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the travellers were finally arrested, and placed under a military guard. They were informed that the local authorities were in consultation as to what should be done with them, and it transpired later that their arrest was in fact ordered by letter from Khatmandu, the Nepalese capital. Mr. Moorcroft, who was armed at the moment of arrest, was treated with great violence, and his arms were pinioned. Hearsey was held by several men, but not bound. The pundits and other followers of the party were shackled to wooden blocks. Mr. Moorcroft acted with great courage and firmness, and after a time secured his own release and that of his servants.

Hyder Hearsey writes with great indignation of the manner in which he and Mr. Moorcroft were treated, but as the Gurkhas had been ordered by their rulers to arrest the party, who obviously declined to stop when requested to do so, it is hard to see how violence could have been altogether avoided. After various communications with Bam Sah, the Gurkha governor of the Almora district, and Amar Singh, the commander-in-chief of the Gurkha army, Moorcroft and Hearsey were released on November 1. The Pundits, however, still remained in irons until November 5, when a letter arrived from the Maharaja of Nepal, directing that the whole party should be set at liberty and escorted into British territory.

So ended this adventurous journey, the first occasion on which English travellers from India traversed the Himalaya mountains into Western Tibet, and visited the sacred lake of Mansarowar, the great plain between the Himalayas and the Kuen-lun mountains, and the upper waters of the river Sutlej.

NOTES ON A JOURNEY THROUGH THE NORTHERN PENINSULA OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

By H. C. THOMSON.

IN spite of the fact that the railway now goes right across Newfoundland, the interior is still comparatively little known, more especially that portion of it extending from Bonne bay to Cape Norman, forming part of the French shore, and commonly known as Le Petit Nord. Before long it will be traversed from end to end in the search for the mineral wealth it is believed to contain, for the country itself is an easy one to travel in. Last summer a friend, Mr. W. H. Burt, and myself spent six weeks in wandering through it, and these notes may be of assistance to those who wish to undertake a similar journey.

Sir Robert Bond, the Premier, very kindly gave us letters of introduction to different people along the coast, and also to Mr. J. P. Howley, F.G.S., the Director of the Geological Survey, who knows more

of the interior than any one in Newfoundland. To him we are indebted for much kindness, and for a great deal of invaluable information.

By the advice of Mr. Howley, we arranged with Matthieu Michel, a Mic-mac trapper, more generally called Mattie Mitchell, the only man who has ever made a connected journey from one end of the northern peninsula to the other, to go with us as guide. He took with him his son, a boy of sixteen, and Reuben Smith, another reliable Bonne bay guide.

Everything had to be carried on our own backs; so we took nothing that was not absolutely needful, every pound being a matter of consequence. We left Bonne bay on August 29, and ascended to the high plateau that lies to the north of the bay by a landslide, or "scrape," to use the local expression, of over 1000 feet in height, of exceedingly slippery blue slate, on which it was difficult to obtain a foothold.

The weather was clear and warm. The summer had been an exceptionally hot one, many days over 90° in the shade, and although the approach of autumn was already beginning to make itself felt, the lowlands were carpeted with flowers and with a profusion of berries.

On August 31 we crossed the watershed. We could see south as far as the Topsails, the hills over which the railway passes on its way to the Grand pond; whilst to the north-east there lay before us a long succession of small lakes, or ponds, as they are called in Newfoundland. The first of these the men knew as the Stag pond. Its sides were covered with the blue flag, and with a species of lily called the beaver root, constituting the chief food of the beaver, which the Indians say is good for consumption. Michel told us that in the Stag pond one of the branches of the Humber rises.

On September 1 and 2 our course took us over broken ground, ridge after ridge of low hills, with intervening lakes. Up to this point we had met with nothing but hard granite and syenite, with no sign of mineral in it.

On September 3 we crossed the Humber, the northern branch of the river. In the old maps it is depicted flowing in an almost straight line from a big lake at the back of Doctor's Hill, a considerable way to the north of Hawke's bay. The existence of this lake was based mainly on conjecture, and in the more recent maps it was left out altogether, the source of the Humber being taken to be Adie's pond. Prof. Jukes, writing in 1840, mentions, however, that the Indians said that "the Humber flows from two large ponds on the eastern flank of the long range, about in the latitude, or as they expressed it, at the back of Cow's Head." This, Michel said, was actually the case, that there are really three sources—one in Adie's pond; one in Stag pond, where we had already met with it; and the one we were then crossing, which rises in a pond at the back of Cow's Head. There is, as a matter of fact, a large lake in the interior, which Michel had once visited, but it

lies a good deal to the south of where it was placed on the old maps, and is where I have placed it on the accompanying map. The Humber is not connected with it in any way, but it drains into either Cat Arm or Harbour Deep; Michel is not sure which, but he thinks into Harbour Deep. He canoed all round it, and called it the Lake of Three Hundred Islands, from the immense number of small islands with which it is studded. He calculated that it is rather over 20 miles in length, and from 10 to 15 miles in width. Our march after this took us over thickly wooded hills to the Sop's Arm river, the wood being almost entirely fir, rather stunted, with hardly any spruce or birch. Very few

LAKE ON THE WEST SIDE OF THE BLUE MOUNTAIN.

of the lakes of this high plateau contain fish; either the water is too cold, or the streams issuing from them have high falls up which the salmon are not able to pass.

