

"Lincoln returned and Lawrence checked!"

Poetry.

MEET ME THERE. The last rays of the setting sun were lingering in the West, I stood by one whose race was run, And as soon as she sank to rest, But e'er the spirit took its flight From this dark world of care, To realms of everlasting light, She whispered, "Meet me there!" I loved her long, and loved her true, And sad at heart was I, And all we sleeping whom they knew That she—yes she, must die!

Literature.

THE TWO ORPHANS.

Continued from our last. Walter turned away his head, but a deep sob told the agony of his heart. Making an effort to compose himself, he turned to Thomson and said— "I was going to see my father's grave will you accompany me?" "I will, my boy; I will," he said. "Oh! how often have I prayed that I once more behold you and your dear brother Willie standing by my side near that grave!" "Slowly, and sadly they walked onwards, the old man leaning on the young man's arm, till they reached the churchyard. It was lonely and level as ever. The huge elm and yew trees threw out their wide-spreading branches all around, casting a deep and melancholy gloom over the dark-green turf beneath, and all was as still and silent as the dead which reposed in lasting sleep beneath that cold earth. It was indeed a hallowed place—a place where a weary pilgrim would long to rest. With throbbing heart and moistened eyes did the pair advance towards the tomb they sought. They were close on it, when, for the first time, they observed a stranger kneeling at the head of the grave. They slowly approached until they reached the side of the stranger, who looked up, and, like the dead arising from the grave, slowly arose, with his hands clasped, and his look and attitude wrapped in amazement. Walter gazed eagerly on the stranger's face, and staggered back with an exclamation of "My God!—can it be!" "Yes!" he cried, as opening his arms he rushed to the embrace of—his long-lost brother!

