

the monument will be finished. The material used in its erection is taken from a quarry of light sand-stone at the foot of the Craig. It is drawn up to the very spot where it is wanted by a steam engine. The stone is not only most convenient, but also of most excellent quality. Like the well-known and far famed Portland stone in the State of Connecticut it is easily wrought when excavated, and becomes much harder when exposed to the atmosphere. The monument was about 112 feet up, when I stood on the top of it. It is square; you ascend a round stair case, and this will be continued to the top, which is to be 225 feet from the foundation; and as the foundation is 300 feet above the sea level, the monument will appear higher to those who view it from the streets of Stirling, than St. Peter's to those who view it from the streets of Rome. The man to whom this monument is being erected was, with all his imperfections, no ordinary man, a man of courage—of undaunted courage and perseverance. He was a hero, and the prince of Scottish patriots. Yes, Sir William Wallace did much in his day for the true independence of the Scottish people; and no true Scotchman, in what ever quarter of the globe he dwells, will ever cease to love the name of Wallace. It was not till after the sun had set behind the western hills that I left this sacred, hallowed and elevated spot. And I felt when leaving the old town of Stirling that there are very few places in my native land more interesting to the student of Scottish and English history than Stirling with its castle and its congregation of the dead, and its monuments in honour of departed worth. Indeed almost every object which meets the eye reminds the visitor of those times when freedom was bought with blood; and when true noble-hearted self-sacrificing patriots in the cause of political and religious freedom fought and fell. They paid for our liberty, and we surely owe them a debt of gratitude. It is to them we are indebted for many of our civil and religious privileges: and though monuments are in themselves but cold granite and marble, yet they are the outward expression of warm affection and love in the hearts of people. The heroic and noble deeds of Wallace, and Bruce. of Knox and Melville, of Henderson and Renwick shall never die or be forgotten. And though the rose, the thistle, and the shamrock have long since been happily united into one, the deeds of Scotland's noble reformers and champions of liberty are embalmed in the hearts and fresh in the memories of that free and happy, and prosperous people.