## Poetry.

### OH! WHERE IS FRIENDSHIP'S DWELLING?

BY HENRY BRANDRETH.

*From Friendship's Offering, for 1836.*

*Le temps passe, mais l'amitie reste.*

Oh! where is Friendship's dwelling?
Where her temple may we find?
Where blooms that fairy flow'ret,
That green myrtle of the mind?
Is't where the kingly palace lifts
On high its marble dome?
Say, is it there that Friendship joys
To build herself a home?

Dwells she where Nature's melodists
Their little throats attune?
Loves she the cowslip meads of May,—
The leafy woods of June?
Is here the shepherd's lowly cot
That scorns of wealth the pride?
Can Poverty and Friendship walk
Together, side by side?

Ay! there is Friendship's dwelling;—
There, who seek for it, may find
The bosom's fairy flow'ret,—
The green myrtle of the mind.

### ON AN INFANT KILLED BY LIGHTNING.

As fearless as a cherub's rest
Now pale above the cloud,
A babe lay on its mother's breast
When thunders roared aloud:
It started not to hear the crash,
But held in little hand
Up at the lightning's fearful flash,
To catch the burning brand.

The tender mother stayed her breath
In more than grief awhile,
To think the thing that brought its death
Should cause her babe to smile.
Aye, it did smile a heavenly smile
To see the lightning play;
Well might she shriek when it turned pale,
And yet it smiled in clay.

O woman! the dread storm was given
To be to each a friend;
It took thy infant pure to heaven,
Left thee impure to mend.
Thus Providence will oft appear
From God's own mouth to preach;
Ah! would we were as prone to hear
As Mercy is to teach!

### THE DEPARTED FRIENDS.

BY THE REV. A. POLWHELE.

*From the Forget Me Not, for 1836.*

Ye visions of romantic youth,
Ah! lance so flittering, once so fair,
Usurp not still the place of Truth:
I half'd you, but I grasp'd at air.

Flickering across the shadowy vale,
Alas! how false your meteor light!
Your forms at every step grew pale;
And I was plunged in cheerless night.

My friend, in unveiling woe,
I mourn'd; till, in the dawning skies,
I welcomed an effulgent glow,
And saw the balmy day-star rise.

And—hark!—I hear a seraph strain,
Whispering sweet comfort to my heart:
"Unfading, shall ye meet again,
In glory, never more to part!"

Yes! 'tis from Heaven alone, descends
The "Lily of Life"—the gracious voice—
That bids us greet our Christian friends,
In endless union to rejoice!

### THE BROTHERS.

A TALE.

*From Friendship's Offering, for 1836.*

In a little quiet village, in the mountainous district of the North of England, lived Aaron Corwin, the Vicar of the Pastoral Parish of Ellerby. He was now an aged man, and, in that retired and peaceful spot, far away from the hurry of either the business, or the dissipation, of the populous world, he lived, with the faithful partner of his youth, and now of his old age, a meditative, devotional, and tranquilly happy life.

He was a man tenderly alive to all the important duties of his sacred office. He never turned away his face from any poor man. The stranger was fed and refreshed in passing through that unfrequented vale; and, among his own people, the sick were visited, the sorrowful were comforted, and the sinful were reproved, while his feelings of humanity found farther room for exercise, in relieving the distresses and embarrassments which occasionally befel some of the more speculative, or adventurous, among even his parishioners. Those who were the daily witnesses of this good man's life and conduct, could not but be convinced, that, as in the practice of their venerated pastor there was no guile, so in his faith there was nothing affected or hollow. Selfishness, obstinacy, and discord, often gave way before the gentleness of his gospel teaching, and the persuasiveness of his undoubted honesty, and hearty good will.

In the maintenance of his virtues, and the discharge of his weekly duties, he received suitable and great support from the beloved partner of his long life. She was equally strict in watching over her share of their joint cares, and not less diligent in attending to her appropriate occupations. The needy she never sent empty away; and she was good to every body, and to every thing, that came within the sphere of her influence.

But sorrow enters the dwelling of the lowly, and the simple, and kind-hearted, as well as that of the proud, the crafty, and the ambitious. It pleased God to smite the house of Aaron Corwin with an affliction, that made its aged inmates wish that they had died before that fatal visitation. They had long been married without children, when at length, almost in their old days, a son was born to them, who became the very darling of both their souls; and not the less so, that, at a very early age, he showed a daring and adventurous spirit, which, though it sometimes gave his father anxious thoughts, was yet to both parents a source of joyful pride. As, however, young Harry Corwin grew up, wild and impetuous as the torrents that swept down his native hills, his father found, with regret, that his desires were so bent upon a military life, (for "he had heard of battles,") that it was in vain he strove to turn the attention of his son to more serious pursuits, and while he was yet meditating upon some new means to put away this dream of military glory from his mind, an event occurred, which served to determine the course of the youth, in the very way of life which he had marked out for himself.

