

attack with such a crew, and decided to land them at Cananocoui. From what precedes you may perhaps conclude that under the weighty arguments of these braves this bloodthirsty officer had yielded and had come to more humane and rational sentiments. Alas, no! you are wrong. They are case-hardened villains, these English tars; they live for knocks and thumps; they know positively nothing of our college logic, or, if they speak of it it is merely to ridicule and despise it; they affect to believe that there is more argument and sound sense in a grape shot than in the best argument. Strange people, do you say? Well, they are. Anyway, after landing his thirty rhetoricians (an epithet which our friend the officer emphatically qualified, it is said, with heavy words) he invited volunteers to accompany him on his venture, for he was still bent on the same sanguinary designs; one subaltern and 10 men of the 104th Regiment, Corporal Chretien and the nine voltiguers volunteered to form part of the expedition and were permitted to do so by Colonel Stone of the militia, who was commandant. These, with the boat's crew of six men, gave chase to the enemy's vessel, but failed to overtake her.

Feeling very sore and disappointed at the failure of this second attempt to close with the enemy, Marjoribanks had made up his mind not to return empty handed; he therefore decided to make a descent at the nearest American port, which was Gravelly Point.* His pilot had told him that the Yankee boats repaired to the Cape every night. He conceived the evil pleasure of cutting them out by way of surprise, and his wicked followers accepted the idea with the greatest enthusiasm.

About one o'clock on the morning of the 25th of May, two countrymen were taken prisoners off the shore, and forced to guide the marauders to the village, still a good distance off. Gravelly Point was at last reached at two o'clock. Alas! the enemy's boats were not there. A landing, however, was effected, a few soldiers of the 104th left to keep guard over the boat, and the troops, headed by Chretien, advanced noiselessly, following each other in Indian file; they reached the barracks, which stood at about 20 acres from the village, smashing in the windows and

*Or Cape Vincent. It was a small American village of about 20 houses, at the discharge of Lake Ontario. The enemy had cannon and soldiers there.