

A NARRATIVE OF THE TRANSACTIONS, IMPRISONMENT, AND
SUFFERINGS OF JOHN CONNOLLY, AN AMERICAN LOYALIST
AND LIEUT. COL. IN HIS MAJESTY'S SERVICE.

There cannot, perhaps, be a more severe task imposed upon a person, who has any pretensions to that sense of propriety which distinguishes a delicate mind, than to be obliged to relate a long story, of which he is himself the subject. It has, however, always been held excusable if the incidents were extraordinary, and it were necessary to the future peace and prosperity of the narrator they should be known, provided the tale were told with modesty and truth. I hope this gentle indulgence will be kindly extended to me, and that the unavoidable egotism that must pervade this narrative, will be benevolently overlooked in mercy to the misfortunes of one who is at least conscious of having acted with good intentions, and from principles which he believed were descriptive of a loyal subject, an honest man, and a man of honour.

I was born in America of respectable parents, and received as perfect an education as that country could afford. In the early part of life I was bred to physic, the practice of which it was intended I should pursue; my natural bent of mind, however, determined otherwise. It was my ambition to be a soldier; and this passion was so prevalent that, contrary to the wishes of my friends, I went a volunteer, while yet a youth, to Martinico, where I endeavoured to distinguish myself, as far as inexperience and an unimportant station would admit. After the peace of 1762, the North American Indians entered into a general confederacy to destroy our frontier settlements and demolish the garrisons. The British commander in chief was obliged to send an army to repel these invaders; in which, once more a