

Hark! the iron tongue of night
Loud proclaims the new-born day,
While around a heavenly light
Bids the darkness flee away.
Myriad troops of angels stand
In the radiant air, to tell
That the Christmas day is at hand—
Birth-day of Immanuel.

Hear their anthem, "Joyful morn,
Let our chorus swell to heaven;
Unto us a child is born,
Unto us a son is given."

Sweet the chorus does away,
List! the angels join again:
"Hail to him who comes to pay
Ransom for the sons of men."
"On the royal David's throne
Let him reign, and never cease
By his wondrous titles known,
Counsellor, and Prince of Peace."

"What are all the realms of earth
Built in slaughter, war and pain;
Since an empire first had birth
To the good Messiah's reign?"
"For their crowns and sceptres now
In his lustrous light grow dim;
Every knee to him must bow,
Every tongue confess to him."

"Not alone on Adam's race
Are his wondrous blessings poured;
Beasts, with men partake the grace
Of a paradise restored."
"Beasts, with peaceful cattle stray
O'er the pastures, far and wide;
Flocks the lamb in sportive play
By the tawny lion's side."

"From his all-prevailing arm
Human woes and ills must flee;
Death, disease, and every harm
Quit their prey and cease to be."
"Men and angels see with joy
Eden's happiness restored;
Nought to injury or destroy,
Earth, the temple of the Lord."

"Praise to God for evermore,
Peace on earth, good will to men."
Hark! the angel-hymn is o'er,
Darkness drapes the world again;
But the boundless gift of bliss,
Heralded by angels' strains,
Jesus Christ our righteousness,
To our world and us remains.

Hail we then this joyful morn,
Let our glad songs rise to heaven;
Unto us a child is born,
Unto us a son is given.

"The cow and the bear shall feed,
Their young ones shall lie down together.—Old Testament.

Literature.

THE CURLING MATCH.

CHAPTER II.
A SCOTTISH BORDER TALE.

Concluded from our last.

"Surely, my lord, the gratitude you owe to him for your recent deliverance, deserves a better reward than this," said the factor firmly.

His lordship impatiently waved his hand, as he haughtily replied, "Gratitude, sir, is a debt which I am not fond of incurring—the more especially to a menial. Pay the hind whatever sum he requires, and let him instantly quit my service. I hate him, and cannot bear his presence."

"Your lordship requests me to do an act which I blush to perform," said Mr. Melville; "an act which neither your grandfather nor father would have asked me to do, and I have had the honor of serving them both."

"My grandfather and father have no say or sway in this matter," replied his lordship, with a bitter sneer; "and, unless my orders are obeyed, your own services may be no longer required. You may retire."

Muttering an inward curse on such cool-headed tyranny, Mr. Melville slowly left the apartment. With feelings of mingled grief and shame, he walked towards the cottage of the young woodman; but learning that he was in the forest he hurried onwards, and found him giving directions to several of his assistants as to the removing of some trees which served to check the growth of others. The wonderful improvements made in the forest, struck the worthy factor with surprise. Beautiful walks now intersorted the forest, rendering it a scene of unrivalled sylvan scenery.

"How now, how now!" cried the good old man, quite delighted. "This is a delightful change. Why, you take as much pains and care as if it were your own."

A burning blush overspread the young man's cheek, as he hastily answered.

"I am glad the improvements please you; and if we are spared you will find more."

Mr. Melville stood silent for a space, and his agitation, became visible to his young friend, who anxiously inquired if he were well enough.

"Well enough in one sense, but dreadfully ill in another," was the

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answer. "In short, I am charged with a most unpleasant intelligence to you. It is a matter connected with yourself," he added, as, linking his arm into that of the young forster, he walked along one of the paths in the wood. "I would fondly explain to you," he continued, "the truth, that the marquis—I—plague it!—I cannot speak; the words seem choking me!"

"I can readily devine the cause of your agitation," said the young man, smiling. "Your present employer is so much indebted to me for saving his life yesterday, that he does not wish that I should remain at present on this estate."

