

## REMINISCENCES

On the laying of the corner stone of the Brock monument at Queenston Heights, and the final interment of the General who had fallen at the battle of Queenston, Oct. 13th, 1812. The remains of his Aide, Col. McDonald, were also deposited under the new tower.

A wail went o'er broad Canada,  
When it was known a vile outlaw  
Had at midnight's awful hour,  
With ruffian hand blown up the tower.

Nearth which had slept the gallant Brock  
Who bravely fell on Queenston's rock,  
But graceful column soon shall rise,  
Its beauteous shaft will kiss the skies.

For from Queenston's woody height  
You may behold a pleasing sight,  
The grim old veterans of the war,  
Militiamen with many a scar.

Indian braves from each nation,  
Grouped to pay their last ovation,  
Round the remains of General Brock,  
Who led them oft in battle's shock.

Old heroes now again do rally,  
Feebly they move along the valley,  
Not as they rushed in days of yore  
When torrent like they onward bore.

And swept away the foeman's ranks  
O'er Niagara's rugged banks,  
So indignant was their grief  
On losing of their warrior chief.