

mourners, but received the sympathetic condolences of the few who addressed him, with courtesy and kindness. The time which is consumed before the procession moves away from the house of mourning towards the narrow house which sorrow cannot invade, is always in this part of the country somewhat long, and on the present occasion, although it had been intended to proceed at an early hour in the morning, it was nearly noon before all the preparations were made. At last the coffin was placed in the plain sleigh, which was to serve instead of the hearse with its trappings and plumes; when the burst of grief from the younger members of the family called to my mind the rites with which the Romans were accustomed to try to awaken the corpse when it was carried over the threshold. Charles and Margaret, with Captain Lindsay, were among the first of the procession, all the company being in carriages, and the line extending for a considerable distance along the road, as it wound along the banks of the river towards the village church where the funeral service was to be performed. It was a cold March morning, indeed far colder than is common even in that blustering month, the snow sparkling in the sun, and, its peculiar crisping sound plainly shewing the lowness of the temperature. The horses, impatient at the slow pace, shook their heads impatiently, and the jingle of a hundred bells, sounding through the clear cold atmosphere almost imparted an air of merriment to the sad procession. On arriving at the door, each sleigh in its turn deposited its load on the raised steps leading to the chapel, and I noticed with no little apprehension that the unfortunate Margaret was borne rather than led into the building, and placed in the pew appropriated to the mourners. Her face was pale, and apparently passionless, no tear was on her cheek, nor were there to be heard the stifled sobs in which grief generally speaks on such occasions. It was rather an ominous and unnatural stillness, a sort of stupor, which had seized upon her, and as it were, frozen up the usual outlets of feeling. During the service I observed occasionally those convulsive, involuntary twitchings, which shewed that the calm was not that of indifference, nor that exterior placidity which a strong mental effort sometimes is able to produce.

When the service was over, the greater part of the audience walked to the burying-ground with the exception of Miss Lindsay, and two or three of her sex, who were brought up in sleighs as near as possible to the gate whence a path had been cut through the deep snow, to the grave. It was a sad sight to see the melancholy closing up of the scene of distress. The people had collected around on all sides, muffled up, most of them, in their coats of fur, to protect them from the piercing wind, which, on the elevated ground, blew with redoubled violence. The grave digger, with purple face, was bustling about with a professional air of importance, giving

orders in a suppressed voice to his two assistants, who seemed to care as little as their master about the feelings of the mourners, so that the job was professionally done. Captain Lindsay had not faltered, nor shewn any signs of feeling, but with a stern and resolved air, looked on the preparations, as the coffin was about to be lowered into its resting place. The horses' bells were sounding from the gate, with what seemed to me a most melancholy and appropriate cadence, and a flock of greyish little birds flitted about, resting here and there on the stones which rose above the deep snow, uttering their shrill cheerful chirp, as if in mockery of the distress which we witnessed. I was thinking at the moment, of what would be the feelings of the obdurate and proud father who had sacrificed if not his daughter's happiness, at least his own, to a foolish pride, could he but see the lowly obsequies which were now being performed, and the wild spot where her remains were laid down to rest until the last trump shall wake all that sleep, from their various resting places. A motion among the bystanders, who were uncovering their heads as the coffin was slowly being let down, recalled me to what was going on; I looked towards Captain Lindsay; he was kneeling in the snow, supporting his almost lifeless daughter, who was evidently half unconscious of what was passing; at last the cords were withdrawn, and the frozen earth was thrown in and struck upon the coffin with a fearful sharpness which went to the heart of all around. The moment after there was a slight stir among the bystanders and a suppressed whispering, and on looking I found that the unfortunate daughter had fallen senseless into the arms of her father, who immediately, with the assistance of some of the bystanders, bore her to the sleigh and conveyed her home.

It was not for many months that she was able to leave the sick bed, and during all that time I had had occasion to see her almost daily; indeed her case was one of the most difficult which has ever come under my notice, and at that period of my practice caused me no little anxiety. It was in the month of June that her constitution rallied; so that my assistance was not so much needed on her account, although it was required for another reason, which I will merely state as briefly as possible.

Captain Lindsay had, as I at first feared, yielded to the temptations which, after the death of his wife, were thrown in his way by his old associates; and now that her gentle but powerful influence was withdrawn, he had less to reclaim him from his downward course. His liabilities were becoming every day larger, and his creditors pressing in proportion as they saw less and less prospect of ultimately recovering their debts. His temper again became soured, and his manner more and more imperious, so that I found him so entirely averse to listen to the remonstrances which I felt it right to