the] John the  
 Dower's stage] Dowers  
 stage (twice)  
 to lose] to loose  
 population here]  
 population, here  
 one resource] one  
 resource  
 series, the] series the  
 Pilier] (illegible)  
 morning, set] morning set  
 Bay, also] Bay also  
 O'Neil] O'Niel  
 -war ships] -warships  
 do so.] do so:  
 good-living] good living  
 Dower, the] Dower the  
 afternoon, when]  
 afternoon when

1737 tremendous] tremendous  
 shore, the] shore. The  
*Silver Spray*,] "Silver  
 Spray"  
 craft, from] craft. from  
*Columbine*] "Columbine"  
 Bell Island] Belle Island  
 day, they] day they  
 not leave, the] not leave  
 the  
 rocks, no] rocks no  
 here, named] here named  
 Dempsey, whose] Dempsey  
 whose  
 mess, caked] mess caked  
 day, very] day very  
 gamboled around] gambled  
 around  
 out, when] out when  
 tar from] tar.from  
 dark, she] dark she  
 turn, to run] turn to run  
 having given] having  
 giving  
 well-wooded] well wooded  
 (*passim*)  
 below, the land] below  
 the land  
 bare-peaked] bare peaked  
 Reid's] Reids (twice)  
 tide, we] tide we  
 sprang up, the] sprang up  
 the  
 none until] none.until  
 bear's track] bears track  
 Straits] straits  
 finest forests] finest  
 forest  
 discerned. This]  
 discerned, this  
 Brook, where] Brook there  
 flat, no] flat no  
 wind, which] wind which  
 oil, which] oil which  
 Point, saw] Point saw

1749 W., beat] W. beat  
 rocks, which] rocks which  
 wild-looking] wild  
 looking  
*Havre Sans Fond*] Harvre  
 Sans fond  
 7:30] 7 30  
 Little Harbours] little  
 Harbours  
 there was] their was  
 here, as, if] here, as if  
 Coney Arm] Cony Arm  
 broken, with] broken with  
 pinnacles] pinacles  
 (twice)  
 E., when] E. when  
 outside, the] outside the  
 ago, everything] ago.  
 Everything  
 now, Stewart] now.  
 Stewart  
 minutes, when] minutes  
 when  
 about. However] about,  
 however  
 little, being] little  
 being  
 alongside, which]  
 alongside which  
 iron, which] iron which  
 must be] most be  
 pan, which] pan which  
 micrometer] michrometer  
 (twice)  
 day, rained] day rained  
 went in to] went into  
 ozs.] ozs  
 yesterday] yeasterday  
 O'Brien's River]  
 O'Brian's river  
 so-called] so called  
 Terence O'Brien] Terance  
 O'Brian  
 small islands] small  
 island

1759 fishing, only] fishing  
 only  
 altogether impassable]  
 altogether impassible  
 trout.] trout  
 on the site] on the sight  
 quartz, some] quartz some  
 good-looking] good  
 looking  
 breakfast, spent]  
 breakfast spent  
 hill, but] hill. But  
 E., started] E. started  
 on, even] on even  
 close-grained] close  
 grained  
 11 A.M.] 11 AM  
*Harbinger*] Harbinger  
 dinner, it] dinner it  
 well-timbered] well  
 timbered  
 valley, but] valley but  
 side, stretch] side  
 stretch  
 Stuckless] Stuckle's  
 (*passim*)  
 place, open] place open  
 long-line] long line  
 importance than]  
 importance then  
 day, blowing] day blowing  
 again, very] again very  
 head, well-wooded] head.  
 Well wooded (ff.)  
 moment's notice] moments  
 notice  
 Water Ponds] water ponds  
 here, surrounded] here  
 surrounded  
 coves, and] coves and  
 aboard, one] aboard one  
 Indian, his] Indian. His  
 Hall's Bay] Halls Bay  
 John, just] John just  
 chap, the] chap the

1765 E., started] E. started	1786 men's backs] mens backs
time, as] time as	work, most] work most
pyrites, copper] pyrites	ozs.] ozs (twice)
copper	limestone, hard]
straight, not] straight	limestone hard
not	compact, containing]
side, with] side with	compact containing
mackerel] mackeral	"flour gold"] "flower
( <i>passim</i> )	gold"
fish, very] fish very	up-to-date] up to date
fish, having] fish having	pestle] pestil
salmon's] salmons	home, Mr.] home. Mr.
in, this] in this	possesses a vast]
pectoral] pectorial	possessed a vast
lemon-yellow] lemon	well-wooded] well wooded
yellow	walked in to] walked into
the butt of] the but of	up, when] up when
both jaws] both jaws?	Arm, which] Arm which
day, by] day by	calm, I] calm I
reached, about] reached	up, when] up when
about	nearly in to] nearly into
got in to] got into	(twice)
tilts, one] tilts one	hide in, just] hide in
as, having] as having	just
place, it] place it	flat-bottomed] flat
ball struck] ball stuck	bottomed
Evidently] It was	night, keeping] night
evidently	keeping
hour's wait] hours wait	morning, could] morning
barrens. We] barrens we	could
her, as] her as	well-wooded] well wooded
breast, the] breast the	well-trained] well
gold-bearing] gold	trained
bearing	headlong, falling]
ridges, quite] ridges	headlong falling
quite	especially, as]
room. They] room they	especially as
deer, taking] deer taking	Harbour Deep] Harbour
pond, up] pond up	deep
9 P.M.] 9 A.M.	weird, lonely] wierd,
day, found] day found	lonely
anchored, a boat]	wide-open] wide open
anchored a boat	fish-laden] fish laden
boat's crew] boats crew	away in to] away into
enquiries] enquires	day, took] day took