The Lord of the district chanced to visit one of the inns in the neighbourhood, and, amongst the crowd of little beaux which attended him in his gay excursion, one, in which was one of young Corwin's companions, was suddenly overset, while Harry was standing on a projecting cliff, upon the shore, watching the joyous procession on the water beneath him. He knew that this young friend of his could not swim, and instantly he leaped from the jutting crag on which he stood, and shooting down through the water, like a bolt hurled from the clouds, he quickly rose again with one arm locked round the body of his friend, and bore him to the shore, amid the admiring shouts of all who looked upon the daring and hazardous exploit. The notice of the nobleman, who gave the fête, was attracted. He sent for the youthful hero, heard of his character and disposition, seconded his inclination for the army as a profession, and, in a word, took charge of his fortune.

Though Harry Corwin left his father's home soon after, he loved his parents far too well not to visit them as frequently as he possibly could, and when, at length, he was ordered on a service, which for many a day took him from their sight, their hearts were, if possible, yet more firmly knit to him, by the affectionate letters, which he lost no opportunity of sending, from the strange lands which he visited. It was in the spring of 1759, that Henry Corwin, on a short leave of absence, revisited his father's house, which he had not seen for seven years. He had left it a stripling, he returned in the prime of vigorous manhood; his judgment improved by experience, his manners by travel, and his heart as warm and as affectionate as ever. His parents blessed God, and wept for joy; and happy, happy was his mother's heart, when, on the Sunday, she walked to their little village church, leaning on the arm of her gallant son, dressed in his captain's uniform, which he had put on that day to please her. Nor is it for erring man to judge too harshly of the parental pride and fondness which made her mind wander, perhaps, for moments, on that day, from the thoughts which should have been given wholly to God, to dreams of the joy and the pride of this world. Yet was that Sabbath day's vain glory often remembered, and repented of with tears of anguish, when the hour of the avenger came, for there is no sorrow like the bitter memory of past delight. Henry left his father's house to join his regiment, which was proceeding to Canada, and in the September following he shared, upon the heights of Quebec, the fate of the gallant Wolfe, whose death, like that of Nelson, overshadowed with the cypress the laurels of British victory. Corwin lived long enough, after he had received his death-wound, to desire a brother officer to write to his parents, and to tell them that his last earthly thoughts were of them and of his two little children, whom, now bereft of both father and mother, he left to their protection, under that of God.

It was this letter, written thus by his direction, that turned the average of Ellerby into a house of mourning and deep sorrow. The aged man and his wife looked upon the earth with anguish, for the hope that they had had therein was taken away, and in the first bitterness of their spirit they could not pray, for their hearts could not say unto God, "Thy will be done." But the heart which has been accustomed to devotion cannot long be overwhelmed with the darkness of desolation. Old Aaron Corwin served a master, who, in the hour of trouble, never yet forsook his servant, and, after a brief season of mental struggle, a more softened remembrance of pain and sorrow succeeded; he wept, and prayed for the peace of God to quiet his spirit, and it was given him. His wife, too, knelt and prayed beside him, and the burning fever of her anguish passed away; but her heart, her mother's heart, was broken, and she wept continually.

Henry Corwin had married while he was abroad, and had two children, both boys. Their mother died in giving birth to the second, and their father, fearful of the effect of the climate of the North of England upon the children in the early spring, had left them in Derbyshire, upon his return to England, when he visited his parents. They were now, without further delay, sent for to the vicarage, and received with affectionate sadness. The old people rejoiced that even thus much was still left to them, but they wept to think that this was *all* that was left to them, of their "brave young man." The good old lady struggled to cheer her heart for the sake of her dear grandchildren, but it was in vain. The blow had been too heavy, and would not be restored. And when she took them away to her own chamber, or to the Summer House in the Garden, to teach them their little lessons, she could but look upon them and shake her head, and still weep for her gallant son, once the pride of her old age, but whose body was now mouldering in a foreign grave. *Grief soften* and subdues the heart of the young, but it too often kills the heart of the old. The eyes of Alice Corwin grew blind with weeping: the strength of her frame departed, and one evening after her husband had long knelt praying by her bedside, she took his right hand between both her own, and speaking more distinctly than she had done for many days, she said, "God be gracious to my dearest husband, farewell for a little while—I am happy, for I am going to be with Christ, and to meet our son." And so saying she expired.

The condition of the old man would now have been deplorable and desolate indeed, but for his grandchildren, whose education served for his daily employment, and their lively prattle amused him when he took his staff, and went forth for his and their afternoon walk.

