

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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## QUEENSTON HEIGHTS AND LUNDY'S LANE.

THE sail up the broad and rapid river, seven miles to Queenston or Lewiston, is one of surpassing beauty, and the whole region is rife with historic memories. To the right rises the steep escarpment of Queenston Heights, in storming which, on the fatal night of October, 1812, fell the gallant Brock. A noble monument perpetuates his memory. From its base is obtained a magnificent view of the winding river—the fertile plain and the broad, blue Ontario in the distance. Every step of the way between Niagara and Queenston is named in honour of Queen Charlotte—is historic ground. But a few short hours after leading his hastily summoned militia up Queenston Heights, with a cry, "Push on, York Volunteers!" Sir Isaac Brock again passed over this road, when his body, with that of his brave aide-camp, was brought back, the enemy's minute-guns all along the opposite river-bank firing a salute in respect.

From the summit of Brock's monument—a Roman column extended in height only by that Sir Christopher Wren erected in London to commemorate the great fire—obtained a grand view of the river. Here we see not only the Whirlpool and the spray of the cataract, but all the near towns, with a distant glimpse of the historic field of Lundy's Lane. Broad, smiling farms, and peach and apple orchards, stretch away into the distance, and adorn every headland on either side. The full-tided river runs on in might and majesty, and pours its flood into the blue, unaltered sea, Ontario, which, studded with many a sail, forms the long horizon. Few lands on earth can exhibit a scene more fertile or more beautiful, or one associated with grander memories of patriotism and valour.

### LAURA SECORD.

Near Thorold, at Beaver Dam, occurred one of the most dramatic episodes of the war of 1812-14. Laura Secord, a brave Canadian woman, during that stormy time walked alone through the wilderness from her home on the Niagara river to a British Post at Beaver Dam, a distance of twenty miles, to give warning of the invasion of an American force. In consequence of this heroic act nearly the whole of the invading party were captured. The Prince of Wales, when in Canada, visited Laura Secord, then a very old lady, and gave her a handsome present. The following stirring poem by Dr. Jakeway records her brave deed:

On the sacred scroll of glory  
Let us blazon forth the story  
Of a brave Canadian woman, with the fervid  
pen of fame;  
So that all the world may read it,  
And that every heart may heed it,  
And rehearse it through the ages to the honour  
of her name.



BROCK'S MONUMENT.

The small monument in the foreground shows the spot where Brock fell.

In the far-off days of battle,  
When the muskets' rapid rattle  
Far re-echoed through the forest, Laura Secord  
Sped along;  
Deep into the woodland mazy,  
Over pathway wild and hazy,  
With a firm and fearless footstep and a courage  
Staunch and strong.

She had heard the host preparing,  
And at once with dauntless daring  
Hurried off to give the warning of the fast-  
advancing foe;  
And she flitted like a shadow  
Far away o'er fen and meadow,  
Where the wolf was in the wild wood, and the  
lynx was lying low.

From within the wild recesses

Of the tangled wildernesses,  
Fearful sounds came floating outward and she  
fastly fled ahead;  
And she heard the gutt'ral growling  
Of the bears, that, near her prowling,  
Crushed their way throughout the thickets  
for the food on which they fed.

Far and near the hideous whooping  
Of the painted Indians, trooping  
For the foray, pealed upon her with a weird,  
unclearly sound;  
While great snakes were gliding past her,  
As she sped on fast and faster,  
And disaster on disaster seemed to threaten  
all around.

Thus for twenty miles she travelled  
Over pathways rough and ravelled,

Bearing dangers for her country like  
the fabled ones of yore;  
Till she reached her destination,  
And forewarned the threatened sta-  
tion  
Of the wave that was advancing to  
engulf it deep in gore.

Just in time the welcome warning  
Came unto the men, that, scorning  
To retire before the foemen, rallied  
ready for the fray;  
And they gave such gallant greeting,  
That the foe was soon retreating  
Back in wild dismay and terror on  
that fearful battle day.

Few returned to tell the story  
Of the conflict sharp and gory,  
That was won with brilliant glory  
by that brave Canadian band,  
For the host of prisoners captured  
Far outnumbered the enraptured  
Little group of gallant soldiers fight-  
ing for their native land.

Braver deeds are not recorded  
In historic treasures hoarded,  
Than the march of Laura Secord  
through the forest long ago;  
And no nobler deed of daring  
Than the cool and crafty snaring  
By that band at Beaver Dam of all  
that well-appointed foe.

### "IN HERE."

A STRING of young men were going  
into a whiskey shop as we passed  
by. An imagined conversation arose  
in our mind about as follows:

"Where are you going, young  
man?" said we.

"In here," said he.

"In where?" we continued.

"In this saloon," he replied.

"Do you call that a saloon? Our  
idea of a saloon proper has some-  
thing nice, safe, pure, wholesome  
about it. In that place they drink,  
gamble, talk indecently, or are pre-  
pared to do these," was our reply.

"Well, but I don't do all that.  
I am a gentleman," he responded.

"Yes," we said, "that may all  
be so; but listen a moment. Do  
you forget that old childish story  
about the spider and the fly? Did  
you know young Knowlton, who  
lived here some years ago?"

"Well, no; let me see; yes, I  
believe I did," he answered.

"He was as bright and clever a  
young man as ever lived in the city;  
but he liked company, and began

dropping into "nice saloons." He laughed  
at the suggestion of danger, and continued  
to visit gin-shops, man-traps, death holes,  
which are termed "saloons." Time and  
association told the tale on this "gentle-  
man." After being repeatedly picked up  
out of the gutter, and finally kicked out by  
the keeper of the man-trap, he fell into  
utter ruin and died in horror. He lies in  
Mount Olivet, buried out of sight by pitying  
friends, of whom not one was a saloon  
keeper. What will be your fate, young  
man?"

"O, I don't know, I don't drink much."  
"One more word, my dear friend, this  
drink habit grows stealthily, but surely, if  
indulged. There is no safety but in self-  
denial. Quit, quit now, quit forever."