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SECOND EDITION, ENLARGED

SPORTING NOTES

IN

NEWFOUNDLAND

BY
CAPTAIN W. A. JENNINGS

St. John's, Nfld.

Printed by J. A. Jones, St. John's

1881

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SPORTING NOTES

IN

NEWFOUNDLAND;

BY

CAPTAIN W. R. KENNEDY,

H. M. S. "DRUID."

ST. JOHN'S, Nfld.

J. C. WITHERS, Queen's Printer.

1891.

PREFACE.

THE following Letters were written for *The Field*, under the *nom de plume* of "Mariner," and subsequently re-printed in a Local paper. They are now re-produced, in Pamphlet form, under the belief that they may prove of some little interest. It has been said that "Sailors go round the world without seeing it," and this is probably true, as a rule; but in the case of Newfoundland, Naval Officers have unusual facilities for visiting all parts of the island, and judging of its capabilities. Since these Letters were written, many things have happened. A Railway has been projected, to connect the mining region with the Capital, and already the greater portion of the N. E. Coast has been claimed, with a view to mining operations. It is rumoured that the much-vexed question of the French Shore is about to be arranged. If so, the sole obstacle to the development of the country will be removed, and Newfoundland will advance, and take her place amongst the richest mining countries in the world.

W. R. K.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THE First Edition of this Pamphlet having been speedily exhausted, the continued demand seems to call for a Second. I have taken the opportunity of adding a considerable quantity of new matter, in the hope that thereby this little contribution to the stock of information regarding Newfoundland may be made more interesting and useful.

It is gratifying to me to find that my hopes regarding the progress of the Colony have been more than realized since the appearance of the First Edition. The Railway which is to connect the capital and principal towns with the mining region, and open up the most fertile lands for settlement, has been commenced, and the first fifteen miles will be in running order before the close of the year. The work will be pushed rapidly forward, and its completion may be looked for in two or three years. That it will produce a vast and beneficial change cannot be doubted.

Not less important is the announcement recently made that the vexed "French Shore Question" has

been virtually settled by the concession to the local government of the right of issuing land and mineral grants on this part of the coast. This will tend to promote a good understanding between Newfoundlanders and the French fishermen, by removing the main grievance of which the islanders have long complained, while all the fishery rights, secured to the French by treaties, will be conserved and respected. A brighter future now opens to this "ancient and loyal Colony."

W. R. K.

Nov., 1881.

SPORTING NOTES IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

THERE is probably no country in the world about which so little is known as the Island of Newfoundland—the oldest, and certainly not the least in importance, of our colonial possessions. The fact is, no one goes there, at least to stay, except the few whose business calls them there, and they remain no longer than they can help. People touch at St. John's *en route* to Halifax and Canada, and thank their stars they are not destined to remain; and yet, if they only knew it, there are many worse places, and I may say few better.

The fact is, it is because Newfoundland is so little known that it is so little appreciated, so neglected and despised. Those who form their ideas of the country from a hurried visit in an Allan steamer are apt to think of it as a land of fog, with a strong flavour of fish; and I must admit the first impressions on a bleak winter's day are not inviting. But to one who, like the writer, has had the opportunity of seeing more of the country, of mingling with its warm-hearted inhabitants, of sailing round its rocky coast, visiting its magnificent harbours—second to none in any part of the world—of penetrating into the vast and almost unknown interior in quest of

sport, Newfoundland presents a very different aspect, whether it be from a sporting, an artistic, or a social point of view. First, as regards the climate :

To form an idea of this climate from that which prevails on the " Banks " is to gather a very unjust and erroneous impression of the reality. True it is that the seaboard, especially on the East and South coast, is frequently enveloped during many months in the year in a dense fog, caused by the meeting of the cold Polar current with the warm waters of the Gulf Stream ; but these fogs seldom if ever penetrate inland ; and I have no hesitation in saying that for four or five months in the year, namely, from June to October, inclusive, the climate is far superior to that of Great Britain, whilst the winters are undoubtedly milder than those of Nova Scotia, Canada, or New Brunswick. During the months of July, August, September, and part of October, the weather is magnificent, the thermometer ranging occasionally as high as 85°. At this time the country presents a most beautiful appearance, resembling in parts the Highlands of Scotland. The mountains are clothed to their tops with many kinds of woods, conspicuous among which are the fir, the pine, maple, birch, and hazel. The barrens are covered with a rich carpet of moss of every shade and colour, and abound in many sorts of wild berries, pleasing both to the eye and taste. The banks of the rivers are also at this time fringed with wild strawberries, raspberries, currants, blueberries, bake-apples, &c., and adorned with many

kinds of lovely ferns and wild flowers; while foaming torrents and tumbling cascades complete a picture delightful to the eye of the artist or the salmon fisher. The scenery of the South coast is of the grandest description; deep gorges in the coast line lead through narrow entrances, with precipitous cliffs on either hand, to magnificent harbors, where the navies of Europe may float secure from every gale. Every twenty or thirty miles along the coast there are harbors such as these; and not even the fiords of Norway present such perfect security for the tempest-tossed mariner as are to be found in Newfoundland. On the West Coast the harbors, though not so frequent, are spacious and secure. Towards the North, and on the coast of Labrador, the shores present a more rugged and less inviting appearance; but here again the harbors of refuge are second to none.

In the matter of agriculture this Island is backward, partly owing to the scanty population which fringe its shores, earning a precarious living by fishing, and partly due to the rugged and inaccessible nature of the country and the shallowness of its soil; but where agriculture has been attempted, such as may be seen in the Codroy valley, St. George's Bay, the Bay of Islands, and in the neighborhood of St. John's, the finest crops have been raised. But in this respect the country is in its infancy. In the interior of the island there are thousands, aye, millions, of acres of good land suitable for growing crops, or raising cattle and sheep, as shown by the

magnificent wild hay which grows in all the swamps, and upon which the deer feed unmolested, save when a solitary hunter intrudes upon their sanctuary. The time will come, and may be is not far distant, when the shrill whistle of the railway will be heard in these solitudes, the pioneer of the emigrant; when the swamps and valleys will be drained, and thriving homesteads spring up where the deer, the beaver, and the wolf, now reign supreme.

For the present, the harvests of Newfoundland are gathered, not from the earth, but from the sea, and they have the advantage of being inexhaustible—the supply will be always equal to the demand. A Great Creator has ordained that the very elements which make Newfoundland what it is—the fogs, the icebergs, the cold currents, and the banks—shall all contribute to its prosperity. The banks are the spawning grounds of the cod, and the cold water attracts the multitude of fish which constitute the wealth of the island. The icebergs and field-ice bring down seals by thousands from their breeding grounds in the far north, giving employment to the labouring population at a time when they would otherwise be idle, and bringing wealth to the merchants of St. John's.

In many parts of the island, especially in the vicinity of the Exploits, the Humber, and the Gander rivers, the finest timber suitable for building and for ships' spars is to be found, and the timber trade forms an important industry in the Colony. Unfor-

Unfortunately, the wanton destruction of fine timber, and the terrible fires which devastate large tracts of country, have seriously affected this industry; and unless steps are taken by planting, &c., there will soon be no timber of any value left in the island.

A comparatively new industry has been lately discovered in the valuable copper mines which are to be found in many parts of the island, and which are now being worked with profit to the fortunate possessors; and it is in this direction that the great wealth of the country will be developed. Unfortunately, the treaty rights possessed by the French militate very seriously against this important industry; but that is a question into which it is not my province to treat in this sketch, so I shall leave it, with the hope that this difficulty will vanish at no distant period. On the west coast, in the neighborhood of Port-au-Port, there is a valuable lead mine containing a large percentage of silver, the working of which has been for many years suspended, owing to this cause. Coal has been found in the neighborhood of Grand Pond (a lake sixty miles long), but the quantity is inconsiderable, and it is doubtful if it would pay for the working. Marble and asbestos have also been discovered on the west side of the island, and a marble quarry on a small scale may now be seen on the banks of the Humber river.

Mr. Alex. Murray, the eminent geologist, (who knows more of Newfoundland than any one else, having surveyed it from east to west), has lately dis-

covered gold in the neighborhood of Brigus, in Conception Bay. The gold is found in quartz veins and in sufficient quantities to justify the hope, in Mr. Murray's opinion, that, with capital and skilled labor, it may be worked to advantage.

In the same vicinity slate and porphyry have been found, and in all parts of the island granite, both grey and red, may be seen in any quantity. A railway has been projected across the country to connect the capital with St. George's Bay on the west coast, where an extensive coal-field has been found. The idea, I believe, was that passengers coming out from Europe to Canada might disembark at St. John's, traverse the island by rail, and re-embark at St. George's Bay.

If such an idea were ever contemplated, it is not likely to be carried out, for I cannot fancy any passenger taking the trouble to leave a comfortable ship for a very uncomfortable railway journey, with the prospect of another sea voyage on the other side. A more feasible plan is to run a line touching the heads of the bays on the N. E. coast, and thus bring the mining region into immediate connection with St. John's. By this means the ore might be brought down by rail and embarked at St. John's, and thus the vexed question of the infringement of French rights be avoided. It is possible that this plan may be adopted, but at present there is a strong feeling in the colony against any railway; many people preferring that the country should remain in its present

primitive condition, and that anything which would add to its future prosperity should be avoided.

Already the telegraph system has been extended to all the principal ports on the south coast as far as Bonne Bay on the west, and the mining ports on the east. In this respect the telegraph is in advance of its time, as it is not unusual to anchor in a magnificent harbour such as White Bear Bay, where the only living souls are the operator and his family. In the matter of mail service the colony is well served; the Allan steamers touch at St. John's every fortnight, on their way to and from Halifax, during nine months in the year; for this luxury the colony pays a subsidy of £17,000 per annum. A line of steamers also runs to New York, Halifax, and Montreal; and a local line carries the mails, &c., to the ports round the coast. Considering the important geographical position of St. John's, it is a marvel that it is not more considered by the home authorities. Possessing a fine harbour, within a week's sail of Great Britain, the importance of the place as a naval station cannot be overrated. A trifling outlay would make the harbour impregnable, and the entrance could also be easily defended by torpedoes. A dry dock capable of taking the largest ironclad is much needed, and an admirable site for one is to be found at the head of the harbor. At present there is no port nearer than Bermuda where one of Her Majesty's ships could be repaired, except in a temporary manner; and the fact of so many disabled steamers.

putting into St. John's to be patched up, before proceeding on their voyage, shows plainly the necessity for a dock, even in time of peace. In the event of a war with America, when the American ports would be closed to us, the advantage could not be overestimated.

At present the military element is represented by a few mounted police, and the naval force consists of three vessels which cruise round the coast during the summer for the protection of the fisheries. The captains of these ships are made J. P.'s for the island and the Coast of Labrador, and are consequently sea lawyers, in addition to the numerous functions expected of the captain of a man-of-war. Magistrates are scarce on most parts of the coast, so the poor fishermen gladly carry their grievances to the quarter deck, where they generally obtain justice, if not law. Some amusing stories are told of the legal decisions of naval men, in which occasionally the case is heard by the "justice" standing up to his waist in the middle of a salmon river, the complainant and the defendant shouting their grievances from opposite banks. All parties then repair on board, when the case is properly gone into in the captain's cabin, and usually settled to the satisfaction of all concerned, and the bargain concluded with a glass of grog. Stories are afloat also of certain "skippers" *condoning* a case of arson or forgery, or even inviting the parties to appear at a certain hour the next morning, by which time the ship is miles away; but these are

evidently libels circulated in all probability by gentlemen of the legal profession, who are jealous of the superior attainments (1) of the sea lawyer, and his ability to settle off-hand cases which would last them a whole season. Quarter-deck law has at all events one advantage—it costs nothing.

As regards salubrity of climate, Newfoundland has no equal. On our visits round the coast the doctors' duties are absolutely nil, their chief labors being confined to the poor half-starved fishermen and their wives, many of whom suffer from exposure, combined with poor clothing and scanty fare. The women especially flock on board a man-of-war in crowds to see the doctor, and are perfectly satisfied if they get a bottle, no matter what the contents, to take away with them. Such implicit faith do they place in the doctor that they come to see him although they may have nothing the matter with them, but because they "had a cold last year," or something equally frivolous, in which case a bottle of distilled water and some bread pills sends them away happy. With the men a bottle of something stronger has the same result. These poor people, leading the same monotonous dreary life, have no ideas beyond a cod fish. Ground down as they are by the detestable "truck" system, they live and die hopelessly in debt, living from hand to mouth without a shilling to call their own. Possibly education may in time awaken them to a sense of their degradation, but at present there seems no remedy for this evil. A bad fishing season throws

hundreds of these unfortunates upon the Government, and no less than 100,000 dollars is paid out annually in pauper relief among a total population of 180,000. In the town of St. John's the labouring classes are more independent and well-to-do; and the city, although none of the cleanest, is remarkably healthy, as may be seen in the robust forms of the men and the beautiful complexions of the women and children. Nearly two-thirds of the inhabitants are Roman Catholics, and most of these are of Irish descent.

Of the original inhabitants of Newfoundland not a trace remains; all that is known of them is that they were a hardy race, living by hunting and trapping, as their successors, the Miemac Indians, do now. Of these there are perhaps one hundred families, who are distributed about the coast, mostly at Green Bay and the Bay of Despair. These people emigrated originally from Nova Scotia; they lead a happy life, and in some respects are more independent and better off than their white brethren, whom they hold in supreme contempt. They are far better hunters and trappers, and are not to be excelled at lumbering, boat-building, polling up rivers, and all the incidents of a backwoodsman's craft. They know every inch of the country, and follow a trail with the sagacity of an animal. As a rule, they are sober and honest, although they have the credit of being exactly the reverse. The Indian leaves his home in the early spring, and takes to the woods in

quest of beavers, otters, foxes, and martin-cats; of these the beaver is the most valuable, the fur of a full-grown beaver fetching as much as sixteen shillings, more or less, according to the quality. A good trapper will sometimes kill thirty or forty in a week, and probably average two a day all the season through. Fox skins are valuable, especially the black fox, but scarce, and not so easy to kill. The following is about the average value of skins, taking one year with another:—

Black Fox	£15	0	0	Beaver (sold by			
Silver Fox	8	0	0	the \$)	8s. to	£0	16 0
Grey Fox	1	10	0	Bear	£2 to	3	0 0
Red Fox	0	8	0	Deer		0	15 0
Otter	1	8	0	Wolf (\$5 to \$6,) say		1	0 0

A Government reward is offered of twelve dollars for every wolf skin; but this is seldom claimed, owing to the extraordinary sagacity of the animal, which makes it difficult to either trap, shoot, or poison him.

Having obtained all the skins he can pack either on his back or in his canoe, the Indian, as the winter draws near, establishes himself on the banks of a lake, where the deer are in the habit of crossing in their annual migrations from north to south; he then kills what he wants for his winter supply of meat, and makes tracks for home, where he disposes of his furs in exchange for pork, flour, tea, molasses, tobacco, and such like necessities of life. The Indians are often accused of slaughtering deer in a wholesale way; but of this I feel confident they are guiltless.