On September 4 we altered our course for Parson's pond, not having time to go on to the Sop's Arm Steady, as we intended. The morning was misty, we could hardly see 20 yards ahead of us, and the walking was difficult, the toil of forcing a way through the thick undergrowth being very great. We rose gradually to a broad, fairly even barren, with here and there a curious saddle-backed outcrop of granite, generally from about 100 to 200 feet in length and 50 feet in width at the base, terminating at the top in a sharp ridge—a curious formation for which we were unable to account. There was evidently much iron about, for the compasses swung a good deal.

On September 5 our course took us over a rocky, moss-covered barren, fairly dry, and with comparatively little bog, and about mid-day we came to the end of the gorge which lies at the back of the upper Parson's pond. It is a deep-cleft ravine with cliffs nearly 2000 feet in height, rising almost sheer, and approaching to within a few hundred yards of each other. Between them winds a long sinuous lake which entirely fills up the gorge, so that the only way through it would be by making a raft. Beyond the lake we could see a low strip of green marshland, and beyond that the azure sea. The atmosphere was of that extraordinary clearness which one so often finds in mountains after rain. The hills were cleft by ravines at short intervals, forming flat-topped

LONG RANGE AT THE BACK OF PARSON'S POND.

barrens with abrupt sides, giving them, from the sea, the appearance of gigantic barns; that, doubtless, as Archbishop Howley pointed out to me, being the origin of the French name "La Grange" of this mountain chain, of which the English "Long Range" is probably a corruption.

The sides of the gorge were too steep to be attempted with our heavy loads, and the timber, seen through our glasses, looked too small to make a raft with of sufficient strength to risk ourselves upon it on the lake, as the wind blows like a hurricane through these funnel-shaped openings between the hills. There was nothing for it but to hark back along the crest of the Long Range to try and find an easier descent.

On the 6th, after a stiff climb up and down rocky ridges, we came

on a small ring-shaped pond into which a good-sized brook flowed, but to which there was no apparent outlet. High cliffs on both sides rose almost perpendicularly, and at the other end of the pond we came on a narrow valley shut in by hills on three sides. We clambered down by a dry rocky watercourse, and after a couple of hundred feet of descent came upon a fairly large stream issuing by an underground outlet from the lake above. We found here a few traces of copper and a little pyrrhotite. In the wood at the bottom of the valley the flies, which had not troubled us at all on the uplands, were exceedingly bad, both black flies and mosquitoes. In places the scrub was so thick that we had to cut our way through it with the axes, and finally had to wade down the stream in icy cold water for a couple of miles to a chain of little lakes with a strip of level land between them and the hills, covered with a thick growth of stunted spruce and juniper—"tucking bushes" as they are called in Newfoundland—which, in our tired state, proved more difficult to walk upon than anything we had yet experienced. The branches interlace like a creeper, but are not strong enough to bear a man's weight, and the labour of wading through them, encumbered with a heavy load, is extreme.

On the 7th we came to bigger timber, spruce and birch intermingled with the fir, and a rapid descent by a trapper's path brought us out on the extreme end of Parson's pond, on a soft piece of swampy ground. We edged along the pond to the camp of the Newfoundland Petroleum Company, where Mr. Powell, the manager, kindly put us up. The company has three boreholes on different sides of the pond, each over 2000 feet in depth. The oil is of good quality, but as yet the supply is scanty. The rocks here are stratified rocks, mostly sandstones and limestones, belonging to one of the older geological formations.

On September 8 an exceedingly trying march over boggy ground, into which we sank over our knees in the soft spongy moss, making walking excessively laborious, took us out to Sandy bay at the mouth of the river, where we put up in a comfortable little fisherman's boarding-house. Unfortunately, there were no sealskin boots to be had, nor were we able to get any until we arrived in Port Saunders. They are quite indispensable for a journey of this kind.

