

## **The diary of our trip to E-Soc-Quet / by one of the party.**

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Account of a hunting and fishing trip to Lake Kanusku in north-west Idaho.

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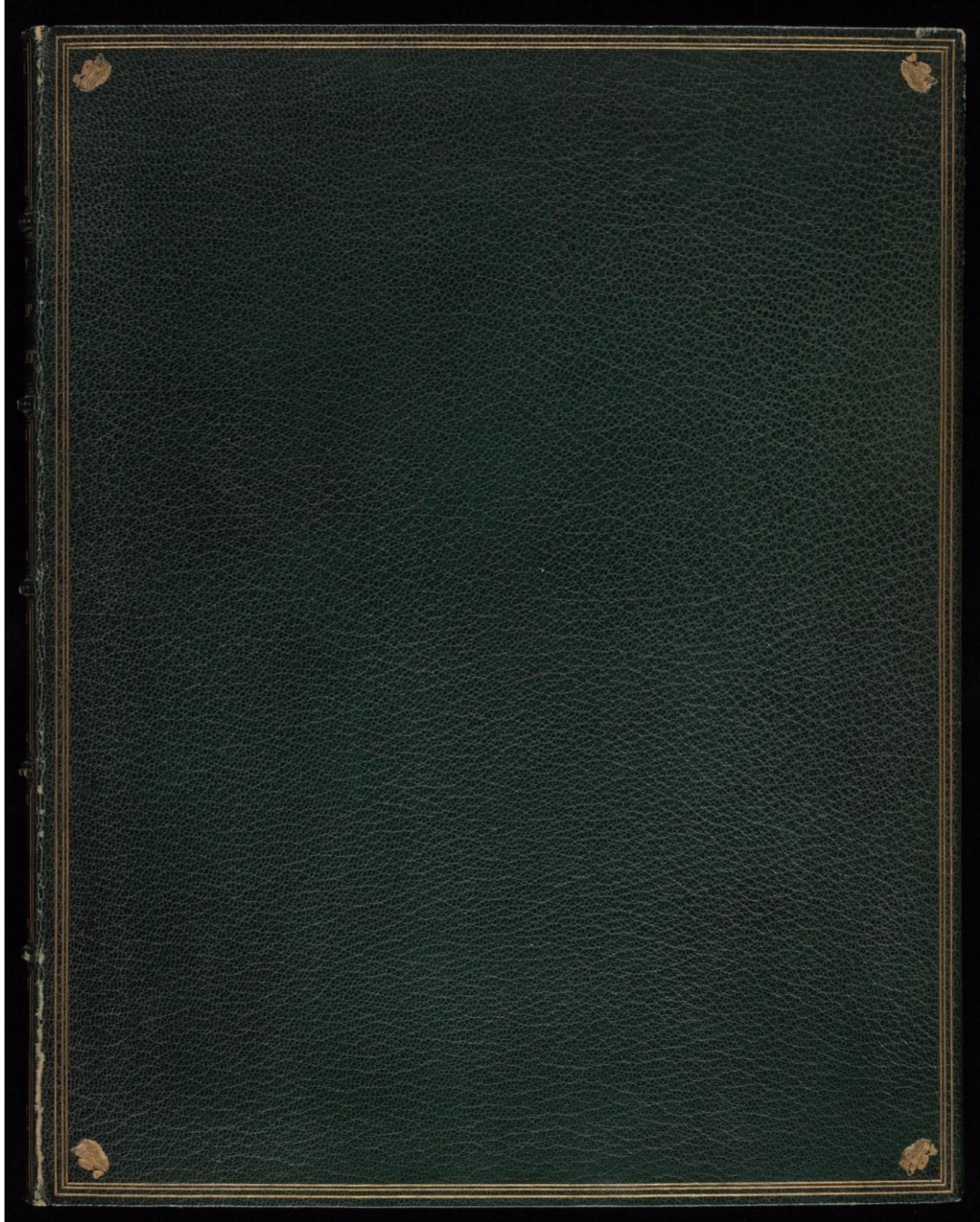
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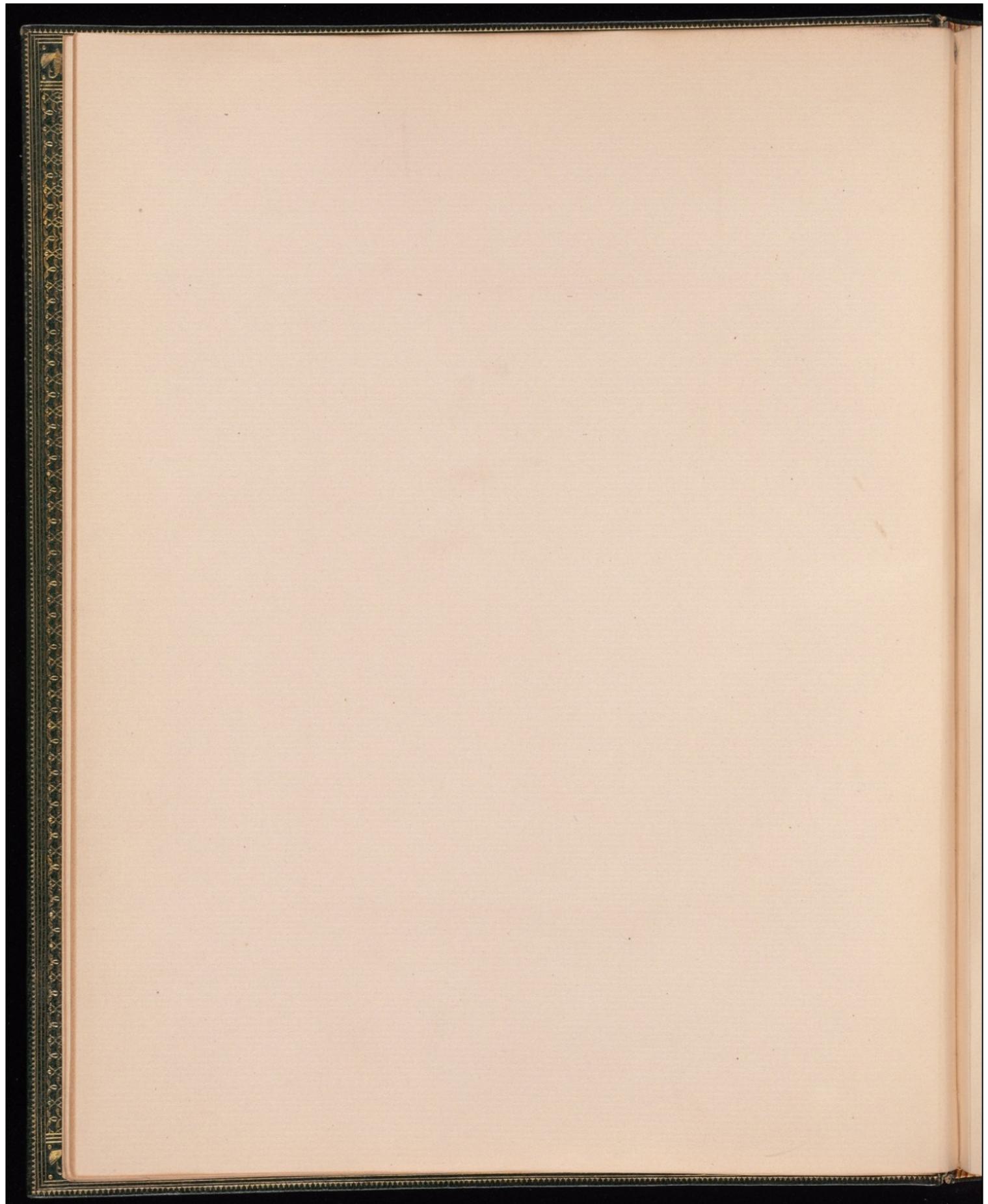
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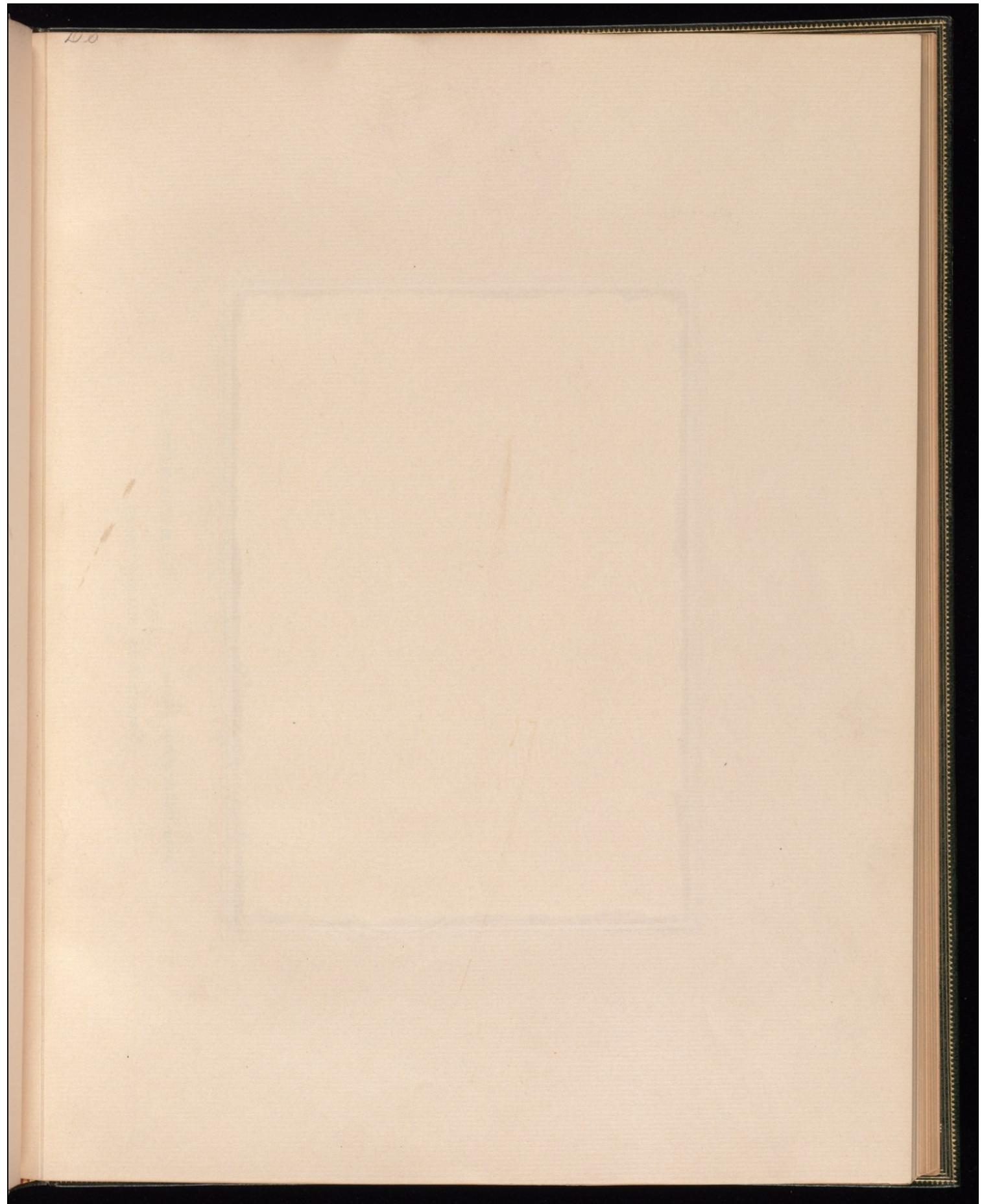