The deer and beaver supply them with food, and they could not exist without them; therefore it is their interest to protect them, killing merely what they require. Not so the white settlers, who openly boast of the number they slaughter in the winter time for the sake of their hides and horns. I am sorry to say also that parties of English gentlemen, calling themselves sportsmen, have also been guilty of this atrocity, one party having, some years ago, massacred over one hundred, leaving their carcasses to rot. The only deer in the island is the caribou, a noble animal, inferior only in size to the moose and the wapiti. These animals roam on the barrens or highlands by thousands. They may be killed in the manner above mentioned, or stalked in true Highland fashion. The latter is the only way worthy of the true sportsman.

Foremost among game birds is the grouse, or, as they are called in the country, partridge. These birds are identical with the Norwegian 'ryper.' Their proper name is, I believe, the red or willow ptarmigan (*Lagopus saliceti*), differing from the true grouse in having the toes thickly feathered as well as the legs. The common or grey ptarmigan (*Lagopus mutus*), which abounds in Norway and in Scotland, is also found in Newfoundland, but is more rare. The former are numerous all over the island, but are especially abundant on the south coast, where immense numbers are shot by the settlers in the fall of the year. They breed mostly in the interior,

where they are not disturbed, but shift towards the coast as winter approaches. The coveys average from eight to twelve; they lie well to dogs, and afford good sport, except in the interior, where they are so tame that they may be knocked down with sticks or stones. The grey ptarmigan is known in Newfoundland by the name of the "rock" partridge. Probably the best bird for the table is the Esquimaux curlew (*Numenius borealis*), which make their appearance on the shores of Labrador and the Northern part of Newfoundland in August, preparatory to their annual migration to warmer latitudes in the South. Unlike the larger species common in the British Isles, these birds are delicious eating, whether cooked fresh or potted. They arrive in immense flocks, and feed greedily upon the blue berries which are plentiful on the barrens, coming down to the beach at low water and returning as the tide rises; they are so plump that they sometimes burst on falling to the ground, and so stupid are they that after a discharge of both barrels into a flock the remainder invariably wheel round to see what is the matter. In this way many hundreds are killed, and, if not a very sportsman-like proceeding, it is certainly excusable, as the birds are very highly esteemed. By September they have all left the country, probably for the swampy marshes about New Orleans, from whence, I suspect, few return. Wild geese are numerous in all parts of the Island; they breed in the ponds of the interior and in the neighbourhood of Cape Race; they are handsome birds, easily domesticated, and cross readily

with the tame goose, the result being the mongrel goose so much appreciated by epicures.

Of wild ducks there are several kinds, but they are not nearly so numerous as one would suppose them to be in a country one-third of which is water. The black duck is by far the best, as it is also the most difficult to approach. I have heard that there are eider duck on the Coast of Labrador; but if so they are not protected by law as in Norway. It seems a pity that such a source of wealth should not be encouraged; but in a country where every fisherman carries a gun for seal shooting, or anything he can get, no bird or beast stands a chance.

There is not a great variety in the game birds of Newfoundland. Snipe are more plentiful in the neighborhood of St. John's and on other parts of the peninsula of Avalon than elsewhere; but they are certainly few and far between in other parts of the Island. One may wade through marshes all day without seeing one. Woodcocks there are none, which is the more remarkable, seeing that they abound in Cape Breton Island and Nova Scotia; and more likely ground could not be than in Newfoundland. I believe they might be imported, also blackcock, which thrive well in Norway, a similar country.

Arctic hares are tolerably numerous; they appear to be similar to the blue hares of Scotland, only larger, and they also turn white in winter, as do the deer. The American hares (*Lepus Americanus*)

were only introduced a few years ago, but have now spread all over the Island. As there are no crops to speak of, or sugar canes to destroy, they do no harm, and may be encouraged; but some say that they destroy a great many grouse eggs by running over them. I should doubt it. They are called "rabbits" in Newfoundland.

Wolves are not, in my opinion, so numerous as many suppose. I have never seen one, and seldom seen their tracks; but a better proof is that when deer stalking in the interior we never found the offal disturbed where a deer had been "gralloched," although it remained on the ground for days. I do not believe they do half as much harm as they are credited with, and certainly not as much as the packs of half-wild, half-starved curs which infest the country. If Government were to give a reward for every one of these brutes which was shot, it would be more to the purpose. They are without doubt the curse of the country; no farmer can keep either sheep or cattle for fear of them. The settlers keep them for hauling lumber out of the woods in the winter time; but horses could do the work far better, or even the caribou might be trained to draw sleighs, as they do in Norway, Iceland, and Greenland. The caribou is the same animal as the reindeer, only larger and stronger; and I believe they could be easily caught when young, and domesticated. These brutal dogs are not fed, but are left to get their own living. They are supposed to have a huge log tied round their

necks to prevent them hunting sheep; but this does not stop them always. I well remember a bullock being worried to death at Bonne Bay by a pack of these curs, many with logs on them. The poor farmer came to me in despair, and said all his cattle had been killed, and he dare not send his children to school for fear of the dogs. My advice was to shoot every dog, logged or not, and to say I told him to do so. I wished him good sport, and was glad to hear afterwards that he had bagged ninety-two. More power to his elbow! Here was a case of a man giving up farming and going to leave the country in disgust on account of these worthless curs. But for them sheep farming might be encouraged, and the women taught to spin and weave the wool to make clothes for themselves and families, as they do in the Highlands of Scotland, instead of going about in that climate scantily clothed, and their wretched children half naked, because they are too poor to buy any clothes or material to make them.

On our visit round the Island we met with sights enough to sicken one, and we felt ashamed to think that these poor creatures were British subjects like ourselves. On parts of the Labrador the people were actually starving last winter, owing to a bad fishing season, and many would have starved altogether had it not been for a steamer being wrecked on their coast, loaded with bullocks and flour. As one of the settlers told me, with tears in his eyes: "Yes, sir, we was on the point of starving when the Lord took

compassion on us, as he does to all who trust in Him!"

The people living on what is wrongly called the "French Shore" are better off; the French supply them with seed and provisions, in return for having their boats and gear looked after during their absence, and the French doctors look after them the same as their own people; all credit to them!—If the poor settlers would only keep goats, it would be a help to them. The goat is the poor man's cow—a hardy beast, who gets his own living; but, before all, death to the dogs! or, at all events, to nine-tenths of them.

The worst of it is, the settlers will insist, very naturally perhaps, on establishing themselves on the most inclement, bleak part of the Coast, merely because it is convenient for their fishing operations. Everything is sacrificed for fish, as these people know no other industry, and do not take kindly to tilling the ground. In the glorious arms of Bonavista Bay there are admirable sites for settlements, with perfect harbours, good soil, well watered, fine timber, grand salmon rivers, and not a soul living there; whilst at Greenspond, a miserable rocky islet close by, some fifteen hundred people eke out a wretched existence. We left one of the former anchorages one lovely June morning, the thermometer standing at 79° in the shade, and the same evening anchored at Greenspond, where the thermometer showed 49°; a bitter N. E. wind howled

over this desolated spot, and icebergs were to be seen in all directions ; but codfish were abundant at the latter place. Putrid codfish were piled upon the beach, and the air was so tainted by it that we smelt the place four miles off ! This is no isolated case ; at Rencontre there is a comparatively well-to-do settlement, but Rencontre, (called by the people " Round Counter"). a barren, rocky spot, is suitable for fishing ; whilst at Hare Bay—a lovely secluded anchorage only seven miles off, with a fine salmon river at the head and game in abundance—not a soul exists ! Even the fishing is not made the most of ; nothing but the cod are considered worth catching for food, except salmon, of which more presently. Herrings are as plentiful on the South Coast as they are in Scotland, and quite as fine, but they are used merely as bait or to manure the ground. Caplin, a most delicious little fish, are served the same way. No attempt is made to preserve them. These fish arrive on the coast about June in countless millions, followed by shoals of cod, salmon, and sea trout, which eagerly devour them ; the wretched caplin are so terrified, that they cast themselves ashore, till the coast is covered with their remains for miles and miles. They are used largely for manure, and the country reeks of them. It is thus that the bountiful gifts of Providence are wasted whilst the people are starving from want. The settlers themselves have told me how they catch trout of 3lb. and 4lb. weight by cutting a hole in the ice on the lakes in the winter. " And what do you do with them ?"

I asked. "Oh, cut them up for bait for cod!" I wonder the ghost of old Isaak Walton does not appear to protest against such a scandal. Bait for cod, indeed! The monster!

Salmon fishing with the fly is disappointing sport in Newfoundland, and must be so until steps are taken to protect this noble fish. Notwithstanding local laws and proclamations, the rivers of this country are disgracefully abused by nets set across their mouths, and in the pools, traps, weirs, and dams, till the wretched fish are almost exterminated. The result is that all the large breeding fish are captured, and only a few grilse escape. They occasionally rise to the fly, and good sport may be sometimes had. But the best sport is with the sea trout, which arrive on the coast about the 20th July, and take the rivers in thousands. Excellent sport may be obtained with these game fish, which run from 1lb. to 4lb., or even larger. Very heavy river trout are also to be caught in any of the streams round the coast. The lakes afford poor sport, the fish being small and hardly worth catching.

The great drawback to the fishing is the mosquitoes and black flies, which swarm during June, July, and August. The best, and, indeed, the only remedy, is a mixture of tar and oil, which keeps them off well; a spoonful of tar to a bottle of oil frequently applied; it washes off easily with soap and hot water. //

I propose to send you some further particulars on deer-stalking and fishing in this country ; but shall now conclude this long letter, which I trust may prove of some interest to your readers.

[No. 2.]

FISHING IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

I endeavoured, in a letter published in *The Field* of January 15, to convey to your readers a general impression of our Colony of Newfoundland. I now propose to give them some further details as to the sport to be obtained there. First, as to fishing.

To say that rod fishing in Newfoundland is a delusion and a snare would perhaps be wide of the mark, and yet I have no hesitation in saying that anyone coming out to that country for the purpose of fishing for salmon and trout would be woefully disappointed. As regards salmon, he most certainly would. The sea-trout fishing is merely a question of being on the right spot at the right time, in which case the sport is second to none ; but if the fish are not "running," the sport is nil. I speak from two years' experience on the coast, during which time I have had unusual facilities for prosecuting this fascinating sport, having fished every likely-looking river round the island and on the coast of Labrador. The

first season's experience proved that it was of no use fishing for sea-trout much before the 20th of July, about which time these fish arrive on the coast and begin to ascend the rivers. From that date the sport steadily improved, and some fine baskets were made. Our second cruise round the island told precisely the same tale, although in the one case we went round the south coast, and so on round by the west; and descending by the north; on the second, *vice versa*. I hope some day to give an account of all the best rivers, where we got sport and where we did not; but to condemn the latter would be unreasonable, as it was merely on account of our being there too early.

The reason why salmon fishing proper, *i. e.*, with the fly, may be pronounced a failure, is due to two causes, one of which may be easily remedied, the other not. The first is because almost the whole of the noble salmon rivers are ruined, either by barring, sweeping with nets, traps, weirs or mill-dams, in defiance of all laws and proclamations; so that very few salmon are able to ascend the rivers, and those only of a small kind, generally grilse of 4 lb. and 5lb. Secondly, because when they are in the rivers, they, as a rule, will not take the fly. I can fancy some brother angler saying, "humbug!" I have taken them with the fly, but this is only the exception to the rule. I killed five grilse myself with the fly the first season, and eight the second, besides losing several snares, as did some of our Officers; but this represented many days' hard work,

wading for ten and twelve hours a day, and fishing the most likely-looking pools. In some of these the salmon were disporting themselves by dozens, leaping over the line, and rising exactly where your fly had passed the minute before. The fact is, the salmon of Newfoundland have not as yet been educated to the fly. An occasional youngster does rise and get hooked; and I believe that, if one happened to be on the water just as a fresh run of salmon entered the river, good sport might be had; or, as it happened to me on one occasion, if you can reach a pool beyond which they cannot go, by reason of a heavy fall or jam of logs, then they will take the fly; but, compared with the sport to be obtained in the rivers of Canada, New Brunswick, or Norway, the salmon fishing of Newfoundland is a failure. I have said that the first objection, that of barring the rivers, &c., might be remedied; and so it might. A few guardians stationed round the coast, and paid by the Government, as in Canada, would soon make a clean sweep of the nets; and the result would be that in a few years the rivers would so far have improved that they would be eagerly sought by sportsmen from the old country, who would gladly pay the guardians themselves. At present they are, with few notable exceptions, not worth wetting a line in. To give an idea of the way these rivers are treated, I may mention that in one bay alone there are no less than thirty-six fine rivers completely barred by mill-dams, without so much as a trap or gate for the passage of fish. In all these cases the sawdust is thrown into

the river, or piled up on the banks, from whence it is blown into the river, and the fish killed thereby. It may be said that the lumber trade is more valuable than the salmon, and the latter must be sacrificed; if so, of what use are laws and proclamations forbidding the use of these dams, &c.? But there is no reason why the one should interfere with the other if proper precautions are taken, as in Canada, &c. The lumber trade is already declining, whereas the salmon will last for ever if properly protected.

In other parts of the coast the rivers are barred by nets stretched across from bank to bank, staked up above high-water mark, so that not a fish can escape, or, if they manage to pass the first net, they are invariably caught in a second of smaller mesh placed directly behind it. Of course this also is illegal, and the captains of our cruisers for the protection of the fisheries (or rather the *fish*, as it ought to be) are empowered, by virtue of their position as justices for the colony, to proceed against persons so offending; but it is impossible for them to be everywhere at the same time, and the nets are usually taken up on the appearance of a man-of-war; to be replaced as soon as she is out of sight. It has been our good fortune on one or two occasions to catch some of these individuals before they have unbuttoned their eyelids in the early morning, and the result has exceeded my most sanguine expectations. One instance will suffice to show that I have not exaggerated the mischief done on the one hand, nor

the good results accruing from the suppression of the same on the other. Having reason to suspect that a beautiful salmon river at the head of one of the bays on the west coast was barred, and had been so for twenty years, I left the ship at midnight, and arrived at the mouth of the river just as dawn was breaking. The first object we saw was a boat with one man in it, making up the river as fast as possible, but, alas for him! not fast enough. We were soon alongside, when, with a cheery good day, we inquired if there was any prospect of sport up the river? "No, sir; not a great deal." "Then you don't think it is worth while putting up the rod even for a cast?" "No, sir; I hardly think it is; there hasn't been a fish in this river for many years." "Well, it is a pity, after coming so far, to be disappointed. I think I'll just wet a line." The old sinner's face dropped, and he disappeared into the bush, whilst we proceeded. We had not gone a mile further before a sight met us enough to make any true angler collapse. Right across the river, from bank to bank, staked high above the water, was a splendid net, and suspended in the meshes just as the water had left them were some fine salmon, and noble trout of 3lb. and 4lb. weight. Above this net were three others, all containing fish; and above that again not a living thing to be seen; and no wonder. Chucking away our rods, gaffs, &c., we set to work, lifted all the nets, and put them in the boat, together with the fish, drew the stakes, and sent them floating down the stream, and dropped down to the mouth

of the river to enjoy our breakfast, which we felt we had earned.

