

I repeated my visits daily for some time, and our acquaintance became rather an intimate one. One day he said, "I left my native state, in the south, some three months ago, to make war upon you, British, in this province. I then entertained very unfavourable opinions of British officers. I believed them to be a proud, haughty, tyrannical class of men. In a few days after joining our army at Buffalo, I was sent in command of the advanced detachment to attack your batteries, and succeeded in capturing one of them. But General Smyth not having promptly supported me, I and my detachment were taken prisoners.

"Soon after my arrival in this fort, the officers of the regiment here invited me to become an honorary member of their mess, and I accepted the invitation. But instead of their being proud and haughty, I find them frank and kind, and very attentive to me. I look through my windows over your barrack square, and I see that those officers treat their men with more condescension and kindness than we can treat ours. Were we to deal with our men as I see you deal with yours, we should lose all authority over them. We feel ourselves compelled to keep them at a distance, in short, to rule them with a rod of iron."

The second conversation I had was with Thomas Jefferson Sutherland, the *soi-disant* General commanding the assembled body of sympathizers col-