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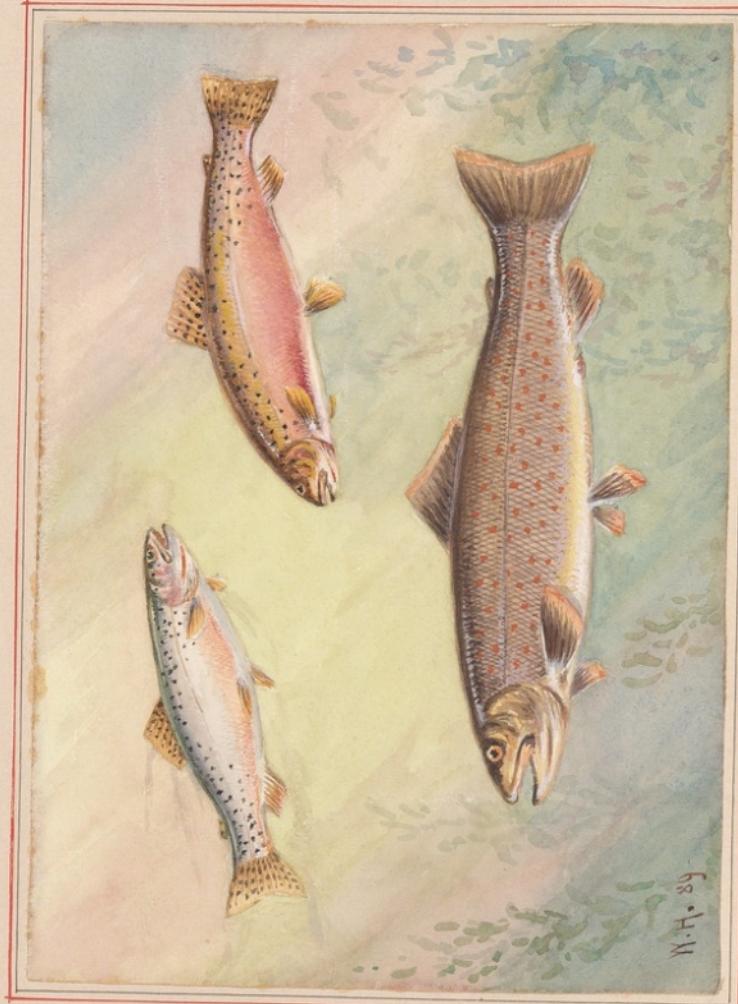


