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Business Directory.

DR. HOSTETTER, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons England. Opposite the Elgin Mills, RICHMOND HILL, June 9, 1865.

DR. JAS. LANGSTAFF, W.H. 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, 8 to 10 a.m. All consultations at the lowest office, Cash. Thornhill, June 9, 1865.

LAW CARDS.

JAMES M. LAWRENCE, Clerk of the 3rd Division Court, CONVEYANCER, AND COMMISSIONER IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH. Office opposite R. RAYMOND'S HOTEL, Richmond Hill.

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

CHAS. C. KELLER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, CONVEYANCER, &c. Office in Victoria Buildings, over the Chronicle office, Brock Street, Whitby.

DAVID EYER, Jun., Stave & Shingle Manufacturer. RESIDENCE—Lot 26, 2nd Con. Markham, R. on the Elgin Mills Plank Road.

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The York Herald

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RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, JUNE 23, 1865.

Whole No. 263.

Poetry.

The Raven.

BY EDGAR ALLEN POE.

Once upon a midnight dreary, While I pondered, weak and weary, Over many a quaint and curious Volume of forgotten lore—

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic Terrors never felt before;

Presently my soul grew stronger; Hastening then no longer, "Sir," said I, "no madman truly

Deep into that darkness peering, Long I stood there wondering, fearing, Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals

Back into the chamber turning, All my soul within me burning, Soon again I heard a tapping

Open here I flung the shutter, When, with many a flirt and flutter, In that stepped a stately Raven

Then this ebony bird beguiling My sad fancy into smiling, By the grave and stern decorum

Much I marvelled this ungainly Fowl to hear discourse so plainly, Though its answer little meaning—

But the Raven, sitting lonely On that placid bust, spoke only That one word, as if his soul in

Started at the stillness broken By reply so aptly spoken, "Doubtless," said I, "what it utters

But the Raven still beguiling All my soul into smiling Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in

Thus I sat engaged in guessing, But no syllable expressing, To the fowl whose fiery eyes now

Then methought the air grew denser, Perfumed by an unseen censer, Swung by Scraphim whose footfalls

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!— Prophet still, if bird or devil!— Whether tempter sent, or whether

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!— Prophet still, if bird or devil!— By that Heaven that bends above us—

"Be that word our sign of parting, Bird or fiend," I shrieked, upstarting— "Get thee back into the tempest

And the Raven, never flitting, Still is sitting, still is sitting On the pallid bust of Pallas

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Literature.

Fred and Maria, and Me.

PART THE FIRST.

That very day I got a letter from Fred saying he had been sick with a fever, owing to his anxiety about his business, and especially at the

So the next week we set off, Sam and I, and all the way I kept taking back the thoughts I had about him, for it was plain now he had

Why, we ain't got to a tavern, are we? says I, I thought we was going right to Fred's!

Well, this is Fred's; jump out, Aunt Avery, for there're opening the door.

What! this great palace! says I, all struck up. Oh Sam! it must be they're took boarders!

Sam kind o' laughed, and says he, Then it'll come all the handier having you, says he.

at me and then at Sam as if we was wild Indians or Hottentots, and says she:

You've probably mistaken the house, says she. Sam got up and says he, Isn't Fred at home? says he.

But I'm surprized he ain't to home, for I made an appointment with him for just this time 'o day, says he, and it's rather awkward not to find him, I'm free to say.

Just then in walks Fred a looking as black as thunder, and he takes no notice of me but just goes up to Sam, as if he was going to catch him 'y the throat, and says he, Well Sir!

Well, Sir! says Sam. And they stood a looking at each other just like two roosters that's a going to fight.

But after a minute Fred turned round shook hands with me and says, This is my Aunt Avery, Maria, and the lady that had been a standing there all this time, she stared harder than ever, and says she, indeed?

Thanks I she feels bad at having me see her parlor in such a clutter, and so I made believe not to look at any thing, but for the life of me I couldn't help seeing them chairs all askew, and so I got up and laid my bonnet on the table, and while I was a doing of it I just set a couple of 'em straight and even, by the window. The minute she see me she ran and pulled 'em out and put 'em askew again.

Fred he kept edging off while we was a moving of the chairs, and at last he got Sam into the back parlor, for he didn't seem to want nobody to hear what they was talking about.

Fred's wife didn't say nothing, so says I, Do you keep boarders, ma'am?

Keep boarders! gracious! says she. I ask you pardon if I've said anything out of the way, says I, it looks like such a big house, and as if it had such a sight of room in it.

Did I understand Mr. Avery to say you are his aunt? says she after a while.

