

THE ADVERTISER HAS THE LARGEST CIRCULATION
 Of any paper in this section, and subscribers are con-
 stantly coming in. We shall aim, as heretofore, to
 make it one of the best Advertising mediums in the
 country, and believe that we give our patrons more
 than "value received" by the following low

RATES OF ADVERTISING:	1 square, 1/2 col.	3/4 col.	1 col.
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AGENTS WANTED.
 We offer the most liberal inducements to agents
 who would like to canvass for subscribers,—made
 known on application. The Advertiser goes postage
 free in the County, and is but 3/4 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 neat-
 ness and dispatch, and on very low terms. Processes
 Type, Borders, Ornaments, Cuts, etc., entirely new—
 facilities unequalled in this section of country.
 13 Office in the New American Hotel Block, on
 corner through Rogers Bros. Store.

**F. H. MARSHALL,
 PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL
 Book-Binder,**
 And Blank Book Manufacturer,
 Burn's Block, Corner of Buffalo and State Streets,
 Rochester, N. Y. E. E. ROGERS & CO.,
 Agents for Dansville and vicinity.

**LADD, WEBSTER & Co's
 IMPROVED
 Tight Stitch Shuttle Sewing Machines.**
 For Family and Manufacturing Company Proves
 the best in use.
 Machines for sewing Leather furnished to order.
 H. H. H. C. DANVILLE, N. Y.
 Agent for Dansville and vicinity.

Also-agent for
WHEELER & WILSON'S
 Celebrated Family Sewing Machines, m.
**J. J. BROWN,
 ANALYTICAL CHEMIST,**
 Dansville Seminary,
 It is prepared to furnish correct analyses of Soils, Min-
 erals, Mineral Wells or Spring Water, Drugs, Analyzes
 for the detection of adulterations, and
 Dansville, N. Y., Sept. 6, 1860. of

**F. J. NELSON,
 Dealer in Watches and Jewelry,**
 American Hotel Block, Main Street, Dansville, N. Y.
 Gold and Silver, Foreign and American Watches,
 kept constantly on hand, and for sale at the lowest
 prices.

Rich Jewelry
 Of the most fashionable styles, of every description
 and price, probably the best selection in the place,
 and at prices never before afforded.
Watch and Jewelry Repairing
 Done with neatness and dispatch, and work war-
 ranted. Dansville, July, 1860. F. J. NELSON.

S. P. WISNER & CO.,
 Manufacturers and Dealers in
Cut Tobacco, Snuff & Cigars.
 Manufactory, Corner School & Tenth Sts.,
 Buffalo, N. Y.

**AMERICAN HOTEL,
 MAIN STREET, DANVILLE, N. Y.**
 BY G. C. TAYLOR.
 This Hotel is now fitted up to meet the wants of the
 travelling community in a superior style, and with
 ample accommodation for a large number of guests.
 The table is at all times supplied with the best of the
 season. Particular attention is given to the pleasure and
 comfort of those who stop at this Hotel. of

**HENRY N. SCHLICK,
 Fashionable
 Barber and Hair Dresser,**
 WHEELER BLOCK, MAIN STREET,
 DANVILLE, N. Y.
 Hair, Whiskers & Moustaches Dxed
 After the Most Approved Style.

**EAGLE HOTEL,
 CORNER OF CANAL AND JEFFERSON STREETS,
 M. L. STEIDMAN, Proprietor.**
 This Hotel has been fitted up and much improved
 since it came into the hands of its present owner,
 who feels confident that he can meet the wants of the
 public in an entirely satisfactory manner. of

**DANVILLE HOUSE,
 BY W. T. LOZIER.**
 The Dansville House is now in better condition for
 the accommodation of its guests than ever before,
 and is gaining a wide spread reputation for its su-
 perior management. of

**C. F. JARBUSS,
 SPRINGWATER, N. Y.
 DEALER IN**
 Dry Goods, Groceries, Tailors' Trimmings, Hosiery,
 Gloves, Shirts, Drawers, Rubbers, Boots and Shoes,
 Drugs and Medicines, Clocks, Watches, Jewelry,
 Yankee Notions, &c., &c.

