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## MY ESCAPE IN 1837.

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One brigade of troops under Col. Gore had been driven back from St. Denis ; another under Col. Wetherall had fallen back from St. Charles to Montreal ; and a third under Col. Gore, directed against St. Denis, had reached St. Ours, nine miles distant. Doctor Wolfred Nelson saw that, there being no rising elsewhere, we were drawing the whole force of Government to our district ; and that, though we might maintain ourselves in force, still we must retreat, and draw the troops after us, whereby there might be much useless sacrifice of life and property. The armed men were therefore directed to disperse quietly to their homes for the present, and be in readiness to assemble at the first signal. For our two selves a free pardon had, by a communication intercepted by us, addressed to the Rev. Mr. Demers, curé of St. Denis, been offered to all others on condition of our being delivered into the hands of the Government, and we felt no ambition to become a vicarious sacrifice for the political sins of the Richelieu district. We also rightly imagined that the representative of Royalty in Quebec might, in his desire for a nearer view of two individuals who had caused so much disquiet, offer a price for our heads that would render them a marketable commodity. From these considerations we determined on retiring to the States.

On Friday, the first of December, about thirty agreed to meet at dark at a farmhouse, about a mile in the rear ; but at the hour only seven appeared,—Nelson, myself, Dr. Kimber (of Chambly), Captain Jalbert, Rodolphe Desrivieres, Simeon Marchessault, and Doctor Duchesnois (if there was another

I have forgotten his name). Duchesnois, on horseback, went safely through by the way of Stanstead. The rest started in three carts, but had not got far when one of the horses (the same that threw me at St. Charles) overturned Jalbert and his companion into the ditch, broke the cart, and galloped back, leaving two carts for six passengers.

Passing through St. Cesaire, about daylight, we were pushing on towards the Townships, when a man on the road informed us we were rushing into "*Le gueule du Loup*" (the wolf's jaws), as guards were stationed on the road to intercept gentlemen moving on our especial business, and that it would be necessary for us to go through the woods, with the passes of which he was acquainted.

Returning to St. Cesaire, we were furnished with a glorious breakfast by the miller ; and crossing to the woods, on the right or north side of the Yamaska river, we continued walking until nightfall, when we found ourselves in a tremendous "wind-fall,"—the fallen trees crossed in every direction, through which we forced ourselves, like small fish through a salmon-net, till we arrived at a swamp, when darkness brought us to a stop. The proximity of some cabins in a clearing prevented our making a fire. To compensate for the loss of sleep during the last forty-eight hours, I had the consolation of getting my back against a tree, with my knees drawn up to keep my feet out of the water, which agreeable position was disturbed about midnight by a violent rain, that continued till morning.