

**A Fall Fur Hunt
in Maine**

1859

WNLY HARDY

Letter to the Editor

Editor of the [illegible] [illegible]

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I am writing to you to express my [illegible] [illegible]

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A FALL FUR HUNT IN MAINE

I.-The Journey Into the Woods And The Building Of The Home Camp

BY MANLY HARDY

MANLY HARDY, of Brewer, Maine, the only child of Jonathan T. Hardy, was born in Hampden, Maine, Nov. 11, 1832, but has lived in Brewer most of his life.

As a lad and young man, he was small and rather frail, and up to maturity he had known almost as much sickness as health. At the time of which he is writing his average weight was not over 125 pounds. In a letter written not long ago to Charles Hallock, he said: "Between wounds and various sicknesses, I have had few days really free from pain, but have always kept in the open air when I could move, and enjoyed life better than many well people."

Early in life Mr. Hardy injured his eyes by study at night, and for many years could not read at all. It was this deprivation which developed his remarkable memory. Yet, having passed much of his life out of doors as trapper, explorer and student of the wild things of the woods, his life, notwithstanding all he had had to contend with physically, has always been full of active interests and joys.

For the great part of his life, Mr. Hardy had been an earnest business man, attending with his whole mind to the practical affairs of life, and turning to hunting, trapping and ornithology for relaxation and pleasure. He was a hunter of deer, moose and bear, and was also fond of hunting seals and porpoises from a canoe, a sport which was often dangerous, and likely always to be full of excitement. He has made a long study of the ruffed grouse, and is one of the first authorities of the country on this bird.

The son of a fur dealer, he has until the last twenty years been a buyer of furs, and became wonderfully skilled in this occupation. At times when his eyes were useless he seemed to judge furs by his sense of touch, and his estimate formed from this sense seemed quite equal to that of another man who possessed in addition the full use of his eyes. It was his practice to ship his furs direct to London, to C.M. Lampson & Co., for their great auctions, which, with those of the Hudson Bay Co., and the sales at Leipsic, control the fur prices of the world.

Many years ago Mr. Hardy made the acquaintance of Major Bendire, the eminent ornithologist and author of the two volumes of "Life Histories of North American Birds." Major Bendire more than once visited Mr. Hardy, and they became close friends. The author consulted him on many points of ornithology, and when his volumes were published it was found that he had written into them most of what his friend had told him. The friendship which existed between the two continued till Major Bendire's death in 1896.

Mr. Hardy's stern love of truth has sometimes led him to correct sharply in print statements which he knew were incorrect, and it has been in such critical writings that his name has most often been seen. Yet it is not his nature to find fault. On the contrary, he is a genial, humorous and wholly friendly man who would much rather praise them than blame, yet, as we conceive, possesses the simple feeling that no one is entitled to especial credit for telling the simple truth.

Mr. Hardy has long been devoted to ornithology, and has gathered a remarkable collection of 3300 United States birds, all mounted, and most of them by his own hands. So complete is this collection, that it lacks less than twenty of those species which have a full number in the A.O.U. Check List. Most of those lacking are gulls, cormorants and other sea birds. The collection includes every kind of hawk or owl ever taken north of the Mexican line, except the so-called dwarf screech owl of which only one is known-every kind of duck and goose, eighty-five different kinds of sparrows and a long list of other most interesting birds.

Mr. Hardy is a field naturalist of the highest type. His statements command the implicit faith of scientific men, who also have great respect for his opinions. He is a careful, thorough observer, with an immense practical experience in the woods of Maine. This experience is held in his extraordinary memory, which is confirmed by journals which he has kept. So he possesses an unequalled fund of woods lore for his own locality. A volume of his experiences and observations would constitute a very complete natural history of the birds and mammals of Maine, besides containing an enormous fund of woods experience, extending over more than half a century.

In the spring 1859 a young man named Rufus B. Philbrook came to sell his spring hunt to my father. He had been hunting alone at Allegash Lake and had been quite successful. Although entire strangers, we took a mutual liking to each other, and on his telling me that he thought a good fall hunt could be made in the vicinity of Caucomgomoc Lake and inviting me to go there with him, I agreed to go, and it was arranged that we should start as early in September as we could.

We did not see each other again, but by correspondence it was agreed that he should meet me on Sept. 6 at a point about half way to Moosehead Lake. He joined me as agreed, and a seventy-mile stage ride from Bangor landed us at Greenville at the foot of Moosehead where we both had canoes. Our canoes were of birch bark, as no canvas ones had then been made.

The next morning found us and our canoes and outfit on the steamer Fairy of the Lake, Captain Robinson, bound for the Northeast Carry at the head of the lake, forty miles from Greenville. This carry is so called to distinguish it from another some two miles to the west, called Northwest Carry. Northeast Carry is two miles long and extends from Moosehead Lake to the West Branch of the Penobscot River. A space some two rods wide had been cut through the spruce and fir growth and a rude railroad built by laying sticks hewn on two sides on cross logs and filling in between with poles. The rails were placed just far enough apart for the flanges of a low car wheel to go outside of them. Over this road, freight was hauled by a pair of oxen, provided the oxen-which ran loose-could be caught, and the driver-who lived in a log camp at the other end of the carry-did not happen to be busy at other work. While crossing here in 1857 and 1858 my partner, the late Hiram L. Leonard, maker of the famous Leonard rods, and myself were obliged to carry our canoe and outfit on our backs, as the railroad was then out of commission. On the former occasion, while bending under a heavy load, I was accosted by a Canadian-Frenchman who exclaimed: "Young man, you shall carry such loads as that you shall be crooked like General Jackson-John Bunyan, I mean". In my pack at that moment was a copy of Pilgrim's Progress, perhaps the first that had ever been across that carry.

This day Providence favored us, and our stuff together with that of two explorers who had crossed the lake with us, was landed at the West Branch at about 4 P.M. We soon had our canoes loaded, my old friend and partner on several hunts, William H. Staples, who had come up to take passage with me as far as Chesuncook, whence he was going to join A.B. Farrar, his hunting partner, going in my canoe. The Penobscot from this point is dead water for about two miles and this part is known as the Moosehorn Deadwater.

We soon came upon our two fellow passengers, the explorers, who had landed to change their store clothes for their woods suits. They asked permission to camp with us, as they had neither tent nor axe, both of which they expected to get at Chesuncook. We found a good camping place at the foot of the deadwater, where we were soon joined by the explorers. One of them was named Zenas Littlefield, the other Eben ~~Hudson~~ Curtis, a noted hunter who had hunted for the Hudson Bay Company on the North Shore, and who, as I have heard, died on the West Branch of the Au Sable in Michigan.

We all chipped in together and spent a pleasant evening listening to Curtis' stories. He was a powerfully built man, fully six feet tall, broadchested and straight as an arrow, with long black hair and a roman nose. He had hunted in the country where we were going and was able to give us information about it. One of his stories was too good to be lost. While coming up on the stage the day before a young Bangor lawyer had asked him if he ever had any narrow escapes.

"Well, yes. I remember once I was exploring near Telos. I came out to an old camp ground and there stood a big bull moose just across the clearing. Like a fool I made a trumpet of my hands and called. He came for me head first. There was a bunch of maple sprouts eight or ten feet across in the camp yard where a large tree had been cut. I dodged round that. For a time it was nip and tuck, but I gained on him so that I managed to come up behind him and cut a hamstring. Here he ran about as well on three legs, but finally I got a chance to cut the other."

He stopped the story here till the lawyer inquired: "Didn't you kill him?"

"Of course; I would not leave him to suffer."

"But weren't you afraid?"

"Why, no, young man, I wasn't exactly afraid, but I was a little suspicious."

Breakfasting before day, we were loaded and ready to start at sunrise. As soon as the deadwater ended, the water was so low that, with our loaded canoes, we were obliged to get out and wade and drag them, while the explorers, having only their packs, were soon out of sight. All day from sunrise to sunset we waded and sacked. In many places, after picking out the large rocks without our hands and shoveling gravel with our paddles to make a channel, it took all three of us to drag a canoe to the next place where it would float. In some places we would have to wade to the waist to get to the bow which was aground. At Pine Stream Falls, which is usually a smart pitch to run, and where batteaux had been swamped and men drowned, there was so little water that we had to drop the canoes down with a line. I learn that lately the raising of the dam at the foot of Chesuncook has backed up the water, so as to flow these falls out.

Night found us half a mile below Pine Stream Falls, having worked fourteen hours to get about twelve miles. We were so tired that as soon as supper was over, wet as we were, we lay down in the alders without attempting to pitch a tent or to pick a bough, and neither of us knew any more trouble until daylight.

A four-mile paddle brought us to Ansel Smith's farm at the head of Chesuncook on the west side. As Thoreau, in his article on Chesuncook in "The Maine Woods," has described minutely this place and the route we went over, I will only say that at this time Mr. Smith had some 600 bushels of potatoes and turnips which he had raised to sell to the lumbermen, besides a large amount of hay and grain.

Here we met a man named Jim Ferris who was hunting for an ox. The spring before Mr. Charles Y. Richardson had turned out sixteen oxen at his camp on Caucomgomocsis to shift for themselves for the summer. Fourteen of them had been found alive, besides one on Umbazooksus meadows shot behind the shoulder, evidently having been mistaken for a moose. Ferris was hunting the sixteenth. Besides Ferris hunting for weeks, I knew of another man being paid \$32. for hunting sixteen days. Finally, after the ox had been give up for weeks, and nearly two months after the snow had come to stay, he was found in Smith's barnyard among his cattle, thin in flesh, but able to travel, having lived for all this time on what he could pick up in the woods.

After getting some potatoes at Smith's we crossed at the head of the lake, here about a mile wide, and at this time so low that I saw men poling canoes across. We landed and cooked dinner for Mr. Staples, who was to start from here for a fourteen-mile walk over to Chamberlain Lake. There he would build a fire on the shore to attract the attention of the people at Chamberlain farm, who would send a canoe across two miles for him.

Giving him a good supply of matches and with mutual hand shakes, we turned nearly north up Caucomgomoc Cove. This a broad cove running up nearly a mile to where it receives the Umbazooksus coming in from the northeast and the Caucomgomoc from the north. Proceeding up Caucomgomoc stream, we passed the lower and the upper falls, having to carry by our loads and canoes. The lower carry was about twenty rods, the upper less. The lower falls consist of two pitches of about six feet each, the upper of one fall of fifteen feet, both over trap ledges.



At the lower, with only a cut pole and pork bait, I caught all the nice trout we needed.

Late in the afternoon we camped at the upper end of Black Pond, so called from the dark color of its water. This pond is about a mile across, being nearly circular, and can raise the worst sea of any water of its size I was ever on.

"Sept. 10. Started early. Shortly after starting, as my canoe was ahead, I came to where a bull moose had just left the water; the roil was still in his track. Motioning my companion to stop, I crept up the bank and could hear him rubbing his horns in a thicket of small trees. I crawled in carefully until I was nearly under him. He certainly was not over eight or ten feet away, as I could plainly hear him breathe. Just as I felt sure of him my partner made a noise in the canoe and the moose started to rush through the thick firs. I followed as fast as I could, and after a long run came out on a meadow, but the moose was not in sight".

The water was so unusually low that we worked all day to get five or six miles, having to unload everything twice and carry where usually there is plenty of water. At night we reached the foot of the Horse Race Carry. This carry is usually one and a quarter miles and often a loaded canoe can be poled by; but now it was piled with pine logs from ten to twenty feet deep, all intermixed like jackstraws, which made it necessary to carry a full mile and half. We camped on what was known as Anse Smith's old camp ground. Just a dark a great horned owl called to his mate from a dead tree in front of our camp and I dropped him into the stream. The next day being Sunday we stayed in camp.

I found my partner a nice, clean fellow, never using either tobacco or liquor. His father had kept what was known as the Philbrook shanty, a stopping place for tote teams and lumbermen on the Nahmakanta supply road. His mother had been left a widow with three small boys and one girl. They were twelve miles from the nearest village with only one shanty between. Soon after her husband's death one of the boys died of the smallpox, and I have seen his little grave in the woods. This resolute woman did not give up, but hiring a man to do the out-of-door work, she for years kept the place, in summer scarcely ever seeing anyone, while in winter on some days she cooked for from ten to forty men a day. As the two boys grew larger they helped as they could. Rufus began to hunt very early, as there was game close to the farm. A noted hunter, Jim Lyford, when he passed in and out, used to teach him how to trap, and on one occasion, finding the family sick, Lyford gave up his hunt and stayed some weeks, cutting the wood and helping till the sick had recovered. When a mere boy, Rufus joined an older hunter and went on a hunt to the Restigouche and Kedgwick, being gone nine months. As there was not a school within twelve miles the mother did the best she could to educate them at home. Rufus went one term to the Foxcroft Academy, paying his way by the skins and the bounty on bears he caught near home. A short time before we started he had bought a place in the village of Brownville and had moved his mother sister Sarah out among neighbors. Calling at the house in 1861, I saw the books Sarah had been studying and could see by the thumb marks that she was well advanced in algebra and in Latin. Some time in the 60's Rufus removed the family to Minnesota, and after hunting a couple of years, settled down to farming, while Sarah, ~~had been studying and could see~~ after teaching in San Francisco, married a school teacher, and when I last heard of her was living in Arizona. The B. & A. railway now runs within a few miles of their old place in the woods, and the pond and the mountain west of it are now known as Philbrook's Pond and Mountain.

"Sept. 12. The rain of yesterday still continued this morning. We carried six turns each over the rough carry of fully one and a half miles, or eighteen miles, half of the way loaded. Our outfit, including canoes, paddles and setting poles weighs about 900 pounds. For provisions we have 100 pounds of flour, one barrel of hard bread (75 pounds), 50 pounds of sugar, 30 of rice about 40 of pork, a peck of beans, a bushel and a half of potatoes, 2 pounds of chocolate, soda, cream of tartar, pepper and salt."

We had no butter and there was no such thing known then as condensed milk or canned stuff or dried fruit. We took such a quantity of sugar, expecting to find cranberries, in which we were disappointed; as, although we found several large beds of vines, we could not get a handful of berries. Even the few tree-cranberry bushes (*Viburnum*) we found had been stripped by birds.

We had some thirty large double-springed steel traps and two bear traps. All our traps were hand made, the bear traps especially light and strong, the springs made from saw-plate and the chains from scythe webs. These traps were made by David Bryant, of Oldtown, himself a noted bear hunter, and though weighing not over ten pounds, could hold better than the most of such as weighed from twenty to forty pounds.

In stepping on a slippery skid, when loaded, I got a fall which stopped my watch, and as my partner had none, for eight weeks we knew the time of day only by guess.

We camped at night at the foot of Caucomgomoc Lake. This lake is eight miles long and about two wide at its lower end and one mile at its upper. It is about 950 feet above sea level. On the west side there are ranges of high hills running the whole length of the lake and other ranges behind them. The east side is lower, though there are some high lands back from the lake. Toward the head of the lake are several small rocky islands, some with pines, apparently aged, but dwarfed by wind and storms. The most of these had been boxed deeply for pitch by the long narrow hatchets which the Canada Indians formerly used.

It rained at night, but the next day we went up the Caucomgomocsis, or Little Caucomgomoc, which hereafter for brevity will be called "the Sis". Caucomgomoc means Gull Place (Gull Lake), and Sis is Penobscot Indian for little. Many herring gulls nest here on the islands and ledges, and in August I have seen Bonaparte's gulls and arctic terns, which were probably bred here.

For three miles from the lake the Sis is a wide, shallow stream with little current and occasional deep pools; then comes Round Pond, about a miles each way, with an inlet on the northwest, and the Sis coming in on the same side as it goes out. A mile further up the Sis is Daggett Pond. The stream being wide and shallow at the outlet, it is a favorite feeding ground for moose. Daggett Pond has large bays on both sides at the lower end and is about a mile by a miles and a half. It receives Shallow Lake Stream at the eastern end.