Soon our old friend hove in sight. "Well, sir, did you have any sport?" "Yes, thank you, pretty fair, and better than I expected," at the same time holding up a fine salmon. "Lor, sir, you don't say so! I really didn't," &c. "Yes; and the next time I come, I hope to have better; for, if ever I catch you again, you will be fined fifty dollars in addition to the confiscation of your nets." The old reprobate didn't wait to hear more, but retired into the bush again with the "compliments of the season."

At the same time that this was going on, another of our boats went down the coast to the mouth of a celebrated trout stream. Arriving on the scene at daylight, they found eight nets set in the river, right across, one above another. Sweeping away the whole of the nets, to the irrepressible disgust of the natives, our boat returned on board, our united bag for the morning's work being twelve nets and a good haul of fish.

As a sequel to this story, I must mention that the following year I again visited the salmon river in company with a youngster eleven years of age. We poled up the river as far as we could, waded a mile or so more, and found ourselves at a likely-looking pool, below which was a rapid or "rattle," as it is called in that country; then another pool, and so on.

Selecting one of Farlow's lovely 'silver doctors,' I commenced at the head of the upper pool, whilst Jim fished below. About one-third down, a rise! and I was fast in a 3lb trout, which was speedily landed, and to cut a long story short, I took out of that pool before I left it eighteen others, averaging from 2lb. to 3lb. I then moved down to help Jim, who could not get his line out to the further bank where the fish lay; so together we went down to the rattle and the pool below. At this place we found the trout "jostling each other," so thick were they that, although there were salmon in the pool (we could see them), they stood no chance, as the more nimble trout seized the fly immediately it touched the water. For upwards of an hour the fun was fast and furious, as we generally were both playing fish at the same moment; the beach was sloping, gravelly, and clear of trees, so we gave them the butt freely, and after a few rushes hauled them out by the hair of the head! The strand looked as though a seine had been hauled, the speckled beauties of 3lb. to 4lb. lying about in all directions. At last the fish slacked off, as well they might, and we hove to for a cup of coffee which was being prepared for us on the bank. After a few minutes for refreshments, and to rest the water, we set to work again, but the trout had had enough of our flies. I rose a good salmon in the tail of the pool, and Jim hooked another, which he lost. We then fished the pool over again, with a small trout on spinning tackle, taking three brace more big trout, after which I went up to the upper pool and took

a grilse with the fly, and half a dozen more big trout.

It was now 3 p. m., and we had a long journey before us ; so, putting our fish into a light skiff, which had been poled up whilst we were fishing, we dropped down the river, and then on board. Our bag weighed exactly 98lb., out of which there were thirteen trout which scaled over 3lb., and twenty-five over 2lb. weight. Not a bad bag to be made between 11 a. m. and 3 p. m. I think after that I am justified in stating that, with proper precautions and fair play, the rivers of Newfoundland would be second to none in any part of the world.

I subsequently met a lumberer who was with me on this occasion, and he assured me that he had discovered another pool higher up the river, wherein the salmon and trout were even thicker than in the one we fished. I hope to revisit this spot on a future occasion.

The above represents an exceptionally good day's sport even for Newfoundland, certainly the best I ever had. I have heard of bigger bags, but not in less time. As a rule I should consider 20lb. to 30lb. weight a good basket for that country, and several times I have brought that weight on board after a hard day's work. The sea trout run about 1½lb. on an average ; thus a basket of 30lb. weight would probably be composed of about twenty fish.

At the risk of wearying your readers, I must now beg for a little more space to give an account of a "day amongst the grilse."

One lovely morning in July, 1880, we anchored in Hall's Bay, one of the beautiful estuaries in the Bay of Notre Dame; this is one of the finest lumber regions in the colony; it is also rich in mineral wealth, and several copper mines are now being worked in the neighbourhood.

A fine salmon river, called Indian Brook, delivers itself into the west side of the bay, and great quantities of lumber are sent down the brook to be cut up at the saw mill at the mouth. Indian Brook is a sporting looking stream, and I was anxious to examine it, especially as the chart mentioned a fall 127 feet high some three miles from the mouth. I accordingly engaged two Indians to pole me up the river. On our way I hooked and killed a lively grilse, which took the fly as it was trailed astern. Arrived at the fall, I was disgusted to find that, instead of being 127 ft. high, it was certainly not more than 20 ft.; possibly it may have shrunk since it was surveyed. A mass of logs, many of large size, completely blocked the passage, and prevented any fish from ascending the fall, which presented a fine sight as the foaming torrent rushed over and through them with a deafening roar. Close below the broken water was a deep still pool, in which the water glided silently to some rapids below. Here again was another "jam" of logs, which were thrown about in every possible position like spillicans. Stepping out upon the rocks I dropped my fly, a small yellow one, lightly into the oily looking pool; instantly there was a dash,

a bright silvery object came out of the depths, the line taughtened, and a lively grilse sprang out of the water, and was all over the pool in a few seconds. In three minutes he was cleverly netted by one of the Indians, and I took a spell to rest the pool.

Whilst enjoying a cup of coffee and a cigar, we noticed several salmon and heavy trout rising in the pool. Changing my fly, I hooked another grilse with the third cast. This one, after several leaps, went over the fall, below, and was landed lower down. After a few more throws, I was fast in another. This one also went over the falls, but left my fly hung up on a log. The next served me the same way; and the fifth in his first jump landed on the logs, and we parted company. After this I had no further luck, for, although I rose and hooked several—at least a dozen in all—they went over the falls in spite of all I could do to stop them, and I saw no more of them. After this the salmon left off rising, and the trout commenced. I killed six heavy trout, averaging 3lb. each, and returned to the ship not altogether satisfied with the day's proceedings. Two days afterwards I visited the same spot, taking Jim with me, when the little fellow had the delight of landing two salmon to his own rod. We got altogether three grilse and as many big trout before seven a. m., when it came on to rain, and the fish ceased to rise.

This proves pretty clearly what the rivers of Newfoundland would be if they had fair play, and bears out what I say, that under certain circum-

stances the salmon of that country will take a fly. This spot had not been netted, and was full of fish, which, owing to the jam of logs, were unable to get higher up. I have no doubt that first-rate sport may be had in Indian Brook; but our short stay there prevented any further enjoyment of it. I hope to be better acquainted with the river by-and-by.

Some of the rivers are unfortunately claimed (unjustly so) by the French, who bar them in the most unblushing manner. One splendid stream has been thus barred for years; and last year, when I visited the spot, the Frenchman told me he had already taken fifty-eight barrels of salmon out of it. As the question of the rights of the French to these rivers is now under discussion, I was reluctantly forced to leave the Frenchman's net as I found it, right across the river. Another fine stream on the west coast has been completely ruined by wholesale netting; and, where eighty barrels of salmon have been secured in a season, this river yielded only one and a half last year. Another river was for many years barred by a Frenchman, who built a weir across it, in defiance of the protest of every naval officer who visited the place. One year five hundred dead salmon were picked up above the weir, being unable to return to the sea. Fortunately the ice (assisted probably by the hand of man) has removed the obstacle, and the Frenchman and his weir have disappeared together, it is to be hoped, never to return.

I have, however, said enough on this subject, and shall now leave it, hoping that these remarks may be of benefit to my brother anglers, who may be contemplating a visit to Newfoundland.

The difficulty in getting round the coast is another serious objection to fishing in these waters, as the coastal steamers do not touch at the best places, consequently the only way of getting about is by a man-of-war or a steam yacht; the latter an expensive luxury. A small coasting vessel might be hired by a party of sportsmen, and good sport enjoyed; but everything in the shape of provisions, &c., must be taken with them, including a tent, as no sort of accommodation can be found on any part of the coast.

The mosquitoes and black flies are a very great nuisance during the summer months, but the same applies to all the rivers of Norway, Canada, Nova Scotia, &c.; and, although undoubtedly a great drawback, it is not sufficient to deter an enthusiastic angler from enjoying his favourite pastime. The remedy, as I stated in a former letter, is Stockholm tar and oil, freely applied; the flies buzz round as before, but they do not hanker after it. Veils are absolutely useless; one cannot see where one is going, and will probably step on a boulder and take a header into the river; moreover, a veil interferes with smoking, and you cannot see your fly or a fish rise, besides that it is uncomfortably hot. As to dress: ordinary light Scotch tweeds are the best,

with thick stockings and nailed boots. Wading is indispensable, but in the summer the water is not too cold, and after a rub down and change one is none the worse for it. Let those who prefer waders wear them; they do very well for a Highland river, where one stands in a pool all day, but not where you often have to walk half a dozen miles to the water and back again over a very rough country. The population of some districts of Newfoundland being mostly composed of Irishmen, distances are reckoned by the Irish mile; so, if an unsophisticated native tells you the river is five miles off, you may make up your mind to a good three hours' walk, and are lucky if you find it at that.

I have already trespassed too long on your space, and shall now conclude, merely remarking that if any of your readers care for further information on the subject of sport in Newfoundland, I shall be happy to afford it.

[No. 3.]

CARIBOU SHOOTING IN NEWFOUNDLAND AND LABRADOR.

This noble animal, (*Cervus tarandus*), is distributed all over the northern parts of Europe and America ; it is also abundant in Newfoundland and Labrador. In Lapland, Norway, and Iceland, it is known as the reindeer ; on the American side of the water as the caribou (or "cariboo," as it is more generally written). The two animals are specifically identical, except that the latter are larger, heavier, stronger, and carry far finer antlers. This is probably due to better feeding, and from having more extensive pasturage.

Caribou appear to have been indigenous to Newfoundland, as may be surmised from the stone arrow-heads belonging to the aborigines of that Island, which are occasionally found on the shores of the lakes, and which could have been used for no other purpose but for slaying deer. There is no doubt also that the Island has been largely recruited from time to time from Labrador ; and settlers have told me that in severe winters, when the Straits of Belleisle have been frozen right across, they have seen large herds crossing on the ice from the coast of Labrador to the

comparatively more genial climate of Newfoundland. It is not likely that they would ever return, seeing the magnificent pasturage they would find in their new home. The habits and general appearance of the caribou may be familiar to many sportsmen; to others it may not be so. It is therefore to the latter I venture to address a few remarks gathered from personal observation, and from information picked up from the Indians familiar with the subject.

In general appearance the caribou somewhat resembles a gigantic goat; the body is heavier and more clumsy than that of the red deer, the legs shorter and stouter, feet broader, head more cow-like, eyes smaller, ears shorter, and nostrils larger. The skin is brown in summer, brown and white in autumn, and white in winter; it is extremely thick and beautifully soft, being covered with thick wool underneath, and long white or mottled hairs over all. This gives it a soft, springy touch, unlike the wiry hair of the red deer. The antlers of the caribou stag are palmated, sweeping backwards, and of magnificent proportions, the brow antlers meeting over the nose like a pair of hands clasped in the attitude of prayer. In all respects the animal is admirably provided to resist the inclement climates he is destined to inhabit. His short, strong legs carry him over ground such as no horse could traverse, and his broad foot prevents him from sinking deep into the snow. A popular delusion is that the palmated horns of the caribou are given him to scrape away the snow

to reach the lichen upon which he feeds. I am certain that it is nothing of the kind, and I can prove it. The horns are supplied solely for the purpose of fighting; the deer turns up the snow with his nose, which is covered with hard skin for the purpose. But the proof that the horns are not intended or used for scraping the snow is, that when the snow is on the ground the deer have not got any horns. The stags shed their horns in November, after the rutting season, and they attain their full growth in the autumn—i. e., about August. In September they are clear of the velvet, and all ready for action, and well they use them. During the rutting season—which commences about the third week in September, and last a fortnight—terrible battles take place; and it is rare to find a full-grown stag whose antlers are not battered, about the brow antlers especially, and the animal himself often badly wounded about the neck and fore legs. On these occasions the deer generally kneel down and butt each other. In defending themselves against wolves, they use their fore legs with good effect. Unlike the rest of the deer tribe, the female caribou carries antlers, but not always. She brings forth her young in May, when two years old, retaining her horns till then. Barren deer shed their horns in winter. A full-grown caribou hind is about the size of a red deer stag; and a full-grown stag in his prime, say from six to ten years old, will weigh 500lb. clear, against (say) 20 stone, for a red deer stag. In mentioning these figures I am not speaking entirely at random, having killed

both sorts of deer ; indeed, my experience of red deer is that they average from 15 stone upwards, whilst the caribou would average from 20 stone. In coming to this conclusion I have been guided by the general appearance of the animal, the size of its skin after preservation, and the weight of the heads and haunches, &c., when brought into camp. From the inaccessible nature of the country the caribou inhabit, it is impossible to bring in the whole carcase and weigh it, as in Scotland ; but I know that I have found it hard work, with the assistance of an Indian, to even turn over a heavy stag for gralloching, and that, after having been gralloched and quartered, it has taken four strong men, heavily loaded, to bring in the meat, without the head or skin, which had previously been brought in to camp. Allowing 80lb. for a load (a moderate one for an Indian), that would make 320lb., *minus* the head, horns, and paunch, skin, &c., so that I think I am not exaggerating when I reckon the beast, after being gralloched, at between 400lb. and 500lb. In habits the caribou resemble most of the deer tribe ; their vision is, I feel certain, nothing very extraordinary, nor their hearing so very acute—like all the deer family, they trust almost entirely to their sense of smell, which is wonderful. They have one peculiarity I have remarked, namely, of feeding down wind. This may be taken advantage of when stalking, for if the hunter can secure a good hiding place to leeward, they will feed almost on the top of him. They are not at any time difficult to stalk when once you

have spied them, owing to the nature of the ground where they are generally found—amongst low juniper bushes, about the height of a man's head, but this also makes them difficult to spy, especially if lying down. Once having spied them, a certain shot may be obtained at almost any distance, with moderate precaution. These deer, from not being much hunted, have but little fear of man, so long as they do not wind him, and will often allow one to approach boldly. Indeed, the big stags, especially during the rutting season, are more inclined to fight than run away. The Indians call or toll them up to within ten yards, but such a practice savours more of butchery, and is unworthy of a true sportsman. It is, however, sometimes necessary to toll a big stag to induce him to leave the hinds and present a shot.

When a deer is tolled he always tries to get to leeward of his enemy to get his wind, and the hunter must prevent this, even though he may show himself, for, if once the animal gets his wind, he is off without wishing for further acquaintance—the hinds, if there are any, leading as usual, and the old stag bringing up the rear, puffing and grunting because he cannot keep up with his harem. "Tolling" is not difficult, and all the Indians can practise it. The cry is a shuffling kind of grunt, altogether different to the roar of the red deer. Caribou generally travel at a trot if alarmed, unless the danger be imminent, in which case they can gallop very fast. In running they make a clacking noise with their feet, caused

by the toes being spread and then coming together again. The flesh of these deer is excellent, the stags being in their prime in August and September, when they have as much as five inches of fat on them. Like all the deer tribe, they run down very fast in the rutting season, during which time they eat nothing but sand and mud, like the red deer. At this time the hinds are in fine condition, but the stags are of course unfit for food.

