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VOL. 1. WOOD RIVER CENTRE, BUFFALO CO., N. T., SEPT. 13, 1860. NO. 15.

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One square, 12 lines or less, 1 insertion	\$1.00
Each subsequent insertion	.50
Same, one year	10.00
" " six months	7.00
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COTTAGE BY THE SEA.
 Childhood's days now pass before me
 Forms and scenes of long ago,
 Like a dream they hover o'er me,
 Calm and bright as evening's glow,
 Days that know no shade of sorrow,
 There my young heart pure and free,
 Joyful hailed each coming morn
 In the Cottage by the Sea.

CHORUS.
 In the Cottage by the Sea,
 In the Cottage by the Sea,
 Joyful hailed each coming morn,
 In the Cottage by the Sea.
 Fancy sees, the rose-trees twining,
 Round the old and rustic door,
 And below, the white beach shining,
 Where I gather'd shells of yore.
 Hears my mother's gentle warning,
 As she took me on her knee;
 And I feel again life's morning,
 In my Cottage by the Sea.

In my Cottage by the Sea, &c.
 What though years rolled above me,
 Though mid-fairer scenes I roam,
 Yet I ne'er shall cease to love thee,
 Childhood's dear and happy home!
 And when life's long day is closing,
 Oh! how pleasant it would be
 On some faithful heart reposing
 In the cottage by the Sea.

ROSEMAN, SPARE THAT TREE!
 Horseman, spare that tree!
 'Tis not a hitching post;
 Though in its infancy,
 Yet soon 'twill shade a host.
 Then spare, oh, spare that tree,
 For he who placed it there
 Meant not that it should be
 By beast of thine gnawed bare.
 Then spare, oh, spare that tree!
 And neither gnaw it yourself nor let your horse.

The fine verse of the Oriental bard,
 Thu-ul-Mutaz, in vindication of chess, has
 been thus translated:
 Oh, thou whose cynic sneers express,
 The censure of our favorite chess,
 Know that its skill is Science's self,
 Its play, distraction from distress.
 It soothes the anxious lover's care;
 It weans the drunkard from excess;
 It counsels warriors in their art;
 When dangers threaten and perils press;
 And yields us, when we need them most,
 Companions in our loneliness.

Readings for the Young.
CONQUERING WITH KINDNESS.
 I once had a neighbor—a clever
 man—who came to me, one day, and
 said, "Esquire White, I want you to
 come and get your geese away."
 "Why," says I, "what are my
 geese doing?"
 "They pick my pigs' ears when they
 are eating, and drive them away;
 and I will not have it."
 "What can I do?" said I.
 "You must yoke them."
 "That I have not time to do now,"
 said I, "I do not see but they must
 run."
 "If you do not take care of them, I
 shall," said the shoemaker, in anger.
 "What do you say Esquire White?"
 "I cannot take care of them now,
 but I will pay you for all damages."
 "Well," said he "you'll find that a
 hard thing, I guess."
 So off I went, and I heard a terri-
 ble squalling among the geese. The
 next news I heard was that three of
 them were missing. My children
 went and found them terribly mangled
 and dead, and thrown into the bushes.
 "Now," said I, "all keep still and
 let me punish him."
 In a few days the shoemaker's hogs
 broke into my corn. I saw them, but
 let them remain a long time. At last
 I drove them all out, and picked up
 the corn which they had torn down,
 and fed them with it in the road; by
 this time, the shoemaker came up in
 great haste after them.
 "Have you seen anything of my
 hogs?" said he.
 "Yes, sir, you will find them yon-
 der, eating some corn which they tore
 down in my field."
 "In your field?"
 "Yes, sir," said I, "hogs love corn
 you know, they were made to eat it."
 "How much mischief have they
 done?"
 "O, not much," said I. Well, off
 he went to look, and estimated the
 damage to be equal to a bushel and a
 half of corn.
 "O, no," said I, "it can't be."
 "Yes," said the shoemaker, "and I
 will pay you every cent of the dam-
 age."
 The shoemaker blushed and went
 home. The next winter, when we
 came to settle, the shoemaker deter-
 mine to pay me for my corn.
 "No," said I, "I shall take nothing."

