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The 1873 Labrador Diary of Frederic Hamilton Crowdy¹

JOSEPH P. CROWDY

MY ACQUAINTANCE with the Labrador diary of my grandfather, F.H. Crowdy, began in 1967 when the family home was up for sale, following the death of my mother. My father — Grandfather's only son — had died in 1936 and his books, inherited from Grandfather, had lain untouched in the Norfolk family home for the thirty-odd years since his death. It was to be a further twenty years before I came to read the diary and realize the true value of what I had inherited. Reading was difficult because Grandfather's handwriting, although elegant in appearance, was not always easy to decipher and his punctuation followed a pattern which, while it may well have been typical of the period, did not help the flow of the narrative.

The Crowdys came to Newfoundland in 1833 when James Crowdy (1794-1867) was appointed Colonial Secretary to the Government of Newfoundland and collector of crown rents.² With the family came my great-grandfather, Charles Crowdy (1827-1889, third son and fourth child of James), then aged seven. He grew up in St. John's and lived there until he went off to study medicine. Back in Newfoundland, now qualified as a doctor, he met and was married in 1850 to Julia Carrington, daughter of the Reverend Frederick Carrington, rector of the Cathedral of St. John the Baptist in St. John's from 1818 until his death in 1839.³ Their first son, Charles, born in 1851, died in infancy so that the second son, Frederic Hamilton (my grandfather), born in 1852, was in effect the oldest child. He had six younger brothers and sisters.



FREDERIC HAMILTON CROWDY
1852 – 1926

Not much is known of Fred's schooling except that in 1868, at the age of fifteen, he gained third class honours in the Cambridge University sponsored junior certificate examination. A year later he passed his school certificate in five subjects — Religious Knowledge, English, Mathematics, Latin and French. Both these examinations were taken in Plymouth. In 1870 he followed his father's footsteps into medicine and became a medical student at Edinburgh University, at that time reckoned to be the first medical school in the British Isles.

During the long summer vacation of 1873 Fred returned to St. John's and found himself nominated for the task of vaccinating the population along the coast of NE Newfoundland and Labrador, mostly children, susceptible to smallpox, then a prevalent and often fatal disease, against which vaccination was compulsory. This in itself was a demanding task but, in addition, it is clear that this third year medical student, no doubt a very competent one but still a student, was expected to act as visiting medical practitioner in all the coastal communities he visited, and where the medical presence was extremely scarce.

This was a particularly onerous burden to impose on a young man, barely 21 years of age, suddenly to thrust him into a position of responsibility for life and death. (From my personal recollection of Edinburgh teaching some 75 years after my grandfather's time I know that by the end of the third year much medical knowledge, but not an equal amount of wisdom, had been absorbed; there is little doubt that it was much the same, if not more so, in 1873.)

Grandfather's diary says little about their reception at the many ports of call along the coast, but it is difficult not to imagine that the arrival of the revenue cutter carrying the Judge, Tax Collector and Vaccinator (with compulsory powers) must have filled the local inhabitants with legal, fiscal and medical foreboding.

It is interesting to note that Judge Pinsent, in his report on the expedition, asked for more medical support: "I beg leave to recommend to the Government what would be very useful and acceptable to the residents and to those resorting to Labrador during the fishing season, — that a Medical man should be sent in the Circuit vessel for the purpose of attending to cases of accident and sickness, which continually occur among the thousands of people congregated there in the summer. There is no doctor residing on the coast of Labrador."

The voyage over, Fred returned to Edinburgh and graduated in medicine — MB, ChM — in August 1875. He worked in hospital appointments for two years thereafter and during this time met his future wife, Eliza Anderson Ronalds. They were married in Edinburgh in 1879, after which they moved to Highgate in north London, where Grandfather set up in general practice and remained until his death in 1926. He wrote his thesis on exophthalmic goitre in his first few years there, and for this he was awarded the degree of MD in 1886. He was an active and innovative doctor. His first son, Charles (my father), was born in 1880.

For over forty years Dr. Fred practised in Highgate and was held in great esteem. The Highgate Literary and Scientific Institute, of which he was chief

officer, thought sufficiently highly of his qualities to commission and present to him, along with a gold watch, a portrait by the eminent artist W. Strang, ARA. During the First World War, although approaching 70 years of age, he was deeply involved in war work; he served on the staff of Lady Crosfield's Hospital and was much involved with the work of the Highgate War Hospital Supply Depot.

Grandfather Crowdy's leisure (or what little there was of it before he retired at the end of the war) was devoted to sailing. Along with my father he designed the prototype of the highly successful "Yare and Bure One Design" sailing boats — his own boat being Number 1, "Fritillary" (the whole class were called after butterflies) and it was in this that he and my father sailed to many victories on the Norfolk Broads. He died in 1926, a life fulfilled.

Many years ago — about 1953 I think — shortly after I had joined the RAMC as a young and newly qualified doctor, I encountered in the Canal Zone of Egypt (where much of the British Army was then stationed) an elderly and rather frightening Brigadier; "Your name Crowdy?" he demanded. "Was your father a doctor in Highgate? No? Well then, it must have been your grandfather. Took out my tonsils on the kitchen table when I was a boy. But he made a good job of it — first class doctor."

Labrador Diary 1873

INTRODUCTION

I was appointed by the Government of Newfoundland to vaccinate the resident inhabitants on the coast of Labrador, British North America. The chief mover of the scheme was Mr. Connelly the head factor of the Hudson's Bay Company in that locality, who was anxious to have the Indians in the Company's employ vaccinated, in order that there might be less danger when the[y] came in contact with the other tribes in the interior, who are said to be great sufferers from the ravages of smallpox. I was given free passage exclusive of diet, in the William Stairs, Hackett, Master, hired by the Government as a Revenue Cutter. I was not bound to remain more than two months, but did not get back home for nearly three months.

Frederic H. Crowdy

CHAPTER 1 — St. John's to Catalina and stay there

June 17th 1873

We left St John's NF at about 11 o'clock am with a west wind and a very fine day, and though the wind was light at times we got on all right until we passed Baccalieu, an island off Conception Bay where we were becalmed for about an hour, and then lost the chance of getting to Catalina on the other side of Trinity Bay before dark. In a little the wind came up again, and gradually increased, until about the time it became quite dark, we put head up in the wind and ran up the bay on the other tack under reefed sails, and here we dodged on and off all night. The evening was very disagreeable, and as I was sick it was some time before I could make up my mind to go below; though when I did get down, and was once comfortably in bed, I managed to sleep very comfortably.

I may here give a short account of the vessel's interior: — the occupants of the cabin were (1) Judge [Robert John] Pinsent, Judge of the Labrador Court and Justice of the Peace for the island of Newfoundland; (2) Mr [Michael] Knight, Collector of Customs, Coast of Labrador: Messrs (3) [William S.] Canning and (4) Stevenson, SubCollectors of Customs and (5) myself, the nominal doctor.

On entering the cabin it was found to contain 2 staterooms and 2 berths in the side, or bunks: but as one of the staterooms was used as a lavatory etc only 3 beds were here available: this was generally quite sufficient for the party, but this year the second subcollector and myself made two more than usual. Leaving the cabin, or bed room by a low door, we descended 3 or 4 steps into the vessel's hold which was fitted up for the occasion: lined throughout with green baize, and with a spacious locker running along one each side: the main hatch was also covered over with a suitable skylight, and the ceiling covered with white calico: — so that altogether we had very fair quarters. Mr Stevenson and I had to sleep one on each locker for the present, as the other 3 had a greater right to the berths: I found out afterwards that the lockers were far more comfortable to sleep on than the berths to sleep in, but could not stay on them as the bedding would make the cabin so untidy.

Externally the vessel looked very well, she was about 93 tons, and rigged as a fore and after schooner: she was about 14 years old, and coppered, not sheathed, or in any way fitted to contend with ice in any form: — The crew consisted of the Captain, who was part owner, and a Mate who was navigator, together with 4 men and the steward, the cook being a man with one hand, this made the crew only 8 all told, so that when the boat's crew of 4 were away, either the Captain or Mate had to steer and we then all assisted in working the vessel.

Wednesday June 18th.

Early this morning we sighted the land, and with a fair wind ran in the direction of what appeared to be Catalina, passing a place which the Captain supposed to be

Trinity; but when we came to the place which had been mistaken for Catalina, it turned out to be a small settlement called the Bird Islands; and into this we were going to run, but were luckily informed of the mistake by one of the crew, Pierce Whelan by name, who had been many times coasting with his father who had been a trader, more especially on the French shore.

These being the Bird Islands, it stood to reason that what we had thought was Trinity must have been Catalina, though an experienced eye ought to have made out the difference easily enough. We now had to beat back again dead against the wind to the place we had passed shortly before; and this was so long a job that when it was quite dark we were so far away that we stood out again into Trinity Bay, and spent a rough night out there under close reefed sails: — this sea and wind upset all our stomachs except that of the Judge; but the Steward was hors de combat however it may have been useful to have it all at once and be done with it.

Thursday June 19th.

Again this morning we passed Catalina without knowing it, and had to beat back again wh. occupied us until nearly 3 pm when we dropped anchor in Catalina Harbour. Going into Catalina, or rather beating towards it, we missed stays several times, and this circumstance unfortunately got abroad through my letters, and when we got into difficulties later on, of course these reports told against the vessel.

After dinner we went on shore, and walked a little way as far as a place called Rugged Harbour and then came back again to tea on board the vessel. After tea we indulged in a game at Cards, the American game, five and forty. Judge won 3, Stevenson 2, Canning and Self 1 each: and then we retired to our bunks at about midnight.

Friday June 20th.

After breakfast we (Stevenson, Jonas and I) went trouting with young Snellgrove, son of a former master of the SS Hawke. Jonas Purchase whom I have hitherto forgotten to mention, was the Judge's right hand man; called the Bailiff, he was quite a character, & had been 11 years going down to Labrador in the same capacity. — He was also a very good man on board a ship, having been a fisherman at St John's for many years. We walked somewhere about a mile to a small pond, and managed to bag a few dozen each with which we returned home at about 5.30 in time to have some of them cooked for tea. Young Snellgrove came on board with the Collector and had tea with us.

Catalina is a settlement of very considerable size, situated on the north shore of Trinity Bay: It has a very fair harbour, which is divided into 2 arms, one of which, the principal, has a bar across the entrance, wh. prevents vessels over a certain depth from entering. We went into the other arm, and were anchored opposite the premises of Snellgrove: — the principal merchants here are Murphy & Morris, who have a very fair establishment indeed. Messrs Bowring Bros also have a small estab-

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lishment, presided over by Mr. Rennie. Catalina boasts of two ministers, Church of England and Wesleyan, though there is not a single doctor nearer than Trinity.

Saturday June 21st.

Very stormy day, so we could not leave the harbour today: — We lived chiefly / breakfast & tea, on the trout which we caught yesterday. Canning and I took a walk along the road which leads to Bonavista; and at the Post Office we looked in and managed to get some bottled beer: — There was not much to be seen along this road, so we soon turned back again. In the evening a small fore and after came in having on board the Revd Mr Skinner bound to St. John's, but we did not know that he was on board until she had gone away the next morning. He, it is said, was suffering frightfully from sea sickness and stayed on shore all the time he could. In the evening he went to Bonavista to marry a Brigus man there, all the clergy belonging to the place being away. We played at 5 and 40 again, and the Collector won two games, the rest of us one each.

Sunday June 22nd.

Very wet and windy; three or four crafts came in & ran into the other arm: — We went on shore to see if there would be any service, but all the ministers were away, and though the Wesleyan schoolmaster was expected to hold forth he did not make his appearance, so we gradually dispersed again. At dinner today we had some beer which I had brought from the Bavarian Brewery; and which proved very good at sea. The wind and rain were so bad that we could not venture on shore after dinner but the Collector, who had been dining with Snellgrove, came off soon after with very dismal reports about icebergs in the vicinity of Cape Freels and all along the shore to the northward.

Monday 23rd June.

We went along the Bonavista Road and fished in some of the lakes near it, but were very unsuccessful, only catching about a dozen between three rods. In the morning we went along the shore in a boat hunting for lobsters, but found none: we landed at one spot and bought some eggs, and played 5 & 40 in the evening to see who should pay the damage.

Tuesday June 24th.

Still not able to get away from Catalina, wind either absent altogether or in the wrong direction. In the morning we amused ourselves rowing about in one of the boats. In afternoon I went to the river and hooked out some good trout with the fly. It became quite foggy in the afternoon so that we could see nothing. SS Leopard, the mail steamer for St John's, called in here this morning. I put a letter on board of her by sending a boat off with it. In the evening we played at Cribbage, contrary

to the usual game of 5 & 40, of course only 4 of us played cribbage, though sometimes all 5, each for himself.

Wednesday 25th June.

No wind outside but any amount of fog. Have already used up all our milk and are now compelled to use eggs beaten up small for that purpose. Had some fresh Capelin today, the first of the season; and in the evening I went fishing with young Snellgrove and we brought home a few dozen between us. In the evening as usual we played at 5 & 40 for eggs, and the Judge on this occasion had to pay the piper. This was our last evening in Catalina; we stayed much longer than we wished, but could not get away before on account of the weather.

CHAPTER II — Catalina to St Anthony

Thursday June 26th 1873

We managed to get away from Catalina this morning about 3.30 am and stood across Bonavista Bay with a breeze from the WNW. Along the shore of the bay there were innumerable icebergs, of all shapes and sizes. We had a race for a little time with a smaller vessel, but we soon ran away from her. For the last few mornings we had nothing but trout for breakfast. We put in about 10 pm into a little harbour called Seldom-Come-By on the back of Fogo island. When passing Cape Freels where the water is shallow we saw any amount of icebergs, and indeed during this whole day we were constantly passing close to them. We were glad to anchor in this place for the night, and so get out of the company of those dangerous monsters, the icebergs: indeed as we were passing a very large one, some pieces began to fall off it quite close to us and this made us rather afraid that the main mass would founder, in which case we should have been pretty well scuppered.

Friday June 27th

We could not leave harbour very early today as the wind was light and variable, but with the help of our boat and 4 men we managed to get out about 9 am, and tried to beat up a Strait called Stag Harbour Run, meaning then to go inside of Fogo Island instead of outside. These Runs are simply narrow passages of water, why they are called Runs does not appear, but the tide generally runs through them at a considerable rate, & that may have something to do with the name, however the tide in this Run was so strongly against us that although we soon had a fine breeze we could make very little way by beating. But after working at it all day we arrived at the southern end of the Change Islands where we anchored for the night, having probably not come more than 10 miles all day. Four other schooners anchored here at the same time, one of them, a new one, the Wild Briar, we were destined to see again on several occasions. — Four of us went catching lobsters in the evening,

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and managed to hook two, we were quite unable to set foot on shore, in consequence of the number of mosquitoes. In the evening we played cards again, our only amusement except reading, & and at night the light was not good enough for that. I paid for a dozen eggs.

Saturday June 28th

We got away today about 5 am, with a strong breeze from the W; passed to leeward of Twillingate about 8 am and crossed the bay to Cape John in about 4 hours more, a distance of about 32 miles: passed close to leeward of the well known Gull Island where the ill fated "Queen" was lost and all her passengers left to starve upon this inhospitable rock in mid winter.⁵ Cape John is the commencement of what is known as the French Shore of Newfoundland, the French and English here having a concurrent right to the fishing: but the Frenchmen are not allowed to settle here, but have to come across year after year in vessels: they are also not supposed to build any permanent buildings, hence all their stages are merely frames of wood covered with canvas; the Englishmen however do as they like, and can settle here permanently if they feel so inclined.

"The French Shore" extends from Cape John all round the northern extremity of the island and down whole of the west coast to Cape Ray: but they do not send vessels to the west coast at all, but merely to the East and North shores. They are not supposed to cut any timber, or to have any right further inland than 3 miles from the sea.

When off the Horse islands about 2 pm., the wind failed, and afterwards a light breeze sprung up from the Eastward, so that we could not keep on our course, but it soon died away and we were left becalmed all night, the sails flapping idly against the masts, and the groaning & creaking rendering sleep uneasy.

Sunday June 29th.

