

tigue; while I, a man of twice his size and apparent physical strength, would be so tired, as not to care whether I ate at all.

It was in company with this Boiseley that I presented myself before the Quarter Master, and reported ourselves ready for the start. I have not yet forgot the expression depicted in the Quarter Master's countenance, when he saw our slender equipment. It discovered a want of confidence in our ability; but assuring him that two of us could travel as safe as a regiment, and with greater celerity, my logic prevailed, and he confirmed me in Uncle Sam's service. He entrusted me with the—not mail-bag,—but a tin canister or box of a flat shape, covered with untanned deer-hide, that contained the dispatches and letters of the inhabitants. Receiving these and my instructions, we departed.

We left Green Bay on foot, carrying our arms, blankets and provisions. We had to pass through a country, as then little known to white men, depending on our compass and the course of rivers to keep the right direction. Taking an Indian trail that led in a south-easterly direction, we passed through dense pine woods, cedar swamps, now and then a grove of red oak, some of which reared their heads heaven-ward, and had for ages braved the fury of a thousand storms. Frequently would we disturb a gang of deer that had made their "yard" in the heavily timbered bottoms. And as we continued to plunge deeper and deeper into the primeval forest, and to proceed farther on our course, the tracks of the fisher and mink became more frequent, and occasionally a wild cat would get its quietus in form of a rifle ball. Once, at night-fall, we encamped on a branch of what I now know to have been the Center River. This stream was a live spring, several yards in width, and was not frozen over. It made several beautiful cascades as it flowed over the rocks. Under a projecting bank, Boiseley found the water perfectly alive with trout, and taking from his pack the light camp-kettle, he dipped out a mess of splendid speckled fellows, that relished well after being fried over the camp-fire. In the evening, after collecting a huge pile of wood, we heaped the snow up to wind-ward, and in the lee