

conduct of that Militia Her Majesty had been pleased to bestow a distinguished honor upon him. He felt satisfied too that if ever the Queen required their services, they would be given as freely as ever. In the American war, remember, there were only about 600 regular troops above Montreal, yet what was the history of the campaigns? In the first, General Hull crossed the Detroit river and proclaimed that if the farmers kept to their farms peaceably, they should be guaranteed to them, but if they joined Her Majesty's troops they should be hung. General Brock, on the British side, asked for volunteers. They flocked to his standard. He marched from Toronto, past the Niagara district, and the valiant Hull re-crossed the Detroit river.—Brock followed him up, and their entire army surrendered, giving up the whole Michigan territory in the capitulation. (Cheers.) In the second campaign we lost our General Brock at Queenstown, but we drove them back, and did not lose possession of a single inch of ground. (Cheers.) In the third campaign Wilkinson crossed the frontier, and attempted to march upon Montreal. Brown also crossed higher up. We met him at Snake hill, then again at Chippewa, and again at Lundy's Lane, where we kept the field, and they left it. Brown was thus driven back, and so was Wilkinson. (Cheers.) The fourth campaign was when we went from Burlington heights, and found the enemy asleep. Then, to use the words of their own general, "they marched upon Fort George, 35 miles distant." (Laughter.) We then took Fort George, and marched along the whole Niagara frontier, and when peace was proclaimed they hadn't a single inch of Her Majesty's soil. (Loud cheers.)

6. THE VETERANS OF 1812.

Col. CLARK, at the recent dinner at Grimsby, given to commemorate the battle of Queenston, said: I have the honor of being one of the veterans of 1812. Who were these old soldiers? They were the descendants of those who adopted this country as a home for themselves and children at an early day, because they would remain true to their allegiance to Britain. These men, the U. E. Loyalists and their families, had chosen Canada when it was but a wilderness, and their stout hands have made it the brightest jewel in the British crown. (Cheers.) It was in the eventful year 1812, when the armies of the Empire were engaged in conflict with Napoleon, that the American Government deemed it wise to declare war against England. There was at the time no dispute between those who had been, and those who still were, British Colonists, but, in defence of Imperial interests alone, the Canadians took the field. I can well remember, even at this distant day, the sayings and doings of the American Congress at that time. "Send our emissaries" said they "into Canada. The people are so disaffected and discontented with their government that they will at once join our standard. Send our valiant army into the Province, and they will make but a breakfast spell of conquering the country." (Hear and laughter.) They did attempt it, but they signally failed, and why? Because Canadians, like Britons, never, never will be slaves. (Cheers.) It was on the 17th of June that war was declared against Britain. Immediately the people of Canada rushed to the frontier to repel invasion, and to assert the sovereignty of Britain over the land.—(Applause.) On the Niagara frontier they first met their beloved Governor and commander-in-chief, Sir Isaac Brock, whose monument, twice erected by a grateful people, now stands on Queenston Heights. He it was who first embodied the militia of Canada into flank companies; they were trained under his eye, and followed him to conquest and victory.—(Cheers.) It was on the 12th of July, 1812, that the Americans made their first attempt to invade Canada. The North Western American army under Brigadier General Hull, 4000 or 5000 strong, passed the Detroit river and landed somewhere near Sandwich. Gen. Hull then had the temerity to issue an insidious proclamation, inviting Canadians to join his standard, or to remain peacefully at their homes, following their usual avocations.—But they spurned the offer with disdain. (Cheers.) They offered their services, *en-masse*, to General Brock, to drive the invaders from the soil. (Cheers.) The Gen. marched from little York, now the populous city of Toronto, and when within a day's march of the enemy, learned that they had retreated, and were safely ensconced in their stronghold, Detroit. He proceeded to Sandwich and was met by the British General Proctor, with the remainder of the 41st, a Newfoundland regiment of not more than four hundred bayonets, and by Colonel St. George, inspecting field officer of militia, with the militia of the locality, chiefly Frenchmen, and brave fellows too, and by the brave TECUMSETH (Cheers) who had done so much for the cause of his "great father," George IV. The name of Tecumseth should never be forgotten by Canadians. (Cheers.) Gen. Brock then having made his preparations, crossed the river, with the intention of attacking Fort Detroit, with his army of not over 800 men, besides the Indian reserves.—In front of Fort Detroit there was the American army, numbering more than 3,000 men. Along with Brock was the lamented Col. Macdougall, whose ashes now repose under the

