

ory in their hearts; oft the village sages, redoubtable warriors of past times, last chroniclers of the battles of the Indian, spoke of the bravest of the braves, and told how he flew to the rescue of the Red men "who were sitting together, like a family of helpless children in danger of being tomahawked." In this great influence which Brock exercised over the Indian he resembled Montcalm, who also had acquired a mastery, over their ungovernable passions which no one before had been able to attain. In 1841 there still remained a few of the warriors who had fought on the heights of Queenston. When the wise men of the Council told those who lived at a great distance North of the many fires and who seldom heard what was passing among their white brethren, that the monument erected to their favorite hero had been defaced: the anger of the Nissisagas was great. They had not forgotten the deeds of the lamented general of whom, they said, his eye was like the eagle's, his motions like arrows from the bow, and whose enemies fell before him, as the trees before the blast of the great spirit. The Indian tribes are fast melting away, leaving behind them few mementoes of their existence in a land of which they were the uncontrolled sovereigns, less the euphonious name of a river, where once floated their gliding canoes, or of an eminence or sheltered dell, or mound, where once they started on their war courses, or lit their night fires, or buried their warriors. The pages of the novelists are filled with many a discourse said to have been delivered at the council lodge; but the imaginative powers of fiction have never equalled the pathetic language in which the wanderers along the French River, or sojourners at Otonabee, expressed their grief at the insult offered to the white brave, the beloved of their great chief Tecumseth. In presenting their humble offerings we are poor, they said, but our hearts are big, we wish to put a few stones over the grave of our departed friend. From the many addresses presented to Sir George Arthur, Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, in 1841, by the Indian tribes of Western Canada, on the subject of the spoliation of the Brock monument, the following has struck us for its sublimity of sentiment. When time which passes with the swiftness of the deer, when startled by the tread of the young hunter, shall have swept the few remains of the tribes to the islands in the happy hunting ground, then will be held in grateful recollection the memories of Chevguna and Koutoung, orators at the council lodge.

TO OUR GREAT FATHER IN TORONTO.

Father:—We have heard that the Longknife has destroyed, in the night, the tomb which the brave had built to the bravest.

Father:—That chief led us, as well as you, to victory. On that hill which we conquered, his blood was mingled with ours. Father, we are sorry.

Father:—Among our people, the graves of the dead are sacred, the curse of the Great Spirit falls upon him who tramples on that even of an infant; the passing Indian stays his steps to replace its scattered remains, and calls for vengeance on the destroyer.

Father:—We are poor and weak; what we have comes from you: but we also wish to join our White Brethren in restoring the tomb of our friend and leader.

Father:—When the passer by gazes on the monument of Brock, let him see written: "The red men struck the foe by the side of the dead; he lives in their hearts, and their hand has here placed one stone to his memory."

Father:—We say again we have but little;—of that little accept some, and we shall be proud thus at once to tell our love for the Warrior we mourn, and our hatred of those who insulted his remains.

Father:—We take you by the hand and bid you farewell.

CHEVGUNA,
KOUTOUNG, &c.

During the last month the heights of Queenston were the scene of an interesting ceremony, the inauguration of the new monument. We subjoin the speech which Sir Allan McNab delivered on the occasion and a description of the monument.

H. G. M.

SPEECH OF SIR ALLAN MACNAB.

My Friends,

We meet upon the anniversary of a day freshly remembered by some now present, and rendered deeply interesting to all the inhabitants of Canada by the event which will, for ever, associate the 13th October with Queenston Heights. On that day, forty seven years ago, was fought, upon these Heights what is known in history, and in your family traditions, as the "Battle of Queenston." It was, though crowned with ultimate success, a day of vicissitudes, and not without alloy. When hostilities suddenly commenced on this side of the Atlantic, in the year 1812, the gallant soldiers of

