

EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, And dispatched to subscribers by the earliest mails, or other conveyance, when so desired.

TERMS:—One Dollar per annum, in advance; if not paid within Two Months, One Dollar and Fifty cents will be charged.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Six lines and under, first insertion... \$00 50 Each subsequent insertion... 00 13 Ten lines and under, first insertion... 00 75

Advertisements without written directions inserted at the risk of the advertiser. All letters addressed to the Editor must be post-paid.

Business Directory.

DR. HOSTETTER, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons England. Opposite the Elgin Mills, RICHMOND HILL.

DR. JAS. LANGSTAFF, Will generally be found at home before half-past 7 a.m. and from 1 to 2 p.m. Richmond Hill, June, 1865.

JOHN M. REID, M. D., COR. OF YONGE AND COLBURNE STS., THORNHILL.

Consultations in the office on the mornings of Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, 10 to 12 a.m.

LAW CARDS.

JAMES M. LAWRENCE, Clerk of the 3rd Division Court, CONVEYANCER, AND COMMISSIONER IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH.

M. TEEFY, ESQ., Notary Public, COMMISSIONER IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH, CONVEYANCER, AND DIVISION COURT AGENT.

AGREEMENTS, Bonds, Deeds, Mortgages, Wills, &c., &c., drawn with attention and promptitude. Terms moderate.

CHAS. C. KELLER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, CONVEYANCER, &c.

Masonic Arms Hotel, GEORGE SIMSON, Proprietor.

STABLES for Sixty Horses. Good Pasturage. Loose Boxes for Race Horses and Studs.

MITCHEL HOUSE, AURORA.

DAVID McLEOD begs to announce that he has leased the above Hotel and fitted it up in a manner second to none on Yonge St.



THOMAS SEDMAN, Carriage and Waggon MAKER, UNDERTAKER &c. &c. &c. Residence—Nearly opposite the Post Office, Richmond Hill.

The York Herald

RICHMOND HILL AND YONGE ST. GENERAL ADVERTISER.

NEW SERIES.

"Let Sound Reason weigh more with us than Popular Opinion."

TERMS \$1 00 In Advance.

Vol. VI. No. 24.

RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1865.

Whole No. 284.

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS indebted to the Estate of the late John Langstaff, of the township of Markham, are notified to pay their debts to the undersigned...

GEORGE McPHILLIPS, GEORGE WELDRICK, Executors of the late John Langstaff.

LUMBERING!

ABRAHAM EYER BEGS respectfully to inform his customers and the public that he is prepared to do PLANING TO ORDER.

Planed Lumber, Flooring, &c. Kept on hand, SAWING done promptly; also Lumber Tongued & Grooved.

Published for the Proprietors by Scott & Brongton.

Literature.

A Woman's Wisdom.

From Godey's Lady's Book for November. 'Mary,' said Mr. Randolph, lifting his youngest boy from off his foot...

'You have I dear me, Luther!' If these words seem ambiguous on my paper, the tones gave them fullness of meaning and emphasis, and expressed surprise, regret and some other feeling nearer disapproval than anything else.

The tender playfulness which had crept into the merchant's face during his frolic with his boy and girl was superseded by another expression, the one that he carried into his office—among his warehouses—in his relations with his clerks and employees, and in his business dealings with men in general; a hard, stern, shrewd look...

For, although this man was far from faultless, although he had the name among his brother merchants and on 'change, of being shrewd and sharp at a bargain, and pretty certain to 'line his own nest' warily, in all business transactions there was still another side of Luther Randolph—he was thoroughly a home man.

And well it was for Luther Randolph that he had taken to wife a woman so peculiarly fitted to sympathize with and develop all these home loves and instincts of the man's nature, to make of the house where he dwelt a little paradise of comfort and brightness and beauty.

But notwithstanding fortune and family were in his disfavor, Luther Randolph had many qualities of person and manner which win the regard of women, and on this one he had set his heart and soul, and she was not unminful of the tender, manly regard which she had inspired.

Time, perseverance, above all, a steady ascent up the ladder of fortune, triumphed, after several years' waiting, over all obstacles, and Luther Randolph led to the altar the daughter of the old banker, Mary Marshall.

Here spoke the hard, sagacious business man, looking at life from a standpoint of mere self-interest; he had broader qualities some time, but his horizon now was narrowed to one of money and gain.

The words grated along the finer instincts of Mrs. Randolph's nature. A faint shudder crept into her face, a fainter sigh from her lips.