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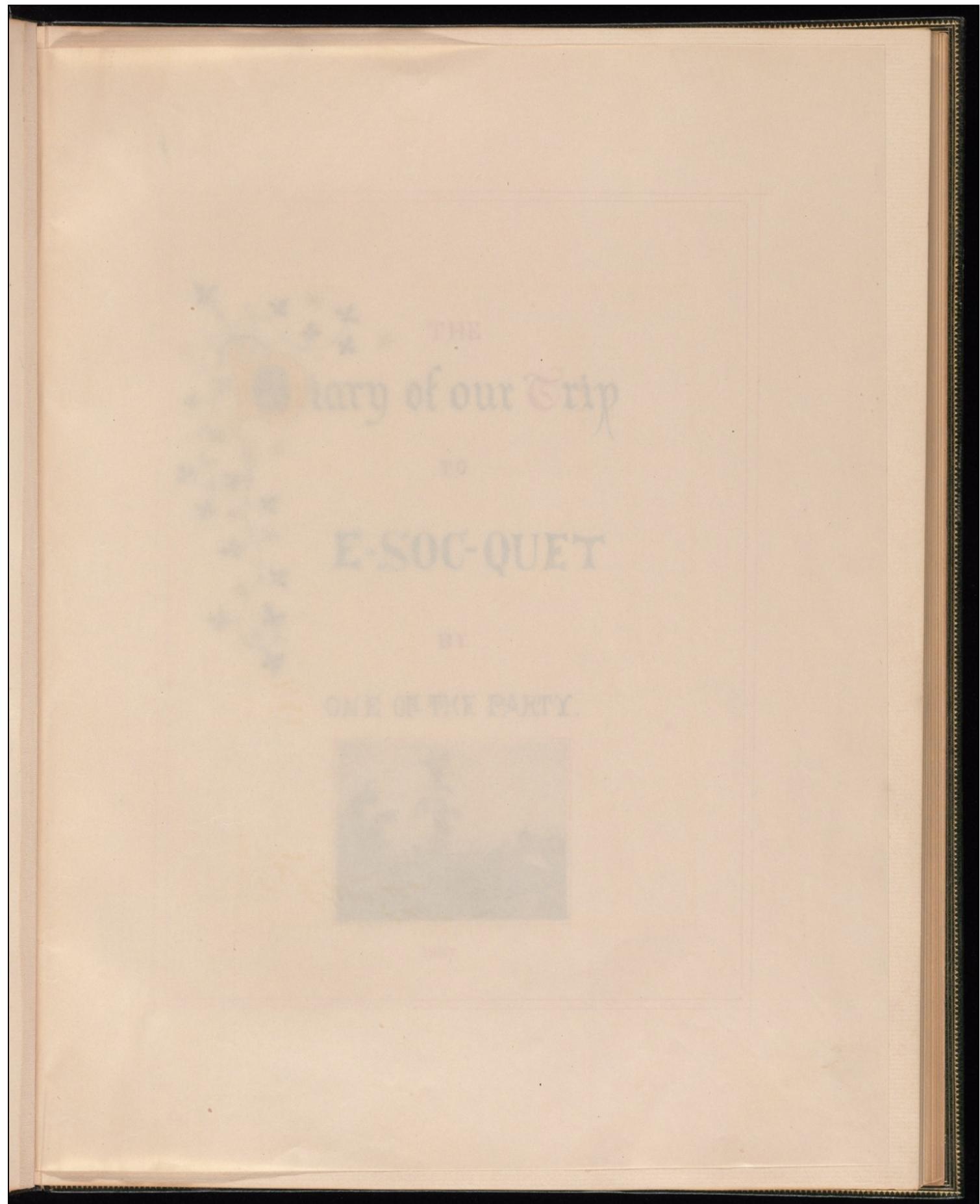


*SALMO PURPURATUS*. male.

*SALMO PURPURATUS*. female.

*SALVELINUS MALMA*. female -

[Frontispiece]



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THE  
Diary of our Trip  
TO  
E-SOC-QUET  
BY  
ONE OF THE PARTY.



1887.

[Title page]

This Edition is limited to 15 copies, this is N°13. W.Holberton.

[Title page verso]

Preface.

In the early part of 1887 a few gentlemen fond of hunting and fishing, concluded, after a number of talks, to buy the "Far West". One of the party was selected to obtain all possible information on the subject and act as Quartermaster for the club. The result was the selection of the region about Klamath Lake in north west Idaho. Mr. H. A. Abercrombie W.S.A. who surveyed it in 1886, reported very favorably on the quantity of game and fish there, and others equally well posted, endorsed his statements. Unfortunately the report got abroad that gold had been discovered there, so that on our arrival, we found many miners and prospectors there, and their reckless blasting with giant powder and continual hunting, had made the big game wild and driven it back from the shores of the lake into the mountains where the hunting was very difficult.

The Quartermaster worked hard to make the trip a success, and having full authority, spared neither time, labor or money. Provisions, tents, boats and extra baggage were sent on ahead, cooks, Indians, guides and pack horses engaged, and by the middle of August, our head guide, J. P. Stinwood reported our camp in order and everything in readiness.

A.V. 86. 1887.



August 25<sup>th</sup> 1887.

This Thursday so long coming and so much looked forward to has arrived at last, and the weather, as if wishing to do honor to the occasion has at last changed from the murky, cloudy, sticky kind, to a bright cool crisp day.

We all met at the Grand Central Depot a little before 9 P.M. where we found the Quartermaster had the baggage all checked and every thing in first class order, excepting the inside of our special car, so kindly furnished by our friends, looks rather mixed, boxes, gun and rod cases, banjos, baskets of fruit and wine, valises, bags etc. etc. litter up every nook and corner. Presently the gong sounds, we take a last farewell of our friends and start for the West.

After drawing lots for staterooms and berths, we put away our traps and proceed to make ourselves comfortable in our beautiful and luxurious "Wanderer", our future home for the next six days. After opening a "bottle" to the success of our trip, we turn in to dream of bears, and some perchance to snore!

Our party consists of the following gentlemen:  
Gen'l Rodney L. Ward, Judge H. A. Gildehouse, Col. W<sup>m</sup> Howser, Dr. G. N. Hoagland, Messrs. Chauncy Marshall,  
G. T. Livesmer, Eugene Underhill, Murray Procock, Geo. G.  
Marsters and Wakeman Holberton.

Friday, August 26.

We awake to find ourselves at Rome N. Y. Nothing occurs of special interest during the day, we glide along on time and keep busy with our books and papers. In the evening, Messrs. Procock and Marsters make sweet music on their banjos, and we have some jolly singing by the whole company led by the Judge.

Saturday, August 27.

An other lovely day; we arrive in the city of Chicago on time, here we make a few purchases and pass the day as best we can until five P.M.

when we are off again for the West. Lt. Abercrombie, W.S.A. joined our party to day. After we had started, Bob. Lester produced a very small and dangerous looking toy pistol, the gift of admiring friends; on a card is written, "shoot every thing you see"!

A court-martial was held in the Evening and the wretched culprits who persisted in wearing boiled shirts, were found guilty and sentenced



by the Judge.

Sunday, August 28<sup>th</sup>

We arrive in St. Paul just as we finish breakfast, most of us leave to visit friends or to drive around the city. The Northern Pacific Officials are very kind to us and Genl P. A. Lee takes as many of us as he can get together, out riding. We leave at four P.M. and the great hunting club feels it is going West.

Monday, August 29<sup>th</sup>.

We awake this lovely morning to find ourselves gliding along over the boundless prairie, not a house or a tree in sight, nothing but endless rolling prairie, here and there from the pond holes, rise a few flocks of wild ducks or snipe. The bony Bison, whose bones we see piled in heaps at some of the stations, has gone forever, and the graceful Antelope will follow in a very few seasons.

Most of the dwellings we see are very poor, many not better than hovels.



We make an interesting stop at Mandan, on the west side of the Missouri; where we visit the Indian Bazaar, see the live deer and antelope; also a fine specimen of Sioux buck, dressed in bright colored blanket leggings, with his thick black hair hanging

in long braids, and vermillion painted face. The cow-boy is also lounging about with his broad brimmed, leather banded hat and big spurs.

Soon after leaving Mandan we see our first prairie-dog village, but the animals themselves quickly dive out of sight on the approach of the train.

Late in the afternoon we enter the bad-lands and the effect of the rich sunlight on the many colored strata of the Buttes is wonderful to behold.

Sentinel Rock, with its excellent resemblance to an Indian is quite startling, and the projecting head of a steer, formed by a mass of one, is plainly seen from our car window. Mr. T. Roosevelt, in his "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman", gives a vivid description of this wonderful region, with its everlasting burning seams of coal, strange formations, and petrified stumps. Just at evening, we pass Medora, the home of the famous Marquis de Mores, with its stock-yards and the Ranch of the Marquis on the bluff near by. As we leave the station, Lt. Abercrombie points out the old barracks, where only a few years before, he saw such exciting times with the hostile Indians.

