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British cross the River at Springwells.

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house, sometimes feeling almost sure that it was a mark for the enemy, and thinking perhaps the next shot would terminate my existence.

"Day dawned at length, and the cannonading ceased. Presently my mother came to tell me that the 'red-coats' were crossing the river at Springwells. 'Now,' said she, 'we shall be between two fires, and where to go for safety I cannot tell.' Her voice trembled with emotion, but her tearless eye flashed forth the determination of a resolute heart. She seated herself by a window that looked out on the beautiful Detroit. Unlike yesterday, not a cloud appeared on all the face of heaven; the cool breeze came sweeping up from its lake-bathings, rippling the river, and refreshing poor humanity. The glad song of birds hailed the rising sun, and the green herbage and the bright-eyed flowers nodded assent to their hymn of praise. But the *reveille* at the fort broke harshly on the ear amid the peaceful beauty of nature. It proclaimed the fearful truth that, for glory or mammon, man will murder his fellow-man, desolate the homes of the happy, and even himself rush into the presence of his Judge. The river below us was thickly dotted with canoes and barges, filled with scarlet-clad soldiery, and the reflected sunbeams flashed from burnished implements of war. There was a bustle at the fort, but no forming of troops on the esplanade. At