I have no doubt but that these deer could be easily domesticated in Newfoundland, and made use of for draught purposes, and also for food, as in Lapland. There is a portion of Newfoundland called the Province of Avalon, connected with the main island by a narrow neck, which might be turned into a magnificent deer park, and the deer preserved there without interfering with the settled parts of the peninsula. This would, at all events, prevent this noble beast from being exterminated, as I fear they will be ere long, owing to the wholesale destruction of them in the winter when driven down from the high lands of the interior to the sea coast in quest of food. The settlers go after them armed with heavy seal guns, loaded with a handful of slugs, and, by firing into the herd of them, they kill many and wound many more. I heard of one butcher who boasted of having knocked down seven at one shot.

The objection to stalking is the difficulty in getting to the ground, and the expense attached to the expedition. I would not for this reason recommend

anyone to come out to Newfoundland or Labrador for this class of sport.

These countries are, so far as the interior is concerned, uninhabited, consequently it is necessary to take everything with you in the shape of provisions, clothes, tents, guns, ammunition, &c. This entails a number of men, who also have their provisions to carry; the same men are required to carry down the meat, heads, skins, &c., unless it is proposed to leave them to rot upon the ground. To travel in these countries it is necessary to have boats to take your party and gear up the rivers, and across lakes, &c., as there are no roads whatever; the boats again must be light, to enable them to be poled up the rivers or dragged across country through the woods from one lake to another. For all these purposes Canadian lumberers are the best, being expert polers and handy with an axe, good at making a camp or carrying a heavy load.

Provisions of all kinds can be obtained at St. John's, from whence they would have to be conveyed to the part of the coast from whence the start was to be made. The men would have to be engaged beforehand with boats. The amount of provisions and gear would of course be in accordance with the wants and number of the party, the principal items being flour, pork, sugar or molasses, tea, spirits, and tobacco. The more gear the greater trouble, but of course greater comfort; a pot, kettle, and frying pan,

are absolutely necessary, also warm clothes and a blanket or two apiece, as the nights are very cold. One suit on and one off is sufficient, in case of getting wet through, and thick stockings, a stout pair of boots, or mocassins, which are better still; guns and rifles complete the outfit, which will be found to occupy no little space. In addition to this, potted cocoa or coffee and milk in tins, and compressed vegetables, add greatly to one's comfort, and of course pipes, tobacco, matches, candles, towel, soap, comb, toothbrush, needle and thread, must not be forgotten, and last, but not least in importance, a small telescope or binocular.

But all these preparations are, in my opinion, useless, without Indians, to insure success. The white men are very useful and necessary, but they know nothing about deer-stalking or the habits or whereabouts of the animal. The Indians are thoroughly familiar with the country, and are experienced hunters and trappers; but they are grasping and extortionate in their demands, and the best of them will not stir under \$3 a day and his food. This seems preposterous, and I have got them for less; but then they said they would not go again for the money unless taken for a month, when they will go for \$1. Some do not believe in Indians—say they are humbugs, and worse than useless. I have yet to learn what these individuals have done without them. I only speak from my own experience, and I would as soon attempt hunting in these countries without an Indian as without powder.

I propose next to relate to those who are not already exhausted with this long-winded yarn an account of an expedition after caribou. The exact locality it is not necessary to mention; let us say the "interior of Labrador," or, to speak more precisely, between the parallel of 40° and 60° N. latitude, and 50° and 65° W. longitude. The exact spot will be seen at a glance in the map.

[No. 4.]

CARIBOU STALKING IN NEWFOUNDLAND AND LABRADOR.

In the autumn of 1879 a party consisting of two sportsmen, four Canadian lumberers, and a fine specimen of the British blue-jacket, started on an expedition in quest of caribou.

Two small boats loaded to the water's edge conveyed us and our traps to the mouth of a noble river, when the work of poling commenced. The stream ran swift, with heavy rapids and whirling pools; but the men thoroughly knew their business, and, by taking advantage of eddies, with now and then a spell at the oars in slack water, maintained an average of some four miles an hour against the current.

Two men, one in the bow the other in the stern, are required for each boat, the principal work devolving upon the aftermost one, who, by bearing his whole weight upon the pole, keeps the boat steady, whilst the foremost hand steers clear of boulders, snags, &c., then, fixing their poles together, away the slight craft dances over the foaming torrent.

Two or three hours of this work, and we reached a "steady," or long stretch of slack water, where the oars were substituted for the poles, pipes lit, and yarns spun. After poling and pulling for sixteen miles we reached a lake eighteen miles long, which we traversed by dark, and pitched our camp near the head. The art of making a camp has been so often described, it is not necessary to repeat it. Suffice that in half an hour we were comfortably established under our tent before a roaring fire composed of eight or ten fir trees, over which the pot containing our dinner merely hissed, while our beds, consisting of the tops of the spruces cleverly arranged, and covered over with a waterproof sheet, were being prepared for our reception. The next morning we were up early to examine some marshes where deer had been occasionally seen, but, meeting with no success, we returned to breakfast, and then proceeded on our way. At the head of the lake another river entered. The scenery on both banks of the river and lake was most beautiful, the maples having already donned their autumnal tints of scarlet, green, and yellow, which were reflected in the still waters beneath.

The mountains rose on either side to the height of 1500 feet, heavily timbered from base to summit with several kinds of fir, hazels, birches, and maple, an occasional pine rearing its head above the crowd, but soon destined to fall before the lumberer's axe. After pulling five miles up the river, we came to what is called in Newfoundland a "portage" or corduroy road through the woods, over which our boats, gear, &c., had to be transported. We found the track knee-deep with mud, so that it was not till the following evening that we found ourselves encamped on the borders of a magnificent lake at the further end. Whilst waiting the arrival of our baggage, C. and I, who had gone ahead in light marching order, started off to look for wild geese, leaving our coats, spy glasses, &c., hanging beside an old hut, which had been occupied by some miners, who were prospecting, or rather boring, for coal in the neighbourhood. On our return, some hours afterwards, we were horrified to find the hut in flames, and our property destroyed. Our glasses we certainly saved, somewhat scorched, but otherwise none the worse; and some money which was in my coat pocket was subsequently recovered from the ashes.

The next morning we launched our boats upon the lake, and, after a fatiguing day, camped on the bank at a distance of thirty-five miles from the point of departure. Here we were joined by a party of Micmac Indians, who were trapping beaver; and, after considerable palaver, we engaged two of them

to escort us to the happy hunting grounds of the caribou.

The sun was high in the heavens the following day before our arrangements were complete for the expedition. Three days and a half had already elapsed since our departure, and not a trace of game of any description had we seen, except a few ducks and mergansers, which we had shot coming up the river. However, we now looked forward to getting some sport for our trouble, and the Indians assured us we should not be disappointed. The first thing to be done was to sort our baggage, leaving all the heavy gear, with the bulk of the provisions, &c., down at the beach with our boats, in charge of one of the party, who had orders to keep a good look-out for deer crossing the lake. The shores on both sides were marked by deer tracks leading out of the woods to the water, and landing on the opposite side. At the back of our camp, the ground, densely wooded, rose at an angle of about forty-five degrees for about one thousand feet, after which we were informed it was all plain sailing. It was up this we had to go. All being ready, we embarked in the Indians' boats, and landed lower down at a place known only to the Indians, where a trail led to the barrens above. A tall, powerful Indian led the way, clearing any obstructions with his axe, which he playfully wielded while carrying a load of at least one hundred pounds on his back. The rest of the party followed in single file, every man carrying a load according to his

strength. After three or four hours' toil, and many spells, we reached the top, and hove to for refreshment. It was now about 2 p. m., and glad we were to throw down our packs and enjoy the fresh breeze and the glorious prospect before us. We had now reached a plateau 1500 feet above the sea, from whence a fine panorama was obtained. Far as the eye could reach were open barrens, interspersed with clumps of fir, and lakes in all directions. The general appearance resembled a Highland deer forest, but less precipitous, and with more wood and water. Under our feet the lichen, upon which the caribou feed, grew thickly, and, from the numerous tracks leading in every direction, it was evident we were in a perfect sanctuary, with magnificent deer ground all around, and no boundary laws to limit us in distance or direction. Our spirits rose accordingly, and, once more shouldering our packs, we stepped gaily along, making for a clump of wood some seven miles off, where the Indians proposed to pitch our camp. They told us that they had done well with the beavers, averaging two a day; and the skins and meat in their camp proved this to be the case, consequently they had not been after deer, which do not pay so well as beaver, and are, of course, more difficult to pack into camp. In fact, it is not worth an Indian's while to kill deer, except for his own consumption in the fall of the year, when the meat will keep. The beaver skins pay them so well, they are not very keen to go deer hunting, unless you make it worth their while. The Indians assured us that not a living soul had ever been on

these barrens after deer, a piece of information we were not sorry to hear.

We had been walking about an hour when the leading Indian stopped, threw down his pack, quietly remarking "I see deer!" Devil a tail could we see; however, we took his word for it, and called a halt. The country hereabouts was covered with stunted junipers, so that we could not see far in any direction; but the Indian said he had seen deer moving about amongst the bushes. Loading my smoothbore I made tracks for the spot, and presently saw a caribou stag, the first I had ever seen; he was about the size of a three-year-old heifer, marked black and white. A ball from the smoothbore dropped him in his tracks at seventy yards; he proved to be a fine young stag, with small antlers; meantime the sharp eye of the Indian detected another beast, which C. polished off in good style. This one was a very fat hind, carrying a good pair of antlers. The shots started a pricket, which came round my way. I wanted to spare him; but the Indians said he was the best meat of the three; so I rolled him over with a "baby" Express rifle. We fed on the last for several days, and most excellent he proved to be. We had now three deer down within as many hundred yards; so, having gralloched the beasts, we made straight for camp, very well pleased with our first day's success. The next morning we were up betimes, and, after a cup of coffee, we started in opposite directions, each taking an Indian, leaving the

rest of the party to bring in the deer killed the day before.

I must now be excused for relating my own adventures, since C. and I were separated—only to meet in the evening. I had walked for about two hours, smoking an occasional pipe, and chatting with the Indian, when he suddenly stopped and threw himself down, saying that he saw deer. Following his example, we lay still for a while, when a young stag appeared from behind a bush, where he had been lying down not more than sixty yards off, and after a careful look round began feeding; he was presently followed by a hind, and then the horns of a stag became visible. We lay still till the latter fed into sight, when, getting a fair broadside shot, I fired. To my disgust they all three bolted, but the stag soon separated from his mistress, showing that he was badly wounded. We followed as fast as possible, but lost sight of him in a thickly wooded hollow; he had lain down in a burn, but suddenly sprung up, when I gave him both barrels at twenty paces, and rolled him over. After galloping the stag, a fat beast about the same size as the one we killed the previous evening, we started off again to explore some likely-looking barrens to the southward. Meeting with nothing there but a hind and a calf, we wheeled round, so as to work homewards against the wind, when I saw in the distance a white object running along the hill side. The quick sight of the Indian at once pronounced them to be a herd

of deer, or "company" of them, as he called them, led by a white hind, with one very big stag bringing up the rear. My glasses proved him to be correct. We counted seventeen or eighteen of them in charge of a monster who loomed like a bullock with a magnificent head. The deer were travelling diagonally towards us down wind; so that by running for half a mile we were able to intercept their path, and had barely time to drop behind some low junipers when the leading hind passed within five yards. She at once winded our track, but passed on, followed by the rest in twos and threes, none of them more than twenty yards distant. It was an exciting moment as the beautiful animals passed slowly by, unconscious of danger. Some of them carried very fair antlers, and I should have taken them for stags had they been any other kind of deer, and also from the fact that the old monarch who was in charge would not have permitted any stag to intrude upon his harem. The Indian was greatly excited, and kept whispering in my ear, "take that one, sir; that very fat doe; five inches of fat on the rump, sir;" but I was deaf to his remarks, and to resist any such temptation kept my gun at half cock, till I saw the brow antlers of old "Brigham" appear, then his enormous head and neck, and what a pair of horns! next his massive carcass came into view, and that instant a heavy ounce ball crashed through him just behind the shoulder. The poor brute gave a prodigious bound, clearing fifteen feet, as we afterwards measured, and then laid out at full gallop. I pulled the second

barrel, which missed fire ; but it mattered not, the gallant beast, going like a racehorse, made straight for a lake some five hundred yards distant, and plunging in, rolled over, dead. Joe gave a succession of grunts of satisfaction, and we forthwith "spliced the main brace," drinking "Blood on the black knife," in proper Highland fashion. We then sat down to enjoy a pipe. Meanwhile the hinds stood round in amazement, wondering what had become of their lord ; but not wishing to injure them, I fired a shot over their backs, which caused them to scamper off—doubtless to look for another stag,—Joe's opinion being that they would not be long before they found one. We then proceeded to drag the old fellow out of the lake, a work of no small labour, and surveyed his noble proportions. "He very ole stag," said Joe, "400lb. at least, about ten year ole." But, by Jove, what a head ! 42 points, as I'm a sinner, and the huge brow antlers interlocked across the nose, his massive neck and shoulders bearing many a scar gained in defence of his seraglio. We christened him "Brigham Young" on the spot, and his noble old head looks sadly on me as I write the account of his death. Ah, well ! his end was peace ; and a very tough piece he proved to be. Having gralloched "Brigham" and shouldered his head, we returned to camp, which we reached at 1 p. m. The first thing that greeted our eyes was a splendid stag's head propped up against a tree, showing that C. had been also successful and started off again. After a hasty meal, Joe and I did likewise, but we saw nothing

more that day. On our return to camp at sundown we found C. just come in. He had met with another fine stag in the afternoon, and badly wounded, but lost it. We had not done badly, however,—six deer in a day and a half; so we spent a very merry evening over our pipes and grog, and turned in, feeling at peace with all the world.

The next day, being Sunday, we rested—at least, as far as we were concerned—but with six deer lying out in different directions, from three to nine miles from camp, all the men went out to bring in the meat, and returned in the evening, bearing huge quarters of venison, heads, hides, &c., all of which were triced up to the trees round the camp, which now presented a very picturesque and sporting appearance. The abundance of meat attracted a number of moose birds, a brown and black colored species of jay. These birds became so impudent, and pecked the meat so badly, that we had to make an example of some of them. We came across a good number of ptarmigan on the barrens, and a few wild fowl; the former were so tame they would not rise, although pelted with stones. We seldom troubled them except to knock over a brace or two for the pot, on the way home from stalking. All our party were now in high spirits, with plenty to eat and plenty to drink, combined with splendid weather and good sport. Our Indians were also very well satisfied with our success, of which they were not a little proud. We found the big stags were not so good to eat as the smaller ones.

or the hind, and MacCormack was rash enough to breakfast off "Brigham's" tongue, which he pronounced mighty strong.

On the following Monday C. and I changed stalkers; Joe going with C., and his cousin Levi with me. We started at daylight, after a cup of coffee, taking no food with us, as we agreed we must kill a stag for breakfast. My coxswain, the blue-jacket before mentioned, begged to be allowed to come, so I took him also. We walked for four hours over hill and dale, swamp, and forest, without seeing a beast, and we were beginning to think our breakfast would be of the lightest, when Levi said he saw deer in a wood. For the life of me I could not make out anything, even with my glasses; but it was a long way off. However, it was necessary to make a long detour to get to leeward of the place, which we proceeded to do.