Stories of Indian fights are in order this evening, and the Lieutenant makes our hair stand on end.



Tuesday, August 30<sup>th</sup>.

When we turned out this bright morning, we found ourselves on the banks of the Yellowstone, a very beautiful and trouty looking river. Big Horn and Buster are soon passed with their melancholy recollections of the Indian Wars. Pompeys Pillar, with its interesting inscription made by Clark the Explorer, in 1806, Promontory Eagle Pass, 5000 feet above the sea, and many other points of interest are left behind us to day. At Livingston, where we have a superb view of the Rocky Mountains, we meet with a cold storm, which we afterwards learn did great damage along the road, a cloud burst carried away seventeen bridges and culverts behind us, cutting off all communications with the east, for five days.

Our dinner to-day was excellent, in fact all the meals are a constant wonder to us, they are so good and the bill of fare so varied. The following is a good sample:

Mock Turtle Soup

Boiled Striped Bass, Egg Sauce

Steinberger Cabinet.

Roast Ribs of Beef.

Chateau Margaux.

Mashed Potatoes, Sweet Potatoes.

Boston Baked Beans, Succotash, Celery.

Brown Fricassee of Chicken with Mushrooms.

Turnip Peas

Romney Sec.

Peach Pie, Plum Pudding.

Cut up Peaches with Maraschino.

Crackers, Roquefort Cheese.

Coffee

Benedictine

Syrup.

Private car Wanderer Aug. 30th 1887.

Wednesday, August 31<sup>st</sup>

A misty threatening day. We pass through some wonderful scenery as we speed along "Clark's Fork".

70



with its bright  
green waters rush-  
ing towards Pend  
Oreille Lake.

It is a tempting  
looking stream,  
full of magnifi-  
cent pools and

lovely still reaches bordered by white sand beaches with  
lots of room for back casts.

We array ourselves this morning in the garb of  
woodsmen, and our costumes are wonderful to behold.  
what a sensation we would create on Broadway; Mr.  
Brocock creates much enthusiasm with his magnificent  
suit of fringed buckskin.

While at dinner we see beautiful Pend-Oreille  
Lake with its sparkling waters and purple hills, and  
by 12.30 P.M. we arrive at Sand Point, Idaho, where  
we are switched off to a side track in front of the  
depot.. Owing to the threatening weather, Sherwood, our  
head guide, advised us to postpone our start until  
the next day. A number of us, including Dr. Merriam  
W.S.A. who joined the party here, try the trout, under the  
guidance of Mr. Murphy, a local angler and good fly.-

fisherman. Some try the small game; we are all quite successful, and add black spotted trout, ducks and grouse to our bill-of-fare.



Thursday September 1<sup>st</sup>

A rainy morning so we decide to stick to the old Wanderer. We pass the day fishing and shooting, at least those of us who do not mind the weather.

The Baron has great sport with an "Eagle", but unfortunately for Mr. Toesner, his eagle turns out to be only a Turkey Buzzard!

There were a number of trout taken and Judge Gildersleeve brought in a few ducks and ruffed grouse. It cleared off in the afternoon and we saw some superb effects of sunlight and shadow on the lake and mountains, with the Indian lodges in the foreground.



Friday Sept 2.

At last we have a fine day. After an early breakfast we bid farewell to the dear old Womderful, on which we have spent so many pleasant hours, and cross the creek to Sherwood's camp, with all our traps. We find our horses have been stampeded, and it was noon before the men brought them into camp. Dr. Stogland utilised the time by taking a number of excellent photographs. As fast as possible the horses were packed, but we had such a quantity of baggage that Sherwood had to hire more horses, and struck a bargain with Siwash Mary and her five Cayuses.

As soon as our own horses are saddled and the Doctor takes our picture, we push on, leaving the pack-train to follow us. As we ride towards the Bend d' Orelli

13



Priser, we pass a very interesting group of Indians gambling at their everlasting "Shelahlak". This game is played by selecting sides, each side sitting in a row facing the other, with a number of small sticks in front of them. One side begins by a player changing from hand

to hand, a couple of small bones, one of which is marked by a black band. The other side must, at a certain moment, guess in which hand the marked bone is; if he guesses right, his side wins a stick; if wrong, they lose one. The side that first wins all the sticks takes the pool, which generally consists of ponies, blankets, money etc. The party on whose side the player is, keep up a constant trafficking with sticks, on a dried skin or board, accompanied by a monotonous chant. A game lasts sometimes two or three days, and is kept up without either side taking a moment's sleep or rest. They will risk their last stick of clothing at this game; we saw one buck on the street at Sumd Point going about with nothing on but a short black coat, otherwise as naked as the day he was born.

They were a picturesque looking lot, with their gay blankets, black hair hanging down in long braids, and

Painted faces; several of them were naked to the waist.

We forded a number of nasty creeks, the water in some reached to the horses belly. About nine miles down the river, we went into camp. The Judge and Dr. Merriam started out with their rifles, hoping to get a shot at a deer, but they were disappointed. I tried the trout, but for want of a boat met with poor success. After a light supper, we got out our sleeping bags and after a smoke and a chat by the cheerful camp fire, turned in. We had no tents, and to our disgust it began to rain, fortunately, the canvass covers which protected our sheep skin sleeping bags, turned the rain very well. We did not sleep very sound, the novelty of the situation, together with the noise of the rain on our sleeping bags and the yelping of the coyotes, kept us more or less awake. The poor Doctor had to ride back to Sand Point in the dark to set a little girl's broken arm. (He came back to camp the next morning, just as we were starting.)

Saturday, September 3.

By nine o'clock the horses were caught and saddled, and we were off again. It was still raining and the bushes were more than wet; lucky were those who were well supplied with rubber clothing. I gave Mary my poncho, containing



10

my sketching material, and though I never saw it again until the following Monday, she kept it dry and in good shape.

The trail led us over the worst ground possible, up hills so steep we could hardly keep on our horses, and again slipping and sliding down deep gulches; how the horses kept their feet was a wonder. Marsters' horse fell with him, but fortunately neither he nor his banjo were hurt. At noon we stopped for a few moments to eat a cracker and rest our horses, and then pushed ahead, hoping to reach the lake before dark. Lt. Abercrombie and Mr. Goessner did manage to get through, but at East River the General called a halt, and we stopped for the night. We were without tents or anything to eat but a loaf of wet bread and a bit of raw bacon which fortunately the Doctor had put in his saddle bags. We had no axe, every thing but our sleeping bags being back with the pack-train, but Dr. Merriam had his canvas fly and managed to rig a lean-to, before which a big fire was soon blazing, and we made ourselves as comfortable as possible under the circumstances.

The writer tried the fly-fishing in a beautiful stream which ran past the camp, but the rainbow trout did not take the fly any better than they do in the East, only four fingerlings were caught. Signs of deer and bear were plenty along the brook, but we were too wet and tired to hunt.

