

Wrapping myself up in my blankets and picking out the softest part of the keelson of the schooner, I soon, along with the remainder of the boys, entered the "land of nod," and was awakened by the trumpets sounding the *reveille*. Being ready dressed going to bed saves trouble in the morning, so rolling up our blankets and hunting up our bric-a-brac we emerged from our den. After a hasty breakfast we started for McKellar's Harbor, across the lake, a distance of 25 miles, our next connecting link of rail. Here we again loaded up our stores and guns, and started off for Jack Fish Bay. Here, on our arrival, we met our comrades of the Field Division, who had gone from Port Munroe the previous night, and had had a fearful experience on the ice, the guide having lost his way, and but for the almost superhuman exertions of Captain Drury, the officer in command, some of them must have lost their lives. Again, after getting something to eat, we started off over the lake in sleighs, and after a rough and cold journey arrived at McKay's Village at 1 a. m., on the third of April. It was a dreadful ride. Only fancy six men cramped up in a "bob" sleigh, with valises, arms, accoutrements and blankets, the night bitter cold, and the worst of it was, that the snow on the side of the track was so bad that our men could not walk upon it, as it was beginning to get slushy. However, we got along without accident, and after a warm supper we were told off to some wooden buildings, and throwing our blankets down on the floor were soon far beyond the reach of cure. At six o'clock next morning *reveille* sounded, but many of us did not care, although we lost our breakfast by not getting up. What was lost in food was made up in sleep. About 8 a. m., we got on the cars again and started off for our last gap, a distance of 53 miles. Over this 53 miles of road the scenery was grand, high rocks overhanging the track, which seemed as if they would fall and crush us, while far down below us was the great inland sea, Lake Superior. Here I saw the first cuttings, or tunnels, through the rock, which in some places were a great length. I noticed that no attempt had been made to build a brick arch under the tunnel, as I have seen in some of my travels; however, the road being in an unfinished condition, might account for it. On arriving at our next halting place, Mazood-Kerrah-Bay, we again went through our old routine of unloading, and leaving our valises to be carried by the teams, we started across the last gap in light marching order. From here to Red Rock was said to be a distance of 10 miles (I think it must have been 20), and so we plodded off in "Indian file," looking like a long corkscrew, with our Indian guide away on ahead, looking like a huge crow in the snow. I was soon very hungry, and the only thing that prevented me from accosting the gentleman who carried the commissariat in his haversack was military discipline. Passing the huge promontory called Cape Thunder, we dragged slowly along, sometimes pausing for a moment to get a mouthful of lake water from the air-holes along the