

On the American side of the river, General Van Rensselaer had assembled a force of 6000 men for the invasion of Canada. To the south of Lake Ontario, a bold escarpment of rock, an old lake margin, runs across the country from west to east. Through this the Niagara River, in the course of ages, has worn a deep and gloomy gorge. At the foot of the cliff nestled on the west side the hamlet of Queenston, and on the east the American village of Lowiston. Here, early on the cold and stormy morning of October the thirteenth, Van Rensselaer crossed with 1,200 men, under cover of an American battery. A part of the invading army, having climbed the precipitous river bank by a path thought to be impassable, outflanked the British force, and gained a lodgment on the table-land at the top of the hill.

General Brock, hearing the cannonade at Niagara, seven miles distant, galloped off in the gray of the morning, with his aides-de-camp, Major Glegg and Colonel Macdonell, to ascertain if it were a feint or an attack in force. Half way up the heights was a battery manned by twelve men. This the Americans had captured, and on it had raised the stars and stripes. Having despatched a messenger to Major-General Sheaffe, at Fort George, to send up reinforcements, and to open fire on Fort Niagara, General Brock determined to recapture the battery. Placing himself at the head of a company of the Forty-ninth, he charged up the hill under a heavy fire. The enemy gave way, and Brock, by the tones of his voice and his reckless exposure of his person, inspirited the pursuit of his followers. His tall figure, and conspicuous valour, attracted the fire of the American sharpshooters, and he fell pierced through the breast by a mortal bullet. "Don't mind me!" he exclaimed, "push on the York volunteers;" and, with his ebbing life, sending a love-message to his sister in the far-off Isle of Guernsey, the brave soul passed away. His aide-de-camp, Colonel Macdonell, Attorney-General of Upper Canada, a promising young man of twenty-five, was mortally wounded soon after his chief, and died next day.

Major-General Sheaffe, now succeeded Brock in command. He mustered, with reinforcements from Niagara and Queenston, about 900 men (of whom half were militia and Indians.) By a flank movement by way of St. David's, he gained the height, and, after a sharp action, completely routed the enemy. The York volunteers stood fire like veteran soldiers, and the Forty-ninth fought like tigers to avenge the death of their beloved commander. At length, after an engagement which had lasted, with several interruptions, for more than seven hours, the Americans everywhere gave way. Pursued by yelling Indians, some, clambering down the rugged slope, were impaled on the jagged pines, others, attempting to swim the rapid river, were drowned. Nine hundred and fifty men surrendered to Sheaffe,—a force greater than his own. A hundred were slain, and many were wounded. Among the prisoners was Colonel Scott, afterwards General Scott, the hero of Mexico and Commander-in-Chief of the United States armies.

The victory of Queenston Heights, glorious as it was, was dearly bought with the death, at the early age of forty-three, of the hero of Upper

Canada, the loved and honoured Brock, and of the brave young Macdonell. Amid the tears of war-bronzed soldiers, and even of stoical Indians, they were laid in one common grave at Fort George; while the half-mast flags and minute-guns of the British and American forts testified the honour and esteem in which they were held by friends and foes alike. A grateful country has erected on the scene of the victory,—one of the grandest sites on earth,—a noble monument to Brock's memory; and beneath it, side by side, sleeps the dust of the heroic chief and his faithful aide-de-camp,—united in their death, and not severed in their burial.

The first monument, erected in 1824, was partially destroyed with gunpowder, in 1840, by a miscreant who had been compelled to fly from the province on account of his participation in the rebellion of 1837-38. The same year an immense patriotic gathering was held upon the spot, and it was unanimously resolved to erect a new and much more splendid monument. On the 13th of October, 1853, the foundation-stone of the new structure was laid with imposing ceremonies, and the remains of the two gallant soldiers were re-interred on the scene of their victory. In 1859, the monument was inaugurated. It is a fluted column, on a massive pedestal, crowned with a Corinthian capital, on which stands a colossal statue of General Brock, the whole rising to a height of one hundred and eighty-five feet. It was built by the voluntary subscriptions of the militia and Indians of Canada, supplemented by a parliamentary grant. On the north side of the pedestal is the following inscription;—

"Upper Canada has dedicated this monument to the memory of the late Major-General Sir Isaac Brock, K. B., Provisional Lieutenant-Governor and Commander of the Forces in this Province, whose remains are deposited in the vault beneath. Opposing the invading enemy, he fell in action near these heights on the 13th of October, 1812, in the forty-third year of his age, revered and lamented by the people whom he governed, and deplored by the Sovereign to whose service his life had been devoted."

The cenotaph, near by, marks the spot where Brock fell. Its corner-stone was laid by the Prince of Wales in 1860.

THE SIZE AND SPEED OF STEAMSHIPS.