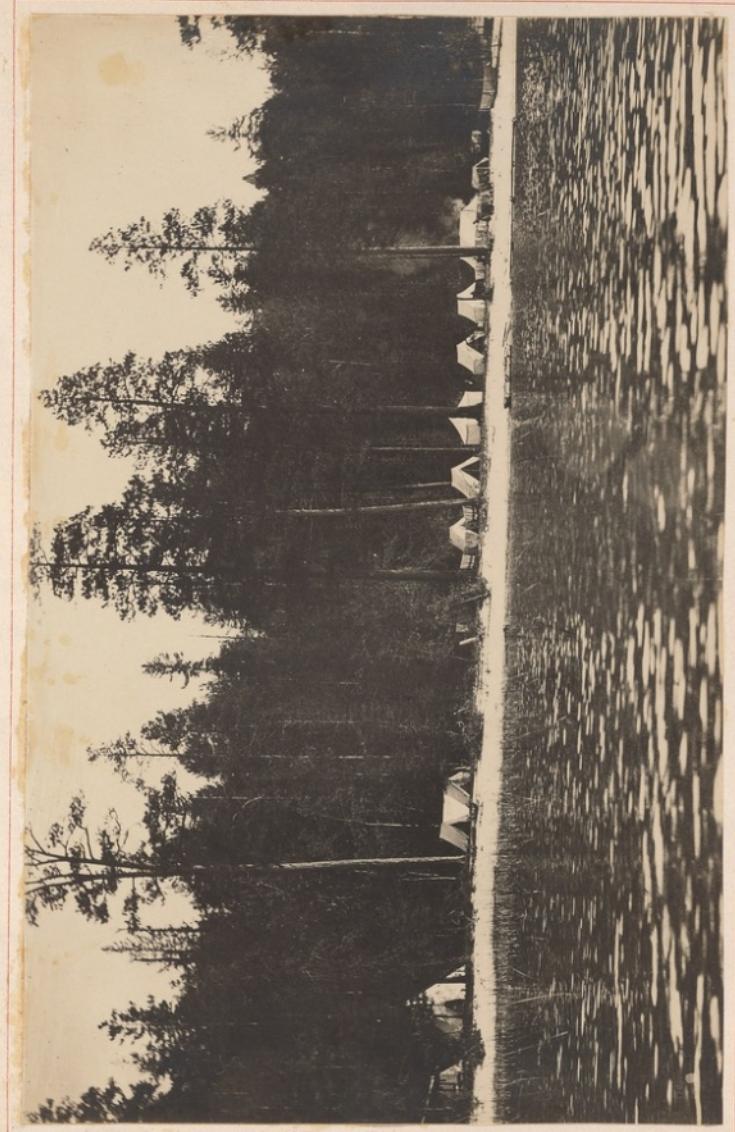
15

Sunday September 4.

We made an early start after each of us had toasted his bit of bacon on a forked stick and eaten it with a little damp bread; how we missed our hot coffee! The trail soon began to mend, the clouds scattered, the sun shone out bright and warm and our spirits rose in proportion. We pushed along at a lively gait, winding through forests of magnificent pines and cedars, and at last our eyes were gladdened by a glimpse of water. Kamukshu at last! The land of "Esee-Quet" as the Indians call it, meaning thereby the "Burbles of the Pine".

As we rode out on the beach, we could see the tents of camp Brocock, beautifully located some three or four miles up the lake, the dark forest making a good back-ground to the snow-white canvas village. Most of us were glad to exchange our horses for the boats that came to meet us, and we were soon in our comfortable camp. Most of us indulged at once in the luxury of a bath in the clear cold waters of the lake. Before long our cook "Kiffy" and waiter "Julius" galloped into camp and the fragrant smell of broiling venison gladdened our hearts, and we enjoyed our first "square meal" since our departure from Sand Point.

17

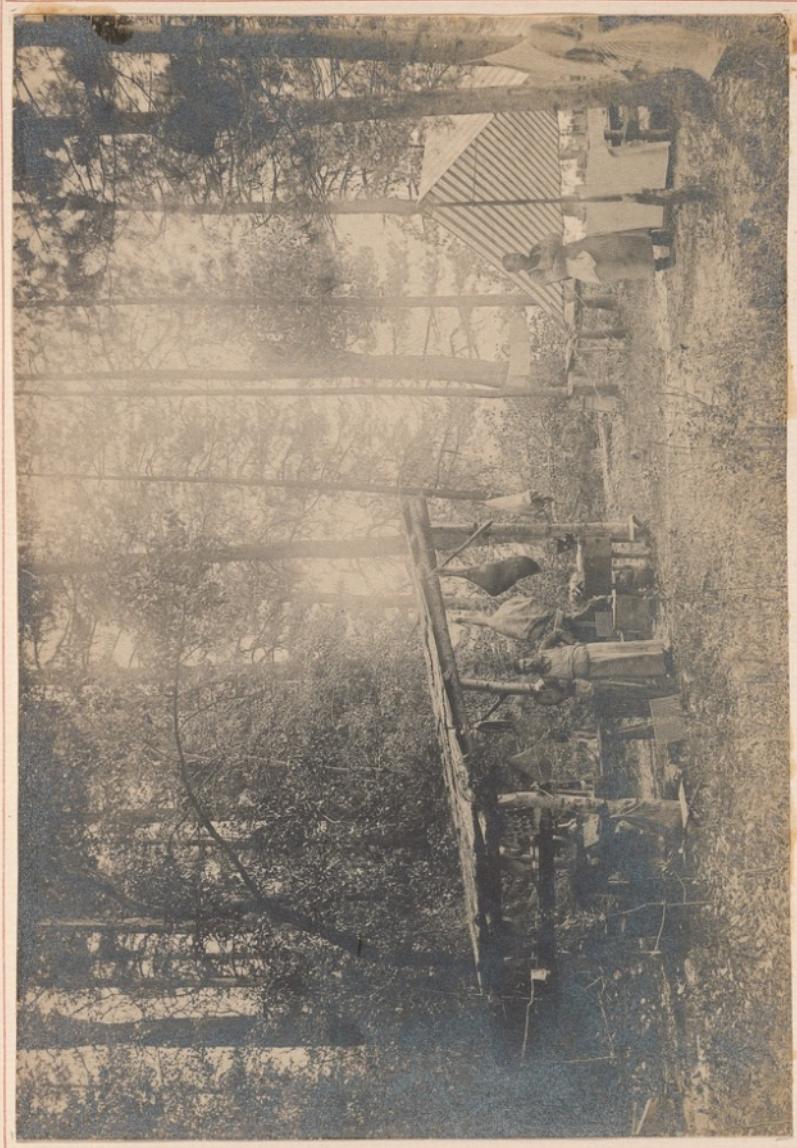


CAMP BOOCOCK



The two washes, of which we had fire, drove our horses to a beaver meadow about a mile back of our camp, there to remain until our return.

The Quartermaster was his hands full, distributing and examining the stores, of which we had a good supply safely packed in a little log store house just back of our camp; all we needed was our pack train to make us quite contented. With our sleeping bags, aided by hemlock tips, we managed to make very comfortable beds, and being tired from our rough trip, we were glad to turn in early leaving the cheerful camp fires to burn alone in their glory. As we had two dogs in camp, one a setter, answering to the name of "Sam", and one a mongrel belonging to one of the men, we did not consider it necessary to place a guard over the camp although there were a number of hard looking prospectors around.



OUR KITCHEN AND DINING ROOM.

20

Mondy September 5.

We arose much refreshed this morning and more disposed to enjoy the fine cool air and magnificent scenery - to say nothing of a most excellent breakfast. Our cook and waiter are evidently both good men. As there were still no signs of our pack-train, we could not do much; most of the party devoted themselves to arranging their tents, fixing up beds etc. The cedar that grows in this region worked up easily into boards, and our men proved very expert in making beds, shelves etc.

I rowed around to the little brook that runs into the lake just south of the camp, as I turned into the stream, I saw a superb trout jump clean out of water and show his red sides, but my flies did not seem to suit him, so I went on my way up the brook. On my return, I tried the clear dark pool again where the trout had jumped, and to my satisfaction, caught him. He fought bravely, and having no net, I had to drown him before I dared lift him into the boat. He was a fine specimen of male black-spotted trout, and weighed two pounds on the scales. On my way back to camp, I killed a shell-drake with my Winchester rifle. He was about 60 yards off, and swimming rapidly.