It is difficult, perhaps altogether impossible, to dive into the original springs of human character. The two boys were treated in all respects as one. They slept in the same bed, ate of the same food, received the same instruction, yet they grew up with dispositions as opposed as summer is to winter. Henry, the elder, had all the impetuosity of his father, without any of his generosity of spirit. Amongst his companions he was the noisiest of the gay, the boldest of the adventurous, the fiercest of the angry, and the most desperate and determined to clutch whatever was withheld from his desire. Aaron, the younger, on the contrary, even from a child disliked the rough encounter of his play-fellows, and as his youthful understanding grew mature, he became more and more fond of solitude and meditation. His simple but ardent spirit most rejoiced when he wandered alone upon the hills and misty mountain tops. His fearless foot was familiar with every rugged eminence, or craggy nook, that afforded a wider view, or sheltered a wilder mountain flower; and even when these could not be enjoyed, when shadows, clouds and darkness hung like a curtain round the gloomy hill-tops, still he loved to go.

"Up to the heights, and in among the storms."

There the feelings of devotion which he had imbibed from his venerable instructor, swelled out into loftier thoughts, and mightier and more exalted emotions. The power of God seemed visible to him upon the everlasting hills. And when the storm was gone, and the bright blue sky smiled out again above his head, then

"From the sun, and from the breezy air,
Sweet influences trembled o'er his frame;
And he, with meek feelings, in my thoughts,
Made up a meditative joy, and found
*Religious meanings* in the forms of nature."

He was indeed a passionate admirer of nature. She was, as it were, his mother, and he proved a good and dutiful child. It was amongst his greatest pleasures to arise and gaze upon the rising sun, and in the tranquil evenings, as it glided behind the western hills, he used to go forth and bless its departure. He was skilled in fossils and plants, a diligent observer of the stars and winds, while the atmosphere and all its curious phenomena, in those hilly regions, were his chiefest and most cherished delight.

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Time rolled on, and the vicar of Ellerby was now past four score years of age, when it seemed to him high time that his grandsons should go to the university. They had means enough, from the property which their father had acquired by his marriage, and a sum of money which had fallen to him while on foreign service, and which had been accumulating since his death. Their grandfather, too, had stored them with sufficient learning to enable them to commence their academical career with credit; so, Henry being in his nineteenth, and Aaron in his eighteenth year, he bade the lads prepare for their departure. The elder brother received the command, as may be supposed, with joy, for he felt that he was about to enter upon the world, the bustle and the pleasures of which he longed to enjoy. The younger heard it with regret, for he contemplated with apprehension and dislike, the very things to which his brother looked forward with anticipating delight; and he was loth moreover, to quit the scenes of his boyish rambles which he loved so much. But, if all the truth is to be told, it was not these alone he loved, and sighed to part with. On the evening, when the determination was announced to them that in three days more they were to go, Aaron sought the dwelling of the beautiful and gentle young Ellen Armthwaite, the very sweetest girl in all the parish of Ellerby, to tell her that which, though it had often trembled on his lips, he had never before dreamt of venturing to give utterance to, the simple story, namely, that "he loved her." Now Henry, his brother, loved Ellen too, not indeed with such love as Aaron's, but he admired the beauty of her person, and the touching tenderness of her deep blue eyes. Besides, his pride was piqued that his brother should be preferred before him in the regard of so fair a maiden, whom every one was forward to proclaim the flower of their grandfather's flock, the lily and the rose of Ellerby. Therefore, had Henry set himself to win the heart of Ellen away from his brother Aaron, and he succeeded. For, alas! the bold and outspoken are often more successful, with the vain pretence of love, than the silent and the timid, with deep, and therefore respectful sincerity. Of all this, Aaron was yet ignorant, but that evening, meeting revealed much of it to him. Ellen, indeed, had long much more than gentleness to answer him otherwise than with gratitude, and strong, though maidenly, assurances of the utmost warmth of *sisterly* affection; but she rejected his love-suit in the decisive way that leaves no room for hope; and the next day he could see that Henry already knew the nature of their interview, and that there was triumph flashing in his eyes. His heart yearned to say "thou hast dealt unkindly with me, O my brother!" but he held his peace, and buried his thoughts in his own bosom.

The old man looked on at the preparation for their departure, with silent sadness, frequently looking up to heaven, as if asking for support; but when all was ready—and they waited only for his blessing and farewell—he took them into his study, which he habitually used for an oratory, and throwing his aged arms about them, he implored God "to bless them and preserve them from all evil for his dear Son's sake."

