

return to Lawrence or Leavenworth to meet the Senatorial party — some forty in all — consisting of Messrs. Wade, Trumbull, Covode, and others, who have just returned from their excursion over the Union Pacific Railway of the Platte. I like the arrangement very well.

On Friday afternoon, after the main body of the excursionists had left us, we had a tremendous hurricane, the severest, Gen. Hancock said, that he had ever seen on the plains. One tent was torn up and prostrated; another was drawn from its fastenings. A frame building was blown down and scattered over the prairie as if it had been dry leaves. We dared not remain in the tents, and it was hard work to bear up against the wind. But there was no danger. The scene was truly sublime, especially in the northwest, where the dark clouds, tinged with sunshine, tossed in the tempest in the wildest confusion, causing a strange optical illusion that drew the attention of all the party — the appearance of a vast lake with well-defined grassy shore on the near side, and huge and rugged mountains on the farther shore. The storm lasted about an hour and a half, and then partially lulled.

Some time in the night, while we were all in our tents, it began again, and was little, if any, less violent, and continued for about two hours. This was accompanied by the broadest and most vivid flashes of sheet-lightning I ever saw, and so incessant that there was hardly an interval of one second of darkness. This, too, passed over, and I fell asleep. But long before daylight I was aroused again by the dashing of rain upon the canvas, as if the windows of heaven had been opened. After a while I put my hand out upon the ground, and found that the water had filled the ditch, and was flowing into the tent. I had no light, but I got up and put my blankets, &c. upon a table, placed other things upon boxes, then mounted the table and listened to the fierce hissing and dashing of the rain upon the tent. At length morning dawned, and when we went out all was quiet and comparatively pleasant. About noon it poured down again, and then again, causing the flood of which I have already spoken.

About nine o'clock I took leave of my friends, and left the Fort in company with R. H. Shoemaker, Esq., Assistant Manager of the road, and Mr. Wallace, in a spring wagon, to go to the cars at Clear Creek, three or four miles distant. On the way we came to what is called a ranch. When I made some inquiries about it, Mr. Wallace kindly proposed to leave me and return for me in an hour. Introducing me to Mr. Fisher, one of the contractors, I was invited in and had a very pleasant time. There were eight ladies, mostly the wives of the contractors, lively, intelligent and accomplished, and a number of gentlemen. We