

"So I wuz e'en a'most. But wuss still was that villian of a sentry blazing away at me. It's lucky the night wuz so dark.' But I thought I'd have to give up afore I got to land. I had to lie on the beach panting like a dying mackerel. Well, I walked all night to Cape Vincent, and at daybreak I just borrowed one of Uncle Sam's boats and paddled across to Wolfe's Island, and soon after got to Kingston."

"How much longer did *you* stay, Sandy?" asked the squire, who said the story reminded him of the adventures of the Yankee prisoners in the *Jersey* hulk during the old war.

"Weel Tam here helped me tae win oot, as I may say," replied Sandy. "He hadna eneuch of fechtin', sae he mun join thae yeomanry corps that followed Wilkinson's army down the St. Lawrence, and took part in the battle o' Windmill Point. They took a hantle o' preesoners there, and sune cam a 'cartel' they ca' it, offering an exchange. We did garrison duty at Fort Henry awhile, and learned the big gun drill; it may come in useful yet."

"How got you here?" asked the squire, "you never marched from Kingston at this time of year, surely"

"No," said Tom Loker, "the ten-gun brig *William and Mary*, Captain Richardson, Master, wuz a-carrying stores to Colonel Vincent at Burlington, and we got leave to take passage in her. We reached there last night and walked all day to get here, and glad we are to get back to our old quarters, the best we've seen since we left them."*

By this time Kate had a hearty supper ready for the wanderers, to which they did ample justice before returning with grateful hearts to their old lodgings in the capacious attic. By such privations and sufferings on the part of her faithful yeomanry, were the liberties of Canada maintained in those stormy days of war and conflict.

* Captain Richardson afterwards became a distinguished minister and Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Canada, and was for many years Agent of the Upper Canada Bible Society. He was under fire at the taking of Oswego, and while engaged rigging a pump, a round shot carried away his arm. We have heard him say in his own parlour, picking up a carpet ball, "It was a ball like that took off my arm." He became, on recovery from his wound, sailing master of Sir James Yeo's flag ship, the *St. Lawrence*, a position requiring much tactical skill, as the huge kraken drew twenty-three feet of water, and carried something like a hundred guns. Few men were better known or more esteemed in Canada than Bishop Richardson. He died in 1875, full of years and full of merits, beloved and regretted by all classes of the community.