"And now my children," he continued, addressing himself more immediately to them, where, "hearken to the last counsel I have to give you, for it may be, may I feel it must be, that I shall see your faces on earth no more. Henry, beware lest the love of the world and the pleasures and the vanities thereof, lead thee away from the love of God and of his righteousness; for that way, I see too surely, thy peril lieth. Aaron, for thee I have a different fear. Gird up the loins of thy mind, and do thy diligence to discharge the duties faithfully to God, thy fellow-men and thyself, lest thou become a dreamer of dreams instead of a doer of good works; for in that there is real peril also.—Flee, then, from your beetling sins, and ask of God who giveth wisdom without upbraiding—always to bless you, yea, and ye shall be blessed. And yet with chastening of your hearts also, that you may receive all things with meekness and fear, as well as thankfulness; and put your whole trust in the dear might of Him who died to redeem you from all evil. One more, my children, one more ere the—Farewell! farewell! dear pledges of my own lost Harry! The prayers of an old man, and the grace of God be ever with you!"

So saying, old Aaron Corwin parted with his grandchildren, and from that time seemed to think his earthly business ended. He had engaged another clergyman to assist him in the duties of his parish, and he went out no more except to church. Before the young men had completed the first year of their residence at the university, he fell, like a shock of corn ripe for the sickle, and was buried in the grave which had received his wife.

The parting words of their grandfather had made a deep impression upon both the young men, but a more permanent one on Aaron, because he embarked in no courses which were likely to banish the remembrance of it from his mind.

In the vacations of the academic year, he returned to Ellerby, and in the quiet retirement which he loved, found a thousand things which continually reminded him of the good old man, and his many earnest and affectionate lessons.

Henry, on the contrary, led away by the ardour and the vanity of his character, without any one now whose rebuke might be a check upon his conduct, plunged into all the dissipation which his means would afford. But we must go back, for a moment, to his first departure from home. Later on the same evening on which Aaron Corwin had made his unsuccessful suit to Ellen Armthwaite, the setting sun cast upon the surface of the "lover's well," in the neighbourhood of Ellerby, the shadow of two figures seated by its brim. Both forms were slender, and one was feminine. Her hair, and beautifully pencilled brows, were dark as night, but they served only to heighten, by distrast, the soft splendour of her large and deep floating blue eyes. The face and arms were slightly embrowned with the healthful hue of exercise, but her neck and bosom, where the colored blew back her snowy kerchief, were of a delicate and downy whiteness, which gave indications of a gentler blood and breeding, than was to be looked for in the rustic nymphs of the village. It was Henry and Ellen. His arm supported her; his shoulder was the cushion to her cheek. He, too, had pressed his suit, and he had not been unsuccessful. The first love-beat of the youthful heart was at that moment throbbing in Ellen's breast, and Henry was kissing the tears from her glowing cheek, but they flowed the faster for the very kisses, because she remembered that it was his leave-taking that was her to suffer them at all. When she saw him last before he went, she wept, and for more bitterly as she hung upon his neck. "Do not," she said, "do not dearest Henry forget me, when you mingle in the bustle of the world, and I am far away. I shall continue every day to see the places which you have made so dear to me, by being in them with me. O, dearest Henry, if you should forget me, I shall die!" Henry said what all men say on such occasions. At the moment his vow of unceasing affection was a true one. He did his best to persuade her that all fear was vain and groundless. He promised—he vowed—he swore eternal love! Ellen neither swore nor vowed, nor promised, but she kept the vow which the Searcher of hearts

In his home, extravagant, and foolish career at the university, Ellen Armthwaite was utterly forgotten, or if ever momentarily remembered, it was with something of shame for the simplicity which had led him ever to pay her any attention. Nor was he conscious even of the extent of his perfidy, believing, no doubt, that absence, and the lapse of time, would have produced the same effect upon her, as it had done on himself. Also! he little knew how different is the faithful simplicity of a virgin heart, in the deep retirement of a mountain village, from that veering vicious thing which exists in the breasts of men of the world, who have no real heart at all. Ellen Armthwaite did *not* forget his promises, but cherished them with long-enduring fondness, whilst there was the remotest possibility of hope remaining; and when all shadow of hope was gone, her heart was broken, and she who had long been pining, drooped and died. Oh! if men did but know the pangs which even the lightness of their conduct occasions, they *could* not, unless they were very fiends, continue to act thus! But they never can know what a woman feels on desertion, or even any approach to slight. It is not in our nature to feel such things with the same intensity that they do. The early doubt—the gradual, and even slow, decline of hope, and at last the sickness of suspense and hope deferred, sinking into the despair of certainty. Surely the heart cannot be human that inflicts these tortures on the beings who love them to very madness, and, as it were, as a punishment for that very love!

Aaron Corwin had left the university, had been ordained, and through the kindness of the patron of the vicarage, who entertained an affectionate esteem for him, as well as deep respect for the memory of his grandfather, had obtained, what from his earliest days had been the object of his fond desire, the little church and glebe, where he had passed the happy hours of his boyhood. Among the earliest of the occasional duties he was called upon to perform in the parish of Ellerby, was the solemn service which consigned the object of his first and fondest love to the sacred ground in which it was to wait the resurrection to eternal life.

