

ers passed from sight, but not forever. A strange sensation seized me, and—were you ever sea-sick?—if you were, it will be useless for me to describe what that feeling was, for you have experienced it. In the morning Boiseley invited me to join him at the honey pot, but I refused; and pursuing our journey, we left the rich treat to the wild animals. And since that memorable night, when we cut down the bee-tree, I have never tasted honey without a feeling of nausea and disgust.

Stopping a short time at the Juneau Settlement on our way back, we kept on our course and arrived at Green Bay, the 29th day of February. The Quarter-Master at Fort Howard expressed himself satisfied with my performance, and he wanted me to make another trip; but as I had seen the country, which was all I cared for, I did not desire to repeat it. Getting my pay from the Department, and a liberal donation from the people, a portion of which I gave Boiseley, I left Uncle Sam's employ, and took up my old profession—a gentleman of leisure, and continued to practice as such, until the Spring came, when with a view to extend the field of my labors, I made ready to bid good-bye to Green Bay. I had formed associations and friends among the inhabitants, with whom it was hard to get. The little Frenchman, with whose extraordinary long gun I shot the buck in the Illinois river, had married and was living in a snug little home of his own, where I was ever a welcome guest. I felt solitary and perhaps gloomy when I turned my back on the settlement, and embarked in the canoe with Boiseley, for I was doubtful of bettering my condition by the move. But doubts could not deter me from making the venture, and with determination we plied our paddles and urged the canoe up Fox River.

The route from Fort Howard to Fort Crawford was not an unknown one by any means; yet it was through a wilderness then new, and led through Indian country, inhabited by a race of men naturally cruel and treacherous, who the year previous, had begun a war of extermination against the whites. To us the way was unknown, and we entered on it without other guides than a few directions from an old voyageur in the