

## Reminiscences of Hole-in-the-Day

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By Julius T. Clark

In the summer of 1843, weary of a life of almost idleness and chafing in spirits for something to break up the dull monotony of life as it was then forced to be spent in this now comparatively goodly city, I accepted from Governor Doty a subordinate position under Government, among the Chippewa Indians. My station was to be at Sandy Lake, an old trading post of the North-Western, and more recently the American, Fur Company.

I left Madison the first day of August, two days by stage taking me to Milwaukee, and two more by steamboat to Mackinac, where I was forced to remain a week or more, waiting for an opportunity to proceed to Sault St. Marie. The garrison at Mackinac was then under the command of Captain, afterwards Lieut. Col. Martin Scott, who subsequently fell, as I learned, at the battle of Molino Del Rey, in our war with Mexico.

At that time Capt. Scott possessed great celebrity as an accurate marksman, and many a wonderful tale was told of his skill in this particular. After spending several days on this Island, where nature has lavished so much that is beautiful and picturesque, I embarked in a small fishing boat or skiff, barely large enough to hold myself and baggage, and my *compagnon de voyage*, who carried a weekly or monthly mail, as might suit the convenience of those concerned, from Mackinac to Sault St. Marie. A rapid run tinged with somewhat of danger to our little bark, over the dark waters of Lake Huron, brought us into St. Mary's River, on whose bank we encamped for the night. The next day, with no little toil and expendi-