Not a breath of wind this morning, and to improve the matter, there was a very thick fog, so that we could see nothing, and did not know in what direction we might be drifting. About breakfast time we heard a blowing kind of noise, and were unable to settle what it could be, some thought it was the noise of the sea on the shore, others on an iceberg, but most of us thought it was the blowing of a whale: but soon we heard some music, and then we were certain that people could not be far off, whether on a vessel or on shore, of course we could not say; but we let them have a blast upon our melodious fog horn, and soon we heard the noises coming gradually nearer, and the first thing we saw was a man in the air sitting on the extreme end of the jib boom of some large vessel, and in a few seconds the remainder of the vessel quietly came into view, and then we recognized the French man-of-war "D'Estaing", & had a conversation with one of the officers in English about the ice, our distance from the shore, etc. he said we were three miles from the shore, but

when it cleared up very shortly afterwards, we found we were much closer than that.

About 12.30 it cleared up though there was as yet no wind; so we had to lie there doing nothing but looking at the shore, which as it happened is here very pretty indeed, the trees being very beautiful, and here and there were waterfalls from the snow which remained on the hills in many places. On the other side (to the E) we saw the Grey Islands, but they were a considerable distance away. We amused ourselves by endeavouring to count the icebergs around us, but found it not very easy, the largest, near the Grey Islands, foundered while we were looking at it, with an awful noise (about 2 pm.) though on account of the great sea, and the amount of foam which was raised we could not see very much of the process. We had the boat out towing all the afternoon, until just before we arrived in Conche at 9.30 pm, we had towed about 6 miles or thereabouts. Conche is the largest settlement on the French shore, and is now altogether inhabited by British subjects, the French having been gradually edged out of it; though they still remain in a harbour close by and come round in their boats to Conche when there is much fish to be had; — We were glad to find that the inhabitants here were doing very well this year with the salmon, some men having already taken 14 puncheons.

Here we saw a small schooner which had arrived the day before from St. John's, she had done the whole distance in 60 hours, while we had been a fortnight all but 2 days; she was running along outside Fogo Island with a fine breeze while we were wasting our time inside the island in Stag Harbour run; she brought the latest news; that the Great Eastern had gone up Trinity Bay the day after we left Catalina; and also told us of the loss of a well known schooner the "Memento," belonging to Mr. Dudes, on Renews Harbour Rock with all hands. Our cook with the one arm had a very narrow escape, for he had been in her for nearly a year, and had only left her to come with us on this trip.

Monday June 30th.

We got underweigh [sic] soon after 6, and had to beat out as the wind was S. and blowing right in the harbour, we had some trouble steering clear of all the salmon nets, with which the place is overrun. As we were beating out we saw a vessel running along to the N. before the wind, & we supposed her to be the Wild Briar, but soon after we got well out and were running along after her the wind failed us, just off Croque, the head quarters of the French Men of War, and it was into this place that the "D'Estaing" went yesterday. Before leaving in the morning a man had been on board to see the Judge about a Frenchman at a place called Fischot who had stolen his cow, but the Judge could do nothing for him. Another man came off at the last moment for some medicine for his mother which I had to give him in a great hurry as we were underweigh at the time. When we had drifted along to Hare Bay we got out the boat and rowed towards St Anthony, which we managed to reach about 10 pm and anchored just outside the Harbour rock.

St Anthony harbour consists of two arms something like that at Catalina, but one is open & exposed and is not used by vessels, though there is a fishing station there; the other however is very safe, especially if the vessel runs up behind the harbour rock, where the harbour is very sheltered. In this arm there are only one or two British families, but in the summer 2 or 3 vessels full of men come from France, and set up their stages here; they seem to be well enough in their way, but the men, who are paid wages and dieted, not having any share in the profits, annoy the English settlers by stealing salmon out of their nets, and Mr Simons told me he frequently had to fire his gun at them to frighten them away from his nets; on the whole however he seems to lead a quiet life with them and dines with the Captain of the crew every Sunday. He takes care of their boats during the winter when they are away in France, and is paid for that purpose. Mr Simons is a very substantial planter having some money in the Bank at St. John's; however his money is no good when he can get nothing to buy with it, & this year the ice was so late on the coast that the traders could not get there hence they were all very nearly starved. Simons would have had ample for his own family wants, but he had to share with his neighbors till at last they were almost at the last biscuit when the French vessels arrived and they borrowed some provisions from them. The wind came up from the W. by N. in the night; there were 7 other crafts in with us, all having run in for shelter for the night, and being bound like ourselves, for the Labrador Coast. We amused ourselves as usual on an evening by indulging in a game of 5 & 40.

Tuesday July 1st

We could not get away this morning, as the wind was dead ahead with rain, and very soon the ice came in from outside, only a few scattered pieces finding their way up to us, however. Just before the ice came in the 2 French Men-of-War made their appearance (Kersaint and D'Estaing) one following the other, and they ran up the Harbour, the smaller one splintering a schooner's jib boom as she passed. A man came on board for some medicine which I gave him, and he in turn presented us with a fine salmon. Mr Simons came on board in the afternoon to see us and brought us another salmon. We could not get on shore on account of the weather. Bought some fish from a Conception Bay man & played for it. The Collector had to pay.

Wednesday July 2nd.

The wind was from the S.W. and some of the ice cleared away, so the French men of war went out in the morning; but it was rather foggy. One of the small schooners, a trader the "Spotless Queen" went out, and soon after came back again, the man said he could not get through the ice unless the fog lifted. In the course of the day it blew so hard and the rain was so disagreeable that we did not go on shore all day. We had to let go our large anchor as we were drifting rather rapidly on to the rocks during one of the heavy squalls. The French fishing boats (*batteaux*) did not bring

in much fish today, it was too rough outside; these boats are very good, and will carry a large cargo, and stand almost any weather; they carry two lug sails. Several more vessels beat in today for shelter. One had her bulwarks carried away, most likely having come in contact with a piece of ice; another carried away her jib sheets in a squall, and a third carried away her peak halliards and had no sooner replaced them than her fore staysail split up its whole length so she had to come to and anchor where she was. Played cards again in the evening (5&40) for fish, and on this occasion Mr Canning had to pay for it.

Thursday July 3

This was a fine day. Another large Nova Scotian trader, the "Agility" came in today, she came through the Straits of Belle Isle on the Newfoundland side but could not reach the coast of Labrador on account of the ice. She reported numerous icebergs though not any great quantity of field ice. A man who had cut his hand very badly last night with a hatchet came on board this morning to see me, but as he had filled the wound with turpentine off the trees I could not sew it up, as I could not get the sticky stuff off, but I should think it would get on all right in the end under his treatment. It was very warm today; Canning and I went to a pond over one of the hills & caught about 4 doz. trout between us, though none of them were of any size. They told us that if we had gone to the river at the far end of the harbour, we should have got them several pounds in weight, but the boats were engaged, and it was too rough and wet for a walk for us on that occasion. We had always been used to just take a couple of men with us in the boat, but the captain grumbled one night about us using the boat so late, & pretended that the men were not to leave the vessel after 8 o'clock, but we politely consigned him to a certain old gentleman, and used them to row for a long time 4 men in the boat; so that he gained nothing by his show of bad humour, and we were always very considerate to the men who generally used to turn into bed about 7 o'clock every evening, except when we were on shore or at sea; even when we went on shore of a night we generally used to take the gig and row ourselves on board at night, or else the people with whom we were spending the evening would put us off, while the men who were paid to do it were snoring away in their hammocks. After tea I went onshore and drew a tooth for Mr Simons, and then vaccinated about a dozen people including all the Simons family; of course this was just voluntary as it did not come within my province; and Simons was anxious to pay for it, however I did not care about that, so he gave me a very fine salmon kippered to take home, but as it was dark when he gave it to me it did not turn out a very good one, and we had to eat it to save it. We played for some eggs in the evening and I had to pay for them. The Judge, Stevenson and Jonas went on shore and inspected one of the French fishing establishments in the afternoon.

CHAPTER III — From St Anthony to Blanc Sablon

Friday July 4th

We managed to get away from St Anthony this morning but the wind was so light that we had to tow out by the boat, but when outside we had a light breeze from the S, and ran along inside a great many icebergs. When off Quirpon it very suddenly became thick and foggy, so that it was not safe to go on; but in the island of Quirpon there is a small harbour used by the French as a fishing station, and as Pierce Whelan knew it well he was asked to pilot us in. On running in, however, we were astonished to find the entrance filled by small icebergs, and had either to run into the middle of them, or run onto the shoal at one side; as there was no room to bring her to before coming to them; so to choose the less of 2 evils, we ran her into the largest opening between two icebergs, having previously let go all the sails, and also let go the anchor, to try to check her a little, but the chain was running out like smoke, though it certainly did check her to a certain extent. We were caught firmly between two icebergs, but after a good deal of hauling and pushing with poles and axes, we got her through between them, but then had to let her swing round, and go back again for our anchor; but by this time the ice was getting much more loose, so that we had very little difficulty in getting back again when we had picked up our anchor. On an occasion like this all hands were busy, even the Judge was seen with a boat's tiller endeavouring to push away an iceberg about the size of an ordinary cottage. However after a time we got her into safe anchorage, and in the evening the icebergs broke up and drifted away. Had a few games of 5&40 in the evening.

Saturday July 5th

In the morning it was foggy, but after breakfast it cleared away a little, so the Captain, one of the sailors and myself ascended a high hill Grandgally Head, in order that we might have a look over at the Labrador Coast. This hill is not very difficult to climb, but is very tiring, it is a good deal used sometimes in winter by Sealers, who ascend to have a look for ice with their glasses, as it is the nearest hill to the northern extremity of the island. On arriving at the top we looked about with our glasses, looking towards the Straits of Belle Isle we could see that the Newfoundland side of the straits were clear enough, while we could only see the top of the Labrador hills over the fog, which seemed very thick; there were also a great many icebergs in the run of the straits as well as close to each shore. To the southward we could see Quirpon Harbour, some 5 miles away, there seemed to be a great number of small craft in there waiting for a time, as they call it. When we reached the vessel again, there was a consultation as to whether we should go on or not, and as we were all anxious to get along a bit, we finally decided to go, more especially as the wind was blowing off the Labrador shore to a certain extent & we expected it would clear away any fog that remained. So, about 12.30 pm we got up our anchor, and went out with the wind about w; but after running across the Straits

for about an hour, it became very thick & foggy, but still we stood on in the midst of numerous icebergs, some of which we had some difficulty in weathering, others we had to keep away from. There were several other craft in the fog with us, for when it first came on we could see their topmasts over the fog, but we soon lost sight of them.

At a little after 5 pm we found the water much smoother and all of a sudden we ran through a salmon net, and knowing that we must then be close to shore we put about at once, and stood off for a little time to collect our energies, then we came round again, and once more made for the land. Everyone was now on the lookout for the land, as it was essential to see it as soon as possible, in order to have time to get her round before getting too close. Presently everyone cried "There it is" and the Captain shouted "Hard a lee," but in a second or two we saw it was an iceberg, and we were just going to carry on again, when we saw the land in reality just behind the iceberg, so we came about at once close to windward of the iceberg, with the land on our starboard hand; just as she went up in stays we discovered to our dismay that there was another great iceberg just ahead, however we came out without touching either of the icebergs or the land & again stood out to sea for a short time. We were now of course very anxious to make out what part of the coast it was, for we knew it must be close to Henley Harbour into which we wanted to go for the night, and if we failed to do that we should have had to remain out in the straits all night.

After going off for a few minutes we again came about and stood in again, this time we went to windward of both the icebergs, so far that we could not see them, and presently we saw some land over the fog, and it looked a good distance away, so the Captain determined to keep on a bit so as to get a better look at it, and see if he could recognise it. However in looking at the high lands he did not think sufficiently of the low lands, and did not perceive a low point running out. Pierce Whelan who had gone a little way up the weather fore rigging, was the first to see it and at once yelled out "Hard a lee," at the same time jumping down & letting go all the jib sheets, so that she came round at once just a little to leeward of the point, and as she hung in stays for a few seconds before coming about, she struck on the bottom twice heavily, knocking most of us off our legs the first time, when she must have hung for about a minute, and then luckily for us the wind caught the stay sail on the right side and we swung off and stood out to sea again. Of course then there was some confusion for a time, some looking over the bows to see if any damage was visible, others trying the pumps to see if she was making any water, while I contented myself with keeping a look out in case we should get into a worse predicament by coming foul of an iceberg or even a small piece of ice.

After a little we were all glad to hear that she was not leaking, though we could see over the bows that some of our copper was torn off, but that was nothing to what it might have been; so soon we put about once more in the hope that it might clear a little, but instead of that it was worse and we very nearly ran bang against a

cliff, but fortunately she ran up in the wind, and lay for a little time parallel with the rocks; we wondered why she did not come round more, and found that we had run up inside a salmon net which was moored parallel to the shore; so here we were, nicely caught, drifting backwards towards the rocks, only a few yards distant; in fact the Cook and I had a long boat hook over the stern to do what we could to keep her off. This however did not last long, for as soon as she felt the full force of the wind on her staysail, the net gave way and we went over it, leaving nearly all the ragged copper and a large piece of our false keel sticking in it.

As we went away for this the last time a couple of men who had seen our masts over the fog came running down, and we shouted to them to know the name of the point, and as the man that answered had a lisp, we could not make out what he said. One of our men shouted to them to come off to us, but as we did not wait we cannot say whether they did or not.

We had now quite made up our minds not to try any more, but to do the best we could in the Straits for the night; as it was now nearly 6.30 it, besides being very foggy, was beginning to get late, so the mainsail and foresail were reefed, not because it was very rough, but to keep her from going too fast, and then we dodged about backwards and forwards, every now and then having to get clear of an iceberg, and hearing them on all sides even when we could not see them. It was not what is usually called pleasant standing on deck all night in the wind & fog, and with frequent heavy showers of rain, especially as we were always imagining we saw great icebergs in the fog where none existed, and when they really were there it was extremely difficult to see them. About 3 am, however, the fog began to lift, and we found we had run out of the neighbourhood of the icebergs, and on looking back at them it seemed almost impossible that we could have gone through them in broad daylight much less on a dark foggy night. Saw a steamer's lights in the night. The Mate kept a very fine lookout during the night, and generally saw the icebergs before anyone else; the Captain seldom saw one at all, as he could not see very well.

Sunday July 6th.

We did not get up this morning until about 11.30 after our exertions of yesterday, & it must have been noon before we had breakfast. We found ourselves in sight of Cape Norman on the Newfoundland side of the straits, with the tide running very strongly to the Eastward, and the wind very light, so we steered for Ha Ha Bay under the pilotage of Pierce Whelan. A large two-masted steamer passed up the straits going w. We signalled that we hoped she would have a good passage, just by way of amusement, but she took no notice of us whatever. We anchored about 4 pm in Ha Ha Bay, and soon after two men came on board, to one of whom I gave some medicine, and I went on shore with the other to see his wife, to whom I also gave some remedy, and thereupon they presented me with a fine salmon for my trouble.

Monday July 7th.

About 7 am we weighed anchor, and tried to get out of the Bay, but the wind was so light that we drifted back again until about 1.30, when the breeze freshened, and then we ran for the Labrador coast, plainly visible. By the time it was dark we were only a few miles from Red Bay, but as the wind was light we were only able to hold our own against the tide, but could not get in. In the night an Allan steamer passed; we could see her quite plainly as the moon was nearly full and very bright. As usual we had some card playing in the evening.

Tuesday July 8th 1873.

We could not get into Red Bay until the afternoon and then I went on shore & visited all the houses but only found about 20 children to be vaccinated, as the Surgeon of the man-of-war had done all the others. I had to do a good many of his over again. I saw a case of hip joint disease in a little girl only a few years old. Gave medicine to a few people.

Wednesday July 9th

We got underweigh this morning, and although we had a fair wind of considerable strength the tide was so strong against us that we occupied the whole day in getting to Blanc Sablon. On a point called Grassy Point were the remains of a fine Norwegian ship which had run ashore on Friday last; they had put the helm up to clear an iceberg in the fog and before she came up in the wind again, she was on the rocks. They seemed very glad to see us here, and ran up some flags and fired a gun as we came to. We went on shore after tea and were shown round De Quetville's fishing room, supposed to be the best under Newfoundland jurisdiction, and indeed I was very much pleased at the style in which everything was carried on. Canning slept on shore for the night, being quite at home here.

