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## THE MOTHER'S GIFT.

A soldier within his tent,  
His eyes were closed in prayer;  
A weeping comrade held his hand,  
For life was ending there;  
And friendship now could do no more,  
For death was waiting at the door.

"Jim!" and the watcher bent his ear,  
"Beneath my pillow look,  
And hand it carefully," he said,  
"That old red covered book."  
The book was placed within his hands,  
While lower ran life's ebbing sands.

It was a Bible—"mother's gift,"  
The best that she could send,  
And on a leaf in trembling lines  
These words her hand had penned:  
"My darling boy, whatever betide,  
Accept this volume for your guide."

The book was old, with pages worn,  
And stained with battle smoke,  
But not a leaf was gone or torn,  
And not a clasp was broke,  
Upon its lid the soldier sealed,  
The latest kiss that life would yield.

"Jim!" bending low the watcher heard,  
In tones faint, fainter still,  
"Tell mother of her dying boy,  
That all with him was well."  
Loud roared the morning signal shot,  
That sleeper in the tent woke not.

## PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF THE ESCAPE OF W. L. MACKENZIE FROM TORONTO TO THE UNITED STATES.

[The *New York Tribune* of September, 1847, had a long narrative by Mackenzie of his escape. The present paper contains the substance of his narrative, condensed and much modified, all the political allusions and digressions with which it is interspersed being omitted; and only the most interesting parts of the personal adventures given in a connected form.]

THE rash and ill-planned rebellion of Upper Canada was speedily checked by the discomfiture of the insurgents at Montgomery's Tavern, near Toronto, on the 7th December, 1837. Though Mackenzie, the chief leader of the insurrection, did not certainly display much of the warrior on that occasion, yet he showed considerable tact and presence of mind in his subsequent escape from his pursuers; and there is something in the successful escape of any one from imminent peril, the detail of which has a tendency to raise the individual into a sort of hero.

The first few volleys of the government militia cooled the ardour of the insurgents; the rifle balls fell thick amongst them; and a friend of Mackenzie's falling dead at his side, he deemed it necessary to quit the field, and warn his comrades to disperse. After an unsuccessful attempt to snatch his cloak from the hotel, he set off on foot, and after running a short distance, met a friend-

ly farmer, who readily gave him his horse, a trusty, sure-footed creature, which that day did him good service. On he rode, while volumes of smoke rolled after him, and behind was seen the vivid glare of the flames of the fatal tavern and outhouses which had been the scene of the encounter. He met several friends; one handed him an overcoat; and the general resolution was to make for the States by the head of Lake Ontario.

Meantime government rewards were offered for their apprehension—one thousand pounds for Mackenzie, and five hundred pounds per man for several others. Couriers were sent off in every direction with tidings to the like effect, and a gazette was circulated minutely describing those persons whose apprehension was especially desired.

Finding himself now closely pursued and repeatedly fired at, Mackenzie left the high road with one friend, and made for Shepherd's Mills. 'The fleetest horsemen of the official party were so close upon us,' says he in his narrative, 'that I had only time to jump off my horse and ask the miller of the place whether a large body of men, then on the heights, were friends or foes, before our pursuers were climbing up the steep ascent almost beside me.' He eluded them, and soon after overtook Colonel Lount with about ninety of his friends. After taking some refreshment at a farmer's, the party separated, sixteen only accompanying Mackenzie. They were all on foot, many unarmed. Mackenzie had no other arms than a single-barrelled pistol. They made for the Humber Bridge through Vaughan, but found it strongly guarded. They then went up the river a long way, got some supper at the house of a farmer, crossed the stream on a foot bridge, and by two o'clock next morning reached the house of a friendly settler, completely exhausted with cold and fatigue.

Here blankets were hung over the windows to avoid suspicion; food and beds were prepared; and while the government troops were keenly searching for them, the fugitives were sleeping soundly. Next morning, those who had arms buried them; they agreed to separate, and make for the frontier two and two together. A young lad of twenty was the companion of Mackenzie. They set out together undisguised, and on foot, and met and conversed with several people, but found none disposed to betray them. About three o'clock in the afternoon they reached Comfort's Mills near Streetsville; there they were told that Colonel Chisholm, with three hundred men, were divided into parties in search of them. Mr. Comfort, an American by birth, but a citizen of Canada, treated them kindly, and lent

them his wagon, with a young Irish driver. They drove through the village in broad daylight; 'yet,' says the fugitive, 'though known to everybody, we proceeded a long way west before danger approached. At length, however, we were hotly pursued by a party of mounted troops; our driver became alarmed, and with reason, and I took the reins, and pushed onwards at full speed over a rough, hard-frozen road without snow. Our pursuers, nevertheless, gained on us; and when near the Sixteen-Mile Creek, we ascertained that my countryman, Colonel Chalmers, had a party guarding the bridge. The creek swells up at times into a rapid river—it was now swollen by the November rains. What was to be done? My companion and I jumped from the wagon, made towards the forest, asked a laborer the way to Esquesing, to put our pursuers off our track, and were soon in the thickest of the patch of woods near the deep ravine in which flows the creek numbered Sixteen. Those in pursuit came up with our driver almost immediately after we left, and took him prisoner. The frequent reports of rifles, and the barking of dogs, near the place where we were concealed, annoyed us not a little. There was now but one chance of escape, surrounded as we were—for the young man had refused to leave me—and that was to stem the stream and cross the swollen creek. We accordingly stripped ourselves naked, and with the surface ice beating against us, and holding our garments over our heads, in a bitter cold December night, buffeted the current, and were soon up to our necks. I hit my foot against a stone, let fall some of my clothes, which my companion caught, and cried aloud with pain. The cold in that stream caused me the most cruel and intense sensation of pain I ever endured; but we got through, though with a better chance for drowning; and the frozen sand on the banks seemed warm to our feet when we once more trod on it. In an hour and a half we were under the hospitable roof of a kind farmer; and a supply of dry flannels and food, and an hour's rest, were kindly furnished us, while the sons and daughter of our host kept a silent watch outside in the cold, while I and my companion slept.' They started again; travelled all night; and by four o'clock on Saturday morning they reached Wellington Square by the middle road. 'The farmers' dogs began to bark loudly; the heavy tramp of a party of horsemen was heard behind us; we retired a little way into the woods; I saw that the men were armed; entered the road again; and half an hour before twilight reached the door of an upright magistrate, which an English boy at once opened to us.