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THE ADVERTISER HAS THE LARGEST CIRCULATION Of any paper in this section, and subscribers are constantly coming in.

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DICTIONARIES. Webster's and Worcester's unabridged and Personal Dictionaries, can be found at the Book and Stationery Store of RICE & BROS.

GENT'S DRESS HATS, Full Style, 1860. Also a large assortment of the latest styles of Fall Hats, just received, at the BOSTON CLOTHING HOUSE.

There's but One Pair of Stockings to Mend To-Night.

An old wife sat by her bright fire-side, A Swaying thoughtfully to and fro, In an ancient chair whose creaky craw Told a tale of long ago.

The good man dozed o'er the latest news, Till the fire of his pipe went out; And, unheeded, the kitten, with cunning paws, Rolled out and tangled the balls about;

Yet marvelled he much that the cheerful light Of her eye had weary grown, And marvelled he more at the tangled balls, So he said, in a gentle tone:

Another went forth on the foaming wave, And diminished the basket store; But his feet grew cold so weary and cold They'll never be warm any more.

Two others have gone toward the setting sun, And made them a home in its light, And fairy fingers have taken their share, To mend by the fire-side bright;

THE red sun gathers up his beams, To bid the withered earth farewell, And voices from the swelling streams Are ringing with the evening bell.

I often think, at this sad hour, As evening weeps her earliest tear, And sunset glids the naked bower, And waves are breaking cold and clear.

We climbed the hill of noble graves, Where the stern Patriarchs of the land, Seem listening to the same grand waves That freed them from the oppressor's hand;

A few brief days—and when the earth Grew white around the traveler's feet, And bright fires blazed on every hearth, We parted, never more to meet.

My Husband's Daguerreotype.

BY MRS. C. ELLIS HOWE.

I had been a teacher just six months in Mr. Hamilton's Young Ladies' Seminary, B—, Virginia, when I received a letter from my mother's physician, informing me that he regarded her situation as extremely precarious.

I had been supremely happy in my present relation as teacher, the warm-hearted, pleasure-loving southern girls had found their way into all the crevices of my affections.

I was not yet eighteen, and but a recent graduate at school, but my pupils, so far from taking advantage of my youth, sought in every possible way to lighten my cares and promote my happiness.

It was, therefore, with feelings of the deepest regret that I thought of parting with them, and the teachers with whom I had been so happily connected; but my anxiety and love for my mother would not permit me to remain an hour longer than was absolutely necessary for me to complete the preparations for my journey.

As soon as it was known that I was about to leave, presents were showered in upon me from all sides, many of them of much beauty and value, not only from the various classes which it had been my pleasure to instruct, but from the scholars individually, and from nearly every one I received some token of affectionate remembrance.

I was to leave at one o'clock in the afternoon, and had been busily engaged for two hours, packing my effects into the smallest possible compass, when a slight tap was heard at my door, and upon opening it, I beheld Nellie Graham, a sweet, gentle little girl of eight years, the youngest of my pupils, and a great favorite of mine.

'Come in, Nellie, and sit down,' I said. 'I am very glad to see you.' 'No, thank you, Miss Manning, I can't stop. I've only come to—'

'Well, what did you come for?' I asked, encouragingly. 'Did you want me to do anything for you?' She looked up into my face, and with the prettiest simplicity imaginable, said:

'O, Miss Manning, you don't know how sorry I am you are going away, and I am going to give you a present, something for you to remember your little Nellie by when she is far away from you, and I have brought you a daguerreotype, just such as the other girls have been giving you, only a great deal handsomer, will you accept it?'

The child's eyes sparkled with pleasure at my words, and she drew from under her shawl a daguerreotype, which she placed in my hand.

'Open it,' she said, 'and see if it isn't beautiful.'

I did so, and found to my amazement a picture, not her own, but of a person whom I had never seen, a fine, intellectual-looking gentleman, of perhaps twenty-six or eight, and with a particularly pleasing countenance.

'Nellie,' said I, as I gazed admiringly upon it, 'this isn't your picture, you've made a mistake, and given me some one's else instead of your own.'

'No, I haven't, it's mine; my brother Mark gave it to me when he bro't me here to school,' she said quickly, eager to convince me that she was giving away only what rightfully belonged to her.

'Yes, I know,' I said, 'the daguerreotype is yours, because it was given you; but that isn't what I mean. It isn't your picture, a likeness of yourself; it's your brother's, he sat for it, and it was taken for him.'

