

by the talented architect, Mr. Thomas, was selected. Under his superintendence, the whole has been satisfactorily completed by Mr. Worthington, the builder, in the style you see. You will agree with me, I hope, that it reflects great credit on the taste and judgment of the architect, and the skill of the builder; and associated as they have become with the work, it cannot fail to constitute a conspicuous and lasting proof of their professional abilities. This monument represents a free-will offering, flowing from emotions which reminiscences of the last war awaken. It commemorates the feelings of the country, inspired by the death of Brock and the brave men who fell with him on these heights, enhanced by the subsequent achievements which, invigorated and encouraged by their example, the loyal inhabitants of Canada proudly exult in. It points back to the scenes which were enacted in former years. It points forward to the deeds which those scenes inculcate. In those years, the blood of our Militia and of our valiant Indian allies was freely shed, and mingled with the blood of the regular soldiers, with whom they fought and died side by side in defence of Canada. Yes, with a spirit and endurance beyond all praise, the three, supporting each other, maintained the whole line of an extended frontier, and repelled attack at every point. Though sometimes overpowered by superior numbers, and not always able at once to dislodge the enemy, yet they steadily resisted his incursions, and circumscribed his foothold within the narrowest limits. I may mention, as instances, the lines of circumvallation—the cross-roads forming the centre, which hemmed in the enemy in the town of Niagara, in 1813, and the siege and investments of Fort Erie, in 1814. The details of these conflicts would, though full of interest, exceed the limits on this occasion—it is the task of the historian to narrate them. It may, however, interest you to be told that, on this frontier the last shot was fired on Lyons' Creek at Cook's Mills, in the month of October (not on the 13th, but on the 19th), in the year 1814. The echo of that shot may still vibrate in the ears of some present. It was providentially ordained that it should prove a farewell shot—the precursor of a lasting peace with our high spirited and gallant neighbours, of whom it may be truly said that, with a characteristic impulse, they warmly espoused the cause of their country, and bravely sustained in many hot encounters. It is our mutual interest, and, doubtless, our mutual inclination and desire, to live in the friendly intercourse and good-fellowship which have since prevailed. Let no turbulence disturb the harmony! May no international strife ever again place us in a hostile attitude! The sympathy manifested by that people at the funeral of General Brock, when his remains were first interred at Fort George, and in the steps afterwards taken to do honour to his memory, evinced how justly they appreciate heroic character, and accords well with the spirit of a nation emulous of heroic deeds. My friends, when we extol the gallantry of our militia, we do them but half justice, and do commend but a part only of the merit which distinguish them. We should not overlook the exposure and the privations which (thinly clad and ill provided as many poor men were) all endured throughout three long years of trial. There were the outlying picket; the frontier guard; the sentinel's vigilance; the midnight patrol; the morning watch; there were the storms of the seasons; there were the sickness and death. Add to this, wives and children—mothers and sisters—the aged and infirm—houses and barns—the cattle and the grain all but deserted, at the imperative call to arms, of their invaded country. It required the highest moral courage to relinquish, as our militia did, their peaceful homes, when summoned away by the loud blasts of war. My friends, I indulge in no fiction or flights of imagination in these allusions to harrowing recollections. They are realities vivid in living memory. There are amongst us, those whose hearts still bleed at the remembrance of those days so full of anguish—glorious though they were. Every drop of blood shed—every life lost—in that eventful struggle, did but cement more strongly attachments to the soil and fidelity to the Crown, and did but develop more and more that loyal and martial spirit with which I am ever proud to proclaim the militia of Upper Canada have been always animated. The militia of that day acted as became them—and taught by the graphic teaching of example how it would become their posterity to act, should (which God avert) a call of like urgency ever again invoke a like energy and devotion in the military service of their country. When we reflect, then, that the militia were led to their earliest triumphs, and inspired with confidence and self-reliance by the encouraging example of Brock, that his example and influence were (as it were) the foundation of all that followed his untimely death—we can understand how it is that all adore his memory. Friends! this fit emblem of a nation's gratitude is now inaugurated. We here dedicate it to the memory of Sir Isaac Brock, and those who fell by his side upon this battle-field—and, through them, to the imperish-

