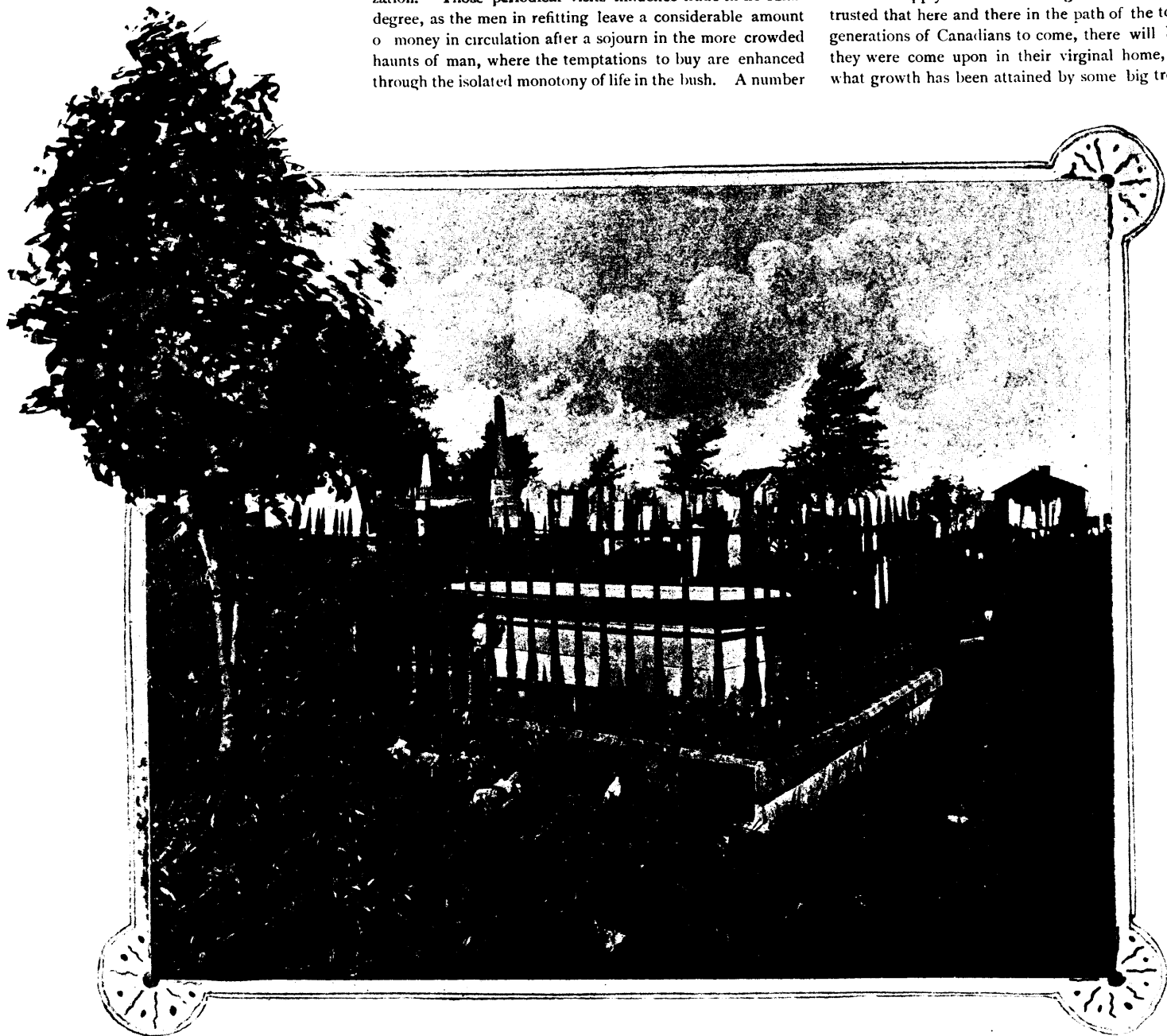


formed a striking object lesson of the possibilities in the future of a territory which produces them. The history of lumbering in B. C. embraces yet but slightly over two decades, having its origin in the erection of mills in the old Canal de Sassamet by an English syndicate; from which time it has assumed the lead in the industries carried on in

the province. Seventy million feet of lumber was exported from that point in one year, and since then other sawmills have been erected and gone into operation. The benefits to the town do not lay, it may be conceived, directly with the mills, as an army of loggers are in the woods continually dropping in now and again to enjoy the comforts of civilization. Those periodical visits influence trade in no small degree, as the men in refitting leave a considerable amount of money in circulation after a sojourn in the more crowded haunts of man, where the temptations to buy are enhanced through the isolated monotony of life in the bush. A number

of milling concerns of minor importance in point of capacity are natural adjuncts of the industry: sash and door factories, carrying their own steam power for the reduction of logs; shingle mills also obtruding their meagre fronts on spaces employing their quota of men both in the works and in the woods. Through those influences the largest trees will be culled to supply the never failing demand; but it is to be trusted that here and there in the path of the tourist and the generations of Canadians to come, there will be left as they were come upon in their virginal home, evidences of what growth has been attained by some big trees in B.C.



