

The day had been won, indeed, and won gallantly, but the sacrifice of Brock's valuable life took away all the exultation from the victory, and turned gratulation into mourning. It was a blow which the enemy might well consider almost a fatal one to the Canadian people, and which gave some colour of truth to the American representation of the battle of Queenston Heights as *a success!* Three days after the engagement the deceased General was interred—temporarily, at Fort George—in a bastion just finished under his own superintendence, amid the tears of his soldiers, the mourning of the nation, while the minute-guns of the American Fort Niagara fired shot for shot with those of Fort George, “as a mark of respect due to a brave enemy.” He died SIR Isaac Brock, though he knew it not, having been knighted in England for his brilliant services at Detroit. But he had a higher tribute in the love and mourning of the Canadian people, who have gratefully preserved and done honour to his memory as one of the heroes of its history. Queenston Heights, where his death occurred, and where his memorial column stands, is, no less than the Plains of Abraham, one of Canada's sacred places, where memories akin to those of Thermopylæ and Marathon may well move every Canadian who has a heart to feel them.

After the battle of Queenston Heights it seemed that General Sheaffe might have effectually followed up the advantage he had gained, as General Brock would assuredly have done if he had survived, by crossing the Niagara and driving back the American forces from the frontier. Fort Niagara was abandoned by the enemy, and would have been an easy prey, while the American army, discouraged and demoralized by their recent repulse, would have been dispersed with the greatest ease. There were, however, great risks to be considered. Opposed to his total available force of 1,500, was an American force of 6,000, and a defeat would

have been a fatal misfortune, placing the frontier at the enemy's mercy and enabling them to attack Proctor in the rear. Brock would have risked it, and would not have been defeated, so far as human calculations can go; but perhaps Sheaffe was right to hesitate. But more unfortunate than this hesitation was the armistice to which Sheaffe agreed, disapproved even by Sir George Prevost, though it met with more favour at home. This armistice, liable to be broken off at thirty hours' notice, gave no real repose to the country and the harassed and suffering militia, while it gave the enemy time to recruit and reorganize, as well as to collect a large flotilla at the lower end of Lake Erie. General Sheaffe must have been influenced by hopes of a more pacific turn of affairs; but recent naval successes over Britain had excited the national vanity of the Americans to the highest degree, and filled the people with greater ardour for conquest and unbounded hopes of success.

The American navy had been so wonderfully improved during the last few years that, though still, of course, vastly smaller than the British, its first-class men-of-war were individually much better equipped. In the naval engagements of 1812 this was speedily seen. The British frigates *Guerriere* and *Macedonian*, and the sloop-of-war *Frolic*, were successively attacked and taken by the American *Constitution*, *United States*, and *Wasp*, of equal nominal, but much greater actual strength. Then the guns of the *Constitution* took a second prize in the *Java*, a fine frigate commanded by a promising young officer, Captain Lambert, who fell, with all her crew. And, as the final disaster of the year, the “American *Hornet*,” as Col. Coffin has it, “stung to death the British *Peacock*.” The tide was not turned till the following June, when Captain Broke, of the *Shannon*, took a splendid prize in the *Chesapeake*, of unfortunate memory.

In the meantime, of course, these successes kept up the warlike spirit of the Americans;