From the high ground above we could look down the valley, and there, sure enough, were the deer, nine of them, some feeding and some lying down in a lovely, secluded spot. We could make out one stag, if not two; but the small stags and hinds are exactly alike, and, being both antlered, it is difficult to distinguish them. To reach the spot was not easy, as the valley was only open below. All round the top and sides was thickly wooded. The wind was blowing up the valley, so we had to crawl through the wood to get a shot. This was no easy matter, as the slightest cracking of a dry twig would give the

alarm. However, by stepping as lightly as possible, moving aside the twigs, and avoiding rotten wind-falls, we managed to reach a spot within shot of a small stag and some hinds. Leaving the coxswain to settle the small stag, with orders not to fire till he heard me do so, I crawled on with the Indian till we saw a good stag below us. The deer was standing broadside, about seventy yards off—a splendid chance but for a bush which covered his shoulder. I therefore waited till he fed clear, by which time he was turned obliquely towards me. Aiming for the point of the shoulder I fired, and simultaneously came the report of the blue-jacket's rifle, and I saw the small stag roll over. Not so mine, who bolted with the rest; but, feeling sure I could not have missed at that distance, we followed, and soon saw him separate from the hinds and walk slowly away, evidently very sick. We followed, and managed to come up with him after a chase of half a mile, when I gave him both barrels, and rolled him over. The first shot had struck the point of the shoulder, and passed out on the opposite flank. The stag was a well-grown beast of about four years old, very fat, but not much of a head.

We soon lit a fire, and by eleven o'clock were breakfasting off grilled kidneys. Levi roasted the meat on a stick, and most excellent it proved, although for the matter of that we were so hungry we would have eaten it raw. Whilst we were breakfasting, a hind watched our proceedings from a short

distance ; but, leaving her unmolested, we galloped and skinned the deer, and shouldering as much meat as we could carry, returned to camp. C. had already arrived, having also killed a good stag, about the same size as mine.

The next day one of our Indians went to look after his beaver traps, a day's journey to the southward, and we took a spell whilst the men were bringing in the meat or employed about the camp. Our provisions were now running short—no tea, sugar, or whiskey left, and tobacco getting short, but abundance of meat and a little biscuit still remaining ; so we determined to go out for one more stalk, and then make tracks, as we had as much meat as we cared for or could carry. Joe went with me, and Levi with C., as the first day. Joe told us that, whilst on his way to his traps, he met with a big stag, who "went for him," and he killed it in self-defence. I was not particularly anxious to shoot any more deer, and so we agreed to go and have a look at this stag. We walked seven miles without seeing anything, except a brood of grouse, out of which I had shot three brace, when we saw an enormous beast on the opposite side of a valley. He loomed as big as "Brigham," and carried a splendid head, so we proceeded to stalk him. Crossing the valley, we ascended the opposite hill-side, and, on reaching the sky-line, we saw our big friend, accompanied by several hinds, and a smaller stag, who kept a respectable distance. This stag gave us a great deal of trouble, as he fed

up between us and the rest, so that we could not approach without being seen ; but, watching our chance, we got within one hundred yards of the big stag, who was partially hidden by bushes. We therefore kept quiet, watching a chance. Meantime the young one fed up to within a few yards of where we lay. I had half a mind to put a ball through his head, and take my chance of a second shot at the other, when to our relief he fed away and disappeared. We were now bitterly cold and cramped with lying down so long, with the sleet falling on us, so Joe suggested a call, to bring up the big stag. He at once commenced a series of grunts, at the same time rolling his head from side to side, and bringing the sound out of his stomach, as it seemed. I was laughing at the ridiculous sight, when the old stag roared back a challenge, faced about, and cleared for action. Another roar of defiance from Joe, and a stamp of the foot, and a tremendous rattle of the horns against a tree, as though to say, " Who's afraid ? Come on ! " from the stag. Seeing no one, the old fellow moved cautiously forward, and turned broadside to catch the direction of the sound. At that moment I " let him have it," when to my disgust the whole lot bolted, the old stag bringing up the rear. They stopped for a moment on the sky-line, and then disappeared, none the worse for a parting shot I sent after them. " You missed him, sir," was all Joe said. " Yes, Joe, I'm afraid I did ; however, we were up and after them, as soon as their sterns disappeared over the sky-line, but with small hopes of ever seeing

them again. On reaching the top, very much pumped, Joe's quick eye caught a glimpse of them trotting quietly along, so off we went to cut them off. I was fast dropping astern when, to my delight, the Indian said they had turned, and were coming right down towards us. To drop behind a bush was the work of an instant, when the leading deer, an old barren hind, came in sight; picking her steps cautiously along, with ears cocked forward to catch the slightest sound, she passed our ambush not twenty paces off, the rest followed, with the big stag bringing up the rear. Joe whispered, "You hit him, sir! see his belly covered with blood." I had but time to notice it when he was abreast of us, and a ball from the smoothbore broke his fore-shoulder, followed by another through the ribs. The gallant beast plunged wildly forward, and, after staggering a few yards, pitched head-foremost into the bracken. Joe gave several grunts of delight, and I congratulated him on as fine a piece of stalking as ever I saw. Without his aid I should not have taken the trouble to follow up the deer after the first shot. Our stag, which we christened "Joe Smith," after another Mormon elder, from having so many wives, proved a noble specimen, fully as heavy as his brother "Brigham," and counting thirty-six points on his antlers, which were wide-spread and beautifully shaped. We found the first shot, when we thought I had missed him, struck him too low down, and, passing through the body, carried with it a lump of fat, which had, so to speak, plugged the hole, and stopped the bleed-

ing; hence his indifference to the wound, which must have eventually caused his death. Cutting off J. Smith's head, we turned our faces homewards, Joe bearing the trophy aloft on his shoulders. On our way to camp we met with another very fine stag and three hinds, which I would not disturb, and so, without further adventure, we reached camp.

The next day we struck our camp, and the same evening reached the shores of the lake, where we had left our boat. During our absence but one deer had crossed the water, a hind, and she was shot; so that would have represented our sport, had we preferred that style of shooting; whereas, by hard work and fair stalking, we had killed ten good stags and a hind in five days.

Not much more remains to be told. We were detained for three days by a heavy gale, which raised a lumpy sea on the lake; but at last, losing all patience, C. and I crossed in a canoe with two Indians, and ascending the mountain on the further side took a bee line across the country, reaching the ship on the second day. Just after we left the beach we saw a splendid stag come out of the wood, with the apparent intention of crossing the lake; he trotted down to the water; but, "winding" our footsteps, declined, and finally disappeared in the wood. We might easily have shot him, but preferred to let him enjoy life, being satisfied with our success, and having no pleasure in killing for killing sake. The boats with our gear and trophies, arrived two days after.

wards, and so ended a most enjoyable excursion. We parted with our Indians with regret; they had served us faithfully and well; we loaded them with good things to take back to their camp, and before leaving us I sent them down to get a good "square meal," telling my steward to give them all they wanted, and adding that one of them was a teetotaller. They appeared some time afterwards looking very fit, and in answer to my inquiries my steward remarked, "Well, sir, this one drank a bottle of whiskey and a bottle of sherry; and the teetotaller drank eight bottles of beer; and they polished off ten pounds of meat between 'em!"

[No. 5.]

CARIBOU SLALKING.

(Continued.)

In the fall of the year, 1880, I started on a second expedition to the interior of Newfoundland after caribou. I was accompanied on this occasion by C. and A., two keen sportsmen, and no less than seven white men besides ourselves, necessitating two light boats, and a larger one to carry provisions and gear. After a laborious day's work, we reached the head of Deer Pond about midnight, and availed ourselves of the kind hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Nicholls for the night. The next day we crossed the "Port-

age," and camped on the shores of Grand Pond, where we met with the Indians whom we had previously engaged to accompany us. Our party was now increased by three men and a woman, (the wife of one of the Indians), 14 in all. Crossing the lake, we camped for the night on the south side, and the following morning started for the barrens, every one loaded to the utmost with provisions and gear. After a most fatiguing climb, we reached the plateau, and pitched our camp, and the same afternoon went stalking. The country, for miles around, was one vast swamp, far too wet for deer to remain for any time; nevertheless, we met with three on our way back to camp, and killed one—a fine young stag. The next day we shifted our camp to higher and dryer ground, selecting a desirable site, in a small belt of woods, about 8 miles from our former position. The country traversed was knee-deep in water the whole way, and the work of transporting the baggage and provisions, for so large a party, was no light one, but all shared in the labour, the Indian woman carrying a load on her back which would shame many a railway porter. After a short rest and refreshment, we ascended a steep hill, at the back of the camp, to look for deer. C. and A. were fortunate in meeting a whole "Company," out of which they each killed a stag. I saw nothing, but met with fresh tracks, showing that deer were abundant.

The next day we were all successful, killing a stag each, besides 3 hares, and a few ptarmigan, for

the pot. The beast I killed was covered, all over his body, with warty excrescences, presenting a loathsome appearance. I at first thought he must have been badly wounded by slugs, some months previously, but the Indian said the wounds were caused by fighting, and that he had been gored by a big stag. I believe, however, that neither of these causes would account for it; and my impression is that the animal was suffering from some disease, possibly farcy, to which horses are subject; (to which, I believe, cows are also liable); and McCormack, a Canadian trapper, to whom I showed the carcass some days afterwards, was of this opinion. Needless to say we left the beast where he fell.

The next day it blew a gale from S. W., and was bitterly cold; we now changed Indians, so as to have a turn at them all, and I started for the barrens with Reuben Soulian. We traversed some likely-looking ground, with lovely sheltered valleys, well wooded and watered, from 7 a. m. till noon, without seeing a beast, when we turned up wind, and on reaching the top of a hill, spied a herd of caribou, consisting of 7 or 8 hinds, a young three-year old stag, and one splendid stag, with a very fine head, in charge of the party. The deer were close below us, feeding down wind, as caribou usually do, so we hid behind some juniper bushes, and waited their approach. Presently, the young stag fed close up to us, and immediately saw us, but as we kept still, he could not make us out. Reuben asked me to shoot him, fear-

ing he would give the alarm, and spoil the chance at the big one, who was now advancing, and chasing the hinds about ; but, disregarding the smaller beast, I ran forward to get a shot at the old bull. Getting a view of his flank, I gave him the first barrel from my rifle, and the second, as he slewed to go. The thud of the bullet told that he had got it somewhere, so dropping the rifle I picked up my smoothbore, and fired right and left at the herd as they galloped past me. Reuben now joined me, and said that the big stag was lying dead ; we found only one of the balls had struck him, but that was in the right place, behind the shoulder, and clean through. He was a splendid beast, with noble antlers of 38 points ; the remarkable feature in his head was the brow antler, only one of which he possessed, but that was of immense size, reaching down to the tip of his nose, and more than a foot in breadth. We gralloched the stag, and cut off his head and skinned him, so that his own mother would not have known him, and having packed as much on our backs as we could carry, we were starting for camp, when, glancing back, I perceived another deer lying dead. This proved to be the younger stag who had inspected us, and whose life I had previously spared. The heavy ounce ball, from the smoothbore, had done its work well, and the deer must have fallen dead in his tracks. This stag was fully 18 stone clear, and in good condition ; the old one would weigh about 500 lbs., and it was as much as Reuben and I could move him. On nearing camp, we met C., who had

killed two splendid stags, with very fine heads, one of which Levi was carrying upon his shoulders.

The following morning I left the camp with Reuben and two men to bring in the deer killed the day before; my companions, A. and C., dispersing in different directions. We had walked 5 or 6 miles and were in sight of the dead stag, when the Indian spotted three deer, a stag, hind, and fawn, about a mile off. We at once ran to cut them off, and succeeded in doing so. Reuben "toled" up the stag, a fine one, but not so large as the heaviest killed the day before, and he gave me a grand chance at not more than 50 yards off; but as the beast was fronting me I waited for a broadside shot, and thus lost him, as he suddenly turned and made after the hind and calf. I got a snap shot at 100 yards, and heard the crack of the ball, but they all went off at a gallop, and disappeared over the sky-line. We noticed that the stag seemed to be making heavy weather of it, and had difficulty in keeping up with the others, but we soon lost sight of them, and some other deer coming in sight, took off our attention. Seeing that there was no stag amongst this lot, I sent my coxswain to try his hand, and he badly wounded a hind with a long shot at 200 yards, but lost her. We then left the men to skin and quarter yesterday's deer, whilst Reuben and I went in quest of more. Soon after we left, an immense stag passed the party, but they were unarmed and unable to secure it. Meantime the Indian and I stepped briskly along,

meeting with several hinds and calves, which we would not molest, when suddenly a wounded stag passed in front of us, and before I could load had got out of range. We recognized our friend of the morning, by his horns, as well as by the hind and calf which accompanied him. I sent the Indian to try and cut him off, but he was unable to do so, although he got pretty close, and saw the blood on his side. We now climbed up on to a rock to spy the ground, when Reuben saw a fine big stag walking along, by himself, about two miles off. We were thinking of circumventing him, although we were already nine miles from camp, when we heard three shots to windward, and the big stag took the hint and moved off down wind, so we turned our faces towards home, which we reached without further adventure.

The shots we had heard came from A., who had killed an enormous stag, but with a very poor head, his horns having been knocked all to pieces in mortal combat. We had now plenty of meat in camp, but a great many mouths to feed, for thirteen men will consume a good many pounds of meat in a day, especially when working hard, as we were.

Reuben's wife proved most useful, and well earned her dollar a day, which we voted her, although she expected nothing. She mended and made our moccasins, cooked our dinner, and made us most excellent bread, and was altogether a great acquisition in camp. Our tent was pitched in a most se-

cluded spot, completely hidden and sheltered by trees; the men had a "lean-to" close by, and the Indians a "tilt" to themselves; the weather was fine, provisions abundant, and game plentiful; what more could a man want? It is true that our whisky began to run short, and had to be economized; we had brought up a good supply for our party, but under the belief that two-thirds of them were teetotalers, as they represented themselves to be. I am bound to say, however, that after the first day's work there was only one teetotaler left, the rest of them coming for their grog as regularly as cows to be milked. We had, up to this time, killed 11 stags, and we all agreed that one more, to make up the dozen, would be a fair bag. Our score stood thus:—A. had killed 3; C. had killed 4; myself 3; and Reuben 1; so this day, Oct. 6th, we went out stalking for the last time; we decided to shoot only first class stags, or a fat hind, but to leave small deer alone.

It was a pretty dense fog when we reached the top of the steep ascent leading to the barrens, and we soon lost sight of each other. Reuben and I kept to southward in the direction, as far as we could judge, of the rock from whence we spied the stag the evening before. The fog was wet and raw, and the wind blew bitter cold across the barrens, but we stepped briskly along to keep ourselves warm, hoping that the fog would lift by-and-bye.

