

to keep up from their cover a sharp fire upon the Canadians, and he led the example by getting behind the pile of lumber next Rykert's house, and discharging the rifle, which he carried, at a Canadian officer who was visible in an exposed position on Eccles Hill. A few minutes afterwards, General P. Foster, the United States Marshal of Vermont, with his assistant, Mr. Smalley, drove down the road in a close carriage, and halted opposite Rykert's house. In the meantime, O'Neill quitted his place behind the lumber pile, and was returning towards a group of his men, when General Foster walked up to him, and placing his hand upon O'Neill's shoulder, told him that he was a prisoner, and arm in arm with Mr. Smalley, the brave O'Neill was hurried into the carriage in waiting. At first he protested against his arrest, and said that he would call upon his men to rescue him. He did not do so, however, and as he was hurried past a group of them and one or two officers, they looked on with about as much interest as if they were watching the performance of a farce in a historical drama. Into the carriage O'Neill was safely got, and the driver laid the whip to the horses, and they started off at a gallop up the hill, and passed through Franklin Centre, and at 4 o'clock arrived at St. Albans, where O'Neill was quietly lodged in jail.

The command of the Fenians, after the arrest of O'Neill, devolved upon Patrick O'Bryne Riley, an escaped Fenian convict from Australia, who assumed command under the name of General G. Dwyer. The arrest of O'Neill, and what previously took place between him and his men, did not occupy over fifteen minutes altogether, so hurriedly did events succeed each other.

The Fenians showed under their new leader, who assumed command about 1 o'clock, symptoms of having regained a little of their former confidence. From the encouraging shelter afforded them by the houses and piles of lumber, they began to return the fire of the Canadians rather sharply. Occasionally they would sally out in twos and threes from cover, discharge their rifles and retreat for shelter, while the bullets from the volunteers and Home Guards went whistling dangerously near them. In this way a good many Fenians were wounded. While this skirmishing fire was kept up with spirit on both sides, Captain Muir's troop of cavalry from Stanbridge came galloping along the road, and up the hill, where they dismounted, and having picketed their horses among the trees in a hollow of the table-land on the summit of the hill, the troopers thronged to the brow, overlooking the Fenian position. Following quick upon the arrival of the cavalry was that of the Victoria Rifles, also from Stanbridge. On arriving at the foot of the hill, they leaped from the waggons in which they had come, hastily formed company, marched up the slope, and took position among the rocks with the Home