

some of them talked of the smell of corruption in the room. The coffin was procured ; I was lifted and laid in ; my friend placed my head on what was deemed its last pillow, and I felt his tears drop on my face.

When all who had any peculiar interest in me had for a short time looked at me in the coffin, I heard them retire ; and the undertaker's men placed the lid on the coffin, and screwed it down. There were two of them present ; one had occasion to go away before the task was done. I heard the fellow who was left begin to whistle as he turned the screw-nails ; but he checked himself, and completed the work in silence.

I was then left alone,—every one shunned the room. I knew, however, that I was not yet buried ; and though darkened and motionless, I had still hope ; but this was not permitted long. The day of interment arrived—I felt the coffin lifted and borne away—I heard and felt it placed in the hearse. There was a crowd of people around ; some of them spoke sorrowfully of me. The hearse began to move—I knew that it carried me to the grave. It halted, and the coffin was taken out—I felt myself carried on shoulders of men, by the inequality of the motion.—A pause ensued—I heard the cords of the coffin moved—I felt it swing as dependent by them.—It was lowered, and rested on the bottom of the grave.—The cords were dropped upon the lid—I heard them fall. Dreadful was the effort I then made to exert the power of action, but my whole frame was immovable.

Soon after, a few handfuls of earth were thrown upon the coffin. Then there was another pause—after which the shovel was employed, and the sound of the rattling mould, as it covered me, was far more tremendous than thunder. But I could make no effort. The sound gradually became less and less, and by a surging reverberation in the coffin, I knew that the grave was filled up, and that the sexton was treading in the earth, slapping the grave with the flat of his spade. This too ceased, and then all was silent. I had no means of knowing the lapse of time ; and the silence continued. This is death, thought I, and I am doom-

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