

throng, and one of these, the representative of a St. Albans' paper, had a narrow escape ; a bullet knocked off his wideawake, and without waiting to pick it up, he made off and did not stop until he reached Franklin, three miles distant, where he arrived breathless and hatless.

The body of the Fenian who was shot on the Canadian side of the line was, after the enemy had been routed, brought into camp by the Home Guards, who claim that it was one of their men who shot him. The deceased, as already stated, was named John Rowe, of Burlington ; he was about twenty-five years of age, and, as was afterwards learned, was a good mechanic, and the main support of a widowed mother. He had been a member of the Boxer Fire Company, of Burlington, and only joined the Fenians a short time previous to the raid. His body was interred on the slope of Eccles Hill, about fifty yards from the main road. The burial ceremony by twilight was a brief and simple one. Having been stripped of his accoutrements, and the buttons cut from his dark green shell jacket, a grave about two feet deep was quickly dug, and the body placed into it, face downwards. The earth was then thrown over him, and on the top of the grave was afterwards piled a heap of stones, as a sort of cairn, to mark the spot where, in the darkening shades of a summer evening was buried, without ceremony or prayer, and without even a friend to drop a tear of sorrow over the grave, the remains of one who had forfeited his life on the soil to which he and his associate horde of marauders were carrying the sword of rapine and plunder, under the flimsy guise of liberating Ireland.

After dark on Eccles Hill that night, the troops were warned to be ready at any moment to turn out, as there was every probability of a night attack, as the latest accounts received was to the effect that the Fenians were rallying at Franklin Centre. The majority of Captain Westover's Home Guards slept in two houses on the main road opposite the camp, while a few had gone to Cook's Corners, and others to Frelighsburg. The night though free from rain, was bitterly cold. Colonel Smith had picketed the boundary line for about a mile in the vicinity of the camp : officers were specially instructed to guard against surprise, and despite the harassing duties which they had already performed, the volunteers, to the number of about one-third of the entire force, kept guard that night. The remainder of the force were camped on Eccles Hill. Those who passed that night on the hillside will long remember it. They were without blankets and only a few had great-coats, while the unfortunate Victorias had neither. Those of the latter corps who were not on picket duty, occupied a hollow on the top of Eccles Hill, and just behind the brow which overlooks the late field of action.

During the night, the Fenians retreated upon Franklin and