Returning, I shot a partridge from the canoe. There was a barrel half full of salt meat left by the river drivers. We took some of this and set a trap for bears between the Sis and the lake. We camped in the same place as the night before. The spring before a drive of three millions of pine logs was abandoned here, as they had jammed the whole length of the Horse Race. Many acres of them lay at the outlet, many grounded where the receding water had left them, and many rods wide of floating ones outside of those, so that

to get out on the lake, canoes and loads must be carried at least 100 yards over the logs, half of which were afloat and rolling about.

"Sept. 14. Though the weather looked bad, we began early to carry our stuff to the outer edge of the logs. In loading, one man had to hold the canoe, while the other put in the load, as the sea was rising and the logs acting lively. After getting loaded, it was two miles diagonally across the lake to get under the shelter of the high lands. It began to rain as we started and the sea increased to a heavy whitecapped swell, and we had to quarter so much that it must have been two hours, or at least four miles, before we made the land. Long before this the rain changed to snow, and it snowed so fast that we often lost sight of each other. But at last we got together under the lee of the land and kept company until, on coming to the leeward of the first island at the head of the lake, we smelled smoke. It was the smell of burning muck rather than a wood fire. Philbrook suggested Indians, and as I was more used to them, it was decided that I should land. I landed in the smoke which lay over the water, and in order not to surprise them, said, "Queh?" ("How do you do?"), but getting no answer advanced, only to find a fire burning deep in the mucky soil, probably left weeks before by St. Francis Indians, who camped here to get rid of mosquitoes while hunting moose."

As the snow still continued and as we thought we must be near the head of the lake, we landed and pitched our tent to get dinner. We were as wet as drowned muskrats, but our things were kept dry by the tent and a rubber poncho spread over them. Just at night it cleared off, leaving an inch or two of snow.

We found that we were about a half mile from the head of the lake, and on looking round discovered quite near us as good a chance to build our camp as we were likely to find. There was a fairly level spot about twenty yards from the lake, with a mixed growth of spruce, maple and beech rising behind and a high hill just back of that. We could have our camp timber and fire wood up hill of us, and although rather a risky place to build on account of the danger of the camp's smoking, we concluded to try it.

Sept. 15 we began to build a camp to be fourteen feet by ten inside. We worked steadily for three days. Our tools were axes, a draw-shave and a small auger. We built a half-pitch camp, about ten feet high in center, five feet at one side and running down to two feet at the head of the berth. Our berth was six feet each way, with timber at the side and deacon seat in front; then four feet for fireplace, leaving four feet behind for wood, etc. This left four feet between the side of the berth and the wall where we stowed our barrel of hard bread and another barrel wherein was our flour and sugar. Above we made wide shelves by boring and driving supports for them. We dug a hole for our potatoes to keep them from freezing. Our camp was covered with four-foot white cedar splits, and our berth was ceiled up at the sides and overhead with smooth shaved cedar. Where our fire was to be we dug up every particle of moss and scurf, down to hard clay, and carried it away; and then, after digging a trench about a foot square through the center out to the open air and lining and covering it with flat rocks to try to give a draft, we brought in gravel and pounded it down for a fire bed. The rest of the camp outside the fireplace was floored with split fir, smoothed with an axe.

Over the fireplace we built up a smoke hole or log chimney. This we made of spruce sticks about six inches in diameter. We first

notched them and fitted them together and then marked them, and one handed them up while the other placed them. Afterward, to make it carry smoke better, we nailed square sticks in the corners so as to project some four feet above, and by nailing on wide splits, increased the height of our chimney. Also, afterward, we put on a set of rib-poles outside the other roof and put on a second roof of splits, leaving a six-inch air space, so that it would not smoke when covered with snow. See Fig. 1.

We made a nice door with a good latch. Lastly we gathered soft moss, and with blunt wedges, chinked every crack. One who has never tried it would not believe how many bushels of moss it takes to chink a camp.

At Daggett Pond, some fourteen miles from our camp, are rocks which the frost has broken with straight cleavage, so that one can get them from two to six feet long and from six to fifteen inches square, as smooth on the sides as if hammered. The first time we went there we got two of the right size and length for side rocks or hand-irons, and one some three feet long, two feet high and six inches thick for a back, and carried them home. This last was so heavy that it was a load for us both when carried on a hand barrow up from the canoe.

We found that our draft was perfect and our camp never smoked once, no matter how wind or weather was outside. We made a nice bed of fir boughs, and I have never felt so rich and perfectly satisfied as after we moved in and had everything arranged.

For cooking tools I had a ten-quart pail for water, into which were nested deep tin plates made to fit, a four-quart pan for bread making, or to serve stew in, a four-quart pail of Russia iron, made largest at the top, with riveted iron ears, a two-quart tin pail to nest inside, three pint dippers with straight handles made to fit each other. There was room at the sides for forks, knives and spoons, and on the cover and on each side of the largest pail itself was a loop through which ran a piece of cod line so that when packed the pail could be tied fast and even rolled down hill without spilling out the contents. I also had a long-handled frying-pan and a folding baker which could be set up or packed flat in a moment's time. At that date the very useful wire broiler had not been invented.

Rufus also had for his private use when out on lines of traps a two-quart Russia iron kettle and one holding a quart, with a dipper inside. As Rufus could handle flour better than I could, he made all the bread, doughnuts and fritters, while I did all the meat and potato cooking.

In getting our timber for camp building into place, we had, after cutting it to proper lengths, to peel it on one side, then to cross-stake down smooth skids of beech and cross-lift a foot or two at a time, some of the logs having to be brought in this way over one hundred feet. In rolling up the logs on skids one rolled back on me and sprained my right wrist so that I could hardly use it. I had seen the Indians use cat-spruce pitch as a plaster in case of sprains, and although there was no cat-spruce to be had I pounded up a lot of spruce chewing gum, and making a bandage of cotton cloth some three feet long, I melted the fine gum on it and wound it around my wrist, sprinkling on more and melting it till it showed through the cloth, until I had on several thicknesses. Then I wound the rest of the cloth around my wrist and Rufus sewed it. I kept at work and felt no inconvenience until, as the cloth got dirty, I took it off some two weeks after, but was obliged to re-

place it and wear it some weeks longer. I do not know whether the help was due entirely to the mechanical support or to the virtue in the gum, but one or both cured the sprain.

It snowed an inch or so one day while we were camp building.

On the afternoon of the 15th Rufus wished me to take a canoe and go up a stream at the head of the lake which was marked on the plan as Avery Brook to see if I could not find some old camp from which we could get splits. I found that at the head of the lake there was a large sandy flat covered with coarse grass. The brook came in on the west side and on the east quite a wide logan* ran up for sixty to eighty rods. The stream was dead for a quarter of a mile and then narrow and quite swift. I had taken a few traps with me, and although it looked rather unpromising, I set half a dozen for muskrats on my right as I went up. Half a mile up I came to an immense log across the stream and had just turned back when, at a distance from the stream, I saw where some alders had been cut several feet from the ground. On landing I found, as I had supposed, that it was the work of beavers. The cutting was several weeks old, but there was no doubt that beaver

photo

were near. On going down I was surprised to find near where the stream entered the lake, a large beaver house lately repaired. It was eight or ten feet across at the base and perhaps three feet high. There was no dam, but it was on the back water of the lake. In the base of it, as a part of the foundation, were three river drivers' shaved setting poles laid in the form of a triangle. There were the marks of broad feet on the outside where it had been newly plastered with mud and a few cut bushes were laid on top. I found that I had set one of my muskrat traps nearly opposite, but I had been so interested in looking on that side that I had passed the beaver house unnoticed. The stake of my trap was of whitewood (that is, *Acer spicatum*, the fish-tail maple), but though they are fond of it, I hoped the beaver would let it alone, as I did not wish to catch one so early.

On looking my six traps the next morning I took out four muskrats; I also shot the head off a pied-billed grebe with my rifle.

Only twenty feet or so from our camp door was a narrow gully which ran up from the lake and headed just above. It was some five or six feet deep, now dry, but with a surface of gravel, and it looked as if there might be water beneath. On Digging, water began to trickle into the hole when it was not over two feet deep. We dug down so as to make a well some two feet across and three feet deep when stoned up. We had expected to have to depend on the lake for our water, but now we had an

ample supply of the best of water close to our door.
The 18th being Sunday we stayed in camp.

*Logan, a cul-de-sac, a blind lead or channel running from a body of water into the land. To be loganed is to get into such a blind lead, from which one must back out. Used as substantive and verb. From poke-logan Penobscot.

A FALL FUR HUNT IN MAINE

II.--Establishing The Long Trap Line And The Making And Setting Of The Traps

BY MANLY HARDY

We had a plan with us in which the Baker Lake Carry was marked as beginning at a pond on Avery Brook. This carry is nine miles long and leads from Caucomgomoc to Baker Lake on the St. John's waters, and we thought it would be a good idea, if we could find it, to utilize it for a sable line and thereby save spotting a line. So on Monday morning, taking a blanket apiece, some three pounds of pork, twice as much hard bread, a little chocolate and some sugar, we started to be gone three days.

As we went up Avery Brook we took out six muskrats. A mile from the lake we came to the pond, or rather where the pond had been. This pond had been made by beavers many years before by building a short dam across the stream just below. The river drivers had cut away the dam two or three years before and the pond was now nearly dry with a long gravel bed extending down the center. It was originally about one-fourth of a mile each way. On revisiting it twenty-nine years later I was surprised to find the dam rebuilt and a pond of quite deep water with plenty of trout from one to two pounds weight. The beaver house at the mouth of the stream was also there and still inhabited, for we picked up a freshly peeled stick, evidently the remains of the beaver's breakfast.

Leaving our canoe at the pond we worked for several hours, trying to find the carry. As the country had been lumbered lately, roads coming to the pond ran in all directions, and we followed first one and then another only to be disappointed. For we supposed that the carry started from the pond, but at last we discovered it some distance up a stream inletting into the pond. This was originally an old Indian carry which the lumbermen had cut out for a tote road when lumbering on St. John's waters. Not having been used for some years, it had grown up to sprouts as high as one's shoulders.

We passed over some three miles of the carry without setting any traps, as we wished to set as long a line as we could, and near the end we could finish from our camp. The carry for the most part was on quite high and level ground. Along it there were many old log traps, from some of which fishers had escaped by gnawing them. At frequent intervals I observed what I have never seen elsewhere. A small tree had been cut and stuck down about two feet away from some small standing tree. It had been cut half off at about five feet from the ground, the top broken down at a right angle and tied with bark to the standing tree, thus making a support for the bow of a canoe when the one carrying it needed to rest.

This carry was seldom used by our hunters or by the Penobscot Indians, but the Saint Francis Indians, coming into Maine to hunt moose in summer, used it chiefly, and in the years gone by hundreds of moose hides have been carried to Canada by this route. Often the Indians left their birch canoes at Baker Lake and came across light, making canoes of spruce bark at our end of the carry. In half a day they could make a spruce canoe which would do to hunt in during calm weather.

Beginning about noon we made nineteen traps and I shot three partridges. In making these traps, each took a special part. Rufus split out the chips while I cut stakes and bed-piece and the fall. I built the trap while he cut sticks for the weight and made bait stick and spindle.

As the traps were intended for use only this one fall, they were made as follows: A tree about three inches in diameter—a spruce if one could be got—was cut, about eighteen inches taken from the butt and the limbs trimmed from the rest of it for five feet or so. The piece cut off was hewed up sharp for a space of eight inches in the middle. This was the bed-piece. It was firmly bedded in the ground, sharp edge uppermost, and back of it two stakes about an inch through were driven down about eight or ten inches apart, while another was placed in front. The fall was then laid above it, the bushy top having been left on to prevent its rolling. Then five chips, usually of fir, cut some eighteen inches long by six wide and sharpened at the end, were driven in firmly, two on each side (so close that the edges touched) back of each of the two back stakes, the rear chips approaching each other closely enough for the fifth chip to close the space between them. Then the weights, usually cut from a striped maple (*Acer pennsylvanicum*), as that is heavy yet easily cut, were notched and laid on the fall, the other ends being laid on a stick in order that they might not freeze down. Sometimes small sticks with flat rocks placed upon them were used as weights. (See Fig.2).

The bait sticks were eight inches long and as large as one's little finger, with a fork at the inner end to tie the bait to, and with the outer end flattened on top. The standard was four inches long, a round stick of the size of the bait stick with the edges cut or sniped off at both ends so that it would canteasily.

When the trap was set the bait stick was placed at the outer end of the fall that the animal might get the whole weight on him. After setting, a handful of boughs or a piece of decayed wood was placed over the top of the trap to keep the Canada jays out.

Traps for fisher were made in nearly the same way, only very much larger and stronger, and where it was possible they were made by cutting into a hollow stub or into a fir tree (which are often hollow), no stakes being used, and using a large fall, cut down at the end to fit the hole in the stub when placed in endwise. The solid backing is used because fishers are very apt to tear out a backing made of splits instead of going in at the front of the trap.

We made these traps, but did not set or bait them, as it was too early in the season.

After going about six miles on the carry, which ran nearly west, we turned into the woods and started our line about north. Near night we came to a small brook, and after supper we lay down, each rolled in his blanket, with our feet to a small fire and a starry covering over us. We were encamped under some tall hemlocks. Along in the night an owl, which had been waiting for our fire to die out, gave us both barrels at once. I was awake and it did not startle me any; neither did it Rufus, who was asleep, as we were too used to owls, but this seemed to have been the intention of the owl, as instead of the usual "Wahoo, wahoo-oo wahoo-oo", he gave a most diabolical laugh—a sound one seldom hears. This was intended solely for our benefit, as he did not repeat it during the night. How many noises a great horned owl can make is more than I know, although I am familiar with quite a number. Their courtship in March is a most ludicrous performance. Two will get on one bare limb

and bow and scrape and sidle up to each other, each making the most ridiculous noises, which probably are intended for terms of endearment but which sound more like what we imagine devils might make if laughing.

We breakfasted on fried partridge and chocolate. It began to rain early, but we kept on our way. We can to a brook with a new beaver dam which had been cut^{by} the the beavers themselves and all the water let out. We explored up the brook. It was evident that a family of beavers came here in May and occupied what had once been a beaver pond, but was now covered with a thick growth of alders with many white birches, some of them ten to twelve inches through scattered among them. We found that they had flooded this swamp to the depth of at least three feet and had cut away cords of the birches when in leaf in June. Some were all cut up into short lengths, while many, cut three feet from the ground by beaver floating in the water as they worked, were notched along at intervals, but not cut through. Some treetops lay lodged high up enough from the ground for us to walk under them, while the trunks, cut in pieces lay beneath. Why, after doing so much work, they had deserted the place was a mystery. Our plan gave this as a brook uniting with another brook farther north and running into a pond called Francis Lake.

We built a trap for mink in the beaver dam - our tenth trap for the morning - made ten more and shot an owl before dinner; made our noon halt at a small brook near two bogs; continued our line in the rain across a wide bog, open except for a few widely scattered dwarf spruces, the limbs of which were draped with a stiff black moss. Again we slept out under some hemlocks. Some time in the night while sound asleep I was awakened by having my head suddenly jerked up, and on fully awakening I could feel several places on each side of my head smarting. It was easy to tell the cause. My head was not covered by the blanket and my hat had fallen off. An owl, mistaking my head for a rabbit or some other kind of an animal, had seized me and on my speaking had let go. This is not an uncommon thing, as I have known of several other cases, and Napoleon A. Comeau, in his "Life and Sport on the North Shore" (page 422), speaks of knowing several similar instances. In all the cases I have known, some six in all, it was evidently done by mistake.

Wednesday was fair, and running a northerly course we soon came to the other branch of the brook, and here found the beaver with a new dam and house and a large pond. After abandoning their works on the other branch they had evidently descended to the forks and come up this branch. The cuttings showed the marks of three sizes of teeth, indicating six beavers. While I have known instances of six young at a birth, the usual number is two; probably at least nine out of ten females have but two. So much has been written about beaver and their habits that I will say that they do not use their tails to plaster with or to haul mud on, as many writers state; the principal use is to slap with it in giving an alarm or to use it as a third leg when fighting a trap or rolling a large stick of wood. Anyone wishing to get a truthful description of the beaver will find it in Morgan's "The American Beaver."

