The Dansville Advertiser.

Published Weekly, BY A. O. BUNNELL, DANSVILLE, N. Y. Two Cents per Copy.

Volume I. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1860. Number 7.

The Dansville Advertiser

Will be published at its size until Jan. 1, 1861, and will be furnished to subscribers until that time for

25 Cents.

[illegible] cent per number. After the above date it [illegible] its present size

WE ISSUE WEEKLY ONE THOUSAND COPIES

of The [illegible] of the [illegible] [illegible] The following are [illegible]

Rates for Advertising.

	1 square	2 sq's.	¼ col.	½ col.
One Week	25	50	1.50	2.50
Two Weeks	50	1.00	2.00	3.50
Three Weeks	75	1.25	2.50	4.00
One Month	1.00	1.50	3.00	4.50
Two Months	1.50	2.50	4.00	6.00
Three Months	2.00	3.00	4.50	6.00
Four Months	2.50	3.50	5.00	7.00
Five Months	3.00	4.00	5.50	8.00

AGENTS WANTED.

Our inducements are such, that almost every person applied to will subscribe for The Advertiser.—Agents may retain 25 per cent of the money obtained on subscription. The Advertiser goes postage free in the County and is but 3¼ cents per quarter elsewhere. Address

A. O. BUNNELL, Dansville, N. Y.

A. O. BUNNELL'S

Excelsior Book and Job Printing

ESTABLISHMENT.

Main Street, - - - - Dansville, N. Y.

Job Printing of every description done with neatness and dispatch, and on very low terms. Presses, Type, Borders, Ornaments, Cuts, etc., entirely new—facilities unequalled in this section of country.

Office in the New American Hotel Block, entrance [illegible] Bros. store.

Advertisement.

THE LAWS OF LIFE.

This is a Monthly Journal of 16 pages quarto, and is devoted to the discussion of all subjects pertaining to Health, its restoration and maintenance by [illegible] means. The well known ability of its Editors, Miss Dr. Austin and Dr. Jackson, and their many [illegible] [illegible] teachers of the laws of life [illegible] clearly shown in all their writings, have [illegible] this Journal in the confidence of the people so far as it has become known.

[illegible] we give the following testimonials, selected from hundreds of the same character which have been received from all parts of the Union. The first is from a gentleman in [illegible], where two hundred and sixty copies of the Laws are taken, who writes thus:

The Laws of Life is becoming a great favorite here [illegible] and I think is steadily gaining the [illegible] I heard a gentleman say this morning that Dr. Jackson's lecture in the July number [illegible] was worth a great deal more than the price of subscription. Another [illegible] he was raising a family of children he would [illegible] a year, and was satisfied that it would be worth more to any parent who would [illegible] its teachings, and [illegible] is not [illegible] For myself, the Laws of Life is [illegible] and [illegible] to be deprived of its [illegible] nothing else could [illegible] Yours, for the truth.

Chas. S. Roe

Hon. Marshall P. Wilder of Boston, Mass., writes [illegible] I have been favored by [illegible] of your most excellent paper. The Laws of Life [illegible] pleased with its frank and independent [illegible] and I think no one can peruse its [illegible] without benefit [illegible] Please receive my thanks [illegible] and believe me yours very sincerely,

Marshall P. Wilder.

The price of a single copy for one year is $1 but [illegible] those who read this notice to [illegible] the remaining four numbers [illegible] who will obtain some [illegible] the next volume [illegible] $1 which can be inclosed in a [illegible] and deposited in the Post office [illegible] our office, at Our Home.

For the year 1861 there will be in each number a [illegible] one of the Physicians of Our Home [illegible] the various diseases of this country [illegible]

The Laws of Life is furnished to Clubs on the following

Very Low Terms:

Three copies, one year,	$2.00
Six copies one year	$3.00
Ten copies, and one free to Agent,	$5.00

Additional copies at the same rate, and a free copy for every five subscribers above ten.

M. W. SIMMONS & Co., Publishers,

August 9 Dansville, Liv. Co., N. Y.

Advertisements.

THEY HAVE ARRIVED.

CURTIS & MANN,

OF THE

DANSVILLE CLOTHING EMPORIUM.

Have just received the Largest and most Fashionable Stock of American and Imported

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, &c.,

Ever brought to this market, all of which they will be happy to

EXHIBIT FREE OF EXPENSE

To all who may call and see them.

They have a large and splendid lot of the most beautiful and fashionable

Velvets, Cashmeres, Grenadines,

And other Vestings, ever seen

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,

Such as

SHIRTS, COLLARS,

NECK TIES,

HANDKERCHIEFS, GLOVES,

HOSE, &c.,

In endless variety, and all in tip-top style. A new lot of

HATS AND CAPS,

The finest in Dansville. Their Stock of

READY-MADE CLOTHING

Is also full and is admitted to be superior to any other in this market.

Mr. GEORGE H. RICE

Is prepared to take measures and

TURN OUT CUSTOM WORK

A little ahead of anything in this section.

Just call at the Emporium, in Clark's Block, and

Let Palmes Show you Goods

That will make your mouth water.

CURTIS & MANN

PRUSIA & JONES,

Photograph and Fine Art Gallery,

HEDGES BLOCK, - - MAIN STREET,

Dansville, N. Y.

Entrance between J. B. Prusia's Millinery Store and J. B. Foster's Clothing Store.

The above gentlemen would inform the citizens of Dansville and vicinity that they are prepared to do everything in the line of their business in the

HIGHEST STYLE OF THE ART.

Having at great expense posted themselves in all the

Latest Improvements,

And occupying one of the best Skylight Galleries in Western New York they are now taking

PHOTOGRAPHS OF EVERY SIZE,

Which are pronounced by all to be equal to the best, and as cheap as the cheapest. Also

Ambrotypes and Melainotypes

Which cannot be beaten in the country. Particular attention paid to taking Children and groups.

