

I sent up my name; was requested to walk up stairs (in the dark), and was told that the house, barns, and every part of their premises had been twice searched for me that morning, and that M'Nab's men from Hamilton were scouring the country in all directions in the hope of taking me. I asked if I had the least chance to pass downward by the way of Burlington Beach, but was answered that both roads were guarded, and that Dr. Rolph was by that time safe in Lewiston. They immediately retired to a thicket behind the house, deeming it the safest place; and as the young man was chilled with cold and fatigue, it was deemed best for him to separate from Mackenzie, as, not being known, he would be safe from apprehension. He did so, and reached the frontier, but was laid up for four months afterwards by indisposition. 'At dawn of day,' continues Mackenzie, 'it began to snow and show footmarks. A speck, which the pigs had undermined all round, stood on a high knoll, and I chose it for a hiding-place. For ten or twelve days I had slept, when I could get any sleep, in my clothes; and my limbs had swelled so, that I had to leave my boots, and wear a pair of slippers. My feet were wet, I was very weary, and the cold and drift annoyed me much. Breakfast I had had none; and in due time Colonel M'Dowall, the high sheriff, and his posse, stood before me. House, barns, cellars, and garret were searched, and I the while quietly looking on. The colonel was afterwards second in command to Sir Allan M'Nab, opposite Navy Island, and when I lived in William street, some years ago he called on me, and we had a hearty laugh over the ineffectual exertions to catch a rebel in 1837. When the coast seemed clear, my terrified host, a wealthy Canadian, came up the hill as if to find his pigs, brought me two bottles of hot water for my feet, a bottle of tea, and several slices of bread and butter, told me that the neighborhood was literally harassed with bodies of armed men in search of me, and advised that I should leave that place at dark, but where to go he could not tell me. After I left his premises, he was arrested; but had powerful friends, gave bail, and the matter ended there. When night set in, I knocked at the next farmer's door; they were strong government men, and as the house had been searched often for me already, they refused to see me, but their boy conducted me by a by-path to Mr. King's, the next farm. Here I had supper; rested for an hour; and then walked with my host to my early residence, Dundas Village, at the head of Lake Ontario. We saw a small party of armed men on the road, near the mills of an Englishman; but they did not perceive us. We went to the dwelling of an old friend, to whom I stated that I thought I should now make a more speedy, yet equally sure progress on horseback. He risked at once, and that too most willingly, his horse. Mr. King returned home, and I entered the village alone in the night, and was hailed by some person, who speedily passed on. I wanted to take a friend with me, but durst not go to wake him up. There was a guard on duty at the hotel, and I had to cross the creek close by a house which I had built in the public square. I then made for the mountain country above Hamilton, and in the way called upon some old Dutch friends, who told me that all the passes were guarded. Near Ancaster I got a fresh horse from an old friend, and pursued my journey; but coming upon a house well lighted up, and where a guard was evidently posted, I turned aside, and tried to find my way through the Binbrook and Glanford woods. For several weary hours

did I toil through the primeval forest, leading my horse, and unable to get out or find a path. The barking of a dog brought me, when near daylight, to a solitary cottage; and its inhabitant—a negro—pointed out to me the Twenty-Mile-Creek where it was fordable. Before I had ridden a mile, I came to a small hamlet, which I had not known before; entered a house, and oh my surprise—was instantly called by name! At the inn, I did not at all like the manner of him who addressed me, though I now know that all was well intended. Quite carelessly to appearance, I remounted my horse, and rode off very leisurely, but turned the first angle, and then galloped on, turned again, and galloped still faster. At some ten miles' distance, a farm, newly cleared, and situated in a by-place, seemed a safer haven. I entered the house, called for breakfast, and found in the owner a stout Iberian farmer, an Orangeman from the north of Ireland, with a wife and five fine children. I took breakfast very much at my leisure; saw my horse watered and fed with oats in the stable; and then asked Mr. Waters to be so kind as put me in the way to the mountain road, which he consented to do, but evidently with much reluctance. After we had travelled about a quarter of a mile in the woods, he turned round at a right angle, and said that that was the way.

"Not to the road?" said I.

"No; but to Mr. M'Intyre the magistrate."