We set traps until noon. Coming to a small brook after dinner we began to build a shelter camp of cedar splits. Before night we had a nice little camp, open in front, and plenty of good wood. I shot a very large partridge which came to us while building. We slept nice and warm that night. Leaving our blankets here we veered our line to a little

west of north. In making trap lines for sable we try to cross the ridges. A ridge may be two or ten miles long and but one wide, but a few traps set across it will, in a short time, catch all the sable that there are on that ridge, when they will take bait, as they usually play lengthwise of the ridges. The places where the most are taken are where spruce and hardwood are mixed. When there are cedar swamps in the hollows between ridges we build a trap near the edge on each side, often one of them for fisher, but only cut a path through the swamp and spot the line

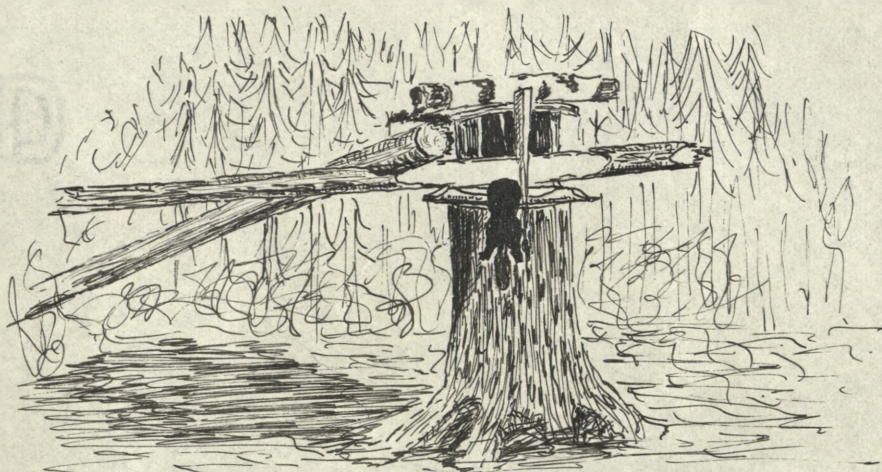


FIG. 2-SABLE TRAP.

Similar in every respect to that described by Mr. Hardy save that this one was set on a stump; the one described on the ground.

plainly. In the very open hard growth we set our traps farther apart and make the spots large, as often in a driving snowstorm the damp snow will be plastered over the spots so as to make it very difficult to follow a line. This day we made thirty-eight traps and returned to our

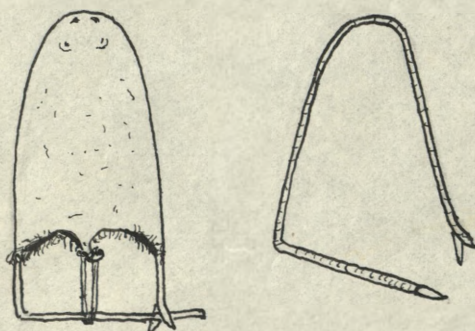


FIG. 3-MUSKRAT SKIN ON STRETCHER-WOODS
METHOD OF MAKING THE STRETCHER.

camp at night, having got a partridge on the way.

Friday it rained, and as we were out of provisions, having made what was intended for three days last five by the aid of the partridges killed, we started back for home. It was a cold driving rainstorm and the bogs we crossed looked dreary enough with their funereal spruces. In crossing one an owl flew up and alighted on one of them—a very fitting place for an owl on one of those stunted trees with the black moss hang-

ing above and below him. I really felt as if I were aiming at a "jumbie bird" as I touched the trigger, but the owl fell at the report of the rifle. What little food we had left we ate standing in the rain.

By noon we reached the Baker Lake Carry. Although it was better traveling for the feet, it was wetter than in the woods, as the sprouts as high as one's head whipped the water into our clothing. We were glad when we reached the canoe. We took out a muskrat coming down Avery Brook and reached home benumbed by cold and very hungry.

After eating and drying up a little, Rufus thought we had better go up Avery Brook again and catch one of the beavers, as we needed meat. As Rufus was the best beaver hunter, he set the trap for the beaver. The usual rule to catch a beaver by the hind foot is to set the trap just deep enough for the water to come up to the trapper's wrist joint when his forefinger is touching one of the trap jaws, or about eight inches. Rufus set two inches deeper, as he had footed one of the last ones he had set for at the usual depth. While a beaver rarely, if ever, takes off a hind foot, he will in many cases take off a fore foot, sometimes within a few minutes. I have seen beaver skins which showed that the owner had lost both fore feet. Rufus set in the usual way of setting on a stream, making a wide mud bed with a nice white-wood (fish-tail maple) stick behind it some two feet, and the trap set to one side of the center, as a beaver is wide, like a turtle. He guided with green sticks, with dry ones set outside and fastened to a perfectly dry, hard swimmer, the end of which was fastened by a withe to a bush. Everything was washed with water thrown by a paddle. I also set seven traps for muskrats. The rain still continued, and of course we reached home wet.

Sept. 24. It rained all night hard and continued all day. On looking at our traps we found that in spite of Rufus having set his trap very deep he had caught the beaver by the fore foot, and by pulling back on the swimmer the beaver had got enough slack chain to hook the trap jaw over a sunken log, and then by reversing the pull had taken his fore leg off close to the body. It is useless to say that this was done by accident. There must have been as much brain work as the average man possesses to take advantage of the only possible chance there was to get a solid fastening to pull against.

As the rainy night had been favorable for both beavers and muskrats to swim, I got from my seven traps four muskrats and two feet, and one trap was gone, stake and trap together. The water had risen several inches, but by reaching down I found that the hole made in pulling out the stake was elongated toward a deep pool opposite. It was plain that a beaver had got caught in attempting to get the white-wood stake of my trap to eat. I figured that he was surely caught by the fore foot; that the weight of the trap had sunk him in this pool, and that, as the stake some four feet long had a fork at the upper end, it would prevent the ring of the chain from slipping off, and being light enough to float the chain, the newly cut end must be from four to five feet from the bottom of the pool, floating upward. Today, as the water was dark, it could not be seen. We worked a long time punching down with a steel-shod setting pole to make it clink against the trap. But the water was some ten feet deep and the pool quite large and we had to give it up. It rained so that we stayed in camp, mending, running bullets, cooking etc.

"Sunday was bright and pleasant. The leaves of the hardwood trees are now changing, and owing to the early snows are the most brilliant I have ever seen. No words can describe the colors of one of our hardwood ridges, all shades of red, purple, orange and green intermingled. Rufus,

who was born in the woods, called to me the other day from the top of a tall spruce tree he had climbed in order to see how to run a line. "Oh, Manly, if Mrs. Stowe could only be here and see what I see, she would never try to write about it; she would just go crazy".

"Monday, Sept. 26. Caught five muskrat; started a sable line west of our camp; set twenty-seven traps and got one partridge. It rained hard all day."

We started our line about northwest at first and turned to nearly southwest so as to cross the ridges. The ridges here are very high, nearly or quite as high as the Mt. Desert hills. Rufus killed a porcupine with his hatchet, the only one either of us saw or saw the marks of in over two months.

"Sept. 27. Fine. The bushes as wet as possible, but we resumed our line. Made nineteen traps some of them for fisher. Our line crosses two of these high ridges and ends near the top of the third. It starts from Seven in Fifteen and ends near the further side of Six in Sixteen. We call it six miles, but if it were level ground it would be ten. Cut the heads off from four partridges with the rifle, and looking at our Avery Brook traps took out seven rats and shot one.

"Sept. 28. Commenced to rain last night and continued all day.. Caught nine rats. Skinned rats; dried the meat for sable bait; mended, etc. Cooked the procupine, as we needed meat. As he had been feeding on beechnuts it was quite good meat, but in winter I prefer my hemlock bark clear.

"Sept. 29. Good weather. Took out five rats and went down to the Sis to look at bear trap. It was gone, and following the trail I soon found him hitched up' between a cedar and a fir. Although only a medium sized bear, he had torn great slivers from two to three feet long out of those trees, and by biting had crippled both so that, although fully six inches through, they had broken off. They looked as if shattered by cannon balls. Although he had done such savage work, he was very peaceable, not even growling or showing fight. A bullet exactly between the eyes at fifteen or twenty paces ended his troubles. Although it was rather lean, we were glad to get this meat. Went up the Sis to the head of Daggett Pond and set ten traps for muskrats on our way. Camped in a last year's lumber camp.

"Sept. 30. Went up Shallow Lake Stream to the lake. This lake is very muddy and shallow, as its name indicates. It is perhaps half a mile wide by two long with a great many muskrat houses in it, looking like bunches of hay in a hay field. We made five mink traps on the stream, four on the pond and seven on the Sis; shot a partridge and caught a mess of trout. Took out eight muskrats coming down the Sis, and after an eight-mile paddle up the lake (Caucomgomoc) reached home at about 4 P.M. While Rufus cooked I took the canoe and went up to look at our traps at the head of the lake. Found four rats, a bittern and a very large otter. As the otter was in a trap set for muskrat, and I was not sure of the staking, I put a bullet through its head. It was a very large female otter and the fur was very poor, I also saw another otter, probably one of this one's young.

"Oct. 1. Fog until 9. Leaves nearly all fallen. Caught five muskrats and saw an otter. Busy all day stretching bear, skinning rats and otter and stretching them."

To have a bear make a nice shaped skin the fore legs should be split down on the side toward the head so that when the fore paw skin is sewed to the jaw with bark, there will be no slakskin where the leg joins the body. The hind legs should not be split to the tail, as is done on a deer or a moose, but some six inches further up the belley,

so that when stretched the tail will be about six inches from the bottom edge of the skin. In stretching drive two stakes about four feet high with forks at the upper end so as to be a little further apart than the loose skin will spread, then shapren the ends of two straight poles some two inches through, hard wood preferred. Sew one side of the skin to one of the poles, laying one end of it in one of

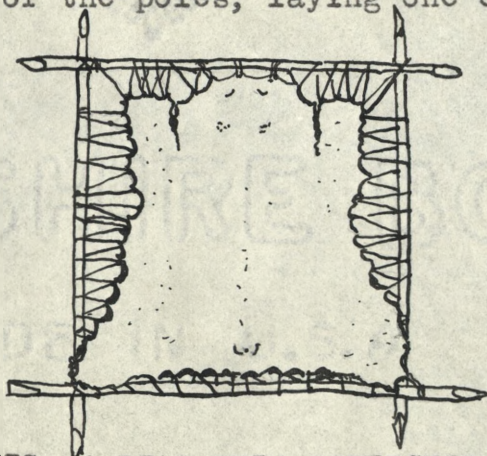


FIG. 4-BEAR SKIN STRETCHED SQUARE

the upright forks, thrusting the other end of the pole into the ground. Place the other pole in the other fork parallel, binding the tops of each pole to its fork. Then draw the skin tight and sew it to the second pole so that it is flesh side up. Then tie cross poles at the ends and sew the ends of the skin to them. This will make the skin even at sides and ends, and if it rains or snows, the fur is kept dry, while one can work on either side of it in fleshing and scraping. If it is spring, when the weather is warm, the cartilages of the ears should be removed, and a little alum or wood ashes dusted in will keep the flies away. (See Fig. 4).

"Oct.2. Rained at night. was in camp all day as it is Sunday". Nearly all the fur hunters, both white and Indian, used to keep Sunday and usually they cut their wood on Saturday. I still have a "crooked knife" with an elaborately carved handle, which an old friend, an Indian named Sabattis Solomon, gave me some fifty years ago saying: "We t'ink great deal you. 'Gainst our principles hunt Sunday. Took t'ree Sunday afternoon made that knife handle."

"Oct.3. Fine, but blows a gale from the northwest. Went out on Baker Lake Carry to finish the home end of our line. We found where the carry started from Avery Pond and an old Indian saddle line bearing to the west; also a tree marked 'Alonzo Mitchell, Aug. 19, 1859'. We made forty-five traps for sable, mink and fisher. Found beaver works. Took out five muskrats.

"Oct.4. Wind blows furiously from northwest. Went out and looked at a bear trap to the west of the camp. Then went down some two miles on the east side of the lake and up a very crooked brook to a pond among the hills." This is laid down on new maps as Rowe Pond, which is a printer's mistake, as this pond was named Ross Pond for John Ross who first lumbered near it. It is a pretty pond with several islands. We found good signs of mink and otter. I stamped a muskrat out of a bank and shot him. Set ten sable and eleven mink traps. In driving the stakes for a mink trap on an island a stake struck something a few

inches underground. I dug away and pulled out an old shank bone of a moose, then another and another until I had five of these bones which had been laid side by side. Evidently some moose hunter long ago had laid these here intending to save them for the marrow, as is usually done, and for some reason had not taken them, and they had laid here until several inches of soil had accumulated over them. I have taken a pint and a half of clarified marrow from the eight bones of the legs of one moose, and when salted it is better than any butter.

At night it calmed down and going home I fired at a lone sheldrake at long range. Though he was crippled we could not overtake him. Loading a muzzleloading rifle when a canoe is moving is not easy, but I loaded and fired three more shots, the last stopping him. When we reached him he dived, but could not stay under long. We found that the first ball had broken a wing close to the body and the last had broken the other wing in exactly the corresponding spot.

"Oct. 5. Started to go down to Chesuncook for letters and supplies. Felt very sick, pain in the bones and shivery. Paddled eight miles to the foot of the lake, carried one and a half miles past the Horse Race and then paddled against a strong wind until two hours after dark, not having eaten dinner. Finding the sea too heavy to cross Caucomgomoc Cove (on Chesuncook Lake) we tried to camp in a desolate place on the flowage. It threatened rain. We had no tent, as we expected to stay at Smith's over night. We tied my rubber poncho to poles with a few boughs at the sides and built a large fire in front. I was too sick to eat or to care for anything. Philbrook said that he had heard that the bark of yellow ash was a good medicine for something, he did not know what, and he was going to get some for me. He got a birch bark torch and started into the swamp after giving me both blankets. After a while he brought me a pint dipper nearly full of the steeped ash. It was very bitter, but I drank it all. Rufus told me to roll up in both blankets and he would keep the fire going. I lay with my feet so close to the blaze that my stockings were scorched, and under the combined influence of the hot ash tea and the reflected heat of the fire, actually took a sweat lying in the open air on those bleak swampy flats in an October gale. It did not rain and I was up at daylight feeling much better, as the medicine had acted as physic. Rufus had half a pint of the tea cold and to please him I drank this.

A FALL FUR HUNT IN MAINE
III.-A Bear's Bluff That Failed-A Compact
With Penobscot Trappers

By MANLY HARDY

On crossing to Smith's we found them at work with oxen tearing out the middle of the long log house preparatory to building a board house in the center, leaving the ends of logs. All was confusion. We found that letters had been brought in for us, but they could not be found, so getting fifty pounds of flour and bushel of potatoes, we started back.

Noon found us at the Upper Caucomgomoc Falls. Rufus wanted me to fish while he got ready to cook. As all we had besides flour and potatoes was a little pork, he was longing for trout. As the water was deepest on the east side, we landed there and I tried for trout, while Rufus went for wood. Just back was a large camp ground with a set of old camps and hovels. Rufus soon came back saying that a partridge was walking in front of one of the hovels. He asked me to take my rifle and cut his head off. Having done this I resumed my fishing while Rufus sat beside me picking the partridge. Just as he said, "I don't want partridge, I want trout". I had a bite and lifted out a trout as heavy as the pole would bear; the ganging broke just as he fell into Rufus' lap. It was quite steep down to the water and Rufus and the trout rolled down nearly into the pool before Rufus could hold him. This trout was very slim for his length. I think he was nearly twenty inches long, but he would not weight over two and a half to three pounds. So we had trout instead of partridge for dinner. In taking a walk about while Rufus was frying the trout, another partridge lost his head.