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led us and sustained us through our sorrows. They sat down at the head of the grave; it seemed to them as if they were holding sweet communion with the loved dust that reposed therein, as they related to one another the adventures which had befallen them since they had lost each other. Walter told of the agony he had felt at losing his brother—of his meeting with the Highland sergeant. "I was fortunate enough," he said, "to attract the attention of one of the officers who was retiring from active service. Through his influence I was sent to the military academy, and such was my progress that I speedily obtained a cadetship in the East India Company's Bencars, I received my commission as captain, and having the good fortune to meet my friend, Colonel Grantly, who had an only daughter, I gained her affection, and with the approbation of her father a day was fixed for our marriage; but alas! before that day arrived, the good old colonel died. He left the whole of his fortune to his daughter. I retired from the service, and she accompanied me to London, where we were married. A short time ago we learned that an estate belonging to the colonel lay in this neighborhood; and having a letter from a lawyer here, I came down to make inquiry about it. This has led to our most happy meeting. "It is strange," exclaimed William, "that I should be here upon the same errand; and, more strange, that my wife and yours are of the same name. Had your wife a sister?" "She had, said Walter; 'but, about fourteen years ago, the colonel accompanied by his wife and two daughters, sailed from Calcutta for England—when, nigh the Cape of Good Hope, a storm came on, and the vessel sprang a leak. The leak increased, and the crew got into the boats to save themselves. The colonel's wife and youngest daughter were lowered into one of the boats. Some of the crew sprang into it; and, pushing off from the vessel, refused to allow any more enter the boat. They had neither oars, provisions, nor sails; and the vessel was on the point of foundering, when another vessel hove in sight. She remained close by the sinking vessel. The storm abated, and the crew and passengers were saved, but had scarcely left the ship when she sank. From that hour till this, no tidings have ever been heard of the ill-fated boat. Broken-hearted the Colonel returned to India with his surviving daughter; retired up the country, and lived in seclusion, occupying his time in the education of his only remaining child. After his death I brought her to Calcutta, where she spent some time with her friends; and from thence we sailed for London, where I married her. "Thank Heaven, the mystery is explained!" cried William as he started up. "Joy! my dear Walter! double joy—your wife's sister lives!" She lives, and is the fond wife of your happy, happy brother!" "Amazement!" exclaimed Walter. "Listen, my dear brother. When I left you, I wandered on to Leith, where I met with a kind-hearted negro, who took me on board of a vessel and fed me. I attracted the notice of the captain, who, finding some resemblance in me to his son, whom he had recently lost, adopted me as his own. With him I sailed to Calcutta. On our return home, and while off the Cape of Good Hope, we encountered a hurricane which compelled us to lie to. The storm passed, and two days afterwards it became calm. On the evening of the second day we beheld a boat drifting on the waters towards us. Manning a boat, part of our crew pulled up to her, and found therein the bodies of two men and a female, stiff, cold, and dead. They raised a cloak which lay in a corner of the boat, and beneath it found a lovely young fair-haired girl of about four years of age. The child was found asleep. The sailors raised her, and gently bore her to our ship, wheresh she was placed in the captain's own bed. We committed the bodies of the lady and the two men to the deep. Long and soundly did the poor little child sleep; but its hollow sunken eyes, and pale-worn cheeks, told a tale of sorrow and of suffering. At length she awoke, and started wildly around her; then, weeping bitterly, inquired for her 'dear mamma.' The captain, good-hearted man, promised to take her to her mamma, if she would be a good child; and, soothing her kindly, fed her with his own hand, and soon gained the confidence of the little sufferer. The substance of her sad story was, that they called her Mary Grantly—her father was an officer, and they had sailed from Calcutta. Her father mother, and her sister Jane had been with her; a storm had come on, and the ship was sinking, when they placed her and her mother in a boat, into which a number of men had jumped, and had cut the rope which attached it to the ship, so that the boat floated away. She could not tell how many days they drifted on, but she was very hungry and thirsty. Some of the men drank salt water, went mad, and jumped overboard. Latterly, she remembered that her mother prayed and wept over her, and she fell asleep. She begged to be taken again to her papa and mamma; and pleased with the promise of seeing them again, she soon recovered her health and spirits. During her voyage I was her tutor and playmate, and the little fairy soon gained the hearts of all on board. On our arrival at London, the captain made several inquiries about her relations, but without success; and he therefore placed her under the care of his own sister, to rear and educate her. Many a voyage I made with my kind benefactor and, on my return, found Mary increasing in beauty and kindness. Latterly, the good old man gave up the command of his vessel to me, and my last voyage was to Calcutta. On my return home, I retired from a seafaring life, well provided for, and married my dear Mary, the sister of your wife. With mingled feelings of wonder, grief, and joy, did Walter listen to the narrative of his brother. "The hand of Providence is in this assuredly," he said. "She is indeed the sister of my Jane?" "It was not till lately I traced out her connection to Colonel Grantly," said William; "but an advertisement in the newspapers calling on his heirs to come forward, enabled to meet the eye of my old friend, who, looking out some articles found upon the person of Mary's mother, got them identified as the property of his wife. This ring, for instance, with the family crest, and the word 'Appleyby,' beneath. "Walter looked at the ring. "If I doubt could exist," he joyfully exclaimed, "all would be removed by this—behold the counterpart of it?" and, so saying, he exhibited a ring identically the same. "Come, dear brother, come—let us restore the sisters to each other's arms, and share their joy!" "The orphans have clung to the orphans," cried old John Thomson, "and the blessing of Heaven has gone with them." "I expected to have seen a monument over my father's grave," said William, as he took a parting look at the spot. "I sent one, with £20 to defray the expense of putting it up." "I did the same," said Walter. "And you are the two Captains Stenhouse, who sent the two monuments and the money?" cried Thomson. "It's put the hale parish astew; but the town-clerk and the fiscal got the cash and pocketed it." "The fiscal!" said Walter, with surprise, "why, he wrote to me to come here—he is acting for me." "And the town-clerk wrote to me, said William. "By all ye hold dear," cried Thomson in an impressive voice; "by your father's memory, I charge ye, have nothing to do with these men! They ruined your poor father, and persecuted him till they broke his heart, and drove him in sorrow to his grave." "I see through the knavish trick," said Walter indignantly; "they will try to juggle us both, and hold us up as imposters. They, however, will meet with their match!" "Avoid them," said John; "I ken a little of the law myself, and they have made me pay dearly for't. Your wives are heirs-portioners to the estate of Appleyby—so ye have the estate between ye. Get a decent lawyer (and they're ill to be had) to carry through your title." They left the churchyard, and taking the shortest road to the burg passed by John Thomson's door. "Ye must go in and see the guid

