

And the last words he spoke to those who were by him when he fell
 Were "Hide my death from comrades who have ever loved me well."
 I was there among the foremost, and there I saw him lie,
 With his hand upon his sword hilt, and his brave face to the sky ;
 Just there, in the hollow of the hill, you can see, hence, where it stands, !
 In after days yon sacred stone was placed by a Prince's hands. (8)
 As he said, we did. Around his corse, his soldier's coat we wound,
 Then tenderly, and reverently, we bore him from the ground ;
 Yet little thought the sorrowing men, who mourned his doleful plight,
 That the soldier's prayer had been heard in death, that in death he had won the fight.

For, mark, when in the morning the hope forlorn came o'er,
 And dared the worst and faced the worst, like brave men to the fore,
 They left behind them thousands who aped the lion's tones,
 Yet hid beneath a calf-skin their recreant skins and bones. (9)
 They were crazy to be at us, when they saw their fellows land,
 And gain at length the mountain-top, so bravely from the strand ;
 But, when they saw our leader lead, and the way in which we fought,
 They looked askant, and "kinder guessed, that they hadn't oughter ought." (10)
 And there they stood appalled, aghast—such shame was never known—
 As if the spirit of the dead had turned them into stone—
 While their abandoned comrades—who were comrades but in name—
 Were left to meet the fate of war, which very swiftly came. (11)

That fate befell them swiftly—for Sheaffe had gained the height,
 From Newark, by St. David's road—while we prolonged the fight—
 As rapidly manœuvred to take the foe in flank,
 And hem them in, between our fire and the margin of the bank,
 Where bristling crags and a sheer descent, two hundred feet and more,
 Impend above the toiling waves and the mad river's roar.

We heard the advancing skirmishers, and the wild Indians' cry,
 And the crash of heavy volleys, and we knew the end was nigh.
 Our orders were to hold our own, our own post to defend,
 In the lowground here we could only hear—but we knew how it must end—
 Fresh men and well-filled pouches must ever bear the sway,
 Over fasting men and unsupplied—who had fought it out all day !
 And so it ended ; soon there came a lull, and then the word
 Passed down, that General Wadsworth had given up his sword.
 Gibson and Totten, Scott and Wool, and full nine hundred more,
 Had homage paid to the silent shade of our Great Chief in his gore. (12)

1860 S. H. R. H. the Prince of Wales planted this stone, marking the spot where Brock fell—13th October.

9. Do what we will, our works bespeak us,

Imitatorum sermum facis.

Gaffer Sicord may have read Shakespeare, but, whether or not, he has followed him closely.

10. Our esteemed friend, Gaffer Sicord, has travelled somewhat out of the vernacular here ; but he, possibly, may have been paying a visit lately to some of his old antagonists in the State of New York.

11. Despatch from General Van Renselaer to the Hon. William Eustis, Secretary of War, Washington. 14th October, 1812 :

"By this time I perceived my troops were embarking slowly. I passed immediately over to accelerate their movements, but to my utter astonishment, I found that at the very moment when complete victory was in our hands, the ardour of the unengaged troops had entirely subsided. I rode in all directions, urged the men by every consideration to pass over, but in vain.

12. Sheaffe won the battle of Queenston Heights, truly and practically. Brock had been dead some hours. He had manœuvred excellently well to place the enemy in a hopeless position, as given in the text ; but, in the judgment of posterity, the victory was due, morally, to Brock, for had not the circumstances attendant on his act of self-immolation (for it was nothing else) daunted and scared the New York Militia they could have crossed the Niagara in thousands, have overwhelmed the handful of men in the village, already commanded in the rear, and, uniting with the Regular on the Heights and their excellent officers, have encountered Sheaffe with all the advantages of ground and numbers on the ascent to St. Davids, when the issue might have been very different.—See Mansfield's Life of Scott, New York, 1846, p. 33. There is a diagram which shows that Sheaffe understood his work.