'Here we came to a full stop. He was stout and burly, I small and slight made. I soon found that he had not dreamt of me as a rebel; his leading idea was, that I had a habit of borrowing other men's horses without their express leave—in other words, that I was a horse thief. Horses had been stolen, and he only did his duty by carrying a doubtful case before the nearest justice. This was a real puzzle. Should I tell Waters who I was, it was ten to one but he would seize me for the heavy reward. If I went before the justice, he would doubtless know and detain me. I asked Mr. Waters to explain. He said that I had come in great haste to his house on a December Sunday morning; that it was on no public road, with my clothes torn, my face badly scratched, and my horse all in a foam; that I had refused to say who I was, or where I came from; had paid him a dollar for a very humble breakfast, been in no haste to leave, and was riding one of the finest horses in Canada—making, at the same time, for the frontier by the most unfrequented paths; and that many horses had been recently borrowed. My manner, he admitted, did not indicate anything wrong; but why did I studiously conceal my name and business? There was some truth in all this. My bonnet rough; my torn, homespun, sorry slippers; weary gait, and unshaven beard, were assuredly not much in keeping with the charger I was riding; and I had unfortunately given no reply whatever to several of his and his goodwife's home questions. My chance to be tried and condemned in the hall where I had often sat in judgment on others was seemingly now very near, but I did not quite despair. To escape from Waters in that dense forest was entirely hopeless; to blow out his brains while he was acting quite conscientiously, while his five pretty children at home waited his early return, could have easily been done as far as opportunity went, for he was unsuspecting of anything of the kind, and my pistol was now loaded, and sure to fire. But I could not do it. So I held a parley with my detainer, touched on various subjects, and at last found, to my surprise and real delight, that though averse to the object of

the revolt, he spoke of myself in terms of good-will. His next neighbor had lived near me in 1823 at Queenstown, and had spoken so well of myself and family to him, as to have interested him, though he had never met me before. "I am an old magistrate," said I, "but at present in a situation of some difficulty. If I can satisfy you as to who I am, and why I am here, would you desire to gain the price of any man's blood?" He seemed to shudder at the very idea of such a thing. I then, before revealing myself, made him take a solemn oath of secrecy. When he had ascertained my name, which I showed him on my watch, seals, and pocket book, he expressed real sorrow on account of the dangerous situation in which I stood, and pledged himself to keep silence for twenty-four hours, directed me how to get into the main road, and feelingly urged me to accept his personal guidance to the frontier. He kept his word; but when I was fairly out of danger, he told the whole story to his neighbors, which caused his apprehension, though he was afterwards released.

Our refugee now gained the open country, recrossed the Twenty-Mile Creek, and at length re-entered the mountain path a little below where a military guard was then stationed. While in sight of this guard, he moved on very slowly. The country people were going to church, and he made as if going there too. As soon as he was out of sight, however, he used his spurs to some advantage. It appears that two men, whom he had spoken to in the road gave the alarm to an armed party, who immediately gave pursuit. 'I perceived them,' says he, 'when a third of a mile off. I thought it safer to endeavor to put my pursuers off the track, and on a false scent, than to keep on ahead of them; so I turned short towards St. Catherine's when I got to Smithville, and seemed to take that road down hill full speed. Instead of doing so, however, I turned a corner, put up my horse very quickly in the stable of a friendly Canadian, entered his house, he being at church, beheld my pursuers stop to interrogate a woman who had seen me pass, and then ride furiously onward by the St. Catherine's road. I then went quietly to bed, and rested for some four hours; had a comfortable supper with the family, and what clothes I required. A trusty companion was also ready to mount his horse, and accompany me the last forty miles to Buffalo. We accordingly started about eight o'clock on Sunday night, and keeping clear of the armed guards, we got safe into Crowland before daylight. We awoke a friend here, turned our horses into his pasture, and he immediately accompanied us to the Niagara river on foot. On inquiry, it was found that all the boats on the river, except those at the ferries, which were well guarded, had been seized and taken care of by the officers of government. A gentleman, however, who lived opposite the head of Grand Island, was believed to have kept one of his boats locked up beside his carriage. This gentleman was applied to; and though no firmer of the late movement, and at considerable risk, immediately consented to give his boat. As well as I can now remember,' continues the narrator, 'it was about nine on Monday morning when I reached this gentleman's house, an excellent breakfast was prepared, and I was fatigued and hungry. But there was a military patrol on the river, and before sitting down to a repast, I thought it safe to step out and see if the coast was clear. Well for me it was that I did so! The customs house officer, opposite Black Rock, and his troop of mounted dragoons, were so close