

were permitted to embark with their families. This request was immediately rejected, and the troops were ordered to fix bayonets and advance towards the prisoners, a motion which had the effect of producing obedience on the part of the young men, who forthwith commenced their march. The road from the chapel to the shore, just one mile in length, was crowded with women and children; who on their knees, greeted them as they passed with their tears and their blessings; while the prisoners advanced with slow and reluctant steps, weeping, praying and singing hymns. This detachment was followed by the seniors, who passed through the same scene of sorrow and distress. In this manner was the whole male part of the population of the District of Minas put on board the five transports, stationed in the river Gasperaux, each vessel being guarded by 6 non-commissioned officers, and 80 privates. As soon as the other vessels arrived, their wives and children followed, and the whole were transported from Nova Scotia. The haste with which those measures were carried into execution did not admit of those preparations for their comfort, which, if unretarded by their disloyalty, were at least due in pity to the severity of their punishment. The hurry, confusion, and excitement connected with the embarkation, had scarcely subsided when the Provincials were appalled at the work of their own hands. The novelty and peculiarity of their situation could not but force itself upon the attention of even the unreflecting soldiery; stationed in the midst of a beautiful and fertile country, they suddenly found themselves without a foe to subdue, and without a population to protect. The volumes of smoke which the half-extinguished embers emitted, while they marked the site of the peasant's humble cottage, bore testimony to the extent of the work of destruction. For several successive evenings the cattle assembled round the smouldering ruins, as if in anxious expectation of the return of their masters; while all night long the faithful watch dogs of the Neutrals howled over the scene of desolation, and mourned alike the hand that had fed, and the house that had sheltered them.—*Idem. vol. 1, page 170, 181.*

(To be Continued.)

POETRY.

(From the New York Freeman's Journal.)

O'CONNELL'S HEART.

By Mrs. ANNA H. DORSEY.

Bear it on tenderly,—

Slowly, and mournfully,—

That heart of a nation which pulsates no more:
The fount that gushed over with freedom's high lore,—
Through years over Erin, it brooded and wept,
It watched while she slumbered, and prayed when she slept;
And the Saxon raged on, that their chains had not crushed
The souls of a people, whose harp they had hushed.

Bear it on tenderly,—

Slowly, and mournfully,—

'Twas broken at last—when the famine plague's glaive,
And the spade turned the shamrock in grave after grave—
When the angels of God turned weeping away
From the want-stricken earth and its famishing clay:
And the wail of the dying, which rose from the sod,
The dying—those martyrs to Faith and their God—
Came like the wild knell, of its hopes fairest day,
Is it strange, that its life tugged quickly away,

Bear it on tenderly,—

Slowly, and mournfully,—

Oh God! how it struggled to burst the vile chain,
That fettered thee, Erin—but struggled in vain!
How humble to God, to the Saxon what scorn,
To thy friends, true and loving—thy foes proud and stern!—
How strong, like a barrier of angels it stood.

Crying 'Justice! we struggle for Justice—not blood.'
And in Christ's lovely name, chided back the mad throng
That in liquid, were thirsting for blood for their wrongs.

Bear it on tenderly,—

Slowly, and mournfully,—

From Erin's sad sun-set, to Italy's light,
Where the sun shine of glory has sprung from the night,
Where the golden-eyed spirit of Freedom's new birth,
Aroused by a voice which thrills through the earth
Will with the fair angels, keep vigils around thee,
Remem'ring that freed from the fetters that bound thee,
Released from life's anguish—its watching, its weeping,
It soars far beyond where its ashes are sleeping!

Yes—bear it on tenderly.—

Slowly and mournfully,—

From Lough Foyle's dark waters, to Shannon's broad wave
To the rough Munster coast which the Ocean tides lave,
Comes a sad note of wailing, it swells like the sea,
It sounds from the hill tops and sloop's o'er the lea.
Oh Erin! Oh Erin! what crime hast thou done,
That the light should be blotted away from thy sun,
Thy Faith be down-trodden—thy blessings all flee,
And thy sons, and thy daughters, be mistyred with thee!

Bear it on tenderly.—

Slowly, and mournfully,—

Where sleep the Apostles, where martyred Saints rest,
Lay it tenderly down near the shrines of the blest,
For the spirit that lit up its casket of clay,
Has gone with the lustre of faith round its way
Appealing before the tribunal of heaven,
Oh Erin! for thee, that thy chains may be riven,
And the day hastens on, when the Saxon shall wonder,
And flee from the wrath of its answering thunder.
Norfolk, (Va.) July 2, 1847.

General Intelligence.

HIS HOLINESS AND THE DISTRESSED PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

A notice appeared lately in our columns of a rosary and an autograph letter from Pope Pius IX., which were on their way to England to be disposed of for the benefit of the suffering Irish.—We are now requested to state, that this valuable gift has arrived, and is at present in possession of the lady by whose friends it was sent from Italy. The rosary consists of 11 agate beads, set in gold with the head of the Saviour engraved on cornelian, pendant from a small gold tassel at one end; to the other is attached a ring to suspend it from the finger when used in prayer. On the letter (of which we subjoin a translation) we need make no comment—it speaks for itself. The managers of the London Joint Stock Bank, 69, Pall Mall, have kindly undertaken to exhibit the rosary and to receive subscriptions; and the noble names of Shrewsbury Arundel, and Surrey, Stourton, M'Farlane, Thockmorton, Sir J Kempt, and many others which are already on the list, leave little doubt that the hope of realizing £100 in the fulfilment of the intentions of the benevolent and liberal minded Pontiff will be hastily accomplished. We ought to add,