

aloft the fleur-de-lys standard. The pedestal will be of grey and brown granite, having inscriptions not yet decided upon, and two giant heads as fountain-sources, representing the St. Lawrence and Ottawa Rivers—while with these there would alternate at the sides two sitting figures, the one an Indian, the other a colonist. Beside the latter is to be represented the Dog of Ville-Marie, La Chienne Pilote, who was to the little fortress what the geese of the Capitol, or perhaps the Wolf, was to Rome—its legendary animal. This little dog, it is recorded, was accustomed to make her daily round of the neighbouring forests, scenting for Iroquois, and biting at any pup of her litter which was not also sufficiently assiduous in its duty.

Should money come in in satisfactory amounts, the larger plan will be chosen. The pedestal will be amplified, and four large standing figures be placed at the lower corners, while bas-reliefs will be let into the stone. The four figures are to represent an Indian, a colonist, a soldier, and probably Dollier de Casson, the historian, represented transcribing, as he stood, the events occurring around him. The bas-reliefs would give: the first mass, served just after the landing of the founders; the personal combat of Maisonneuve with the gigantic Indian chief, of which the Place d'Armes is the traditional scene; the sacrifice of Dollard des Ormeaux, which saved the colony; and the somewhat similar death in battle of Major Lambert Closse, whose great desire it was to die fighting the heathen in defence of the Cross.

A project somewhat older than the Maisonneuve statue, and which has been advancing to completion during the past eighteen months, is that of a series of about forty historical tablets, which are to be scattered about the city. This project is under the auspices of the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society, one of the most useful of organizations. The tablets are of polished Italian marble, white, with a slight shade of grey. The inscriptions are in neat lettering, blackened. By the time the present lines are in print, a number of these will have been erected at various points of historical interest in the city. The spot of most interest is naturally the site of the founding by Maisonneuve. It is that of the present Custom House, and there, likewise, Champlain landed in 1611, chose a site for a town, built two habitations, and named the spot La Place Royale. As it was thenceforward the annual rendezvous of traders with the Indians of the upper lakes, it might be readily claimed that Montreal was founded in 1611 rather than in 1642, the date of the permanent colony. Two tablets will therefore be placed upon the Custom House—one on each side of the main entrance, marking these events. Nowhere else in America could such a series of tablets be erected as these will be. Montreal is, historically speaking, the Mother of Cities. Here will be marked the birthplace of Bienville, founder of New Orleans, and the homes of La Salle, of DuLuth, and of La Mothe Cadillac, founder of Detroit. Here will be shown the eyrie of Mackenzie, discoverer of the Mackenzie River, and first European to cross the Rocky Mountains. Dollard Lane will have its glorious legend made plain upon it. The ancient town-walls will be made easy to follow. The Recollet Gate, where General Hull and his army were brought in prisoners, and the Quebec Gate, where the same was done with Ethan Allen, will receive tablets. The positions of the armies at the time of capitulation will also not be forgotten. Neither will a variety of strange traditions, miraculous and horrible—such as the Veronica-like legend of the Père le Maître, whose head was cut off by Iroquois, but imprinted its image upon a handkerchief, and thereby haunted and addressed them until the conversion of his murderer.

But were I to get too far into details, it would be hard to save gaslight, and economy, dear confidants of THE WEEK, is of late a fad with me, even more absorbing than antiquarianism.

Montreal.

ALCHEMIST.

A RESCUED RECORD.

THE THIRTEENTH OF OCTOBER, EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND TWELVE.

NO other engagement of the War of 1812 has ever aroused as much general and enthusiastic interest as the Battle of Queenston Heights, and probably never will. The more this engagement is looked into, the more its heroic and remarkable character becomes evident. It was unique. The strange and romantic circumstances of the enemy's attack; their crossing the swollen and tempestuous river in the grey dawn of a stormy October day; their discovery of an old fisherman's path up the very wall of the Heights; the sinking of their boats by the gun of a little battery at the foot of the hill; the death of Brock, followed so soon by that of McDonnell; the possession of the Heights for some hours by an overwhelming force; their eventual discomfiture by Sheaffe; their panic-stricken flight down the rocks and cliffs only to meet a watery grave; the refusal of a large body of the American forces to obey their General and cross the river to the support of their discomfited comrades, all mark a military episode scarcely to be matched in history. The heroic predominates. Duty done wins. Loyalty is avenged.

