

as he has, when a boy, many a time gamboled over the battlefield, and plucked the wild flowers growing on the graves of the heroes buried there, a part of the battlefield at the present time being owned by the writer's family who would gladly donate a site for a national monument to commemorate the battle should one ever be erected by a tardy public.

And now let us have a short description of this famous place, so that we may the better understand the relative position and surroundings of the two armies. The battle field is some six miles east of Hamilton, and two miles south of Lake Ontario, on the road leading from Hamilton to the Falls. Stoney Creek is a stream which takes its rise some miles beyond that ridge of land known as the "mountain," the same ridge over which the mighty Niagara thunders. This creek is not perennial, but in the spring a most beautiful falls is formed at the escarpment where the water pours over this lofty ridge in one unbroken descent of 80 or 100 feet. The great symmetrical oval wall of grey rocks from whose summit the water pours into a rocky basin beneath, the majestic evergreen crown of pines and hemlocks encircling and overlooking its brow with conscious imperiousness, the undergrowth that overhangs and fringes like a valance the rugged edge of rocks; and further on the shrubbery which carpets the steep banks of the canyon, looking out on the rich valley beneath and the grand picture.