'Yes, Mary,' he continued, with that new hardness which had settled into his face, sinking also into his voice. 'I finished the matter up in short metre this afternoon, and gave him his quit papers. I am not the man to be tampered with the second time, as Tom found out to his cost, to-day.'

'What was his offence this time?' inquired the lady; and the evening paper dropped unheeded from her lap to the floor, and she leaned her face down to the check, soft and dewy as apple blossom, of the little girl who was hanging on the side of her chair, and mother and daughter made a pretty picture at that moment, which Mr. Randolph would have keenly appreciated had not his thoughts just then been engrossed.

'Oh it was the old thing; he got into bad company again, and, in short, came into the office so drunk this morning that he could hardly stand. I sent him back at once to sleep off the effects of his spree, and when he returned, being thoroughly sobered and sobered this afternoon, I gave him his dismissal with some sharp words he won't be likely to forget at once.'

'Such a smart, bright, pretty behaved boy as he was!' said the soft regretful tones of the lady. 'It is such a pity!'

'I agree with you; but if boys or men will make fools of themselves and stand by their own light who is to blame? I'd taken a fancy to the boy, and meant to do well by him, else I should have turned him up on first offence.'

'And what will become of him now, Luther?' asked the lady.

'It would be impossible for me to prophesy, my dear. The chances, however, are against him. He's come to the city, and it's proved too much for him. He's made a bad beginning, and will be very likely in a police court, and at term at the Tombs, and that's the end of a boy, of course.'

'On, dear!' said the lady, with a little start and shiver, and an unconscious glance at the mesh of brown burnished hair that had nestled down on the hearth rug, 'that's a terrible picture, Luther!'

Mr. Randolph followed his wife's gaze. Perhaps he divined the association which suggested itself to her mind, for his tone was certainly modified as he answered: 'That is true, and I need not have painted it quite so black. Perhaps Tom's future may not be so bad as my croakings. At all events, give your pretty little head no further concern on the subject, for the boy is unworthy of it.'

'I can't help wishing, Luther, that you had given him one more trial,' said the lady, speaking more to herself than to her husband.

The gentle smile which she wore and regarded her with one of his pleasant smiles, in which lurked the faintest tinge of irony.

'Mary,' he said, 'I regard you as a most exemplary woman. In short, as the very cream and flower of your sex. In all your relations as wife, and mother, and mistress, I believe you to be above reproach, and unequalled. But in all business matters, your judgment and opinions wouldn't be worth a sixpence, at least, on any subject were your interest and sympathies were enlisted. That soft little head of yours would be certain to lead your good sense captive, and you'd be grossly imposed upon and deceived on every side. Ah, my dear, a man who has had to fight the battle of life as I have done, and to make his own way in the world, knows better than all this. He may harter and toughen himself on every side. He can't afford to turn his store into a reform school, or himself into a mere philanthropist. He must look at these things in a business point of view, else he and that will be ruined.'

She rose up, she took her little boy in her arms, and set him on his father's knee. 'Luther!' she said, 'I will not argue or reason with you, for you will get the best of me there; but I plead for this boy in the name of your own, take him back; give him one more trial, for the sake of this!'

She placed her hands on the burnished heap of curls, in which were lights of gold.

The child looked up with his sweet face full of bewilderment. Something in the tender, solemn face of his mother, seemed to impress him. He reached out his fat dimpled hands to his father, and cried, in his pretty child voice, 'Take him back, papa—take him back!'

Mr. Randolph was moved. He bent down swiftly, and kissed the small speaker, and fancied himself guilty of a very unmanly weakness, when he said; 'O Mary, you women with your children, are enough to turn a man's brain. It's against my life-long principles to do what you ask.'

But after all, the speech concealed much more than it denied, and Mrs. Randolph knew that if Tom was not gone beyond recall, he might have another chance with his master.

Three days had passed, and the year had stepped softly from November into winter, and the last month opened with smiles as radiant as those which kindle the face of June; with winds balmy as May's and with no sign nor whisper of the long path of storm and darkness through which the road lay toward the spring, just as some lives lie in sweet warmth and security on the border land of awful experience of sorrow and pain, and loss, through which their feet must walk into eternal 'rest' beyond.

And one morning of this 'sunshine out of season,' a youth, somewhere about his seventeenth year, might have been seen making his way slowly along one of the principal thoroughfares of the city.

to his fellow lodgers to induct him into all sorts of follies and sins, and he hadn't sense or strength enough to resist them.'

'Poor boy! Ah, Luther, if he were ours; and the mother's soft brown eyes glanced again toward the white heap of life and brightness, and bloom, which lay on the floor.