wife," he entreated, "and forgive her for what passed before." They consented, and advanced towards the house, when out sallied Mrs. Thomson, as dirty faced and slatternly as ever. "Dear me, John Thomson," she yelled, "what do ye mean by bringing twa sic braw gentlemen here?" "My dear aunt," said Walter catching her by the hand, "have ye forgotten your poor nephews?" "The Lord preserve me!" shouted Mrs. Thomson, as she almost sunk to the ground, "Walter and Willie Stenhouse?" "Ye see they've cam' hame again," said her husband triumphantly, "strappin' braw chieft. They're bairn captains noo, and lairds o' Appleyby!" "If I'd thought they were to be that, they might hae stoppit a day or twa days here," cried the wife. "But oh, bairns, if I was the cause o' ye gainin' awa', I've had many a sair heart about ye; and oh, forgie me! She wept as she said so; but Walter, pressing her hand, said— "All is forgot, all is forgiven! But in the meantime we must leave you. We have another meeting, perhaps a painful although joyous one, to encounter." "We will not detain you," said John Thomson, "for well I know what you now feel. You will come and see us soon." "Promising that they would do so, the two brothers hurried homewards to prepare their wives for a meeting, alike mysteriously and providentially brought about. What tongue can tell, what pen describe, the rapture of that meeting. Language falls short of it. The wild raptures passed at last, and two sisters were sitting side by side, hands clasped in hand, pressed to each other's bosom, gazing with moistened eyes on each other; and the two brothers stood looking on them with proud fondness, and felt that the blessing of heaven would yet be known on earth. A slight tap at the door aroused them from their heavenly feelings. The door opened, and their old friend the black cook, who had found William at Leith, and who had clung to him with fond affection ever since, entered the apartment, but drew back when she saw the group. Hurrying to him, William caught him by the arm and said— "My old, my faithful friend! rejoice with me, for I have found my dear, long-lamented brother at last!" "Cookie eyed Walter with a series of rapid movements of his eyes and mouth and head, till the latter was almost twisted off his shoulders. "Eh? not wot, that tall genelum you leely broder you was los' he cried. "It is indeed my brother Walter," answered William. "Hoo! hoo! ha—ha—ha!" shrieked Cookie, as he bounded in the air in a transport of joy. "Broder found at last! Yeh, heh, heh; always tink so—always say so. Nizger berry good for guess; dis am de happiness, or Lor! ha, ha, ha!" "Yelling, laughing, and slapping his thighs, he spun about the room like a black teetotum. At length his joy subsided, and, fairly exhausted, he leaned against the wall, holding both his sides, and giving an occasional quiver with one of his legs, as the tears rolled down his cheeks, and he ever and anon ejaculated— "Oh dear; massa leely bruder found!" "If you are so glad that your master's brother is found, will you not be equally delighted to learn that I have found my sister," said Mary. "Cookie opened his mouth with amazement. "Yes," continued Mary, as she took her sister by the hand; "you now see before you my sister, whom I thought was drowned when you saved my life on the wide ocean." "Cookie staggered back. "Eh? wurra! ch! you leely sister that was drown in ship come for live again?" he gasped, as he pointed with his forefinger at Jane. "She escaped shipwreck," said Mary, "and she now stands before you!" "Oh! yearn dat! yearn dat!" yelled blackie in a wilder transport of joy than before. Agin the paroxysm of joy seized him, but even wilder than before. "Sister found! broder found! all found togidder!" he shouted, as he danced about. Pausing on a sudden, he clasped his hands on his woolly crown, and exclaimed, "Nizger go mad wid joy! him head turn

upside down; woh!" Laughing heartily at the delight of the poor fellow, the happy group were engaged in conversation when the door of the apartment was thrown rately open, and a hang-dog looking fellow, followed by two thief-like scoundrels, walked into the middle of the room. "Which of you," he insolently demanded, "is Captain Stenhouse?" "We are both called Captain Stenhouse," answered Walter, sternly. "What do you want?" "Which of you is the client of the town clerk?" said the fellow angrily. "Neither of us," was the answer. "Which is the fiscal's client then?" said the fellow, getting puzzled. "Neither of us," was the reply. The fellow scratched his head, and turning to one of his concurrents, whispered something in his ear, and the concurrent went out. "I should like to know your meaning," said Walter. "I hold a criminal warrant," said he sulkily, "against one Captain Stenhouse." "Well, you have two of the name here, which of them is it," said William. "I can't tell," said the fellow doggedly. As he spoke the fiscal entered the apartment, and at his heels rushed in the town-clerk. "There is some mistake here I suspect," said the fiscal. "On your part there is, sir," said Walter sternly; "order these dogs down stairs!" The fiscal turned to his myrmidons, who instantly withdrew. "What right have you to interfere with my client?" demanded the town-clerk fiercely. "It's false," cried the fiscal, "he's my own client." "Hark ye!" cried Walter, "I will put both of you right. There are two Captains Stenhouse before you, married to two Misses Grantly, whom you now see. These ladies are both daughters of the late Colonel Grantly of Appley, and their husbands are the two sons of a man whom your base persecutions hurried to an earthly grave. 'Yes,' he added, in a voice like thunder, 'we are the sons of Andrew Stenhouse of Appley. Do you know us now?' "Quaking in every limb, the two guilt-struck worthies shrunk back. "Begone!" thundered Walter, as he struck his foot on the floor with a force which made the place shake—"begone! ye worthless hounds. Begone, before I trundle you neck and heels down the stairs." He advanced rapidly towards them, and they rushed out at the door, but coming violently in collision at the landing-place, they rolled headlong together down the steps and scrambled off. "Our heroes and their loving wives were soon placed in possession of their estates. If their past lives had been clouded with grief, their future promised unalloyed joy and sunshine. Happy in each other's society, they spread that happiness all around them. As for honest John Thomson, he superintended the erection of a most magnificent tomb over the grave of his brother, and was appointed factor over the Appley estates, where his rule was so kind and gentle that no more farmers or tenants were ever injured thereon. His wife shared in his honors, and became totally reformed—cleanly in her dress and mild in her manners. The fiscal and the town-clerk sunk into merited contempt, and had recourse to the bottle, which degraded them beneath notice. The good-hearted cook occasionally accompanied the families to London, to see their old friend the ship captain, who, with his sister, latterly came to live with their adopted children; and cookie may often yet be seen in front of the lawn at Appley, playing a game at romps with a group of fair-haired lovely boys and girls—the progeny of the two captains. (Concluded.)

