

OVER THE WAY.

Gone in her childish purity, Out from the golden day;

Over her bosom tenderly The pearl-white hands are prest;

Over the sweet brow lovingly, Twined her sunny hair;

Gone to sleep, with the tender smile Froze on her silent lips;

Robin—hushed in your downy bed Over the swinging bough—

Rosebud—under your shady leaf Hid from the sunny day—

Hearts—where the darling head hath lain, Held by love's shining ray—

Literature.

THE TWO ORPHANS.

PART I.

Few, yet impressive, are the rites performed at the interment of the dead in Scotland.

Near a large and populous village in the West of Scotland, is situated the churchyard of Arnock.

On a clear sunny day in the month of June, 1820, a funeral train slowly entered the churchyard.

The chief mourners were two boys, sons of the deceased. One was about twelve years of age, the other about nine;

My dear—dear father," sobbed the elder boy, "I will never see you more!"

"Hush—Walter hush!" remonstrated the uncle of the boy—"regulate your future life so that you may meet your father again in those bright realms where sorrow is unknown."

"So saying, he led the two boys from the spot, kindly cheering them, as each deep-drawn sob burst from their young bosoms.

"Dear me, John Thompson! ye're no bringin' thir laddies to stop here?"

"Silence, woman!" exclaimed the farmer sternly—"go into the house,

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and don't make a fool of yourself and me?"

"I am sure," sulked the dame, "ye have plenty to do wi' your ain bairns without mindin' other folks."

"Poor darlings," said the farmer tenderly, "they have neither father nor mother to look to; and shame befall me if I see my poor brother's orphans come to want."

"But he was only your half brother," urged the sulky dame.

"The same mother bore us, and the same breast cherished us, retorted the farmer angrily; "and it were ti my part to see harm come over his offspring."

"Dear me, John Thomson," exclaimed she, "ye've mair bairns already than ye ken what to do wi'."

"Yes, I know now," he added joyfully; "we will go to Edinburgh to our aunt Mary. She is a good woman, and will get us employment."

"Yes, we will go to Edinburgh," said Willie, shaking his little head sorrowfully; "and perhaps we won't find aunt Mary there."

"Then," said Walter, "if we don't find her, we will go to Leith and get on board of some ship."

"I know we will get in as cabin boys. We will go to sea, Willie, and visit foreign lands—warm sunny lands where myrtle and orange trees grow; and you will see black men, and heaps of gold and fine rich fruits, and everything so beautiful, Oh, Willie, you will be quite delighted!"

Walter warmed into enthusiasm as he thus depicted their intended future life; and Willie, catching inspiration from his brother, eagerly listened to all his tales of foreign sunny climes till he forgot his hunger and fatigue, and trudged on most manfully, as if eagerly resolved to secure the golden treasure his brother spoke of before any one else could interfere.

"Yes," urged the poor little fellow—"Yes, Walter, we will become great men, and we will not be insulted by anybody again!"

"Alas! poor Willie! his enthusiasm was a bad relief for hunger, thirst, fatigue, and blistered feet, and he limped till he could limp no further.

Walter raised him in his arms and carried him on, but all in vain; his own strength gave way; and, seating himself under a hedge, they wept in each other's arms till little Willie fell fast asleep on his brother's bosom.

Bitterly did Walter weep over the fair face of that lovely boy as he soundly slumbered; though, now and then, a deep-drawn sob, showed that, even in sleep, his little heart was ill at ease.

Walter heard the sound of cart-wheels approaching, and, looking up, he beheld a carrier's cart coming towards him, and a good-humored-looking man driving it.

The carrier paused as he reached the spot; and struck with the appearance of the boys, and the deep imploring look of Walter's eyes as he met the gaze of the boy, he kindly said—

"What's the matter, laddie?—where are ye going to?"

"To Edinburgh, sir," answered Walter, "but we walked till we were tired, and could walk no farther."

"Walk to Edinburgh! Lord preserve the bairns! But maybe ye've ran awa fra yer friens?"