"You have guessed aright," said Mr. Melville, after a pause; "but think not that he wishes you to leave without a proper remuneration for your services."

"Hush!" said the woodman as he placed his hand on the factor's arm. "Your present employer can give me nothing that I cannot command."

"But you must require money?" urged the factor.

"Not from this estate at present," was the answer.

"I am an old man now," said the factor, sadly; "I have neither wife nor child; but tell me how I can aid you in purse—in any way—and I will do it."

"I believe you," said the woodman earnestly, as he grasped the old man's hand; "but I need no aid. All that I ask is, that you will be kind to the tenantry on this estate; and, as I am to leave it, I would wish that you would protect my old housekeeper. She is a valued and faithful friend."

"I will do all you ask," said the factor. "She shall never want while I live. But yourself?"

"I am already provided for," was the answer.

"They paused in sight of the woodman's cottage, and Mr. Melville, with tears trickling down his furrowed cheeks, bade the youth good-bye, and, with a solemn promise to meet again, they parted.

Fraser entered the cottage, and speedily arranging his effects, told his housekeeper that he was called from home; and, directing part of his luggage to be sent to the neighbouring town, he left a sum of money with her and departed.

CHAPTER II.

ABOUT noon of the same day, Fraser entered the travellers' room of the principal inn in the neighbouring town. At one end of the room a young officer was seated, reading a newspaper. He looked up as Fraser entered, and, throwing down the newspaper, sprang forward, and grasping his hand, exclaimed—

"This is an unlooked-for pleasure! In the name of wonder, what wind has blown you hither?"

"Call it a hurricane if you choose my dear Moreland," answered Fraser smiling.

"Nay, I'll call it a blessed gale, since it has blown you to my arms," said the officer gaily.

Entering into lively conversation the two passed an hour away, when the young officer begged of Fraser to accompany him to his quarters, as he had some duties to perform, promising him to devote the remainder of the day to his service. The two therefor walked towards the military barracks, on entering which they beheld a scene of strange confusion and alarm. An officer was mounted on a high-spirited Arabian horse, which seemed as wild as if newly caught. Plunging and rearing, it made many desperate efforts to throw the rider; but finding this unavailing, it flew with the speed of lightning from one end of the barrack-square to the other, then suddenly pausing, again reared, furiously pawing with its fore hoofs in the air, and champing the bit, till the foam flowed from his mouth. It required all the coolness and skill of the rider to maintain his seat, but it was evident that he would soon be unhorsed. A number of soldiers were vainly endeavoring to arrest the mad progress of the infuriated steed. Their efforts only rendered it the more wild and untractable.

"That furious animal will kill its rider," said Fraser.

"It is our colonel," said his young friend; "and, strange to tell, he will persist in riding that mad Arabian, although it has thrown him repeatedly."

As he spoke, the horse dashed past them, and, suddenly pausing, again attempted to throw the rider; but

finding it vain, was on the point of throwing itself on its side and rolling over him, when Fraser, watching the movement, sprang forward, and grasping it firmly by the head, called to the rider to dismount. He instantly did so, while the horse made repeated efforts to free itself from its captor; but his firm, herculean grasp baffled its every effort, and, rendered tamer by the superior force and skill used against its vicious nature, it allowed itself to be led away quietly by some of the soldiers.

No sooner had Fraser handed the horse over to the soldiers than the colonel advanced and thanked him for the assistance he had rendered.

The colonel, on being introduced to Fraser, grasped him by the hand and said, "I cannot find words to express the pleasure I feel in meeting with you. You must join the mess to-day. We'll keep possession of you for a month. But I won't we, Moreland?"

"If I can judge my friend's wishes aright, we may keep him with us altogether. He is desirous of purchasing a commission; might I solicit your assistance to further his views?"

"With pleasure. And stay, Ha, ha! well thought out. Lieutenant Barclay wishes to sell out. I'll see about it instantly. By-the-by, he added abruptly, "we surely have met before. Are you of the Ballaroch family?"

Fraser colored slightly as he answered, "I have just left Ballaroch Castle."

"Indeed! And how is the marquis?" was the next inquiry.