And again the father's eyes followed hers, and the hardness was melted out of them now, and he said fervently: 'God forbid! I would rather lay my boy in his grave this hour, than know he should live to be turned adrift in his youth, on this great city, with no friends to protect, and with temptations lying in wait on every side to devour him.'

'And Tom had a mother, too, and she must have loved him once, as we do ours, Luther. I almost hope she isn't alive now, for I can judge by my own heart, that it must break hers to know that her boy's is lost.'

'Yes, she is living,' Mr. Randolph answered almost reluctantly. 'I remember Tom told me so, and that she was a widow, and he was her only son; although he had a little sister beside. Foolish boy, to run his neck straight into that trap! added the gentleman, half angry at himself to find that his heart was beginning to relent toward the culprit.'

Tears brimmed the beautiful brown eyes of Mrs. Randolph. From the first she had taken a fancy to, an unusual interest in, the bright-faced little office boy, who her husband frequently despatched up to the house with some note or message for his mistress.

The boy's bright, prompt, pleasant manner, his quick intelligence, the courtesy of speech and bearing, which indicated careful home cultivation, had all attracted the lady.

And now her mother heart was touched to its centre, thinking of that other mother, lonely and widowed, whose pride and joy and strength had been this one boy, now turned out on the world in shame and disgrace. She thought how the proud young spirit, stung with remorse and shame, would be likely to flash up into fierce recklessness, or settle down into sullen defiance. The lady's heart, looking on her own son, ached and yearned over this other mother's.

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And one morning of this 'sunshine out of season,' a youth, somewhere about his seventeenth year, might have been seen making his way slowly along one of the principal thoroughfares of the city.

If you had looked at his face, you would have found it a bright, intelligent one with eyes that held usually plenty of fire and spirit in them, but now carried some gloom, or sadness, or both. So did the slender boy figure, with the idle hands listlessly in the pockets, for want of some better employment.

'Now, Tom Haynes,' buzzed the busy brain of this youth. 'You're done for in this city, and the sooner you clear out and go off to sea the better for you. The best you can do is to ship as a common deck hand, for a good long voyage round the world.—You'll have a chance to see something of the world before you get back, and perhaps, you'll get into a good berth, and be a captain some day. It'll be hard enough at first, and you must make up your mind to plenty of knocks and rough associations; but it will be better than loafing around the city, with your hands in your pockets, and your last dollar gone, and your situation lost, and you've nobody to thank for it all but yourself, as the old fellow told you when he sent you off. All your fine visions and pretty dreams of making money and setting up the folks at home are gone now.'

'Poor mother, and little Ruth; ah, there was a twinge then, that made the boy start and shrink, as one might at the touch of a coal of fire; he knew the poor broken down mother, the bright little sister, just three years his junior, had set all their hopes and pride on him; that he was their one hope and trust, and when they should come to hear the truth, that he was discharged and disgraced, and had run off to sea, they would never hold up their heads again.'

And if he could go back to the day on which he left them. Then the tears sprung up into his eyes; he was thinking of their last words—his mother's and little Ruth's. There was only one thought which was harder than that, and this was going back and looking in their faces and telling them the truth. And so reasoning after the fearful 'logic of evil,' the one wrong always involving another, he told himself, in despair and desperation, that there was no help for it; he must 'run off now, and go to sea.'

And he who had been too weak to resist the temptations of the land, would expose himself to those increased a hundred-fold, on board the ship, among coarse and brutal companions, amid the lack of all moral restraint and influences which a long sea voyage necessarily involves.

Just at that moment a carriage turned the corner, and drew up before the door of a large dry-goods establishment, and a lady alighted, in some haste and the long silk scarf, which trailed down her cloak, dropped suddenly to the pavement.

Tom Haynes was instinctively courteous. He caught up the bright, floating fabric, and sprang forward. 'You have dropped your scarf, ma'am.'

Thus arrested, the lady turned suddenly. 'Oh, thank!—when a look of amazed recognition changed her sentence, and it ended in, 'Why Tom! is that you?'

The boy's face was a fierce crimson. He wished that moment that the earth would crumble beneath and take him in.

'Yes, Mrs. Randolph,' he faintly articulated.

She looked at him with her eyes full of sad pity. 'O, Tom I would not have believed it of you,' she said, sorrowfully.

He tried to speak, but instead there came a swift smothered sob, beating out from his throat, before he could crush it down again.

She looked at him, this lady with the gentle motherly heart, and the pity was strong in it now. 'Tom,' she said, laying her hand on his shoulder, as his own mother might have done, 'if Mr. Randolph should take you back again—if, contrary to all his rules and precedents, I could persuade him to do this, would you try once again to resist the evil, as you never did before?'