Yes ma'am I'm his aunt, by the father's side, says I. Most extraordinary! says she.

No, dear, not extraordinary, says I. It's as natural as can be. Jeremiah Avery and Abraham Avery they married sisters. And Jerry's sister married a cousin. And Fred's father, he—

No, I never was out of Goshen before, till now, says I, and Goshen's ways ain't like New York ways, at least I expect they ain't. But what is it you was a saying about dressing for dinner? Are they going to have company?

No, only I thought you'd want to fix up a little, says she. I guess it ain't worth while if they ain't going to have nobody, says I. And I'll just lay down a little while and get rested, if you'll call me when dinner's ready.

So she went down, and I tried to get a nap, but some how I couldn't, I was so faint, and beat with the journey and the need of something to eat, if twasn't more than a cracker. And when they come and called me to dinner I was thankful to go down, though 'twas so odd a eating dinner after dark.

We all set down to the table, Fred and his wife, and me, and there wasn't nothing on it but soup.

I suppose they economize in their victuals, thinks I, to pay for living in such a big, handsome house. But I must say I never eat such good soup, and it must have taken more'n one beef-boze to make it, I'm sure.

Cousin Avery, says I to Fred's wife, you make your soup beautiful. And you all dressed up like a lady, too. I can't think how you do it. Now when I'm round to work a getting dinner, I can't keep nice and tidy. Not that I ever have such handsome clothes as your'n, says I, for I see her a clouding up and didn't know what I'd said to vex her—

There was a man a clearing off the table, and I see him a laughing, and thinks I, what's he laughing at! At me? But I ain't done nothing to laugh at, and most likely its his own thoughts are pleasing him. But just then he in with a great piece of roast beef and a couple of boiled chickens, and ever so many kinds of vegetables, enough for twenty.

Why, Fred, says I, them chickens look as plump and fat as if they'd been raised in the country. I had an idea New York-chickens was only half-growned. But I suppose being brought up on a farm you know how to raise 'em more'n common, don't you?

Fred smiled a little, but didn't say nothing, and it got to be kind o' silent, and I kept thinking what a number of things was brought on to the table and so much trouble just for me, so says I: Don't put yourself out for me, Cousin Avery, says I. If you make a stranger of me I shall wish I hadn't come. There'll be plenty of that cold meat for to-morrow, and I'm partial to cold meat.

By this time we'd about got through dinner, and the man had gone away, so Mrs. Avery she spoke up quite angry like and says she: The idea of my being my own cook and making the soup! Ha! ha! Even John couldn't help laughing!

Why, do you keep a girl? says I, quite bewildered. And was that the girl that showed me the way up stairs?

What does she mean? says she, looking at Fred. My dear, I'm surprized at you! says Fred. Of course everything strikes a person from the country as more or less singular. But here comes the children!

The door opened and in came three children; two girls and one boy, and every one of 'em dressed up in white, with curls a flying and ribbons a flying, and looking as if they'd just come out of a band-box. There wasn't one of 'em more'n seven years old, and it come across me it was kind o' queer for 'em to talk of going out to get their living, as their pa had said they did, but thinks I, they're smart little things and not like the common kind. The youngest one wasn't much more than a baby, but he set up in a chair, and his pa and ma they gave him a good many unwholesome things, and all the others helped themselves to whatever they could lay their hands on. They wouldn't speak to me, but all they seemed to care for was the good things and the nuts and raisins Fred kept a feeding 'em with. But then all children's fond of eating, and never would stop if they were left to their own way.

I was it sorry to hear the old clock strike nine, and to go up to bed. But when I knelt down and tried to pray, it didn't seem as it did to home; there was such a noise in the street of wheels going by, that I couldn't collect my thoughts at all, but I seemed to rush and drive and tear along with them omnibuses till my poor old heart got to beating like a mill-clapper. And Satan he hung round and kept saying 'Well, what do you think of all this?' Your poor nephew Fred seems very poor, don't he, and this is a miserable little mean house, ain't it? and don't his poor wife have to work hard? Where's that old black silk of your'n, that you was a going to make over for the children? Hadn't you better stop a saying of your prayers and begin to rip it? So I got all wore out, and undressed me, and blowed out the light and got into bed. It looked like a nice bed afore I got in, but as soon as I laid my head on the pillow, says I to myself, 'Fugh! what feathers! I never slept on such feathers, and tain't wholesome.'