"The marquis is well," was the answer, in a constrained tone of voice.

"And Lady Emily?"

"Is well also."

"Pity," said the colonel—"a great pity! that so lovely a creature should be under the guardianship of such a spendthrift. He will squander her money as well as his own. But I forgot—oh yes! the purchase. Well remember you join us at mess." So saying, he bowed and left them.

Some days elapsed, and the purchase of the commission was progressing, when one morning a letter was handed to Fraser, who, breaking it open, beheld to his surprise, a check for one thousand pounds enclosed. The letter was written in a beautiful female hand, and ran thus—

"I have heard your desire to join the 11th Regiment. After you receive this a commission will be secured for you. I know not how you may be circumstanced for money, and trust that you will not take the enclosed amount from your sincere—Well-wisher."

There was neither signature nor date at the letter, and Fraser was more and more puzzled at the circumstance; but resolving not to make use of the funds thus placed at his disposal, he carefully laid the letter and check aside.

A few days after Colonel Elmwood sent for Fraser, and, congratulating him upon his appointment, handed him a packet containing a lieutenant's commission in his own regiment; at the same time the worthy colonel informed him that the regiment was under orders for India.

Overjoyed at the prospects before him, Fraser returned to his hotel, where he found another letter awaiting him, written in the same hand as the former, and enclosing another heavy sum of money. "By this time," the letter ran, "you will be in possession of your commission, and as money will be requisite for your equipment, please accept of the enclosed. I hear that your regiment is ordered to India, but trust that you will not think of accompanying it."

"Who can this be?" said Fraser, as he closed the letter. "Some one who either knows who I am, or places funds at my disposal for some selfish motive. Be that as it may, time will explain all—and till then you lie untouched;" so saying, he placed the check and the letter along with the former one.

All was activity and bustle preparing for the departure of the regiment, and the hearts of the officers and men beat high at the prospects of fame and wealth now before them. When one day Moreland called on Fraser, and in a disappointed tone addressed him—

"So you do not go to India with us after all?"

"I have no other intention," said

Fraser.

"Why have you exchanged into the Guards then?" said Moreland, as he handed him the London Gazette. Mechanically Fraser took it, and looking at the part pointed out, read, to his surprise, that he was appointed lieutenant in the first regiment of Guards, vice a lieutenant who was retiring.

"What can this mean?" he cried.

"Who can have done it?"

"Some kind friend to keep you home," said Moreland smiling.

"They might have saved themselves the trouble," replied Fraser, somewhat out of temper. "To India I am resolved to go, nor will I be held back."

The two friends resolved to consult Colonel Elmwood on the point, and the result was, that by the colonel's advice a captaincy was purchased for Fraser in his own regiment, and Fraser accompanied the regiment to India.

Previous to his departure Fraser received a letter from the same unknown quarter, and remonstrating in a kind yet melancholy style, at the obstinacy he had displayed in not remaining at home.

CHAPTER IV.

It is not our wish to follow the career of our hero throughout the East; suffice it to say that honors unsought for were showered upon him. Promotion rapidly followed, and before twelve months elapsed Fraser was major in the regiment with which he had set out to India. Between Colonel Elmwood and himself a firm and trusty friendship existed, and the good old colonel treated him with the same affection that he would have shown his own son.

Still through the same channel from whence so many advances had been made, and so many benefits received, Fraser continued to meet with every attention. Letters, couched in the most friendly style, enclosing money, were constantly received. All these he carefully laid up, and, as time should betray the donor; and chance at last furnished that clue to the mystery which he had so long sought to unravel.

One day a message was forwarded to him from Colonel Elmwood, requesting his immediate attendance at the Colonel's quarters, and stating that the colonel was confined by sudden and severe indisposition to his bed. Obedient to the request, he hurried to the place appointed.

On entering the apartment Major Fraser was surprised to observe tears in the eyes of the colonel.

"I am glad you have come," said the colonel. "You are acquainted with the Ballaroch family. I am sorry to say that the present unworthy representative of that noble race has acted the part of a low scoundrel. Poor Lady Emily, what must she feel?"