We heard that the man of war had been towing 19 vessels up from Red Bay, but when she arrived off Forteau Bay she had to slip them all, the weather was so bad, and several of them struck on a dangerous rock, the "Soldiers" but were not injured. The man of war had to anchor for the night.

Thursday July 10th

Blanc Sablon harbour is very large; it is formed by a bay and across the mouth of it is an island. There are very few regular inhabitants here, all the people belonging to the two great fishing establishments one of which (De Quetville) is on the mainland; the other is on the island. The Collector and I started off along the shore in the boat; he had been resident collector here some 5 years before, so he wanted to visit his old friends. We first landed at the house of a man called De Marvick [Marrick?], and walked from there to the next settlement L'Anse St Clair, and there I vaccinated 22 children. All the people, or nearly all who are in these settlements around Blanc Sablon have originally come from Jersey, the two post boats at Blanc

Sablon being owned by Jersey people. We got back to the vessel about 2 pm, and then went on shore to dinner, after which I went round the harbour in Canning's little boat by myself but found no one to vaccinate, as the surgeon of the "Sirius" had done them all. Canning and Stevenson removed their traps today, consequently my bed was moved from the starboard locker to the after Post bunk, & which did not turn out half so comfortable because the deck was immediately over my head and so close that when I used both my pillows, my nose used to touch the top of the bunk. By lying on my side I found I could jamb myself one shoulder on the floor and another against the roof, but after a time I got quite used to it. The only drawback was that there was a leak somewhere, which we could not find out. It used to leak into my ear and face, until I shifted my head to the other end. They could not find the leak anywhere, but the chief difficulty about the bunk was the great trouble required to get out of it. I, for a long time, used to wriggle about without any success, but I soon got used to it. In the evening I went to the little river which runs into the bay, and in a few minutes, just where the tide and salt water join, I caught a few very fine trout, about 1 1/2 lb in weight and several were over 1 lb.

Friday July 11th.

We could not get away today because there was very little wind, and a great quantity of fog. But, after breakfast we went on shore and lounged about until dinner time, and then we had dinner on shore. After dinner we took off to the vessel some canaries which the captain of the Establishment had brought from Jersey for the Collector; and then we went and caught a few more good trout about the same number and size as yesterday.

As we were watching them on shore trying to pull up the wreck of a small vessel above high water mark that they might repair her, I saw a boy going nearly mad with tooth ache, but when I took him on board with me to pull it out, I only got hold of it once and then it slipped, and he would not let me get another chance at him; however the tooth ache was cured for the time, and I saw him again more than a week afterwards, and he had not had any return of that painful complaint. On board there was a grand day of cleaning, for we got rid of all the luggage of Canning and Stevenson, and Stevenson's & my beds were removed from the main cabin lockers; hence we had a chance of putting our own boxes etc. upon the lockers and thus leaving the floor of the cabin clear of all rubbish, and then the Steward had no excuse for not keeping it clean. In the evening it came on to blow from the Eastward, and this brought along a great many crafts of all sizes, about 50 came in in a very short time; one Brigantine came in so fast, and had no room to wear her round, that when she let go her anchor the cable parted, and her Seine boats were out the greater part of the night fishing for the anchor which they found.

Saturday July 12th.

In the morning it was foggy and calm again; we did not go on shore until after dinner, and then we bought a new lamp, as our own had unfortunately been broken while a stand was being made for it so that we could remove it from its bracket and stand it on the table without danger of its being rolled off. The rain was very bad in the evening, however we went on shore to tea and were brought off in the evening by Capt: Joe Ramsay of the *Aurora*, which among others came up yesterday with the east wind.

Sunday July 13th.

The wind was now in the other quarter, namely from the westward, and blowing very strongly, with a very heavy swell. A woman came on board in the morning from the "*Emilina*" Captain Percy, with a very bad hand. I opened it for her and I hope it did all right. The Collector & I as usual dined on shore, and a good many people came to see me. They do not now work at the rooms on a Sunday, a few years ago they used always to be looking for bait all day Sunday, but now they have given that up. Going off in the evening we found it pretty rough, but we went out in a large boat of Capt: Percy's and first went on board the "*Aurora*" to see a girl that was sick and then he took us on board the Cutter which was rolling very badly indeed, only being in light ballast trim.

CHAPTER IV — Blanc Sablon to Henley Harbour

Monday July 14th.

We left Blanc Sablon this morning, and ran down the coast with a good breeze; we were followed by three Nova Scotian fore and afters, which soon passed us and left us behind. The wreck on Grassy Point has now heeled over on her side, and appears to have become broken backed. She is to be sold tomorrow but will not fetch much, as the capt. and crew have been taking everything away from her that they could lay their hands on, even the copper has been stripped off. We did not go into Forteau as the man of war had been in there, and the doctor most likely vaccinated all the children, as he was employed to do them whenever he had the chance. But we landed at L'AnseAmour, where a man called Davis lives, and who was an old friend of the Collector's when he was subcollector. I vaccinated his three boys, who had been done unsuccessfully by the surgeon of the "*Sirius*" only a short time before. The gave us breakfast and we went and inspected Forteau Light House, which is a very good one, the Keeper was a kind of French Canadian; and his wife had been dying for some years but was still lingering on.

We then walked down to Schooner Cove where Mr. Watson has an establishment, and had dinner with him there; the boat was waiting for us here, having come from the vessel which had gone up and anchored further up the little bay at

50 Crowdy

a place called L'AnseauLoup. I went on shore here and vaccinated about 20 children; there was a mad woman here, whom I had some difficulty in getting rid of, and who never stopped talking from the time I landed until I got into the boat again; she was under the impression that she was going to die, and was wasting away, whereas she was as healthy looking and as fat as anyone could wish.

We changed the game this evening and played cribbage instead of 5 & 40 but neither of the others knew very much about it, so I had often to count for all three of us; and cribbing was of course quite out of the question.

Tuesday July 15th.

Left L'AnseauLoup early this morning as far as L'anseaudiable where the Collector and I landed, and sent the vessel on to Pinware Bay where she anchored in the course of the day. I vaccinated 11 children at L'anseaudiable and then walked on to Capstan Island, where I did 6 more. A man here insisted on us having some dinner with his family, and we did not object much. After leaving this place we walked along the shore to W. St. Modest, where I managed to do 15 more children. Here we met the boat which had been sent up to us from Pinware; it was not our own, as it was too rough for her, but it was a fine whale boat belonging to a man living at Carrol's Cove; so we had a very good sail down to the schooner, there being a capital breeze for a boat of that class, we arrived on board about 7 pm and remained there for the night.

Wednesday July 16th.

We went on shore in the morning, the Collector & I, & vaccinated the children at Pinware, and then went on to Pinware River, where the resident Mr Elworthy, gave us some dinner, after which he kindly ferried us across the river which is here very wide indeed, and we then walked on to East St Modest at the other side of the bay from W. St Modest, here I only found one child to vaccinate, and we then went to the Island there, "Lilly's Island," it is sometimes called from being altogether inhabited by Lillys, and there I found some more children to vaccinate. We had intended to have got some of the men there to put us back to the vessel in a boat, but when the time came, it was too rough to think of such a thing, so Mr George Lilly put us up in a very comfortable bed, and indeed this was the only one I had slept in since leaving home, and I did not get another chance until I got to Tilt Cove on my way home. A Roman Catholic Priest, Father MacCormack, was staying at the Brother's House; he was a most amusing person, and we met him afterwards once or twice & found him most agreeable. The Surveying Steamer, the Guluare, passed E. today, probably going into Red Bay for shelter as it was very rough.

Thursday July 17th.

It was still too rough to think of going in the boat, so soon after breakfast we set out to walk back again to the vessel; 3 men came with us for medicines wh of course

are rather rare in these places. On our way we called in to see Mr Elworthy who gave us a salmon to take with us. He told he had caught such a big one the other day in one of his nets that he could not lift it, but had to get it on a barrow, and had to get his wife to carry it with him. He had had very heavy losses lately through the traders who had come to him for his salmon, for the last two years, he had made nothing, because both traders to whom he had given his catches failed, and consequently their bills were no good whatever, & he could get nothing for them.

We had some difficulty in getting on board safely, as the cutter was rolling fearfully, as a long heavy swell came in from sea, and they told us that last night no one on board could sleep a wink, as it was as much as they could do to keep themselves from being rolled out of bed; and even now she was rolling so badly that before we had done dinner I had to rush away from the table.

Friday July 18th.

We did not go on shore in the morning as the wind and sea were uncomfortably high, but after dinner it did not seem quite so bad, so we walked as far as Pinware River, as I wanted to see if I could catch a good trout there, but the few I caught were so small that without exception I put them all in again. When we returned to Pinware we found father MacCormack there, so we took him on board with us to tea, though he did not enjoy himself very much, as he was afraid of getting sick. He was going to cross to the Newfoundland shore & then work his way back to St John's.

Saturday July 19th.

We left Pinware Bay this morning and went down as far as Carrol's Cove, and then we let the vessel lie to while the Collector and I went on shore in the boat and I vaccinated half a dozen children, and then we went back to the vessel and kept on to Red Bay. Father MacCormack told us yesterday that he had married two young people at Carrol's Cove, they had come up out of the stages for the occasion without even taking off their oilskins and the man never even put on his coat until the priest told him he thought it would look better. We arrived at Red Bay very soon and went on shore to dinner at Mr Penny's, on an island in the harbour. After dinner I went round to see the children I had vaccinated and found only two had failed, and these I revaccinated. Then we went fishing up the river and managed to obtain a few dozen; the mosquitoes were awfully bad here and did not give us a moment's peace. Mr Currie, a Wesleyan Minister, who had come down from Carboneau with Captain Penny was still here waiting for a chance to go north and I almost think he had been waiting for us to take him there; he went with us fishing, and he got an awful biting from the mosquitoes.

There are reports here that there is no fish to be had between us and Indian Tickle. A good many craft came in this evening, as the wind had come up in the wrong direction for them going north.

Red Bay is a bay of considerable size, though why called Red I did not find out. The entrance to the bay is almost filled up by a large island, called from its shape "Saddle Island." In the bay itself there are two channels, one on either side of the island, though that on the western side is the only one available for vessels of any size. In the bay there is another island, smaller than Saddle Island, it is occupied by the establishment of Captain Penny to whom it belongs. It extends almost across the middle of the bay, the channel on one side being passed by boats of small size, and that only at high tide; the passage at the other side is not so wide but allows large vessels to be warped through into the water inside, which from its appearance is called the Basin.

The village or settlement of Red Bay stands mainly on the northern shore of the harbour outside the island; it is a very good looking little place, all the houses being painted white as a rule. It has a Church of England but rarely ever sees a Church of England clergyman; some years ago when one was stationed at Forteau, he used now and then to come down to Red Bay. There is a Wesleyan Chapel which is visited every year by a minister for one or two Sundays at least. This year Mr Currie had been here nearly five weeks though they have had an unusual supply. There is an old stern looking schoolmaster here, who resented my wanting to know if the schoolchildren had been vaccinated, and would not give me half an hour that I might do them, so I had to wait until they got out of school and then go to their houses; in such places the school teachers, most especially the school mistresses, were very obliging, in many cases holding the children for me themselves.

Every evening the dogs in Red Bay, and indeed at most places on the coast, join in a sort of chorus generally about 10 pm; one dog begins to howl, apparently about nothing, and then gradually all the dogs round the harbour, and they are not few, join in with him, and it is hardly credible the noise they can make, which they keep up for 5 minutes or more, and then it gradually dies away again; we soon got used to this noise and used to call it the Labrador Band. The dogs here seemed quiet enough with strangers but in winter it is said they are very dangerous, and will eat almost anything. At Blanc Sablon we saw a man, the cook there, who had been nearly killed by his own dogs. He was one of those who had stayed at Blanc Sablon for the winter when the others had gone back to Jersey, and one day near Christmas he went out with his sledge, or comatick, as they call it, and team of dogs to get a few boughs to decorate the place for the occasion, and in coming home he was sitting on behind his load, and his coat tails were dragging on the ground, and two young dogs were running behind and playing with his coat; to drive them away he turned round and made a blow at them, and in doing so fell off the comatick, and then before he could recover himself the young dogs were upon him and at once the whole team with the exception of one old dog, the leader, turned round and came at him too. Luckily it was near the house and some men there heard the row and found out what was the matter and rushed to the rescue, they were just in time to save the man's life who is now minus an arm in consequence of the rough

handling he received. What makes it more disgusting is that, the man was cook at the establishment, and was the only person whose business it was to feed the dogs, so that they were turning on the man who fed them. It is needless to say that they did away with that team of dogs as soon as possible, the only one they kept was the leader and he is now leader of the present team. In summer they always have less dogs than in winter, but generally have some puppies which are fit for work the following winter.

Sunday 20th July.

It was fine in the morning and we went on shore to church in the Wesleyan Chapel, where Mr Currie was officiating; his appearance was not much improved by the remains of the bites which he received from the mosquitoes yesterday; they made him look very puffy about the eyes, and the back of his neck stood out in prominent knobs. Mr Knight and I had dinner on shore at Mr Renny's, and afterwards I went and saw some sick people and gave them some medicine. In the evening we went again to church, and soon it got most uncomfortably wet and disagreeable. As Mr Currie expected this to be his last day here, he gave them a very affecting farewell, and afterwards had a prayer meeting for those who liked to stay.

Monday July 21st

As the wind, what little there was, was ahead, we could not get away today but in the morning I found one or two more children to vaccinate, and also pulled a tooth for a man; it came out quite readily, much to my delight for some that I met with took a tremendous pull to start them. In the afternoon we (Messrs Currie, Renny and myself) went over one of the hills to some ponds to try and get some trout, but we were very unsuccessful and I had the misfortune to break my reel there; I dropped it overboard into pretty deep water, and after a great deal of trouble in fishing it up again, I found that the apparatus for fastening it to the rod was unfit for further use. The mosquitoes were very troublesome and compelled us to wear our mosquito veils.

Tuesday July 22nd.

Another day of inactivity, nothing to do, but after hunting for some time I found some children who had been vaccinated by the surgeon of the "Sirius," and unsuccessfully, so I did them again, and hope they succeed this time. We went on shore in the evening to have a chat and some tea.

Wednesday July 23rd.

Plenty of fog and scarcely any wind, so we did not get away early but about 12 o'clock we sent on shore for Mr Currie and his traps, and then got underweigh at once. We raced a trader all the way down to Henley, but as she was to leeward of us, we used to take the wind out of her sails, when she found she could not get past

us this way, she ran up under our stern and so got to windward of us, and then got into Henley Harbour about 5 minutes before we did; the distance we had come was about 30 miles, so there was not much difference considering the length of the run.

Thursday July 24th.

This morning I had a good many cases of vaccination, about 30; and then went on board to have some dinner, and went on to the Island in the Harbour, but only found one more there. Mr Currie and I then started in the boat with 4 men to go to Chateau. We sailed along well enough until we got to Chateau Bay, and then the wind came more ahead, and we had to take to our oars, and for a long time it seemed as if we should have to give it up, though at last we managed to get there. I only found about half a dozen people here to vaccinate but had one or two interesting cases besides. Mr Currie found himself summoned to baptize some children and among other interesting things I saw the woman to whom the Salmon net belonged that we had run through the last time we had been in to the shore on the memorable day when we struck the rocks. The men who had seen us were her men, and they knew us at once by our boats in the davits, and the Square sail boom, besides which they found some copper and a piece of our keel in the net, and no other schooner on the coast is coppered. These men were standing on "Poolinans Head" and we now understood what the man that lisped had been trying to call out, and they said the place we struck on must be "Deep Water Point", close to Yorke Point. The woman intended going down tomorrow to try to get compensation for the loss of her salmon net, and the fish that she might have caught if the net had not been broken. I am not able to say whether she ever got it, I know that we were away next morning before she made her appearance.

Chateau Bay is of considerable size, and is surrounded on almost every side by high hills, and as the water is also very deep all round the bay the men of war always make this one of their anchoring places, and they are always safe enough here.

We had a fine time back again to Henley Harbour, we came outside an island which separates the entrance to Chateau Bay from Henley. Henley Harbour is formed by islands and very remarkable ones too, they stand up quite steep all round and are quite flat on top; they are formed of very fine basaltic columns some of which are of great size and very perfect, far superior to those at Quirrann in Skye, which I have seen since. These islands are very conspicuous from the sea and can be made out distinctly at a great distance. Another very remarkable piece of land which I forgot to mention is the cliff close to Lance à Loup (Nowadays "L'Anseau-Loup") between Blanc Sablon and Red Bay, it is formed by nature into the appearance of a huge battery, very perfect indeed, only on a tremendous scale, and extends, for some miles; the piece of land so modelled is called "The Battery".

