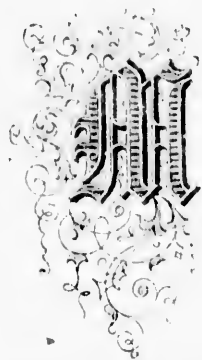


BATTLE OF QUEENSTON HEIGHTS.



MOST CANADIANS are sufficiently familiar with the stately column which crowns the summit of Queenston Heights, and looks down upon an expanse of scenery that can scarcely be paralleled for variety and sublimity, save by the view from the edge of the plateau, on which an obelisk marks the spot where "Wolfe died victorious." Most of them know, also, in a general way, why it was placed there, and that Brock died to preserve what Wolfe had died to conquer.

It is not necessary to trace the march of events immediately succeeding the declaration of war by the United States, on the 18th of June, 1812; how Brock cheered up the despondent, decided the wavering and overawed the disloyal among the inhabitants of the province by a settled policy, to use his own words, of "speaking loud and looking big;" how, prevented by the express instructions of his superior from attacking the enemy beyond the Niagara, he assembled an enthusiastic body of volunteers, and taking with him almost every regular soldier at his disposal, flew to repel the invader at the Detroit; how he promptly determined to cross that river contrary to the opinion of his most trusted officers; and how his audacity was rewarded by a complete and bloodless victory, is tolerably well known to every Canadian.

But, while conquering at Detroit, he could not fail to be apprehensive that disaster might have befallen the weakened garrisons on the Niagara, and scarcely twenty-four hours were permitted to elapse before he was on his way thither, carrying with him all the troops that had accompanied or preceded him to that quarter, fully alive to the truth of the Napoleonic maxim that "in war, time is everything." Brock then hoped