Fraser staggered back and leant against the wall.

"Good God!" he cried. "Lady Emily! what of her?"

"She is ruined!" was the melancholy answer.

A deep bitter groan burst from the bosom of Fraser.

"My dear friend," said the colonel, as he advanced and kindly took his hand, "what means this agitation? Although Lady Emily has lost all her fortune by the imprudence of the marquis, yet it is some satisfaction to think that the poor girl bears it most nobly. See," he added, as he placed a letter in his hand, "how the good-hearted, amiable girl writes of her misfortunes."

Fraser took the letter, and glancing at it let it fall from his hand, as he stood rooted to the spot with astonishment.

"On foot! blind, headstrong fool!" he exclaimed, as he struck his forehead with his hand, "could I not have guessed this? So generous—so noble-minded! to cast such a treasure from me!"

"Major—Major Fraser!" cried the colonel in alarm. "Why, what is wrong?"

"Everything," was the rapid answer. "I have cast from me the only heart that loved me, and ruined the peace of my poor dear cousin."

"Cousin! why, what has that to do with Lady Emily's letters?" said the colonel, greatly alarmed for the views of his young friend.

"By heaven!" he exclaimed, as he looked fixedly at Fraser, "my suspicions are correctly founded. You are

the rank," said Fraser proudly.

"Your mother was—I gasped the colonel, as he grew deadly pale.

"One whom you loved dearly—Catharine Fraser."

With a cry of joy the colonel embraced the young man.

"I was right in my conjectures," he exclaimed. "This explains that secret sympathy which knit me to you. Oh! how overjoyed I feel!"

"The young man, opening a pocket book which he carried in his bosom, drew forth a small parcel of papers which he placed in the colonel's hand."

"I did not intend," he said, to have laid claim to the estate till a proper time came for my interference. Look here," he said, pointing to two of the papers, which the colonel opened and read.

"Right—correct!" he cried, as he perused them. "Here is the regular certificate of your mother's marriage to James, Marquis of Ballaroch, and here is the certificate of your own birth and baptism. Why, what a tool was I not to press you to this confession before?"

"Look here," said the young man as drawing a locket from his breast he handed it to the colonel. It was the same which Lady Emily had held on her visit to the cottage at the forest; and as the colonel gazed long and earnestly at it, tears fell fast from his eyes.

"Shortly after my mother was married," continued Fraser, "she learned the rank and standing of my father. At his earnest request she consented to keep the marriage concealed. She did not long survive my birth, and I was sent to be reared among strangers. My father afterwards married a high-born English lady, who bore him one son. Not till the death of my guardian did I know even who were my parents. Having been put in possession of the documents proving my right, I hurried to Ballaroch Castle with the view of meeting my father. Alas! I was too late. I reached the Castle and at the very gate I met—my father's funeral! I sought for and obtained a menial situation on the estate, merely for the purpose of ascertaining all I could of the property and of the tenantry. The estate was in debt, and seeing no way of maintaining my rights without a heavy sacrifice, and having no friends to assist me, I calmly awaited the course of events to enable me to step forward and claim my birthright. By chance I saved my half-brother's life, and he, in return, to show his gratitude, and suspecting too well who I was, dismissed me from the place. I joined this regiment, but from an unknown source money and promotion were forced upon me. I knew not to whom I was indebted till I met you just now. Judge of my amazement when I find that friend and benefactor to be Lady Emily!"

"And she is worthy of you, and you of her," cried the colonel joyfully. "Fly to her, and at her feet confess your folly, and I proclaim you right to her hand. Leave of absence will be obtained. Take the overland route—lose not a moment. This is too precious to be trifled with."

Leave of absence was obtained, and Lord Ballaroch (for such we must now call him) hurried home to Scotland. The best advice in the land was obtained as to his rights, but litigation was completely obviated by the old marquis's—his father's will. The usurper of his rights yielded them up on receiving a handsome annuity, and retired to the continent, leaving our hero in full possession of the Ballaroch estate.