It will not be supposed that in the frequent visits which Aaron paid to Ellerby, he had not perceived that Ellen's heart was breaking. He did perceive it, and earnestly represented her forlorn situation to his brother; but Henry thought light, or did not think at all, of what was told him respecting her. And at last, half angry, half in jest, he bade Aaron marry the girl himself, and cease to trouble him about her. "Brother," said Aaron, solemnly, "I once that might well have been, but you—you have made it impossible. Do not now add cruel mockery to the injury, and the sin you have already committed." A little spark kindleth a great flame. The words of reproach were met with words of scorn. The brothers parted in anger, and they did not meet again for many years. Henry repaired to London, and, as he possessed both abilities and vivacity, he moved for a short time with some distinction in the gay circle to which he attached himself. It was his ambition to be flattered by some one that he had talents for writing for the stage. He listened, as who will not when their vanity is flattered, and he wrote a bad play, which was remarkably successful, and there were no bounds to the extravagance of his hopes. He wrote another, which in the opinion of the judicious was a much better play, for he had ability enough to profit by experience, but the chances went against him this time, and, chiefly owing to some tipsy brawlers in the pit, his play could not be heard. He was almost frantic with rage and vexation, and when some of his *good-natured* companions jokingly suggested, that as his first play had *succeeded so far* beyond its merits, he might balance that against his present failure, he sought relief from his ill-suppressed chagrin in the excitement of the gaming table. Here he was again unsuccessful, yet, with that strange infatuation which so constantly lures on the losing gambler to stake again, in hope of fortune changing in his favour, he persevered, until, after a few months, and with of course occasional slight alternations of what he called good luck, he was stripped of every shilling of his fortune, that had survived his career of dissipation at the university.

Then first he felt, in all their bitterness and degradation, the baleful consequences of the folly of the parents he had loved, and the distinctions he had formed. The people he had called his friends, when they saw him after off, passed over on the other side. His mistress laughed in his face, and turned away to seek some wealthier suitor. He was shunned as an evil thing,—a tiresome person, who made people melancholy. All this he saw, but his heart was hardened, and he did not repent. He did not receive his adversity as the chastisement of Heaven, or humble himself before the dread tribunal, of the laws of which he had so wantonly trodden, but returned scorn for scorn to his former companions, and turned away with loathing from mankind.

That stern pride, which, though it be not of the armoury of the Christian, is yet often made an instrument to serve good purposes, in the hand of Him, who out of evil educeth good, was not without avail, to save Henry from the mean truckling to vicious courses, which is too frequently the next stage in the career of those, who proceed, as he had done, to the point at which he had now arrived. But if he was preserved from this, he fell into a mood of mind which, for the time, was more terrible and dreadful. He sold all his moveables, and went to live in a garret; and there, while the sun shone brightly, and gay crowds were in the streets, he shut himself up in gloomy solitude, and moody silence, bordering on madness. But when the storm was abroad, in its fierceness, he went forth, and as the blinding sleet pelted in his face, his curses might be heard, mingling with the scarcely wilder howling of the wind.

The fever of his spirit, at last communicated itself to his frame. He was stricken with sickness, after sitting long and unconsciously, in the clothes which had been drenched in one of his wild walks, and delirious hours followed.

It was but a few weeks before this, that Aaron Corwin had heard of the altered circumstances of his brother, and from that time forth, his conscience smote him with bitter reflections on the great sinfulness of the wrath, which he had so long suffered to abide within his breast, and that, too, against his own brother. His soul was troubled by day, and in the night due in be found no rest, by reason of the thought, that he had neglected to seek out his brother, and be reconciled unto him, and strive to save him from the evil, and extricate him from the peril, whereby he understood he was surrounded. These meditations pressed upon his mind continually, insomuch, that at last he determined to come to London, and seek him out in his adversity, and speak peace and comfort to his troubled spirit, if he would hear him. When, after much inquiry and diligent search, Aaron did at length find out his brother, he lay upon miserable bed, in his comfortless garret, in the wild delirium of brain fever, and as the raging sea, and pouring forth the most fearful blasphemies and imprecations. Terror and pity, fear and sorrow, fell upon the heart of Aaron Corwin, at the sight. His knees smote against each other, and he was obliged to leave the room, until by prayerful meditation, and asking of aid from the Most High, he made himself firm in the strength of God, for the duty he had to perform. When he approached his brother's bedside, the unhappy man recognised him, and bounce yet more furious than before; not as wholly unconscious of existence, as to forget the features of his brother, he mingled in his appearance with the "baneful dominion" of his own diseased imagination. He fancied himself in hell, and that Aaron was come to torment him. It would be harrowing, and useless, to dwell longer on the dreadful scene. The physicians, whom Aaron had called in, advised that he should not appear in his brother's sight, but he remained in the room with him, and when his brother slept, he sat beside his bed and watched, or knelt and prayed that God would look upon him with mercy, and relieve him in his anguish.

