

which when in repose reflects the evening star and the blush of morn, but the tortuous travel east and west that led to it. Its site then was most wisely chosen. Its position made it one of the gates of this valley, nor could a friend or enemy pass seeking the east by the Mohawk, or the west by the double trail without paying to it, if demanded, proper tribute.

Remembering, then, where we now stand, how numerous must have been the scenes to which this site has been witness! But when I speak of the scenes with which this place is so surely connected, I have not in mind so much those in which loving peace is so often eloquent, and upon which orators and poets always delight to lavish, and appropriately, their loftiest praises, when

Buried was the bloody hatchet—
Buried was the dreadful war club—
Buried were all war-like weapons,
And the war cry was forgotten—

rather am I thinking of what Avon's bard so truthfully described as

"That son of hell
Whom angry heavens do make their minister,"

of war, savagery, slaughter, rapine, and all that kindred terms so naturally suggest. It is said that a single mound remains, with here and there a ditch, to mark the ancient site of the old city of Verulam. But connect these debris of her former greatness with her history, and the mind instantly becomes moved, and deeply. Once she enjoyed all the rights of Roman citizenship. Here the brave Queen Boadicea defended the Roman army. Here St. Alban received his martyrdom. Here, also Britain knew British, Roman, Saxon, Danish, Saxon and Norman dynasties. So when I pause to recall where we are now met, scene after scene passes before me just as great and changing. Indeed, in imagination, I can see the moving to and fro of Indian scout, fired with revenge, learning when and where his inflamed passions shall next be given their sway. I can see the fleeing of bleeding, decimated and homeless families hurrying hither and thither, crimsoning their way with blood, seeking that protection which civilization and only civilization can give and perpetuate. I can see cruel hordes advancing from yonder marshes to scalp, to wound, to kill; and the marching of Saxon forces to check, to conquer and to tame. Nor is it difficult to recall the alternate moving and retreating of Indians, French, Dutch, English, flushed with the hope of speedy victory,