**GENT'S DRESS HATS,
 Full Style, 1860. Also a large assortment of the lat-
 est styles of Soft Hats, just received, at the
 HOSKIN CLOTHING HOUSE,
 September, 1860.**

BILLIARD ROOM.
 Scott's Billiard Rooms, provided with two unrivalled
 tables, are situated in Howarth's new Brick
 Block, 2d story. Opened at all seasons. A. SCOTT, Proprietor.

Beauty to Ladies
 IS A PRETTY SHAPED BONNET,
 TRIMMED IN GOOD STYLE,
 A large assortment now ready at the Emporium of
 Fashion and First Premium Millinery Store of Mr.
 and Mrs. J. B. Priddy,
 West side of Main Street, Dansville, N. Y.

**S. PEASE,
 Manufacturer of Boots & Shoes.**
 Custom work of all kinds, done with neatness and
 dispatch, and satisfaction warranted, both as to style
 of work and quality of material.
 My Shop on Ossian Street, opposite Geo. Brown's
 Grocery Store, Dansville, July 25, 1860.

**MRS. C. L. BOTTUM,
 Manufacturer of Hair Jewelry, such as Ear-Rings,
 Pins, Necklaces, Rings, Bracelets, Crosses, Charms,
 Girds, Chains, Vest Chains, &c., at the residence of
 D. Bunnell, upper end of Main street**

The Dansville Advertiser.

Published Weekly, BY A. O. BUNNELL, DANVILLE, N. Y. Three Cents per Copy.
 VOL. I. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1860. NO. 21.

Oh! Sing that Song again To-Night.
 Oh! sing that song again to-night,
 The song of other years,
 They'll bring again some past delight,
 In sunshine and in tears;
 They gild the gloom of present care—
 They tell of joys to come;
 Then sing the song of other years,
 Of friendship and of home!

Oh! sing the song we used to sing
 In youth's unclouded day,
 When like the birds of early spring,
 We carolled hours away!
 When life was like a rainbow dream—
 A ray of golden light,
 A zephyr o'er a waveless stream—
 An ocean of delight.

My heart is sad—then sing to me
 The song we loved so well,
 The pleasing thoughts they bring to me
 No feeble words can tell;
 But sing of pleasure and of pain,
 In some melodious lay,
 And touch the lute to plaintive strain—
 I would not have them gay!

There is a pathos in thy voice—
 A sadness in thy tone,
 That makes the weary heart rejoice—
 A sweetness all thine own.
 Then sing the songs we loved so well,
 And sing them o'er and o'er;
 I over feel the magic spell
 Of those sweet songs of yore.

"Keep thy Heart with all Diligence."
 TRUST not that one unguarded thought
 Which idly wanders in the mind—
 Shall vanish as it entered there,
 And leave no trace behind.

Think not that unremembered words,
 In anger or resentment said,
 Because forgotten, shall not live,
 By truth immortal made.

Nor hope a single reckless act,
 Whose folly wayward youth becometh,
 Shall yield to time's oblivious hour,
 With youth's departed dreams.

A page by angel pen inscribed,
 Records what ne'er can be effaced,
 And all you think, or do, or say,
 Is there forever traced.

Then o'er the heart, its hidden source,
 Thy vigils keep with ceaseless care;
 Let every purpose be thy best,
 Offence thy only fear.

And, oh! what higher, holier hope
 Was e'er to man in mercy given,
 Than angel pen, in line of light,
 Should write thy name in heaven? c. r.

MY PENNY DIP.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

What was it? A tallow candle,
 to be sure. The gas wouldn't burn,
 the kerosene strangled me with its
 noxious odor, the fluid spluttered,
 burned blue, and went out. I am
 afraid of the dark; that ghostly
 blackness which makes one's eyes
 ache with its want of light; that
 palpable gloom which seems to beat
 like a roomful of palpitations of the
 heart around you, above you, about
 you, everywhere; that visible nothing,
 which holds the tables, the
 chairs, the portraits you grew familiar
 with, yet hides them in its black
 veil from your view; that empty
 fulness through which you thrust
 out your groping arms, then shrink
 back, oppressed with a presence you
 can neither hear, see, nor feel.

"Milly," I said to my little maid,
 "run somewhere and get me a
 light."
 She ran to the grocer's wife, and
 came back with a penny dip in a
 brass candlestick.