And so it did; suddenly the curtain rose, unveiling as lovely a scene as ever sportsman beheld. Far

as the eye could reach were mountains and valleys, lakes and rocks; conspicuous among the latter the "Lobster House" reared its head. Probably a finer panorama could not be seen in Newfoundland than that obtained from the neighbourhood of the Lobster House. Standing, as we were, in the centre of the island, an uninterrupted view could be had for 40 to 50 miles in every direction. To the north-west, the mountains in the vicinity of Bonne Bay were plainly visible. To the eastward, the white hills around Hall's Bay, with Sandy Pond, and other fine lakes, apparently at our feet. The noble chain of mountains, forming the southern boundary of Grand Lake, stretched away towards the western horizon, and with my glasses I could see the glittering waters of that glorious lake, with Sir J. Glover's island in the far distance. A good idea of the size of Grand Pond may be gathered from the fact that from its midst rises an island 25 miles long and of lofty proportions; on the summit of which is another lake with an island in that lake, and so on, like a Japanese puzzle box. The southern horizon was intercepted by the mountains surrounding Red Indian Pond, and I believe that from where we stood the sea might be seen on both sides of the island on a clear day. Immediately around us were marshes and ponds, rocks and scattered clumps of wood—a very sanctuary for deer and beaver—and not a human habitation to be seen. What a glorious prospect for a deer-stalker! Here is no boundary to prevent him roaming where he pleases; under foot, the beautifully variegated

lichen affords soft and elastic walking for his moc-casined foot, the air so pure and bracing that fatigue is unknown. Not a soul, except his trusty companion, to be seen; not a sound heard, except when an old cock grouse hails the intruder with defiant challenge, whilst his mate collects her brood preparatory to flight. The hares are so tame they scarcely take the trouble to move out of the way. As no deer could be seen, we moved onward, and about noon hove-to for lunch, under the lee of a rock, up which Reuben climbed to spy the ground. Whilst enjoying a pipe, my meditations are cut short by Reuben, who exclaims: "I see him, sir; very big stag; regular ole bull; I tink same one we see yesterday. There he is, a mile off, coming our way,"

A glance to satisfy ourselves, and the remains of our frugal repast are crammed into our pockets, gun and rifle loaded, and off we go to cut off the stag, who is making for some woods on our right. A small Indian dog, belonging to Reuben, had accompanied us this day, having run away from camp and followed his master; and, as we were afraid of his yelping, Reuben took him in his arms, but whilst running at full speed he fell head over heels, dog and all, into a hole; a most laughable picture.

However, no sooner down than up again, and in a very few moments we are ahead of the stag, and pause to take breath under a juniper. The stag was a fine fellow, evidently an old warrior who had been vanquished by some other, bigger than

himself, and very sulky he looked in consequence. The noble beast comes on unconscious of danger, till a grunt from the Indian makes him stop; and throw up his head to get a view of his antagonist. Reuben now begins grunting, or, as they term it, "toling," and the stag, undeterred by former conflicts, comes boldly forward, tossing his head, stamping his foot, ready for the fray. All this time the cunning beast is edging down to leeward, to get our wind; but this wont do, so we move out into the marsh to prevent it. We are now in the open, in full view of the stag, but as he can't smell us, he comes on snorting defiance; but, not quite sure what to make of us, and not trusting to his eyesight, he again edges down to get our wind. Now is the critical moment, his broad flank is exposed, and that instant a ball crashes through his shoulder, followed by another through the ribs. The poor beast turns, staggers and endeavours to make off, but too late, for dropping the gun, I seize the rifle, and the gallant brute rolls over with three balls through his body. A noble animal, truly, with a fine head; his massive neck and shoulders bearing the marks of many a fight. Taking off our coats we proceeded to gralloch, decapitate and skin him, and bearing the trophy aloft, returned in triumph to our camp.

My companions had not been successful, but A. had killed a fat hind, making our total bag twelve stags and one hind. The next day we brought in the meat, and prepared for a start, and the following

morning struck our camp, and reached the shores of Grand Pond the same evening, after a very heavy day's work.

We reached the Bay in safety, two days afterwards, and were not sorry to find ourselves once more on board ship. Although on this expedition, as on the one the previous year, we had been successful, and had as much sport as we expected or desired, we worked hard for it; but when one considers the time, and labor, to say nothing of the expense attached to an expedition of this sort, it may be questioned by some whether the game is really worth the candle. To an enthusiastic sportsman, like myself, it is.

[LETTER NO. 6, IN TWO PARTS.]

- (1) A VISIT TO SMITH'S SOUND AND THE GRAND FALLS ON THE EXPLOITS RIVER.
- (2) HALL'S BAY AND THE MINING REGION.
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Leaving St. John's harbour, in H. M. S. *Druid*, early in June, 1881, we passed a few days, pleasantly, at Harbour Grace, enjoying the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. W. Munn, from whence we proceeded to Heart's Content, the terminus of the Atlantic Cable; and after a short stay there, stretched across Trinity Bay to Smith's Sound, and anchored near the head of that Arm.

This Sound is from one to two miles broad, on the average, the hills on either side slope gradually from the water, and are well wooded, except where fire has destroyed the timber, and attempts at cultivation are here and there to be seen. This estuary enjoys the reputation of possessing some of the finest scenery in the island ; but this is erroneous, for it will by no means compare with that of the South Coast, notably Hare Bay, Little River, White Bear Bay, or the Bay of Despair ; nor even to many of the beautiful harbours on the West Coast, such as Bonne Bay and the Bay of Islands.

At the head of the Sound, two small salmon rivers empty themselves ; but these, as well as every stream in Trinity Bay, are ruined by mill-dams, and the salmon have deserted the Bay in consequence. This is a grievance of long standing, many of the mills having been established for twenty years or more, so that they have acquired a sort of right to the rivers ; and unless the owners be forced to build a salmon ladder or gate for the fish to pass through, nothing can be done ; and even then the practice of throwing saw-dust and rubbish into the stream would drive the fish away. As an enthusiastic salmon fisher, I may be permitted to have my own views on this question, meanwhile the rivers may be "dammed" to all eternity. The American hare, locally called rabbit, abounds here. One old settler told us that with his two children he had killed, by snaring and shooting, no less than 500 dozen during

the last year, selling their skins for 1d. each; he must therefore have netted £25 sterling, besides providing his family with good and wholesome food during that time. These animals are so prolific there is not the slightest fear of their being exterminated, no matter how, when, or where they may be killed. I consider, that by introducing this animal into the country, Mr. Rendell has conferred a blessing upon the entire community, more especially upon the poor settlers, who need not starve in the midst of plenty. The true rabbit might also be introduced into the country, with advantage, although there is always the risk of their becoming a nuisance, as the country gets cultivated.

Black game might also do well here as in Norway, a similar country. A few brace of these handsome birds turned out in some sheltered and uninhabited part of the Island would soon spread and afford a welcome addition to the sportsman's bag, especially if protected by law for a few years.

Leaving Smith's Sound, we took shelter in the beautiful harbor of Trinity, and from thence stood northwards in company with several smart schooners of the Labrador fleet. Threading our way through the numerous reefs which surround Fogo, we found ourselves enveloped in field ice, through which we cut our way, leaving behind a few sheets of copper as a memento of our visit. This pack was estimated at 56 miles in extent by the *Fantome*, which had met it some days before, and we heard of a schooner hav-

ing been lost in it,—the crew, together with several women and children, suffering great privation before they were rescued.

We passed a quiet Sunday at Toulinguet, enjoying the beauty of the harbor and the pleasant change of temperature from the outside; and the following day continued our voyage to the Exploits River. Before leaving Toulinguet we had noticed a strong smell of burning, and the atmosphere became heavily charged with smoke, which increased as we approached the entrance to the Bay. It became evident that a very extensive fire was raging further up the river. As we advanced the heat became intolerable, the thermometer, which stood at 42° , rose to 78° , and the water rose from 35° to 50° . The sun shone through the smoke like a red-hot shot, throwing a lurid light upon the sparkling waters of the Bay. Anchoring in Burnt Arm we found that two fires had been burning for some days on the Western Shore, and another further inland, in the direction of Hall's Bay, doing much damage to timber and private property. The next morning a party of us left the ship in the steam-cutter to visit the Grand Falls. Calling at Messrs. Vallance and Winsor's saw mill to see how they were getting on, we entered the river, and the same afternoon reached a desirable camping ground, 12 miles from the mouth, and about 2 below the Bishop's Fall. The scenery on the Exploits is somewhat monotonous, and is not remarkable until one gets a long way up. The river is a very fine

one, about a mile broad at the mouth; it gradually narrows to an average of half a mile, which it maintains for about 10 miles. The banks are well timbered, but most of the best pines have been cut down. Bishop's Fall is a fine body of water formed by a succession of cascades, the total height being about 20 feet. Above the Fall is a long "steady" for several miles, till the Great Rattling Brook, tributary to the main river, is reached, after which rapids again commence. We fished below the Falls without success, for we were too early for the salmon; the rocks forming the Fall are all heavily scored by ice, and are as smooth and slippery as glass. Whilst examining them I came across a young seal asleep; the young rascal showed his teeth, so I killed him with a stone and kept his skin. This kind of seal whelps in the fresh water, and does not descend to the sea, in proof of which we noticed many old seals with their cubs, on the following day, many miles up the river. Returning to our camp we found the tent pitched, fire lighted, and tea ready, and we looked forward to refreshment and repose, but, alas! there was none of it, for the black flies were masters of the situation. They were in millions, and attacked us from all quarters, notwithstanding repeated applications of tar and oil, until we had to take refuge in the smoke of our fire, where we passed a wretched time with our eyes running with water mingled with grease and tar.

Presently, a canoe hove in sight, propelled by two Indians, whom Mr. Winsor had kindly sent up;

so again we started to fish below the Falls, but with no better luck than before. We now endeavoured to make ourselves comfortable for the night, but that was impossible; the flies got into our eyes, ears, and mouths, mingled with our food and tea, and generally made our lives a burden. Darkness set in, and we flattered ourselves we should have peace, but there was no peace for the wicked; the flies disappeared, but the mosquitoes took their place; the tent was stiflingly hot, so some of us slept outside, but it was all the same, for there was no sleep to be had, and muttered but very excusable curses might be heard from some poor sufferer the whole night long. It has always been a wonder to me what these brutes are put into the world for, and why they cannot be satisfied with taking one's blood, without poisoning him also; they might have the blood and welcome; it's one of those things no fellow can understand.

With early dawn we were all astir, and after a refreshing bath and coffee, C and I started in the canoe to explore the river, and, if possible, reach the Grand Falls. Some of the youthful members of our party who remained behind elected to bathe, to the horror and amazement of a worthy settler, who had accompanied us in the capacity of pilot for the river, and who boasted that he had been 30 years in the country without washing. He is said to have gazed on the youngsters in amazement, as the barbarians gazed on Paul after the viper fastened on him, expecting that some harm would happen to them;

doubtless the story will be told by the unwashed settler to his children and grandchildren for many years to come.

To follow the canoe;—we carried the canoe over the rocks and launched her on the waters above the Bishop's Fall, and sometimes paddling and sometimes walking for eight miles, reached Rattling Brook, where we stopped to lunch and fish. This is a fine salmon river, but there were no fish in it at that time, so we crossed the river and landed on the opposite shore to walk to the falls. This was the worst part of the business, as the bank was sloping and covered with rocks and bush, so that it took us nearly three hours to reach the rapids below, but not in sight of the falls, from whence we took a trail through the woods. Numerous seals reposed upon the rocks, or disported themselves in the whirling rapids, shouting to each other; with loud notes of alarm, at our approach; the fond mothers were, in every case, accompanied by their young, whom they tenderly guarded. The river, at this place, takes a sharp bend to the right, and the scenery becomes more wild and grand.

Following the trail through the woods, we now approached the Grand Falls, the roar of which we could plainly hear; occasional glimpses of the river, far beneath us, could be had through the trees, showing a mass of foaming water, dashing between precipitous banks on either hand. Guided mostly by the ear, we now scrambled through the bush, and

found ourselves directly above the Fall, and a glorious sight met our view.

I must confess that we were prepared for a disappointment after many of like nature in this and other countries; but the scene now before us fully answered, if it did not exceed, our expectations. Looking upwards to the right hand was a mass of foaming, eddying torrent, with black rocks interspersed; abreast of us the stream was divided by a thickly-wooded islet, whereon many sea gulls had built their nests—the parent birds flew round with loud and discordant screams, adding, in the roar of the waterfall, to the weirdness of the scene. Below this islet the waters met, and, wedged in by precipitous rocks on either side, plunged in a succession of cascades into the seething cauldron beneath.

Seating ourselves beside the fall, we contemplated this fine sight, not a living soul to interfere with us; here are no touting loafers to offer to take you under the falls for half a dollar, as at Niagara; no quack advertisements defacing the rocks, as may be seen on the Hudson river; here everything stands as God made it; long may it continue so.

Possibly, with the completion of the Railway, we shall have a station at Exploits river and an hotel at the Grand Falls; but for the present let us rest content that we have seen, without question, the finest picture in Newfoundland, untouched by the hand of man. A very fine view must be obtained from above the Falls, and also from below; but the

limited time at our disposal prevented our doing more than resting for a short half hour on the spray covered rocks, and taking a sketch of the scene before starting on our wearisome walk back. The whole height of the Falls is given at 145 feet; of this a good deal is broken water. I should estimate the largest fall at not more than 50 feet, and perhaps as many yards across the gorge, but the beauty of the fall is not so much in its height as in the immense body of water compressed into this space, and in the general wildness of the place. Our trudge back was not pleasant; walking on the side of one's foot, with one leg in the water, climbing over boulders and snags, with no food or whisky left, gets monotonous, and is not interesting to relate; and glad were we, when we found ourselves gliding down stream and shooting the rapids in our birch-bark canoe, and dreading another night with the mosquitoes, reached the ship at 10 p. m.

There is, in my opinion, much valuable land on the banks of the Exploits capable of cultivation, and supporting a considerable population. It seems a pity it is not more settled.

The climate is mild as compared with the sea coast; the sons of fishermen might be encouraged to settle and cultivate the land, in preference to following the precarious living adopted by their parents. Now that the fisheries are unquestionably insufficient to maintain an increasing population, this becomes every day a more important question; besides, the

men need not give up altogether their beloved fishing,—they might still prosecute the Labrador fishery, returning to their homes upon the river in the fall of the year. Very fine craft are built on the Exploits suitable for this trade. But, before settling in this part of the country, it is absolutely necessary to clear away the timber in the vicinity of a settlement, to secure oneself against forest fires, and get rid of the flies and mosquitoes, both of which interfere greatly with a settler's prospects, and are common enough on the Exploits river. By clearing away the woods round about his house, a man at once places himself in safety as regards fire, and the flies disappear to a great extent, as may be seen at Messrs. Vallance and Winsor's mill. The first objection, that of fires, will probably right itself; for, at the present rate of fires, there won't be much more timber left to burn soon. As for the flies, it would be simply impossible for anyone to settle on the banks of that river, with any degree of comfort. Some of the old settlers, of 30 and 40 years' standing, told us that they were bitten just as badly as when they first came into the country, and their bleeding hands and faces fully bore out the fact; the wretched women and children could not leave their houses to work in the garden, unless it was blowing a gale, or raining in torrents. These pests last from June till October, the best months in the year.