"Alas!" said Walter, as he burst into tears, "we have no friends.—Our father and mother are both dead, and we are journeying to Edinburgh to seek for our aunt Mary."

"What part o' Embro' does she live in?" asked the carrier.

"In the High Street, in a high house," answered Walter.

"Then we maun try and find her for ye," said the carrier good-naturedly; "sae, gie me the bairn. So saying, he lifted Willie in his arms, and, followed by Walter, walked towards the cart."

"No Jock!" cried he to his horse, and Jock instantly stopped; and after taking a minute survey of the additional burden he was to bear, gravely shook his head, as if mutely protesting against being overloaded.

In putting Willie into the cart, he awoke; and the poor boy looked up with surprise in the carrier's face.

he proudly answered, as he crossed his brother—

"We will trust in God, Willie, to lead and guide us. You know that my poor dear father always told us to cry to God in the hour of our despair, and he would aid and succor us."

Poor little Willie sobbed bitterly at the mention of his father's name, and exclaimed,—Oh! if he had been spared, we would not be left thus!"

Walter tried to suppress the choking sensation which arose in his breast, and, with a strong effort, gulped down his sorrow; but he hastily answered,

"Do not depend, Willie—we will find some friends to aid us.—Yes, I know now," he added joyfully; "we will go to Edinburgh to our aunt Mary. She is a good woman, and will get us employment."

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"Dinna be feared, my bonnie mannie," said the carrier, "I'm gaun to gie ye an' yer brither a haul to Embro'."

"God bless you for that!" ejaculated the boy earnestly.

"A tear rushed into the carrier's eye. 'Weel, weel,' he answered, 'his blessin' be ower us a'! But, pair things, ye'll be hungry!'"

Both confessed they were—when instantly diving his hand into a corner of the cart, the carrier pulled forth some bread, cheese, and cold meat, and a bottle of beer.

These he set before the boys, telling them to eat heartily; then, mounting the shaft of his cart, drove slowly onward, glancing from time to time, with looks of infinite pleasure, at the broadsides the two boys were committing on his viands, and cheering them on to eat more.

Having satisfied their hunger and thirst, the carrier advised them to lie down in the cart; and, covering them with his coat and a large rug, they fell sound asleep, nor awakened till the cart had reached the city.

At the entrance to the city they were met by a young lad, one of the carrier's assistants, and to him the carrier gave charge of his cart, as he had several orders to fulfill on the road before he could get to his quarters.

Strictly enjoining them to be careful not to lose sight of the two boys, the carrier left them, and the cart slowly proceeded along the streets.

More inquisitive than his master, the carrier's assistant soon discovered the boys' errand; and, wishing to make a little for himself by his officiousness, he directed them where to find out the tenement wherein their aunt was said to dwell.

Charging them to come to the carrier's quarters in the Grass-market, he pointed out the direction they should take, and left them to inquire their way through the crowded streets.

Walter had been once on a visit with his mother at his aunt's, so that he readily found out the tenement. It was one of those huge gloomy piles in the centre of the High Street, which seem to have been erected for the purpose of tiring out the upper inhabitants by a toil of no ordinary degree to reach the top flats.

As Willie was so fatigued, and his little feet sorely blistered, he agreed to remain at the foot of the stairs whilst his brother went to make enquiry about their aunt; and leaving him seated at the stair-foot, Walter eagerly ascended, full of hope, and confident that his toil would be fully rewarded by a kind reception from his relation.

With throbbing heart he reached the landing-place, and tapped at the well known door. No thing but a hollow sound reverberated through-out the place. Again and again he rapped, louder and louder; but a dull echo only answered his call.

His knocking, however, called out the next door neighbor, an elderly crusty looking female.

"Who did ye want?" cried she.

"Does Mrs. Mary Stenhouse still live here?" inquired Walter.

"No," was the answer, as the tone of the female altered to more softness. "No; she's been dead and buried these last six months."

A feeling of sickness pervaded the poor boy's frame—a sense of desolation, darkness, and sorrow came over him, and he leaned almost fainting against the wall. Shaking off the sickness, he asked for a drink of water, which was readily brought. He drank; and, thinking the female he slowly descended the stair to inform Willie of the result of his inquiries.