Lady Emily's fortune was also redeemed from the grasp of the parties who had illegally seized it for the debts of the supposed marquis; and having ascertained that she was residing in seclusion with a maiden aunt of her mother at Richmond thither the new marquis repaired with all possible speed.

With Lady Emily there had been a sad reverse of fortune. The estate of Ballaroch had been entailed to male heirs alone; and on the death of her father, who had succeeded to the estate, his only brother had taken up the succession under the burden of payment of certain debts of the rental to Lady Emily. Her father had left her a large portion of ready money, and placed her under the guardianship of her uncle, who, while he lived, treated her as if she were his own daughter. At his death the young mar-

quis took up the succession, and with it the power over Lady Emily's fortune. Fond of gambling and every species of low debauchery, the rentals of that estate could not supply his extravagancies, and he fraudulently intrusted with Lady Emily's fortune. Deeply plunged in debt, he retired to the continent while his creditors endeavored to secure payment out of the rents.

Lady Emily was sitting alone in her aunt's house at Richmond. Thinking of him whom she supposed still to be in India, she heaved a deep sigh as she ejaculated—"Oh, Fraser! how gladly would I be the most menial person in your service, to behold you once more!"

The door of the apartment was opened, and a servant appeared stating that the Marquis of Ballaroch wished a private interview with her ladyship. An icy chill ran through her veins. What could the marquis wish with her? He had fled without once venturing to appear before her—and now what could be the object of this visit? With thoughts like these she motioned the servant to admit him. Vainly striving to calm her agitation, she stood trembling. The door of the apartment again opened, and a suppressed cry of joy and surprise burst from her lips as she beheld—not the party she supposed—but the young woodman enter. Springing towards her, he clasped her in his arms—her head sank on his shoulder, and for a space she only heard fond expressions poured from his lips, while tears of joy flowed from her own eyes.

This meeting was indeed unexpected—but I looked for the Marquis of Ballaroch here.

"And the Marquis of Ballaroch now holds you in his arms. Nay, look not so amazed; I am the only one bearing that title and in possession of that estate; and, believe me dearest Emily, I will never know what happiness is until you share with me my fortune."

Still holding her in his arms he explained all his story, while she listened with tearful eyes, mingled with blushes, as he poured forth his thanks to her for her attention to his welfare. He pressed his suit, and she consented to become his bride.

It was a joyous day at Ballaroch Castle when the newly-married couple arrived there. Our old friends Lamerdyke and Tweednos escorted them at the head of a large body of the tenantry, all mounted on horseback; and amid the mingled clang of martial music from a dozen village bands—the ringing of bells and the booming of cannon—they entered the portals of the castle, and were met by a gallant band of jolly forsters, who greeted their former comrade with three times three; and old Mr. Melville, with tears of joy gushing from his eyes, came forth, accompanied by the aged housekeeper, to welcome the young pair to the halls of their ancestors.

AN EMINENT MINISTER'S FIRST SERMON.

The following anecdote in relation to Mr. Jay's early preaching, I had from his own lips:

"Mr. Winter being unable, through ill health, to comply with an engagement to preach a few miles in the country on the following day (Sunday) requested me to officiate for him. I told my tutor that though he had given me but little time for preparation (it being late in the evening), yet I would do the best I could to acquit myself of the duty. On reaching the village where the service was to be performed, quite fatigued, having travelled on foot, I inquired for the residence of Winter's friend, a wealthy farmer, who was the head of the religious interest of the place and surrounding neighborhood. On arriving there I gave a tumorous rap on the door, and it being opened, informed the female servant that I wished to see the gentleman of the house. The domestic asked me what I wanted of her master at so late a hour—My reply was, that Mr. Winter had sent me in his place to supply the chapel on the Sunday, and desired me personally to see her master on the subject. The servant, after bidding me go into the kitchen, said she would deliver my message; which she did with a smile on her countenance, telling her master that Mr. Winter had sent a farmer's boy with hobnail shoes and worsted stockings to preach in his stead. Upon the gentleman farmer making his ap-

pearance in the kitchen, he after eyeing me from head to foot, said: "So, my young friend, Mr. Winter has sent you to preach here; is it so?" "Yes, sir," was my reply. "The gentleman, without entering into further conversation with me, said in a low tone of voice to his servant, which I overheard—"Who will Winter's son do next?" and then after bidding the servant give me some supper and get a bed ready for me in the top room of the house, abruptly took his departure.

