

Mr Perry's Canvas "King Division"  
Meeting at Richmond Hill

# The York Herald,

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## Poetry.

### THE LATE PRIZE FIGHT.

[Mr. William M'Comb, Belfast, expresses his opinions on the late brutal exhibition in the following lines:

The fight, the brutal fight,  
Oh! heaven and earth deplore!  
Hell hailed the shameful sight,  
And demons yelod "Encore!"  
Oh! England, shame to thee!  
The ring—the blood—the prize!  
Thy men of high degree  
Feasting their savage eye!  
Oh shame, eternal shame,  
To call them brave and bold!  
To tarnish England's name  
With betting-books and gold!  
Oh, shame to see two men  
Shake hands with one another,  
With look of friendly ken,  
Like brother meeting brother!  
Oh, shame to see them strip,  
With murder in their eye,  
With hell taught science in the trip  
And blows of agony!  
God's image now defaced,  
Saw, victory! who art thou?  
As them who England's laurel placed  
Upon each bloody brow!  
The bull-fight scenes of Spain  
Far less outrage the sight  
Than man, who, moved by gain,  
Like bloody bull-dogs fight.  
The bull, when once he dies,  
Is dead and gone for aye;  
Man to be judged shall rise  
Upon the judgment day.  
By heaven's insulted name,  
By hell's high-crowned applause,  
By England's tarnished fame,  
By England's injured laws,  
By cowardice in mask,  
By courage falsely named,  
Up, patriots! to the task,  
And blame who should be blamed!  
Tell England's lovely Queen,  
Tell Lords and Commons great,  
Tell of the brutal scene—  
Go, tell the Church and State,  
Petition now the Crown  
And those in high command,  
To put the assistance down—  
The plague of England's land!

## Literature.

### THE VILLAGE NEWSPAPER.

When Mr. Warren Wilkins arrived in the lively little embryo town of Foxville, and found to his great delight, that the people had no newspaper of their own, with a decision characteristic of all great men, he resolved to project a journal for the general benefit of the Foxvillites, and the special advantage of himself; and if he could find sufficient encouragement for his enlightened idea among the influential portion of the community, to proceed with the enterprise forthwith. He had had some experience in newspaper life in the course of a forty years' residence in the metropolis; and he thought that, upon the whole, this mode of obtaining station and a livelihood would prove the best for him—considering that he was but "himself alone," without other capital than his mother-wit. Accordingly, Mr. Warren Wilkins, having taken lodgings at the Foxville tavern, and been received by the landlord with the consideration due to an editor, made inquiries as to the likelihood of his success; and among those to whom he broached the important subject, was one Ezra Dodge, a printer, "on his trials"—who not being peculiarly able to continue his travels, just then, listened to the idea with lively satisfaction, and promised his aid, on condition that he should be installed as foreman of the office, should the journal come into being. By the advice of Mr. Dodge, Mr. Wilkins addressed a note to three of the most influential citizens in Foxville—Mr. Zebulon Hamper, a select-man; Mr. Morpheus Mailbag, the postmaster; and Deacon Samuel Sleeper, who were all reckoned "good men and true" by the villagers, and without whom any new project in Foxville would be liable to meet with ignominious failure. Their aid and countenance were therefore sought in the most reverent and courteous terms; and the vital importance of having a public journal to vindicate the interest and instruct the minds of a community of which "they" had the honor of being prominent members, was set forth in such glowing colors, and they were invited so earnestly to meet Mr. Wilkins, in private preliminary conference upon the matter, that each called upon the other without delay; and concluding that the project was worthy of their distinguished consideration, they agreed to meet Mr. Wilkins and sound him as to his views. The evening for the conference was accordingly appointed, and they met.