monument beside those of his chief. Col. Nichol, a distinguished member of the Legislature and Quarter-Master General of Militia, was dispatched with Col. Macdougall, with a flag of truce, to demand surrender before attacking the Americans, and what think you? After a short parley they did surrender, without firing a gun! (Loud Cheers.) The American militia were allowed to return home on their parole, but General Hull and the regular force became prisoners of war and were sent to the citadel of Quebec. The entire Michigan territory was surrendered to his Britannic majesty. (Voices—A pity 'twas ever given back.) Thus were the tables turned, and the war ended without a single foot of British territory having been alienated. (Cheers.) I should speak, too, of the part the Lincoln flank companies took. There were two flank companies to the fourth regiment, and no where could better selected men be found in any company. I can recollect the Simmermans, the Konkels, the Pettits, the Moores, the Taylors, and others; and although many of these are no more, their sons, I feel, will be as ready as they were to do as they did. (Loud Cheers.)

7. HOW QUEENSTON AND OTHER FRONTIER BATTLES WERE FOUGHT.

Major KONKEL also replied. He made a characteristic speech, well worthy of record. He said: I was only a boy of 15 or 18 in '12, and so were many of my fellow soldiers. As Col. Clark said, the Americans boasted they were going to take Canada for a breakfast spell, but as my father said, they got dinner and supper too, and then they did not take it. (Cheers.) It was on the fourth day of June, in '12, that there was talk among our militia about the American war, and of our regiment, the 4th Lincoln, going to turn out. "Well," said Col. Steading, when he had made us fall in line, "all who wish to turn out just step three paces forward." Every one did step three paces forward except three men, and when they saw it, they were so ashamed, that they stepped forward too. (Laughter.) Then volunteer men were picked out, about 700 of us, and we got our clothing and were drilled under the regular service. General Brock was then called upon to go to fight the Americans in the West, and we staid at home. But one evening shortly afterwards, the Americans commenced coming across the Niagara river. We were so weak that they took some of our pickets, for they had 4,000 or 5,000 men, and wounded our leader. So they took up our ground on Queenston Heights. Well, we all fell back, and got into a sort of regiment, and then we commenced firing and came up behind, and in about five minutes fighting we took the field again. (Cheers and laughter.) The Americans, of course, ran away, and some fell down the bank and broke their arms and others their legs, and one man, in particular, was hung up on the crotch of a tree. (Cheers and laughter.) Some ran to their boats and got over, and some swam over, but hundreds went down the river. Our horn began blowing, when they ran, to cease firing, but we didn't cease firing until there was a perfect surrender. (Hear and laughter.) Oh it was a horrible sight. I was going over the field and I came to a road where the ground was covered with dead men, and the Indian warriors were around, scalping and plundering, and there was one man wounded, shot right through his side, moaning and lying against a tree, and an Indian came up and was going to scalp him. I stood up and prevented him. "Whoop," said he, fiercely. But I saved that man's life, and he was taken to the hospital; but whether he got well or not I didn't hear. (Merriment and applause.) Well, we had so many prisoners that we had scarcely men enough to guard them when they were confined in Fort St. George—the officers being put into private houses. (Hear.) The next year we still had to continue on the lines as militiamen. The campaign commenced near Fort George. The American fleet, with men on board, came out by Fort Niagara, and about daylight commenced landing their troops under cover of their cannon. The alarm was given and all the militia got under arms to protect our country. However, unfortunately, the American shipping fired round shot, and cut up our forces. The Glengarry regiment had not above 30 men left, for they fired canister and grape shot, and all sorts that can be imagined. But the militia fought as bravely as the regulars, I could not see any difference. (Cheers.) After the fight had continued for some time we were ordered to retreat, but we were so much taken up with fighting, that we didn't understand what the word was; and I was so determined to conquer that I fired as fast as I could, until, at last, when I looked, I found only three men standing by my side. (Merriment.) "The word," said they, "is retreat." I paid no attention but kept blazing away. At last I came to myself, and found myself standing before 5,000 men! (Cheers.) The first ball that touched me took off the rim of the hat, and I thought my ears were also cut off. I then retreated. We went back about a mile or two, and the 'Mericans took the ground at Queenston Heights, while we went to Decewtown. We all slept as best we could. I, for my part, got into a sheep stable. Next morning there were some barrels of biscuits and raw pork opened out, and I got some, and made what I thought the