Between Red Bay and Henley there is no place of importance, but near Henley at a spot about a quarter of a mile inland, they find the skeletons of whales. I was

told this by the Clergyman resident at Battle Harbour, who told me he had himself seen them; I forget the name of the place but I think it was something like "Pleasure Cove".

There are a good many people living at Henley. I vaccinated some 22 people here of the name of Stone, one man of that name having 18 children.

The Collector boarded the Trader that had raced us down the coast, and she of course paid the duties, as in duty bound. Another one, an old friend, "The Agility" which we had seen in St Anthony also came in and had to pay up; with her was a smaller one which of course had to do likewise. The principal part of the duty of the Collector was to look out for trading vessels and to make them pay duty; he could not touch them if they went more than three miles from the land, even if he could have caught them, which was very seldom, for the majority had very swift vessels and handled them well.

CHAPTER V — Henley to Venison Tickle

Friday July 25th.

We left Henley early in the morning passing out the northern channel between two of the islands; this channel is apparently pretty deep, but it is uncommonly narrow and requires a fair wind. We came down to some islands called "The Camps" looking for a trader who was supposed to be in this neighborhood but could not find him; we then put into Cape Charles, intending to remain only a very short time. Here I vaccinated 37 children and came on board again as fast as possible as we wished to get on to Battle Harbour for the night. But going on board in the boat we were overtaken by a squall and shipped some pretty heavy seas; the cutter was going to leeward at such a rate that she had to let go a second and larger anchor. However after dinner we hauled it up again, but could not get away as the wind had now died away. After tea I rowed to one of the islands called Fox Island and found one more child there to vaccinate.

Saturday July 26th.

We got away from Cape Charles this morning and as Battle Harbour was only 4 miles off we arrived there before breakfast. Battle Harbour is a small harbour formed by islands, the Battle Islands. The harbour lies between two of them so that it is open at both ends but the channel to the eastward, towards the sea is not navigable, hence vessels have to go round one of the islands to the other passage; this would be wide enough for most vessels, only just opposite the entrance there is another island which is wider than the entrance, hence vessels coming in have to make a right angle almost to get round into the harbour and this is rather awkward for vessels of any length. The island on which the greater part of the Settlement is, is quite bare of vegetation and they have to go to the opposite island even for water;

luckily the harbour is very narrow. This is the only settlement on the coast which has a resident clergyman, Mr Bishop, of the Church of England. He has a very nice little house and church; there are not nearly enough people in Battle Harbour to fill the church, but people come from the neighbouring islands, more especially from two little settlements, Matthew's Cove and Trap Cove, and hence it is sometimes well filled. Battle Harbour boasts more dogs than most places of its size; it is said that there were 150 dogs on this small island, with perhaps not more than a dozen families. Some years ago a man came to the Judge complaining that he had had severe losses, he had lost from severe distemper 21 dogs, and his brother had lost 19; as they still had some left their original stock must have been enormous.

At Battle Harbour there is an establishment belonging to Messrs Baine & Johnstone of Greenock and Newfoundland but this year there was next to no business going on here because there was no fish in the neighbourhood, so the fishing vessels had all gone away to look for some elsewhere.

After breakfast I went on shore and vaccinated 21 people including the parson; of course a great many had been done before, most of them belonging to Newfoundland. After dinner I went round to Matthew's Cove and Trap Cove and here I found 27 more people to be done. At Matthew's Cove is a schoolmistress who comes down every year from Carboscan [?] and keeps school here for about £10 per annum; and she has by far the largest school on the coast, about 70 children.

In the evening a Newfoundland trader came in but she had no very late news as she had been 3 weeks getting down, having been doing some business on the French shore.

We were very sorry to hear from Mr Bendall, Messrs Baine & Johnstone's agent here, that they had sent home the news of our loss; he knew it would go home, and as the account seemed so true, he thought he had better send the truth as far as he could find it out; so he sent up to Cape Charles to see the man who had seen us on the rocks and heard all the particulars from him, how he had seen us on shore, and that we had not been heard of for 3 weeks (he thought we had been up the straits and were coming down again) besides which another piece of wreck had been picked up and seen which must have belonged to some other vessel, very likely to that large one which we saw on Grassy Point. All these things looked so probable, and as we were nearly a month behind time, Mr Bendall felt that he could not ignore the report, and so told them plainly that he was afraid it was true.

As the mail steamer left St John's yesterday for Labrador, we thought she might possibly call in here tomorrow on her way north to ascertain the truth of the report; she would not call in otherwise as she has to run direct to the furthest point, and then call in at the various places on her way back to Tilt Cove, where she will meet the next steamer. This appears a funny thing, but the truth is that they do not care about the letters which go to the Labrador, but only want news in St John's about the fishing on that coast so that the merchants may know when to send vessels and how many to send, as well as where to send them for fish.

Sunday July 27th.

We went on shore in the morning to church and then came on board to dinner, after which we landed on the largest island and walked up the hill to look out for the steamer. We found plenty of snow on top of this hill, not because it was so high, but just that it had not all melted. From this hill we saw a flat and very small island, or rather rock, some distance off the land; it was upon this rock that the ill fated whaling vessel the "Huntsman" of Bay Roberts struck a few years ago and went down with all hands, about 40 in number; she was carried along by the ice in a gale of wind and borne helplessly against the rock. A steamer was quite close, the captain of which was a brother of the captain of the Huntsman, and yet they saw them all go down before their eyes and were powerless to move or help them in any way; indeed the steamer herself narrowly escaped a similar fate. The following year, or the year after that, the SS Retriever was lost on the same rock but I think the crew were saved.

We stayed on the hill a considerable time but could find no sign of the steamer even through powerful telescopes, so we came down again and had tea with Mr Bishop on shore.

Monday July 28th.

We were almost sure that the steamer by this time must have passed without calling but to make sure Mr Currie and I went up the hill about 6 am to have another look for her. After breakfast the Collector again went up, more for want of something to do than from expecting to see the steamer, for she must have passed unless detained for much longer than usual before she started. About 12 noon he saw a steamer in the direction of Cape Charles, which he made out with his glass to be the "Panther" and not the "Walrus" which is the mail steamer. Now the SS Panther belongs to Baine & Johnstone so there would, under ordinary circumstance, have been nothing peculiar in her coming here; but Mr Bendall did not expect her, so the Collector got it into his head that she must have come to look for us. So without coming aboard to tell us of his discovery he jumped into Mr Bendell's [sic] whale boat with a couple of men and rowed out to meet her. Now from the harbour we could not see her, so we did not know what it might be; so Mr Currie, Mr Bishop and I got into a small boat, warranted to hold one with safety, and rowed away out until we could see her with my glasses when I also discovered that it was the Panther; she had to make a big circle around the island to get into the harbour, and as it was too rough for us to go out to her in the small boat, we came back again and made our report on board; then we busied ourselves in pulling the cutter to one side out of the way of the steamer for she has to come in at full speed or else she would not steer properly around the sharp turns, as she steers much better when going fast than when going slowly. When the steamer came close to us we saw a goodly crowd on board and I began to think that she must have been hired for another expedition, as she was when Dr Harper had her a few years before. But as

they came nearer the crowd began to cheer us and on looking close I discovered my father and a brother, the Judge's son, a brother of our captain was mate on board the steamer for the occasion; and there was also old Whelan, the father of our man Pierce Whelan; a young lawyer was on board to give an account of our trip to the Government [see Appendix B] and take charge of our bodies, when they found them. We went on board at once and then found that most exaggerated accounts had been sent to St John's, that our bodies had been seen floating about, etc' and so that really in St John's they thought it was quite true. The people in St John's were under the impression that it had occurred from the unseaworthiness of the vessel or the inability of the Captain, and were loud in their protestations against the Government for sending a vessel against the wish of the Judge and Collector when a better one had been put forward for the service. So the Government did the best they could and hired the Panther to come down. Mr Grieve had offered the Panther to them and would probably have sent her down on his own responsibility had the Government not accepted his offer. The trip could not have paid for the coal she burned; when hired for this purpose she was landing coal in St John's, so she started off at once with a part cargo of coal on board but no coal in her bunkers, so that the crew, consisting of only 4 men, were always tired out with hoisting coal out of the hold into the bunkers for the furnaces.

We had dinner on board the steamer with them and then all adjourned aboard the cutter for tea and played cards, etc.

Tuesday July 29th

As I was the first up this morning I rowed myself on board the steamer but found them already at breakfast and so joined them; we then took a walk up the hill to see the view which is very fine on a clear day, and we had a snowballing match just for curiosity at the end of July. Our crew were on board the steamer all day helping her crew to fill the bunkers with coal out of the hold. They were all anxious to work in order that the steamer might get home quickly to let their friends and relations know they were safe. But the wind was so strong in the wrong direction that had they gone they would have made scarcely any way. But about 7 o'clock in the evening the wind moderated and we got up their anchor for them and sent them off. We went with them as far as we safely could in our small boats, and then said goodbye and returned to the cruiser. In going out they had fired off a couple of guns and had been answered by one from the cutter. The Judge would not let them fire a second; in fact the little cannon ran along the deck after him on its wheels, and from the steamer it was amusing to see him cutting away in front of it. We afterwards heard that the steamer did not get on very well that night, but had to "lie to" under the lee of Belle Isle the greater part of it, and she did not reach St John's until Saturday morning having been delayed by head winds and fogs; indeed she went into St John's and no one saw her until they heard her guns and then from these and her flags they knew that all was right.

Note, [probably inserted as an afterthought. JC] The steamer had gone straight to Henley Harbour as the point nearest the scene of our accident and when they steamed in early on Monday morning the boats of course came off to see what she wanted and then they were afraid to tell what they had come for, but at last Old Whelan called out "Have you heard anything of the Revenue Cutter?" "She left the day before yesterday" was the answer much to the delight of those on the steamer who gave vent to their feelings in a loud cheer. As the cutter had been there so recently they knew she could not be very far away, so they made up their minds to follow her, and found her at Battle Harbour as mentioned.

The steamer would have had to call at Battle Harbour whether the cutter was there or not, for she had on board a boat for the Reverend Mr Bishop of that place, and which she would have to, not exactly land, but deposit in the water there. When they found the cutter safe the passengers of the steamer would gladly have hung about the coast but had to get home with the good news.

Wednesday July 30th.

We got away from Battle Harbour this morning and ran down to a place called Francis Bight, from which the Collector and I walked over to Francis Harbour, where we knew there was a vessel but when we got there we found she had been already boarded by Canning and Stevenson in the Straits, as she had had to put in somewhere there from stress of weather. There was no one here to be vaccinated and we went on again as soon as possible and anchored in a very small harbour for the night; this harbour was formed by some islands known as the "Dead Islands"; it is a very dangerous one and we came very near the rocks in going in.

Thursday July 31st.

We went away from Dead Islands as soon as possible in the morning and arrived at Venison Tickle soon after breakfast. Venison Tickle is a piece of water between an island, Venison Island and the mainland. These little straits are often called Tickers in this part of the world and the navigation is ticklish enough in a good many of them. The entrance of Venison Tickle is very narrow indeed, and from the tide that runs through it it is rather dangerous unless there is plenty of wind to keep good way on the vessel; the other channel is much wider but is also much longer so that there is not much to choose between them, and it depends on the wind which would be selected for going out or coming in. Most of the houses here are on the island though there are some few on the mainland. Mr Rocke the member of the House for Carbonear has an establishment here which is at present under the control of his brother who lives here. Mr Currie stopped here as he was so late that he would not have time to work his way back again if he went further north. I vaccinated about 20 people here.

CHAPTER VI — Venison Tickle to Dumpling

Friday August 1st.

Saying adieu to our fellow passenger Mr Currie we left Venison Tickle this morning and went along the coast: instead of going out round a lot of islands we went inside them through a passage called Domino Run; as we entered it we saw some smoke at the far end and soon made it out to be the Mail Steamer returning from the northwards. So we put up some flags and naturally thought he would make us out quickly, but as they came near they showed no sign of recognition, so as we passed we saluted the Captain who was on the bridge with a cheer and that woke him up at once, and didn't he look astonished when he saw us; all his passengers were below playing cards at the time but as soon as they heard what was the matter they came running up at once in astonishment and cheered away at a great rate. We could not stop to speak to them as we were running before the wind and had not room to heave to as the shore was shoal on both sides. I believe in bad weather this is a very bad locality and vessels are often lost here.

At the far end of "Domino Run" is a narrow entrance which is called Indian Tickle and on one of the islands here there is a fishing station called also Indian Tickle. Here we anchored for the night and went on shore to see a most comical man, an Irishman Mr Hannabury of Bay Roberts. His two large vessels were also anchored there as well as a schooner yacht belonging to Mr Donelly of Harbour Grace, but which was now on Church service, having on board a priest whose name I cannot remember, but who was a very nice man indeed. It was this vessel the "Henrietta" which had dropped Father MacCormack in the Straits of Belle Isle on its way north. There were no children here at all to be vaccinated; in fact I don't think there were any here at all for all the people except very few go back to Conception Bay for the winter.

Saturday August 2nd.

We ran from Indian Tickle to Grady Harbour; just as we got near the harbour a large fore and after passed us in the opposite direction and the Collector at once spotted her as a trader, she was sailing beautifully although she had broken her main boom and had it spliced so that she was obliged to reef her mainsail; when we got quite close into harbour Mr Knight went up on the hill above the harbour and looked after with his glass and was delighted to find that she went into Mullion's Cove only about 5 miles off, so he at once went over in the boat, and was surprised to find it was a man Dickson, who had only once been caught before. But this time he refused to pay so the Collector remained on board and sent back word by the boat for the vessel to run down the first thing in the morning.

Grady Harbour is something the same as Venison Tickle with a large opening and a small opening and, as in that case, nearly all the houses are on the smaller island. It is mainly occupied by two fishing Establishments, one owned by Messrs

Hunt of Poole and the other Larmour of Plymouth. It was once celebrated as a fishing station but of late years it has been falling off wonderfully, but this year they were literally doing nothing. I went on shore to tea with Mr Larmour, and in the evening Messrs Hunt's agent came in and with Jonas the Bailiff we had a game of 5 & 40. The Bailiff and I beat the other two to any amount.

Sunday July [sic] 3.

I went on shore to breakfast and soon after seeing the vessel getting underweigh I went on board again, and we then ran down to Mullin's Cove and anchored just outside the trader which turned out to be the "Lizzie Lupper," a rather celebrated Nova Scotia schooner, and very handsome she looked too. When we let go our anchor the noise brought them up from below and Mr Knight came up from the Cabin and hailed for a boat, the man was now willing to pay the duties but the Collector would not take them today, but promised to go on board early in the morning so as to let him get off without delay.

The Judge was too unwell today to leave his bed and looked very miserable, much to my horror because I did not know what was the matter with him.

We had to set a couple of men to watch the trader in case she should bolt in the night, but on getting up next morning we found her still there.

Monday July [sic] 4th.

The Collector was up early in the morning and went on board the trader and collected customs before 5 am, and about breakfast time, having a pretty fair wind, she weighed anchor and went homewards but we, wanting to go in the opposite direction, had a foul wind and could not get away; to make matters worse it came on to blow very hard and a tremendous ground swell came in which made the rolling very uncomfortable; the water was very shallow and that of course accounted for the swell. In the afternoon we went on shore and visited the house of a resident, the only one in fact; he was a half breed his mother being an Esquimaux and his father a white man; the latter was dead, but the mother was all alive and kicking and a funny old character she was too; she told us with pride that she and two little boys had been sleeping one night at the head of the bay in a large boat while her son was on shore in the woods, and that in the middle of the night they were awakened by the noise of the wind and the boat dragging her anchor. They soon saw that they were drifting on shore and having no more anchors to let go they had nothing to do but get canvas on her, which they did, and the old woman and the two young boys, mere children, beat that boat out of the bay in a gale of wind in the middle of the night, and when they were once out they easily found shelter behind a point and let go their anchors again and wished for day. The man himself "Joe," his other name I do not know, perhaps he had not one, was a very intelligent fellow, and was quite pleased when we gave him some books for himself and family. He was not long married, to a young and good looking girl from Brigus in Conception Bay,

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Newfoundland and they seemed very happy together; under these circumstances the wife does almost as much work as the husband, and when we first saw them they were together in a boat, with one oar each and pulling hard too.