He reached the stair-foot, and looked around for Willie, but to his astonishment, the boy was gone. Terrified and alarmed, Walter searched every corner in the close, but without success. Rushing into the main street, he eagerly enquired at the passers-by if they had seen his brother. With streaming eyes and breaking heart he sought through every quarter, wringing his hands, sobbing and calling on his brother's name. His excessive grief at length attracted the attention of a Highland serjeant, who, kindly taking him by the hand, asked him the cause of his sorrow.

With broken sobs, Walter explained to him that he had lost his brother, and informed him of the circumstances attending their journey to Edinburgh. Deeply touched by the poor boy's narrative, the serjeant endeavored to cheer up his spirits; and assuring him that his brother would soon be found, he took him to the police office, where, giving a minute description of Willie's appearance, he caused the police to be put on the alert in search of the boy, promising a handsome reward

if he were found. He then took Walter to the carrier's quarters, but the carrier had not yet reached there, and there were no tidings of poor Willie.

Having inspired Walter with better hopes, the serjeant led him to the castle; and, taking him to his own barrack-room, treated him with the utmost kindness, ingratiating himself into the boy's affections, and leading him to look upon him as a sincere friend. That night happened to be the serjeant's turn to mount guard with part of his company, and so pleased was he with Walter's shrewdness, that he took the boy along with him.

A strong feeling of sincere religion was a great trait in the character of Walter's new friend; and, while seated at the guard-room fire, he placed a Bible in the hands of Walter, and requested him to read a portion of the Scriptures.

Walter was an excellent reader, and, taking the Bible, he opened it and read part of the most beautiful prophecies of Isaiah. The sweet tones of the boy's voice, and the beauty of his reading, and the new light that reading threw upon the sacred words, attracted the attention of the rude soldiers, who, crowding around him, listened with breathless attention to the words of truth, poured forth from his youthful lips.

At that moment, Captain Grant, the captain of the company to which the friendly serjeant belonged, entered; and, astonished at the fixed attention of the soldiers, paused, and listened with delight to the young reader. When the voice of Walter ceased, the soldiers fell back, and the captain stepping up to the serjeant, inquired—

"Is that your son, Serjeant M'Pherson?"

"I wish to goodness he were," "Whom does he belong to?"

"He is an orphan boy, sir!"—And here the worthy serjeant ran over Walter's history, detailing all that we have previously narrated, whilst Walter's tears confirmed the truth of his statements.

Deeply interested in the narrative, the captain took Walter by the hand, and affectionately addressed him.

"Be of good cheer, my young friend, I will make every search for your brother; we shall soon find him. Be under no apprehension for yourself. I will be your friend and protector during your future career in life; rely, therefore, upon me."

He then called the serjeant aside and said, "Bring the boy to my quarters to-morrow morning; meanwhile take this, and see that he wants for nothing."

So saying, he thrust some money into the hands of the serjeant, who respectfully declined to accept of it; but a few words of Gaelic, uttered by the captain in a peremptory manner, soon settled the difference.

From that hour Walter became a favorite in the regiment—officers and men all vied in paying attention to him; but the loss of his brother preyed deeply upon the boy's heart.

Days, weeks, months rolled away, but no tidings were heard of poor Willie. The regiment was at length ordered to India. Captain Grant's health being too weak to stand the voyage, he obtained leave of absence, and Walter remained with him.

Walter was soon placed at the military college at Woolwich, and his talents shone so pre-eminently that he speedily obtained a cadetship, and afterwards accompanied his patron to the East Indies.

But what became of poor little Willie in the meantime?

When Walter had left him sitting at the stair-foot, whilst he went in search of his aunt, Willie was amusing himself by gazing upwards at the awful height of the buildings, in wondering who had erected them, and what was the meaning or use of the white oyster shells which decorated the sides of the house.

Whilst thus ruminating, an elderly, ill-featured female came up to him, and, pausing, looked him earnestly in the face. Willie stared at her with surprise.

To be Continued.