'No, Miss Manning, it's mine, Mark had it taken on purpose for me.' And then, as if overcome by a sudden outburst of affection, she threw both her arms around my neck, exclaiming, 'O, my dear, dear Miss Manning, you don't know how much I love my brother, and next to him I love you, better than any one else in the whole wide world.'

I knew that were I to refuse Nellie's gift, it would be inflicting a deep wound on her feelings, and though I felt extremely unwilling to take the daguerreotype which she prized so highly, yet I accepted it in the spirit with which it was given, though to tell the truth, the moment I closed the door after her, I sat down on my trunk, and laughed immoderately for some minutes.

That afternoon I left, and in the course of a few days found myself once more within my New England home. I never returned to Mr. Hamilton's school, for although the summer sufficed to restore my mother to her usual health, yet my own had become a good deal impaired, and I knew that my strength would be insufficient to perform again the laborious duties of a teacher; but I ever retained the pleasant remembrances of the time passed there, and of my former pupils and friends.

The presents I had received from them at parting, I ever regarded with much pleasure, and there was not one that I prized more highly than I did the daguerreotype of the unknown gentleman, for the sake of the sweet little giver.

Four years passed by. I had received pressing invitations from Mr. Clark, a cousin of mine, and a planter in Georgia, to pass the winter at his house, which I at last concluded to accept. I travelled from New York to Norfolk accompanied by a friend, but the rest of the journey I was forced to perform alone.

She spoke in a low tone, as if doubtful how her present would be received. 'Gladly,' I replied, 'though I do not need anything to remind me of you, Nellie, you have been such a dear, good little girl, and have given me so little trouble, that I shall always remember you, even without any keepsake.'

preprehensive as to how I should be able to reach my place of destination.

'Has Mr. Clark been here?' I inquired of the depot-master after the train moved off, and I could see nothing of him.

'No, he has not,' was the reply. 'Are any of his servants here with his carriage?' I asked, a faint hope remaining that if Mr. Clark had been prevented from coming himself, he had sent some one else in his stead.

'There is no one here,' answered the depot-master, politely, 'but if you wish I will find some other mode of conveyance for you.'

'I regret I have not my carriage with me,' said a pleasant-looking elderly gentleman near us, 'but if the lady will consent to ride in my buggy, I will take her with pleasure over to Mr. Clark's.'

'Thank you, I answered, I shall consider it a great favor, but I am afraid it will occasion you a good deal of inconvenience.'

'Not in the least,' was the gallant reply, 'it will be an especial favor to me to have the pleasure of your company. My plantation joins Mr. Clark's, and it will be but little out of my way.'

In a few moments I found myself seated by Mr. Johnson, in the buggy, whom I discovered at once to be a gentleman of much refinement and culture. We rode rapidly over a hard, smooth road, leading past gentlemen's residences of much elegance and taste, until we came into an open country, and here Mr. Johnson turned off from the main road, and took a much less frequent one, which led directly past his own and my cousin's plantations.

We had ridden about five miles, conversing pleasantly upon the various topics of the day; when a large tree, upon which two negroes had been hewing, fell with a crash by the side of the road, just as we were passing it. The noise occasioned by the falling of the tree, together with the shouting of the negroes, frightened our horse, which was a high-spirited animal, and he shied out so suddenly that we came near being precipitated down a steep embankment, then giving a sudden spring which almost threw me off my seat, he dashed furiously ahead, without Mr. Johnson's having the least power to control him.

For two miles he ran a regular John Gilpin race, we were enveloped in a perfect cloud of dust, the buggy swayed to and fro like a ship in a gale, and the wheels scarcely touched the ground over which we passed. In a short time, however, the horse began to slacken his speed, and Mr. Johnson, who now spoke for the first time since the horse had commenced rattling, said:

'If anything happens, Miss Manning, and we are likely to be overturned, you must jump. I think you can do it without injury; but don't jump till you—'

In Thatcher's Military Journal under date of December 1777, is found a note containing the identical "first prayer in Congress," made by the Rev. Jacob Duché, a gentleman of great eloquence. Here it is—a historical curiosity.

THE NEWSPAPER.—To-day itoommands the best minds and sturdiest hearts of the age. Through it flows the deepest, wildest, purest currents of mental life. In it every noble enterprise finds its sturdiest champion and most faithful ally.