Tuesday August 5th.

We left Mullin's Cove this morning and sailed over to Grady, and just "lay to" off the entrance, lowered the boat, and then Mr Knight and I went on shore to breakfast with Mr Larmour, and as soon as we had finished we went off again to the vessel, but not very long after the wind failed us and we did not get any further than a small place called South East Cove; it is a small bay with not any houses to be seen, but just a little away on one side of it there is a harbour called "Curlew", and there there is a small settlement. We saw the SS Gulliver surveying about Grady in the course of the day.

Wednesday August 6th.

This morning as there was no wind to be had a few of the men were allowed to go on shore and have a shot at some curlew which were seen flying about in all directions; they were strictly told not to go out of sight of the vessel, but in the heat of the chase some of them went a good way so when the wind came up we could not get them off again, although some of them saw the signal and came down to the boat, still they had to wait for the rest. They only had three birds for their troubles, but those were very nice for I can speak from experience, having eaten one of them myself. These birds however were in bad condition, they had only just arrived on the coast, but after a time they become very plump and fine, and they are really delicious eating.

We got away about 1 o'clock and had a pretty fair breeze; as we went past "Long Island" we saw in the distance a vessel that looked very like a trader, and she saw us too for all her canvas was up like lightening and she was standing out to sea, having a boat in tow; when she had got well away she ran up in the wind, hoisted her boat aboard, and away she went again. Mr Knight knew her well, she was called the "Annie C Brown". I saw her afterwards in the Straits where she had been boarded by Mr Stevenson.

We were now passing Huntingdon Island, a large and very prettily wooded island, which is off the entrance to Sandwich Bay, which we were not going to visit until after we had been up Hamilton Inlet, somewhat further north. Our harbour this night was between a little island called "Dumpling", probably from its appearance, and a larger island. There are no houses here but it is a well known harbour of refuge for vessels passing. On the small island there was formerly a large establishment but nothing remains there now but a few graves; the island is literally covered with Bakeapples so we picked some for a little amusement.

CHAPTER VII — Hamilton Inlet

Thursday August 7th.

We left Dumpling early in the morning and soon after passed a headland called the "Horse Chops" from its peculiar appearance like the head of a horse; it is rather high and the wind comes off it in squalls, and as we passed it we had a squall which made everything creak again and as we tried to take in our main topmast staysail in a hurry one of the halliards gave way, and away the sail went to leeward, only restrained by the sheet, to which we held on until the squall blew over and then we hauled it in safely and did not set it again that day. We then ran along the coast until we came to a very peculiar island called, from its appearance, "Tub Island"; it is very like a washing tub turned upside down. There are several other islands close here and the channels between them are very intricate and dangerous. The one we went through was about the most narrow but we got through safely. I believe it is the only proper one; one year they tried to go through one of the straightest wide ones and she had gone almost clear when her keel struck just under the Judge's bed one morning so that he was roused rather roughly; but then she went on again and was not hurt. We were now in the entrance to Hamilton Inlet or Esquimaux Bay. Monctoke [?] is the Esquimaux name for it, but it is more generally known by one of the first two names. It was called Hamilton Inlet in compliment to the then Governor of Newfoundland by the captain of a manofwar who took his vessel up this bay for the first time.⁶ I forget the name of the vessel but there is a rock called Man-of-War rock from the fact that she stuck on it until they had lightened her considerably. A little way up the bay on the north shore there are some very peculiar rocks which in the distance look like the links of an enormous chain, and as there is a much bigger one at the end they have been not inappropriately named the "Watch and Chain", and it certainly is possible to see the resemblance which is more than can be said for many fancy names of the same kind. There are some islands a little way up the bay, I do not pretend to remember their names, but I believe the Captain of the manofwar had endowed some of them with his own name or those of his officers.

We had at first a very good breeze up the bay but as we got further up the wind began to fail us, and then we felt the force of the tide which in this bay runs at a marvellous pace, sometimes about 6 knots an hour; and as in this case it was against us we felt it all the more. However after struggling against it for a time we managed by the help of our boat to get into a little bay called Mullion's [Mullins] Cove where we anchored safely for the night.

I went on shore in the evening and vaccinated 11 persons, all belonging to the same family, the only family resident in this place. There is a Salmon Post near here belonging to Captain [Nathan]⁷ Norman of Indian Harbour and this man takes care of it in his absence, but it is not a very enviable situation as there are always some rows on about this station.

Friday August 8th.

We left Mullion's Cove this morning after an early breakfast and soon after I landed in the boat with Jonas and another man at a place called Collingham's Cove; the vessel in the mean time was to proceed to Rigoulette [sic] about 10 miles further up the bay. I vaccinated in all the houses that I could get to, and then we used to coast along the shore, keeping close to the land in order that we might not get the strength of the tide, for there is always an eddy near the shore. While we could see the vessel most of the time, barely able to hold her own against the tide, sometimes indeed she would go backwards although she had a fine fair wind, and all sail set. When we were nearly opposite Rigoulette we came to the house of an old man Mr Groves; an Englishman, he had married an Esquimaux woman, or a half breed, I am not sure which and had a very large family; he has now grandchildren grown up and married, but not long ago he was married himself to his second wife, a young girl belonging to Carboneux [Carbonear?], only about 23 years old, actually as young, if not younger, than some of her husband's grandchildren. This old man is the patriarch of the bay and does all the marrying and things of that kind for there is no clergyman in the neighbourhood though some missionaries sometimes assist them from the Moravian Settlements further north. We stayed some little time to talk with the old man and his family, and they kindly offered us some dinner; all the people here seem very hospitable indeed and anxious to get visitors to eat or drink with them; sometimes they only offer the latter and seem rather hurt by a refusal. We went a little further up the shore to the house of a man called William Gowdey [Goudie] who afterwards was our pilot further up the bay. Here I vaccinated his family and then, after resting a little, we rowed further up the shore to allow for the tide carrying us down to Rigoulette on the other side.

It is said that this man William Gowday [sic], had some sickness or other, after which he always went about on his knees being under the impression that he was unable to use his legs, and that one day he went on board a *ManofWar* to see if the doctor could do anything for him; and the Doctor, after enquiring could find no reason for his apparent paralysis and told him that he ought to be able to walk if he only tried, and at length, after much persuasion, he got the man to try and they then found he could walk perfectly well, and he has done so to this day, though he is at best a sickly looking individual.

We now crossed over to Rigoulette; it did not take us long as the bay here is not very wide but the tide is strong enough for anything, however we had allowed enough and were hospitably received by Mr [?], the head man at this station. Jonas and I had some tea with him, consisting of bear's steak, the first but by no means the last, I had ever tasted. We then went out to see what had become of the "William Stairs" and found that the tide in the meantime had changed and that she was now coming up like a house on fire as they say; indeed she was coming so fast that we did not quite see how she was going to stop; and that finally did prove a rather difficult job for, as she was running before the wind, they tried to "round to" before

letting go the anchor and the moment she got broadside on to the tide she lost her steerage power at once, and was being carried up broadside on towards a point just off Rigoulette, the wind not being strong enough to force her out of the run of the tide into the still water just off the pier at Rigoulette, so under the circumstances there was nothing to do but to let go the anchor which was accordingly done and she was brought up as they say "all standing", that is without having taken in her canvas and right in the full run of the tide, which however was a steady pull and jerks as in a heavy swell.

We learnt from Mr (name forgotten) that Mr Connelly the Chief Officer of the Hudson's Bay Company in this district was at their Headquarters at North West River, some 90 miles further up the bay; he had not come down this year as usual, as he expected the vessel to go up there in order to give me a chance of vaccinating the Indians which were then encamped there. It was also necessary for the Collector of Customs to go up there for he had the papers from which the duties had to be made out. So we determined to sail up in the vessel and were all glad of the opportunity of seeing more of this beautiful bay, and of the manners and customs of its inhabitants. There was, however, a drawback as far as I was concerned for I had promised to get home, if possible, by the next mail boat; now if we went up the bay we should not be back at Rigoulette again by the time the steamer arrived there. So I at once wrote a note, and left it at Rigoulette for the mail, explaining to those at home that I was unavoidably detained, etc, but imagine my disgust when I arrived home about a month afterwards that the letter did not arrive until the day after I arrived myself, so much for the postal arrangements on board the mail steamer, where the postmaster is generally drunk, or nearly so. But more of this a little further on.

Saturday August 9th.

We had intended to have set sail at the turn of the tide this morning a 6 am but there was so little wind that we did not get under weigh. We had engaged William Gowday [sic], mentioned before, to pilot us up and he was on board at the appointed time. I may mention that the Captain did not want to have a pilot but Mr Knight insisted on engaging one, and even paid him out of the Government funds.

I employed this morning in vaccinating any people who came to Rigoulette and they were not few; for Rigoulette is the principal trading port in this bay and nearly all the people in the bay are more or less dependent on the Company for their supplies; the people move about very easily in their small cross handed boats, waiting until the tide is favourable and then going along with it at a very fast pace; in this way they go many miles and think nothing of it. Rigoulette is merely a trading station; there are some stores for provisions etc; here also they have means for putting the salmon in tins, generally 1 th [?] tins (1 tierce of beer is 42 gal; of beef is 304 lb); this had been a very good season but I am afraid to say how many tins they had for I am not certain whether it is correct, but I think about 60,000 besides

about 400 tierces of the pickled salmon which is not so valuable being only worth about £5 a tierce. There was a good team of Esquimaux dogs here, supposed to be the pure breed which are not very common now; they only numbered 9, but as they chiefly have to travel over the ice on the bay the sledge runs lightly enough. These 9 dogs have divided themselves into 3 companies and each company has appropriated a part of the ground to itself, and every now and then there is a fight caused by a dog straying beyond his own territory into that belonging to another company; when not fighting these dogs never look happy unless sleeping, it is not easy to say which they do most of, sleep or fight, though by the bye I had almost forgotten one important part of their daily life, viz; eating, but that generally produces both the others, for they fight over their food and sleep after it.

I had almost forgotten to mention anything about mosquitoes, but it must not be concluded from that that there were none, for if a person has not seen them himself he will not readily believe how many there can be of these pests. It was always necessary to wear a veil, which used to get uncomfortably hot after a little, or else to keep oneself anointed with creosote ointment, which I found answered very well indeed.

After dinner we found that the wind was improving, and that we should soon be able to start, so I at once left in a small boat with a man called John Blake, a fine old fellow; he pulled me up to the house of a man called Wolfrey, a very old man, perhaps the oldest in the bay; and when I had vaccinated those in that house we started to go on a few miles further to Blake's own house. As the day was very hot the continuous sculling was rather hard on the old chap, so I took off my coat and told the old fellow to change places with me, and gave him my flask to refresh himself while I toiled away at the oars. When I say toiled, I don't meant that we were not making much way, for we were going with the tide, and consequently going 6 or 7 miles per hour. I shall never forget the old fellow's face of enjoyment as he sat in the stern of his own boat refreshing himself with a nip. He said it was the first time he had ever been rowed in his own boat. I think he had only given me the sculls to see what kind of a hand I could make of it, and not suspecting that he would get rowed all the way home. In fact after a time I had some trouble to keep him quiet, for he declared he would not sit there and do nothing while I was working hard in the heat.

Soon after I arrived at Blake's house I saw the vessel coming along after us, so I had to vaccinate them all in a hurry, for the vessel going with the tide could not stop, and in a few minutes I was on board of her, and away we went up the bay. The bay here is rather narrow, and although the wind soon got rather light the tide took us up until opposite another house where we dropped our anchor for the night.

This house belonged to a man called Campbell, a Scotchman who had married a halfbreed, or perhaps an Esquimaux, curiously enough a sister of the old woman the mother of "Joe" whom we saw some time ago at the first Mullion's Cove. This Campbell had a large family and I vaccinated them all; one of his daughters, though

by birth a halfbreed, was remarkably fair with light hair, and was considered by all her neighbours, to be, as she undoubtedly was, the belle of the bay. This girl, although she had never been out of the bay, was quite a genius and could draw and paint animals and copy pictures with great effect. Her mother was a comical old Esquimaux with characteristic snub nose, and full of life and good humour, always joking. She gave me some very handsome white partridge wings, some of the finest I had ever seen. We spent the whole evening chatting away to them, Mr Knight and I that is, for the Judge does not go ashore on such occasions.

CHAPTER VIII — Hamilton Inlet (continued)

Saturday August 10th.

Generally we did not travel on Sundays, but we had a good distance to go and did not feel justified in wasting any more time, so we set out as soon as possible though the wind was ahead. We soon came to an island said to be full of the bones and skulls of Esquimaux who were said to have had a terrible battle there in years gone by. But I could not get a chance to land upon the island either to testify to the truth of the statement or to get hold of a skull or two, which I should have liked very much indeed.

After we had passed this island the Bay widens out very much and is somewhere about 20 miles in width, quite a small inland sea, and we continued beating all night still making a little progress as the tide up here had very little effect one way or the other. By midnight we had got as far as a point known as Long Point.

Monday August 11th.

Still going on the same way, beating away, nothing occurred worth mentioning but about tea time we got in sight of the entrance of N[orth]W[est] River, and then had to anchor for the wind failed us, about 3 miles off our destination.

Tuesday August 12th.

The wind was very light again, but we got under weigh and commenced beating in the direction of the Settlement, the only part of which we could see was the Chapel, the roof of which was covered with tin, which shone through the trees. As we got nearer we saw a man coming out in a canoe with an Indian boy, and as they came closer Mr Knight recognized Mr Scott, one of the Clerks of the Company; he came on board and said that though they had seen us the evening before they had not been able to make us out.

The entrance to NW River is guarded on both sides by sandbanks, and it was quite natural that while trying to shun Scilla we ran into Charybdis. We had to turn a corner and then run up the river and drop our anchor, well, as we sailed gaily round the corner, in our anxiety not to cut the corner too sharp we kept away rather

too much, and as we got into the river, the current caught her bow swinging her further to leeward, and in a second we felt her ground and heel over, but then came the grand mistake; we thought we had cut the corner too sharp, and consequently kept her away further, and this of course only put her further on the bank and we found out the error when too late, for we were now hopelessly stuck, and the current of the river was driving us further on. This accident occasioned some high words between the Captain and the Pilot, the latter certainly should have known what he was about better; but perhaps he was like the old Indian who was once guiding a trader in this bay; when asked if there was plenty of water over a certain sandbank he replied in his broken English: "Oh yes, I have often gone over it in my canoe", or he may have been like the other pilot who assured the captain of his vessel that "he knew every rock in the harbour [?] but who had to wait some little time, in consequence of having been knocked off his legs by the vessel striking before he could add "and by Jingo (or words to that effect) that's one of them."

Some men came down in boats from the Establishment and by lightening the vessel and getting out some warps they managed to get her into safe anchorage after a time; she lost 10ft more of keel. We, in the meantime had left her and gone on shore to see Mr Conelly, the Head Man who at once asked us to dinner on shore. We here fell in with Mr Rankine, a travelling inspector of the Hudson's Bay Company, and a French Canadian Priest, Père (I forget his other name if I ever knew it, for he always went by the name of the Père). We had seen them before at Blanc Sablon; when we were there they had put in for stress of weather, and they had had to put in several places on the way down. Both of these gentlemen had endeavoured to get away from here, Mr Rankine had started overland to Ungava with some Indians and a canoe but soon after starting he had fallen on some large slippery stones and hurt his back so much that he had to return. The Père had started in a whale boat to go down to Rigoulette, but unfortunately he was wrecked on the way down but was picked up by Mr Conelly who was returning from Rigoulette in his yacht, and hence they were both here once more. Both Mr Conelly and his wife are halfbreeds, but exceedingly agreeable and well educated. They have four children, 3 girls and one boy, all looking very delicate and consumptive; in fact I think some of the family have died before of consumption. They were all well educated, the eldest girl having been at school in Montreal. The Settlement of North West River is a very small one, though very important; it consists mainly of Mr Conelly's house, the offices and a few stores; these are placed close to the bank of the river which is a very large and rapid one. A little away from the house is a chapel, which is quite new and has been built for the Indians who are all Roman Catholics, and Père comes down from Canada every summer to stay here for a little. Mr Conelly and his family are also Roman Catholics. Beyond the chapel is the encampment of Indians, this is a sight not often seen; they live in birch bark wigwams, and some of the men are busy in making or repairing canoes, but a good many at this time of the year seem to have nothing to do.

