

At daylight our march was resumed. The outer world was fair and beautiful, but in the forest, the constant dripping of big, half-congealed drops from the branches, was like a shower-bath from an ice-house. This forest was not like an upland wood where you move among majestic trees, and tread upon dry leaves; but a level, where the cold soil throws the roots of the trees to the surface, to be overthrown by every wind, in every direction, while small brushwood grows up in every little opening thus created. Your course is a continued climbing over, or creeping under, fallen logs, or *swimming* through a quick-set hedge of brushwood, with the expedition of a fly through a saucer of honey. Underneath, the ground is spongy, leaving water in every footstep. One half the surface was covered with little pools, which, being slightly frozen over, kept one in constant terror between hope and alternate changes of joy or sorrow, as his feet sank or remained firm upon the treacherous surface. Onward we pushed; and at night, choosing a dry spot, we kindled a fire, collected hemlock branches for our beds, dried our clothes, and passed the night. For food we had found through the day a few small turnips, which the owner appeared to have left on the field for the gleaners after the precept of the Levitical law. For drink, the swamp-pools furnished abundance, that we drank after the fashion of animals,—bending down to it.

On Monday, early, we reached the skirt of the wood, when, to our horror, our guide, a little in advance, came running back, saying we were close upon a village, where he saw armed men. Like Natty Bumppo, he had lost his way in the "clearings." Retracing our steps about a mile, we came to a rapid on the north branch of the Yamaska river, where Nelson, who was of Kentuckian frame, dashed into the water; and, fording across, called us to follow. By comparing the water line on his body with a section of corresponding height upon our own, we saw that the experiment with ourselves would approach too nearly to the submarine, and, therefore, listened to our

guide's suggestion, that there was a better crossing lower down.

By moving to this place we became separated from Nelson, whom we saw not again; and on reaching it our guide, upon pretence of looking a little further, got out of sight, and deserted us for ever. My companions, tired of wandering in the woods, determined on returning to the French settlements, while I insisted on proceeding to the States. Roused by the barking of a dog, we found ourselves towards evening close to a log-house, in a small clearing. I insisted upon going to it, instead of making another of those everlasting turns in the woods, to avoid it,—such as we had practised for the last three days. My companions remonstrated,—the dog barked louder,—they hurried back into the forest, and I towards the house, and found myself alone. Nelson, after wandering about for a week, was captured in the woods near Waterloo. The others, after secreting themselves in some houses near where West Farnham now is, set out again for the States, and were captured near the lines. It was Monday night, and, except a few raw potatoes and turnips,—we had had no eatables since Saturday morning.

Before leaving St. Denis, I had, in addition to old bruises, lamed one of my feet. The fall from my horse at St. Charles having nearly broken a rib, my side was much inflamed; and my companions, perhaps, did not regret separating from a slow traveller. On approaching the cabin, I found the only inmate was an Irishwoman. Her husband was, she said, away; though I suspected that having seen our armed party, he was hid under some neighboring log. She had nothing to eat but potatoes, which she charitably offered to boil; but, as she mentioned there was a "Yankee" living a mile lower down, declining her proffered hospitality, I proceeded by a beaten path to his "clearing." On approaching the house, how grateful to my ears was the Yankee voice of the wife scolding her children! On entering the log-dwelling, which was one room, without a chimney,