DRAWING.—Can you draw, young man? inquired Quip of an applicant for private tutoring. "Certainly," replied the candidate. "At ten years of age I could draw a cat; at twelve, a picture; at fifteen, an handkerchief loaded with cub-hags; at sixteen, an inference; at twenty, a bill of exchange. If I were an actor, I believe I could draw the largest kind of a horse, but, being a teacher, am content to draw a satire, and the larger the better." "You'll do!" said Quip. "When you fall into a man's conversation, the first thing you should consider is, whether he has a greater inclination to hear you, or that you should hear him."

SHAKING HANDS. As a means of defence, the Englishmen use the clenched fist, and not the dagger as the Spaniards and Italians do. They consider this a more noble, manly, and, as being more at hand when wanted, a more efficient power. But for friendship, as its most heartfelt expression, the worthiest, manliest, and sincerest sign of feeling, they give the open hand to us. Indeed, this English hand-shaking, when immoderate, as it sometimes is, has a somewhat comical effect. But it has its bright side also; for in this custom—heartily strong, and sometimes rough—we see expressed the deep, fraternal sympathy of this great nation. Bodily union, as far as the junction of the ten fingers can effect it, is a beautiful symbol of that of the soul, and almost all nations have adopted two hands clasped together as the emblem of mutual brotherhood and aid. There is a language, silent indeed, but ever variously expressive in this custom. Think but upon its degrees—the pressure—the grasp—the hands held, twisted within each other, given or shaken—all, from woman's gentle touch, which seems to linger as a feeling, to man's nervous, strong retention. Mark those who, unacquainted with each other, or possibly estranged, offer the hand as a mere outward act of courtesy. How restrained is their action! how motionless, unfeeling, unresponsive! Like oil upon water, one hand rests within another; how readily they depart, each glad to escape from his hypocritical communion! On the contrary, when long-tryed friends, who have been separated for years, again meet, with what haste and warmth of feeling do they not grasp the hand; how short, but hearty is their salutation, "Well met!" They seem rivited together as the links of a chain, true and inseparable, with hearts for any fate. And when we bid "Farewell," does not our hand rest folded within another's, motionless yet thrilling with gentlest touch? For sorrowed affliction has soft, restraining feelings, that lead us to yield the hand so often clasped in tenderness at the moment of separation.—Selected.

EFFECT OF TOBACCO. Dr. Solly, an eminent English physiologist, and the author of an excellent work upon the brain, says at the close of one of his lectures, "I would caution you, as students, from excess in the use of tobacco and smoking, and I would advise you to disabuse your patients' minds of the idea that it is harmless. I have had large experience of brain diseases, and am satisfied that smoking is a most noxious habit. I know of no cause or agent that tends so much to bring on functional disease, and through this, in the end, to lead to organic diseases of the brain, as excessive use of tobacco." No man in Great Britain is so competent to speak on this subject as Dr. Solly, and it is strange that so many young men at the present day should indulge in this pernicious habit of smoking tobacco.

