

not of enemies, for, young as she was, she possessed a mental energy unknown to others, unknown perhaps to herself, till her powers were called forth. The state of the roads cruelly retarded her steps, and it was with difficulty that she proceeded. On gaining an angle in the pathway, she perceived, with dismay, that she had taken a wrong direction—she gazed fearfully and timidly around, and for the first time experienced that bitter feeling which assails us on finding ourselves alone, unprotected, and desolate. A gigantic cross was the only object to be seen—Madeline clasped her arms around it, when a flood of tears relieved her oppressed heart, while a voice seemed to sound in her ears :

“Fear not, for I am with thee.”

“Oh, my Saviour,” murmured the poor girl ; “thou who once hung in agonies on this for me, and yet in so dread a moment forgot not thy afflicted mother, have mercy on me, and spare mine to watch over me ; bring back the son of her love in safety to her arms, and turn not away from the orphan’s cry.”

Many voices were now borne upon the blast, accompanied by the heavy tramp of horse. Madeline clung in speechless terror to the sacred symbol. Nearer and nearer they came, she was so shrouded from their view by her dark cloak, that they would have passed her unnoticed, had not her straining eyes discovered in them a party of soldiers surrounding some prisoners, amongst whom she beheld the pale, beautiful face of Eugene St. Claire above the rest, stern and sad in its expression. All else was immediately forgotten ; she rushed forward, exclaiming : “Eugene, oh my brother, whither are they carrying you ?” Her sudden appearance—her words—caused a momentary confusion in the troop, and she had dashed amongst them and cast herself on the bosom of her brother ere they had recovered from their surprise.

“Gracious God, Madeline, how came you here ?” groaned the unhappy brother, whose arms being secured, could give her no support.

“Oh, why are you with these men ?” she returned distractedly ; “Eugene, I will not leave you with them—our mother is ill—come, come to her, my brother.”

“Madeline, dearest, you behold in me a prisoner ; a rebel,” he added with extreme bitterness ; “I may possibly return no more—for God’s sake leave me, this is no scene for you.”

The officer who commanded the party now rode up, demanding the cause of the delay.

“It is my brother—you will not take my brother,” shrieked Madeline, still hanging on his neck ; “he cannot be guilty—oh release him, as you hope for mercy.”

The officer appeared moved with compassion ; he covered his eyes with his hand.

“This is terrible, this is cruel,” he murmured, the feeling was but momentary. “Soldiers, forward,” he added in a determined tone ; “guard your prisoners.”

The screams of Madeline were most harrowing.

“Is there no one to compassionate this innocent, and protect her ?” said the agonized brother, struggling to free himself. A few words were spoken by the officer, to the young man, who rode by his side—he instantly dismounted, and approaching Eugene, said, as he gently disengaged the unhappy girl :

“Trust her to me—on the word of a British officer, her safety shall be watched over—tell me her name and abode ?”

“God bless you, stranger,” fervently ejaculated Eugene, who had only time to reply to the enquiry, ere Madeline was borne from his sight, and the party moved on. The young officer carried his almost senseless burden before him on his horse, to her mother’s gate ; here he was met by the good padre of the village, who, having heard some fearful reports, relative to Eugene, had come thither to enquire into their truth. A few hurried words of explanation were exchanged between him and the officer, when the latter consigning Madeline to his care, put spurs into his horse, and dashed off to rejoin his party.

Eugene, with his companions, were conveyed to head quarters, where they were imprisoned, to await their trial as traitors, for being taken in arms against their lawful sovereign.

How vain to attempt a description of the torturing reflections which agitated the breast of this young man—a sense of guilt, of remorse, so overwhelming, assailed him, that his noble spirit sunk under their weight. He dared not dwell on the image of his widowed mother, or on that of his young sister, now exposed to the biting blast of poverty, without a protector to shield them from its fury. Their forms seemed to flit before his fancy, and as they did so, burning tears scalded his pale and sunken cheeks. The period for his trial at length arrived—it was conducted, according to martial law, by the high, the gifted, and the merciful. Great interest was made for him, but the evidence against him appeared too conclusive—too strong, and he was condemned !

“Home would I go,—my hopes have gone before—There where my treasure is, my heart would be. The voices that the earth shall hear no more, Are calling with their spirit-tones for me. ‘Immortal longings,’ stir within my breast ; Oh ! let me flee away and be at rest.”

We pass over all the harrowing scenes which took place between the unfortunate mother and her devoted son, previous to his doom being made known. All the fluctuations of hope, and of despair—of self upbraidings in him—and of anguish in her, whose idol he had been. And turn we to the night, the