We started up stream after dinner. The wind, which had changed to the north, blew so hard that do our best we could not gain over two miles an hour. We reached the Horse Race Carry and lugged by all except our canoe.

"Oct. 7. The wind blows so hard that a canoe could not live on the lake, so we have to lie by. Ate our last partridge; have only flour and potatoes. I tried to kill something to live on, but the country is swampy, and with such a wind the chances were poor. I got a partridge and Rufus got a mess of small trout by hand-lining among the logs. A moose hunter last year told me of seeing a trout with white fins where a little brook comes in below the Horse Race. At the same place we both saw one with pure white fins. He would weigh about a pound. We could stand on the logs just above him where he lay in not more than two feet of water, and we could see him plainly, but he could not be induced to bite". We found here a cake board and a box for knives and forks left by the river drivers when the drive was abandoned. We propped the box up with a stick to which a fish line was tied, and using a piece of partridge's entrail for bait, caught several Canada jays. They were ugly and scratched and bit fiercely.

It snowed some and just after dark, as the wind seemed to be abating, we carried our canoe and things over the logs at the outlet of Caucomgomoc, but before we could load the canoe the wind rose and the logs began to roll so that we were glad to get ashore again, pick up the scattered brands of the fire and camp on the old camp ground.

Oct. 8. By 7 A.M. it had calmed down so that we crossed to the westward shore, and by keeping along the shore worked up to our camp, building four mink traps on the way.

Rufus asked me to look at the bear trap while he got dinner. He said in fun: "You need only cut his throat and I will have dinner by the time you get back". It was half a mile or more to the trap, which was set on a wide shelf of a ledge on the side of a hill among some large beeches which the bears had climbed for beechnuts. On one side the rock rose abruptly and on the other the bare ledge dropped off fifteen or twenty feet perpendicularly, while below the open beech land fell away gradually for a long distance. The trap was gone and a very plain trail led out on the bare ledge. I could see the scratches made by the trap to the very edge of the ledge, but no bear and no trace of him could be found. He could not climb the ledge behind the shelf, and if he had fallen over it would be plainly seen; neither was there any trace on rock or leaves where he had retraced his steps. Finally I went quite a way around and got below the shelf, thinking that he must have walked on his hind feet and carried the clog. Concluding that he would naturally go down hill I began to half moon around in wide semi-circles until when I was quite a long way down the hill, I struck the trail which the beech leaves as plain as if made by a plough. Following this eight or ten rods I came to where it suddenly ended. I was circling back and forth to pick up the trail again when I noticed a small spruce tipped to one side. On turning to look at this the bear, who was sitting up on his haunches, gave a growl and started for me, the chain rattling and clanking at every jump. My gun was a double-barreled muzzleloader—we had no breechloaders then—one barrel rifle, forty-six to the pound, round ball, the other shot. Fearing the rifle might miss fire I stood and began to draw the shot to exchange it for a bullet. The bear made a few jumps, but evidently not liking the idea of my standing still, reared up and clawed a large beech so as to make the splinters fly, then giving an ugly "Wah!" started for me again. After a few more jumps he again attacked a tree and again growling savagely, started toward me. Evidently my standing still was not according to his program, as he made but a few jumps before he sprang up a large beech, clearing trap and clog from the ground at the first leap and putting the tree between us as he climbed up some twenty feet, where he stuck his head out, growled at me, and at the same time swung the right angles and the chain would wrap around the tree as he threw the clog back and forth. The clog was a solid rock maple butt seven feet long and four inches through at the top end.

Taking aim at the side of his neck just below the ear I fired. Almost as soon as the rifle cracked he tipped backward and fell with a crash as he struck the dry leaves. I walked round him with my shot barrel cocked as he lay in the hollow between two cradle knolls, but his open eye seemed to follow me and he was so large that I felt diffident about shaking hands with him till sure that he was dead. Reloading, I fired another ball into his head, but this was needless, as my first ball had broken his neck.

Although he looked and talked savage enough when he was coming toward me, I think it was all bluff. If I had run from him he would probably have followed for some distance. In buying the skins of several thousands of black bears I have never seen or known of any instance of a bear really attacking a person, either when in or out of a trap, though I have known several men to be hurt when trying to kill one either with an axe or a club. I have often known of bears doing as this one did, and in one case the hunter, who had a good repeater and was used to bears, having trapped over one hundred, stood until the bear came within rifle's

length, but after growling and threatening he finally drew back and was shot. There is no doubt that black bears often do follow people - so will a turkey, if the person runs, but I never knew of any case where a black bear ever overtook and killed any person. I have known of several cases where cubs were taken from their mothers, and in one instance a charge of shot was fired into a bear's face, but in one of these instances did the bear defend the cubs as a cat would have defended her kittens. I think the case is about as a noted naturalist, the late Edwin Carter, told me once at Breckenridge, Colorado: "Partner, when anybody meets a grizzly bear someone has got to run, and if you do not, he will". I have never seen a grizzly, but my opinion is that if a man lives till he is killed by a Maine black bear he will be so old as to be past any usefulness.

As the bear was too heavy for me to handle, after cutting his throat I started for the camp. My knee had some blood on it, so I rubbed on black much as if I had fallen, and I washed my knife handle perfectly clean.

Rufus had dinner ready, and after eating I said: "Now, Rufus, go out and help get my bear."

"You haven't got any bear; I looked at your knife handle when you came in. I could have heard your rifle if you fired."

The reason that he did not hear it was that I was over the divide. Finally I convinced him that I really had a bear and we went out and got him skinned and the meat into camp. He was a very large bear and very fat, giving us a good supply of excellent meat. Rufus had brought a ten-quart tin pail on purpose for trying out oil and we made a gallon can of oil besides some in other dishes. In years when bears feed on berries the fat will cool like hog's lard. I have seen it where it could not be told from lard. When they feed on beechnuts the fat makes oil. This oil is as good as lard for frying doughnuts or for any other of the uses of lard, and only prejudice would keep anyone from substituting it.

"Oct. 9. Sunday. Snowed all day and two inches remained on the ground.

"Oct. 10. Went up Avery Brook to carry Rufus, who is going to bait up our Baker Lake line. He carried a steel trap and promised me a beaver. He also carried for the first time his ten-inch rifle pistol in the use of which he is very expert. He never carries anything when we are together, as he prefers that I should do the shooting. At the place where I left him I set and baited a single trap for mink".

It was a bright sunny day, and as the water had fallen considerably as I was passing over the pool where I had lost the beaver trap on Sept. 10, I let the canoe drift. As I leaned over the side I thought I could see something white swinging slowly deep down in the water. I paddled back and, drifting over it again, I saw that it was the end of the trap stake, and below I could distinguish a dark mass which I thought must be my beaver. I had a stout fish line in my leather ammunition bag (pitsonung), which I wore on my belt, so paddling back again to the head of the pool I let the canoe drift side to, and leaning over the side I lowered my line and tried to hook the dark object that I could see below. Several times as I drifted over I tried unsuccessfully, but at last I made fast to something. The strain on the line was about all it could bear, but at length the mass began to rise slowly and finally I got it alongside. It was very large beaver, covered with mud and slime. Loaded, as it was with mud it must have weighed over fifty pounds. Just as I had thought, the fork of the stake had held in the ring of the trap chain and I had seen the cut end of the stake.

On getting home I skinned the beaver, thinking to make a pistol case of the skin, as I supposed that the fur would all slip, as it had been under water so long; but on washing it thoroughly and stretching it, the fur did not pull and it made a perfectly good skin, although it had

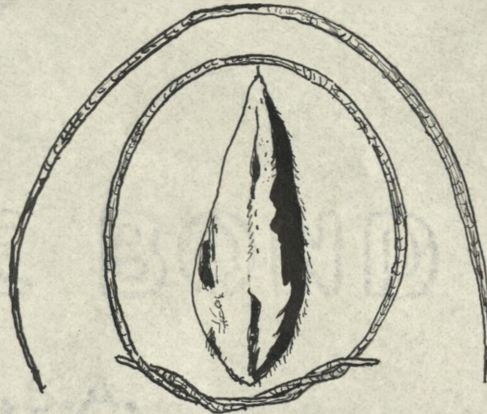


FIG.--5 TO MAKE HOOP FOR BEAVER.

been under water at least seventeen days.

Beaver skins are stretched in hoops. We take two small trees about an inch through at the large end and five feet long - spruce if it is to be got, if not, cedar - and whittle down a foot or more of the large end of each until the two flat sides when placed together will be the size of one of the original sticks. These ends we bind together tightly by winding with bark, usually cedar or elm bark. Then we interlock the

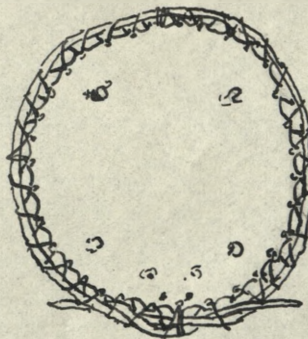


FIG.--6 BEAVER SKIN STRETCHED ON HOOP.

small ends so as to make a hoop, but we do not tie them at first. Then we fasten the tail end of the beaver - the tail itself of course having been cut off - to the hoop where it is spliced, and holding it up we let the skin drop down its full length, either loosening or drawing in the lower part of the hoop until the nose of the beaver skin will just touch the lower edge of the hoop. Then we tie the small ends, knowing that our hoop has just the diameter to make a round skin. The skin is then sewed in tightly all around the hoop by making small holes with a knife in the edges of the skin and sewing with bark. After this every particle of meat or fat is scraped off. Of course in stretching a beaver this way there is only one cut made from the chin to the root of the tail, the legs being turned out and cut off inside at the paws, not split. Hoops are made to fit the different sizes of beaver. (See Figs. 5 and 6.)

Our Maine beaver weigh from eight to ten pounds for puss beaver up to about forty pounds for a very large fully grown beaver, but I have bought skins taken on the Columbia River which came from much larger beaver and I should not doubt that some of these beaver weighed more than fifty pounds.

"Went to the bear trap and found a sable in it. We had kept a prop under the pan to prevent catching any small animal, but the last time I looked at it, seeing that some animal had been troubling the bait, I took the prop out."

I worked till probably nearly midnight (my watch having stopped weeks before) skinning and stretching the beaver and sable. By my knife slipping I cut one of my fingers very badly. Finding that I could not stop the blood I saturated some oakum with fir balsam from a fir log in the wall of the camp, and then opening a large fir blister and biting the finger to stop the blood I darted it quickly into the balsam and rolled it up in the oakum. It pained me so that I did not sleep much, but rose early and salted a lot of our bear meat. We had found a large butter tub at a last year's lumber camp and I got some salt out of one of their old pork barrels. Rufus put some new ash hoops on the tub and we had let it soak tight. I clarified the pickle, which I made, Rufus' large tin pail, by skimming it several times. I cut up about fifty pounds of bear meat into pieces weighing from four to six pounds and packed them tightly into the tub, pouring the pickle over them. Then I cut a wide cedar split to fit inside the tub and laid on a heavy rock to keep the meat under the pickle.

After breakfast I started to bait up our line west of the camp. I found a live sable in the bear trap. I went clear to the end of the line and baited up nearly fifty traps. We use about two ounces of meat or fish to bait each trap set for sable or mink, using a much larger bait FOR FISHER. We also scent all our traps with the substance which comes from the oil glands of the beaver. We brought in with us some preserved in brandy, but as soon as a beaver is caught we prefer to use the fresh. We commonly call this "beaver castor," but it is not the real castor, as a beaver, besides the sacks which contain the castor (which is solid), has two oil or scent sacks just as a male muskrat has in the spring, but the beaver of both sexes have them and at all seasons. We carry one of these sacks with us. It is full of a thick liquid which looks like very thick cream. To scent a trap we chew the end of a small stick, thrust it into the scent sack and place it in the trap. This scent will attract every fur-bearing animal which we have in Maine. I have seen where a wolf went quite a distance out of his course drawn by this scent which was at a mink trap.

On the way home I took out two more sable. One of these was the darkest furred one I ever saw taken south of the St. Lawrence. I have had much darker ones taken up the Labrador or in Alaska, but in buying over twenty thousand taken south of the St. Lawrence I have never seen its equal. Our sable, or pine marten, have the heads nearly white and the breasts a deep orange yellow, while the dark sable which come from the far North have much paler breasts.

Sable sometimes will not take bait. Besides catching mice, squirrels, rabbits and birds they often feed on the berries of the mountain ash and sometimes they will climb a tree to eat these berries, not noticing a well-set trap close by. They are an unsuspicious animal and are easily trapped when they will take bait.

"Oct. 12. Sat up late last night; skinned by three sable and made stretchers for them. These stretchers are made from split cedar. There are two side pieces about two feet long and two inches wide pointed at the head. The skin is drawn on these two pieces as far as it will go and tacked down at the legs. Then a pair of clamps are put across just

above the fore paws and another pair at the lower end of the skin to keep the side pieces from twisting and a narrow, tapering wedge is driven in between the side pieces. Sable and fisher are usually stretched point-headed, while mink and otter are usually round-headed. When a hunter had notacks with him he caught a little slit in the legs of the skin into a notch in the edge of the stretcher. The tails of otter were often extended by a row of tiny sticks of graduated length laid parallel and caught under the edges of the skin. The stretch of the different hunters was so individual that in numerous instances I could identify a man's catch, no matter where I found it.

"Was up long before sunrise. Went up Avery Brook and found a nice mink in the trap where I landed Rufus. While down near Bangor mink will not be prime until nearly Nov. 1, this was strictly prime (Oct.13); as are all the sable, though sable are usually prime a week before mink are.

"I set thirteen traps for sable, one for mink, and one for otter, came to camp and went to look at bear trap. Trap empty. Set a steel trap for fisher, baited with the forward half of my beaver, also made two traps for sable on home end of my line. Rufus came just at dark with two sable and a beaver.

"While at the shed camp at the further end of our line Rufus had cut his camp-wood double length, as it was late, and was cutting it up after supper, when a bull moose came to the sound of his ax. When he was quite near, Rufus retreated into the camp and the moose walked back and forth on the other side of the fire, grunting and slapping his lip. As Rufus had only a single-shot pistol of small caliber, he did not like to fire; because the moose, if only wounded, might charge right over the campfire. So, thinking prudence the better part of valor, he did not shoot. It is singular how few signs of moose we have seen. Since we built our camp we have not seen half a dozen tracks in all our travels. The bear are plentier than the moose in this vicinity."

At this time there were no caribou in Maine, although they began to come in by 1861. Also there were extremely few deer above Katahdin. In 1857 and 1858, we saw only two tacks, and this year we did not see one. Also we did not see the tracks of a fox, although there were some around Chesuncook and Chamberlain farms. Although I caught a skunk in a sable trap the year before at Nictor Lake at the head of the Little Tobique, there was not one taken in our woods, away from the settlements, for at least eight or ten years. The first one ever known to be taken was sent me from Chesuncook. It seems singular that while, in most States racoons were found in the woods away from the settlements, in Maine I do not know of a single instance of one being taken above the forks of the Penobscot (Nicatow) until about 1856, when Rufus and his partner took one in a bear trap near Katahdin on the south side. A few years after one was taken near Katahdin Iron Works by Big Jim Edwards, and in neither case did the hunter know what the animal was. A few years after one was taken near Patten, and after that they began to be taken occasionally in the deep woods.

"Oct. 13. Looks rainy, but we started down the lake to go up Loon Lake. Loon Stream comes in at the foot of Caucomgomoc at the opposite corner from the outlet. By the stream it is about three miles to Loon Lake - three-fourths of a mile of quick water, two of dead water and a carry of a quarter of a mile just below the lake. Shot three partridges on the carry; set five traps for mink on the stream; camped at the foot of the lake.

"Oct. 14. Looks sure to rain by noon. Went up the lake, set a line of seven sable traps back of where we camped; going up the lake, set

seven traps for mink and otter. Loon Lake is some six miles long by perhaps half a mile to a mile wide. Began to rain about ten A.M. Went up Loon Stream; turned up Withey Brook. It was raining hard and blowing a gale, so that we were glad to take refuge in a very old lumber camp which had only some ten feet of the covering left on one side of the roof, but this was tight and saved pitching a tent. Shot a partridge right at the camp door."