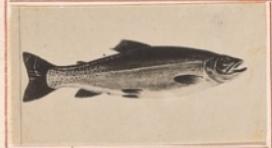
21



General Ward and Mr. Marshall, with Baldwin as boatman, went up the lake a few miles to try the trout, a caught quite a number and Marshall also made a handsome shot with his Winchester at a shell drake. The Baron and I took a few more big trout in the evening.

The pack-train came in late, and judging from the looks of things we shall have our hands full to-morrow. The sunset to night was superb and the evening around the camp-fire delightful.

Thermometer 7 A.M. 52. M. 65. 7 P.M. 55.

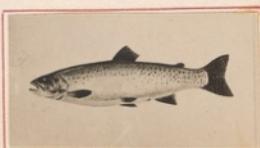


Wednesday, September 6.

Judge Bildert ~~Leave~~ and Mr. Underhill took a long tramp to

day but saw no deer. Most of us had to go to work on our guns, as they were in terrible condition after their wet journey on the packtrain, and it required considerable elbow grease to get them into decent shape. Some of us tried the trout, and we brought in a fine lot of fish running from 1 to 2½ lbs. in weight.

These black spotted trout are



22

very beauti-  
ful to look  
at, hard  
fights, and  
excellent eat-  
ing, with firm  
pink or salmon



colored meat. The male is much darker than the female fish and has magnificent red sides. Notwithstanding the fact that they had not been fished for before, they were very shy and when hooked seemed crazy with fear and rage. They acted like salmon, running off line very freely and often jumping clean out of water. In fact there is every reason to believe that they are the young of the Steelhead Salmon. Therm. 52 - 69 - 50



Wednesday, September 7th.

The General remarked at dinner last evening, that we were getting short of venison. So Gov. Glazier started with a Sioux for a hunt but returned unsuccessful. Dr. Merriam also made an early start with another Indian, and hunted over

23

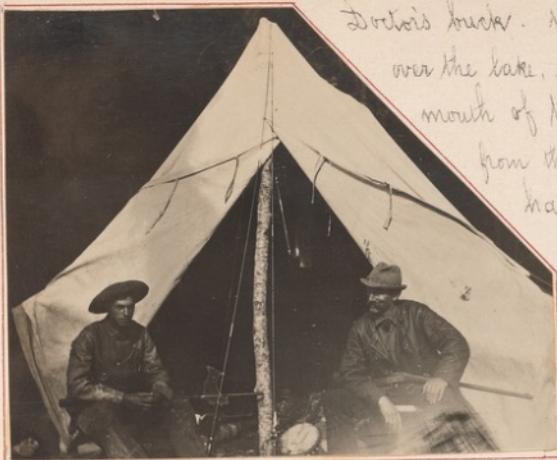
the hills to the left of Nenilivon River, he returned to camp one time for dinner, bringing with him a fine head of a blacktail buck also the liver, which is considered a great delicacy. While we sat around the campfire after dinner, and the smoke from our pipes was floating upwards towards the bright stars, the Doctor gave us a glowing account of his successful stalk.

It seems he sighted the deer in the afternoon and followed him a couple of hours without being able to get near enough for a safe shot. Finally as the buck was about to disappear over the crest of a hill, the Doctor took the chances of a long shot, just as the deer stopped to look back; between good shooting and good luck, the bullet struck the great beast between the eyes, and he rolled a hundred yards down the steep hill towards where they stood. The shot was fired at a distance of 244 paces. It was late and at considerable distance from the lake, so putting a hat on a stick over him, to keep off the wolves, they returned to camp.

Judge Beldersbee, Mr. Abercrombie and Mr. Underhill, with Sherwood and Baldwin as guides, started in two boats up the lake for a hunt. Tham. 45, 51, 63.

Thursday, Sept. 8<sup>th</sup>.

I got up very early this morning and after a good breakfast of bacon and liver, started with three Indians, including John the chief of the Kalispells, for the



Doctor's boat. After a pleasant row over the lake, we landed at the mouth of Hamilton River. From this point we had a hard climb up the steep mountain and down the slippery hill to where the big deer laid. The Indians cut him

up and divided the venison between them, but it made heavy loads and it was a hard trip for them back to the boats. On our way back, we jumped a fine doe out of a bed of ferns. As she trotted off, I fired twice, the first shot struck her in the neck and the second broke her shoulder and brought her down. In a moment my knife was in her throat and she was our venison. The Indians packed her to the boat and I returned to camp well pleased with our day's work.

Pleasant are the evenings we pass around our big camp fire. Mrs. Brocock and Masters generally bring out their banjos and give us some good music; this always attracts the Indians and guides who watch the players very intently, making a picturesque and wild looking group.

Therm. 52, 63, 58.



Friday Sept. 9th.

Baldwin's father arrived this morning from Sand Point with a bag of mail, and we were all made glad with letters from home.

Dr. Merriam and Mr. Marshall took a long tramp back of the lake. They saw no game. Col. Lester killed a couple of Ruffed Grouse and we all helped to supply the larder with trout. S. B. Marsters had his rod and reel carried away by a big fish and never saw it again. Therm. 50. 72. 53.

Saturday Sept. 10th.

Sent our mail out by Baldwin Sr. I took a walk to the Beaver Meadow, killed two Spruce Grouse and a few

pine squirrels.

Mr. Abercrombie, Mr. Underhill and Baldwin returned to camp this afternoon for supplies; they reported the party were at the head of the lake, had worked hard, but so far had met with no success, though a few deer and caribou had been seen. Mr. Underhill remained in camp and Mr. Marshall took his place. Therm. 52, 70, 54 -



Island, where he obtained some very fine views. It was very windy coming back, and we had hard work to make the dock. The day ended with a thunder-storm.

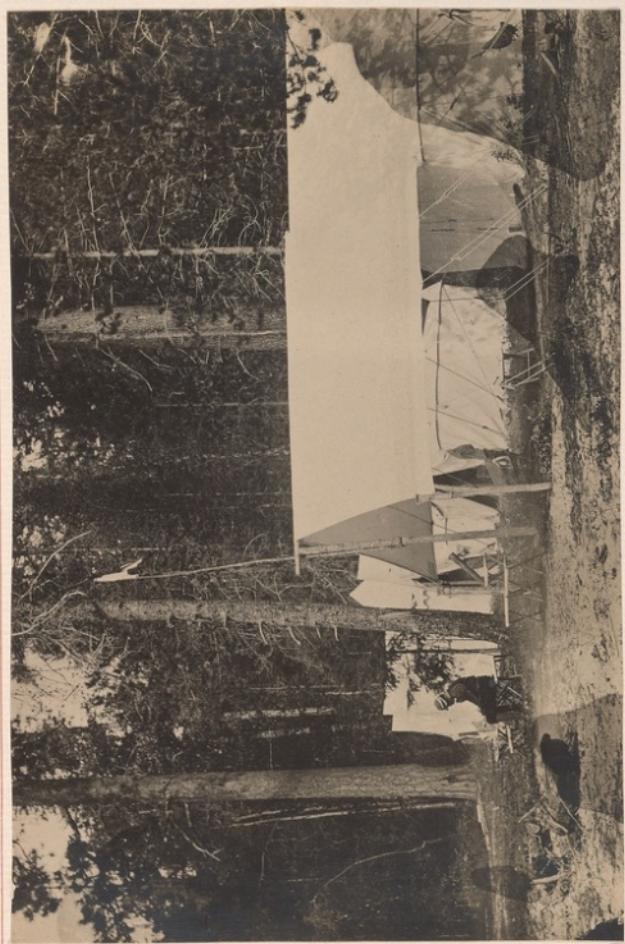
Therm. 45, 55, 49.