"The next morning, whilst I was on the road on foot to the chapel, to perform my duties there, a carriage passed by me containing the rich farmer and his lady, who although they saw, yet would not recognize me. This slight did not much discompose me; for my mind was intent upon the preparation of my discourse, from a text which had occurred to me whilst in bed, as being appropriate to the circumstances of my reception, my appearance as to dress, and my youth. The text was from the sixth chapter of John, ninth verse, "There is a lad here who hath five barley loaves and two small fishes." In the course of my extemporaneous discourse, which soon riveted the deep attention of the rural audience, I exclaimed, "Did God despise the lad who supplied the Son of Man with food for the great multitude, is number about five thousand? No. Was it not a lad—a ruddy-faced lad—who slew Goliath the giant, and afterwards cut off his head with the great sword of that Philistine, thereby giving deliverance to Israel? Yes. And was it not a lad by whose lips God reproved the aged and hoary-headed Eli? Yes. Why, then, despise a lad?"

"When I retired to the vestry, the wealthy farmer, who was there waiting for me, shook me heartily by the hand, thanked me in the most flattering terms for what he was pleased to style my excellent discourse, and made me his guest until my departure on the following day. I need hardly mention that instead of returning from the chapel to the gentleman's residence on foot, I was invited into the carriage, and treated with the greatest hospitality."—*Recollections of Jay.*

ANIMAL FOOD AND BREAD.

A paper was recently read before the London Chemical Society by Dr. Gilbert, on the composition of the animal portion of human food, and on its relations to bread. The general conclusions were, that only a small proportion of increase of fattening any from 5 to 10 per cent., and only the nitrogenous matter of the food, was stored up in the body of the animal; but that the amount supplied in the food, despite the loss incurred in the maintenance of the respiratory functions, was fully equal to thirty three per cent. Hence, the comparative value of fattening foods was proportional rather to the amounts of respiratory than of assumed flesh-forming constituents. It was calculated that in those portions of the carcasses of oxen actually consumed as human food, the amount of the dry fat was from two to three times as great as the amount of dry nitrogenous matter; and in the eaten portions of the carcasses of sheep and pigs, more than four times as great. By substituting for the above proportions of fat, their respiratory equivalents in starch, so as to allow of a comparison between meat and bread, the ratio being six or seven to one, and eleven to one respectively. From various determinations made by a number of experiments, it appeared that in wheat bread the ratio of starch to nitrogenous matter was six or seven to one; so that in bread the proportion of animal flesh-forming constituents to respiratory constituents was greater than the eaten portions of sheep and pigs, and quite equal to that of the eaten portions of oxen—a conclusion altogether opposed to the prevalent notions on the subject.

UNLUCKY PEOPLE.—It is part of the great fact of luck—the indubitable fact that there are men, women, ships, horses, railways, engines, whole railways which are lucky, and others which are unlucky. I do not believe in the common theory of luck, but no thoughtful or observant man can deny the fact of it. And in no fashion does it appear more certainly than in this, that in the case of some men, great accidents are always marrying them, and the effect they should gain produce. The system of things is against them. They are not in every case unsuccessful, but whatever success they may attain is gained by brave fighting against wind and tide. At college they carried off many honors, but not such luck ever befel them as that some wealthy person should offer during their days some special medal for essay or examination, which they would have gained as of course. There was no extra harvest for them to reap; they could do no more than win all that was to be won. They go to the bar, and they gradually make their way; but the day never comes on which their leader is suddenly taken ill, and they have the opportunity of earning a brilliant reputation by conducting in his absence a case in which they are thoroughly prepared. They go into the church and earn a fair character as preachers; but the living they would like never becomes vacant, and when they are appointed to preach upon some important occasion, it happens that the ground is a foot deep with snow,