Aaron had now been with his brother seven days, when Henry one afternoon fell into that sort of deep, almost lethargic slumber, which generally forms the crisis of severe fevers. Aaron knew that the state in which his brother awoke, was almost certain to be decisive of his life or death: and as he sat beside his bed in the deep stillness of the night, the feeble candle shedding a dim uncertain light over the chamber, a solemn awe came upon his spirit, and kneeling down, with his hands stretched out upon the bed, in which the sufferer was lying, he bowed his head and prayed audibly, that his brother might awake, restored in body and in soul, and be spared in mercy for a season of repentance and reconciliation, and peaceful life. His words ceased, as he yet knelt in mental supplication, he felt that drops were falling upon his extended hands. He looked up, and oh! how his heart melted within him when he saw his brother—his very brother—risen from his pillow, bending over him, and dropping the first offerings of an awakened and contrite heart, upon the hands that were extended in supplication for him to the throne of grace.

Aaron arose and clung to his embrace, and Henry fell upon his neck and kissed him, and they wept together long, and in silence; for one was too happy, and the other was too weak, to speak.

In about a month Henry was sufficiently recovered to accompany his brother to Ellerby, but he never again attained to vigorous bodily health. In soul and spirit he became altogether a new man; but while he remained in bed, and during his journey to the country, his conscience seemed to burn within him at the remembrance of his past life. He was racked with the stings of remorse, and, in spite of the efforts of Aaron, spiritual despair seemed about to take possession of his mind. But when they had arrived at home, and Aaron led him away into the still seclusion of the grassy churchyard of Ellerby, and both the brothers stood by the foot of old Aaron and Alice Corwin's grave, and at the side of Ellen Armthwaite's, then Henry's heart melted wholly within him, and a passion of tears relieved his throbbing, seared up brain, and at length he was able to say to his brother, "Now I feel again as I did when I awoke from my deep fever sleep, and heard you praying for me in the night season;—come now into the church, and pray for me again—and God be merciful to me a sinner."

From this time forth Henry complained no more of the darkness of despair, but sorrow for his sins had struck deep into his heart, and during the greater part of the two years which he lived in his brother's house after his return to Ellerby, the fervent prayer heard in the silent watches of the night, and the pillow found in the morning moistened with his tears, testified the depth and the sincerity of his repentance. But he sorrowed not as one without hope, and the peace of God which passeth all understanding, calmed his conscience and illumined his faith, before he fell asleep in Christ.

Aaron Corwin still lives, a grey-headed pastor, with his children's children about his knees, for he married two years after Ellen Armthwaite's death. And as in boyhood he was one whom the holy forms of young imagination, chastened and refined by early religious principles and impressions, had kept pure, so, now that he has passed the appointed limit of threescore years and ten, his life is still, as it had then been, serious, tranquil, meditative, but more earnestly, more vitally pious, and therefore more happy.

## Provincial Parliament.

### HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY.

ROUTINE BUSINESS.

SATURDAY, *Nov. 21.*

Mr. Leslie presented a petition of G. Marchand, for payment of his expenses as one of the Commissioners on the contested election of Ralph Taylor, Esquire.

Mr. Leslie introduced a Bill to appoint Commissioners to enquire into the Law of this Province respecting Bankruptcy and Insolvency: second reading Thursday next.

On motion of Mr. Morin, two addresses were voted to His Excellency:—

1. For a list of all lots of ground granted in this Province in free and common soccage, or under any other tenure recognized by the Laws of Great Britain, since the 25th December, 1832, whether the same be part of lands held by His Majesty according to the ancient laws of the country, or on military ground, or lots of ground forming a part of the general demesne of the Crown, within the limits of seigniories, with the exception of the land in what are commonly called the Townships, with the date of such grants, and the names of the grantees.

2. For a statement of all grants of land made by His Majesty's Government in this Province, since the 26th November, 1832, under the tenure of *franc-alen-noble* and that of *franc-alen-roturier*; also, of all applications made to His Majesty's Government since the same period, to obtain lands *à titre de fief ou en censive*, or in *franc-alen-noble* or *roturier*, with the names of the applicants, the extent of land applied for by each of them, and the dates of such applications, specifying those in consequence of which grants have been made.

Mr. Déligny was added to the Committee on Roads, &c.

On motion of Mr. Bouthillier the House resolved to take into consideration on Wednesday next, the best means of making further provision for maintaining the Court Houses and Gaols erected in certain counties of this Province under the Act 2d William IV. Cap. 65.

The Bill for the relief of divers Societies of Protestant Christians, was read the second time, and referred.

The order of the day to consider the expediency of adopting Legislative provisions to insure the independence and uprightness of the Judges in this Province, was postponed till Friday next.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, NOV. 25, 1835.

