

ed on in the country as a matter of course, and on so extensive a scale of preparation, that these latter were scarcely regarded as any thing extraordinary, even on the small and inland fresh water sea of Lake Ontario.

At length spring with her cheerful and invigorating attributes once more appeared, bringing with it a cessation of hostilities between Great Britain and the United States; and intelligence having soon afterwards reached this country of Bonaparte's escape from Elba, and the consequent renewal of the war in Europe, we were hurriedly ordered for embarkation, to join the British Army in Flanders. The Head Quarters of my regiment left Montreal for Quebec in the first steamer (the John Molson,) that ever navigated these waters, and we were speedily embarked in a transport waiting to receive us, and forming one of sixty sail, under the convoy of Sir George Collier in the Newcastle. Our route was to Ostend, but we were too late—as the battle of Waterloo, to have participated in which was worth the sacrifice of all our previous service, was fought before we were half way across the Atlantic.

Since that period, I had never revisited Canada, until the astounding and unexpected events of 1837 and 1838 again brought me to my native land, to aid if necessary in vindication of her wounded honor.

THE END.