Just as we landed we saw a new beaver chip floating, so as soon as we had eaten dinner, we started out to find the beaver. Only a short distance above came to the place where an old "banker", who had neither house nor dam, was getting his winter's wood by cutting small wood and tucking it into holes under the bank. I had landed Rufus to set a trap for him and was standing in the canoe, which lay across the mouth of a small logan. As I went to pass the bait stick to him, the beaver, which must have been up in the bushes somewhere, jumped in with a loud splash. I seized my rifle. He swam directly under the canoe, but too deep for me to see him and went into a hole on the opposite side, making his raft of wood just rise out of water as he passed under it. Rufus set the trap for him, I set one for otter and we set some for mink.

"Rained terribly and blew so that we had to prop up the end of the old camp, for fear of its being blown down upon us." As it rained so that we could not pick any boughs, we had a rather hard bed, although not much worse than I have had some forty years ago at some of the high-priced Bar Harbor hotels, where they used to have mattresses filled with meadow hay or with cornhusks with the butts on.

"Oct. 15. Our beaver got such a fright that he did not get trapped so we went up stream to the Lower Hurd Pond and carried into the Upper Hurd Pond, setting two traps between them. The Upper Hurd Pond is a very singular pond. It is perhaps a half mile long by a quarter mile wide, and is filled with yellowish mud about as thick as very thick gruel, so that it is hard work for two men to force a canoe through it. A twelve-foot setting-pole finds no bottom, even close to the banks. Near the center are several rocks some feet above the water, or rather the mud, which are as red as if fire had passed over them. The shores are low and boggy.

"Leaving our canoe here - it had begun to snow - we spotted a line through to Caucomgomoc, about four miles, and made eight sable traps on it. We struck the alke about four miles below our camp and followed the shore up to our camp, getting home at just dark.

"Oct. 16, Sunday. Snowed last night, but is clear today. On Sundays we have a treat which we cannot get on other days. Not having any kettle suitable to bury in a bean-hole, we cannot bake beans as the lumbermen do; but we can put them on to stew on Saturday night, and by letting them stew slowly, filling in water as needed, we can cook them by noon so that they are as good as those baked in the regular way."

I brought the second volumes of Longfellow's poems, the old blue and gold edition, in with me to compare some of the things he writes of with things as we see them in the woods. It is surprising how accurately in Hiawatha he describes the works of the beaver.

"To a dam made by the beavers,
To a pond of quite water,
Where knee-deep the trees were standing,
Where the water-lilies floated.

* * * * *

On the dam of trunks and branches
Through whose chinks the water spouted,
O'er whose summit flowed the streamlet,
And the sunshine and the shadows
Fell in flecks and gleams about him,
Fell in little shining patches."

Very few, looking at a beaver dam as they wrote, could describe it so that the reader could see as perfect a picture of it in his mind's eye as these quotations give.

"Monday, Oct. 17. Snowed last night. This morning went down the lake to look at our traps on the Sis. At the foot of the lake saw a mink running on the logs, and, just as I was about to fire, he jumped upon something covered with snow, which I saw was a canoe that had been carried to the outer edge of the logs the night before and was now covered with snow. As I could not fire shot without danger of spoiling the canoe, I waited until he got down among the logs. I fired just as he stood with his fore-parts showing above a log. The shot cut a path in the snow where he had been, but he had dodged at the flash, and, although I called for him, we did not see him again. I have often been told that there is nothing which can dodge a bullet. In this case I fired the shot-barrel, as I did not wish to spoil the skin with a rifle ball, but I have seen muskrats and otters dodge bullets and have seen harbor seal, when in the water, do it scores of times. Indeed, I have found it almost impossible to hit a seal when side of head was toward me."

On turning over the canoe we saw by the head-board lashed to the middle bar, that the owners were Indians, and a large bag of steel traps told why they were there.

We had just got across the logs to the sandy shore, when the bushes opened and an old and very lame Indian appeared. He had heard my gun and had come to see who it was. I was not sure whether he was Penobscot or St. Francis, so after the usual "Queh!" (How do you do?), I said:

"Penobscot?"

"Ya-se."

"Name?"

"Brassua."

"Captain?"

"Ya-se."

"Do you know me?"

After a long searching look, he said, "Ya-a-se! Why debble you don't staid home 'long old Jonat'an?"

My father's name was Jonathan, so I had no doubt but he knew me, though how he did so was a puzzle, for he had not seen me since I was a small boy. I think, however, that he heard at Chesuncook that I was at Caucomgomoc, and my speaking Indian to him told him which of the two I was.

I asked who was with him.

His answer was, "Boy."

"How large boy?"

"Some boy."

He led the way to a little shed camp of spruce bark, which we had occupied when there before. Here I found John Brassua, or Franceway, a man weighing over two hundred, a good hunter and one of the best boatmen on the river.

John at once welcomed me, and then I found who I was up against. Instead of the old man being "Captain" Brassua (the term Captain being about equivalent for chief), whom I had known when I was a boy, this was ol Brassua (or Franceway - i.e., Francois) Peneas, the father of John Franceway, as in those days among the Indians the son always took for his last name first name of his father. Old Brassua Peneas (called Franceway by the whites) was the very worst man in the Penobscot tribe and I

knew nearly every hunting man in it. Old Peol Pole (i.e. Peter Paul) was a close second, but after that there was no one who could begin with him for rascality. I could fill quite a book with his devices to cheat. In those days beaver skins were always sold by the pound. It was rulable to leave in the middle of the skin what was known as the "saddle." This was apiece of flesh as large over as one's hand, lying between the skin and the true body meat; it usually comes off with the skin and is afterward fleshed off; it is perhaps an eighth of an inch thick and would add an ounce or two to the weight of the skin. Old Brassua used to cut a piece of thick sheet lead a little smaller than the so-called "saddle", and with a long knife, loosening one side of the saddle from the skin under it, would detach it except at the edges and slip in his plate of lead, closing down the saddle over it. When the skin was dry the lead would bend with it, and there was no possible way of detecting the fraud but by cutting through the saddle.

But this did not satisfy old Brassua. He would lay his beaver skins with the fur side up, and with a bottle of oil in one hand and a sheath-knife in the other, he would plough furrows through the fur with the knife and dribble in oil, following it with sand sifted in. The oil would stick the sand close to the pelt and the fur would close over it, so that it was very hard to detect. My father, who used to buy nearly all of the furs brought in by the Indians, detected this, although I rather think that he had at first a hint from the other Indians. If old Brassua had only lived later and been a New York broker, he would have taught them ways of watering stock which they never dreamed of. A photograph of old Geronimo as he looked in 1886 when he held the council with General Crook at Funnel Canon (Canon de los Embudos) would be as good a picture of Brassua Peneas as if he himself had sat for it. He was a drinking man and the most profane man in the tribe, while John was temperate, did not swear, and was a good, clean man.

At first Old Brassua began to swear at me for being on his hunting ground. He had hunted that ground before I was born, "had only left it

IN GLACIER NATIONAL PARK.
Looking Down Swift Current River.

a few years to grow up"; there would be trouble if we did not leave.

After he had finished, I told him that if he had hunted here so long he ought to be satisfied; that if he had left the ground for several years, he had no claim on it, and that we had come to stay.

Then he changed his tactics. He would set his traps between ours and he "would plague us a great deal". I told him to go ahead.

John talked to him low in Indian, and then he said "S'pose you lose um something, you said, 'D_____d Indian, he stole him.' You got um plan?"

I got Philbrook's plan, and we sat down cross-legged to look at it. I found that, although he could not read, he not only knew every pond and stream, but could tell the township and range in most cases, as he had been guide for white timber explorers. I showed him where our traps lines were. Seeing that the one on Baker Lake Carry crossed the brooks above Francis Lake, he said:

"You found beaver there?"

"Yes."

"Now s'pose you give me that line. Leave beaver alone. We tlade (trade)."

I told him that we had eaten one of those beaver, and that another was probably then in our trap.

"Beaver poison", he said; "you eat, mebbe you die".

Before this he had showed me where he had cut his knee and it had suppurated and made him lame. I said: "You old man, be'n eat great many beaver, poison blood, that make you knee sore, by'm-by you die?"

He looked at me sharply, and said: "Ugh! Ebber you see anybody he don't die?"

This conversation seemed to please him and he dropped the subject of our giving up our line to him. Then he began again: "We got it bloke tlap. You swap good tlap our bloke tlap; we tlade."

On my refusing to do this, he said: "You got um file?"

"Yes."

"S'pose you lend um file, maybe can mend."

Our camp was so hidden that it would be only by chance any one could find it, but I had anchored a small spruce spar out opposite it as a mark, and had been carrying out all the camp waste and dumping it there to toll fish, so that we could catch them for bait. I told John, who knew had been trying to keep the peace, to go up the west shore till he saw the spar and then land and find our camp. I told him where he could find the key to our chest hidden in the moss chinking; that in the chest were two files and they could have one of the; that we should be gone two days and they could stay in our camp and live on our provisions, while they carried on the Baker Lake Carry. They could have got on good ground by going up the Sis and across to Allegash Lake by much shorter carries; but they preferred the nine-mile carry to Baker Lake, and we agreed not to extend out our line any further. So we said, "Adieu!" and parted good friends. My telling them where the camp was, proved, as we afterward learned, to be the means of saving the lives of both of them, when they must have frozen to death but for the knowledge of this refuge near them.

I really felt badly for them to be obliged to make the nine-mile carry, but by all the unwritten laws of the woods, both of whites and Indians, we owned the ground we had occupied. If we had found any new "spots" on any beaver dam and the name of any hunter or the totem mark of any Indian on such a spot, we should have respected their ownership as any one would a marked bee-tree; but the country was fairly ours, and it was our right to hold it. As Rufus was not acquainted with Indians, he worried because they were going to our camp, but I felt sure, although one of them was the greatest rascal in the tribe, that they would use our things well, for I would much rather trust two strange Indians than two strange white men. I had been among Indians all my life, and in winter we often, in my boyhood, had a great many more Indians than whites for neighbors, yet I had never known an Indian, when sober, to steal anything. An Indian might lie to you and cheat you as badly as a white man, but he would never steal from you.

A FALL FUR HUNT IN MAINE

IV.-The Coming Of Winter-A Long Tramp In Frozen Clothing-Observations On The Habits of Animals

BY MANLY HARDY

Going up the Sis, I cut the head off from a buffle-headed duck with my rifle; camped at the head of Daggett Pond; caught a few trout.

"Oct. 18. Weather looks bad. Went up to Shallow Lake (rightly named) and set traps for mink and otter. Started to go to Long Pond, but as it began to rain we turned toward home, having set thirty-six mink traps, besides some for lynx and otter. Rained very hard, but we had a fair wind up the lake and reached home just at dark. Found the Indians had used our camp the night before, but had left everything in good order.

"Oct. 19. Blows a living gale. Snowed last night and continued all day. Rufus started to look Baker Lake line. I looked traps all day, going in a canoe. Got nothing except a sheldrake caught in a beaver trap, and got wet all over in getting him. Went up to the bear trap. Found that it had been sprung by a bear and some of the long hair, which grows between the toes, pulled out as the jaws snapped. In setting it with levers, the levers slipped on the icy springs and I was thrown almost into the trap, the great toothed jaws smashing together close to my face. It was a close call." In setting a bear trap it is safer to bear down one spring at a time and fasten it by winding a strap or body-belt around it, as then there is no chance for an accident.

"Oct. 20. Snows hard. Went to look on S.W. sable line. Had a very wet time. Took out eight sable and shot a partridge. Rufus came in with seven sable, two beaver, a fisher and a mink and a partridge. All to-days' fur except the beaver was taken in log traps. Rufus met the Indians on the near end of the carry, coming for their last load. John Brassua told him that he passed a fisher and a sable in our traps; should have hung them up and reset the traps, but feared we might not like for him to meddle." A good many times I have had white men take game out of traps, often stealing trap and all; but I never had an Indian take either, though once, when mink were worth seven or eight dollars apiece, an Indian took pains to cover up a mink, which was in my trap, for fear the sun would injure it. "Old Brassua had a good deal to say about the waste of time in building our camp. 'Tell my son take them buggers two days and half make that house. When we camp, we camp; when house, we house'.

"Oct. 21, Snows. Have been busy skinning, making stretchers, stretching skins, etc. I got a beaver's fore-foot and a muskrat. When Rufus is at home he fries up a big birch-bark dish full of doughnuts. He has a rolling pin made of a maple stick with the bark peeled off and rolls out his dough on a clean sheet of thick birch bark. Also we often have fritters or pancakes, which we eat with syrup made from our sugar. For diners, when separate, we carry a piece of the salted bear meat, rolled up in a thin sheet of birch bark to prevent its greasing our clothes. This we eat standing up in the snow, as unless we are together, we do not bother to make a fire at noon.

"Oct. 22. Very cold; snow does not melt. Went across lake to Ross Pond. Made and baited twenty-six traps for sable, eleven for mink and two for fisher, and set up two old Indian killheags which we found. The

stream between the lake and the pond is so narrow and crooked that in several places we had to take our canoe out and haul across bends, as the turns were too short for the canoe. In coming back we saw the muddy tracks of a bear which had crossed the stream while we were gone. Cut wood for Sunday as long as we could see.

"Sunday, Oct. 23. Stayed in camp and read till after dinner. For the first time in my life the snow has fallen so early that the beech nuts had not dropped before it came. The last rain made a sharp crust and the high wind has shaken the beech nuts down by thousands; they have slid on the crust into the hollows, so that we can almost scrape them up by handfulls.

"We took a walk after dinner up toward our bear trap to get some nuts. Rufus carried his pistol. Happening to look across the valley to the opposite ridge we saw something which I knew did not belong there, and another look showed that it was a bear hitched up. I started to run toward him, and as Rufus has a bad foot, I outran him and was within a few feet of the bear before I realized that I had nothing with me but my belt knife. However, the bear was a rather small one, and very clever. When Rufus came up, I asked him to aim between the eyes, but he aimed at the eye when the Bear's head was side toward him. The ball struck the upper jaw, and, as I afterward found was flattened against it. The bear never took any notice of the report, but as the blood dropped on his forepaws he lapped it off and would look up as if expecting more to come from above. He amused himself in this way without paying any attention to us until Rufus had reloaded, when he shot him between the eyes, killing him instantly. He was a very nicely furred bear, and we took him down to the camp.

"Oct. 24. Rose early and stretched our bear and started to look our Loon Lake traps. The lake is open, but the shores are iced up, where they have been washed by the waves. Going down four miles, we carried our canoe up over the sea-wall, and shouldering our packs, we followed our sable line four miles over to the Upper Hurd Pond. We were surprised to find it frozen clear across and as far down as we could see. We had previously left our spare canoe near a last year's lumber camp, and seeing two old hand-sleds, Rufus proposed to load the canoe on them and haul it down on the pond as far as the ice would hold and then break through to open water, as we knew that the stream below must be open. Placing our packs and axes and my rifle in the canoe, we started, using the canoe painter to haul by. We had gone down the pond only a hundred yards or so, and were about twenty yards off shore, when the ice began to bend and one sled-runner cut through. There was no time to be lost. If we both stayed there a minute we should all break in. So, snatching the setting-pole, I started for the shore. Rufus called to me to come back; but as I was the lightest, I thought I ought to take the risk. The ice bent under me and would not have held me if it had been clear water beneath instead of thick gruelly mud. I did not raise my feet but skated them along and was getting near the shore when the ice bent so that I found I was going to break in, and I tried to jump for the shore. When I sprang, my leg broke through up to my knee and I was thrown flat, going in clear to my neck. By good fortune a juniper root projected a foot or more from the bank, and I caught the end of it as I was going down. Drawing the setting-pole to me, I thrust it down its full length (twelve feet) but got no bottom. The bank was some two feet high and hollow beneath, so that I could get no more help than if trying to climb into a boat. It was very hard work getting out. By the time I got back to the old lumber camp, Rufus was back with the canoe, and by this time my hunting shirt was frozen and everything I had on was stiff with yellow mud. Rufus

offered to build a fire, but I told him I should freeze to death while he was getting it built. I took my pack, rifle, and hatchet, and telling him that he would find me at the home camp, either alive or dead, I started back for the lake (Caucomgomoc). I used all the will power I had trying to travel fast. For the first mile it seemed to me that I must chill to death; I was sick at my stomach and wanted to lie down and sleep; but my pack was quite heavy and my exertions began to warm me up, and by the time I reached our canoe on Caucomgomoc I was getting limbered up, so that I was quite comfortable.