act as his secretary, with a pen behind his ear. "We have come, sir," said the selectman, Mr. Hamper, "to listen to what your views may be, as to the character of the paper you propose to publish, to benefit our beloved village; to teach, to—  
"To teach the young idea how to shoot," suggested Mailbag, and to—  
"Advance the cause of religion," added Deacon Sleeper, with great solemnity.  
"Certainly, gentlemen," replied Wilkins. "My friend, here, Mr. Dodge, is well aware of my views upon these and all the great questions of the day; and he will corroborate what I state as being my opinions upon them—subject however to modification by yourselves."  
"Permit me to ask you then, sir," said Deacon Sleeper, "what are your peculiar theological views, and whether you intend this to be a religious paper?"  
"A paper without religion would be like a door without a handle."  
"I am delighted to hear you say so! But what may be your peculiar religious belief?"  
"It might be Baptist, or Methodist, or Catholic, or Unitarian, or Universalist, or Orthodox," replied Wilkins, pronouncing the names slowly, and watching to see which seemed most pleasing to his questioner, when, catching the eye of Dodge, and seeing the word "Baptist" on his lips, he continued: "but I was brought up to be a Baptist, and I suppose that to be the true faith."  
"Good! Give me your hand, Mr. Wilkins!" exclaimed Deacon Sleeper, his eyes sparkling. "Ours is the prevailing belief in Foxville."  
"Baptism, my friends," continued Wilkins, with sudden enthusiasm, "is recognized by all Nature. The shores of the sea are continually indulging in it; the dew of Heaven baptise the morning flowers; and the rain baptizes the thirsty earth, purifying, invigorating, causing to increase, multiply, and rejoice. What is good for the material part of creation must be equally so for the soul!"  
The three judges nodded to each other approvingly, and Mr. Selectman Hamper then asked:  
"What are your views of Temperance, Mr. Wilkins?"  
Mr. Wilkins looked at Dodge, and saw the expressive word of "Rum" on his lips, from which he took his cue.  
"I was never a great toddy-drinker, myself, though I have a grand mother who is ninety years of years, and who never goes to bed without her dram. She hasn't for the last half century—a pretty sure proof, I should say, that rum does not shorten the life of some.—I think, in a case of colic, spirits are excellent; though those who may be so afflicted, and object to the relief, are at perfect liberty to do so, for all me."  
"Those are liberal sentiments, don't you think?" said Hamper, turning to his associates; and they bowed assent. "The fact is, Mr. Wilkins, I deal in the article—in fact, supply this tavern—none but the best, however."  
"Indeed!" returned Wilkins, winking to Dodge. "Then, perhaps, as it is rather a raw evening, you would not object, either of you, gentlemen, to trying something hot?"  
There was some coughing, but the suggestion was approved; and Mr. Dodge took it upon himself to bring in five glasses of something both hot and strong, a proceeding which pleased the landlord, and advanced things amazingly.  
"Temperance in all things is my motto," said Wilkins. "Those who can't drink without getting inebriated, had better leave it alone.—Drunkenness hurts the trade."  
"What would be likely to be your course in regard to tobacco?" asked the postmaster. "I have a brother who deals largely in the article, though I take it only in the form of snuff. I find it cheers me greatly." And he took a strong pinch to prove it.  
"I am not much of a snuffer, though, as regards tobacco, my course would be entirely on the fence. It has always been my deliberate opinion that tobacco, in all its forms, is beneficial to some constitutions at some times; while to other constitutions, at other times, it is, on the contrary, quite the reverse. I consider that there is no straight and regular line of conduct

