

her unnecessarily, and marred the unbroken memory to which she clung as the one ray of brightness left amid the shadows that had fallen upon her earthly life.

All that remains to be told must be told briefly, for the story has already exceeded its allotted limits. What the death of Brock was to the Canadians may be well imagined;—the stunning, almost paralyzing effect of the tidings that their brave and trusted General had been taken from them at a time when they felt that they could so ill spare him; when, in the words of the late Chief Justice Robinson, “they looked forward to a dark and perilous future, and felt that the earth was closing upon him in whom, more than in all other human means of defence, their confidence had been reposed.” But a week before the battle in which he fell, the guns of the Tower of London were celebrating the brilliant capture of Detroit, and men now spoke of him who had passed beyond the reach of all earthly honours, as SIR Isaac Brock. His knightly spurs had been won, and won gallantly;—but only to be laid upon his tomb.

With heavy-hearted mourning, most deep and genuine;—amid the tears of his own brave and attached 49th regiment,—the unaffected grief of the militia who had so revered and trusted him, and the deep sorrow plainly traceable on the dark faces of his Indian warriors, who silently grieved much for the loss of their loved and revered British chief—he was laid with all the solemn