GRAVE OF LT.-COL. THE HON. CECIL BISHOPP, AT LUNDY'S LANE.

A Guardsman's Grave.

(Hon. Mrs. Ivor Herbert in the *Brigade of Guards Magazine*.)

We were standing on the battle field of Lundy's Lane, within the sound of Niagara's falls. The sun, almost tropical in its heat, was endeavouring to pierce the heavy mists which clung to the earth, and a damp gloom enveloped the old burial ground. The custodian of the enclosure drew our attention to various relics collected after the fight of the 25th July, 1814, one of the last of many desperate encounters between the British and United States forces which marked the desultory struggle lasting from 1812 to 1814, and in low tones pointed out the resting places of those honoured dead. Some, alas, were unmarked, save by a crumbling head stone, which ere long must yield to the decay of neglect, and like the forms beneath them pass away.

A stone tomb, considerably damaged by exposure to the Canadian climate, overgrown with grass and wild flowers, and surrounded by rusty iron rails, carried our thoughts back to the old regiment as we deciphered the following inscription:—

SACRED
TO THE MEMORY OF
LT.-COL. THE HON. CECIL BISHOPP,
1ST FOOT GUARDS,

And inspecting field officer in Upper Canada, eldest and only surviving son of Sir Charles Cecil Bishopp, Bart., Baron de la Zouche in England. After having served with distinction in the British Army in Holland, Spain and Portugal, he died on the 16th July, 1813, aged 30, in consequence of wounds received in action with the enemy at Blackrock, on the 13th of the same month, to the great grief of his family and friends, and is buried here.

This tomb, erected at the time by his brother officers, becoming much dilapidated is now, 1846, renewed by his affectionate sisters, the Baroness de la Zouche and the Hon. Mrs. Pechell, in memorial of an excellent man and beloved brother.

"Stranger, whose steps are now, perhaps, have stood,
Beneath Niagara's stupendous flood,
Pause on this shrine where sleeps the young and brave,
And shed a generous tear o'er Cecil's grave,
While pitying angels point through deepest gloom,
To everlasting happiness beyond the tomb,
Through Christ who died to give eternal life."

The great struggle in which Napoleon was engaged against the whole armed force of Europe has cast into the shade the record of that in which a handful of British troops, Canadian volunteers, and Indian auxiliaries, maintained the integrity of British North America against the attacks of the neighbouring republic; but a local chronicler gives the following short account of the manner in which young Bishopp met his death.

"On the morning of the 13th July, 1813, in company with Lieutenant-Colonel Clark and Lieutenant James Cumming, backed by 240 men, Bishopp swooped down upon Black-

rock, the American naval station, on the river Niagara. The assault was successful in complete destruction of the naval stores by sinking them in the river. The enemy's force was aroused, and the British commenced a steady retreat, Bishopp being the last to retire. Our men had re-embarked, and the greater portion were safely landed, when, in the confusion, some of the oars of Bishopp's boat were lost; she drifted helplessly, exposed to an ever-increasing fire, and here our gallant leader received his death wound. He was borne back to his quarters, where, in a few days, he expired, and was reverently laid to rest in the little burial ground of Drummondville, as the village of Niagara Falls was then called."

The next year the Battle of Lundy's Lane, as a final incident in the long struggle, raged round Bishopp's grave. The ground was literally strewn with friends and foes, and hundreds were buried side by side in the trenches. Now the mounds can scarcely be discerned through the summer's rank grass. Many brave men and true patriots sleep beneath the soil they earned so dearly, and for these also the tablet placed to Bishopp's memory at Parham, in Sussex, England, may be inscribed.

"His pillow—not of sturdy oak;
His shroud—a simple soldier's cloak;
His dirge will sound till time's no more,
Niagara's loud and solemn roar.
There Cecil lies—say where the grave—
More worthy of a Briton brave?"