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and miserable houses, appeared in sight, and we were now landed on the beach, where several of the officers imprudently ate large quantities of peaches which grew uninclosed and in abundance around. The accession of fever produced in consequence was great, and the night was passed in the ravings of a delirium little short of madness. On the following morning we were re-embarked in a small vessel lying in the harbour; and leaving an officer behind to await the arrival, and superintend the transportation of the men who were advancing by land, we again set sail. Long Point, the place of our destination, was soon gained; but with what altered feelings did we now behold that soil which, one short month before, would have been hailed with rapturous exultation! Disease had worn away our persons, and our minds were deeply tinged with that morbid melancholy which is a characteristic feature in the complaint. Existence itself had nearly lost its value with its charms, and, in our then tone of feeling, liberty or captivity were situations of indifference. It had rained without intermission during the passage, and on the vessel being brought to anchor, we were summoned from the small filthy cabin, into which we had been thrown, to the boats waiting for our reception. In a few minutes we were landed, exhibiting to those by whom we were received on the beach the most distressing images of poverty, disease, exhaustion, and discontent. We arrived in Canada on the 4th of October, 1814, making just one year from the date of our captivity.

On my arrival in Canada I lost no time, dispirited and emaciated as I was from the effects of an ague which continued upon me for five consecutive months, without a single day of intermission, in parting from those with whom I had shared so many toils and vicissitudes, and hastening to join the King's Regiment (then stationed at Montreal and Laprairie,) to which I had been gazetted some months previous to my capture at the Moravian town. Nor is it uninteresting to add that my passage from Toronto to Kingston, was made in the St. Lawrence, Sir James Yeo's flag-ship, during the very last trip performed by that magnificent vessel, the vast dimensions of which will be understood, when it is known that she mounted not less than 112 guns, of various heavy calibre, and was manned by a crew, including all branches of the service, of one thousand souls. There were, also if I do not greatly err, a seventy-four and two fifty gun ships, with numerous smaller craft, following in the wake of this Leviathan; but war had now been so long carri-