THE Revolutionists console themselves with the prospect of the establishment of a democracy in Canada. We will not deny, that such an order of things might be turned to good account by jobbing politicians like them. They feel annoyed, and hampered in their present speculations, by Constitutional checks, and it is but natural that they should pray for a speedy deliverance. As they are situated, they may properly be considered as enslaved; for they are not permitted to go beyond the length of their chains in their plundering and hostile policy. It is no life

figure of speech with them, to lament in storm against the "baneful domination" of Great Britain—to object to Imperial interference in the affairs of the Province—and ardently to desire the overthrow of the Legislative Council, and the abridgment of the power of the Governor; for all these instructions to their aggrandizement must be viewed by them as positive evils. There is not a causeless dissatisfaction, as it has sometimes been called. The real cause of complaint which they have is, because they do not get all they want; but whether this most common ground of dissatisfaction of people not being able to obtain what they desire, can be reasonably urged by the *Patriots* is quite a different affair.

Well, suppose that democratic institutions were obtained, and the whole pack of demagogues were let slip from their leashes, to full cry, upon their game of public places, trust and emolument; would the Canadian people be freer from oppression and speculation than they are at present under a Constitutional form of Government? We are convinced they would not. The change would decidedly be felt to be for the worse by all classes of the community. The essential principle of democracy is, that the people rule, without any control upon the fulfilment of their wishes. Considering the character of the Canadian people, it is impossible for a democracy of this description to exist among them. They are too simple-minded, and inert to look after their own rights; and their leaders would usurp all power, and establish an oligarchy in reality though may be not in name. It might be use for the misguided and hoodwinked *majority* to attempt realising, in their minds, a state of things in which their village notables—the men who breed dissensions among their neighbours, to get into their church, their property—would have the sole guidance of the affairs of the country. Let them also keep in mind, that a change of state seldom alters the character of a man. The cunning and mendacious attorney or military could form nothing better than an unprincipled statesman. The most strenuous supporters of the pretensions of the Revolutionary leaders, cannot affirm, with a safe conscience, that they have confidence in the public virtues of these leaders. The fact of their eagerness to participate in the fruits of the public income, discovers pretty plainly what avaricious plunderers they would be, if uncontrolled. It is, after all, comparatively, a harmless amusement for Mr. PAPINEAU, and his myrmidons, to laud democracy, as far as regards the prospect of its being speedily realised in this Colony. We hope the people understand that these same *individuals* would be the main gainers by the change, even could it possibly be effected against the wishes of Constitutionalists.

In the notable debate on the subject of the Agent, in which Mr. PAPINEAU declared himself to be a democrat, Mr. GUOT made the most humiliating exposure of the vassalage of the House of Assembly to an individual nameless and brainless as a lawyer, and fameless as a politician in England, who, for the equivalent, has consented to do the dirty work of the House in the British Parliament. How galling to the pride of any Canadian, to be reproached with the fact, that his country's representatives are at the bidding of a private individual, of moderate talents and equivocal character, residing in a distant part of the Empire!

We have had an opportunity of inspecting a machine for cleaning and dressing feathers lately brought to town, and also of judging of the extent to which it answers its purpose, which, in our opinion, it does admirably well. The feathers of old and much-used beds, it renders as clean and elastic as new ones.

The owner of the machine intends making but a short stay in Montreal, and families who would exchange hard for downy beds, in the prospect of a severe winter, had better embrace the present opportunity of submitting them to the operation of the feather-dressing machine, which is to be found in St. Nicholas-street, next door to the store of A. H. VAIL, Esq.

Subscription papers are at present in circulation in town, to collect money for the erection of a Union Building, to serve as a Refuge for the Destitute, and as a Useful School, where the idle vagrant may be taught habits of industry. One great end of this benevolent institution, is to deprive the indolent of all plea for the vicious practice of street begging.

## Commercial.

Business has generally been dull for some days past, and will probably continue so, until our winter ports are completely established. In a few articles, however, there have been transactions to some extent.

A sale of 3000 bushels of Foreign Wheat, recently imported from Liverpool, has been made at 5s. 0½d. @ 5s. 2½d. ⅌ gallon, and of U. S. at 2s. 4½d. ⅌ gallon.

A lot of 30 hogsheads Upper Canada Leaf Tobacco, is brought 5½d. ⅌ lb., 90 days.

We have only heard of two transactions in Flour with nothing since Saturday—namely, barrels Canada, at 28s. for superfine, and 24s. for fine; and 400 barrels U. States superfine at 28s. ⅌ barrel—90 days.

Exchange on England is still scarce, and Bills have sold readily at 10½ @ 10¾. The rate on New York has advanced to 1 prem. @ 1 dis. ⅌ night.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, NOV. 26, 1835.