These Indians are from Canada, of the Mountaineer [Montagnais] Race, and most of them only speak the Indian language. They are only here for about 2 or at most 3 months in the year; all the rest of the year being spent hundreds of miles in the interior hunting and trapping, then in the summer they bring out their skins, idle for a time, and then return again; even while we were there they were getting ready to depart and probably left a day or two after we did. When the Indians go into the interior a white man goes with them, he has charge of the provisions and powder and shot etc. It must be unpleasant for him to be alone, that is with only Indians, for the greater part of the year. We saw here, the gentleman, Mr Cameron, who has been in with them for the last 5 years, you would hardly know him from an Indian, he has become so tanned, until he speaks and then you could tell he is a Scotchman.

These Indians are quite a distinct race from the Esquimaux who naturally inhabit this bay; the Indians are almost all tall and thin, even miserable looking, though I believe they can stand any amount of fatigue or toil. They employ themselves altogether in trapping and shooting and are all, almost without exception, Roman Catholics. The Esquimaux, on the other hand, are nearly all small in stature and are usually fat; they occupy themselves chiefly in fishing and in seal hunting, and are almost confined to the coast. These people are much more civilized than the Indians and have all adopted the ordinary kind of wooden house. They do not, like the Indians, use the birchbark canoe, indeed I believe they are generally afraid of them, but they use a much more dangerous thing, the Kyack [sic], made of seal skin stretched upon a frame, they sit in this quite comfortably, laced in, and can do almost anything in them; it is well known, although I did not see one do it, that they can turn somersaults in them with ease. While the Indians, if they care at all, are all Roman Catholics, the Esquimaux, to a man, are Protestants, mostly Church of England, but they cannot stand the Roman Catholics at all.

Wednesday August 13th.

In the office of the H B Company here I found I should have no difficulty in vaccinating the Indians for the Père ordered them all forward and they came in such a body that I was nearly suffocated, the thermo[metre] about 90 in the shade, and I had to get him to order them all away to a respectable distance and tell them to come only one or two at a time. At first I could not make out what made their skins feel so damp, but I found out that the Père was making them wash their arms before admitting them, and you may be sure I did not object to that arrangement, especially as it gave the good natured Père a little amusement marshalling them, and separating the clean from the dirty. The Indian husbands were awfully jealous of their wives and would not let them come in with a bare arm, so I generally found the arms wrapped up in grand coloured handkerchiefs, just leaving a bare square inch or two at the right point.

A great deal has been written about the courage of the Indian under torture, etc but I saw some of the finest men among them literally shaking with terror, and some

of them even in a cold perspiration at the thought of getting the lance in them about one sixteenth of an inch deep. I had been requested by the Colonial Secretary to keep a list of the names and ages of the people vaccinated, but I could not speak the Indian language and when I could make out the names I could not spell them. I should have been obliged to lump all these fellows together only Mr Rankine kindly undertook the task of writing down their names and ages, and this day we got through about 120 in this way. I suppose I vaccinated about half a dozen a good deal over 60 years of age, and one old fellow who was put down as 80; this old chap has 3 wives, one of whom is his own niece and another of whom is his own grandchild. Of course this did not please the Père who ordered two of them to be put away at once, so the old man put away two, retaining his grandchild as his wife; the priest left us as I mentioned before, and owing to this mishap, came back again unexpectedly, and found to his dismay that the old rascal had his three wives back again, although he had not been away more than a day altogether.

After tea I ventured out in a birch bark canoe as an experiment. I can't say I felt exactly comfortable, but soon got confidence to look about a little and sit without holding on. The most difficult part was getting in or getting out, especially if alongside the vessel. When speaking of the Indian encampment I forgot to mention that it is overrun with children and dogs, a peculiar breed, of the latter I mean, about the size of a black and tan English terrier and having much the same appearance though yellow in colour. When walking through the tents it is necessary to have a good stick in one's hand, and to use it too, for if one of the little beggars can get a chance, he will bite to a certainty. We were generally attended by a large Newfoundland dog belonging to Mr Connelly, who seemed to make it his especial duty to keep these young beasts at a distance. These dogs were awful to fight among themselves; one evening we were strolling among the wigwams while all the adults were at church, and suddenly a few little dogs began to fight, when very soon all the dogs in the encampment joined in and made us retreat to a safe distance; they rolled over each other by the dozen and presently got into a wigwam and fought away inside; I was almost sure I would see them come through the back but although it bulged it did not give way; and now the row was speedily stopped by a couple of youngsters, almost naked, who arrived on the scene armed with thick sticks which they used with such effect that in a very short time no dog was to be seen.

The Esquimaux have a very different kind of dog from this, theirs are about the size of Scotch colleys, often yellowish in colour and wolflike in appearance, they are controlled altogether by the whip, it is said kindness has no effect whatever upon them, and they would often bite their masters if they were not afraid. They use them for their sledges which are low, made of wood tied together by thongs of hide which allow the joints to give a little, nails would not do. These cometicks as they are called are shod with pieces of whale's bones which soon become quite glazed and shiny, hence very slippery. In one of these cometicks they sometimes have as many as 21 dogs, but now this is said to be going out of use and more than

15 are seldom seen; they are harnessed two abreast by thongs around their necks, and a single trace each, each trace going all the way back to the comatick. One dog is harnessed as leader with about 12 yards in front of the others; this is always an old and well trained dog and he is never whipped but only guided by the voice, the others are altogether controlled by the whip, generally a long one made of walrus hide, though sometimes they use a stick with a thong at the end of it, this they throw at the dog they want to hit, picking it up again as they pass. It will be easily seen that it is very easy for these dogs to get their harnesses into the most frightful messes, especially when they indulge in a free fight and often the owner has no recourse left but to cut their harnesses. When they get thoroughly started they are hard to manage if they get on the track of anything, for they will certainly run it down if allowed. Sometimes, it is said, the dogs get so excited, that they would tear the leader himself if they could catch him, but he is generally the best dog. When the team runs away, say on the track of a deer, or worse still on the track of a man, the owner often has great difficulty in stopping them, but the most approved plan is to slip off behind still holding on to the sledge, and then by giving a sudden turn, to upset it, when the sharp points which usually stick up in the front will then enter the snow and bring them up with a jerk at once. They were dogs of this breed but probably not thoroughbred that served their friend the cook at Blanc Sablon so badly, and the poor man had to go to Jersey to have his arm properly amputated, and goes without an arm to this day in consequence.

At NW River they have a good garden and they say that they can grow anything there; I can testify to such things as potatoes, cabbages and even cucumbers. They also have some cattle here, some fine cows and a sturdy old bull, besides which they have a horse though what good he is I cannot imagine for he runs wild all the summer. While we were here he came back to show himself for a little time but we tried in vain to catch him, even some corn well rattled in a tin pan had no effect with him. I suppose they can make some use of him in winter though even then I should think the dogs are better. There were two other horses on the coast of Labrador, one was at Blanc Sablon where they used it for carting fish when they were putting it out to dry; he used to take a good load though he had only a short distance to carry it; they said they had him for driving in the winter when the snow was hard enough to bear him. The other horse was at Forte Light House but he had a good road to run on; he is used for carting stores from LanseauLoup to the Light House and the road has been built for that purpose by the Canadian Government who have placed the Light House there for the benefit of their steamer running through the straits of Belle Isle in the summertime.

We were frequently treated to bear's meat while staying here, and very good it is too; we also had one day some porcupine flesh and it was not bad, though it did not look particularly inviting. They had a small tame porcupine at their station but his quills were not full grown so he looked rather scrubby.

CHAPTER IX — Hamilton Inlet (continued)

Thursday August 14th.

I vaccinated over 60 more Indians this morning, in the same style as yesterday, but this time they were mostly women and children, nearly all the men had been done the first day. The weather was so very warm that it was difficult to do anything; in the evening however we managed to have a few games of cards; the Ptre[?] Père was quite a crack player and enjoyed it very much.

Friday August 16th [sic]

This was Lady Day and consequently a great holiday among the Roman Catholics; all our crew were away to chapel in the morning when I got up, so I took the other boat and sculled myself to the far side of the river and indulged in a swim. I had an awful job to reach the shore with the heavy boat, for the crew had the small one on shore with them, but before starting back again I towed it a long way up stream and then gradually sculled out as I floated down, hence reached the vessel easily, but lost the boathook for it got foul of the cable as I made a hook at it and as I could not clear it, I had to let go.

This would have been a splendid day for going down the bay, a roaring breeze, but we were waiting for Mr Connelly; we put up our flags in honour of the people's holiday, but the wind was so strong that those on the fore mast soon burst their halliards and we had some difficulty in taking them in; and I was just hinting at the advisability of taking in those on the main mast too, and we had agreed to do it when the line broke close to the deck and they flew out at right angles to the main top mast head. Under ordinary circumstances it would have been easy to rectify this accident by sending a man aloft to gather them in, but all the men were in their Sunday clothes and the rigging had been freshly tarred from top to bottom only the day before. We let them run out to the end of the halliards thinking that when the wind lulled they would drop into the water, and a man went astern in a boat to try to catch them, but although they came a few times within reach they were gone again before he could catch them; at last we had no resource [recourse?] but to get one of the men to put on some old clothes and go aloft to catch them.

Saturday August 16th

Today we would gladly have sailed for Rigoulette but the wind was ahead so we could not stir, but we amused ourselves as usual on shore looking at the habits of the Indians and at them making and fitting up canoes; some of the canoes were of very large size, calculated to carry about 5 tons each together with a good many men for navigating it. They sometimes bump them on a rock in their journeys inland, and then they have to unload them and repair the hole at once. They load their canoes in a very systematic way, the cargo is all divided up into what are called "pieces" that is men's loads, a "piece" being the load for one man when they come

to a portage and have to carry canoes and cargo across to the next water; they always talk of their canoes as being able to carry so many "pieces"; some of the larger ones carry as many as 80 "pieces" besides a large crew. I have seen a dozen men in one of the smallest of their canoes that I could carry on my arm by one of the cross bars like a good sized market basket.

Yesterday a good many Indians came on board the vessel, headed by one named "Sam" who could speak English and was indeed the very man who had piloted the trader who was nervous about the sandbank. They were very anxious to look around the craft as they had never seen so big a one before, as Mr Connelly's yacht was not half that size. We showed them everything that we thought would interest and amuse them; I even brought up the handcuffs, and whilst showing them to Sam he quickly slipped them on his wrists; it was ludicrous to see their looks of fright, some of them even looked as if they were going to jump overboard, while Sam himself was ready to howl. However we soon let him out, but they would not go near them again. The Indians have a great respect for Mr Connelly and will do anything he tells them to do, so they have very little trouble with them while they are camping at NW River. Mrs Connelly kindly gave me an Indian coat, made by one of these Indians. It had been worn for some time by Mr Connelly as a shooting coat in the winter. It was made of deerskin, nicely dressed and very much like chamois leather and then it was painted in various patterns and in various curious colours by pieces of sharpened stick which they dip in the substance which acts as paint. She also gave me a couple of pairs of slippers, in delicately dressed deerskin, and embroidered in silk; they were made by her own daughter who was supposed to do them better than anyone else in the Bay.

Nearly every resident in the Bay can play some musical instrument, generally the violin or concertina, and they seem very fond of music and nothing used to please them better than to be asked to play; they commonly indulge in lively tunes, marking time loudly with their feet at the same time.

In the evening an old man came along in his canoe, and having his fiddle along with him, he required very little pressing to play us any amount of tunes so we very soon had a dance, and then another, either Cotillions or Scotch Reels; it was not bad fun, only the music was so awfully fast and the halfbreed girls never thought of stopping to take breath, but puffed away like amateur steam engines. I used to get exhausted very soon, but that was not very surprising when the rate of the dancing and the heat of the evening (92°) are taken into consideration, and also when one got fairly started we never stopped for a moment until the end of the dance. I felt very much inclined to take off my coat, which as it happened was a thick pea jacket, but feelings of propriety restrained me; I suffered for it though and must have lost several pounds weight that evening.

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Sunday August 17th.

At last we had a fine time down the bay and set sail about 6 am with a splendid breeze behind us. We took with us Mr Rankin, Père, Mr Connelly, his son, a boatman, quite a character, Jack Oliver by name, and two Indians; so that we had quite an addition to our small party. About half way up the Bay we met a whale boat with Mr Connelly's letters and papers, so we took them on board and ordered the men to take the boat back again to Rigoulette. About 6 miles above Rigoulette we saw some bears among the woods on shore but we had no way of stopping the vessel or we might have had a shot at them. It was not remarkable to see bears about here for about Rigoulette there are any number of them; I think 7 were killed while we were there, only a couple of days ago. We had a very fine run down to Rigoulette, only 11 hours for about 90 miles, very fair average sailing for a whole day. When we arrived we found our letters from St John's waiting for us; if we had gone down on Friday we might have caught the steamer, for she was very late and did not arrive until Friday evening.

Monday August 18th.

We went on shore in the morning and I vaccinated about 50 more people. The Collector was busy today making out his bills against the Hudson's Bay Company, who annually pay about £1000 duties to the Newfoundland Government. We spent the day on shore; I was engaged vaccinating for the people used to come miles to Rigoulette to be done, and by dozens at a time. At Rigoulette one of the fishermen was laid up with a scalded foot; he had fallen into a vat containing sulphuric acid which they use for something connected with the salmon tins, but he was getting on very nicely now. After tea Mr Connelly and his son with the two Indians started off again for North West River, they were prepared to camp out a night or two on the way, and the Indians would have to row the whole distance. The boat they went in was in itself small and light but they had it very heavily laden with provisions, blankets, cooking utensils and guns, so that if the wind came on heavy they would have to run her on shore and haul her up until the sea moderated. Mr Rankin had wanted him to bring down a larger canoe with about a half a dozen Indians, who would have paddled him up in half the time.

Tuesday August 19th.

I managed to vaccinate a few more people before leaving Rigoulette. About 11 am we left Rigoulette for the last time leaving Mr Rankin and Mr Rice there, the former was going to leave in the next steamer, to go up as far as she went through the Straits of Belle Isle. We did not go very far today but only as far as Mullion's Cove. I forgot to say that between Mullion's Cove and Rigoulette in the Bay were two islands, so much alike that they had been named the sisters. At Mullion's Cove we found Mr Norman, a son of Captain Norman of Indian Harbour. He was here

waiting to see the Judge about some case in which some men had destroyed his salmon nets. Some more people came on board at Mullion's Cove to be vaccinated.

Wednesday August 20th.

The Judge is now occupied with Captain Norman's case, who is applying against certain persons in the Bay for damaging his salmon nets, more especially against a man Pottle who lives at Collingham's Tickle, who has an idea that his wife should own the Salmon post occupied by Captain Norman; hence he takes advantage of all opportunities of damaging Norman's nets and is usually aided and abetted by his friends in the Bay. As it was determined to summons a few of the ringleaders, Jonas was sent for that purpose to Collingham's Tickle in the afternoon, and I went with him and had the opportunity of vaccinating a good many more, but as for the people who were summoned, they would not come unless all that had been engaged in the row were included, but that would never do, as 20 or 30 would be a great deal too many to deal with at a time.

Thursday August 21st.

As they would not come Jonas was sent back again to arrest the worst man, Pottle, and in a short time we saw him coming back again with this individual; if this man had refused to come they would not have been able to compel him, however when arrested he came quietly, but followed at a little distance by all his friends, some half dozen boats full, which swarmed alongside and irritated the Captain much by scraping a great lot of new paint off the vessel's sides. There was no doubt about Captain Norman's claim to the fishing post, that had been settled years before in the Supreme Court at St John's, but the only point was whether they had acted illegally in removing and destroying Captain Norman's nets. After a very long and tedious inquiry, during which time the vessel was overrun with people, the Judge came to the conclusion that they were guilty, and four of them were sentenced to be imprisoned or fined. Two were fined \$40 or 20 days imprisonment and the other two \$20 or 10 days imprisonment; they could all have paid the fines if they had cared to do so but they preferred to be looked upon as martyrs. One of them said that if he had done £10 worth of damage this year he would have done £50 worth before next year. I thought it very likely that the men on board might attempt to rescue the prisoners but the latter never came on deck at all but were quietly passed from the cabin into the prison quarters.

