

we enjoyed a row or sail on the river exceedingly; on this day the weather was very threatening, the clouds were black and heavy, thunder and lightning in the distance; for fear of not being able to attend in the evening, we started about four o'clock in the afternoon, and had about three miles to go, the Indian agency being about that distance from the fort. We arrived at the fort safely, and were received by Colonel Lawrence, who had command of the post, a very polite and agreeable gentleman, especially to the ladies; several ladies from Shanty Town had arrived early on account of the impending storm, which threatened to burst upon us at any moment; but notwithstanding, we had a delightful time, and a sumptuous repast was partaken of at the mess-house. We were all happy, and dancing commenced; the music was enchanting, and we danced until twelve o'clock without interruption. Just then a terrific storm came up, and put an end to our enjoyment. It lasted about an hour; then all was clear; the stars were peeping; the wind abated, and all was still again. We prepared ourselves to go home, the ladies from Shanty Town going in a large batteau. I was invited by the ladies of the garrison to remain all night; but no—home I must go, and home I did go. I had never been from home a single night in my life. Lieut. Smith and myself embarked in the little boat; it was so small it was called the "Pill Box."

When about half way home another storm came up very suddenly, the wind blew a gale, and we were on a sea of space, angry clouds burst asunder, revealing vivid streaks of fire; the weird, wild grandeur filled me with awe indescribable, the comingling elements roused to the highest, played pitilessly with us. Would we escape? The thoughts of my brave father, and the kind, tender mother watching and praying for me, gave me courage for what I thought surely inevitable. The rain fell in torrents, and the darkness was intense; wave after wave swept over us. Oh, God! the peril of that moment! The frail boat, its name fatally suggestive, the "Pill Box," rocked in the surf; speechless I waited—I knew not what. Lieut. Smith became very excited, arose to his feet, and, taking off his cap and coat, begged me with all the eloquence and ardor of a doomed man,