

Supposing it was the Indians camping there, our parents awakened us, thinking that before morning we would be taken prisoners or murdered. Then came fresh into our memory the fate of our grandmother and the many others captured and scalped. It was a long and fearful night, never to be forgotten. We were expecting every moment to be our last. When morning dawned father ventured out slyly to investigate the cause of our alarm and found to our great pleasure that it was only two white hunters camping out for the night.

Both nations were making active preparations for open hostilities; a large body of troops was stationed on the Isle of Or; all was excitement. Our government passed an order-in-council that any person who wished to change from the United States to Canada or vice versa, could have an opportunity before the lines were guarded. Although my father's predilections were in favor of Canada, yet because of those fearful forbodings of the Indians he concluded to leave the country during the war and move into a more thickly settled place, where there would be less danger from Indians.

The late Reuben Gleason, of E. Nis-souri, and his father's family moved to New York State with our family and settled near Plattsburg, remaining in that part of the country during the war. He was in that notable battle fought in Plattsburg, where McDonald on the American side, fought his own cousin, McDonald, on the British side. For this service he drew land in Michigan some years ago. Only one of our neighbors was killed in the