

from what I have seen of native Labradoreans. While the journey they undertake is one in which the skill of Indians or half-breeds, familiar with Labrador wildernesses would be of great value and would add to the comfort of our party, it is very doubtful if any living person has ever been to the falls or knows any more about the last, and probably the hardest part of the trip, than Cary. And, further, the travel is so difficult that about all a man can carry is supplies for himself; and the Indians cannot stand the pace that our men intend to strike; nor, if it should come to the last extremity, and a forlorn hope was needed to make a last desperate push for discovery or relief, could the Indian guides, so far as we have any knowledge of them, be relied on. That the boldest measures are often the surest, will probably again be demonstrated by our Grand River party.

We tried the exploring boats very thoroughly at Chateau Bay, three of us getting caught about six miles from the vessel in quite a blow, and the well-laden boat proved herself very seaworthy. When loaded, she still draws but little water, and is good in every way for the trip.

This letter was begun in the fine breeze off Newfoundland, but could not be mailed till the port of entry and post-office of Labrador, Battle Harbor, was reached. A week was consumed in getting from our first anchorage in Labrador to this harbor, as the captain was unaccustomed to icebergs, and properly decided to take no risks with them in the strong shifting currents and thick weather of the eastern end of the straits. The wind was ahead for several days, and the heavy squalls coming off the land in quick succession made us fear the wind would drop and leave us banging around in the fog that usually accompanies a calm spell, so we kept close to harbors and dodged in on the first provocation.

The season is three weeks late this year; the first mail boat has not yet arrived, though last year at this time she was on her second trip. The last report from the North—down the coast they call it—that went to Newfoundland and St. Johns was “that it was impassable ice this side Hamilton Inlet.” A vessel—a steam sealing bark—though, that was here yesterday and has gone to Sidney, C. B. I., reports now that the coast is clear to Hopedale. Beyond we know nothing about it.

On Henley and Castle Islands, at the mouth of Chateau Bay, are basaltic table-lands about half a mile across, perfectly flat on top and about two hundred feet high. We walked around one, went