

pomp of military honours, yet with the endeavour to respect his "native simplicity," in his temporary grave in a newly finished bastion of Fort George; while the minute-guns of the fort blended with those of Fort Niagara,—a tribute to the departed General even from the American shore! Twelve years later, on the anniversary of the battle of Queenston Heights, his remains were removed to the scene of the engagement, where a stately column, seen afar, perpetuates the honour of his name—a name never to be forgotten in Canada.

Throughout the whole country the same universal grief prevailed,\* clouding the joy of present victory with sorrow for him who was gone, and with misgiving for the future :—

"On every brow the cloud of sadness hung,  
The sounds of triumph died on every tongue."

"Oh Canada, the beauty of Israel is slain on thy high places; how are the mighty fallen!" exclaimed the enthu-

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\* The sorrow for the loss of General Brock extended to all classes and ages. The following lines were written on his death by "an extraordinary child of thirteen years old," daughter of Lieut.-Col. Bruyere of the Royal Engineers :

"As Fame alighted on the mountain's crest  
She loudly blew her trumpet's mighty blast ;  
Ere she repeated Victory's notes she cast  
A look around, and stopped, of power bereft.  
Her bosom heaved, her breath she drew with pain,  
Her favourite, Brock, lay slaughtered on the plain,  
Glory threw on his grave a laurel wreath,  
And Fame proclaims—"a hero sleeps beneath."