Two workmen passing a nicely cushioned carriage, which was waiting for one of the great Manchester cotton lords at the counting house door, one said to the other.

"Bill, I'd darned if I shouldn't like to have a drive out in that ere fine coach."

"Then thee got in, Jack," was the reply, "and they'll very soon drive thee out."

ENGLISH MODE OF FATTENING FOWLS.

The food usually selected for fattening poultry is oatmeal, mixed either with scalding milk or water.

Fresh food should be supplied with fresh food three times daily; namely, at daybreak, at midday, and at roosting time.

As much as they can eat should be given them on such occasions; but no more than can be devoured before the new meal.

Should any be left, it should be removed and given to other fowls, as, if kept, it is apt to become sour, when the birds will not eat freely.

The troughs for the soft meal should be scalded out daily, which can only be done conveniently by having a supply of spare ones.

In addition to salt food, a supply of clean fresh water must be given daily, otherwise the grinding action of the gizzard, which is necessary to the due digestion of the food, does not go on satisfactorily.

The supply of a little sliced cabbage or some turnip tops, or a green leaf to pick occasionally, being all that is required.

A variation in the diet will be found very conducive to an increased appetite, and, therefore, the occasional substitution of a feed of boiled barley for the slacked oatmeal is desirable.

Some feeders have a division in their trough, or better still, a small extra trough, which always contains some grains for the fowls to pick at.

Should the birds be required very fat, some mutton suet or trimmings of the loin may be chopped up and scalded with the meal, or they may be boiled with the milk or water, preparatory to its being poured over the food, and the fat of fowls so fattened will be found exceedingly firm.

Don't Run Away.—Don't run away from the world's temptations and influences. If you are really a coward, go and hide yourself somewhere, until you have screwed up back-bone enough to face the enemy like a man.

Don't run away at the slightest indication of danger, as if you hadn't the slightest confidence in yourself. Nobody ever conquered a foe by beating a retreat.

If you mean to fight the battle of life like a hero, you can't begin too early. Would you respect yourself, and win the respect of others?

Then don't shrink away from trials and temptations, but encounter them, smite them down, lay them in the dust at your feet.

A man who has conquered his enemy is immeasurably greater than the poltroon who creeps away in abject terror.

High or low, rich or poor, we are all soldiers in the action that terminates only with the sunset of life's day, and the weak-hearted trembler who shrinks back, and quakes at the sound of the trumpet, is yet far in the rear when the light of victory shines on the crest of the warrior who pressed straight on and fought his way through.

A temptation overcome is better discipline than twenty avoided. No man knows his strength until it has been tried and proven, and the noblest natures have passed oftentimes through the fires of trial.—Life Illustrated.

HOW TO BE MISERABLE.

Sit at your window, and look over the way to your neighbors excellent mansion, which he has recently built, but not paid for, and sigh out, "Oh, that I were a rich man!"

Get angry with your neighbor, and think you have not a friend in the world. Shed a tear or two, and take a walk in the burial ground, continually saying to yourself:

"When shall I be buried here?"

Sign a note for a friend, and never forget your kindness, and every hour of the day whisper to yourself, "I wonder if he will ever pay that note?"

Think everybody means to cheat you. Closely examine every bill you take, and doubt its being genuine, till you have put the owner to a great deal of trouble. Believe every nipence passed you is but a six-pence crossed, and express your doubts about your getting rid of it, if you should venture to take it.

Put confidence in nobody, and believe every man you trade with is a rogue.

Never accommodate if you can possibly help it. Never visit the sick or the afflicted, and never give a farthing to assist the poor.

Buy as cheap as you can and screw down to the lowest mill.—Grind the faces and hearts of the unfortunate.

Brood over your misfortunes—your lack of talents, and believe at no very distant day you will come to want. Let the workhouse be over in your mind, with all the horrors of distress and poverty.

Then you will be miserable to your heart's content—if we may speak so—sick at heart and at variance with the world. Nothing will cheer or encourage you—nothing will throw a gleam of sunshine or ray of warmth into your heart, all will be as dark and cheerless as the grave.