"As the canoe was too heavy for me to carry, I cut round skids, and tipping it on the side, I rolled and slid it into the lake. When I tried to paddle, my clothes were frozen so stiff that I could hardly move my arms, and as I could not get my hunting shirt off, I made very slow progress, but at last reached home. The yellow mud had soaked through, so that I had to wade out into the lake and wash thoroughly before I could put on clean clothes. After this it took me a long time to wash the mud out of my clothes. After dinner I started out in the canoe to look traps. It was softening down, and before night I was wet through by a cold rain. Rufus came back at night, having given up looking our Loon Lake line. He had spent his day making sable traps. Probably he was anxious about me, though he did not say so.

"Oct. 25. Rose before day. Very cold, wind rose with the sun, but it was fair for us, and, starting early, we soon ran down to the Sis. Took out four mink going up stream, a lynx at Richardson's old camp and a mink and a sable at the head of Daggett Pond."

The ice was thick in Daggett Pond, but we found a narrow passage on the left-hand side just wide enough to get through. As there was great danger of the ice swinging and closing the way by which we came, I charged Rufus to hurry, and I started to look traps on the stream while he went across the country to look the traps at Shallow Lake. I hurried and was back in good season, although I had as much to do as he. I waited for a full hour, while the ice was swinging and blocking the way by which we came. Finding that it would surely be dark before we could cross the pond, if we crossed it at all, I went back into the woods and peeled a large lot of birch bark and made it into torches. It was cold waiting in the north wind, but at length Rufus came.

The passage by which we came was now closed fast and our only chance was to break ice for more than a mile from one place of open water to another. It was near dark when we started. We cut heavy poles for breaking the ice and broke out into the longest lead of open water that we could see. The ice kept moving so as to close in behind us, and in some instances it opened in front. In places we broke it, and in places we got out and hauled the canoe upon it. Once we thought we should not be able to get through, and the canoe leaked badly from being cut by the ice. But at last, long after dark, we landed at the foot of Round Pond, where a point of ledge offered the only chance to camp. There was no place to pitch a tent, but a small shed camp of spruce bark, open to the north wind, was standing. The ground in front, by years of camping, had been burned down at least two feet below the level. It was so dark that our only way to get firewood was to tie a torch to a stick and go down into the swamp and cut by torchlight. We could get no boughs and were obliged to lie on two curled-up sheets of spruce bark with only a single blanket apiece, our usual allowance when camping away from home. We were too cold to sleep much, and daylight disclosed the outlet frozen, so we had to break ice a good deal in going down the Sis; but at last we reached Caucomgomoc Lake.

While scraping up some pine cones to make a fire for dinner, close behind a lone pine on the point between the lake and the Sis, I uncovered

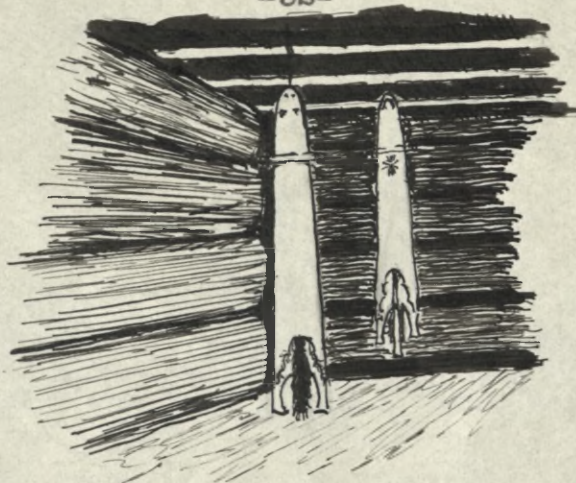


FIG. 7-SABLE SKINS ON STRETCHERS HUNG IN CAMP.



FIG. 8-MINK SKIN ON STRETCHER-SHOWING METHOD OF FASTENING SKIN WITHOUT TACKS.

a ball of native pitch as large as a man's fist. It had evidently been hidden by some Indian who had taken this pine as a mark to find it by. It looked as if it had lain here for years, yet although it would have been nice to kindle my fire with, I replaced it and built the fire elsewhere. It is singular how often one hunter finds what another has hidden. At least half a dozen times I have found hidden articles which there did not seem one chance in a million of finding.

The wind blew so that it was no use to try the lake, so we pitched our tent in a sheltered bend and skinned and stretched our fur. Rufus said that when at Shallow Lake he saw smoke across the lake. So, in the morning, as the wind blew worse than ever, if that we possible, rather than lie still, we concluded to go by land to Shallow Lake and see whom we had for neighbors.

After crossing the stream, we were at first confronted by swamp and bog, but finally we got on hardwood ridges, and after a ten-miles walk, we came to where Richardson's crew of twenty men were building a camp. They had come in from behind by the way of Umbazooksus and Longley Pond, and had hauled their outfit a long way on a sled by hand. Stopping only for dinner and to hear the news "Out in the States," we took our homeward way. We saw many new signs of bears, and I shot three partridges, two birch and one spruce (Canada grouse).

"although it blew very hard, we tried to get up the lake on the east shore, but after a hard pull of two hours, we had to give it up and come back and camp in the place we had left. Both the canoe and ourselves were coated with ice from the sea which flew over us, and our hands were nearly frozen.

"Wind continued all night, and as it was even worse in the morning, we packed up everything into two packs, except the tent, which we left standing, hid the canoe and started to walk around the lake to the home camp." In making my pack, I put in two or three pounds from the hip of my lynx. Rufus wished to know what I intended to do with that. I told him that I should have it for dinner if we did not get anything better before noon, as all we had left was a small piece of bear's fat and a piece of chocolate.

"It began to snow and continued all day. As there was no path, for some miles we crowded our way along the sea-wall of the lake, which was better than the cedar swamp behind. A little before noon I saw a partridge crouching down at the foot of a spruce close to the lake and exposed to the driving snow. She seemed to be intended for our dinner, and I took her in. We dried her at noon with out bit of bear fat, and had each a dipper of good hot chocolate, which is both victuals and drink. We ate standing up in the snow and enjoyed the meal better than many do their Thanksgiving dinners.

"We went a little out of our way to look some traps and got two sable, a mink and another partridge, and after a walk of at least fourteen miles through swamp and brush with no path, reached home an hour before dark.

"Oct. 29. Wind still blows a living gale. Rufus started on foot to look the Loon Lake traps while I looked the southwest line. The snow on the ridges was three inches deep and much deeper in the valleys. The ridges are so far apart that standing on the top of one it looks at least three miles across to the top of the next. I tramped all day through the snow and took out four nice sable. Just at dark, while running across a flat piece of beech land, I thought I saw a shadow, and looking up I saw a barred owl balancing on his wings not four feet above me. His claws were drawn up close to his body and he had evidently mistaken me for some kind of game, but when our eyes met he just slid off sideways without seeming to move his wings at all and alighted on a low beech limb. I turned and smashed him and kept on without reloading, reaching camp long before after dark.

"Oct. 30, Sunday. Still blows and spits snow. Although alone in the camp, I have company; as soon after we got settled, a weasel came to us. At first his back was "malty" - as we often call a blue-gray - but he soon changed to pure white. He is very tame and seems to like company, as on our coming home we sometimes see him running toward the camp. Often when I am alone cooking he will come half way out of a knot hole in the floor and look me in the face, letting me talk to him as I would to a cat or a dog. We have not seen a mouse, mole or squirrel near the camp."

One day just after I had hung a saddle of bear on the end of a rib pole close to the door and was standing beside it, my weasel came out

from between the two roofs and began to pat the meat with his fore feet, just as a cat will pat a bed when about to lie down on it. I could distinctly hear him purring, for he was not two feet from my ear. The only writer I remember having stated that a weasel purrs was a Mrs. Jane G. Swisshelm. As I recall it, she had a tame weasel and she spoke of its purring when pleased and its patting with its fore feet. I remember that in the fall of 1852 my partner, on going back to a place where we had taken the entrails out of a deer, told me that when he reached the place a weasel sprang upon the paunch of the deer and began to pat it with his fore feet as if afraid it might be taken from him.

According to my observations for many years, the change of color in weasels is due to the color of the long fur gradually turning from brown to "malty" and from that to pure white, and not, as some assert, to the growth of white under-fur and the darker hairs shedding out. The fact is that the weasel has put on his new winter coat just before he changes color, and he never sheds any of it until spring. A weasel's coat changes in the same way as a mink's. In August a mink has a coat of long hair, quite a bushy tail and a sickly yellowish-white pelt. At this stage they are known by the trade as "August prime," and they so closely resemble the real prime that when mink brought from six to eight dollars, inexperienced buyers after paid four to five dollars for skins for which they could not get over twenty-five cents. In September this long hair sheds out, the tail is not much more than skin and bone and the pelt is coal black. The new coat begins to grow, and by the first part of November or earlier the pelt is clear white and the fur fully grown and this new coat gradually turns from brown to malty and from that to white. I have had weasels get into my traps at all stages of the change and know positively that they were not shedding. It is a singular thing that although we had traps set on six different townships (a Maine township is six miles square), we did not catch a single weasel nor see the track of one after the snow came, although we caught a muskrat in a log trap baited with meat quite a way back from the water and a rabbit (hare) in a log trap baited with fish.

"Oct. 31. Wind still blows furiously and it snows a little. Rufus came in late last evening. He took out a very large beaver, an extra large fisher, a fine otter, two mink and a sable and shot a drumming partridge. He skinned the otter and the fisher and brought the beaver in whole. The beaver was the old banker he had set for on Loon Stream." This beaver got into one trap, and a piece of pine bark kept the trap jaws open so that he escaped. But he had got into another set close by. The otter was in a trap I had set only a few rods above. The fisher was a gift to us. When returning from Loon Stream, Oct. 15, we had a trap we had no use for, and I set it in hope of catching a lynx. As it was no place for a fisher to be in I did not set it with a spring pole, as we do in setting for fisher because they often taken their feet off it a spring pole is not used. This fisher had killed himself fighting the trap.

I very much prefer log traps for mink, sable and fisher, unless fisher have been made shy by escaping from too weak a trap. One can set log traps faster and the animals do not suffer as in steel traps. Trapping like war is cruel at its best. We always try to down all water animals as quickly as possible. An otter caught on the land will kill himself in a short time fighting the trap. I have repeatedly found otter dead with the lower jaw broken and most of the teeth gone when at the outside they could have been in the trap not more than a few hours.

"Nov. 1. Rufus started to look the Baker Lake line. I stayed in camp to skin and stretch the beaver and make stretchers large enough."

I worked hard until after dinner. Then I found that my rifle would not go off. I tried pricking in powder until tired, but it was of no use. I took the barrels out from the stock and put bear's oil around the tube and heated it in over the fire, then replaced the barrels, took off the hammer of the rifle barrel and lashing the gun fast to the deacon seat with Rufus' snowshoe strings, tried to take out the tube with a tube wrench I had. I used all the strength I had, but it remained fast. After working a long time, repeatedly heating and putting on bear's oil (we had no kerosene then), I finally happened to think of a steel otter trap which was in camp. I cut a narrow crease on each side of the handle of the tube wrench, and opening the trap let the jaws shut into the crease, then putting the wrench on the tube I had an auger-handle purchase and the tube had to come. It was in so hard that it lifted the lower thread of the screw like a ring into which one can slip keys. After putting in powder and oiling the screw of the tube I replaced it and fired the rifle. Had I been where a gunsmith could be reached I should never have thought of this kind of a purchase.

"As there was a little time before dark, I reloaded and went up to look our bear trap. It was gone, but it was easy to follow the trail in the snow. The bear had gone under logs and around trees, evidently trying to find something to hitch up to. I found him fast after following about forty rods. Getting so that he was head toward me I fired at about twenty-five paces, putting the bullet exactly between the eyes. His head dropped between his paws. Being in a hurry, as it was quite late, I held his head back with my left hand and was cutting his throat with my belt knife, when as he felt the knife, his jaws came together with a loud snap. I was light-fotted, having moccasins on, and it gave me such a start that I jumped back several feet, but it was only a death struggle.

By working hard I got the bear skinned and the trap reset, and cutting the body in two I carried it up to the "house" over the trap and placed it back of the trap, so that in case another bear should come along he could not carry it off. This was a good-sized bear, very fat and with a beautiful glossy coat. After folding the skin carefully so as not to grease the fur, I tied it up with my suspender and reached camp in time to cut camp wood.

Many people think that a bear when in a trap gets fast by accident, but anyone who has ever trapped bears knows that they try to get fast to something in order to pull out of the trap. Sometimes they will climb a tree, and getting the clog entangled will throw themselves down, evidently hoping that their weight will tear their foot out of the trap. I have know of four such cases. In one the bear escaped by tearing a toe out. In the other three cases the bears were found hanging dead. I saw where one of them by biting had broken off the top of a large hemlock where it was more than six inches through and the ground beneath was strewn with splinters as if the tree had been struck by lightning.

Bears differ in disposition and mental capacity as men do. Some, when in traps, are ugly and some are clever; some will drag a trap to a ledge if one is handy and will repeatedly smash the trap against the rock, trying to break it. I have known of cases where they succeeded. Some will drag a clog a long way and some will pick it up, and holding it under their arm and walking erect upon the hind feet, will carry it a long distance without leaving any trail. If men who think that animals do not reason will try trapping bears or raccoons for a few years, they will observe some things which will surprise them.

"Nov. 2. It snowed a little last night and was so cold that I had to be up several times to keep a fire. It is quite a task to cut the camp wood, as when we are at home we burn fully a quarter of a cord in

twenty-four hours. We have the best of rock maple wood which we cut three feet long. We select that which will split easily and the most of it is clear and straight grained as rift pine.

"As soon as I could see I went up and brought down half of the bear. Went out on my Indian line, got two sable and made three more traps. Rufus came in before dark with seven sable and a puss beaver. Snows some tonight.

"Nov. 3. We both stayed in camp all day. I went up early and got some of the bear meat, and having my rifle with me, shot two partridges. We have been skinning, stretching and cooking. I stepped against the edge of a sharp hatchet and cut clear across the toe of my boot close to the sole. As there was not slack leather enough to nail down with tacks as I have done sometimes, I asked Rufus to try to sew it, for he had needles and shoe thread and was, I knew, quite handy with them. He said that it was so close to the sole that it could not be done with needles but that if he had bristles he could do it. I asked him how the smellers of some animal would do, but he only laughed at the idea. However, I did not wish to give up beat till I had tried. I could not get what I wanted on any of the bears, but got some good ones from the "bank" beaver. Beavers which live in houses usually have their smellers chewed off by the young ones of the family. He at first said that he could not split them like a hog's bristle to fasten them on to the thread, but he succeeded at last and sewed a good seam, making my boot watertight.

"We had beaver tail soup for dinner. Quite warm and snows some.

