

at one time secreted on his own property, when a party of Continentals billeted themselves at his house. The sergeant read a proclamation offering a reward of five hundred pounds for the body of Samuel Anderson dead or alive, after which the party conversed in French, not thinking they would be understood by Mrs. Anderson; but the brave woman without betraying the slightest fear or knowledge of what they talked of, heard all they purposed doing to her husband should he be found. She directed her servants to prepare food and beds for all, had their horses stabled and fed, then, waiting till all was quiet, went in the dark to her husband and bade him fly for his life.

However, he with many other loyalists were captured and confined in Litchfield jail where they suffered all but death until the beginning of 1777, when, having been told that all the prisoners were to be shot the next day, Anderson wrenched the bars from a window, and with his companions escaped to Canada, where he was appointed a Captain in the 1st Battalion of Sir John Johnston's corps, the King's Royal Regiment of New York. When General Burgoyne was preparing to advance from Ticonderoga, Captain Anderson was placed at the head of the workmen who were employed in making the roads through the forest from the head of Lake Champlain towards Fort Edward. He served in the battalion of the Royal Yorkers until they were disbanded in the spring of 1784. From the time of his imprisonment in Litchfield jail, his wife saw nothing of him until late in 1778, when, after suffering terribly from the cruelty of the Continentals, she abandoned all her property, paid the Yankee Governor 2/6 for a pass and with her family made her way to Sorel, where her husband was then stationed with his Company of the Royal Yorkers, where they remained till the spring of 1783, when he with his two elder sons who had served under him were put on half pay when peace was declared, and at the reduction of the army, Anderson, with his family and the men of his company received their allotment of lands in Cornwall, then a wilderness, the nearest settlement being Montreal distant 68 miles, and Kingston 105 miles. They came up the St. Lawrence by batteaux, and lived for some time under shelter of cedar boughs, until able to erect log houses for themselves. A short time after their arrival the "Dark Sunday" occurred, when, at mid-day total darkness fell upon all the land, and continued for about two hours. The rain came down in torrents, flooding their temporary dwelling, causing great discomfort, while the thunder and lightning were terrific. In those days there were no merchants, no baker or butcher shops, no medical men, no ministers to console the sick or dying, or bury the dead, and no means of instruction for the young. The Loyalists were generally poor, having sacrificed their property to their politics, and were obliged to work very hard. . All was bush, hard labor and pinching privation

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