

tions continually asked and ever answered by a hopeless moan.

Each circling sun sternly reduced the hours of stay, and when on the designated morn, its light set all their beautiful land in glory before them, the drums were resounding in the village streets. At eight o'clock the church bell tolled into the desolate hearts that the fatal hour had come.

The melancholy column was formed and 260 young men, in the advance, ordered to march on ship-board. The pride and strength of their manly hearts forbade obedience. They asked only for their families in company. With them they could bow to the yoke, but to leave them they would not. This could not be, and while drums resounded the soldiery advanced with fixed bayonets. Appeals were vain, to resist with empty hands utterly hopeless. A few were wounded, when in despair the march began.

From the church to the shore, the way was lined with women and children, mothers, wives, babes, those who tottered from age, and those whose cheeks were pallid with the touch of death. Neither pen nor pencil can picture a heart agony, nor can they portray the fierce sorrows of those who knelt by the way, greeting the prisoners with blessings, tears and lamentations, as they bade, as they yet fully believed, a final adieu. Trembling hand clasped hand that trembled, fathers for a moment only pressed their lips to those of wife and child as they moved on under the eyes of the stern guards, who dare not even if they wished brook the least delay. Thus all moved quickly along the melancholy path until none were left but those who mourned, and when from the vessel decks the imprisoned looked ashore, there stood their loved ones gazing through blinding tears to catch even a faint glimpse of those so