Monday Sept. 12th -

We had our first frost last night, cloudy and windy this morning. Two hunting parties left camp early this morning; Messrs. Bocock and Marsters in one, with two Indian hunters, and Dr. Newnam with Mr. Underhill in the other. The last named party, returned

Sunday,  
September 11th  
Weather  
Showery, with  
fine cloud  
effects. Took  
Dr. M'Corquand  
to Rondall

27



THE ARTIST AT WORK.

28

very late, they started a bear and saw two deer but got nothing. The Norcock party were more fortunate, they killed three black tail deer, two bucks and a doe.

Tnrm. 36, 59, 56.



Tuesday September 13th.

We made an early start this lovely morning to see if we could find Underhill's bear on the other side of the lake. The Doctor and I crossed together, caught one trout on our way over. We found the brush very thick, and the fallen logs and trees made the going exceedingly difficult. We did not find the bear, but we drove out two or three deer to two of our party, but they let them get away.

The fly-fishing this evening was unusually good. The cold nights seemed to bring them to the surface and make them more inclined to take the fly. The patient fluttering jungle cock, jungle Abby, and brown hen were the favorites; Gerk.

Murd brought in twelve, all weighing over one and a half lbs each and one weighed two and a half. Tnrm. 45, 55, 51.

Wednesday, September 14th.

Doctors Broadhead and Norrman and son.

Horster, with Sutton at side, started on a trip to

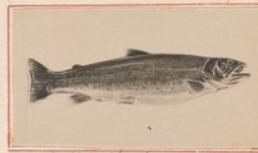


KANUSKU LAKE LOOKING NORTH

.30

Lake Aben-  
combie.

The General went over to Nemilion River, where he had fine sport in the swift water with the large trout; he also caught a "Dolly Varden" trout, the first specimen we had seen; it had just spawned and was in poor condition. Its resemblance a little our lake trout, the general color was pearl gray, or steel color, profusely dotted with large orange red spots, all the fins ended with a little band of salmon color. They did not seem to care for a fly, but took the mottled pearl bait.



Dolly Varden. 9 lbs.  
(30 inches long.)

Therm. 38.70. 58.

Thursday, September 15th.

A lovely day. We did little to day except to enjoy the fishing. Therm. 36. 59. 50.

Friday, September 16th.

I took a tramp to the beautiful bay back of our camp, saw plenty of fresh tracks made by White tail deer. Killed two ruffed grouse on my way back.

31

The long absent ones returned this afternoon. They reported that they had been clear through to Lake Abercrombie, and had only killed two deer on the whole trip; they saw several Caribou, but did not get near enough to get a shot. They had a pretty rough trip, but were well and hearty. They left the Doctor's party that morning encamped about half way up our lake.



back two fine bucks. The one Murray Boocock killed, had a magnificent head. General Ward brought back thirteen handsome trout from Vermillion River. Therm. 30, 18, 30.

Sunday, Sept. 18th.

A cloudy day with heavy showers.

We worked hard to day trying to prepare our buck-heads so they would keep until we could reach a taxidermist. As we were not very expert, we found it very trying work, and it required great care and patience not to injure the skin. The Doctor concluded



To try his luck once more, so he started after lunch with Staffy. Just after he left, we saw the Doctor's party returning, as they drew near, we could see that they had improvised flags fluttering with a triumphant air on their canvas boat. Some one suggested caribou! and a rush was made for the landing. Sure enough! they had killed a fine cow with a beautiful head, the horns still in the velvet.

Dr. Merriam gave us an interesting description, in the evening as we sat around our campfire, how he and Sutton followed the herd of caribou many weary miles over the steep hills before they succeeded in killing one. Dr. Blagden



53.

Praised the magnificent scenery at the head of the lake  
and about Lake Abercrombie, where he obtained a number  
of fine photographs.

It was decided  
to send out a pack  
train tomorrow with  
our surplus tents  
and baggage, the  
first sad sign of  
the too rapid  
approaching end.  
Therm. 48.52.50.



Lake Abercrombie.

Monday September 19th.

After much trouble, the pack-train managed to get started for Sand Point. Dr. Hoagland, Lt. Abercrombie, and Miss Marshall and Foster announced their determination to leave us tomorrow and visit Yellowstone Park; they thought that by making an early start they could easily overtake the pack-train and camp with them that night, and reach Sand Point by the next night. We heard this with great regret as we shall miss them all very much.

We had heavy showers to day, with hail and snow at the upper end of the lake; after it began to clear, the sunshine and cloud effect was beautiful, and the shadows

34



OUTLET OF LAKE ABERCROMBIE.

on the dark purple mountains were wonderful to behold. As the sun disappeared behind the hills, the wind went down and the new moon could be seen apparently resting on the crest of one of the distant mountains, its silver crescent showing plainly in the rich yellow sky, while below, the hills about the mouth of Vermilion River were melting together in the dark shadow.

"A new 'Soon'" came in town to-night and made it quite lively, he staied late. Therm. 40, 50, 44.

Tuesday  
Sept. 20th  
Our friends  
left us early  
to day, and  
it made the  
camp seem  
very lonely.  
I forgot to  
mention that



we had Caribou steaks for dinner yesterday, they were most excellent. Before leaving, Dr. Hoagland took a picture of our party. I went to the beaver swamp at the foot of the lake for specimens of Beaver cuttings, I found it a terrible hole and had hard work to get even a fair sample.

Therm. 39, 52, 42.

36

Wednesday, September 21<sup>st</sup>.

A superb Autumn morning, every thing covered with sparkling white frost. All the hunters returned to day and our daily fare of venison was varied by the addition of both Spruce and Ruffed Grouse. Herr Loesener killed a fine Dolly Varden. At the Judge's suggestion, we tried the Squaw-fish at dinner and found them very good eating, though rather bony.

The stupidity of the Spruce Grouse here is something wonderful, when disturbed they simply hop up on the nearest branch and allow themselves to be killed with a stick or noosed with a string. Sherman. 36. 54. 42.

Thursday, September 22<sup>nd</sup>.

Herr Loesener and I went fishing this afternoon, it was the "Daron's" first attempt at the magnificent fly-fishing we have been enjoying lately. We did not do much until we reached Round, or as some call it, "Randall Island". Here we had several rises and we both landed some fine trout, weighing from one and a quarter to two and a half pounds each. Mr. Loesener was charmed with the sport and regretted that he had not tried it before. We returned home in the early twilight with eight big trout. We found the rest of the party had been over to the



Squaw-Fish.

37

Vermilion River for the evening, fishing.

The Indians invited us up to their lodge this evening to witness a war-dance. When we got there we found the chief on the ground dead drunk, the performance was a very tame affair. It seems that Sutton, one of our white guides, stole some liquor from one of the tents, got the chief drunk and also got pretty full himself. He then broke open the store-house to get more, we rushed to the rescue and he took to the woods; it was 9 o'clock and very dark, so of course we could not see anything. Being disappointed in getting more liquor, he got mad and opened fire on us with his Winchester. After the second shot, our head guide followed him up with the lantern and got him to go to his tent where he soon fell into a drunken sleep.

The Indians were badly demoralized and all took to the woods, we did not see them again until the next morning. Therm. 31. h. 5. 48.

Friday, September 23<sup>rd</sup>.

Our last day in camp. The order to get ready for an early start tomorrow has gone forth, and we must leave our delightful wild life, and return to the land of boiled shirts and stovepipe hats.

A curious thing happened to day, Julius went

To the spring for water and found a superb Dolly Varden trout struggling in the shallows, unable to turn or get out. He killed it and brought it into camp; it was a fine fish, 30 inches long and weighed 9 lbs. It had evidently just spawned. Our last evening's fly fishing was most excellent. Among the many large fish I caught, were two taken in succession that weighed 2 1/2 lbs each, one of them, when I struck him, ran off fully thirty yards of line before I could turn him.

