

**DIARY OF DANIEL E. HEYWOOD:  
A PARMACHENEE GUIDE AT  
CAMP CARIBOU, PARMACHENEE  
LAKE, OXFORD CO, MAINE, FALL  
OF 1890**

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Oxford Co, Maine, Fall of 1890 by Daniel E. Heywood

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*Daniel E. Heywood.*

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## DIARY.

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In the fall of 1890, being in the employ of Mr. J. S. Danforth, manager of Parmachenee Club, as Trapper, Hunter and Guide, and having instructions from him to keep a Diary of my adventures, I made the following entries:—

### RUMP POND, OCT. 11TH.

Came to Rump Pond to-day, from Camp Caribou, to do some trapping for beaver and rats. Went up stream after dinner, and set eleven traps for rats. Went over to Billings' Ponds, and walked all around them. Found five big roads where they are cutting and hauling wood for winter. I did n't see anything of the house, although there must be a large one somewhere. I saw a deer in the big meadows. I got so close to him before I saw him, and he run so fast, before I got my pistol out, that he got away. I fired four shots after him. Rained and blowed hard all day.

### OCTOBER 12TH.

Cold and windy, but no rain to-day. I went up river and hauled my boat over the log jams—three of them, and poled up most to the Second East Branch, looking for more beaver signs; saw none. Went out to Camp Caribou in afternoon after some more beaver traps. The fleas were awful thick in this camp last night. I wonder where they came



from, I never saw one here before. I suppose the cold weather drove them in from out doors.

#### CAMP CARIBOU, OCT. 13TH.

Went over the Cupsuptic trail, four and one half miles, this morning; then turned due east—traveled until I struck the "Suptic" river at the head of the Big Falls, here I found one of Billy Soules' canoes,—a little dandy. I put this in the river and paddled up stream as fast as I could one and one-half hours, which brought me to a camp built by Billy and myself. I found seven big traps here belonging to me, these I put in my canoe, and untied my lunch and ate it while I paddled down. The river is narrow and swift above the Big Falls, and I dragged over two flood jams and made one cut-off. I saw lots of deer tracks along the bank of the river, but no moose or beaver. I heard lots of partridges drumming to-day, quite an uncommon thing at this season of the year. The leaves are most all off, and I got home soon after dark. It was warm and sunny to-day.

#### RUMP POND, OCT. 14TH.

I came to Rump Pond to-day with my traps and some supplies. I poled a boat up the river over Rump Falls. I found it good practice for poling as well as a good test for the setting pole. It began with coarse gravel, broad and shallow, but finally it became more narrow, and big rocks with white water and ledges. I had to get out and lift the boat over just one place. I was two hours rowing up, from the time I laid down my paddle and took my setting-pole. I took both boats up to Billings' Ponds, dragged one over and put it in the pond to use on the beaver. I found their house, it is a big one, with lots of wood put in around it, mostly maple, round wood and alders. I set one trap kind of easy. I didn't have much time to spare and no stones

to fasten on the traps, so I left them till to-morrow. Got three rats last night and the nose of another. The sky has clouded over to-day,—been all day about it,—and I hear it raining outside now, so I guess it will rain enough to-morrow to wash out the tracks I make setting my traps.

RUMP POND, TUESDAY, OCT. 15TH.

Very windy to-day with many showers. Rained hard all last night; raised the river about four inches. I got six rats this morning going up stream. I got six good rocks the first thing this morning, weighing about five pounds each, and put a strong wire around each of them for beaver traps; then went up to Billings' Ponds to tackle the beavers. I looked the place all over carefully, first; then set three traps—two by the house and one in a path. It is a very good place to catch them, the shores being steep and the water deep. There are lots of berries on the shores of the ponds—withered, bog cranberries and huckleberries. I ate lots of the former ones, they being just ripened by the frost. I shall take up a dish to-morrow, and gather some of the bog cranberries for sauce. I may as well live kind of high while I can. A little later on, I shall have nothing but bread, and what I can shoot with my pistol, to eat. I found a partridge picking plums, too, and shot her. She fell to the ground and then run. I gave chase, and fired four more shots at her, finally hitting her in the head. It is nice and plump, and I will eat it for breakfast. I got another rat, on my way to camp, in a trap where I got one this morning, and got hold of a mink where I footed a rat yesterday. He got away, though he left it smelling very minky around the trap. I skinned my rats and made some stretchers for them. I surprised myself, after I got back to camp, by throwing up bottles and cans and shooting at them with my revolver, I found I could hit them almost

every time. The sky has cleared to-night, and the stars are shining brightly, so I think to-morrow will be a fine day. I must get out at day-break some morning and see if I can't get a deer.

RUMP POND, WEDNESDAY, OCT. 16TH.

Warm and sunny all day to-day, looked hazy towards night. I went up to my traps in Billings' Ponds early this morning. Found one of them sprung—the biggest and best one—rather a bad beginning, but I think I will see the beaver that sprung that trap, to-morrow. Got one musk-rat this morning, no mink. Saw something at Willow Springs. Came near getting a shot at it, but it was a little too quick for me. I don't know whether it was an otter, mink or rat. It swam very fast for a rat, and it ran out in the woods twice while I saw it; but it looked like a rat. I cut out the trail to Billings' Pond and Caribou Pond, set one more beaver trap in a hole back of their house, and set an otter trap at Willow Springs. I gathered quite a lot of beaver wood, which I found floating around the ponds, for Danforth, to make a picture frame of. He wants one made of the natural beaver wood, cut and peeled all over by them. I found a yellow birch tree about ten inches in diameter, cut and lodged by beavers. I am going to have that by and by, and I am going to get some of the chips the beavers make in cutting down trees, and make me a picture frame of them. I gathered a pint of bog cranberries while I was at the ponds, and have got them on stewing. I guess they will be a little skinny on account of the severe frosts. It is warm and dark to-night, and no wind, and I wish some one was here and I had my Jack. I would like to go floating for a deer. If I wake early enough to-morrow I will go out at day-break and try for a shot.