PART II.

HALL'S BAY AND THE MINING DISTRICT.

On our arrival in Hall's Bay on 18th June, we found that a fire had been raging for a week, devastating a large extent of country, and leaving many poor families utterly destitute.

It was indeed sad to see so many poor women and children, who had lost everything they possessed, and yet to be able to do so little for them. However, we were able to be of some assistance, for which they were very grateful; and our carpenters and a party of men were employed on shore for three days, rebuilding houses, etc. Providentially no lives were lost, but some families had a narrow escape. The whole country on the north bank of Indian Brook, as high as the Falls, is now burnt, and presents a most desolate appearance, and the beauty of that picturesque stream has departed.

The site for the terminus of the proposed Railway is at the head of Hall's Bay, between the South and West Brooks. There is no doubt but that if ever the railway be completed, Hall's Bay will become a place of much importance. The anchorages are not good, but there is deep water close to the shore, so that ships of all sizes would be able to lie alongside the wharfs, which would be built in connection with

the railway. The mere commencement of the line would give employment to many who would gladly avail of it, especially now that the lumber trade is declining, and many of the Canadian lumberers are thinking of returning home in disgust.

From Hall's Bay we proceeded to Little Bay, where an extensive copper mine is being worked by Mr. Guzman, on behalf of Mr. Ellershausen and other gentlemen. The Company appear to be doing a good business, judging by the number of steamers which call there for cargoes of ore. The mine is 400 feet deep at present, and the shaft is nearly perpendicular. About 800 men are employed at the works; the settlement is half a mile from the mine, picturesquely situated at the head of the Bay. Escorted by Mr. Guzman, we descended the mine, and watched the operation of drilling and blasting the glittering metal, which is transferred by a tramway from the mouth of the pit direct to the vessel. The mine is well ventilated, and, as no accumulation of gas can take place, as in a coal mine, the lives of the miners are as free from danger as it is possible to make them. The men receive from 5 to 6 shillings a day, overseers 9 shillings, so they ought to be contented. The fire at Hall's Bay approached very dangerously near to Little Bay, and the powder magazine was at one time seriously threatened; the miners dug trenches at the back of their dwellings, wherein to bury their effects, should the fire come upon them.

A copper mine, discovered by Mr. White, is being worked in the S. W. Arm of Green Bay, and another at Robert's Arm. The harbor at Robert's Arm is a very beautiful one, and is capable of accommodating several large ships. It is but little known, and is not surveyed, so the surprise of the inhabitants may be well imagined at seeing the *Druid* and *Pantome* lying peacefully at anchor within pistol shot of the rocks.

There is no doubt that all that part of the coast, to the Northward of Hall's Bay, abounds in mineral wealth; and already most of it has been taken up by speculators, who look forward to the good time coming, when the French Shore question shall be settled, to work their claims. Until then, I fear, nothing can be done, (except during the absence of the French in the winter months), to the Northward of Cape St. John, and so on round the coast to Cape Ray; for the French claim, if not the right to the soil, at all events to have the right to prevent any kind of industry on that part of the coast where they have fishery rights; for instance, the copper mine at Ming's Bight and the lobster factory at St. Barbe. The result of this dog-in-the-manger policy is that the natural resources of this country are paralysed, and millions of pounds' worth of wealth remain buried in the bowels of the earth. In fact, this unfortunate country is bound hand and foot by obsolete treaties, made at a time when the Island was a barren waste, and by those who knew nothing about it, and cared less for its future prosperity.

Let us hope that the time is at hand when such an anomalous state of affairs shall cease, and that the question be properly considered by persons qualified to judge, and familiar with the subject. It only remains for this important question to be settled, for the country to advance and take her place among the richest of Her Majesty's possessions. The N. E. coast is ripe for industries of all kinds, and in a very few years would teem with a busy and thriving population, where want and misery now obtain. In the Bay of Pistolet, which we have lately visited, a new and important industry awaits the hand of man. This bay is the sanctuary of the eider duck;—thousands of these useful birds breed unmolested on the numerous islands in the bay. The strong arm of the law should be extended to protect these birds, and their eggs and down collected regularly, as in Norway. No expense is attached to this undertaking, and the result could not fail to be a profitable one. It could hardly be maintained that this industry would militate against the French fishermen in their calling.

GROUSE OR PTARMIGAN SHOOTING IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

Grouse, or as they are called Partridge, are plentiful in the immediate neighbourhood of St. John's, but the enormous number of shooters speedily exterminate the broods, and after the first week in September, it is necessary to go some distance from the Capital to make a bag.

A very pleasant expedition may be made in the direction of Salmonier, a pretty village some 50 miles to the westward of St. John's, where accommodation for a sportsman can be obtained at Carew's Hotel. The road is good and scenery beautiful throughout the route; and a stoppage may be made either at Topsail, 12 miles, or Holyrood, 25 miles, at both of which places a decent Hotel is to be found. From Holyrood to Salmonier is 20 miles; at the latter place a few days may be pleasantly passed. The Hotel, though unpretentious, abounds with good cheer, and Mr. Carew and his wife are obliging, and attentive to their guests. Fair sport may be had in this neighbourhood with gun, rod or rifle, according to the season. A snipe marsh lies directly in front of the house, and a salmon river, to use an advertiz-

ing phrase, runs through the property. An amateur sporting parson, who had never handled a rod before, hooked 30 grilse in this stream in one day last season. At the back of the premises, a few hours' journey through the woods, there is an extensive park or barrens whereon deer and wild geese are to be found in the fall of the year.

Escorted by an amusing guide, of Irish extraction, we lately visited this place in quest of geese; and although the limited time at our disposal prevented us seeing any game, for we had to be back at the hotel the same night, the expedition was most enjoyable.

Pat had not long ago piloted a noble sportsman to the hunting grounds after caribou, and he related with much gusto, how he had succeeded in bagging a fawn after firing 14 shots at it; his companion also distinguishing himself by killing a prickett, which he left to rot upon the ground, after cutting off its head, (report says with a regimental sword), and returning with the trophy to the camp.

But these exploits scarcely represent the sport that can be enjoyed on these barrens, and I believe that heavy stags may be killed there. Our guide brought with him a huge weapon with a barrel like the main-top-gallant mast of a frigate; this engine he carefully loaded with 5 fingers of powder, and the same liberal allowance of buck-shot, and on our venturing to suggest that the gun might be overcharged,

he said, "She always took that;" but that on one occasion, when the powder was somewhat better than usual, "She" knocked him down senseless on the snow, the hammer scalping him as the weapon disappeared over his head. On "coming to" he discovered the gun 10 yards behind him, and the deer lying dead, as well she might be, with five-and-twenty buck-shot in her carcass.

Leaving Salmonier one morning an hour before daylight, accompanied by an enthusiastic sporting J. P., we drove down by the river till we found ourselves abreast of a small fore-and-aft schooner at anchor some 40 yards from the shore. Opening fire upon this craft with snipe shot to rouse out the crew, we managed after a few rounds to wake them up, and soon got aboard, and in a short time were scudding out of the harbor with a flowing sheet. A brisk N. E. gale carried us across the bay to a small park 30 miles distant, where we landed and conveyed ourselves and our traps to a neighbouring farm-house. We received a hearty welcome from our host, and indeed from all the village, the unsophisticated natives being unused to visitors, turned out *en masse* to meet us and give us every information as regards sport. Curiously enough, these people all spoke with a foreign accent, rolling the "r" like a Frenchman, but with a ridiculous admixture of Irish brogue as well. They declared the "patterridges" to be jostling each other on the barrens, and as for the salmon and trout, "begorra, yer honor, they're as thick as

A resolution test chart featuring several groups of horizontal and vertical lines of varying thicknesses. Each group is accompanied by a numerical value indicating the resolution. The values are: 1.0, 1.1, 1.25, 1.4, 1.6, 1.8, 2.0, 2.2, 2.5, 2.8, 3.2, 3.6, 4.0, 4.5, 5.0, 5.6, 6.3, 7.1, 8.0, 9.0, 10.0, 11.2, 12.5, 14.0, 16.0, 18.0, 20.0, 22.5, 25.0, 28.0, 32.0, 36.0, 40.0, 45.0, 50.0, 56.0, 63.0, 71.0, 80.0, 90.0, 100.0, 112.0, 125.0, 140.0, 160.0, 180.0, 200.0, 225.0, 250.0, 280.0, 320.0, 360.0, 400.0, 450.0, 500.0, 560.0, 630.0, 710.0, 800.0, 900.0, 1000.0, 1120.0, 1250.0, 1400.0, 1600.0, 1800.0, 2000.0, 2250.0, 2500.0, 2800.0, 3200.0, 3600.0, 4000.0, 4500.0, 5000.0, 5600.0, 6300.0, 7100.0, 8000.0, 9000.0, 10000.0.

6"

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the sands of the say." The village was picturesquely situated in a valley, and unlike the generality of Newfoundland settlements, presented a well-to-do appearance. A lovely salmon river wound its course through the valley, dividing into several branches as it approached the sea, and variegating a considerable extent of rich meadow-land, which afforded pasturage for herds of cattle and sheep; a considerable portion had also been devoted to agriculture. A barrier of sea beach obstructed the mouth of the river, causing all the branches to re-unite and rush through a gut or barachois into the sea.

The afternoon of our arrival we ascended the barrens, at the back of the village, and bagged 16 brace of grouse and a few snipe; the birds were fairly plentiful; the dogs worked well and the powder was straight. The next day and the next, we averaged 10 brace per gun; and on the 4th we worked along the coast to a rendezvous where our boat had preceded us, and from thence re-crossed to Salmonier. Our bag (2 guns) was 60 brace of grouse and snipe—not much to brag of in a country where game is preserved—but not bad for a wild country where the only protection the birds get is a close time during the breeding season, where every man carries a gun and vermin are encouraged for the sake of their skins.

Walking on the barrens of Newfoundland is very much harder work than on a Scotch moor; but there is no limit to the extent of ground; it costs nothing; the birds when found are magnificent; and when

the sport is combined with snug quarters and kind-hearted hospitality, as in our case, it is not to be despised.

THIRD EXPEDITION AFTER CARIBOU, 1881.

In the early part of October, 1881, I planned and carried out my third and possibly last expedition to the interior of the Island after caribou. This expedition differed from the two preceding ones, in as much as we struck in from the East side of the Island, instead of the West, as heretofore. In both cases we reached the same high barrens where the deer love to congregate; and as a matter of fact, our camp was only 20 miles apart from, and almost in sight of, our camping ground the previous year. The result was almost identical with the two former expeditions, showing clearly that caribou are pretty evenly distributed all over the island.

Our party on this occasion consisted of three sportsmen, Sir R. P., B. and myself, 2 Indian hunters, 2 blue jackets, and a couple of lumberers, smart, hard-working willing fellows, who well earned their 5/ per day.

The usual difficulties beset us on starting; rivers too low for poling; a gale of wind on the lake; camping in heavy rain with all our gear soaked; and finally a tedious tramp of 10 miles through burnt woods

and marshes, so that it was not till noon of the third day after leaving the ship that we reached our destination, and pitched our camp in a small wood in the middle of a marsh. After a short spell for rest and refreshments, we started off in different directions to try and get some venison for supper. I had not left the camp a quarter of an hour when, looking back, my Indian saw a fine stag come out of the wood and proceed leisurely across the marsh, down wind, as is their wont. We had a long and sharp run back to get to leeward of him, and I had but time to drop behind a stone and get my breath, when the stag approached and gave me a fine broadside shot at 65 yards. The sharp crack of the ball told that the old Scotch rifle had done its work well; but the deer, to my astonishment, bolted across the marsh at a gallop. I stood up and gave him the second barrel, striking him on the flank, high up; this only quickened his pace, and he speedily disappeared round a small belt of wood. The country hereabouts was marshy, with belts or "drogues" of wood scattered about exactly like groups of islands in a sea. We followed the direction the deer had gone in, but saw nothing of him, and it was difficult to follow his tracks in the marsh. Much disgusted, I went back to the stone, stepped the distance, looked for blood, but could find none, and I had almost given up the stag as lost, when Reuben, the Indian, found drops of blood leading across a burn; following this, we came to clots of blood and froth, and a few yards further on we came upon the stag lying dead. The

two balls had passed clean through his body; the first, right in the middle of his carcass; the second, diagonally. How he could have travelled so far is a marvel, but it shows how tenacious of life are these caribou; the deer was in fine condition, and carried a very fair head. On our way back to camp we met with another young stag, which got off scot free, although Reuben fired three shots at it. Soon afterwards my two companions returned, one having killed a small stag, and the other a hind—so we were well set up with meat, and enjoyed fried kidneys and liver and bacon for supper.

It became soon evident to us that our camp, though unfavourably situated for stalking, owing to the marshes and dense woods which surrounded it, was judiciously chosen by the Indians, as lying directly in the path of deer coming from the North West and travelling to the Southward; in proof of which we saw deer from the camp every day, especially in the early morning and in the evenings.

The second day two of us went stalking, whilst one remained in camp. The "Bart." who took a southerly direction, killed a small stag. I saw nothing till coming home, when we met with a stag, hind and calf, crossing the marshes. We managed to cut them off, and I broke the stag's (fore) shoulder with a shot from the rifle; the poor beast tottered across the marsh and then lay down, and I ought to have bagged him easily, but sending an Indian round to cut him off, I made too sure of him, and ran across

the marsh to slay him forthwith, when he suddenly rose and made off, and passing close to the Indian, who missed him in fine style, he disappeared in the woods, and darkness coming on, we lost him. The loss of the beast did not concern me greatly, as he was not a big stag, but I was sorry to have wounded the poor creature, and to lose him stupidly after all.