DRINKING AT DINNER.

Not seldom do we hear the opinion advanced, that drinking during a meal is an obnoxious habit; but quite wrongly; for the gastric juice may be diluted with a considerable quantity of water without losing its dissolving power in the slightest degree.

Only a superabundance of water would diminish or arrest the peculiar actions of the matters contained in the digestive fluids. Large draughts of water, therefore, will be the most injurious with ailments difficult of digestion, like the fats; and hence the drinking of too much water after fat pork, for instance, is properly avoided; but in countries where soup does not constitute a regular part of the meal, drinking water is positively to be recommended.

Beer and wine at dinner are also harmful only if taken in excess; for in the latter case the alcohol coagulates the albuminous substances, not only of the food, but also of the digestive fluids, and thus disturbs digestion.

If taken in a moderate quantity, these beverages are calculated to cause the meal to hold out longer; for the fact that we are not so soon hungry again after a meal with wine than if we have taken only water with it, is to be accounted for by the slower combustion of the constituents of our body, inasmuch as the alcohol we have imbibed takes possession of the inhaled oxygen.—Hence, wine with a meal is extremely useful when a long journey or work in hand renders it impossible to take food again at the usual time; so much the more so, as such detention from food itself usually causes an acceleration of the metamorphosis of the tissues, which beer and wine efficiently obviate.—Orr's Chemistry of Food and Diet.

TO IMPROVE CIDER AND KEEP IT SWEET.

Let the new cider from sour apples, (sound and selected fruit is to be preferred,) ferment from one to three weeks, as the weather is warm or cool.

When it has attained to lively fermentation, add to each gallon, according to its acidity, from half a pound to two pounds of white crushed sugar, and let the whole ferment until it possesses precisely the taste which it is desired should be permanent.

In this condition, pour out a quart of the cider, and add for each gallon one quarter of an ounce of sulphate of lime, known as an article of manufacture under the name of "anti-ferment of lime." Stir the powder and cider until intimately mixed, and return the emulsion to the fermenting liquid.

Agitate briskly and thoroughly for a few moments, and then let the cider settle. The fermentation will cease at once.

When, after a few days, the cider has become clear, draw off and bottle carefully, or remove the sediment and return to the original vessel. If loosely corked, or kept in a barrel on draft, it will retain its taste as still cider.

If preserved in bottles, carefully corked, which is better, it will become sparkling cider, and may be kept indefinitely long.

CHARACTER IS POWER.—It is often said that knowledge is power, and this is true. Skill or faculty of any kind carries with it superiority. So, to a certain extent, wealth is power, and rank is power, and intellect is power, and genius has a transcendent gift of mastery over man.

But higher, purer and better than all, more constant in its influence, more lasting in its sway, is the power of character—that power which emanates from a pure and lofty mind. Take any community, who is the man of most influence? To whom do all look up with reverence? Not the "smartest" man, nor the cleverest politician, nor the most brilliant talker, but he who, in a long course of years, tried by the extremes of prosperity and adversity, has approved himself to the judgment of his neighbors and of all who have seen his life, as worthy to be called wise and good.

LIFE THOUGHTS.—When God wanted sponge and oysters, he made them, and put one on a rock, and the other in the mud. When he made man he did not make him to be a sponge or an oyster; he made him with feet and hands, and head and heart with vital blood, and a place to use them, and said to him, "Go! work!"

But I tell you, if a man has come to that point where he is contented he ought to be put in his coffin; for a contented live man is a sham! If a man has come to that state in which he says, "I do not want to know any more, or be any more," he is in a state in which he ought to be changed into a mummy! Of all hideous things mummies are the most hideous; and of mummies, those are the most hideous that are running about the streets and talking.—Becher.

In a Scotch parish there was an ancient of the name of Saunders, whose wit was reputed to be very sharp. The laird, who was also a wog, met him one day driving a pig to market.

"Weel, Saunders, 'noth ho," "ye're driving yer kizzon (cousin) to the market."

"Na, na, laird; he's just an auld acquaintance like ye sel."