the mother country were, under the illustrious Wellington, engaged in the sanguinary operations of the war in Europe; and knowing the inability of the King to succour us with reinforcements adequate to our defence, the illustrious Brock, with implicit faith, at once placed his reliance mainly upon the militia of the province, and our ever faithful Indian allies, for the protection of this part of Her Majesty's dominions. Events proved that his confidence was not misplaced. The first serious burst was upon these Heights. In the early part of that momentous day the enemy had gained possession of the elevated ground, and the intrepid Brock, regardless of their numbers and position, made a too daring attempt to dislodge them. While valiantly charging up the abrupt ascent at the head of a far inferior force, he fell, mortally wounded. Brock fell—not as Wolfe fell—in the arms of victory—for victory still hovered in the distance. He fell, rather as Montcalm (a kindred spirit) fell—in the moment of repulse; and, like both Wolfe and Montcalm, he met a soldier's death upon the battle-field. He fell in the arms of his country and they shall forever embrace him. You all know the sequel. The loss of our beloved General, at that early stage of the war, cannot be estimated, nor its effects described. He had established himself in the confidence of all classes in the highest degree, and had become a tower of strength in his single person. The deep hold which he had acquired in the affections of the people, is manifested by the lively interest which, from the day of his death to the present hour, has been universally taken in his cherished memory and undying fame. This universal feeling of respect prompted the Legislature, soon after the peace, to erect a monument on these heights, sacred to the memory of the illustrious dead. It was done—and his remains, with those of his steadfast friend, Macdonnell, reposed beneath the lofty and imposing pile—fit emblem of a people's admiration, reverence, and gratitude. Of its wanton and malicious spoliation you are well aware. Let the corrupt heart that conceived the design, and the coward hand that polluted a hero's unguarded shrine, under the cloak of midnight darkness, remain in darkness to the end of time. We would not give a further thought to the reprobate perpetrator, but leave him to the contempt and scorn of all mankind. The flame of indignation which the dastardly act lit up throughout Canada, blazed conspicuously upon these heights in the year 1840. We here saw a mighty host assembled from all parts of the province, not only to express their resentment of the foul offence, but to show forth to the world, their lasting veneration for the departed warriors whose tomb had been thus desecrated. It was there amidst the vehement acclamations of thousands, resolved to reconstruct by private subscription, another trophy, more towering than the first, in proof that the feelings which animated the Legislature in 1815 and the men of that day, had not waned, but still glowed in every breast, and to testify that the lamented soldiers—though dead—did indeed live in the hearts of their countrymen. The fruits of that day's Resolution, now covering the bodies of Brock and Macdonnell, appear in the beautiful and commanding column which stands before you:—"Esto perpetua." It may be proper for me to give here a brief outline of the proceedings which have led to this result. It being rightly apprehended that the former monument had been so much shaken that it must soon fall in fragments, the necessity for taking steps to replace it became urgent. The initiative was taken, on the 4th June, 1840, by the men of Gore, whom I had the honour to command. Subscriptions were, from time to time, received from thousands who were thus appealed to, and additional sums were received from other sources—among others, the officers and men of several regiments of the Loyal New Brunswick Militia presented their donations, and expressed in warm terms their respect for the memory of General Brock, and their sympathy with the object in contemplation. Very handsome contributions were also made by the brave Indian chiefs and warriors, many of whom rendered such good service on the memorable 13th of October, and on many other occasions, some the most trying that occurred, during the war. The remittances of these brave and faithful warriors were accompanied by addresses to the Queen's Representative, expressive of their indignation and disgust at the atrocious act of desecration which had rendered their assistance necessary. Those addresses emanated from the chiefs of different tribes, scattered throughout Upper Canada, and all breathe a similar feeling, expressed in the native eloquence and beauty of language for which the warrior chiefs of the "red men of the forest" are so justly celebrated. In acknowledging their liberal gifts, they were assured that their names should be honourably associated with those of their white brethren, in this laudable undertaking, as their money would be mingled with the common fund raised for the accomplishment of a common object. And it has been done. Designs were called for, and the one submitted