After some talk we parted; but in
 a few days I met him on the road,
 and we fell into conversation in the
 most friendly manner. But when I
 started on, he seemed loth to move
 and paused. For a moment both of
 us were silent. At last he said:
 "I have something laboring on my
 mind."
 "Well, what is it?"
 "Those geese. I killed three of
 your geese, and I shall never rest un-
 til you know how I feel, I am very
 sorry," and the tears came into his
 eyes.
 "O, well," said I, "never mind; I
 suppose my geese were provoking."
 "I never took anything of him for
 it but when my cattle broke into his
 field after this he seemed glad be-
 cause he could show how patient he
 could be.
 "Now," said I to my children,
 "conquer yourselves, and you can
 conquer with kindness, where you can
 conquer in no other way."

HOW A SHREWD KENTUCKY DARKEY
OBTAINED HIS LIBERTY.—Anthony
 Reux, a colored engine driver on
 board one of the Ohio river steam-
 boats, being asked how he got his
 freedom, replied as follows:
 "Why, Massa, my health was very
 bad when I was in Kentucky; I
 couldn't do no kind of work, I was
 very feeble; 'twas jest as much as I
 could do to hoe my own garden and
 eat the sass; and the Misses that
 own me see that I was a mis'able nig-
 ger—one of the mis'ablest kind. So
 I said to her, 'Missus, I'm a mis'able
 nigger, and I aint worth nothing, and
 I aint worth nothing, and I think
 you'd better sell me I'm such a mis'-
 able nigger.' Now Massa, I was such
 a mis'able nigger that Missus agreed
 to sell me for a hundred dollars, and
 I agreed to try to work and earn the
 money to pay her, and I did, and my
 health has been getting better ever
 since, and I spects I made about nine
 hundred dollars that time out of that
 nigger. Yah, yah, yah! Massa."

READY-MADE YEAST.—Perhaps our
 lady readers may not understand the
 best method of having good ready-
 made yeast always on hand. We in-
 variably have bread made from the
 yeast cakes prepared as follows: Put
 in to three pints of water a handful of
 hops and nearly a quart of pared po-
 tatoes cut into small pieces. Boil for
 half an hour and strain while scalding
 hot into sufficient flour to make a stiff
 batter. Stir it well, adding one table-
 spoonful of yeast, and set it in a warm
 place to rise. When light, mix it
 with Indian meal, roll out thin and
 cut it into round or square pieces.—
 Dry these and keep them in a bag in
 a dry place. They will remain good
 for months. Before using, take one
 of these cakes for each medium-sized
 loaf, soak in warm water till soft, and
 add a teaspoonful of soda for three or
 four yeast cakes. Add this to the
 flour with warm water, and raise in
 the usual manner. Some put the light
 yeast without adding the Indian meal,
 into close jars or jugs, and use as
 needed. It will not keep many weeks
 by this method.—Country Gentleman.

WHEN TO SKIM MILK.—A dairy-
 woman in Western New York, speaks
 in the emphatic tone as to the best
 time; She says, the right time to
 skim milk is "just as the milk begins
 to sour at the bottom of the pans.—
 Then the cream is all at the surface
 and should be at once removed—with
 as little of the milk as possible. If
 allowed to remain until the acid reach-
 es the cream or to become thick it
 diminishes the cream and impairs it
 in quality. The housewife or dairy-
 maid who thinks to obtain a greater
 quantity by allowing the milk to stand
 beyond that time labors under a most
 egregious mistake. Any one who
 doubts this has only to try it to prove
 the truth of this assertion. Milk
 should be looked to, at least, three
 times a day.

A Persian poet says: "The
 worst of men is the wise man who
 does not put his wisdom in practice."
 Wisdom that has not the power to
 show itself may be compared to a
 sun without light and heat, or fire
 without the power of consuming, life
 without animation, faith without
 works—in fact a nonentity. The
 Persian poet's "Wisdom" may be
 more properly named smartness or
 cunning—the counterfeit of wisdom—
 as true wisdom cannot be hid.