"Nov. 4. Started to walk round the lake to where we left the tent and the canoe on the Sis. Did not reach there till about 3 P.M. Rufus

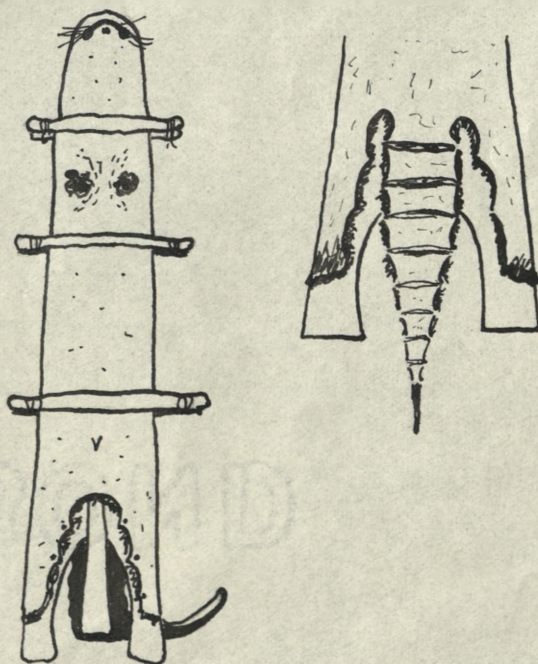


FIG. 9-OTTER SKIN, SHOWING FRONT AND BACK.

cooked while I took the canoe and looked some mink traps at the foot of the lake and down the main Caucomgomoc stream. Seeing a canada jay flying toward the bark camp where Brassua had camped, I thought that something must attract him and went to see. I found the remains of a fire and the bed where about ten men had slept. I followed the trail and

found where a batteau had been launched and loaded by some lumber crew who probably had gone up Loon Stream.

"Dined on a partridge I had shot on our way. Started up the Sis as soon as we had eaten dinner." The ice in the deadwater stretches was an inch and a half thick and we had to break it with poles." A great horned owl crossed the stream ahead of us with something in his claws and alighted on a lone ash tree. As the wind was ahead, the canoe swung as soon as I took my paddle out of water, but I fired as she swung and was fortunate enough to kill him at some seventy yards. It proved that he had a full-grown rabbit (*Lepus americanus virginianus*) in his claws. He was one of the largest owls I ever saw. It seemed singular that he could have caught a rabbit when neither of us saw one in all our travels except one which got into a log mink trap. The scarcity of rabbits explained why lynx were no more plentiful, as they feed mostly on rabbits, especially where, as here, there are no deer. When the rabbits fail they have to migrate.

"By hard work we reach Round Pond a little before dark. It was coming on bitterly cold and we could not be warm in our A tent. We felled a large yellow birch for camp wood, and as it had a wide fork which lay up some four feet from the ground, we trimmed out the inside branches and lined it up inside with long fir boughs. Laying sticks across the forks we covered the top tightly with fir boughs, sloping them down at the further end so as to reflect the fire. We made a large fire which kept all night, and after piling up a good bed of fir boughs, we used the tent as a coverlet, as we had only a blanket apiece. We slept perfectly warm, although water I had left in a pint dipper froze clear to the bottom."

A FALL FUR HUNT IN MAINE
V.-Sleeping Out in Wet Clothing-The partners
Break Camp-The Start For The Settlements

BY MANLY HARDY.

"Nov. 5. Rose before day; found the stream frozen across so that we had to walk around Round Pond and Daggett Pond and clear up to Shallow Lake. We got another lynx at Richardson's old camp." Both the lynx taken here were very large and both were taken in the same trap. I consider the lynx one of the meanest animals I know. Unlike a wildcat, which they greatly resemble in appearance, but which have some fight in them and are as hard to kill as house cats, no Canada lynx which I have ever yet seen has shown any courage, and they are as easily killed as rabbits.

"We took up all our steel traps, including one bear trap, and sprung all our wooden ones, as it would be impossible to look at them again and we had got about all the game. Long before we reached our canoe it began to snow about as fast as I ever saw it snow. Standing in the bow with a maple pole as large as a man's wrist and eight feet long, I broke ice while Rufus shoved the canoe along. In some places the ice was so strong that we hauled the canoe over it, and in other places where the stream had some current the water was thick with ice and snow, making a sludge six inches deep. We worked like dogs, taking only a few minutes to eat, until it began to grow dark, and we only got two miles of the three between Round Pond and Caucomgomoc. The snow by this time was six inches deep in the canoe and when we came to ice that we could not break, the canoe would stick so in the wet snow that we could not haul her. We were forced to land in a thick cedar swamp and try to camp.

"Every tree and bush was loaded with wet snow and it was snowing very fast. We put down two forks with a ridge pole and a few slanting poles and spread our A tent upon it in Baker tent fashion so as to reflect the heat if we could get any. Then we cut dry cedar and green ash, all the wood we could get. We cut some fir trees and got a lot of wet boughs for a bed and laid my poncho over them and at last we got a fire going. Every rag on us was soaked and the chance for drying off in a tough snow storm was not great, but we got some hot chocolate, and with a single blanket apiece, laid down to get what rest we could.

"It cleared off with a cold rain, making a stiff crust which would nearly but not quite bear us. As there was no possibility of going any further in the canoe, just as soon as we could see we broke the canoe across the stream and turned her up for the winter. Then making up our packs, which were quite heavy, we started to tramp some twelve or fourteen miles. A cold rain set in, and as our packs became soaked, they grew heavier. The crust cut our shins until the rain softened it. Except a short noon half we traveled from daylight to about an hour before dark, being able to average not much over a mile and a half an hour. We reached home benumbed by cold."

On the way we took out half of a large mink, the rest having been eaten by mice. Some days before half of a large beaver, which I had laid on the lake shore near our landing, had been removed. It puzzled me a good deal, as I could find not a trace of it nor any trail where it had been dragged. At last one day I saw a bluejay acting as if he knew something which he wished to keep to himself. I got behind a tree and after he had made sure that I was out of the way I saw him scale down to the shore, and alight in a bunch of alders which hung over the lake close to

the water, seeming to be busy over something. Now whenever you see a bluejay or a Canada jay stay quiet in one place for any length of time, you may be sure that he is in mischief. So I stepped out. The instant he saw me^{he} had urgent business down the lake. I investigated and found my beaver tucked away under this bunch of alders. The bluejay had found it and was visiting it to feed. Although this part of the beaver could not have weighed less than fifteen pounds, I felt sure from its being in the water that a mink had rolled it in and towed it under the brush for his winter's supplies, so I set a steel trap for him.

"This was some fifty yards from our camp, but our weasel must have seen me go with the trap and bait from our camp, as I had hardly begun to set the trap behind a large spruce before the weasel came. When I was on my knees fixing the trap he would look me in the eyes not two feet from my face. As I knew he would be at the bait as soon as I left I purposely set it too hard for him to spring, for I would not have him caught for the price of several mink.

"I had told Rufus that I had any trap set, so, as it would be some time before the camp got warmed up, I now went to look this trap rather than get chilly by standing around. I found a very dark mink alive in it. Killing him I tucked him into the breast of my hunting frock and was back at the camp before Rufus had noticed my absence. It took a good deal to surprise Rufus, but I have rarely seen anyone so surprised as he was when, as he turned round, I shoved the mink's head out of my breast. It did seem good to get dry and have a nice, warm supper ~~after supper~~ after two days of being only half fed.

"Nov. 6, Sunday. Cold as Greenland. Icicles several feet long hang all along the west side of the camp. Rufus had a shirt and it froze as stiff as a dry horse hide as soon as he got it out of the camp. We are glad of a day of rest. Rufus has snowshoes, but as I carried them last fall and did not use them, I did not bring any this year, but as it now looks and as I shall have to travel a good many miles to get to any settlement, we both think it risky for me to stay much longer.

"Nov. 7. Rose before day and after breakfast went as far as my Indian line with Rufus to help him carry his things. He shot a partridge while I was with him, as I did not carry my rifle. I looked at my line, but the sable are mostly caught up. Lake frozen clear across and a mile or more down it, and as it freezes the stream rises in clouds from the open part. I took Rufus' skates and skated across. Cut camp wood and chored round till dark.

"Nov. 8. Not having anything to tell the time by I do not know when I got up, but I ate breakfast and then waited round several hours before I could see to travel. As soon as I could see a "spot" I started to look our west line. When only a short distance from the camp I saw the track of a partridge in the little dust of snow which lay on the crust. I left the line and followed him up the hill back of the camp. I got sight of him still climbing up where it was very steep, and standing where I was when I first saw him, I cut his neck off and hung him up in a tree to take on my return. The snow was quite deep and the crust very sharp. I had looked all the traps except one and had not found a thing in them. The last was a long way up a steep hillside. I was tired by climbing, and it hardly seemed worth while to climb to that one when forty-nine had been empty, but I climbed up to it and found a sable in it. In the morning I had put on a nearly new pair of moose-hide moccasins, and before night the crust had rasped large holes in both.

"Rufus came just at dark with a fisher, a sable, a mink and three partridges. When we were building the home end of the Baker Lake line, I had proposed to make a trap for fisher in what I thought was a good place. Rufus said that we already had traps enough for fisher, and if I was foolish enough to make one he would look on and see me do it. So he lay on the ground while I built the trap. I made a trap with a double bed piece, as we often do for fisher, and when done Rufus said that it was a good trap, but I should never get anything in it. Today, when he was within two traps of it, he found a sable trap destroyed by fisher. The next one was also torn to pieces and on reaching my fisher trap there was the fisher just caught and still alive. Had this trap not been there he would have destroyed the rest of our line, as they and bears will often follow and destroy a long line and sometimes will repeat the operation when the line is rebuilt."

The fisher is also called Pennant's marten, pekan and blackcat. Although so often called a cat, Longfellow was correct when he spoke of "ojeeb, the fisher-weasel", as he belongs to the weasel family. I have weighed quite a number and the smallest weighed eight and a quarter pounds, the largest twelve and a half pounds, or very nearly the weight of house cats. It seems almost incredible that so light an animal can kill a deer, but I know positively that they can not only kill fawns, but that they can and do kill large old bucks in the fall when deer are the strongest. They do this by biting the jugular vein. In handling some thousands of their skins I have seldom seen as large a skin as that from the one weighing twelve and a half pounds and so conclude that few ever exceed that weight.

Although called fisher I have never known of their catching a fish, though they will eat fish. They feed largely on rabbits which in some cases they catch by running them down. J.C. Rich, of Bethel, Me., once wrote of seeing one run a rabbit down on Richardson's Lake, and in 1861 I saw one run a rabbit into the Allegash River and shot the fisher while the rabbit was crouching low on a gravel bed to which he had swum. Perhaps I ought to say again that by "rabbit" we here always mean the show-shoe rabbit, or varying hare, not the cottontail.

Although a large part of the fisher's food is rabbits, I think that they prefer porcupine to anything else when these are to be had. The quills of a porcupine often cause the death of other animals, but they do not seem to injure fisher in the least. I have had brought to me raccoon, fox and wildcat which seem to have died from the effects of porcupine quills, with which their necks were filled; but I have seen hundreds of fisher skins where there were many quills lying flat in the skin, largely on the head and neck and lower part of the back, and there was no sign of any suppuration or sore of any kind. As it is the rule rather than the exception for fisher skins to have porcupine quills in them, I have probably seen more than a thousand which showed quills. I do not think it would be exaggeration to say that I have seen twice that number. I have seen the remains where a fisher had eaten a porcupine and the skin showed that the fisher had opened the porcupine along the belly and had eaten out about everything inside, leaving nearly the whole skin in one piece exactly as I have seen where a raccoon had eaten skunks which they had taken from traps. Napoleon A. Comeau, on page 80 of his book on the "Life and Sport on the North Shore", speaks of catching forty fisher in his life, every one of which had porcupine quills in him. As most people know, these quills are armed with many minute recurved barbs near the point, and they will work into the flesh, often in the case of a dog, when they have not been removed, working from the

mouth through to the back of the head, sometimes causing death. I think that the fisher swallows very few quills, but gets them from being slapped by the tail of the porcupine while eating him. Fisher seem to prefer a hilly country and the passes between high hills, probably because this is good ground for porcupines. While they travel long distances they have regular dens, the same as raccoons, usually in hollow logs or in ledges, but sometimes in standing hollow trees.

I think that for his size and weight a fisher can whip any other animal in Maine. Think that a fisher of ten pounds' weight could whip a

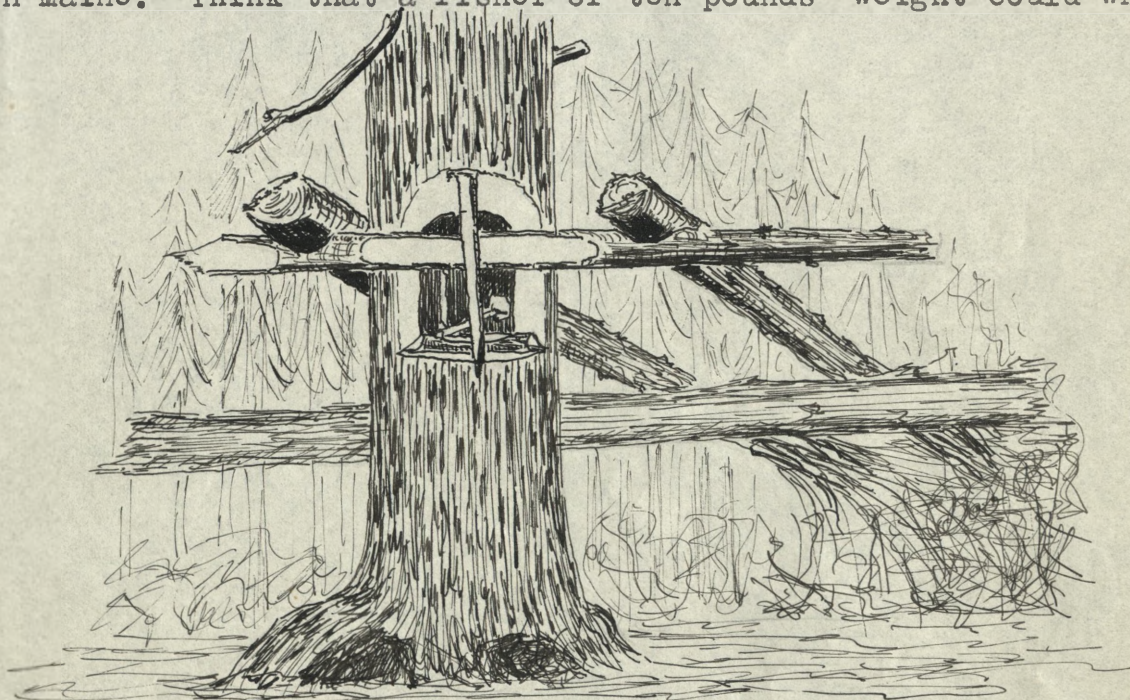


FIG. 10-STUB TRAP FOR FISHER.

wildcat of thirty pounds so quickly that it could hardly be called a fight. While a fisher can be treed by any small dog, the same as a lynx or a wildcat, there are very few dogs that have much business with a fisher if he has a fair chance. An Indian friend once told me that he was hunting moose and had with him a very large bull dog which he thought could whip anything of his size. While looking for moose they struck a fresh fisher track and followed it till it went into a hollow log. As the entrance was large he sent the dog in, and setting his gun against a tree, stood at the mouth of the log listening to the fight going on inside. He was expecting to see the dog back out with the fisher in his mouth, but in a few minutes the dog came out head first with the fisher following and chasing him. The fisher jumped over the dog and the dog ran away so thoroughly whipped that he could not be induced to take the track again. He said that the dog's head was all bitten and scratched up.

A raccoon in a trap is bad enough, but a fisher is a fiend incarnate. Unless the trap is set with a balance pole, it will not be long before he has taken his foot off, or got away with the trap, either by gnawing the stake off or by breaking the chain, or else has killed himself fighting the trap.

I have known of but one case of a fisher being found with newly born young. This was at East Grand Lake on the St. Croix. A bark-peeling crew cut down a hemlock to peel, and in a hollow in it found the nest of

a fisher with four small young. This was late in May. Usually fisher travel alone, though I have know of several being found in company, but I think this very unusual.