Those having pictures of deceased persons can have them enlarged to Photographs of any size.

Call and see Specimens of our own taking.

PRUSIA & JONES.

C. Y. ANDRUSS,

SPRINGWATER, N. Y.

DEALER IN

Dry Goods, Groceries, Tailor's Trimmings, Hosiery, Glover Shirts, Drawers, Rubbers, Boots and Shoes, Drugs and Medicines, Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, Yankee Notions, &c., &c.

SCHOOL BOOKS

Can now be obtained at reduced prices at

ROGERS BROS.

Our Bard.

Practice What You Preach.

Tell me not of garbled sermons—
Elegance of thought and style.
Heard from out your modern pulpits,
Man from error to beguile
Eloquence may charm the fancy,
Summon an admiring crowd,
Who surround the gifted preacher
With their praises long and loud;
But if God's appointed servants
Would their hearer's conscience reach,
Leading them to paths of wisdom,
They must practice what they preach.

Parents, if your tender offspring
You would lead in ways of truth,
Shielding them from the temptations
Which surround the paths of youth;
Count as vain your time-worn maxims,
And, to make your teachings sure,
Guide them not alone by precept,
But example, just and pure;
For, to shelter from the tempests
Sin's dark clouds would cast round each,
Tender flowers of your protection,
You must practice what you preach.

Teachers, if throughout your duties,
Ever faithful you would be,
Not by words, but by your actions,
Teach in all sincerity
Youthful eyes are on you gazing,
Youthful hearts your thoughts receive;
Eagerly they catch your accents,
Eagerly your words believe.
Then beware, lest by your actions
Untrue principles you teach,
And forget not you must ever
Strive to practice what you preach.

A Beautiful Sketch.

The Country Graveyard.

It was the noon of a summer Sabbath.—The day had been dim, quiet, hazy, with great wooly clouds piled all over the sky, and occasional out breakings and quiverings of sunshine, like beautiful thoughts in a story, or sweet notes swelling upward through a low song.

It was a picturesque little spot, that old country graveyard, shut off from the highway, and the green fields by its plain, white railing; and there the fathers and mother had lain down to sleep in the hope of a "resurrection unto life immortal." There were only two *persons*, a gentleman and a lady, making their way slowly among the tall grass and the old brown moss-covered tombstones, that leaned against each other, and still told, with feeble voices, of all that lay beneath them.

The old burying ground was half choked up with blackberry vines. They climbed over the sunken graves, and wound their green arms about the headstones, and on the Sabbath of which I write, the berries hung thick and tempting on the low vines. And there they would hang on till the wind shook them down, or they dropped away of their own ripeness; for nobody ever thought of picking the berries that grew in the graveyard. The little children passed by every day with their baskets and kettles, but no tiny hands were thrust through the railing; no childish feet ever patted through the tall, old gate, though they knew well that out among the wood hollows and field hedges no berries grew larger or fairer than these—*these that were the price of the dead!*

The lady had never been here before, and she looked around with curious, half awe-filled eyes, as she followed the gentleman.—Oh, he was thinking of the time many, many years gone by, when they led him through that long, tangled grass to the burial of his mother.

"It was here," almost whispered the gentleman, as one does in the presence of the dead, and then both stood still before the tall, gray column which told how many summers before, in the morning of her womanhood, the "mother" had lain down to the sleep which no child-voice had ever awakened.

"Eighteen hundred and twenty-eight," murmured the young lady, as she leaned over the head-stone. "How long ago that was! Can you remember it?" "Yes, very dimly—just as you do some of the old night dreams of your childhood."

"Then tell me about that time, won't you please? It is such a fitting place, close by where she was, with the Sabbath quiet and beauty all around, and the wind bringing up to us the sweet hymns of the worshippers from the old, stone church."

"Do you see the great, white house beyond the bridge; with its steep, old-fashioned roof, and the vine mounting all around the piazza, and the tall maple-tree in front where the young birds of thirty summers ago sang just as sweetly as they are singing this Sabbath morning?

"It was night-time then, though, and she lay in that lower room on the right, and I was sleeping in the chamber overhead, with the newly risen stars looking in the window on the little boy whom the next hour was to write *motherless*. I remember a light shone suddenly through the room, and some one saying softly" "Come, my child, get up quick. Your mother wants to see you once more."

"I did not comprehend what this meant, but I remember a chill struck through my heart, as they carried me down stairs and into the room where she lay, where she had had lain many days, her face growing whiter, and her sweet voice lower all the time.

"Well, they lifted me up to the bedside.—She placed her thin arms about my neck, and kissed my forehead with lips as cold as the winter snow. Then she whispered so low that no ear but mine heard—mine that has kept the words through all the upward years, and that hears them now faintly and sweetly as on that night—'My little boy, God will take care of you.' Her eyes closed, and when they lifted me away, the life of my mother had gone down into the valley of death!"

And the lady who, leaning against the old tomb-stone, had listened that Sabbath morning to this story, thought, amid the tears she sent back to her heart, that the mother had bequeathed a beautiful legacy to her son.—Mighty name, and broad lands, and royal sceptre many a one has left to her child, but that dying prohphecy, "My little boy, God will take care of you," in its beautiful, touching faith and consecration following him up into manhood, and down, it may be, among the shadows of old age, was worth more than all these: fitting words to carry out from this world, and to keep sacred even among the angels who are in Heaven, till the mother, meeting her child again, shall say triumphantly on the Eternal Hills, as she did faintly in the Earthly Valley—"God HAS taken care of you, my boy!"