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MILDRED ROSIER.*

A TALE OF THE RUINED CITY.

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CHAPTER XIII.

CALL NOT the murderer's restless slumbers sleep;
The guilty soul finds not a moment's rest;
Unhallowed spirits round his pillow keep
Unwelcome vigil, muttering words unblest!

A solitary light was burning upon a rude block of stone in the spacious vaults of the old grey priory, shielding its faint beams around, until lost in the gloomy distance which spread away in dense shadows, leaving a vague, uncomfortable impression upon the mind, of an unknown region of darkness and horror lying beyond.

In its immediate vicinity, the lamp shone upon cutlasses and pistols, which were scattered over the floor, and discovered vast heaps of liquor-kegs piled against the walls, containing from five to ten gallons each, of contraband spirits; bags of tea, cases of tobacco, bales of French silk, and of real Barcelona handkerchiefs.

Stretched upon the hard flinty ground, lay men in various attitudes, asleep. A bloody bandage was around the arm of one. An old red handkerchief concealed the forehead of another, while a third sat at the primitive table, which was covered with cups and flasks of wine, leaning his head upon his hand, evidently either in pain, or lost in deep thought.

"Hang it, Captain Tasker! I can't sleep," cried one of the gang, starting to his feet. "The night is so close, and this confounded place smells like a charnel-house."

"Aye, in this place of graves, a man must have a sound conscience to enjoy quiet slumbers," said Tasker.

"As to that, Captain, my conscience does not upbraid me much. I never shed the blood of a fellow creature in malice, but I was the only son of my mother, and she a widow. She looked to me to be her support and comfort in old age, and I ran away to see the world, and seek my own fortune. The world treated me as she generally does such dependants upon her bounty: and my poor mother died of a broken heart. This makes me feel like a murderer, when I recall my good, kind mother's gentle face, and think of all that she suffered, all that she did for her ungrateful son. Yes, I would cheerfully lay down my worthless life to recall the past, and become a little child standing between her knees again. When such thoughts come over me I cannot sleep. But look, there lies Stomer. That man killed his father, yet see how soundly he sleeps?"

"His dreams may be of hell," said the Captain, turning pale, and looking down with a fixed gaze upon the smuggler, who lay sleeping at his feet. "The mark of Cain is upon his face. See how he writhes, and twists his features into ghastly contortions. Do you call that sound sleep? Even at this moment the fiends of darkness are whispering their damnable blasphemies in his ears. I tell you, Lawrence Barwood, a murderer cannot sleep!"

The young man looked his commander steadily in the face. "Captain, you speak from experience?"

"I do," returned the other mournfully. "I am a murderer. I had provocation, strong provocation, such as few are called upon to endure; but all the waters of ocean never can wash that red stain from my soul. I would give eternity to

* Continued from page 115.