

they thought that the regular troops would not fight against them. "Quaybec'll be the hardest nut for us to crack," said one of them. "Sure, the French 'll burn that for us," cheerfully rejoined his comrade. Their uniform consisted of a green shirt, with brass buttons, dark trousers, a black, soft felt hat, with wide rim. Over their shirts they wore dark civilian coats, which served the purpose of overcoats, and which had been used to conceal their uniform before crossing the river. It was owing to this fact that the general impression prevailed that the Fenians were not in uniform. Most of the superior officers wore the dress proper to the rank they had held in the American army during the Civil War. The officer commanding our escort, who had the commission of Chaplain in the army of the Irish Republic, was a striking-looking figure. He was about fifty years of age, with a long, iron-grey beard. He had served as a sergeant in the Southern army during the war, and had walked all the way from Tennessee to take part in the raid, joining the Fenians just in time for the battle. He wore his old regulation kepi, a long black frock coat, with a belt outside, in which was stuck a sword without a scabbard. He was full



GENERAL O'NEIL.

of enthusiasm for the cause of Ireland, and of fierce hatred against the English. But to us, whom the fortune of war had made his prisoners, his conduct was all gentleness and *bonhomie*.

Towards evening we neared Fort Erie, and a mounted officer came up to us with the order, "Prisoners and baggage to the rear!" We were halted at the roadside and allowed all the column to pass us. The escort, who knew from this order that another fight was expected, became greatly excited, and cursed the ill-luck which condemned them to inactivity. Thanks to their eagerness to see what was going on, I had an excellent opportunity of watching the action that followed; for as soon as the troops had all marched past, they led us up to a plateau, where we had a clear view of the whole affair. The road here slopes down between high banks to the river. One division of the Fenians continued their march down this road till it reached another road, which runs along the river bank. Here they turned to the left and marched straight for the village of Fort Erie, which we could plainly see,

with the Stars and Stripes flying from the house of the American Consul. Across the river was the town of Black Rock, and there the shore was crowded with spectators. Another division of the Fenians left the road where we were, and advanced in line across the fields in a direction parallel to that of the column which was marching by the river road. The high banks soon hid the river column from our sight, but in a short time the report of musketry told us that it had gone into action. Who the defenders were or what their strength was, we did not then know; but we afterwards learned that fifty-four men of the Welland Field Battery, acting as infantry, and eighteen men of the Dunnville Naval Company, were holding the place. For a while the firing was kept up smartly, but all this time the second division were marching across the fields above the town, and now they wheeled to the right and thus took the defenders on the flank. They advanced rapidly, firing as they went. In the village there was at first a continuous roar of musketry, which gradually slackened. There were a few dropping shots which soon ceased altogether. The smoke drifted away; and Fort Erie was in the hands of the enemy. The result of the conflict was hailed with shouts of triumph from the crowds of spectators at Black Rock.

We were then marched down to the river side. Here we met General O'Neil, the Fenian Commander. He told us that his men were old soldiers and knew how to treat prisoners, and that we should have no cause to complain, unless any of his men were hanged by the Canadians, in which case he promised he would shoot ten of us for every Fenian hanged. He then stopped at a roadside tavern and ordered a glass of beer for each of us, for which he paid. We were then marched together with a number of the Welland Field Battery, who had been taken prisoners at Fort Erie, to the Old Fort, which is a ruin standing on the river bank. The Fenians established guards, lit fires, and set about cooking their supper. To each of us they gave a slice of raw pork, a biscuit, and a drink of water.

The day had been hot. The night was clear and very cold, too cold for much sleep. About two o'clock in the morning we were aroused and marched down to the wharf. There we saw a large body of Fenians in the act of embarking on a great scow. When the last man had embarked, O'Neil told us we were free. He then shook hands, and said goodbye, adding that he would be back soon with a larger force. I told him he would find us better prepared next time; and so ended my adventures as a Prisoner of War.

WM. HODGSON ELLIS.

CHESS.

Brown wins in the Handicap.

The Handicap Tournament ended last week. The finals resulted in favor of Mr. S. F. Shenstone, '00, and F. E. Brown, '00, who played off, and the match ended in favor of Mr. Brown. The Tourney brought out much spirited play.

Y.M.C.A.

This week the Mission Study Class completes its course of study on "Social Evils of the Non-Christian World." It is hoped that each member will make an effort to be present at this the closing meeting. A cordial invitation is extended to other students as well.