able memory of all who fell in defence of Canada. It is the becoming offering of an admiring and grateful feeling to Sir Isaac Brock. It grandly illustrates the affection, steadfastly cherished, for the heroic champion who, in the dark hour of our adversity, laid down his life in our cause. It is a splendid and imposing proof that half a century has not diminished the public esteem for that noble man, nor dimmed the recollection of his noble actions. It is a consummation in which all proudly exult and warmly participate. It is a commemoration of this anniversary worthy of both the living and the dead. It perpetuates events that shall never be obliterated. It shows forth the spirit of this day, and should future exigencies require it, a like spirit would be aroused half a century to come—yea to the latest posterity—by a people ever prepared to evince that there exists, to the memory of Brock, a monument more durable than stone, in the patriot hearts of successive generations. Well done noble militia! Well done people of Canada! Let this spot be hallowed! Honour to the remains of the heroic dead! May they repose in peace until the Judgment morning, when the sound of the last trump shall rend this pillar—burst the tomb—and awaken the sleepers to the resurrection of eternal life. One word more. Would that what I have said were better said, and more worthy of the occasion. Before we part permit me in the name of Canada, to thank you for your voluntary presence here to-day, to pay these last obsequies at the shrine of Brock. I feel that I may also thank you, in the name of His Excellency the Governor General, who would, I am sure, have joined us, had not a sad bereavement, which we all deplore, prevented his attendance. We have also to regret the absence of our much respected and old friends, Sir John Beverley Robinson and Mr. Justice McLean, both of whom fought at the Battle of Queenston, and the latter of whom was severely wounded; but I regret to say that their official duties, in holding the Circuit Courts, deprive us of the honour of their presence, and them of the gratification it would have afforded them to have attended on this interesting occasion. I feel that I may thank you and all the contributors to this pious work, in Her Majesty's name, for this gratifying manifestation of loyalty. In my own name, and in the name of the Committee, of which I have had the honour to be chairman, I most heartily thank you, and all other contributors towards a consummation which has been near my heart for many years—an event in which I glory, and which renders this, to me, one of the proudest and happiest days of my life. And now, remarking that this monumental pile was commenced, and has been finished, in the reign of our Most Gracious and justly beloved Sovereign Queen Victoria, I shall close, by proposing to you, what is ever enthusiastically received, and heartily responded to by the Loyal Militia of Canada—Three cheers for the Queen—God bless her!

MONUMENT.

The operations for its construction were commenced in 1856, and on the 13th of October in that year the ceremonies of laying the foundation stone, and also the third re-interment of Brock took place. His remains and those of his aide-de-camp were temporarily removed from the ruined column to an adjoining burying ground, and were now to be conveyed to their resting place in the new structure. The day was splendidly fine, and a vast concourse attended to do homage to the illustrious dead. The pall-bearers were Cols. E. W. Thomson, W. Thomson, Duggan, Stanton, Kerby, Crooks, Zimmerman, Caron, Shorne, Servos, Clark, Wakefield, and Miller. And among the chiefs mourners were Colonel Donald McDonnell, Deputy Adjutant General for Canada West, Colonel Taché, Lieut. Col. Irvine, and the survivors of 1812 and the brave Indian Chiefs.

The foundation stone was then laid by Lieut. Col. McDonnell, brother of the gallant man who shared the fate and the honours of his commander-in-chief, and addresses were delivered by the Hon. W. H. Merritt, M. P., David Thorburn, Esq., Col. Taché, Col. E. W. Thomson, &c.

The column was completed in 1856. The surrounding grounds containing about forty acres, have now been fenced in, a stone lodge erected, with handsome wrought iron ornamental gates and cut stone piers, surmounted with the arms of the hero at the eastern entrance. From the entrance a carriage road, of easy ascent, winds up the steep, and is continued to the heights by an avenue 100 feet wide, planted with chestnuts, maples, &c., terminating at the monument in a circle 180 feet diameter.

Upon a solid rock is built a foundation 40 feet square and 10 feet thick of massive stone; upon this the structure stands in a grooved plinth or sub-basement 39 feet square and 27 feet in height, and has an eastern entrance by a massive oak door and bronze