THE fierce competition among the transatlantic steamships has about expended itself in one direction. The limit has been reached in the matter of size. Larger ships than the *City of Rome* won't be put in the New York trade, for the excellent reason that when loaded they are likely every trip to get stuck on the bar near Sandy Hook. No vessel that draws over twenty-six feet can get in or out of New York waters without more or less serious trouble. Nine vessels have suffered considerable detention on the bar this season. The holds of the great merchant steamships were about as deep several years ago as they could be made under existing conditions of navigation. For five years it has been the tendency of ship-building to increase the length of hull without adding much to breadth of beam and

nothing at all to depth of hold. It is now the opinion of builders that the longitudinal limit has been reached. The *City of Rome* is 530 feet long, and that is about as long as vessels can safely and efficiently be built. Steamship agents here say that the limit of profitable ships has been reached in the direction of speed; and still the companies are prodding their ship-builders to turn out faster ships for them. There is no money in greater speed, unless a ship's superiority in that respect draws a good deal of custom away from the other lines. Such steamers as the *Alaska*, the *Britannic*, and the *Servia* make their splendid records only by burning about twice as much fuel as is used on vessels that take two or three days longer to make the passage. Last winter, when there was no passenger trade to speak of, the great transatlantic lines had to tie up their faster boats or run them at a positive loss. And yet all the lines that call themselves first-class have to enter the lists for the race against time across the Atlantic, because the fast steamers are popular with the public, and the lines that don't have them cannot secure a large share of the first-class passenger trade. The Inman line rejected the *City of Rome* because her speed was not up to the mark they had stipulated. The Anchor line has put new machinery in her, and it is expected that she will be able to take her place with the fastest ships afloat. The leader of the Atlantic squadron now, however, is the *Alaska*, whose best time from Queenstown to New York is 6 days, 18 hours and 37 minutes, during which time she made a 24-hour run of 447 miles. The British ship-builders are still keeping up the immense volume of business they have been doing for three years past. They are turning out about 330,000 tons, or \$40,000,000 of ships a year. And they are taking a big contract on their hands, as they are promising all their customers that the latest ships supplied them will be the fastest steamers afloat.

INSECT SPINNERS AND WEAVERS.

DID you know that all the silk in the world was made by very little worms? Those creatures have a machine for spinning it. They wind the silk, too, as well as spin it. The curious cocoons the worms make are wound with the silk. Men take to factories, where they are unwound and made into the beautiful silks you and your mother wear.

The spider is also a spinner. His thread is much finer than the silk worms. It is made up of a great many threads, just like the rope of many strands. This is the spider's rope that he walks on. He often swings on it, too, to see how strong it is. Did you ever see a spider drop from some high place? How his spinning-machine must work!

The wasp makes his paper nest out of fibres of wood. He picks them off with his strange little teeth, given him for the purpose, and gathers them into a neat bundle. When he has enough, he makes them into a soft pulp in some strange way. This pulp is very much like that used by men in making our paper. Very likely the wasps taught them how, because they are the oldest paper-makers in the

world. This pulp he weaves into the paper that forms his nest. You must look out for one, and see how much it is like the common brown paper we use to wrap bundles in. The wasps work together, so that it takes but a very little time to build a nest.—*Our Little Ones.*

A SIGN-BOARD.

I WILL paint you a sign, rumseller,
And hang it over your door;
A truer and better sign-board
Than ever you had before.
I will paint with the skill of a master,
And many shall pause to see
This wonderful piece of painting,
So like the reality.

I will paint yourself, rumseller,
As you wait for that fair young boy,
Just in the morning of manhood,
A mother's pride and joy.
He has no thought of stopping,
But you greet him with a smile,
And you seem so blithe and friendly
That he pauses to chat awhile.

I will paint you again, rumseller;
I will paint you as you stand
With a foaming glass of liquor
Extended on each hand.
He wavers, but you urge him:
"Drink! pledge me, just this one;"
And he lifts the glass and drains it,
And the hellish work is done

And I next will paint a drunkard.
Only a year has flown,
But into this leathsome creature
The fair young boy has grown.
The work was sure and rapid;
I will paint him as he lies
In a torpid, drunken slumber
Under the wintry skies.

I will paint the form of the mother
As she kneels at her darling's side;
Her beautiful boy, who was dearer
Than all the world beside.
I will paint the shape of a coffin,
Labeled with one word—"Lost!"
I will paint all this, rumseller,
And paint it free of cost.

The sin, the shame, and the sorrow,
The crime and the want and the woe,
That is born there in your workshop,
No hand can paint, you know.
But I'll paint you a sign, rumseller,
And many shall pause to view
This wonderful swinging sign-board,
Too terribly, fearfully true.

DEAN STANLEY'S BOYHOOD.

DEAN STANLEY used sometimes to mention his first meeting with the present Prime Minister of England. Mr. Gladstone was then about fifteen years old, and Arthur Stanley was not ten. They met at the house of Mr. Gladstone's father and he introduced the boys to each other. One of the first remarks of the future Premier to the future Dean was: "Have you read Gray's poems?"

"No," said little Stanley. Whereupon the other boy said: "Then you should read them at once," and taking down the volume from the shelf he gave it to him, and Stanley took it home with him and read it through for the first time with great delight.

I cannot help suspecting that such a conversation between two English boys—even between two such boys—who might chance to meet each other for the first time was far commoner then than it would be now. Athleticism had not in those days assumed its present gigantic proportions, nor was a non-athletic boy despised and looked down upon as he now sometimes is at public schools.

STANLEY was one less than a thousand days in crossing Africa and never saw a Christian.