to be pursued on this subject; and therefore, I may be regarded as on the fence—the Virginia fence—with reference to tobacco."  
"It is very evident that Mr. Wilkins is no fanatic," suggested the postmaster.  
"Thank you!" replied Wilkins.—"Should the paper of which we speak receive your advocacy and patronage, although I should touch upon every possible question of the day, I should take care, while pursuing an independent course, not to compromise the interests of anybody by any rashness on my part. I believe it is the duty of a good sound editor—one of large and comprehensive Christian and impartial views—to believe a great deal in everything in general, but not too much of any one thing in particular. This gives a chance for everybody to have an opinion; and in a land of liberty this is indispensable."  
"You are no firebrand, we can say that," said the three counselors of Foxville, glad to find so meek a man in one who was to wield the pen of an editor under their especial guidance. "And what do you propose to call the paper, and how often is it to come out?"  
"Once a week, I should say, with a title which I think will meet your approval, viz: 'The Foxville Firebug and Weekly Pall.' There is a name for you! Original and appropriate."  
"But why do you call it 'Firebug'?"  
"The 'Firebug,' don't you see, is a humble but beautiful and harmless insect, which gives light to darkness—illustrative of the darkness of the mind which it will be my duty to dispel. Besides, there are a great many of them on our moors and marshes."  
"Good! But it appears to me that 'Pall,' is a singular name for a newspaper."  
"Not at all, gentlemen, if you consider that a pall is eminently a domestic utensil, and our paper will be eminently a family journal. The pall, also, is a receptacle of much that is useful, as the paper will be—if I can make it so, guided by the light of your friendly suggestive judgments."  
"Capital! I like that name, 'Pall!'"  
"And 'Firebug' has both a local and poetical insignificance.—And I suppose that your matter will be as original as your title?"  
"Much of a muchness. Among the topics which are to come in or occasional discussion in its columns, will be a little of most everything, and sometimes a good deal."  
"Women's rights?"  
"Open to discussion always.—I presume you are fond of the women, gentlemen?"  
"Ha, ha! Yes!"  
"When they don't take advantage of us?"  
"If a woman has but her rights, gentlemen, she can take advantage of nobody; and I shall take care, that, in discussing those rights, the rights of man shall not be considered over the left."  
"I suppose you will touch upon Spiritualism now and then?"  
"The spirits shall have fair play, gentlemen, if there are any—whether they come under the head of angels, witches, devils, or demigods. I am spiritually inclined, else I could never be an editor. The mind is a strange thing, gentlemen, and wanders as well in dreams, in the daytime, in life and in death."  
"How about politics?"  
"I shall endeavour to be as polite as I can; and as I have no doubt you will all be stockholders, I presume you will agree with me that it is the best not to tread on anybody's toes, until we feel our way and see which course is best. We must get as many subscribers and advertisers as we can, and do what good we can without losing their assistance."  
"How about the military and the firemen?"  
"Oh, we must go in for them by all means. I am a civilian, myself; but from a boy I was fond of 'sojaring,' and he must be a very unskillful person who objects to the soldier that protects him. In the time of peace prepare for war, and so forth. And as to the firemen, I have always regarded them as among the most disinterested champions of life and property.—He goes abroad in the stormy night, with his machine, his hooks, his hose, and his blunderbuses, rushes into the fire, and often makes a fancy roast of himself, for the gra-