Therm. 39. 58, 49.

Saturday, September 24<sup>th</sup>.

Though we hurried our packing and struck the tents right after an early breakfast, it was noon before we were ready to start. One of our party, Mr. F. Loesener, concluded to stay alone with a guide and try the Caribou again, so we left him a tent, boat and some provisions, and the brave "Baron" started up the lake as we filed out of camp on our return journey to Sand Point. While we were glad to think that we were again to see our families and friends soon, still it was great regret that we left our beautiful lake where we had spent so many happy days, and which we shall never see again.

We went into camp about sunset at East

39

River, and this time we were quite comfortable. We pitched two wall tents and had a roaring fire built in front of them so we slept comparatively comfortable.



Kootenay Indians

leg so badly, that if the Doctor had not bandaged it, he might have bled to death; this morning he was better but too weak to carry any one.

We made a good start, and by hard riding managed to make "Pend D' Orieille River" by night with horses and men pretty well used up by the long ride. Weather lovely but very warm at noon. Quite a number of Kootenay Indians encamped along the river.

Monday September 26th

Weather still perfect. Dr. Merriam had

Sunday,  
Sept. 25th.  
A clear  
and frosty  
morning.

Julius  
allowed  
his horse  
to stumble  
yesterday  
and cut his

40

to make an early start so as to be able to catch his train to Fort Spokane. Mr Underhill and I rode with him, and a charming ride we had too, along that beautiful river.

Wild fowl seemed to be quite plenty, and numerous flocks of geese were passing south. At Sand Point we bid farewell to our good Doctor, and our party, now reduced to five, went into camp near the creek. The place was full of Indians, Kalashell and Kootnaw, both; they were on here for their winter supplies.



After a good dinner, Judge Gildersleeve and I went out on the lake fly fishing, we had excellent sport and returned in the purple twilight well pleased. The night, our last in camp, was superb, the air still and pleasant.

41

and the moon at its full. There were a large number of Kootenay Indians encamped near us, and their tapping and howling while playing "Gholahlah" kept us awake most of the night.

Our two Indians, John the Chief, and Basil, who came back by way of Vermilion River with the boats, arrived safely, bringing with them a superb Blacktail buck which Basil had killed.

Tuesday, September 27th.

Genl. Ward could not resist the temptation to take a few more trout this morning, but the rest of us had all we could attend to in packing and getting ready. By noon the tents were struck and soon after arrayed in the garments of civilization, we betook ourselves to the station to await the eastbound express on the Northern Pacific.

At Livingston, Mrs. Brocock, Underhill and Masters left us to visit Yellowstone Park, and Col. Lester, Lt. Abercrombie and Mr. Marshall rejoined us, though the latter gentleman left us at St Paul to go to Iowa for a little shooting.

Our return trip was made on time and without special incident. October 2<sup>nd</sup> found us safe in New York much improved by our delightful trip to B-Soc-Gent.

List of Game and Fish killed.

23 Blacktail Deer, 2 Virginian Deer, 1 Caribou, 1 Coyote,  
2 Beaver, 1 Mink, 38 Grouse, including Ruffed, Spruce,  
and Blue Grouse, 9 Wild Ducks, 285 Black Spotted Trout,  
6 Dolly Varden Trout, besides Squawfish, Squirrels, Magpies etc.

Mr. F. Leesener who remained behind, killed in  
addition, 7 Caribou, 1 Black Bear, 1 Black Tail Deer, 6 Beavers,  
and a number of Grouse, Trout etc. including several Dolly  
Varden of over 9 lbs. weight each.

The beautiful photographs in this book were taken by  
Dr. C. W. Woodland of Brooklyn, N.Y. also one of the party.



"One of the Party,"  
Hoist Squ Quatto!

43.



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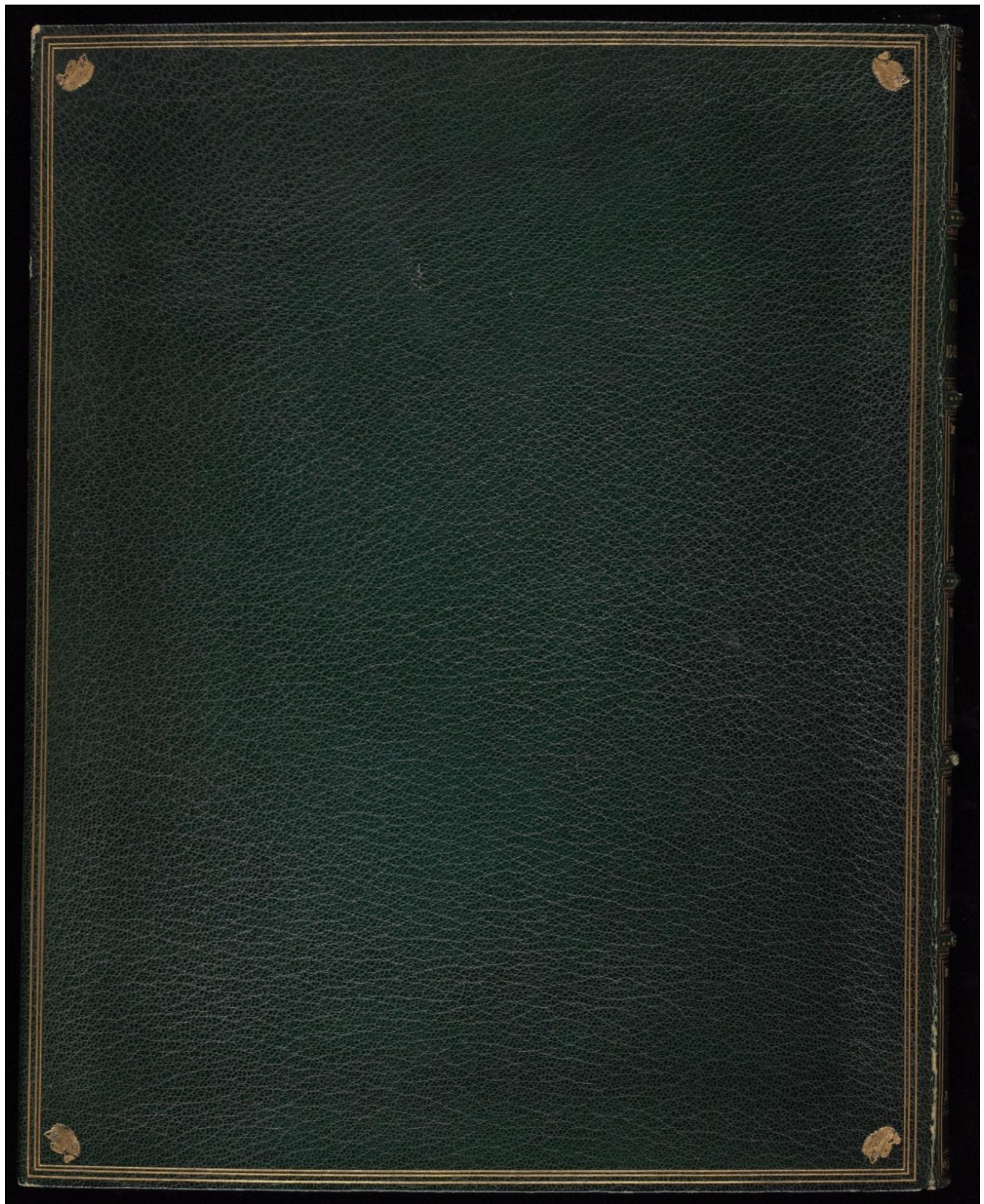
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