

Colonel M'Donell, in the highland costume, appeared in the procession to great advantage, and seemed to excite much attention.

"But, amongst the assembled warriors and civilians, none excited a more lively interest than the chiefs of the Indian nations from the Grand River, whose warlike appearance, intrepid aspect, picturesque dress and ornaments, and majestic demeanour, accorded well with the solemn pomp and general character of a military procession—amongst these, young Brant, Bears Foot, and Henry, were distinguished. In our mind we never saw a dress more elegant of its kind, and fit for active service in the woods, than that worn by young Brant, who, with his tomahawk in hand, was a perfect resemblance of all that could be imagined of the accomplished Indian warrior.

"Amongst the numerous gentlemen in the procession, we observed that old veteran, Lieutenant M'Dongall, of his majesty's 8th (the king's) regiment, who, like a brave and loyal man, came from Sandwich to attend the re-interment."—*Upper Canada Gazette*, October, 1824.

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"Queenstown, at which place the steam boats start for Toronto, is situated in a delicious valley, through which the Niagara river, in colour a deep green, pursues its course. It is approached by a road that takes its winding way among the heights by which the town is sheltered, and, seen from this point, is extremely beautiful and picturesque. On the most conspicuous of these heights stood a monument, erected by the provincial legislature in memory of General Brock, who was slain in a battle with the American forces, after having won the victory. Some vagabond, supposed to be a fellow of the name of Lett, who is now, or who lately was, in prison as a felon, blew up this monument two years ago; and it is now a melancholy ruin, with a long fragment of iron railing hanging dejectedly from its top, and waving to and fro