COMPANY MANNERS. A well-bred man has always the same manners at home and in society, and what is bad in the former is only worse in the latter. It can never be pardonable to swagger and lounge, nor to carry into the family circle the actions proper to the dressing-room. Even where familiarity has nothing shocking in itself, it attacks the respect due to the society of others, whoever they may be, and presents the danger of a further breach of it. From familiarity to indecency is but one step. Thus, not a part of the dress, not a shoe-string even, should be arranged in the presence of ladies. The Hindoos remarkable for the delicacy of their manners, would not allow kissing, scratching, pinching, or lying down, to be represented on the stage, and at least the last three should never be permitted in a mixed society of men and women. There are attitudes, too, which are a transition from ease to familiarity, and should never be indulged. A man may cross his legs in the present day, but should never stretch them apart. To wipe the forehead, gape, yawn, and so forth, are only a shade less obnoxious than the American habit of expectation.—The habits of Good Society.

BREDS OF ENGLISH SHEEP.

At a recent meeting of the Central Farmers' Club, at London, Mr. Chas. Howard delivered an address on the subject of 'The Merits of Pure-Bred and Cross-Bred Sheep.' In this address he gave the 'established' breeds. We condense for our readers: 1. SOUTH DOWNS.—The Southern Sussex Downs, are descended from small, grey, and dark-faced sheep, which were found on the hills and mountainous districts in England.—John Ellman was the original improver. He was followed and surpassed by Jonas Webb, who has made the South Down perfect. The peculiarity of this sheep is its superior quality of mutton and wool. Average weight, from thirteen to fifteen months, is 136 pounds; weight of fleece, 6 pounds. The ewes are excellent breeders, and generally produce one-third twins. They are best adapted to elevated situations, and bare pasturage. Among the nobility and fancy farmers, they are regarded as the elite of sheep. 2. HAMPSHIRE DOWNS.—This valuable sheep has been established from various crosses, and commencing with the century. They present as great a uniformity in wool, color, and general appearance as their smaller, but handsome cousins, the South Downs. They have risen in favor rapidly. They are very hardy, of good constitution, and good wool bearers, the average fleece being 6 to 7 pounds; of early maturity, and have plenty of lean as well as fat meat, and will graze to almost any weight you may choose to make them. The ewes are good breeders and sucklers. 3. LEICESTERS.—These originated with Mr. Bakewell. To this breed, all other long-wooled sheep are indebted for their improved shape and greater disposition to fatten. Their chief characteristics are great aptitude to fatten with comparatively small consumption of food, and early maturity. Fleece, 7 pounds; carcass, at fourteen or fifteen months, 140 pounds. They are not very good breeders, and it is a rare thing to have more than two lambs. 4. COTSWOLDS.—This is one of the oldest of the established breeds.—They were originally heavy, coarse animals, with a thick, heavy fleece, well adapted to the bleak, unenclosed Cotswold hills. They are now very hardy, and will thrive in almost any situation, and produce a great amount of wool and mutton at an early age. They sometimes reach 86 pounds to a quarter. The average weight of an ordinary flock when fit to butcher, at fourteen or fifteen months old, is about 180 pounds, and the weight of the whole flock would be about 74 pounds each. Many of these sheep are now being exported to Australia to produce mutton for the miners. 5. LINCOLNSHIRE.—As the Western part of Great Britain is famous for its Cotswolds, so is the North-eastern esteemed for its heavy-wooled and large framed Lincoln, to which district they especially belong, and where for many years they had their own. They, like Cotswolds, have been improved by an admixture of Leicester blood. They present improved Lincoln sheep, partakes largely of the peculiarities of the Cotswold and Leicester, having the expansive frame and nobility of appearance of the one, with the quality of flesh, compactness of form, beauty of countenance, and propensity to fatten, of the other; but they far exceed either, in weight of fleece. Three year olds sometimes weigh 96 1/2 pounds to the quarter, and yearlings 71 pounds. The weight of wool of an entire flock under fair average management, is about 84 pounds. The Lincoln breeders consider the mutton excellent, having less fat, and a greater proportion of fine grained, lean flesh, than the Leicester. The ewes are good breeders, but like the Cotswolds and Leicesters, are not good sucklers. 6. SIMONSHIRE.—These are crosses. Their merits consist in their superiority over any other breed in their own country. They possess hardness of constitution, excellent quality of mutton, and are prolific breeders, but they are not equal to other breeds. 7. OXFORDSHIRE DOWNS.—This breed of sheep was produced twenty-seven years ago, by crossing the Hampshire, and in some instances South Down ewes with Cotswold rams, and then putting them together. They drop their lambs in February, and thirteen or fourteen months old they are ready for market, weighing on an average 140 pounds each, with a fleece varying from 7 to 10 pounds. The ewes are good mothers, and produce a great proportion of twins. We might add here, as these last breeds are crosses, that Mr. Howard stated, as the conclusion of his experience, that from a judicious pairing of cross-bred animals, it is practicable to establish a new breed altogether, and for some locations, better fitted than most of the existing breeds.