

*From the Diary of a Late Physician.*

THE BURIED ALIVE.

I HAD been for some time ill of a low and lingering fever. My strength gradually wasted, but the sense of life seemed to become more and more acute as my corporeal powers became weaker. I could see by the looks of the doctor that he despaired of my recovery ; and the soft and whispering sorrow of my friends taught me that I had nothing to hope.

One day towards the evening the crisis took place. I was seized with a strange and indescribable quivering,—a rushing sound was in my ears,—I saw around my couch innumerable strange faces ; they were bright and visionary, and without bodies. There was light and solemnity, and I tried to move, but could not. For a short time a terrible confusion overwhelmed me ; and when it passed off, all my recollection returned with the most perfect distinctness, but the power of motion had departed. I heard the sound of weeping at my pillow, and the voice of the nurse say, “ He is dead.” I cannot describe what I felt at these words. I exerted my utmost power of volition to stir myself, but I could not even move an eyelid. After a short pause my friend drew near ; and sobbing and convulsed with grief, drew his hand over my face, and closed my eyes. The world was then darkened, but I still could hear, and feel, and suffer.

When my eyes were closed, I heard by the attendants that my friend had left the room, and I soon after found the undertakers were preparing to habit me in the garments of the grave. Their thoughtlessness was more awful than the grief of my friends. They laughed at one another as they turned me from side to side, and treated what they believed a corpse with the most appalling ribaldry.

When they had laid me out, these wretches retired, and the degrading formality of affected mourning commenced. For three days, a number of friends called to see me. I heard them, in low accents, speak of what I was ; and more than one touched me with his finger. On the third day