

cation to the duties of his profession, he employed the favorable opportunity then offered for equestrian amusements. Not unfrequently he was so incautious as to greatly fatigue himself by a long ride, and would find it necessary to call at my aunt's to rest himself before proceeding further.

On one of these interesting occasions, a day or two before the one which was to crown their happiness, he called as usual, and so agreeably did the time pass that the hour of eleven surprised them still "holding sweet converse."

The lover lingered one moment at the gate to hear the entreaties of his Mary that he would be careful of his personal safety; for the night had closed in dark and stormy, and his steed was one of high metal.

She permitted one fond embrace, and they parted. The road which he took was one of danger, it lay along the margin of a rapid stream. As it was a much shorter distance to the village by this road, he was induced to take it, notwithstanding the peril he would encounter. The swollen waters had crossed the road in some places, and the horseman could perceive that his steed was annoyed by the waves as the wind blew them occasionally over his feet. To avoid exciting his horse beyond the power of control, E. attempted to guide him up a slight acclivity into a field, which opened into the main road. Meeting with some obstacle, the animal gave a bound which threw his rider with such violence as to cause insensibility.

The next morning E.'s body was found further down the stream, and conveyed to his bereaved family.

But who shall attempt to describe the grief of those fond parents as they witnessed in the clay-cold corpse of their gifted and accomplished son, the ruin of their fondest hopes; in him they lost the only stay of their old age.

This agonizing intelligence was imparted as gently as possible to aunt Mary, who seemed perfectly stupified by her unutterable grief. But to portray her anguish, while leaning over the lifeless form of him who was her idol, would be impossible.—She there beheld the annihilation of every fond hope, the destruction of those blissful dreams of felicity he himself had planned when animated by delightful prospects, and buoyant with life and hope.

But now, he lay before her *dead*.