So I rose up on end, and tossed 'em off on to the floor, but it didn't make no difference, and the air seemed full of brimstone and sulphur and all sorts of

things, such as you expect to smell when Satan is a prowling round: I felt as if I should choke, and then as if I should smother, and turn which way I would I couldn't get to sleep. My head felt worse than it did before I left home, and I began to wish I'd staid there, and not come to this new-fangled place where everything seems so strange. At last I got up and dressed me in the dark, and went out into the entry to see if I could get a breath of fresh air, and who should be coming up but cousin Fred's wife—

Why, ain't you to bed, yet? says I. No, says she, I ain't, but where does this horrid smell of gas come from? What have you been about? says she.

I ain't been about nothin', says I, only I couldn't get to sleep, and I didn't know what was the matter after I blowed out the light.

Blowed out the light! Goodness! It's lucky I've got a nose, or you'd have been dead before morning, for aught I know, and she ran into my room and set such a light a blazing that I was half dazed.

Don't never blow out the gas again, says she, but turn it off so, says she, and she put out the light and went away, and there I stood in the dark, and didn't know where the bed was, and went feeling round and round, and kept getting hold of all sorts of things, till at last I found it, and was thankful to undress and creep in and hide myself under the clothes.

To be continued.

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To be continued.

Miscellaneous.

ONLY A VILLAGE PAPER.

Says some hair-brained, but pompous individual when asked to give his support to a local journal, "Oh! I hate these nasty little papers," when the fact is that these little despised sheets, have each more influence over the destinies of the world in one week, than a thousand such as he ever had, or would have, did they live to the end of time. All rivers are small at the source.—The merchant of a village, despise him who dare, for without such the wholesale houses would soon be abodes of owls and vampires.

Without a local press no country village can thrive, they are the life's blood of the body politic, and the great "GLOBE" or "LEADER" are valuable, only in proportion as they enunciate in the aggregate the sentiments of their smaller, but really more important competitors. While a city press pretends to lead, in reality it does no more than follow. It is the local press which enunciates the texts, the others only preach from it, and often badly. Is it not a fact, that the majority of our M. P.'s. represent local constituencies, and can afford to laugh at the thunders of the "GLOBE" or the anathemas of the "LEADER," but let these local organs speak and they tremble, for a nod can put them in Parliament, and even less can put them out. Therefore, let no one dare to despise a village press, for, unless that is pure, the body politic is corrupt, even as the noble river's water is poisonous if the small fountain is polluted.

Seeing then that such things are so, we claim as a local Journal, a share of support from every one who wishes the welfare of the community in which he lives. Remember the streets of Jerusalem are only kept clean by every man sweeping his own doorway, the local paper is that doorway and hence we ask every one here to take the paper, and watch the local interests of which it treats. The times we live in are momentous, every day is an epoch of wonders, to record which is the duty of the local press, and also to show whether these epochs are drifting us. Truthfully, fairly and impartially will we strive to do our part in life's battles, and as one of the almighty local press, we demand the thoughtful, unbiassed support of the neighborhood, and never hope to hear again a slur on a local press. —SELECTED.

THE TURNIP FLY.—A method of preventing the ravages of the turnip fly has been adopted with success in England. The practice is founded upon the fact that the fly emits its eggs in the autumn, and that they are never hatched till the next spring, when the warmth and the fruitful state of the soil, by repeating of the generating effects of the sun's rays. It is at this period the turnip is generally sown; the plant therefore springs up about the time the fly is hatched, and a supply of food being thereby afforded, it is not surprising that the fly should multiply and thrive. If, instead of sowing immediately, the soil is brought into as fine a state as possible and the sowing delayed for ten days, although the fly would be hatched, the existence of the fly in a field may be ascertained by placing cabbage leaves at night, and examining them in the morning.

THE HEROIC SWISS TENDER.—The following incident is related in a European paper as having lately occurred in Prussia:—A Swiss tender had just taken his place to change the track, in order to turn a train which was in sight, so as to prevent a collision with another train from an opposite direction. At this critical moment, on turning his head, he discovered his little boy lying on the track of the advancing engine. He might spring to his rescue and remove him safely, and hundreds of lives might be lost by his neglect. In an instant his resolution was taken. "Lie down!" he shouted to his boy, and the child, happily accustomed to obedience promptly threw himself on the ground, and the whole train thundered over him, the passengers little dreaming how much their safety had cost that father. The trembling man rushed forward, fearing to find nothing but a mangled corpse, but no words can express his joy at seeing his child alive and unharmed. The next day the King, having heard of the circumstance, sent for the man and presented him the Medal of Honor for his heroism.

SQUARING THE CIRCLE.—If you think it is an easy thing to square the circle, just go and settle your wife's bill for boots.