THE New York papers of Friday and Saturday, reached here only yesterday morning. We have devoted a portion of our present number to extracts from them.

The Upper Canada Mail did not arrive last evening in time for delivery of letters, &c.

The Montreal County election of a Member terminated yesterday in the return of a Mr. H. JOBIN, a Notary, of St. Genevieve. The only qualification which this person is stated to possess, is his declared incompetency to discharge the duties of a magistrate. Mr. EVANS, from the unpromising nature of the contest, we presume, declined entering upon it with the Notary, who, in consequence, was allowed to walk the course, and soon betake himself to swell the number of his pettifogging brethren in the Assembly. Had Mr. EVANS, who has really rendered essential service to the county, been returned, the Member, he would have formed a valuable accession to the small quantity at present in the Assembly of integrity, intelligence, and independence. This last quality, it is shrewdly guessed, lost him his election.

Our Irish friends will not fail to observe, that this is the second instance, in the course of twelve months, in which the most worthy of their fellow-countrymen have been rejected, by the pretended Reformers of French origin.

A notice has been handed to us, entitled "Important inquiry. Is Christianity true or false?" This question is proposed to be decided by public discussion, in this city, and in this the nineteenth century after the promulgation of Christianity. We know not whether the friends or enemies of religion have set the foolish project on foot of proselyting by public controversy. The scheme must be characterised as absurd, if we take into account the feelings and passions brought into play by opposition, and the nature of the subject to be discussed. This latter is no abstract principle, which may be argued and settled with no other materials than reason and judgment; it is a matter to be determined not only by the reasonableness of its doctrines, but also by the continuity of historical evidence, by which it is supported. Such a subject, can only be calmly weighed in the retirement of the closet, and not in the arena of open strife.

The following remarks on the conduct of the House of Assembly, in reference to Mr. DE GASPÉ's intended castigation of Dr. O'CALLAGHAN, are from the *New York Commercial Advertiser*:

"Mr. De Gaspé's offence had this extent, no more; and he was acting under a keen sense of grievous wrong, inflicted upon him by the honourable Member O'Callaghan. He nevertheless admitted that in thus addressing a member of the House, he had done wrong. But the House refused to listen to his petition, or even to receive it. Another petition was subsequently presented from Mr. De Gaspé, expressing contrition for the offence, and praying to be discharged from custody. This application, however, experienced the same fate, and we are ashamed to add, that the reporter was committed to prison for a month. We make this remark for several reasons. In the first place, the provocation was great, and the offence venial. In the second place, the apology was humble, and should have received as ample. The contempt was purged by the sick-now judgment of wrong, and the expression of contrition. This should have been satisfactory to any member. But in such a case as the present, the House should have dismissed it at once. Is it to be tolerated that the conductor of a licentious press, because he happens to obtain a seat in a legislative body, shall be allowed to visit the fair fame of his political opponents with impunity, and when called to account by those whom he has injured, shelter behind the shield of privilege? Far be it from us to say that the just rights of parliamentary bodies should not be amply protected. And for all that members say upon the floor, while in the proper discharge of their official functions, they should be ensured the most ample immunity. But this immunity should never be extended to a case like that of Doctor O'Callaghan. For his editorial delinquencies, his paper, and not the House of Parliament, should be his *Vindicator*. But it is ever thus with the most noisy declaimers for liberty. Give them the power, and they are the most insufferable tyrants."

The Rowing from the *Buffalo Whig* is believed to be the true solution of the seeming marvellous abilities of the "Mysterious Lady." The writer, after describing the progress of the Lady and her attendant, and the manner in which the exhibition was usually conducted, goes on to remark:—Last week it was seen to be shown the mysterious; and it has been reserved for a Buffalo audience to detect the imposition. On the first night of the exhibition here, it was discovered that the fellow with the women was a *Ventriloquist*, and consequently that he gave all the answers *just as they had been given to him*, while the "Mysterious Lady" sat mum, but moved her lips as fast as she could to cover the fraud! Such is the trick by which these two strolling deceivers have been pocketing a rich harvest of cash, while they filled the Gazette with exclamation points, at their unparalleled feats! They were fairly charged with the fraud, when discovered, which so *disconcerted* the wonder-workers that they fled the city, without exhibiting for the remainder of "the season," for which they had advertised."

The *New York Commercial List*, of Saturday, states that the packet ship *Philadelphia*, from London, and numerous other vessels outward bound, had been detained by calm, foggy weather, and that the same cause, for several days, had probably prevented the arrival of four or five of the European packets now due.

It is proposed by a number of enterprising individuals, to build a new city at the terminating point, in Chautauque county, of the New York and Lake Erie Railroad. A company, consisting of twenty-five thousand souls had reached that island, from Venezuela, &c., and thrown themselves on the protection from the republicanists and the natives by the liberty men of South America.

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