

crushed and horror thrilled every heart. In bewildering grief and terror, almost unconscious of what they did, some prized treasures were gathered together. Still reluctant to go, the soldiery were compelled to force their departure, and amid tears hot with agony, mothers carried their children, friends bore the aged and infirm in melancholy procession to the boats that were to bear them to the vessels awaiting them near the shore. At each of the villages the same blood chilling scenes were enacted, and then fire swept away homes, churches and harvests before their eyes. Flames burst through windows, crept over roofs, houses and barns melted like wax, while each stack of grain became a huge cone of smoke, streaked with fire, until nothing remained but a cloud that hung like a pall above the cinders that smouldered beneath. The exiles could only gaze, wring their powerless hands and weep.

In every locality the effort at capture had been well planned, and was executed thoroughly, both at the time of reading the order and afterward; the search for those who failed to come being pushed with earnest diligence. Still there were some who, with their families, escaped to the woods. In the utmost fright and destitution they hid them as best they could, to bide the developments of time. No opportunity for counter effort was discovered by them save at Chipody, where, from their hiding places, they saw the flames bursting simultaneously from their houses, barns and churches. Instantly their blood became heated beyond endurance. Guided by anger, and thirsting for revenge, they hastily hid their wives and children more securely, and few as they were, threw themselves unexpectedly on the enemy, who, broken by the furious attack, hastened to their ships, leaving forty-five dead and wounded on the field.