1802 morning, no] morning no  
 hove out] hove on  
 long-line] long line  
 (twice)  
 clear, otherwise] clear  
 otherwise  
 threatening-looking]  
 threatening looking  
 fair, coming] fair coming  
 a long way] along way  
 shaly] shaly  
 in warping] in wrapping  
 time, as] time as  
 Point, I] Point I  
 than a] than a  
 James Dower's] James  
 Dowers  
 steamer, I] steamer. I  
 furiously. But] furiously  
 but  
 hard, ran] hard ran

1903

1807 Resumption of Coal  
 Exploration at Grand Lake]  
 Harmsworths investigation  
 an expert] and expert  
 examine the site] examine  
 the sight  
 Reid's Engineer] Reids  
 Engineer  
 did not choose] did not  
 chose  
 Hinds'] Hind's (twice)

1904

1814 Steam-drilling for Coal  
 Resumes, Grand Lake] Coal  
 boring Humber region  
 of it shaly] of it shelly  
 Co. We] Co., We  
 relief expedition] relief  
 expedient  
 gathering] gethering  
 W.H. Taylor] (T is

1822 blotted  
 but both] but as both  
 afternoon, I] afternoon.  
 I  
 to St.] tonSt.  
 years' experience] years  
 experience  
 for him, he] for him he  
 any more effectual]  
 anymore effectual

1905

1831 Drilling for Coal, Grand  
 Lake] Coal boring Humber  
 region  
 Kennedy, a] Kennedy a  
 setback.] setback  
 position] psoition  
 water, could] water could

1906

1836 Drilling for Coal, Grand  
 Lake; Trip to Labrador; Gambo  
 Pond] Coal Boring, Humber  
 Region  
 and Aylward, I] and  
 Aylward. I  
 not arrive] not arrived  
 commenced; he] commenced,  
 he  
 Harbour, a splendidly]  
 Harbour a splendidly  
 instance] instnace  
 coast, this] coast this  
 arrived back] ariived  
 back  
 Minnesota] Minnisota  
 Lundsten] Lundston  
 brought up] brough up  
 hotel, Gambo, early]  
 hotel Gambo early  
 days' time] days time  
 again, three] again three  
 ground, he] ground. He

1849 one's presence] ones  
presence  
up so clearly] up clearly  
make a] make a make a  
of us and] of us. and  
seam had] seam. had  
started a new] start a  
new

1878 a way is] a way for it is  
[Eds. have changed " in  
TS to ' for feet, ' to " for  
inches]  
Americans' statements]  
Americans statements  
here; knowing] here,  
knowing

## 1907

1855 Drilling for Coal, Grand  
Lake; Town of Grand Falls]  
Coal Boring, Humber Region  
coal, all] coal.all  
required; it] required it  
surface. It] surface, It  
and all, down] and all

down  
Reid's main] Reids main  
freight] frieght  
milk, vegetables] milk  
vegetables

Grand] Grnad  
We hired] [blot] hired  
chop a way] chop away  
hard, fearing we] hard  
fearing we  
knobs. By] knobs, By  
decidedly] decidely  
coal.] coal  
home, I] home I  
near the pond] near the

pound  
luxuriantly] luxiantly  
good, being] good being  
in front of] in fron of  
cabbage and potatoes]  
cabbage, & potatoes

## 1908

1872 More Drilling for Coal,  
Grand Lake] Coal Boring,  
Humber Region

## 1909

1882 Coal-drilling ends, Grand  
Lake] Coal boring Humber  
region  
Hicks' shack] Hicks shack  
started] statted  
coal, it] coal, that it  
4' 4"] 4" 4' [Eds.  
have changed " in TS to ' for  
feet, ' to " for inches]  
bed-rock without] bed-  
rock. without

## 1910

[1910 and 1911 appear in  
handwriting.]  
1889 Festival of Empire  
Postponed]  
England, I] England I  
VII's death] VII death  
*Mongolian*] Mongolian

## 1911

1890 The Festival of Empire]

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