

fathers shed their blood for British rights in 1812. We are a composite people, ladies and gentlemen. We are French and English, German and Dutch, Scotch and Irish, Welsh and Bohemian—just like the old stock we now call English—and like England we are ONE when our country is assailed. It has always been so ; it will always be so. There is no French or English when our country's rights are in question—we are all Canadians. I was reading the pages of my old friend, Col. Coffin, to see what he had to say on the question of monuments, and I found in a foot-note the following, which shows the true patriotic spirit to have animated the people of all the provinces in the war of 1812. It could not be that their children should fall below such a record. The note says, quoting the Montreal *Canadian Courant* of the 4th May, 1812, which had copied from the Quebec *Gazette* of the day before :—

“THE VOLTIGEURS. — This corps, now forming under the command of Major de Salaberry, is completing with a dispatch worthy of the ancient warlike spirit of the country. Capt. Perrault's company was filled up in 84 hours, and was yesterday passed by His Excellency the Governor, and the companies of Captains Duchesnay, Panet and L'Ecuyer have now nearly their complement. The young men move in solid columns towards their enlisting officers with an expression of countenance not to be mistaken. The Canadians are awakening from the repose of an age secured to them by good government and virtuous habits. Their anger is fresh—the object of their preparation simple and distinct. They are to defend their King, known to them only by acts of kindness ; and a native country long since made sacred by the exploits of their forefathers.”

The Deputy Minister of Militia at Ottawa to-day, Col. Panet, therefore, inherits loyal blood not slow to spend itself for King and country, and his sympathies must need be with us in the erection of a monument to the heroes of the war of 1812.

In narrating the surprise at Stoney Creek by Lieut.-Col. Harvey, Col. Coffin takes occasion to point out the duty of a grateful country to mark the resting places of her heroes. He says of one of them : “The scene of their exploits—The capture of Stoney Creek—was, in the year 1813, but little removed from forest and farm land in the first stage of cultivation. It is now a garden. It is pleasant on an early spring morning to saunter over the field of this midnight conflict, inhaling the incense of the apple orchards and peach blossoms, listening to the last cry of the whip poor-will retiring to its day-dreams, and pausing to note each spot of interest which the rustic cicerone may point out to a stranger's eye. There is still seen the old German or Lutheran place of worship, brown with age and deserted, now bearing on its wind-worn timbers the bullet holes of the contest, and in an angle of the primitive fence hard by, may be discovered amid tall weeds and overhanging ottacas a pile of stones, a hasty huddled cairn—all that exists to mark the spot where rest the remains of the brave men who perished in that midnight fray.

* * * Surely this is a reproach to the land. Can neither men nor means be found to erect a simple monument to memories which belong to *les braves de toutes nations* before the frail landmarks of the spot itself have passed away ?”

Passing over the testimony of Holy Writ on the subject of monuments as landmarks in the national records, to which each may refer for himself, I shall have the pleasure of reading to you a letter strangely appropriate to this spot