'He would not take me back. You don't know him,' recalling the words which his employer had last uttered towards him, words which had festered and rankled in his heart ever since, and made him feel that, let come what might, swift freezing,

or slow starvation, he would never seek his old master again, even though forgiveness and help awaited him on the threshold.

Mrs. Randolph did not speak for a moment. Perhaps she smiled a little to herself, thinking that his wife ought to know Luther Randolph a little better than his office boy. At last she said: 'Get in, Tom, and go with me,' pointing to the carriage. And he went in without saying a word. And as Mrs. Randolph took her seat, she said to the driver, who awaited her order, 'The office, Daniel.'

Mr. Randolph sat alone at his desk as his wife entered his office, accompanied by Thomas Haynes, who had been so ignobly driven out of it a few days before. She walked straight up to her husband who glanced at the lady and her companion in silent curiosity and surprise. 'I have found him, Luther, and brought him back,' said she. 'Try him once more for my sake.'

'And make a fool of myself,' growled the merchant; but there was something which encouraged further entreaty in the tone.

'No, Luther I take all the blame all the folly on myself; only try this once, and see if the end do not prove it! Wisdom!'

Mr. Randolph looked at Tom. You young rascal you'll be serving me another trick one of these days,' he said. 'Sit down, here, and copy these letters.'

The office boy tried to speak, but instead there came a great gush of sobs, with a rain of tears. And so Thomas Haynes was received once more into favor.

Mrs. Randolph's charity did not stop here she procured him lodgings under a kindly home roof in whose pleasant atmosphere the boy's nature expanded, and beneath which he found the peace and shelter that his inexperienced youth so much needed. There is more than that to tell. The boy's quick intelligence, advanced him steadily in the house as the years went on, until at last the old mother and pretty sister, blooming into her womanhood, came in pride and joy, to live in the pleasant home which the strong arm of the young son and brother had earned for them.

There is more yet to tell. There came a time when a sudden business crisis fell upon and paralyzed the community. Old houses whose credit had stood the storm of scores of year, suddenly tottered and fell. The house of which Luther Randolph was now senior partner, tottered to its centre. In the midst of this, the man was taken seriously ill—colic, and a few days later he died. And at that time, had it not been for the senior clerk, for his knowledge of the business in all its relations, for his foresight and energy, the house must have been overwhelmed. As it was, it withstood the storm; and in gratitude therefor, Thomas Haynes was taken into the firm by the other partners, and was thereafter its youngest one.

There is more yet to tell. When Margaret, the elder of the two daughters of Luther Randolph, was in the bloom of her lovely womanhood, Thos. Haynes wooed and, amid other suitors, won her for his wife. And after the bridal breakfast, which included only the families of the newly-wedded pair, he turned to Mrs. Randolph, and calling her by the sweet, new name of mother, he said: 'All that I have, all that I am, I owe, under God, this day to you! And then he told, to those who will never forget it, and who heard it now for the first time, of the story of the fall of his youth, and how Margaret's mother and his had saved him. I think there were few dry eyes in that room around that bridal breakfast-table when he finished.

'Yes, mother,' added Mr. Randolph, in a voice of strong emotion, as he looked down with the tenderness of his youth, on the fair and gentle matron at his side, 'my boasted judgment then. I, and mine, will have cause to bless you for that work so long as we live! Sweet words in the ears of her who heard them.

And how many women, like this one, have work lying at their doors—work which they neglect to do? In their husband's offices, and stores, and warehouses, and manufactories, are clerks and employees, are men and women, for whom they might speak some kindly, timely words; in whose welfare they might take some interest, whom they might rescue from wrong and evil, in their youth and need. To how many women, throughout the land, sitting in ease and prosperity, in their luxurious homes, has the thought of the good which they might accomplish by speech or deed, never come home!

'Lift up your eyes, for the fields are already white with harvest, and the laborers are few.'

An enamoured swain was scanning a pretty Quakeress, and sang the song of 'Home, sweet home,' when the father appeared at the window. 'Friend,' said he, 'these hath been singing of thy home—thy sweet home; now, if thee hath a home, and a sweet home, why don't thee go to it?'

A Feeling Witness.—A lawyer, upon a circuit in Ireland who was pleading the cause of an infant plaintiff, took the jury up in his arms and presented it to the jury suffused with tears. This had a great effect with the opposite lawyer asked the child, 'What made you cry?' 'He pinched me!' answered the little innocent. The entire crowd was convulsed with laughter.