

one of his *friends*, with whom he had spent most of the day in the village. A bet had been made during the day as to whether it were possible for a horseman to clear a certain one of the stake fences which are so common in this country. You know how difficult it is to force a horse up to this dangerous barrier; but Capt. Lindsay, being heated with wine, exclaimed, as he passed the spot where the trial was to be made at a time fixed for a few days afterwards, "You shall see how Kate will clear it like a shot," and plunging his spurs into the animal's side, he dashed on without listening to the remonstrance of his friend, who was sober enough to see the madness of the attempt. He was mounted on a favourite horse which he had brought with him from England, and which had by accident escaped seizure, and dashing across a common which had lined the road, he made for the fence, in the now uncertain light of a September evening. The spirited animal did not refuse the leap, but it was a fatal one for both horse and rider. How it happened, it was impossible to tell: whether Capt. Lindsay had checked her unskillfully, whether the leap was too suddenly taken, or whether the ground, which was unfavourable, had deceived him, certain it is that one of the projecting stakes met the animal's breast, and she fell on the fence, actually impaled, the rider falling forward violently on his head, where he lay motionless and apparently dead. Before I could be on the spot, he had been carried home and laid upon a bed, still motionless. There he lay, all bloody, in the very room, where, a few months before, his sainted wife had rejoiced in spirit, at a vow which, when violated, had brought with it so fearful a retribution. Even at this length of time I feel sick at heart as I think of that eventful evening, and I pass on, merely stating that, by the most active remedies, he was at length restored to consciousness. But it was only for a time, and happy had it been for all had he never again opened his eyes. His brain had been injured by the fall, and he continued almost incessantly raving in the most incoherent manner. Nothing seemed to relieve or even partially to soothe him, and when not sunk in insensibility, he was in a continual excitement, which left no hope of his recovery.

It was on the evening of the second day after the accident, that I saw at once that the termination of this awful tragedy was at hand. I had been with him during the day, and, assisted by the best medical advice which could be procured, had closely and carefully examined his head, to see whether there might not be an operation required; but we could observe no mark of fracture, not even the slightest, a mere scratch having caused the effusion of blood which had taken place. He had been lying quietly enough for a little while, and there was a profound stillness in the cheerless apartment. All at once he

began to rave in his former manner, and with more than his former violence. Charles came into the room, and in the dusk of the evening we began to try to soothe him, but in vain. He seemed unconscious of our presence as well as of his own condition.

"Let me alone," said he, "I'll teach him that a superior shall not insult me with impunity, the hoary villain! I'll soon curb his insolence!" And again he would call out, "Forward, my men! Now's the time! Give them the cold steel! Huzza for Old England! Who goes there? Who calls for Captain Lindsay? Here's to the gallant Colonel of the —th! Damn it, let us have no more croaking! Three thousand a-year! Pretty little income! Curse upon the proud rascal! I'll stop his boasting!" His thoughts seemed turned towards his father-in-law as he went on. "Will you not receive her request—hers who never gave you a moment's uneasiness before? Or must I stoop to beg and dig, that we all may starve, in rags? Ha! old man, you shall not escape me. I know you well, you unfeeling, cold-hearted father! You spurn me! Well, you shall one day pay for it! Your daughter is dead, old man, and I—I killed her! It was in revenge that I did it! So now, your proud family may go and look for her in the grave! Here you are again! Keep off, I tell you! You are *her* father—but away with you—quick, or I'll—"

On looking round, I observed, with no slight surprise, that a stranger had entered the room. He was an old man, muffled up in a great coat and furs; and, although I wondered at his intrusion, the condition of the patient left me no time to enquire into the cause of it. Turning my attention to the sick man, who was now lying in a state of torpor, I began to wipe off the sweat which stood in large drops upon his brow, when he opened his eyes, and stared wildly around, crying out:

"There he is—the proud old wretch! Let me have him now! He is a father and a murderer! At him, Rover! Hunt him like an otter! Down with him! Ha! he is up again! There, then, you must die by my hand!" and he struck from him with violence. The stranger had approached, and the blow met him in the temple, stretching him on the floor, where he lay for a few minutes before I dared to leave the patient to go to his assistance. I helped him up, and would have addressed him, but he pushed me away, saying:

"Nay, let me alone; look at your patient. It is not I that should receive your aid."

I turned my attention immediately to the dying man, and for half an hour more he raged on with increasing incoherence and vehemence.

I had previously strictly forbidden any of the family from entering the room, unless when I called them, as I was anxious to spare their feelings as