Friday August 22nd.

Being anxious to get away from Mullion's Cove as soon as possible on account of our prisoners we seized the first opportunity about 11 am, and ran down the bay, the breeze being very good, but it failed when we were about as far down as the Watch and Chain and we were becalmed for a considerable time. But we caught some very fine cod fish in the meantime with jiggers; some of them must have been

20lb in weight at least. Talking of cod fish reminds me that I forgot to mention that nearly all the inhabitants of the Bay are now assembled at Collingham's Tickle for the fishing; they fish for salmon in the early part of the summer and sell it, but when the salmon are past they get together in boats of all shapes and sizes and fish for cod fish for their own winter's consumption. For that purpose they generally congregate about Mullion's Cove or Collingham's Cove; they take things very quietly and do not seem to work particularly hard.

After we had been becalmed for some time a little breeze sprang up and we were enabled to reach Tub Island Harbour, between Lent Island and the mainland. The harbour is well enough for hanging out for the night but the land is so low that the wind has great effect on vessels anchored there, and once before this vessel lost one of her anchors here.

CHAPTER X — Sandwich Bay and Grady

Saturday August 23rd.

It was blowing pretty strongly this morning and we got out of the place pretty early, but very soon after it became very thick and foggy with rain and we could hardly see the land as we went along parallel with it, and pretty close in. It cleared up a little after we passed the Horse Chops, and Dumpling, and when we passed Huntingdon Island it was quite fine enough and we had a very fair breeze, so we ran straight up Sandwich Bay, or rather just inside the entrance to Cartwright. The entrance to Sandwich bay is blocked up by a large island which only leaves a very narrow channel on each side, on the north side the passage is not navigable for large vessels, but on the south side it is divided into two end portions and an intermediate portion; the first is narrow but deep enough, the second is greatly expanded and is in fact the fine extensive harbour known as "Cartwright Harbour," while the third portion leads from Cartwright Harbour into the Bay proper, it is very narrow and shallow but good enough for whale boats. Few vessels of any size go into Sandwich Bay, it is full of a few traders now and they go up in search of sandbanks with very little water in them so that it is very dangerous, a few traders now and then go up in search of salmon. Cartwright Settlement was founded by Major Cartwright a long time ago; he used to live there and trade with the Indians. It is said that he was so fond of sport that he kept a pack of foxhounds here. There is a story current that when first he went there he gave a native a fine tooth comb for a silver fox skin which was afterwards sold for £40 sterling in London. Cartwright is now in the possession of Messrs Hunt and Henley, to whom belongs the establishment at Grady formerly mentioned. Their head man is Mr Daw, and he lives here. He was very kind and entertained us hospitably. A staple article of diet here at this time of year is the "Curlew," which occurs here in great abundance, they are not very hard

to shoot if the sportsman has patience enough to wait concealed from them, they are sure to pass in a few minutes for they keep flying about in circles.

Sunday August 24th

It was too rough this morning to go on shore, so we contented ourselves on shore [?] as best we might. There is not much to be seen at Cartwright; there is a cemetery in which is a marble monument to Major Cartwright erected by his nieces "In memory of his work among the heathens." It is the only one of its kind that we saw upon the coast. The best thing about Cartwright is the "Harbour" which is indeed a magnificent one; the entrance is a lone rock and forms a right angle with the harbour itself so that no sea can come in from outside, where it is often rough enough. The harbour is of enormous size, and of good depth in most of its extent, it is said that it could give anchorage to the whole British Fleet. We had an opportunity of testing its powers, for the whole time we were there it blew heavily, in fact it was part of the great gale which did so much damage at Halifax NS and Sidney, etc. At Cartwright they chiefly deal in salmon; they have an establishment at Eagle River at the head of the Bay at which they tin the salmon. This year they thought they had about 40,000 tins in addition to a lot of salted salmon. Mr Daw kindly presented us with half a dozen tins each.

Monday August 25th.

We got on shore this morning and I vaccinated a few people; the people in Sandwich Bay are so scattered at this time of the year that it is not possible to get many together at a time, and I had neither the time nor the means to go round the bay looking for them. While entering all the houses I could find I came across a family who had been living in St John's in the winter. I was very sorry to find that they were not doing very well at this place. The NE wind which blows in the entrance still continued very strongly but thanks to the harbour we were in we did not mind it at all. We were rather anxious to get out of this Bay because the SS Walrus does not come up here but passes outside and I should not have liked to have missed her again.

Tuesday August 26th.

Wind was still in the same direction, but not quite so strong so we determined to beat her out of the Harbour if possible; with so strong a breeze we were across the entrance in no time, so it was one continuous change from one tack to the other; there was a nasty swell running against us but the tide was with us so we went out safely; it was very fortunate that she did not take it into her head to miss stays in the entrance when it would have proved very awkward. In 2½ hours we had gone over 8 miles and found ourselves in a little harbour called "Egg Harbour"; it was rather open but still the holding ground was pretty good. In Egg Harbour there were any amount of wild geese, but we could not get anywhere near them, they were so

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very wide awake; it was the first time I had ever seen these fine birds in the wild state, though I could not get very near them now.

Some of us went on shore and wandered about picking fruit and looking for curlew but just here there were none to be found, though in Cartwright they were regularly overrun with them. Coming off in the boat we saw a seal and at last got a flying shot at it, it was so wary that the moment the gun, or anything in the boat moved or was moved, he was gone in an instant, before the gun could be brought to the shoulder and fired; he used to come up in quite a different direction, sometimes closer, sometimes further away.

Wednesday August 27th.

Strong wind still and pretty foggy, so it was thought better that we should stay where we were for the day or until it cleared up a little; it is not very far down to Grady and we could run down on a clear day in a very short time.

Thursday August 28th.

We left Egg Harbour this morning and ran down to Grady; there was a heavy swell on and not much wind, so we went round Grady so as to go in by the larger entrance but even in it the sea was very rough and this made it rather dangerous. As we passed Curlew Harbour we saw the Quluare [?] lying there, getting coal from a Nova Scotia Schooner which had come down from Halifax on purpose. In the course of the day a boat from this schooner came over to Grady and brought over the Reverend Mr Campbell, a Presbyterian minister, who was taking his holidays in this way; he had come from Halifax in this schooner. The captain of the schooner had formerly been a trader on this coast but unfortunately had a row with a Custom House officer, Mr Knight's predecessor, and had fired off a gun at the time; and for this he was brought to court, and had been kept waiting so long, and had to pay so much for witnesses etc that he had been ruined; and had been forced to give up his vessel and was now captain of some other man's.

Friday, Saturday and Sunday, August 29th, 30th & 31st.

We stayed at Grady; we had not meant to do so but the prisoners were becoming ill, all of them had colds and coughs, in Hamilton Inlet they had been accustomed to very warm houses, some of them were awful, the heat being unbearable; as they now had no fire whatever and were obliged to shift as best they could they soon began to feel it. The Judge, of course, was very anxious about them and was continually consulting with me as to how they were getting on. I advised him to send them home in the steamer which was expected to pass up about this time, and as those who had been sentenced to 10 days imprisonment had almost completed their sentences, he determined to send them but said we should have to keep the others for a fortnight later. However as the men were really suffering in health from their unusual mode of life, I persuaded him that it would be better to send them

home as the next time they might not be in a position to catch the steamer, or the steamer, from rough weather, might pass away out at sea, then the prisoners might not be able to join their families for the remainder of the year, and then would come the question as to who was responsible for the families left during the winter without their protectors. At last I persuaded him to send them back; accordingly on Saturday when the steamer was seen coming along from Indian Tickle we all went out in a couple of boats to intercept her, and obtain our letters, and at the same time place the prisoners on board. Their passages were of course paid by the Government. It would not pay to have many prisoners at that price.

Captain Delaney of the "Walrus" is very obliging; he took us into his cabin and told us all the news, and gave us some papers to amuse ourselves with. We did not stop on board many minutes as we were keeping the steamer waiting, so we said "Good Bye" and went on shore again leaving our four prisoners rejoicing in their liberty. On Sunday Mr Gammon fitted up a store for Mr Campbell to have services in, and he had three services and preached at all three, generally about an hour each sermon; the singing might have been better if there had been more than one hymn book among the whole congregation, but as it was, it was almost a duet between the parson and Mr Knight who looked on the one book, but if any of the others knew the hymn they were afraid to sing out.

While we stayed at Grady we spent most of our time on shore, either in the hills looking out for the steamer, or wandering about without any definite object in view. We lived mainly on curlew, which occurs here in great abundance, and just now were in excellent condition, and in the evening we used to pass away an hour or two at a game of cards, only for love.

Monday 1 September

When Monday came, the 1st of September, Mr Knight thought we must go on, and in case the steamer should pass when he was not in post I thought it better to remain at Grady until she came by. Mr Gammon was only too glad to have me as there was not much business doing at Grady. Mr Campbell also stayed to wait for the steamer; he wanted to go on in the cutter but Mr Knight would not undertake the responsibility of putting him on board the steamer.

In the morning Mr Mabin was sending down a whale boat to Mullion's Cove, to inquire after some vessel said to have arrived there, so Mr Campbell seized the opportunity of going down and visiting some people there. I did not quite think it safe to go so far away as the steamer might come at any minute, but we got Mr Laurensen to promise to detain her for the regulation two hours, and then if we were not back to put our traps on board and trust to our boarding her further down, as she would have to pass pretty close to Mullion's Cove and I knew Captain Delaney would wait for us if he saw us. We ran down to Mullion's Cove with a fine breeze and found no vessel or anything there, but Mr Campbell visited "Joe" before mentioned and gathered together as many people as he could and had a

service. I thought he kept them a great deal too long at the sermon part and was getting very uneasy about the steamer, but at last we were ready to start away, and had to beat all the way up, though after a time the wind failed and the tide running against us, we were in rather an awkward predicament as beside Mr Mabin, Mr Campbell and myself there was only one man in the boat; however we got out our oars and stuck them like bricks, harder than ever when we saw the steamer coming down through Long Islands. At last we got up opposite Grady and then, getting a little breeze, we arrived at the landing pier just as the steamer's boat was also arriving.

Callahan, the post master, was very anxious to get off at once, but Laurenson would not give him the letters until we had our dinner of curlew pie, and then when we had finished he delivered up the mail bags. Unfortunately for himself and for the Mail Service it was not very difficult to detain Callahan anywhere, you had only to show him some grog, and unless he could pocket the bottle, as he often did, he would stop ashore as long as the mate would wait for him. Fortunately the mate, son of the captain, was a teetotaller, and used to lug him off by main force after a little, never allowing him to remain on shore unless there was any special reason.

Mr Laurenson would not hear of us going on board in the ship's boat, but sent us off in his own with a crew of six men, doing the thing in style. When we got on board we soon found the reason why the steamer was back again so soon; she had not been obliged to "lie to" during the night in Hamilton Inlet, but although there was a thick fog, the prisoners by going up the rigging and looking at the tops of the hills had been able to pilot her straight up without any delay. I was sorry to find that Mr Rankin was not on board, although he had told us most distinctly that if the steamer went up the bay, he would come in her, and we had been at pains to impress upon Captain Delaney that there were one or two passengers waiting for him at Rigoulette.

I forgot to mention that Mr Daw had been down in his whale boat from Cartwright to Grady a couple of mornings before this; he had had a very rough passage indeed and came in with both sails closely reefed; they had been nearly swamped having the misfortune to break their rudder by the stroke of a sea, however they soon recovered and rigged up a temporary one until they got into shelter. All the passengers were wet to the skin and it was amusing to see Mr Daw, who was a large man, going about in a suit of clothes belonging to Mr Mabin who was a little man. Mr Daw was a JP for this part of the world; he also acted as parson when there were any marriages to be performed. Mr Bendall at Battle Harbour was also a JP but as they have no policemen they have to do nearly everything themselves. He told me that a man rather the worse for grog had come up in front of his house wishing to fight him; as he had never seen the man before in his life he had no particular desire to punish him but as the man persisted in wanting to fight him, and was stripped for the purpose, he told him to go down to the wharf and wait for him there. On going down in a short time, here was the man ready for combat; however

with a man of Mr Bendall's size and strength the fellow had no chance, and indeed Mr Bendall did not give him one, for the very first blow which he dealt him, sent him flying over the head of the wharf into the water, where he was left to cool himself for a little, then pulled out and locked in a salt store until morning when he was let out a wiser and a sadder man. Mr Bendall says he has seen him occasionally since but has never had occasion to punish him again.

We did not get very far in the steamer that evening, for when we reached Indian Tickle, it was too late for so dangerous a passage as Indian Run. We found the cutter had gone on up the run. I introduced Mr Campbell at his own request to Mr Hermburg, who put him in the way of seeing a few people.

CHAPTER XI — Homeward Bound

Tuesday September 2nd.

Last evening was the first night on board the steamer and a more disgraceful state of affairs than exists on board cannot well be imagined. The Postmaster constitutes himself Master of Ceremonies on board though I think he has very little more business at all in the cabin than the cook has; however the kind of people that travel by this steamer are used to this kind of thing, and I think they rather look upon him as a wit and quite an original character. Well, of an evening, this man sits down in the cabin at the cabin table with the stewards, two useless specimens of which we had on board, and they commence to play cards and the language with which they show their delight or disgust at the run of luck, is choice, to say the least of it. They keep on this kind of thing to a late hour every evening, much to the annoyance of the other passengers. Now and then, when we are at anchor for the night, they pick up a couple more choice friends and bring them on board, and perhaps the friends may happen to have some brandy in their pockets, of which luckily there is none allowed to be sold on board.

From Indian Tickle we had a good run up Domino Run and stopped for a few minutes at the other end off Domino to take on board some letters, etc and to hear the accounts of the fishing. We then put into a harbour a little further on, of which I forget the name, but in here was the Revenue Cutter which had come up Domino Run the day before. When the boat from the steamer went on shore Mr Campbell and I went too, he to see if he could get a place to preach in, for the steamer was supposed to stay two hours, and I went so I could get on board the Cutter and have some breakfast there. After breakfast a man came down to say the steamer was whistling and had her boats up, so we at once started off for her and would have arrived before her anchor was weighed, but then I remembered Mr. Campbell and that, most likely, the captain would think he was with me, so we turned back to look for him on shore, and at last I found out the house in which he was holding forth, and disturbed them by telling him that he would lose his passage.

However even that did not bring him along to the boat until I had sent a second time, to tell him that if he was determined to lose his passage he might as well say so, and let me catch mine if I could for by this time the steamer was only waiting for us. When we got on board Captain Delaney of course thought it was all my fault and I was lectured accordingly, but after a time he found out that it was Mr Campbell who tried to insist on two hours delay at every place we stopped at, but the captain politely informed him that such a thing was simply impossible, so he finally gave in.

Mr Campbell was certainly a most earnest and energetic minister, but it is a question whether in many cases he did not let his zeal run away with his common sense. He was afterwards described by a learned and esteemed minister of his own denomination as "Instant in season and out of season, more especially out of season".

The next place we arrived at was Venison Tickle; we ran in one side and stayed for about a quarter of an hour opposite the wharf, and then steamed out again the other side; we did not go on shore here, for all the time it was raining very hard indeed and we knew we were to wait here only a few minutes.

Soon after we had left Venison Tickle it came on to blow very hard and it became very foggy and disagreeable, so the captain determined to run in for shelter in Snug Harbour where we lay quite comfortably close to the rocks with the water about 40 fathoms deep and perfectly smooth. As we were going to stay here all night Mr Campbell had a regular field day onshore, but I did not go with him.

Wednesday September 3rd.

We left Snug Harbour pretty early in the morning, and having put in to several places, we stopped at a place called Fishing Ship's Harbour about 3 o'clock in the afternoon; it was necessary to stop somewhere as we had to take in water and this was a good place for that. It was not far from Francis Bight, just opposite in fact. Either this day or the day before, for I forget its correct situation, we passed a most peculiar Harbour called Punch Bowl, from its shape; it is very still and deep, surrounded by a well marked ridge broken only at the place where the entrance is, but this entrance is quite narrow, just room for a steamer of any size, and it then expands into a harbour of considerable dimensions. We did not stop here many minutes but I saw some poor people who came on board and gave them some medicines.