Canadians will ask for no apology for the presentation of another record of so glorious a day; nay, they will the rather welcome it as another testimony to the valour of true British blood, and to the revered memory of one

whose name will ever live in our annals the brightest, the noblest wherewith they are richly adorned.

The odd corners in which history may be discovered has before been intimated by the writer in another paper. The present record was found in a page of an old newspaper, the *Niagara Chronicle and Advertiser*, August, 1838, that had been used as a lining for the lid of a trunk, from which it was removed as perfectly as its cracked state would allow, by two sympathetic young Canadian ladies, for the benefit of the writer, and the public, too, if the public pleases.

The same page contains also the charge of Judge Jones to the Grand Jury at the Court of Oyer and Terminer at the midsummer session held at Niagara, 1838, a memorable year. The advertisements on the back of the page are also interesting.

It will be noted that the record of the Battle of Queenston is culled for the variety column of the *Chronicle* from the *Niagara Bee* of the 24th October, 1812, just eight days after the battle, and therefore possessing a peculiar value.

A few more words in reference to the record may not be out of place here. Notwithstanding the disclaimer of the editor, of ability to do Brock's character full justice, his epitome of it is worthy, and well done. That Brock was "a friend to humanity," "loved the inhabitants of Canada," and made "their interests his continued study, their rights and privileges his sacred care to preserve," no other proof is needed than his generous dealing with the militia in giving them leave of absence for their farm work—on which the very lives of their families depended—whenever possible: his letter *in re* the Nelson Monument in Montreal, in which he informs the Commander-in-Chief of two sites proper, but recommends one as having advantages for the citizens in the way of recreation and health that the other does not possess: his humanity to the insubordinate soldiers whom he was obliged to send to prison to Quebec, and who, while they waited for a favourable wind at Newark, he allowed to be employed in the building of Fort Mississauga, rather than add to the necessary hardships of their punishment by keeping them closely confined in a hot gaol as a less humane officer would have done, and would have been justified in doing by military laws: to, which may be added his wise and noble-minded administration of the affairs of the Province in which the rights of man are fully recognized, the rights of citizens fully protected, and the disloyalty of hypocrites boldly outlawed.

The famous words that have so constantly been attributed to General Brock at the moment of his fall are here correctly given—the close date of the account forbids any question of its correctness—and sets at rest what has become a disputed point, notwithstanding the inherent weakness of the claim. Not "Push on, brave York Volunteers!" which would have been a discrimination of one corps above another unworthy the judgment, the military training, the impartiality of any officer, but "push on, never mind (me)," (the record here being incomplete) is given: an exclamation at once characteristic in every respect of the man and appropriate to the occasion.

A word in honour of our Indian allies is claimed by their deserts on this momentous occasion. It is after Sheaffe's arrival with reinforcements from Fort George, the Heights and village are in the occupation of the enemy, and Sheaffe's force is winding its careful way to the best point of vantage for the dislodgment of the intruders; at this moment the record tells us "the brave tenants of the woods remained on the mountain and kept the enemy in check, while some of them like a flaming beacon stood prominently on the jetting rocks as a guide to our main body where to ascend most securely. Nothing could be more forcibly impressive," remarks the editor; nor can imagination paint anything more picturesque, while the bravery of the action of these "untutored savages" cannot be overmatched in the annals of liberty. What materials the historic painter has in Canadian history for splendid canvases!

