

to the native and acquired virtues of a heart rich in moral excellence.

ABOVE eighteen years ago he had attained the rank of Captain in the 17th regiment, under General Monckton, and stood full in the way of higher preferment; having borne a share in all the labors of our American wars, and the reduction of Canada. Ill-fated region! short-sighted mortals! Little did he foresee the scenes which that land had still in reserve for him! Little did those generous Americans, who then stood by his side, think that they were assisting to subdue a country, which would one day be held up over us, as a greater scourge in the hands of friends, than ever it was in the hands of enemies!

HAD such a thought then entered our hearts, we should have started with indignation from the deed of horror. Our heroism would have appeared madness and parricide! The lifted steel would have dropped from the warrior's arm! The ax and the hoe from the laborer's grasp! *America* would have wept through all her forests; and her well cultivated fields refused to yield farther sustenance to her infatuated sons!

BUT far different were our thoughts at that time. We considered ourselves as co-operating with our brethren for the glory of the empire; to enable them to secure our common peace and liberty; to humanize, adorn, and dignify, with British privileges, a vast Continent; to become strong in our strength, happy in our happiness; and to derive *that* from our affection, which no force can extort from a *free* people; and which the *miserable* and oppressed cannot give!

AND these, too, were the sentiments of our lamented Hero; for he had formed an early attachment, amounting even to an enthusiastic love, for this country! The woodland and the plain; the face of Nature, grand, venerable, and yet rejoicing in her prime; our mighty rivers, descending in vast cataracts through wild and shaggy mountains, or gliding in silent majesty through