

THE GARLAND.

"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. I.

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ORIGINAL.

THE ROMANTIC LOVERS.

Henry Holmes and Mary Waters, the names I shall give the subjects of the following tale, were residents of the township of L—, in this province. The father of Henry, as to worldly wealth, was in rather easy circumstances; he had been a farmer in England, and was an early settler in this province.—The parents of Mary were poor, though comfortably settled on a small farm: they were from the States.

In this, then young province, it was customary for parents, whether wealthy or indigent, to send their children for the first few years, to a common country school. Henry and Mary, living but a short distance from one another, were sent to one of these schools to receive the first rudiments of their education.—They were at this time but children, of eight or ten years old. It was at this school, that the foundation of their budding affection and esteem for each other was first laid: although such young love may be esteemed transitory, it was certainly there that their hearts experienced that genial accordance with one another, which time could never eradicate. They were both children of precocious understanding: Mary in particular, was remarkable for her native gentleness of manners and intelligence. This early and innocent love for one another could be seen by presents interchanged, and a partiality for each other's company. They always walked home alone through the fields, and were often found wandering along the banks of the beautiful creek flowing thro' the neighborhood, plucking flowers, or listening to the songs of the thrush, robin, or canary, in May, when the fresh and balmy-scented forest yielded all its delights to flowery spring.

Mary Waters was a beautiful girl of ten—two years younger than Henry, with blue eyes auburn hair, florid complexion, and a lively turn of mind. Henry was a youth whose attractions and manliness of disposition gained over every one. The parents of Henry never encouraged, but frequently checked his partiality for his favorite Mary, whom he frequently met at church with his parents. Henry, however, was always welcome at the house of Mary's parents. It was about this time that Mary's father moved some distance off, to take possession of a small farm, left him as a legacy in the U. States: thus, to their great regret, were Mary and Henry parted, as they thought, forever. Henry, after this, was sent to an American seminary; where, however, it seems he never forgot his old playmate, from

the poetic odes he composed on her beauty at different times. She was as far from forgetting him, as he was of forgetting her. She was often seen to muse alone on the banks of lake Ontario, near which she lived, and to wander in the spring among the most romantic scenery; indeed, the affection of these two young persons for one another was such that no time or length of separation could erase it. Henry, when in female company was always gay and polite, but still he never formed an affection for any one; but the older he grew, the more anxious he seemed, to learn something of the history of Mary Waters.

Henry after completing his education, had visited his friends in England and returned to Canada again. * * * It was on one of these excursions in the State of New York, about the time of the breaking out of the late American war with Great Britain, that he stopped near the south-eastern shore of lake Ontario with a young friend for the night.—The evening was beautiful and mild, and every thing wore a more than usual gladness and smiling appearance.

It was the first of June, and from the mildness of the weather, many people as was customary, had walked abroad to enjoy the freshness of the air; among whom, Henry and his friend took a walk along the banks of the lake. Having met many of the villagers, they saw two handsome and modest looking females approach, with whose appearance they were much interested. They had no sooner come even with them than Henry recognized in one of them his long sought-for Mary, who knew him likewise. They embraced each other, and after recalling many fond recollections, parted; Henry promising to call at her father's on his return.

Mary was at this time in her nineteenth year, and was a fine modest looking girl; plain but neat in her dress, and of very fascinating manners. She had lost her mother, and her father had moved to where he then resided, some years before; it was a beautiful spot, and he lived very comfortably. Mary and a son were his only children then at home—his two younger daughters had both married.

Henry found himself extremely welcome at the old man's cottage, and it was not long ere he found in Henry a son-in-law. Henry had found his father was averse to his intended marriage, and that in case of his disobedience he would be disinherited: but he felt confident that, did he not unite himself with Mary Waters, neither of them would ever be happy, he determined upon his union with her and was married accordingly, a month after their acci-