

dental meeting. They would have lived happily together notwithstanding their poverty, had not Henry been of an ambitious disposition. Previous to their marriage he had got an appointment of Lieutenant in the regular force stationed in Upper Canada, and in July following his marriage, which took place in June, he joined his regiment and was in most of the skirmishes that took place that summer with the enemy. The following winter he spent, chiefly with his wife; from whom he was called, on active duty, early in the spring of 1813. Henry had always been famous for his activity and enterprise in opposing the enemy, and from his acquaintance with the country, was frequently occupied in defending, hazardous posts, and in searching out the enemy. He thus became extremely hateful to the Kentuckian riflemen, and a marked object of revenge. It was from these he received a shot through the arm, which proved trifling. In one of his engagements with the enemy, most of his company were killed, and among the wounded was left, lieutenant Holmes. It was reported at the time, that he had been killed, as he was never seen afterwards. However, the way was, he had been wounded in the battle and from the loss of blood, was disabled from stirring from his situation, and was therefore, passed over as dead.

Mary Holmes was looking out daily for information from Henry. \* \* \* Month after month passed, and she receiving no information, gloomy forebodings of some misfortune having befallen him, disturbed her mind and clouded her happiness. \* \* \* One dark evening in December, as she was sitting by the fire in her father's cottage, where she still lived, a man came in and delivered her a letter, sealed with black wax. Giving her little boy, which was now seven or eight months old to her father she took courage with early anticipations of its contents, to open it. She saw the name of her dear Henry placed among the dead. She swooned away.

It is useless to acquaint the reader with the misery, one loving her husband so fondly as she did, must have suffered. Although she lived for her son, she was fast declining in health. She was ever reserved and melancholy. Thus she spent her mournful existence; often smiling upon her little child, when at the same time the gushing tear, as she traced the lineaments of his father in its face, stole down her pale and grief-worn cheek.

On the same evening in June as she was walking along the banks of her favorite lake, near the spot where she had met her Henry two years before, being dressed in mourning with her little boy in her arms, she saw a military-looking man advancing hastily towards her. He came immediately up to her before she recognized him,—having kept her eyes on the ground. He addressed her in the fondest

way, and by name; when raising her eyes she beheld her Henry, as she thought, in a vision and fainted in his arms. She, however, wit indescribable delight, soon beheld him in reality, whom she had long thought a tenant of the tomb.

The field of battle after the skirmish was ranged over by a party of hostile Indians, who finding the lieutenant alive, for he had revived, and his wounds were not mortal, but mostly flesh wounds. He was, therefore, made prisoner. It is a curious fact that the Indians frequently see in a prisoner something interesting, and thus spare his life where no mercy could have been expected. Henry was treated in a kind manner by these red-men, with whom he was a captive for seven months. He had now escaped from his Indian enemies, and had got entirely well of his wounds. He determined henceforth, never to disturb his domestic peace more, and resigned his commission the same summer.

Henry and Mary lived happily together many years after this occurrence: but have both departed this life now—dying nearly at the same moment. Their two children—a son and daughter, still survive.

Such is the history of two romantic, but unfortunate lovers, whose lives were mingled with much misery and happiness, and it would seem, Providential guidance. I will mention that at the time of their deaths, they were in comfortable circumstances: the father of Henry having bequeathed him a large portion of his property at his decease. C. M. D.

*Power of Eloquence.*—The accomplished sceptic, Chesterfield, was present when Whitfield presented the volary of sin under the figure of a blind beggar, led by a dog. The dog had broken the string. The blind cripple with his staff between both hands, groped his way, unconscious to the side of a precipice.—As he felt along with his staff, it dropped down the descent, too deep to send back an echo.—He thought it on the ground, and bending forward, took one careful step to recover it. But he trod on vacancy—poised for a moment—and as he fell headlong,—Chesterfield sprang from his seat, exclaiming, "By heavens he is gone!"

*A neat Repartee.*—"Pray, sir," said a young lady to the keeper of a circulating library, "have you *Man as he is*?" "No, ma'am," replied the other, wishing to accommodate her, and with no other meaning—"but we have *Woman as she should be*."

Pope says, "the greatest advantage I know of being thought a wit by the world is, that it gives one a greater freedom of playing the fool."

"I laugh," a would-be-suptent cried,  
 "At every one that laughs at me!"  
 "Good Lord!" a sneering wag replied,  
 "How merry you must be."