The criticism of General Sheaffe's action in paroling so many men on this occasion is a mild rebuke of those writers and others who have assailed his conduct of the action in no measured terms. As we read it here, and the accuracy of the account must be past questioning, Major-General Sheaffe performed an able military feat in dislodging an enemy of superior numbers, who had been entrenched in the position for so long a time—a space long enough to allow Wool to strengthen himself very advantageously on the crest of the mountain, and if he erred it was in the direction of mercy, an attribute that has ever been the honour of British arms, and of which the times furnish many notable examples.

The reader will regret that a perfect copy of the fragment cannot be given, but will readily be able to fill up the gaps for himself. The writer has assumed that no copy of the *Niagara Bee* of Oct. 24, 1812, is in known existence, since it has not been quoted or alluded to in any account of the Battle of Queenston Heights that has come into her knowledge.

S. A. CURZON.

THE BATTLE OF QUEENSTON.

From the *Niagara Bee* of October 24, 1812.

[Copied from the *Niagara Chronicle and Advertiser* of Wednesday, August 22, 1838, where it had been reproduced under the heading "Variety."]]

The unfortunate loss of the brave General Brock early

in the morning of the memorable 13th instant, in the battle of Queenston Heights, for a while seemed to overcloud the brilliant sun of victory, and the people paused to mourn their country's friend ere public rejoicing for the glorious issue of the day could for a moment prevail—the loss is truly great, and requires the pen of an able panegyric to paint it in the proper colours; perhaps it is as well that it has fallen to our humble lot to blunt the poignancy of grief from our inability to portray the numerous virtues of the fallen hero, now lost to the people of Canada—forever lost.

General Brock was bold and daring, even to excess—utterly regardless of danger—his country's good—the honour of England—the fame of Britain was his leading star. Onward he moved, and, as he advanced, swept in his train a series of gallant achievements to the page of history. Terrible in battle—yet a most generous foe: a friend to humanity—he loved the inhabitants of Canada—their interests were his continued study; their rights and privileges his sacred care to preserve. None suffered under his administration—even the guilty wretch looked confidently to him for mercy. Can it be wondered, then, that he was universally beloved, and that he is, alas! now equally regretted? He died in the honourable bed of a soldier—the field of glory! Peace to his shade—the grateful tribute of many a friendly tear has fallen from the warrior's eye and down the cheek of female beauty in sad recollection of their forever lost friend. The day of the 13th most de-
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It was from under this bank and the ledge of rocks up the river that the enemy first attempted to ascend a fisherman's path up the mountain, shaded by small trees and shrubbery from the view of our troops at the battery and elsewhere at least until they got up in considerable numbers, where they were discovered by a party near the stone house of Mr. George Hamilton, and immediate information sent from thence towards the battery, stating the circumstance. The first intimation was unfortunately disregarded, and the last, when the General himself was notified, a small party of about thirty or forty men were ordered to march with Lieut.-Col. McDonnell, joined by Major Robinson as a volunteer, from the battery along up the mountain to drive them back again.

By the time, however, that they reached the summit they found the enemy formed to the amount of about 200 men, who immediately commenced firing, and, from the superiority of their number, succeeded in driving back our men and came down on the battery, from which General Brock and his small force retreated towards Queenston. It was in a small field near to the tavern formerly occupied by one Miller that General Brock received his mortal wound, supposed to have been a musket shot fired from near the battery and which entered below his breast, and lodged near his backbone. The brave Chief had rallied his men, and was in the act of cheering to the charge part of the Light Company of the 49th and some o (words here missing in parts of several lines)

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river, where they found a fresh reinforcement of them,
and who, in their turn, succeeded in forcing our party to
retire on St. David's and Vrooman's battery, and for a
while they remained in possession of Queenston Heights
and the Hill battery.

It was in the engagement last named that we have to regret the loss of Lieut.-Col. McDonnell, A.D.C. to General Brock. He was shot whilst on horseback encouraging the men. The Province of Upper Canada, by the death of Col. McDonnell, has been deprived of one of its most enterprising young men: the discerning eye of the Major-General had singled him out, and was forming his mind to have