

Becoming impatient he said to one of his staff, "By G— I can't stay here any longer. Come, jump into the boat"—a boat had been reserved for him alongside, and he at once started for the shore.

Pike was an impetuous young man at the age of 34 and a bold soldier. He was the son of an old soldier, and joining the American regular service when but a lad, had served with distinction upon the Indian frontiers and in the early western exploration of the Mississippi. To his great joy and at his own urgent request he had been appointed to the command of the brigade for the attack on York. A letter of his, written to his father the day before the expedition sailed, has been preserved, in which he writes:—

"I embark to-morrow in the fleet at Sackett's Harbour at the head of a column of choice troops on a secret expedition. Should I be the happy mortal destined to turn the scale of war, will you not rejoice, oh my father! May Heaven be propitious and smile on our cause, but if we are destined to fall, may my fall be like Wolfe's—to sleep in the hour of victory."

His letter, the events of the day proved to be almost prophetic. We cannot but admire such a spirit, even though it be in an enemy, nor fail to give every credit to so gallant a foe, a man of mettle and of valour, by whom it was almost a credit to have been defeated.

Covered by the broadside from the fleet which, firing over the heads of the boats, swept the banks,