

which has led to their being shot like so many dogs." Here for a moment he was unable to speak, and the soldiers who heard his faltering voice and saw the glistening tear had not a dry eye among them. From the time Brock assumed command at Fort George all trouble ceased. Many annoying restrictions were removed, as with regard to visiting the town, fishing, shooting pigeons, etc. The four black holes, always before filled, were so no longer. Brock had been so profoundly moved by this sad event that in the report which he drew up and sent to the Duke of York, he made many wise recommendations.

Further examples of his firmness and bravery may be given. FitzGibbon tells that on one occasion when an order had been given by Brock, his reply was "it is impossible." "By the Lord Harry do not tell me it is impossible; nothing should be impossible to a soldier; the word impossible should not be in a soldier's dictionary." This reminds us of the story told of Lord Chatham when he lay swathed in flannels, suffering agonies from gout. At a political consultation at his bedside he expressed an opinion of what should be done. The reply was "it is impossible." The veteran statesman rose from his bed, stalked across the room saying, "Thus I tread on impossibilities." When Col. Nichol begged Sir Isaac not to expose himself he said: "Master Nichol, I duly appreciate the advice you give me, but I feel that in addition to their sense of loyalty and duty, many follow me from personal regard, and I will never ask them to go where I do not lead them." Tecumseh said to him: "I have heard much of your fame and am happy to shake by the hand a brave brother warrior; in crossing the river we observed you from a distance standing the whole time in an erect position and you were the first who jumped on land."

In personal appearance General Brock was an imposing figure; of fair complexion, with light brown hair, with a very gentle, mild expression, regular features, six feet two in height, and in his last years portly in appearance, broad shoulders, strong, athletic; as a lad he was the best boxer and swimmer in his class, and an athlete of no mean order. When one of the boats on the way to Detroit stuck fast and no effort of oar or pole could dislodge it, Brock sprang into the water, and, followed by others, the boat was soon free. There are several good pictures of him. The first, taken from one owned by