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get at it, was too often the summit of luxury :
poor fellows there are too many of them gone to
their long homes, and it makes one feel sad and
deserted in this world, for between us there was
love and friendship,—they were my brother
soldiers, and my friends. It is pleasant to praise
the brave dead, and somehow or other, past
friendships seem the sweetest ; if I had my own
way, there should be a monument in Upper Can-
ada, and another in Lower Canada, to glorify
the memory of those gallant spirits who fell in
repelling the Invader : but there is nothing of
the sort throughout the length and breadth of
this great Province, unless it is the column upon
Queenston Heights, and that seems about to fall
down and crush the bones of the illustrious dead
beneath it. Even the very graves in the church-
yard of Landy's lane where rest the remains of
many of the victors of that battle, are neglec-
ted, and there too rest the remains of the chival-
rous and highly gifted Colonel Bishopp who fell
mortally wounded at Black Rock. I feel very
sorry that I have neither a tongue to utter, or a
pen to describe all I could desire upon this
matter, yet I do hope that some one who has the
ability to do so, may be influenced to take it up,
and endeavour to persuade the country of the
propriety, and virtue, of honoring to the utmost
the memories of those who fell in its defence,
and that the result may be some public testi-
monial raised aloft upon Landy's Hill or some
other celebrated battle ground ; all I can do is