"Nov. 9. Last night after we had skinned and stretched our catch Rufus and I talked things over." I had no snowshoes except an old pair of which only the filling of heads and toes remained, which I had bought home from an old lumber camp to use in case of emergency. As the year before I had carried snowshoes and did not need them, and in common years they are not needed till December, I was unprovided for the unusual conditions. We now had ten inches of snow and it looked as if more were coming soon. It was twenty miles to Chesuncook where was the first house, and fifty more to get to Katahdin Iron Works, the first point where I could reach a stage. If I got snowed in I should have to lie still until the tote roads were broken out, so finally it was agreed for me to start this morning. I agreed to give Rufus what was in the traps and what provisions were left, enough to last him a month, and he was to go a day's travel with me and camp with me one night, talking back the blankets; from that point I would go through alone. Rufus disliked to have me leave, but knew that it was the only safe thing for me to do. We both had intended to stay until about Dec. 1 and come out together, but the winter had come down upon us a month sooner than usual and we had to make the best of it. So we sat up till after midnight cooking for the journey and getting things in shape to leave.

"We started as soon as we could see to travel, taking a ridge parallel with the lake. Before we had gone far we started the smallest bear I ever saw the track of. He certainly could not have weighed more than twenty-five pounds. By accident he chose to travel just the way we were going and we were on his track for at least half a mile, in which time we crossed a fisher track that was as large as the bear's.

"Besides my rifle I had a pack about forty pounds and Rufus had nearly the same, and as there was no road and some ten inches of snow we could not travel more than a mile and a half an hour. About noon we had to cross a black ash swamp where the slosh came nearly to the tops of our boots and the scraggly black alders troubled us by catching in our packs. At the edge of this swamp we came out to Loon Stream near the lake and directly opposite to us across the stream were two men. I was in advance and seeing them first asked if they were tending ferry. One of them replied: 'You can't do that again in a million years,' referring to our coming directly to them. The stream here was some fifteen feet wide and over one's head and the black ice looked rather risky. Both men were carrying long poles and at my suggestion one of them reached the end of his pole across and I fastened my pack to it with my belt and he drew it across the ice. Then I took hold and he pulled me over. Rufus was ferried across in the same way."

We found that our new acquaintances were Moses Wadleigh, of Old-town, a head lumberman, and one of his men. He had a crew of men down stream and it had frozen so that they could not boat up supplies and he had started to go through the woods to Moosehead Lake, which he said was not frozen as we supposed. He was going to get his horses across, build a jumper and haul back a load of provisions. They had no blankets and only an axe and an auger, a few slices of raw pork, which was tied to one of their belts, and a dipper for making tea. As it was near noon and we were not far from an old camp, we boiled the kettle and ate, we giving them some of our food, as it was better than theirs.

It was much nearer to go to Moosehead than to Chesuncook where I had planned to go, and as they wished me to go with them because neither of them had a compass or knew anything about the way, we "joined drives"

and started for Loon Lake. We had not gone a mile when we struck a fresh man's track, and although it led us out of our course we followed, hoping to be conducted to some camp where we could get directions to some tote road.

Pretty soon we heard axes and saw red shirts high up from the ground. On getting nearer we found a crew camp building and dozen men were placing one of the great rib poles. Learning that their home camp was miles out of our way and that Henderson's crew were camping across a cove of Loon Lake, we again started for the lake, but as we had to several miles out of our way to get around Big Scott Bog, it was nearly sundown when we came to a ridge which looked natural to me. I said to Rufus: "This is the ridge our Loon Lake sable line is on," and in a few minutes we came to it and followed it down to the lake, taking out a sable on the way.

We were just down to the lake and were going to camp in an old hunter's camp, when across the cove we heard a noise like pounding with an axe on a barrel. When we were here in the canoe, I had paddled around the cove while Rufus cooked, and I remembered seeing three old batteaux on a log landing just across the cove. So I told them that the noise was made by some crew breaking up those batteaux. We went to the shore and through the gathering darkness we could just see some men as they disappeared into the woods. It was about a quarter of a mile across the cove and we were not very sure of the ice, but we strung out and tried it. On getting across we found a newly swamped road leading back, but could get no answer to our calling and pushed on. It grew very dark and we stumbled over roots and slippery skids for over a mile before we saw the sparks flying out from the smoke hole of a large camp. To see us four come in was quite a surprise, though it could hardly have been a welcome one to the six men we found there, but they greeted us as if we had been brothers.

The head man, Henry Averill, and five men had got the camp nearly finished, but their wangan boat was frozen in thirteen miles from there on Russell Stream and everything they had to eat must be carried that distance on men's shoulders. This word wangan is a Penobscot Indian word and is used by our lumber crews to designate several different things. A wangan boat is a boat in which provisions and cooking tools are carried. A wangan chest is a chest in camp in which are tobacco, clothes, mittens, socks, etc., to be sold to the crew and is equivalent to a slop chest aboard a vessel. Our Penobscot men carried the word to Michigan and Minnesota and there they have changed it to wannigan, but wangan is the correct word.

These men were just as free with their provisions as if they had a carload at the door. As Rufus and I had our own supplies we did not taste their food, for it seemed too bad to eat what had cost them so dear, but it was not for lack of urging. They had only a berth boughed for six, but the head man gave up his chance to Wadleigh, and another did the same to Wadleigh's man and they lay near the fire on the yellow clay floor which later would be covered with the floor poles. I lay in my blanket on a slab of green spruce which was soon to serve as a deacon seat and Rufus stowed himself away on the floor somewhere.

A FALL FUR HUNT IN MAINE
VI.-The Friends' Parting- OnThin Ice-The
Moosehead Trip-Conclusion

BY MANLY HARDY

In the morning Rufus and I shook hands and parted, he to look the Loon Lake traps on his way back to our old camp and I to sack my pack toward civilization. I hated to say goodbye, as we had had storms and sunshine together for nine weeks, with never a word of trouble, working together like one's two hands. One finds out more about aman in a month in the woods than in years out in the States.

Wadleigh got me to guide and we crossed a small brook which I took to be a branch of Big Scott, and striking an old tote road we came to a new camp where only the head man was at home. His name was Mose McKay, and although we at first refused, no excuse would answer; he must fry us some pork and and make us a dipper of tea. His men had gone to their wangan boat for food. He told us that an old tote, with men's tracks leading west, would take us to Russell Stream, and there we must take the ice. We would find a camp on the south side of Russell where we could get further directions.

Following the old tote we met a man and a large boy carrying a barrel half full of molasses slung on a pole. They had brought it several miles and had several more to carry it. We could hear the molasses swish as they passed. This is what in the woods is called "soul-carting."

At about 10 o'clock we came to the stream, and seeing a camp smoke to the right, I left the others to try to get some directions. I found a big negro, probably the cook, who, if he knew where he was, was too important to talk with common people, so we took the ice. We soon came to a batteau frozen in hard. As we went down on the ice we could see where the crew had borken ice for a long way, but finally had to abandon their boat. Near noon we reached Russell Pond and found the camp of Babb and Strickland, Levi Davis, of Veazie, head man. He was a white man, gave us a dinner of the best he had, and after dinner went a mile across the lake with an axe to try the ice and show us what is called a "wrinkle"-where the ice is thicker-as it was raining and he said the ice was not safe. He wondered how we dared to come on the ice to his camp, for he said his men tried to go up the day before and backed out, and that owing to the warmer weather and the rain, the ice was weaker. He gave us good directions and treated us like brothers. Poor man, while felling a pine the next winter the tree jumped back, and as he stood in front of a rock it cut his leg off, or so that it had to be taken off.

We kept the road until we came to a river driver's table stood up on end for a sign, and then, as Davis had told us, we turned to the left until we came to the stream where a tall spruce had been felled across it, because it was open. The butt of the spruce was toward us, but the top barely reached the other shore and the current made the further end spring up and down. As the shore end was small and the water was running over it a foot deep, it was not much of a picnic to walk it. However, we all crossed safely and in due time we reached the West Branch of Penobscot, about a mile above the Northeast Carry. Here was a new camp, but no one at home. There was track broken through the ice and a batteau lay on the further side. I fired both barrels to call someone to set us over, but after waiting a while during which time I was firing heavy powder charges, Wadleigh said that if I would go back to an old driving camp which we had passed and get two setting poles and split he would

try to cross. I brought the articles he desired and some rope yarn which I found. With it he tied together the ends of the setting poles, and laying them on the ice like a V, he laid a wide split across, lay down upon it and began to make a swimming motion which moved him slowly across. The ice buckled badly under him and I tried to get him to come back, since if he broke in we could not save him, but he persevered, although the ice was so thin that he could stick his hand through it. He had barely got across before a Frenchman, who had been attracted by firing came and set us over.

We reached the camp at the east end of the carry just before dusk. As we came south the snow which had been ten inches when we started grew less, until there was not more than an inch here. Owing to the detours I had been obliged to make, I had traveled fully forty miles, carrying a rifle and a forty-pound pack which did not grow any lighter. At the camp were some twenty men, mostly Canadian-French. This was a large log camp with an earth floor and bough beds on one side of the long log fire. I had brought in my pack a full outfit of clothes, including hat and heavy overcoat, and as what I had on was so torn as to be worthless, I threw them away and changed to a decent suit.

"Nov. 11. Snows hard. Saw a robin sitting on a stump in the clearing and he looked very lonesome. It is singular how little bird life we have seen. In nine weeks I do not remember seeing a single chickadee or nut-hatch-we rarely have any but the red-bellied-not a pileated woodpecker nor a woodpecker of any kind, nor a crossbill. One day I saw three pine grosbeaks in the red plumage, the first I ever saw in this dress." We did not see a single eagle, hawk, raven, crow or heron. Three bitterns, as many sheldrakes, one pied-billed grebe, a few buffleheads and a very few wood and black-ducks early in September, and three old squaws which came in a storm were all the bird life except owls, Canada jays and a couple of blue-jays, and early season a few loons. We averaged seeing about one partridge in two days. Coming out the forty miles we did not see a single living bird or animal, nor the track of anything except the bear and fisher previously mentioned. Moose were really quite plentiful in that region, but at that time as soon as they smelled smoke or heard axes, they usually left the vicinity and did not yard until they were at least three miles away.

Although this was not a regular steamer day, we hoped she might come to bring some crews coming in, so Wadleigh and I went across two miles to the Moosehead end of the carry to be ready if she came. The only shelter over there was a frame covered with spruce bark where lumbermen's supplies were stored. We went back for dinner and returned in the afternoon in a thick snow storm. Hour after hour passed and I had just been out on the end of the long log pier and put a leaf from my journal in a split stick with "Passengers at the other side, whistle", and had stuck it up for the captain to see, if he came, when Wadleigh called to me and pointed down the lake. Looking, I could see through the snow storm a small dark speck. Soon I could see it was the steamer's smokestack, but she turned side toward us and seemed to be going to Northwest Carry. We had given up all hope when suddenly she hauled her wind and bore down for us. It was fortunate we were ready, as she did not stop over five minutes and then started for the Northwest Carry. The "Fairy of the Lake" had been taken off and replaced by the old freighter "Moosehead". She was crowded with supplies and put off nineteen tons of baled hay and other goods. After the freight was landed we found that the engineer was drunk and had let the fires go out, and before we got under way it was near dark. As it was cold and there was no fire in the cabin, which had been stowed full of

hay, Wadleigh got a saw and began to saw wood, while I found a broom and swept up some bushels of chaff from the cabin floor. The time I got the cabin neated up, Wadleigh had a good fire going in the stove.

When I went on deck Wadleigh called my attention to a fire on the rocks over toward Norcross Point. He said: "some poor fellows is out there in the cold signalling for the boat," and he asked me to try to get the captain to run over and take him off. For some cause I stood well in the captain's favor, though the only reason I could assign was that once I had relieved him of some Quaker tourists who were getting the worth of their passage by asking questions about the scenery. The captain said that at this stage of water the shore was too rocky from him to go in very near, but that if I could get a volunteer crew to man the boat he would run in within half a mile. I got Joe Barrows, who died in the 11th Maine, and John Billedeau, who was burned to death a few years ago, to man the boat and they brought off Jim Lee, a head lumberman. Lee said that seeing us at Northeast Carry he supposed that we would stay there, and so started for us in a big driving batteau. He was running before a heavy sea, and when we started for Northwest Carry we passed him. He could not turn his boat in that sea and was obliged to keep on before it until he reached the shore. He was wet through from the sea and the snow, but after several attempts he had managed to get a fire started back of the sea wall, succeeding with the last match he had, and then with brands from this he started the one on the lake shore, hoping we might see it and come for him. As soon as he got on board he wrapped himself up in an old sail and lay down behind the stove to try to get warm.

Although cold, the night was beautiful. The snow had ceased and the moon, nearly full, was out. I stood on deck a long time admiring the nearer mountains, the Lobster Hills, Big and Little Spencers and Little Kineo, now all white with snow. As we burned wood, the long rocket-shaped cinders fell in showers as from a miniature volcano.

We wooded up at Kineo and reach Greenville about midnight. At 5 A.M. I was on the stage, homeward bound. Three weeks after this Rufus came out. He had taken five mink, six sable, a fisher, an otter and a lynx from our traps, but he said that coming back to the empty camp made him so lonesome that after a week he moved his things to a lumber camp and caught a few mink around the open places and two or three sable. He had a very narrow escape the day but one after I left. He started to skate from our camp across the lake to look our Ross Pond traps. The sun was in his face and he did not look up until he crossed over a crack in the ice, when looking up he found that he was on a triangular piece of ice which was detached from the main ice with open water just beyond. He stopped barely in time to save himself.

Rufus said that I was very fortunate in getting out when I did, as only two or three days after there came eighteen inches of snow at one fall. Two days later, after dark, Old Brassua and John came to the camp. John told me the story later. The day after they got across the nine mile Baker Lake Carry, going in, it froze so that they could not use their canoe. They had fair success in hunting sable and beaver, but got out of provisions, and after living ten days on beaver meat without salt, the deep snow came. They started to return with their fur, blankets and gun. John broke the way. They got only about three miles that day and camped in the snow. The next morning they left the fur and the gun, taking only the blankets and hatchet. That night they again slept in the snow and in the morning they abandoned the blankets, trying to reach our camp. On reaching Avery Pond they took to the ice, as the snow was not so deep on the ice. It was after dark and they were just abreast of the beaver house where Avery Brooks enters the lake about half a mile from our camp, when John who was ahead broke in and got wet all over. It seems that the beaver, which had

ON THE COTTAGE PIAZZA

left after we footed one, had returned, and so the ice in front of the house was thin. John said: "Our courage very small that time." He said if they had not know just where our camp was that they would have given up then, as they had been three whole days coming only ten miles and had neither food nor blankets; but knowing that our camp was so near, caused them to persevere. The next day Rufus lent John his snowshoes and he went back to get their things. Then John pounded basket stuff from yellow ash and with it filled the middle of the old snowshoes I had left, and after a three days' rest, Rufus directed them to the nearest lumber camp.

Our total catch was four bears, three lynx, two otter, four fisher, about fifty sable, thirty-five mink, seven beavers and seventy-five muskrats. Our failure to catch more otter was due to our being obliged to set on dead water and in all cases the traps were frozen in before the otter revisited their slides. At that time sable brought only \$1.50 and our dark one \$2.50, which now would bring at least \$15. Lynx then brought \$2.50, now worth \$20. to \$25.; fisher and otter, \$6., now \$15. to \$25. Our whole hunt brought a little over \$250. including the bounty on bears of \$5. each. At present prices it would have brought fully three times as much. We made the largest hunt made by any two who hunted the same length of time that fall.

There is a certain fascination about trapping that there is not about any other kind of hunting. Although risky and hard work and the pay usually small, still many men trap as long as they are able to walk. In handling at least half a million dollar's worth of furs, reckoned at the old low prices, which as prices are now would be worth three times as much, I have never known of any trapper accumulating \$2,000. worth of property by trapping alone, although I have known a good many farmers to add considerably to their incomes by hunting springs and falls. As a business it is fully as uncertain as prospecting for mining. To show how uncertain it is, I once paid two half-breeds over \$300. for what beaver and otter they took in a two months' spring hunt. The next fall the same two men hunted hard for six weeks and got nothing but one mink, which sold for two dollars.