Before we came to Fishing Ship's Harbour, though I forget exactly how long before, we had been up a bay of considerable size whose name I cannot remember. Here we picked up Captain Abraham Bartlett, part owner and former captain of the Panther, and father of the present captain of that steamer.

As we were lying in Fishing Ship's Harbour, and the men were all away in the boats, getting the water, we saw some men enclosing some herring in a seine and they had such an enormous number in the net, that when they ran at the net it used

to sink, so Captain Delaney and Captain Bartlett who were both old stagers at this kind of work were anxious to go and help them; so we three jumped into an old boat, which happened to be lying alongside while its owner was on board. I sculled them about while they held on to the net and tried to keep it above water, and stuck oars in it and anything in that way that would make it more buoyant; and after a time the net was properly floated and moored and we returned to our ship. It was estimated that there must have been more than 100 barrels of herring in that net. In the evening when the men were casting the herring out of the seine, they brought us some on board for our trouble, and very good they were too.

After tea we went down with Mr Campbell to a little fishing village and he held a service in one of the houses. I was going with a man and a boy to see a sick woman and we had a most primitive way of getting into the boat, especially as it was pitch dark. We walked along on what they called the Stage Head, looking out very carefully for holes that were big enough for a man to slip through, and when we came to the end we had to slip down one of the shores into the boat; the boy went first and slid down the post, but missed the boat so slid right down into the water being unable to stop himself, however we managed to get into the boat and very soon pulled him out little the worse.

Thursday September 4th

Next morning (4th) before I was up I heard a voice that I thought was familiar to me and on looking out saw Mr Currie, who had come on board from Francis Harbour, and was going up the coast with us. We soon came to Battle Harbour but did not go in; we passed outside the islands and then sent the boat in; after a time it came out again and we saw Mr Bishop in it, together with his housekeeper, and they both came on board as passengers.

The next stopping place was Cape Charles, and there we landed Mr Currie again who was going to stay here for a time. We did not stay very long but soon went on to Henley Harbour, in one side and out the other. Mr Taylor of Chateau came down looking for a letter and the Postmaster assured him there were none for him so he went away disappointed, but on our way home, as we were looking over the letters, we came across one for that injured individual which the wretched Postman had mislaid. After leaving Henley the next place was Red Bay, but it was night when we got there so we did not go in, but went on to L'AnseauLoup and anchored there off Schooner Cove and went on shore, though it was the middle of the night, and saw Mr Watson. Captain Bartlett was very much interested in this fishing room, for it is one of the best belonging to Newfoundland owners, though it is not in any way comparable to those at Blanc Sablon.

Friday September 5th

We left Schooner Cove early in the morning and were down at Red Bay before breakfast time and went on shore and had breakfast with Captain Penny on the

island. Mr Campbell was all anxiety to have a trial of the Church here, but we told him he would not have time, and if he had no one would go for they were all too busy; so he settled down quietly to breakfast. But when he found that the steamer did not go on for two hours, he was very sorry he had not attempted to have a service.

We left Red Bay at about 10.30 am en route for Tilt Cove, which is the stopping place for this steamer, for here she meets the Leopard, the Northern Coastal Mail boat. At first the day was fine but when we got over on the Newfoundland side and came near Kispou [?] the wind came ahead and so strongly too that at times we scarcely made any headway whatever, and as the steamer was now very light having burnt nearly all her coal which she had been carrying all the summer as ballast, she used to toss about in a most uncomfortable manner. On deck it was very disagreeable, foggy and very wet, and when one did get shelter from the rain there was always danger of being wet by a heavy sea which every now and then came over with a vengeance. All night we continued to labour along; however we found some employment in sorting the letters, which certainly needed it, for a more disreputable post office I never before laid eyes on. In sorting the letters we constantly came across some which should have been delivered on the coast; there was one for Mr Taylor of Chateau Bay, 2 for Captain Renny of Red Bay, and various other letters which should have been delivered long before. Some of them may have been carried more than once past their original destination.

Saturday September 6th.

This morning was fine though the wind was still ahead; on going on deck before breakfast I found that we were in the neighbourhood of the Grey Islands, off the French shore and the wind was so strong that we could make very little way; so after a time we got up our fore and after canvas and kept dodging her along under steam and sail, and so we managed to make some way. As the day wore on the wind moderated a good deal and there was not much when we rounded Cape John; we went between Cape John and Gull Island on which, I mentioned before, the Queen was lost. After rounding Cape John we soon got up to Tilt Cove which we reached about 3 pm having taken 29 hours only from Red Bay. We found SS Leopard had not arrived although generally she is there and waiting for the Walrus, but this trip the Walrus had done her work very well.

When we arrived at Tilt Cove we found them all on the wharf looking out for us, and although Mr McKay himself was not there they invited us up to the house, and made us quite comfortable.

CHAPTER XII — Newfoundland Again

At Tilt Cove I met Dr Alexander, whom I had not seen before, as his predecessor was there when I was there before. Mr Gill the Agent then invited the two parsons and myself up to the "Cottage" as it is called, and both of the others were to sleep there while I was to go to the Doctor's house. Staying here were Mr and Mrs Smith, another Clergyman of the Church of England; they had come for the purpose of marrying Mr Bishop, expecting the young lady to come on from St John's in the Leopard, but when that steamer arrived there was no young lady on board, and then it turned out he was going to marry his housekeeper who had come down in the steamer with us. A young naval officer Mr Hipsley was staying here; he had been down for the hunting and was staying in the doctor's house also, but there was only one spare bed so we had either to share it or one of us sleep with the doctor. Now, I had been going to sleep with the doctor but this man would not hear of it; nothing would please him but that I should take the bed and he would camp out on the floor of an empty room, and he really did too with nothing but a rug and a small bag for a pillow; and he enjoyed it so much that we could not get him up in the morning until about noon. He slept there the second night also and said he slept very comfortably indeed.

Sunday September 7th.

This morning Mr Campbell treated us to a Scotch service in the Church and after dinner one of the other clergymen treated us to another sermon. In the evening Mr Campbell had again a crowded meeting in the School Room. The SS Leopard arrived this morning and then went on to Nipper's Harbour further up the bay. Mr Mack, the clergyman at Fogo, came in her to be present at Mr Bishop's marriage.

Monday September 8th.

On Saturday morning we had gone over to the copper mine. I had been over there a few years ago but was glad of another opportunity. We obtained several specimens of the varieties of copper and nickel.

Tilt Cove itself is a neat little settlement; all the houses are white in colour, walls and roofs, and are arranged with great regularity around a small lake. On one side of the lake are the miners' cottages, while on the other side are the houses of the officials of various grades. There is just enough shore around the edge of the lake for the houses and a road in front of them, and then the hills are very steep close behind. On the east side there is more shore than on the other but this is mostly artificial, and the garden, which is a very good one is made out of the ballast of vessels coming from England for copper. From the lake there is a little stream running down into Tilt Cove proper; then there is a fine pier, two stories high, with tramway rails on each flat; this is for loading vessels with the ore of which there are some enormous heaps close by.

Mr Bishop got married this morning in the Church here; the wedding was barely over when the SS Leopard came in, so we had to hurry off again. About 11 am we bid good bye to our kind friends at Tilt Cove and started off in the steamer. We had on board Mr Duder, the Fishery Commissioner of the Labrador Coast, who had put into a small harbour near Tilt Cove, his vessel having lost her main mast, literally rolled it out, so he left her there to get a new one and came on to St John's in the steamer. Also on board were Mr and Mrs Smith, Mack, Campbell, Hipsley and William Smith, together with Father McCormack who had found his way down as far as this on his way home.

We soon arrived at a little Settlement called Exploit[s], at the mouth of one of the largest rivers in Newfoundland, the Exploit[s] River. Here we landed Mr and Mrs Smith and Father McCormack, the former of whom kindly invited the latter to stay with them. We all went on shore here with the Mate when he went with the letters, and as he said he would allow us half an hour we adjourned to Mr Smith's house and came back again to the pier in about 20 minutes, when to our disgust we found the boat was on her way out to the steamer again; she would not come back for us so we all jumped into a boat, nearly a dozen of us, and a couple of men rowed us out to the steamer which was waiting all the time. I knew that there was no violent hurry for as the steamer is bound by her contract to wait 2 hours if required, the Captain, even if so inclined, would not have dared to go away leaving so many of his passengers on shore by no fault of their own further than that of going on shore at all.

We arrived at Twillingate just before dark and anchored there for the night, of course, as usual, we went on shore and called on Mr Hodge, who, towards midnight came on board with us to go on to Fogo in the morning. When I arrived on board I found Mr Wintour [James Spearman Winter], a Confederate Electioneering Agent on board; although it was a wet night I found that he was still pacing the deck, and on enquiring the cause, heard that they had been unable to give him a berth as they were all full, at which fact he seemed to have taken great offence, and thought that because the steamer belonged to the Government party while he was of the opposition, that consequently they were all against him. And although I tried to persuade him he would not go on the sofa in the cabin for fear he should disturb any friend of the Government. I told him I would see the Government and its friends a good deal further before I would walk the deck all night when it was so wet, for their accommodation; but I think he wanted to make a martyr of himself that he might be able to run down the Government with increased venom at the next public meeting in which he took part.

Tuesday September 9th.

This morning we deposited Mr Mack at Fogo, and then went on again about breakfast time. We called in at a great many places after leaving Fogo, such as Trinity, Catalina, etc, the last being Bay de Verde and then we went straight on to

St John's which we reached about 4.30 pm and dropped anchor in the harbour. No one came off to meet me, but after a time Henry Johnson came off in a boat and I landed with him. I found no one at home the elders being away at Topsail and the younger ones at the cottage so I had to remain at home for a time by myself.

Soon after arriving at St John's I forwarded my report to the Colonial Secretary giving him the names and ages of the persons vaccinated, and asking for an extra allowance of pay in consequence of my having been detained, much to my own inconvenience, a fortnight after the time agreed upon; but I soon got an answer to say that the Government were very much pleased with my work but that they considered I was sufficiently remunerated, and so I was forced to be content.

APPENDIX A

Places visited and numbers vaccinated in each:

St Anthony	15
Red Bay	28
Blanc Sablon	0
Lance St Clare*	22
Lance Amour*	3
Lance à Loup*	18
Lance au Diable*	11
Capstan Island	6
West St Modeste	15
Pinware	15
East St Modeste	7
Carrol's Cove	6
Henley Harbour	30
Chateau Bay	7
Cape Charles	37
Battle Harbour	21
Trap Cove	9
Matthew's Cove	28
Francis Harbour	0
Dead Islands	0
Venison Tickle	20
Indian Tickle	0
Grady	0
Mullion's Cove	0
S East Cove	0

Dumpling	0
Hamilton Inlet	399
Tub Island Harbour	0
Cartwright	17
Egg Harbour	<u>0</u>
Total	714

Most of the places in which there were no persons to vaccinate were inhabited by Newfoundland people who only remained for the summer during the fishing season, and then returned to Newfoundland for the winter.

* Modern spellings of these names differ slightly from Grandfather's usage, for example L'Anse au Diable, L'Anse Amour.

APPENDIX B

Report of Patrick J. Scott to His Hon. Jas. L. Noonan, Colonial Secretary.⁷
 St John's, August 1, 1873

Sir:

I have the honour to report for the information of his Excellency the Governor that in accordance with his instructions contained in your communication to me under date 25th July, AD 1873 I proceeded in the steamship "Panther" to Pitts Arm, Chateau Bay off which place the vessel anchored at 5 AM on Monday July 28 ulto. having left St. John's on the preceding Friday at 11 o'clock PM. Soon after anchoring, two fishing boats came alongside and from their crews we learned the glad news that the "W. Stares" had not been lost as she had left Henley Harbour on the preceding Thursday with all on board well.

I then, accompanied by Dr. [Charles] Crowdy, Capt. Samuel Bartlett, W. Hackett and some other friends of the party on board the Schooner, went on shore at Henley Harbor [sic] to obtain a confirmation of this intelligence from someone on whose statement I would feel justified in relying. Mr Hunt, a planter, who is I understand a resident of Carbonear and a reliable man, confirmed the statements which had been detailed by the others who boarded the vessel, and as he informed us we had reason to believe the Schooner had gone to Battle Harbor. We got under way for Battle Harbour as soon as possible and arrived there at 2.45 PM on Monday 28th inst. when we had the extreme pleasure of meeting those for whom we went to inquire in the enjoyment of the best of health but a little anxious to know the effect which the report of their loss had had in St. John's. From Mr. Collector

Knight, Judge Pinsent and Capt. Hackett I learned that the circumstances which gave rise to the report which caused such uneasiness and anxiety, not alone to the immediate families and friends of those on board the Schooner "W. Stares" but the whole community were as follows:

On the 5th July about noon the Schooner left Dégrat and when crossing the strait it became very foggy and dangerous on account of the very many icebergs about; the wind blowing freely w. to W.N.W., with smooth water, about 5 P.M. after having twice made in for land she touched on York Point and hung a few minutes losing a piece of her keel but sustaining no injury requiring repairs; as she made no water on account of the loss of part of the keel this piece covered in part with a little copper was found in a salmon net. The vessel after getting off again made for the land but then sustained no injury after which it was deemed more prudent to again cross the strait which was done; the dense fog continuing. At the time the vessel struck two men were on York Point and saw the Schooner and probably presumed from the shout which the crew gave naturally at the time that the damage had been fatal. There was no confusion on board; and as far as I could learn from those in the vessel at the time had no apprehension regarding the safety of their own lives as the water was quite smooth at the time. On Tuesday the crew of the "W. Stare" assisted those of the "Panther" in putting coals in the "Bunkers" which work was completed about 1 P.M. Owing however to the state of the wind at the time it was not deemed prudent to start until it should abate somewhat which occurred about 5 P.M. The crew of the "W Stares" assisted again in getting the "Panther" under weigh and but for the help rendered by them the steamship could not have left until Wednesday late in the morning. No delay was made except what was necessary and at 8 oclock P.M. the "Panther" had cleared the islands which make Battle Harbor and was once again on her way to St. John's where we arrived at 1.35 P.M. today. While anchored off Pitt's Arm a Schooner came out of Chateau and went apparently up the strait, those men who came on board told that it was the Fishery Protection Schooner with Mr. Duder, but she was gone when we heard this. She had no distinguishing mark by which we could have known her at the time to have been what we heard; This was regretted very much by me and I had no opportunity of communicating with her afterwards. I can not conclude my report without giving expression to the respect which Capt. Samuel Bartlett Master of the "Panther" has entitled himself to in this matter by the kindness with which he treated those who took passage with him and his evident skill as a sailor.

I have the honor
to be, Sir,
Your Most Obedient Servant,
Patrick J. Scott

Notes

¹The original handwritten copy of Frederic Hamilton Crowdy is located at the Provincial Archive of Newfoundland and Labrador (PANL). PANL MG 970 Box 1. Transcribed from the original by Joseph P. Crowdy in 1996. The diary was obviously edited and amended after the fact by F.H. Crowdy.

²For further information on James Crowdy, see *The Dictionary of Canadian Biography*, Vol. 9, 168-9.

³J.E.M. Pitt. "Carrington, Rev. Frederick Hamilton." *Encyclopedia of Newfoundland and Labrador*. Vol. 1. Joseph R. Smallwood, ed. St. John's: Newfoundland Book Publishers (1967), 357.

⁴Accounts of this wreck can be found in *The Courier*, Jan. 1, 1868 and May 6, 1868, as well as *The Telegram*, May 13, 1868. J.P. Andrieux, in his *Marine Disasters and Shipwrecks of Newfoundland and Labrador, Vol. 1, 1822-1938*. [n.p.]: O.T.C. Press, 1992, 28-30, cites a diary kept by one of the victims as describing acts of cannibalism.

⁵Capt. William Martin. See "Hamilton Inlet." *Encyclopedia of Newfoundland and Labrador*. Vol. 2. Joseph R. Smallwood, ed. St. John's: Newfoundland Book Publishers (1967) Ltd., 1988. 784-6.

⁶See "Indian Harbour, Groswater Bay." *ENL*. 38-9.

⁷Patrick J. Scott to the Colonial Secretary, August 1, 1875. PANL GN 2/22/A 1870, 1873-1874 Box 2. Transcribed by R.E.B.