tuitous benefit of his fellow-creatures; saving the wives and babies of other people as if he cared more for them than he did for his own—which, often, in the goodness of his heart, no doubt he does."  
"With such principles, no doubt, you will make the 'Firebug and Pall' a fine local paper."  
"Everything of a local nature will receive its constant attention. Charity begins at home; and I at least am not one of that class of public reformers, who, in looking after the interest of my country, neglect those of my friends and the home neighborhood. We should endeavor, my friends, to build up Foxville, morally, physically, and intellectually; to induce the people to help themselves, and to draw the patronizing attention of the general government, if need be, to the wants and merits of this attractive community."  
"How do you stand on public amusements?" inquired Deacon Sleeper.  
"Broad-shouldered, and flat-footed. I presume you have no objection, deacon, to moral amusements, of any sort."  
"No objection to anything moral." "Nor I; for which reason, as life is a drama and all nature is musical, I go in for moral dramas and moral concerts of all descriptions. They will be popular with the people—with your names to sanction them—and criticisms upon them will make the 'Firebug' go like wildfire. It will stream through the intellectual heavens of our country like a Northern light, and draw the notice of the nation upon us, as being a lively, enlightened, and thriving community—a city in miniature, ere long to be a city; and the price of real estate will go up as rapidly as the people come down to settle among us."  
"You have a great head!" said Deacon Sleeper, admiringly. "I think that such a paper is what we long needed among us. You will put a great deal of life into it and the paper will put it into the people; but we must take care to keep them sober-minded, also."  
"Never fear for that, deacon," replied Wilkins. "I understand the magnitude of my calling; and among the favorite arguments I shall advance, will be those advocating physical exercise—especially hard work, for unless the people work hard, they will not be so likely to pay for their paper. And on the same account, I shall strenuously oppose all balls, except calico balls—sober, democratic calico balls, which discountenance extravagance, which is the bane of every young community. I shall be a strenuous supporter of the cause of education, so as to make habits of reading universally possible, as well as fashionable—and that will help the paper, also—which may be in existence, for a hundred years hence; and, perhaps, owned by our immediate descendants."  
"You have certainly laid out" a most interesting plan for a paper," said Postmaster Mailbag; "and I have no doubt that my friends, Sleeper and Hamper, coincide with your views."  
"I agree with you entirely, brother Mailbag," responded the deacon. "I should judge that such a journal would meet with great favor from the people."  
"And I shall not be at all backward in recommending it to my friends," added Mr. Selectman Hamper.  
"I am rejoiced to hear you all sanction my proposal," rejoiced Wilkins, overjoyed at the unanimous favor with which his ideas had met; "I hope, gentlemen, that you will not, on the present occasion, object to joining with me in another friendly glass, after which we can the better draw up our plan of operations, etc."  
"To this proposal there was no dissenting voice; and Mr. Ezra Dodge repaired with alacrity to the landlord, and speedily returned with another round of cheering glasses, which were emptied gaily and without ceremony.  
"And now, gentlemen," said Wilkins, rubbing his hands complacently. "how much do each of you propose to subscribe, as stockholders in the concern?"  
"To subscribe?" replied all three, in astonishment.  
"Certainly! We must have money to commence with, to buy type, paper, presses, fixtures, etc."  
"We thought you only wanted

the sanctions of our names," said they. "We have no objection to your using our names, as part publishers; but we supposed you had an office already for operation, and capital enough to make the experiment."  
"And won't you invest anything?" asked the dismayed Wilkins, starting up, in great surprise.  
"We'd rather not—till you succeed."  
"And did you suppose I was to find brass and capital, too, and was then to care a fig for your sanction, you mean concocted jackasses? Get out! Ezra, open the door and put them out. Begone! What do I want of partners that haven't got a dollar to invest?"  
In a great hurry, his guests made for the door; and only the timely arrival of the landlord prevented their flight from being more forcible than becoming; leaving the enraged and mistaken Wilkins loudly avowing that he would carry on his newspaper alone—and which he much wished he could!  
THE STORMS OF LIFE.  
Fancy generally paints her pictures in light or, at least, disposes the sunshine and shadow to form one harmonious blending which we love to contemplate. The pencillings of truth are more deeply and darkly delineated,—too frequently, alas! without a cheering ray, save that which the Star of Hope throws out as a beacon amid the surrounding gloom. Thus, again and again, when imagination has been reveling in some scene of repose on the sea of human life, the finishing stroke of stern reality would reveal, in the distance, a cloud like to a man's hand, or a billow bounding onward, bearing the wreck of joys which seemed destined for cloudless skies and placid waters. Such were the thoughts suggested by that most lovely beautiful, but morosely true storm,—"There are storms on life's dark waters."  
I see childhood, innocent childhood, beside a front which bears upon its bosom a toy ship, gently gliding in its movements by a magnet. As we gaze on that which we would fain believe the effects of our own will, we deem not of the wintry air that will congeal those tiny waves nor of the cloud that will soon mantle in darkness the sunny sky reflected there. But truth says, even to laughing childhood,—"There are storms on life's dark waters."  
On a lake where  
The silvery light with quivering glance,  
Played o'er the water's self-expanding  
A light skiff is gliding. Though less youth is there, lulled into forgetfulness by the soft ripplings of the tide which is bearing the fragile bark onward. Yonder vista is opening to a deeper channel, and more dangerous waves; but we, all absorbed with the present, think not of an adverse wind, or a reflux tide.  
Manhood, as thou sittest by that prow, why is thy countenance stern, and thy brow knit by the indications of rebellious thought? Is there no music in the pensive sighing of the wind through the sail and tightened cordage? Why dost thou tremble at the lightning's flash, and why art thou silent at the thunder's roar? Of what are they the harbingers, that thou shouldst long for a hiding place? Oh, we know that the dark spirits of the tempest are marshaling the elements, and soon he is to experience that  
"There are storms on life's dark waters."  
Yonder vessel had cast anchor. Age is reaching there, regardless of the helm that has safely guided his once stately but now weather-beaten bark so near its final resting-place. His corals are loosening, the sails flapping against the mast, and one more mandate will consign all to oblivion. Of what do the shattered masts tell? What voice have those cracking timbers, and shuddering planks? What do the dirge-like sounds of the waves closing o'er their proclama? Ah, all give back one answer,  
"There are storms on life's dark waters."  
Youth, Manhood, Age,—venture not on the ocean without a pilot, or sacred compass,—and anchor cast without the vale, where He who hushed Galilee's angry waves has a crown of peace for all those who love his appearing, and a passport to rest beyond.

