

TO MY EVER ESTEEMED FRIEND AND PATRON,  
LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR GUY CARLETON,  
LATE COMMANDER OF THE  
BRITISH FORCES IN CANADA.

HONOURED SIR,

AS it is customary for authors to introduce their performances to the public under some respectable patronage, so do I now most cheerfully pay this small tribute of my gratitude to you, whose unremitting services to Britain are too well known here to be recited, during the time of your being in the chief command in Canada and other parts of North America. And your various condescensions to me in particular, while I had the honour of being under your direction and enjoying a share of your confidence and friendship at Crownpoint, Canada, and their environs, I never will nor can forget or repay. I say it without flattery, and from my knowledge of facts, that it is to be regretted as a national loss, that you were not continued in the supreme command in Canada; nay, in conducting the whole operations of this unhappy American war, from my intimate acquaintance with the people, I can candidly aver that many thousand Britons—particularly Scots, and especially my countrymen the brave Highlanders—would, with me, have wasted their strength, exhausted their blood, and cheerfully died, sword in hand, under the command of that ever meritorious general, Sir Guy Carleton. Had the