From Sandy bay we followed the Government road along the sea-shore as far as the Portland Creek river, where we camped. A French sailor, Alain Ofry, who has settled here, said the soil in places was excellent, as good as any he had seen in his native Brittany. Potatoes, cabbages, and turnips all do well. He has a large garden, eleven sheep, and several cows. There is plenty of pasturage for the cattle, and an abundance of hay. The soil, it is true, is boggy, but there is a strip, which he took me to see, running along the coast from half a mile to a mile in width, which consists of a dry peaty soil with a clay subsoil of altogether about 5 feet in depth, on which he said almost anything

STAG POND.

would grow. He told us he had no trouble whatever with the sheep, except from the dogs. He only had a few, but he thought there would be no difficulty in keeping any quantity that might be desired.

The general view in St. Johns is that the country is quite impracticable for sheep, the ground being too wet and barren; but, so far as I was able to learn, both liver-fluke and foot-rot are unknown, and the few sheep that are now kept along the west coast, which is by far the most promising side of the island for sheep, do well, and have no difficulty in getting through the winter, and the exposure makes them grow a remarkably fine and full fleece, the wool fetching a high price. Whether sheep-raising could ever be rendered profitable on a large scale can, however, only be demonstrated by one or two attempts made by practical sheep-farmers with a sufficiently large capital to ensure a fair trial. If it could be, the market both in Great Britain and in America would be a near and a lucrative one.

It is curious that the original settlers took a much more hopeful view of the question than the present generation of Newfoundlanders, whose attention is devoted almost entirely to the fisheries. Captain Hayes, whom I will again quote, said, "the grasse and herbe doth fat sheepe in very short space, proved by English merchants, which have carried sheep thither for fresh victuall, and had them raised exceeding fat in less than three weekes."

There most certainly is no want of pools, and the constant rain and the great extent of bog land have given rise to the opinion that sheep could

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not possibly thrive. At the present time there are not 100,000 in the whole island (at the last census there were 78,000), although it is a third larger than Ireland. But in Finland, in which the proportion of water and swamp is even greater, comprising 32 per cent. of the whole, and where the rock formation is of a very similar nature, the number of sheep—according to the *Times* Encyclopædia—at the last census was found to be no less than 1,092,420, whilst in Norway there were 1,417,500, and in Sweden 1,261,493.

On September 12, from Portland creek we went 4 miles further along the coast to Daniel's harbour, and thence made our way again inland over the same kind of country, marshes and lakes in the low ground (which is there of much greater extent) lying between the hills and the sea. In places we came upon fairly good timber, and immediately under the hills we found a series of long and deep lakes, one of which we had to cross by means of a raft. On the other side we found ourselves immediately beneath the Blue mountain, the Mic-mac name for which, Michel told us, is Naskwotchu, or Blue hill.

NORTHERN BRANCH OF HUMBER RIVER.

Our course took us right across it, but unfortunately the day was wet and misty, and we could see but little of the surrounding country, though Michel pointed out the position of the great island-covered lake which he had once visited, and to which his name has since been given by Mr. Howley. In the glimpses of sunshine we could see almost as far as Canada bay, following the north-easterly trend of the Long range, the granitic backbone of the peninsula.

On the other side of the mountain we travelled through some remarkably fine timber to another and even larger lake, where we again had to build a raft. It took us a day and a half to get round to the other side, as there was a nasty lop on the lake which sent the

GORGE AT BACK OF PARSON'S POND.

water right over the raft and delayed us considerably. I should mention that the honour of giving my name to this lake has been conferred on me. From the other side we made our way to Hawke's bay through fairly level and heavily timbered land.

It took us altogether ten days of hard marching to get from Daniel's harbour to Hawke's bay, and for the last four days we only had half a pound of flour a day each, with tea and a little sugar.

The unbroken silence was profoundly impressive, with the absence both of animal and of bird life. There were, no doubt, great numbers of caribou, for we saw their tracks everywhere; but we never heard them and hardly ever saw them. Prof. Jukes had a similar experience,

"Notwithstanding," he says, "the abundance of deer in many places I visited, I was never lucky enough to see one alive, nor have I seen more than one recently killed." Michel said the deer were, if anything, increasing in number. Nor did we come across any bears, which are still common in some parts of the island. Beavers are practically extinct, and so are wolves, whose place has been taken of late years by the lynx, which is said to have made its way over from Labrador, for it was formerly unknown. As yet the wolverine, or carcajou, so much dreaded by the Indians in Labrador, has not made its appearance. The Canadian hare, which in Newfoundland is called the rabbit, was very scarce, a disease having almost exterminated it during the preceding two years. Bird life also was scanty: we saw no curlew, which are said to have been formerly so plentiful; only a few snipe and twillick, and here and there a few ptarmigan and willow grouse, and an occasional duck, or fish-hawk or loon. The only exception was the ubiquitous jay, the *Corvus Canadensis*, two or three of them never failing to visit our camp in quest of food; and at night we used sometimes to hear the hooting of an owl. The absence of reptile life was even more remarkable; not a snake, or lizard, or frog, or toad. None had ever been seen in the island, until some frogs were imported by a Canadian enthusiast and turned loose near St. John's a year or two ago.