BRANDY AND HEALTH.  
"A glass of brandy can't hurt anybody." Why I know a person, younger he is now, on high exchange a specimen of manly beauty, a portly six-footer. He has the bearing of a prince, for he is one of our merchant princes. His face wears the hue of healthy, and at the age of forty, he has the quick, elastic step of our young men of twenty-five, and I know that he never dines without brandy and water, and he never goes to bed without a terrapin or oyster supper, with plenty of champagne; and more than that he was never known to be drunk. So here is a living example and disproof of the temperance twaddle about the dangerous tendency of an occasional glass, and the effect of a temperate use of good liquors.  
Now it happened that this specimen of safe brandy-drinking was a relation of ours. He died in a year or two after that, of a chronic diarrhoea, a common end of those who are never out of liquor. He left six children, and he had ships on every sea, and credit at every counter, which he never had occasion to use. For months before he died (he was a year dying) he could eat or drink nothing without distress; and the whole alimentary canal was a mass of dense; in the midst of his millions, he died of inanition. This is not the half reader. He has been a steady drinker for the last twenty-eight years. He left a legacy to his children, which we will not mention. Scrofula had eaten up one daughter of fifteen; another is in the madhouse, the third and fourth were of unearthly beauty, but they blighted and paled, and faded into heaven we trust, in their sweetest teens; another is tottering on the verge of the grave, and only one of them is left all his senses, each one of them as weak as water. Why we came from the dissecting room and made a note of it, it was so horrible.—Hall's Journal of Health.  
CURE FOR IN-GROWING NAILS.—It is stated, by a correspondent, that cauterization by hot tallow is an immediate cure for in-growing nails. He says:—"The patient on whom I first tried this was a young lady who had been unable to put on a shoe for several months, and decidedly the worst case I had ever seen. The disease had been of long standing; undetermined; the granulation formed a high ridge, partly covered with skin, and pus constantly oozed from the root of the nail; the whole toe was swollen, and extremely tender and painful. My mode of proceeding was this: I put a very small piece of tallow in a spoon, and heated it over a lamp until it became very hot, and dropped 2 or 3 drops between the nail and granulations. The effect was almost magical.—Pain and tenderness were at once relieved, and in a few days the granulations were all gone, the diseased parts dry and destitute of feeling, and the edge of the nail exposed so as to admit of being pared away without any inconvenience.—The cure was complete, and the trouble never returned. I have tried this plan repeatedly since, with the same satisfactory results. The operation causes but little if any pain, if the tallow is properly heated. A repetition might, in some cases, be necessary; although I never met with a case that did not yield to one application.—Medical and Surgical Journal.  
BUTTER MAKING.  
The following article on butter-making is contributed to the Rural New Yorker by A. D. Burt, who has taken many premiums in New York State Fairs. His views deserve general attention, because a great deal of bad butter finds its way to our markets, owing to the want of correct information in making and packing it.  
Mr. Burt says:—"First, I consider that it is absolutely necessary to have good, sweet pasturage, with an abundance of the best grasses, and an unstinted supply of pure fresh water, not such detestable stuff as can be found in stagnant pools, but such as you behold when you see the rill from the mountains joyously gleam," where the cows can slack their thirst and feel invigorated. The pasture should have shade trees sufficient to accommodate all, without the necessity of disturbing each in the  
FALSE TEETH.  
Dame Nature but seldom reverses her laws. But sometimes it does come to pass; for what once belongs to an elephant's jaw may be found in the mouth of an ass.