All's Well.
 The following exquisite gem is worth re-
 taining and preserving. We doubt if
 the whole range of English or any other
 literature can furnish anything more simply
 beautiful—more purely eloquent.
 "Twelve o'clock at night, and all's well."
 False prophet—still and statue-like at
 yonder window stands the wife. The clock
 has told the small hours, yet her face prest
 closely against the window-pane, striving
 in vain with streaming eye to pierce the
 darkness. She sees nothing, she hears
 nothing—but the beating of her own heart.
 Now she takes her seat; opens a bible, and
 sees from it what comfort she may, while
 tears blister the page. Then she clasps her
 hands, and her lips are tremulous with
 mute supplication. Hark! here is an un-
 steady step in the hall; she knows it! many
 times, and oft, it has trod on her very
 feet strings. She glides down gently to
 meet the wanderer. He falls heavily
 against her, and, in muffled tones, pro-
 nounces a name he had long since forgot-
 ten to honor. Oh, all enduring power
 of woman's love!—no reproach, no upbraid-
 ing—the light arm passed around that reeling
 figure once erect in "God's own image."
 With tender words of entreaty, which he is
 powerless to resist, if he would, she leads
 him in. It is but the repetition of a thou-
 sand such vigils! It is the performance of
 a vow, with a heroic and patient endur-
 ance too common, and every day to be
 enchronicled on earth; too holy and heav-
 enly to pass unnoticed by the "registering
 angels" above.
 "All's well."

False prophet—In yonder luxurious room
 sits one whose course it was, to be as fair as
 a dream of Eden. Time was when those
 clear eyes looked lovingly into a mother's
 face, when a kind, a loving father laid his
 trembling hand with a blessing on that sun-
 ny head, when brothers' and sisters' voices
 blended with her own to heart music
 around the happy hearth. Oh! where are
 they now? Are there none to say to the
 repenting Magdalen "neither do I condemn
 thee, go and sin no more?" Must the
 glided letter continue to bind the soul that
 totes it because man is less merciful than
 God?
 "All's well."

False prophet—There lies the dead orphan.
 In all the length and breadth of the green
 earth there was found no sheltering nest,
 where the lonely dove could fold its wings
 when the parent bird had flown. The
 brooding wing was gone that covered it
 from the cold winds of neglect and un-
 kindness. Love was its life; and so—
 it drooped!
 "All's well."

False prophet—She walks the earth in
 purple and fine linen; honest poverty with
 tear-dewed face, hunger and thirst
 and shivers, while the "publican stands
 afar off!" The widow pleads in vain to
 the eminent judge for "justice," and un-
 punished of Heaven, the human tiger couch-
 es in his lair, and springs upon his help-
 less prey.
 "All's well."

Ab, yes, all is well, for He who "seeth
 the end from the beginning" holds evenly
 the scale of justice. "Dives shall yet beg
 of Lazarus." Every human tear is count-
 ed. They will yet sparkle as gems in
 the crown of the patient and enduring
 disciple! When the clear, broad light of
 eternity shines upon life's crooked paths
 we shall see the snares and pit-falls from
 which our "hedge of thorns" has fenced
 us in, and in our full-grown faith we
 shall exultingly say—"Father not as I
 will, but as thou wilt!" FANNY FERRIS.

ARDENT SPIRITS.—Independent of
 its effects, individual, so. ial, moral,
 religious and political,—drink wields
 the club, brandishes the bowie-knife,
 huris the bullet, nerves the burglar,
 inspires the thief, and kindles the
 torch of the incendiary. It first drives
 the dog mad and then unchains him.
 And, it might be added, the idiots
 who are under its influence think them-
 selves very brave, when in fact they
 are quite the reverse—having in their
 mind the desire of every one's de-
 struction, fearing lest any should op-
 pose or hurt them.

GOOD WITNESSES.—"Did the Je-
 fendent knock the plaintiff down with
 malice prepense?"
 "No, sir; he knocked him down
 with a flat iron."
 "You misunderstand me my friend;
 I want to know whether he attacked
 him with an evil intent?"
 "Oh, no, sir; it was outside of the
 tent."
 "No, no; I wish you to tell me
 whether the attack was at all a pre-
 concerted affair."
 "No, sir; it was not a free concert
 affair—it was a circus."
 Next witness called.
 "Did the defendant stand on the
 defensive?"
 "No, yer honor, he stood upon a
 bench and fit like the devil."

GENUINE WIT.—A son of Erin, just
 arrived in this land of plenty, being
 in want, ventured to solicit aid from a
 person whose external appearance
 seemed to indicate that he could af-
 ford it. He was however repulsed
 with "Go to the devil."
 Pat looked at him in such a way as
 to fix his attention, and then very
 quietly replied:
 "God bless your honor for your civi-
 lity, for ye're the first gentleman
 that's invited me to his father's house
 since I came to this land."

