

pared for her journey. Evading the sentry, she left her home before sunrise (the sun rises at 4.36 on June 24th,) reached St. David's as the sun rose, stopped a moment at the house of her sister-in-law to enquire after her brother Charles who was dangerously ill, and then pressed on. Avoiding the road on the left which led direct to her goal, as that would be guarded by American pickets, she struck through the woods to Shipman's Corners (now St. Catharines). During this season the whole country away from the roads was more or less under water. It was commonly said that there had not been such a rainy season for twenty-five years. Showers of greater or less magnitude had fallen nearly every day, and the roads were thoroughly saturated.

("The Fight in the Beechwoods," *Cruikshank*.)

To add to other perils, the woods were haunted with bands of Indians belonging to both armies, the howling of the wolf was heard in the distance, whilst more than once a rattlesnake glided from her path. Arriving at the Twelve Mile Creek, she crossed the stream at St. Catharines only to find that she had gone too far. She then re-crossed on the trunk of a fallen tree upon her hands and knees at a point near the Turney farm.*

("Jubilee History of Thorold.")

Toiling up the steep bank beyond, she aroused a company of sleeping Indians who sprang to their feet with yells. It was now seven o'clock. After a parley she was conducted to Fitzgibbon who was informed of his danger.

*See next page.