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MILDRED ROSIER.*

A TALE OF THE RUINED CITY.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

CHAPTER XV.

Hear my message, man of blood,
Quit the evil, choose the good!

"BEFORE the grey, cold dawn, had lifted up the misty curtain from the hills, I was many miles distant from S——. But, imagine my situation—without a copper in my purse, or rather with no purse at all—without having tasted food for nearly four and twenty hours, fatigued and nervous from the effects of the terrible excitement which had convulsed my frame, and not knowing one step of the dangerous path, or whither it led. I was truly destitute, without a friend, and perfectly ignorant of the world upon which I found myself cast like an orphan. Then, there was to stifle and combat with, the terrible consciousness of guilt; to steel my countenance, and my heart; yet to fear that all my cunning was useless; that the mark of Cain was so visible in the haggard lineaments of my face, that a child might read it, and point me out to his comrade as a villain. I walked on in this miserable state, until noon, when, overcome with hunger and weariness, I sat down upon a piece of rock by the rugged west side, from utter inability to proceed. Before I left the cave, I had flung into the gulf, my gun and all my hunting apparatus, fearful that they might lead to my detection. The superior texture of my clothes could alone betray me as one belonging to a higher rank, and I longed for some opportunity to change these. My hounds, I had driven with threats home, all but the dog to whom my poor cousin was so attached, and neither threats nor

blows would chase him from the spot. He ran to and fro, all night, along the fearful pass; uttering the most piteous howls, which added not a little to the agony of my situation. The love of this poor brute went more painfully to my heart than the condemnation of the whole world. Every mournful cry he uttered, was a reproach to me; and in the glazed and peculiar expression of his eye, whenever he turned it upon me, I felt that he not only knew that I had been the cause of his master's death, but that he upbraided me with it. Once I raised my gun in order to shoot him, but the nobler nature of the animal overcame my resolution. My hand shook so violently, that I could not kill him. This dog was found three days afterwards, lying upon the very spot at which Adolphus lost his life, and, though the bodies could not be recovered, shewed by his gestures, and the difficulty my uncle found in dragging him from the spot, the manner of his son's death, and, fortunately for me, led to the conclusion that we all three had shared the same fate.

I know not how long I remained seated by the way side, for sleep overcame me, and the sun was getting low down in the sky, when I was aroused by a slight blow upon the shoulder, and, looking up, I beheld a goatherd, who was returning from Drontheim, with his son, standing before me, and regarding me with peculiar interest. My critical situation instantly recurred to my mind, and the effort for self-preservation was made, with a foresight and cunning which I thought, until that moment, had been foreign to my nature.

"You see, my friend," I cried, "the plight that

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