mid-summer. Then have cows suitable for a butter dairy; not those that give the largest amount of milk, but the richest, yielding a large supply of the rich orange-colored cream. The cows should be salled regularly, at least twice a week, as it will keep them in health and in a thriving condition, which is useful for profit. Always be sure to drive them carefully to and from the pasture; never allow them to be worried by boys or dogs, as it will tend to heat the milk and often cause great decay in the curdling, which some will impute to witchcraft, and that correctly, but the witchery, I believe, is in over-heating the inoffensive cow and often causing injurious effects upon the poor cumbly beast.  
Always be regular in your train of milking, and let one person (as much as possible) milk the same cow or cows, and be sure to milk them as quickly and thoroughly as possible, for you thereby save the richest part, and often save knots from forming on the teats, or causing a milk fever, or inflammation in the udder. A clean, cool airy and light room (the lighter the better) is the most suitable place for the pails, and racks instead of shelves, is considered the best, as the air circulates freely around the pails, cooling the milk more evenly. A common house cellar will very seldom be found a suitable place for setting milk, and the cream or milk in a cellar should never be placed on the floor or bottom, for if there is any impure gas in the cellar it will settle to the ground, causing the cream to be bitter, and a poor quality of butter will be the result.  
After setting the milk away it should never be disturbed again until it is ready to be skimmed, which should be done as soon as possible after the cream has risen and before the milk has curdled; all the gain there is in quantity after about twenty-four hours' setting you must lose in quality. Keep the cream in stone pots or jars, in a cool place in summer, moderately warm in winter. Sprinkle a little salt on the bottom of the jar. Always stir the milk from the bottom every time you add a fresh skimming of milk. Never churn until at least twelve hours after the last cream has been put into the jar.  
After the cream has been churned and the butter properly gathered, it should then be washed with cold water and changed two or three times, or until there is no colouring of milk about the water; the whole of the water must then be worked from the butter; and it should be salted with about twelve ounces of the best Ashton dairy salt, well pulverized, to sixteen pounds, or three-fourths of an ounce to each pound of butter. The salt should be evenly worked through the entire mass. I differ much with many of our butter-makers in the quantity of salt, but I have taken the first premium at our county fair (in the Fall) on June-made butter that was salted with half an ounce to each pound, and packed immediately, without a second working, and that butter, when thirteen months old, was just as sweet as when first packed.  
Always pack immediately, as it tends to make it streaked if it is worked a second time. It should be packed in jars, if for home use; if for market, in the best oak firkins or tubs, which should be well soaked with cold water, then scalded and steamed by pouring boiling water in, and covering to keep the steam in for a short time, say twenty or thirty minutes. Then pour off the water and scrub the firkin with salt or soda, then wipe out the surplus, give it a slight rinse, and when cooled, it is ready for use. When the firkin or jar is full, cover the butter with good sweet brine, to exclude the air.  
An English engineer, Leonard Horner, had been making some experiments for determining the age of Egypt by counting the layers of alluvial deposit along the banks of the Nile, made by its annual overflowing. Mr. Horner's researches are made by sinking shafts at various points. One of these was sunk close to the great monolithic statue of Ramesses I., at Memphis, and it was found that there were nine feet four inches of Nile sediment between eight inches below the surface and the lowest part of the platform on which the statue stands. Below the platform, the shaft was driven 30 feet through the deposit. At the depth of 30 feet pottery was found in a good state of preservation. Taking the date of the erection of the statue at 1351 B. C., the finding of the pottery, together with the examination of the different layers of deposit, Mr. Horner thinks he has discovered traces of the existence of man 11,500 years before the Christian era, or 7,500 years before the date at present fixed for the creation of the world.