THE WORLD AND CHANGE.—How
 often might a man, after he had jum-
 bled up a set of letters in a bag, find
 them upon the ground before they
 would fall into an exact poem, ya, or
 so much as make a good discourse in
 prose! And may not a little book be
 as easily made by chance as the great
 volume of the world! How long
 might a man be sprinkling colors up-
 on canvass with a careless hand be-
 fore he could happen to make the ex-
 act picture of a man? And is a man
 easier made by chance than his por-
 trait? How long might twenty thou-
 sand blind men, who should be sent
 out from several remote places in
 Pennsylvania, wander up and down
 before they would all meet upon
 North Common, in Allegheny City,
 and fall into rank and file in the exact
 form of an army? And yet this is
 more easily to be imagined than how
 the innumerable blind particles of
 matter should rendezvous themselves
 into a world.—Old Almanac.

**A verdant Irish girl just ar-
 rived** was sent to an intelligence office
 by the Commissioner of Emigration
 to find a place at service. She was
 sent to a restaurant, where "a stout
 help" was wanted, and while in con-
 versation with the proprietor, he took
 occasion to light his cigar by igniting
 a Vesuvian match on the sole of his
 boot. As soon as she saw this, the
 ran away half frightened to death, and
 when she reached the office was al-
 most out of breath. "Why, what is
 the matter with you?" said the prop-
 rietor, seeing her rush in with such
 confusion. "Och, sure, Sir, but ye's
 sint me to the auld Nick himself in
 human form." "What does he mean?"
 has he dared to insult a help from my
 office?" inquired the man. "Yes,
 Sur," returned the girl, "he's the auld
 Nick!" "What did he do? Tell me,
 and I'll fix him for it," said he quite
 exasperated. "Why, Sur, while I
 was talking to him about the wages,
 he turned up the bottom of his fut,
 and wid a splinter in his finger, Sur,
 he just gave one stroke, and the fire
 flew out of his fut, and burned the
 stick, and he lighted his cigar with it,
 right afore my own face! He's the
 auld Nick, shure, Sur."

**A RECEIPT WORTH ONE THOUSAND
 DOLLARS.**—We are indebted to an ex-
 change paper for the following recipe
 which, it is claimed, is worth the
 above sum of money, and give it pub-
 licly for the benefit of house wives
 in general:
 "Take one pound of sal soda and
 half a pound of unslacked lime, put
 them in a gallon of water, and boil
 twenty minutes; let it stand till cool,
 then drain off, and put it in a stone
 jar or jug. Soak your dirty clothes
 over night, or until they are well wet
 through, then wring them out, and
 rub on plenty of soap; and to one
 boiler of clothes well covered with
 water, add one teaspoonful of washing
 fluid. Boil half an hour briskly, then
 wash them thoroughly through one
 suds and rinse well with h water, and
 your clothes will look better than the
 old way of washing twice before boil-
 ing."

This is an invaluable recipe, and it
 would be well to give it a trial. With
 a patent wash tub to do the little rab-
 bing, the washerwoman might take
 the last book and compass herself on
 the lounge, and let the washing do
 itself.

TRANSPLANTING TREES.—If Nur-
 serymen would mark the north side
 before they were taken up, and when
 set out to have the tree put in the
 ground with its north side to the north
 in its natural position, a larger propor-
 tion would live. Ignoring this law
 of nature, is the cause of so many
 transplanted trees dying. If the
 north side is exposed to the south
 heat of the sun, especially in the
 Southern States, it is too great for
 that side of the tree to bear, and
 therefore it dries up and decays.

SUBLIMITY.—An orator says: Be-
 hold you comet that sets out on its
 career through the heavens. It shoots
 like a glance of the eye across the
 blue etherial plains. It passes out of
 the reach of the telescope. It sails
 into regions unknown. No race here
 can equal it; no eagle upon the wing
 can catch it. Thousands gaze with
 wonder upon its rapid motions. The
 birds of the air halt on their wings to
 observe it; the lion pauses over its
 prey to survey it; the stars stand still
 to look upon it, and my wife stops
 scolding to take a peep.