I could not prevail on myself to disturb her. Long watchings had completely exhausted her, and she remained long in the same posture,sleeping so quietly that I was afraid the very silence would awake her. I need not tell you how I spent these hours; vagrant thoughts and memories of pleasant and unhappy hours, will generally haunt the imagination of the watcher by the bed of sickness—but hours passed on, and the whole dwelling was sunk in as deep silence as if the hand of death had pressed upon the unconscious sleepers. At last Margaret moved; it was but slightly, but slight as was the motion, it served partially to reveal a small and elegant portrait set in gold,which was suspended from her neck. It was that of a young man, apparently but few years her senior, with an open brow and dark raven hair; the lower part of his face was invisible. "So young and yet already in love!" thought I, as I glanced at the unconscious sleeper. "Poor afflicted creature thou hast need of some consolation, for truly thou art sorely tried. Happy for me that thy secret was revealed so soon; it may save me from some uneasy hours hereafter."

In a short time, the eldest son Charles, stole into the room, and motioning him to take my place,I left in his hands the medicines I had prepared for the patient, with the neccessary directions, and taking up my saddlebags I stole quietly from the room, and in an instant was breathing the keen cold air of a January morning. The sun was just rising, and the grey morning mists began to retire slowly and sullenly, as if half inclined to dispute the authority of the King of Day. Less than an hour's walk brought me back to my little office, and letting myself in, I was soon in the land of dreams.

When I awoke, I hesitated whether I should return unasked to my patient or wait till I was sent for, as I did not know how the Captain might feel towards me after the fracas of the past night. I had no doubt that he had by this time recovered from his stupor; but, at least,thought I, he may send for me if he cares for my services. This was but the first thought,and I soon reflected that it was my duty as far as possible to relieve the distressed, even though I should meet with but little thanks for my pains. In the afternoon, therefore, I set out to call the second time,not a little anxious to learn the condition of my poor patient. As I approached the house, I soon perceived the truth of what I had heard in relation to the folly and want of management of its owner. It was a large framed building with two wings, each large enough for the accommodation of a moderately large family. The centre building was intended to have a grand entrance, and there were some three or four pillars already erected and finished; the rest were not to be seen, and their places were supplied by rough blocks, which singularly contrasted with the *tout ensemble* of the building. The windows in one wing and part of the middle building were glazed, the others were shut in with unplaned boards. A half finished fence, of a fancy character, ran in front at some distance from the building, eked out at each end by rude rails,which also ran at right angles with the road, back to the stables, which were placed at some distance behind. The whole bore an air of discomfort, which too plainly told that the designs of the projector were far from being accomplished, while large sums had evidently been spent and spent to no purpose. What was intended for a garden was now occupied by piles of boards, and old barrels, which the snow, deep as it was, could not altogether conceal. Half the expence, if properly applied, would have been sufficient to finish in a substantial way a residence far more comfortable than this could be made after much increased expenditure; but Mr. Lindsay was perfectly unacquainted with business, and the estimates which were made, were, either by design or accident placed far too low; and before the plan was half accomplished Mr. Lindsay found his funds nearly exhausted, and in possession of a large unfinished skeleton of a house, cold as a barn and scarcely better looking, instead of the stately mansion which the Architect had painted in such imposing colours.

"Very much like my own castles in the air," thought I, as I opened the gate; "it won't bear inspection;—but the inmates! I hope the day light will not spoil the picture of last night."

The room where my patient lay was darkened so as entirely to exclude the rays of the sun, and the change from the bright glitter of a sunny afternoon, and of the bracing clear air for the confined peculiar atmosphere of a sick chamber, was not, at first, very agreeable, and dissipated at once the train of thought which the sight of the half finished building had called up. * * * * *

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Captain Lindsay's early history I afterwards learned. It is soon told. He was the youngest son of a gentleman, of a small landed property in the north of England, and by the assistance of his friends entered the army as Lieutenant, and continued with his regiment, which was stationed at B ***. It was here that, at a country ball, he met Miss Thornton, the only daughter of a wealthy Baronet, and the consequences may be easily imagined. An attachment was quickly formed, and after mutual protestations of eternal fidelity, they parted, Lieut. Lindsay accompanying his regiment to Ireland. So ardent and sudden had been this passion, that it was not till after their separation that the strength of their attachment could develope itself. But with that my story has nothing to do. It is enough to say that Sir Maurice Thornton was not long in finding that his daughter's affections were too indelibly fixed to admit of his speedily gaining an end which he had long had in view. He was an aspiring proud