

my life. The next day many called to ascertain whether we were saved or drowned, the boat, caps, boots and oars being found along the shore, but no lieutenant, nor young lady. Some time after the occurrence, Lieutenant Smith was ordered to Mackinaw.

When our family returned to Detroit, in 1829, the vessel stopped at Mackinaw. There I met Lieut. Smith, and we had a long chat, and a good laugh over our narrow escape, and he thanked me a thousand times over for my presence of mind and composure, which was the saving of our lives. We proposed a walk and had another adventure, after cutting our names on a tree near the Arch-rock, we walked over the arch and came very near going into the deep water once more; that was the last of our most pleasant acquaintance—we never met again. He went to the Mexican War, in which he distinguished himself, particularly at Cherubusco, and was mortally wounded at El Molino Del Rey.

Gen. Hugh Brady was there at the Bay, while I was a resident of that place. He was an intimate friend of our family. He always entered the ball room in full uniform, silver spurs over his boots; he compared a lady in full dress to a ship in full sail. Going down in the center of the room, which was the custom then, in dancing what was called "country dances," fifteen or twenty couples, standing, ladies on one side, gentlemen opposite. Such beautiful tunes, such as "Monie Musk," "Two Sisters," "Two Dollars in my Pocket," "Cheat the Lady," "French Reel."

Lieut. Bean took me to singing school at the old home on the hill, one evening. I was in the sleigh seated on the back seat, all wrapped in robes; Lieut. Bean and a cousin of mine, Miss Rosalie Navarre on the front seat. The hill was steep, and the horses took fright and ran away. My companions became alarmed, and jumped out into the deep snow, but I remained in the sleigh, had a delightful ride of about two miles, over fallen trees, muskrat houses, and everything else, way across the river and back. I remained in the sleigh, perfectly quiet, remembering what my father often told me, never to attempt to jump on such occasions but remain quiet. The horses came back to the same place from where they started; and there were my two companions, lamenting and wondering whether they would ever see me alive or not.