The next day B. killed a fine big stag, about eight miles from camp; the deer carried a fair head, nothing particular, but as it was B.'s first big beast, he was very much delighted, and related the details of the stalk with great excitement. I saw nothing, although I travelled over a great deal of ground, except a hind and a lovely cream-coloured fawn, which fed close to me whilst having my luncheon under the lee of a rock. The pretty creatures gambolled about unconscious of danger within 40 yards of where I lay. Reuben suggested that the fawn's coat would make a good rug, but nothing would induce me to molest them, although I had not fired a shot all day. The Bart. remained in camp, but did not get a shot. We decided that night to shift our ground to some high barrens to the South and Westward; so, the following day, the Bart., with one Indian, proceeded in the former direction, whilst B. and I, with the other Indian, went in the other, leaving our heavy gear in the permanent camp. My setter, "Paddy," accompanied us on this occasion, and lost us a fine stag which we came upon suddenly; the deer would certainly have "toled" but for the dog whom he pro-

bably mistook for a wolf, and bolted before we could get a shot at him. We also met some wild geese, but failed to get a crack at them. Rather disgusted with our bad luck, we reached an Indian tilt or wigwam and deposited our gear therein. This wigwam had been used by sportsmen on several occasions, and although in a dilapidated condition, proved most comfortable; a few boughs made it wind tight, and the smoke going up through an aperture in the roof kept the snow from coming down. In the afternoon we started off to try some new ground to the Northward; a heavy N. W. gale was blowing, with squalls of snow, and it was difficult to keep oneself warm. After walking 3 or 4 miles, we ascended a peak called the "Indian Look-out," from the top of which a magnificent view was obtained. Far below us lay a lovely valley, interspersed with woods and marshes, looking in the distance like a park; beyond this was a chain of mountains and lakes, extending to the sea, which could be seen 30 or 40 miles away. Reuben told us that from the top of this height they spied the deer, and easily killed them as they ascended the pass immediately below the look-out. A more perfect position for a deer drive could not be imagined, as every stag would have to pass within gun shot of a person stationed on the look-out. The bitter cold wind prevented us from fully appreciating the beautiful scene before us, and we gladly descended and sought the shelter of some woods at the back. Refreshed by a soothing pipe we proceeded cautiously along, looking out for deer, when Reuben exclaimed,

"Look, Captain, big stag," as a gleam of sunshine lit up the snow-white side of a noble beast. The big stags at this season are almost white, their necks entirely so. The deer was hurrying along, evidently on the trail of other deer; we ran to cut him off, but he had already disappeared in the woods, so there was nothing for it but to follow on his tracks. At this the Indians are marvellously skilful; with eyes upon the ground, they follow at a rapid pace, noting every blade of grass pressed, every stone displaced, or mud stirred. The trail would have been easy enough to follow but for the numerous tracks of deer all leading down to the valley; and it was evident that a large company had preceded us, a fact of which our old stag was doubtless well aware. We struck down through some woods, picking our way by the "leads" or open passes, well trodden by deer, when I happened to catch a glimpse of some white objects in the valley below. A glance through the glasses pronounced them to be a "company" of deer, and although we could not make out a stag, we were perfectly well assured that one would be amongst them, and our old friend's hurry to get into the valley became apparent. Picking our way cautiously down through the wood, we at length reached the valley and found ourselves within a few hundred yards of the deer, which we at once proceeded to stalk. The deer were scattered about feeding amongst some immense boulders, and we had no difficulty in approaching to within 150 yards of the nearest hind, but still no stag could we see. A blinding snow-storm now came

on, and we waited to see how the cat jumped, when, looking back, we saw a splendid stag coming out of the wood behind us, accompanied by a hind. This was evidently the same old fellow we had seen before, but we had reached the valley by a shorter cut, whilst he had picked up with a mistress on the way, and was in search of more. The two beasts looked like ghosts coming through the blinding snow. At this time Reuben climbed upon a rock, and, to our great delight, said he saw two big stags—one in charge of the party of hinds; the other, the one we had just seen coming down to rob him of his harem. The scene now began to get exciting; a great commotion became visible amongst the hinds, and presently we saw their lord and master galloping about in a great state of excitement calling in the stragglers, prod- ding them with his horns, and generally calling them to order. During this time we ran in, in hopes of getting a shot, and several times my rifle bore on the shoulder of the old fellow; once I had him and a hind in line, and could have killed them both with a single ball, but the snow was coming down heavily, the sights of the rifle were covered, and I waited a better opportunity. Reuben tried to "toll" the stag, but he took no notice, well knowing that his real antagonist was coming down from to windward, for by this time he had winded the other stag, and prob- ably seen him, as we could now hear his challenge to mortal combat. Nor had he long to wait; for, having collected his hinds, leaving orders probably for them to wait till he returned, the old fellow started

off at a gallop and disappeared from our view. A moment later, and a crash as of a tree falling, resounded through the valley, as the two stags' heads met in the arena. Now was our time; disdaining all notice of the hinds, we ran for the spot; the hinds seeing us running began to run also, not away from us, but with us, and in a moment the extraordinary sight might have been witnessed of some 16 or 17 hinds and three men all rushing along, mixed up together, to witness as pretty a fight as ever a deer-stalker beheld. In all my experience of deer-stalking, extending over many years, I never saw the like or expect to see again. There, amidst the blinding snow, were the two monarchs of the Glen, their heads down, backs arched, horns crashing, turf flying; struggling, writhing, pushing for the mastery, whilst the hinds, for whom the battle was raging, and who had now arrived on the scene, assembled themselves round to see fair play. What the issue might have been it is difficult to say; the combatants were well matched as regards size and weight, but the new arrival was the fresher of the two, and had longer horns, whilst the owner of the seraglio, exhausted by the cares and anxiety attendant on his large family, was slowly but surely giving way, and would probably have eventually either been killed or forced to retire, when a third and common enemy arrived on the scene. Selecting the nearest beast, I fired right and left into his huge squirming body, whilst B. simultaneously did the same with the other. The stags, which had paid no sort of attention to

us, now separated; one reeled and made an effort to charge, but rolled over as a third bullet pierced his carcase; the other made off, but had not gone far before two more shots, fired simultaneously, dropped him also, and the two gladiators lay dead within a couple of hundred yards of one another. Would that a Landseer had been there to picture that strange scene, one that will ever be impressed upon my memory, the grandeur of which was heightened by the romantic beauty of the place and the heavy snow-squall raging at the time. A moment later, and the scene changed from one of intense excitement to perfect calm; the squall passed, the sun shone out, the stags lay dead, with faces upturned to the cloudless sky, and the hinds had departed to seek for another lord and master.

We sat down to refresh ourselves with a pipe, whilst Reuben performed the last offices to the departed deer. It may be said, "what a pity you didn't wait, and watch the combat;" possibly we might have done so, but there was always the risk of their winding us, or being led off by the hinds, although I believe we might have sat down and watched them for an hour and killed them after all.

Our two stags were noble specimens, and for the benefit of those interested, I will give the measurement of one of them, by which a fair calculation of the dead weight can be arrived at. I take the scale from Whitaker's almanack for measuring beasts, thus: To ascertain the weight of a beast measure

the girth close behind the shoulder, and length from fore part of shoulder blade along the back to root of tail, both in feet. Multiply the square of the girth in feet by 5 times the length, and divide the product by 21; the quotient is the weight nearly of the four quarters, in stones of 14lbs. For instance, this stag measured 5 feet 2 inches in length, (as above,) and 4 feet 10 inches in girth. The result will be seen that the stag weighed 29 stones nearly, a rough calculation, but tolerably near the mark. This weight, 600 lbs., represents the beast clean, *i. e.*, less head, horns, hoofs and offal, or the real marketable value of the meat. I think I am therefore correct in saying that the caribou of Newfoundland are, on an average, twice as big as the ordinary Scotch red deer and half as big again as the biggest stag that ever was killed in the Highlands. A few days afterwards I killed another stag, certainly bigger than the one whose proportions I have given, and which may be said to represent a fair specimen of a "warrantable" stag of the country.

The day after this occurrence we had occasion to send away our Indian for assistance in bringing in the heads, etc.; so, in the afternoon, after being snowed up for several hours, B. and myself took a stroll to look for grouse. We met with one brood of eight, the whole of which we made an example of; after which we visited the spot where our two stags were lying; the carcasses were undisturbed, thus proving what I have always maintained, that wolves

are scarce in the Island, for I have never known the remains of deer touched, although it may have been left on the ground for several days.

Returning home by ourselves we were overtaken by darkness and lost our way, and we had almost resigned ourselves to a night out in the woods, wet through, and with no axe to cut firewood, thermometer below freezing point, when we providentially hit the trail, and reached camp by 7 p. m. Reuben joined us the next morning with one of the lumberers, bringing in the heads and skins of our two stags, and leaving the meat to be brought in later. It seems that Reuben, on his way to the other camp, met with and killed a fine young stag, which accounted for his non-appearance at the rendezvous. B. and my coxswain, with the lumberman, now returned to our first camp, leaving me to go stalking with Reuben. We got back the same evening, having seen nothing, but what looked like deer a very long way off. Sir R. P—— also returned, having killed a prickett, and much disgusted with his bad luck.

The next day all hands went to bring in meat. Reuben and I went first to his stag, which we decapitated and skinned, and taking the marrow bones and some prime slices off the saddle, we pushed on to the wigwam, 5 miles distant, where we made an excellent luncheon off the marrow bones, roasted in the embers of a wood fire, and slices of venison broiled on a stick. By this primitive form of cooking all the juices of the meat are retained, and the

real flavour of the meat is secured. Reuben also baked some excellent bread in the wood ashes. For this purpose the ashes of a fire two or three days old must be used, as the ground underneath is then thoroughly baked and the ashes sufficiently abundant. We saw no more deer, but returned to camp, preparatory to making an early start on the morrow.

Whilst having our bath in the little stream which ran past our camp, the following morning, one of the Indians reported 3 deer crossing the marsh. I had already completed my toilette, so, seizing the rifle, I ran out to cut them off, followed by the Baronet and B.; the former had nothing on but a shirt, a pair of spectacles, and a huge pair of boots, and presented a most ludicrous appearance; whilst B., having no time to dress, had hastily donned a huge flushing ulster with a monk's cowl. In this original costume we ran across the marsh; the deer were approaching a small clump of woods, towards which I ran, and, getting sight of a huge stag through the trees, I put a ball into him; the stag was accompanied by a hind and a fawn; all three turned and galloped off up wind. The Baronet now opened fire, and with a brilliant shot, tumbled the hind head over heels, at 250 yards. The sudden disappearance of his consort made the stag hesitate, and enabled me, by running, to cut him off. I found him standing in a marsh, looking very sick, whereupon I gave him both barrels from my rifle, and tumbled him head foremost into a bush. This stag was the biggest brute I ever

killed, and I regret I did not take his dimensions; his head was a good one, but nothing extra, but his foot, an outline of which I have drawn, will give an idea of his enormous proportions. We brought his head and skin into camp, and all the meat of the hind, leaving the carcass of the stag to be fetched later on. The Indians assured us that nothing would be wasted, as they got 10 cents per lb. for the meat. Presently another stag hove in sight, and B. ran to cut him off, but was not successful in bagging him. I now started with two Indians to get the boats ready for the rest of the party, and after a pretty tall day's work, reached the salt water at 8 p. m.

The rest of our party got back the next night, all very well satisfied with our week's outing, during which we had seen many deer, and had bagged nine stags and two hinds.

I believe, in conclusion, that few countries have such advantages as are possessed by Newfoundland, with her magnificent harbors and her boundless stores of wealth, but no country ever yet progressed without railways, or even roads. With the completion of a Railway to Hall's Bay, and the probability of its ultimate extension to the West Coast, with copper mines in full blast along her shores, and other industries in like activity, the proud boast of every Newfoundlander, "This Newfoundland of Ours," will be no idle-one, and the Sovereignty of the Island will be assured, not only in name, but in reality.

W. R. KENNEDY.

APPENDIX.

ST. GEORGE'S BAY.

Although the agricultural portion of Newfoundland hitherto explored is limited in extent, the part suited for that industry is undoubtedly excellent, and wherever agriculture has been attempted, such as may be seen at Codroy and Branch, the result has been most satisfactory.

At St. George's Bay there is a large extent of good land, but the attractions of the herring and lobster fishery occupy most of the inhabitants. During the last season, 1881, more herring were captured than could be disposed of, and the lobster canning establishments are doing a good business, as many as 4,000 and 5,000 lobsters being captured in one day. Two fine salmon rivers discharge themselves into the bay, from which 250 barrels of salmon were taken during the last season.

CODROY.

The Codroy valley has justly been considered one of the most fertile and thriving portions of the Island. The principal settlement, consisting of 60 or 70 families—about 400 souls—is abreast of the small

island of the same name; the pasturage hereabouts is excellent, and the sheep and cattle from this district are second to none in any part of the world.

There is a scattered settlement on both banks of the Codroy river, and a good deal of land has been cleared; the pasturage is first rate, and, I believe, a numerous population might be supported on the fertile banks of the river.

The chief drawback to Codroy is the anchorage, which is unsafe, except with an off-shore wind. The river has a bar across the mouth, and must be entered by a narrow channel having 9 or 10 feet water in it, a little to the southward of the mouth proper. It is a broad and swift stream, but shallow, and is only navigable for small craft for 3 or 4 miles from the mouth, after which nothing but punts can ascend. The Codroy was once famous for salmon, but many years of wholesale netting has nearly exhausted it, and the yield is now barely sufficient for the people residing on the banks. The main channel is narrow, and is completely barred by stakes, nets and traps, ingeniously contrived, so that but few fish can pass to the spawning beds above. Indeed it is wonderful how any can do so. On my visit to Codroy I ascended the river for 12 miles, accompanied by some of the officers, but not a sign of life could we see in the pools. Fortunately, we had removed some of the nets on our way up, and the same night, whilst camped on the banks of the river, we heard the fish jumping in the pool, and the next morning I hooked

5 grilse and killed 4 of them before eight o'clock. The Rev. Father SEARS has resided on the river for 13 years, and has done much for the country and the people.

This fine river drains all the Codroy valley, and I much regret that my hurried visit and the tempestuous weather prevented me from exploring it further.

Immediately to the eastward of Cape Ray is the beautiful river called Grand Bay Brook, containing salmon and trout of enormous size; there is some good land about two miles from the sea, and a few settlers have established themselves thereon. The river winds through a fine grass country for a couple of miles or so, and there are three lovely falls between its source and the sea; the best land and the best fishing is between the 2nd and 3rd falls from the sea.

Eastward of Port-au-Basque the land becomes more barren and mountainous, and there is but little cultivation, except in a small way, such as may be seen at Ship Cove, in the Bay of Despair, where there is a settlement of 75 souls, who chiefly follow agricultural pursuits; they possess some good land, and raise horned stock, and in the winter time they make hoops and staves for barrels, which they trade to St. Pierre.

GENERAL REMARKS.

The year now drawing to a close, 1881, has been fruitful in events of vital importance to the future prosperity of Newfoundland.

I have already alluded to the mineral wealth of the Island, which may be said to be inexhaustible.

The Imperial Government seem to be at last alive to the cruel injustice of permitting the valuable resources of the country to be paralyzed by the operation of obsolete treaties, and the Colonial Government is now authorized to make grants of land and issue mining licenses on any part of the Coast, subject to such reservations as will secure the French in their fishery rights.

The immediate result of this measure will be a rapid increase in the population of the West and N. E. Coasts, (notably the latter, where most of the minerals are found), and the appointment of Magistrates will guarantee that the law is observed amongst the settlers and the rights of the French be respected.

There is no question also that the Railway which has been commenced will confer an inestimable boon on the country, although like many enterprizes of the kind it may not appear a profitable one at first sight. The mere fact of the employment it will give to many hundreds of starving people is in itself a blessing of no small moment, and the advantage of opening up a portion of the country, hitherto unknown and valueless, can hardly be over-estimated. It has been said that the terms on which the Railway is to be made are advantageous only to the Con-

tractors, who thus become possessed of large tracts of land ; but as the Company propose to encourage the settlement of the land in question, which is at present of no use to anyone, and it is evident that they cannot make away with it, I cannot see how such an arrangement can be otherwise than advantageous to the country as well as to the Contractors.

Thus, for the first time in the annals of Newfoundland, does there seem a prospect of the wealth of the country being developed, and in my humble opinion a bright future lies before it.

W. R. KENNEDY.

THE END.