From Hawke's bay it was a day's march to Port Saunders, where we were at last able to get sealskin boots, the want of which had made the last few days exceedingly trying. As it was, we were able to complete our journey to Flower's cove on the Straits of Belle Isle in comparative comfort. From Hawke's bay the land slopes gradually down, until in the extreme north it becomes flat and low, not more than 100 feet above the sea-level, and the formation changes from granite and quartzite to a compact cherty limestone with an almost horizontal stratification.

At Port-au-Choix we were kindly received by Captain Laurent, who put us up, and sent us across the following day in one of his schooners to Bartlett's harbour, on the other side of St. John's bay, thereby saving us a troublesome march of about 30 miles. The obstacle of the French treaty rights, which stood in the way for so long of the development of this coast, has now been happily settled by the Anglo-French Convention, and there is no reason why the French shore should not now be profitably worked, as regards both mines and agriculture, as well as the fisheries, if it be found that such development is practicable.

And although the climate is a hard one—the winter long, and the summer all too short, there is no reason to despair of the success of agriculture even in the northern peninsula, which the Arctic current, setting through the Straits of Belle Isle, has rendered less fit for

cultivation than the rest of the island. The conditions are not worse there than in Finland and Lapland, where the majority of the population depend mainly upon the land, and not upon the fisheries, and where, although wheat cannot be raised any more than it can in the greater part of Newfoundland, they nevertheless make a subsistence from oats and rye, potatoes and beetroot, all of which do admirably in Newfoundland, although hardly any of the fishermen take the trouble to grow them.

At Flower's cove we took the steamer back to Bonne bay, and from there walked over to the railway at Deer lake, which we reached on October 15, thus ending an enjoyable and interesting journey. On

LAKE ON EASTERN SIDE OF THE BLUE MOUNTAIN.

arriving at St. John, I handed the rough sketch-maps of our course, which I had made with the assistance of Michel, to Mr. Howley, who very kindly reduced them to scale, and laid them down on an Admiralty chart of the northern peninsula. On returning them to me, he wrote, "While, of course, it cannot lay claim to any such accuracy as an actual instrumental survey, it nevertheless affords sufficient evidence of approximate reality as to warrant my inserting it (provisionally) on our general map of the island.

"I have little doubt that the main topographical features, as depicted by you with the assistance of your Mic-mac guide, Mattie Michel, are correct. I know these Indians well enough to be aware of their acute powers of observation, of which I have frequently availed myself in mapping out portions of the interior."

The Mic-macs came over from Cape Breton in 1782, after the war with America, when they were given a grant of land in Bay St. George. They are nearly all gone now, Michel being one of the few remaining. A fierce feud existed between them and the Beothuks, the aborigines, for whose extermination they were even more responsible than the settlers—an extermination that is to be in every way regretted. They would have been invaluable in the development of the island, for the early colonists speak of them as friendly and tractable, quick in apprehension, and of an ingenious and subtle disposition; and the interior, instead of being the desolate wilderness it now is, might have been filled with flocks and herds. With their knowledge of woodcraft, they might, and probably would, have taken in Newfoundland the place of the Forest Laps in Lapland.

DIMENSIONS OF THE NILE AND ITS BASIN.

By Captain H. G. LYONS.

THE length of the Nile is usually given * as 5400 kilometres (3355 stat. miles) to the centre of Lake Victoria, or 6000 kilometres (3728 stat. miles) for the continuous waterway from the source of the Kagera to the sea; the area of its basin is given as about 2,900,000 square kilometres (1,119,737 square miles). These measurements have hitherto been made on small-scale maps, but since a considerable part of the upper Nile has been recently surveyed on 1 : 250,000 or a larger scale, and numerous points in its course have been fixed astronomically and by triangulation, it is now possible to measure its length sufficiently accurately to furnish a value which later surveys probably will not materially alter.

In the opposite table the results of such a measurement are set forth together with the maps used. The measurements were made with the curvimeter,† and the mean of four concordant readings were taken. The centre line of the river was followed as far as possible, and round islands the wider arm. The measurements were made in kilometres, and were corrected for instrumental errors and map shrinkage.

The distances below Wadi Halfa are those generally accepted.‡ A new triangulation has just been completed from Damietta to Wadi Halfa, and the publication of a general map of the Nile valley and delta on the scale of 1 : 50,000, based on the Revenue Survey maps of 1 : 2500 and 1 : 4000, will be commenced forthwith; as soon as these map sheets are ready, improved values for this distance will be

* Wagner, 'Lehrbuch der Geographie,' p. 417. Hanover : 1903.

† By Coradi, of Zürich.

‡ Willcocks, 'The Nile in 1904,' Tables vii., viii. London : 1905.