As she placed it on my table,
 went out and shut the door, the lit-
 tle boy in bronze on my mantle
 raised his hammer and struck the
 figure of time twelve ringing blows
 upon the heart. It was midnight.

The candle burned clearly. I
 resumed the old volume of German
 legends I was reading, and as I laid
 my finger on a paragraph, and paused
 to ponder on the possibility of spir-
 its returning to earth to wreak ven-
 geance on foes, or work woe to
 friends, I heard a deep sigh at my
 elbow.

I turned and beheld the ghost of
 my grandmother.
 I knew her from her resemblance
 to her portrait. She wore the same
 white cap with its wide border plait-
 ed round her face—the same prim
 dress with which I had grown fa-
 miliar in the picture.

She died twenty years ago. I
 was named for her.

I drew up the rocking chair for
 the ghost. She sat down in it. A
 pillow could not have sunk there
 more noiselessly than she did. She

kept her hands in the same posi-
 tion on her breast that somebody
 tied them twenty years ago.

She fixed her keen black eyes
 upon me—beautiful eyes which I
 had always admired in the portrait.
 None of her descendants had such
 eyes.

"I could not come," she said, in
 deep sepulchral tones, "in gas-light.
 Ghosts and gas-light are at war al-
 ways. As for kerosene oil, we groan
 in spirit at its use. How mortal
 noses can, night after night, inhale
 the odor it emits, is a wonder. It
 is worse than brimstone. We have
 put our cold lips under your chim-
 neys, and blown our ghostly breaths
 into the flame. We have seen the
 chimneys blacken with smoke, and
 apartments fill with disgusting frin-
 grance. People only said the lamp
 is in a draught. They moved it
 and bore with it. We shall have to
 yield. Kerosene is a modern dis-
 covery. Ghosts are old fashioned.
 To be out of date is to be out of
 mind. Your tallow candle pleases
 me. We ghosts like the light of
 other days around us. We always,
 in the body, burned tallow candles."

The fine eyes of my grandmother
 gazed at my penny dip steadfastly
 for a moment. She seemed to see
 visions and dream dreams.
 "My dear," she said, "you are
 the first of the family that has re-
 turned to candles since the innova-
 tion of gas. You are indebted to
 your dip for my presence. How
 hollow I would have looked under
 a chandelier—how bloodless, how
 white! As it is, I think I am look-
 ing very natural, am I not?"

She glanced up at her portrait,
 and waited my reply.

"A little pale, grandmother," I
 said; "but tell me, dear madam, if
 your pursuits in the other world are
 of such a nature that they admit of
 your returning to this at any time."
 "By no means. I am permitted
 to appear in this sphere but seldom.
 My influence I can make felt often-
 er. I have not been seen before
 since my coffin lid was closed. I am
 come to tell you there arose a
 yell in Pandemonium. I looked in
 to see whence it came. I found the
 great chamber assigned to little
 children, and which is always full
 of little ones of all sizes and ages,
 the scene of great commotion. In-
 fants were crawling into corners;
 three-year-old toddlers were totter-
 ing out of the way. Older ones
 were hastily finding seats, and all
 faces wore a listening expression.
 A small voice was saying:—

"It was no fault of mine that
 brought me here. I, who am now
 but five years old, might have lived
 to be fifty. Nature, unfortunately,
 gave me a fine physical develop-
 ment. My chest was round and
 full; my skin clear, my limbs finely
 moulded. My birthplace was in a
 cold climate. My tender mother,
 proud of her offspring, bared my
 neck and arms in the chill winters,
 when her rose-bushes and vines
 were packed in warm straw and
 thoroughly protected from every
 blast. I was brought down to be
 viewed by company, and exposed
 to different temperatures as I went
 from room to room. My mother,
 wrapped in soft velvet and com-
 fortable silks did not suffer. I did,
 but I could not tell her so. I took
 cold. I became a great trouble in
 the house. My beauty faded. I
 lingered on from month to month,
 and died at last, at five years old, of
 consumption. My mother cried
 over my little coffin. I knew, but
 I could not tell her then, that her
 own vanity had placed me there—
 would send me here."

"I was trotted to death," cried a
 more piping voice, as the first speak-
 er sat down. "A woman was hired
 expressly to take care of me, and
 she took care that I should not want
 for exercise. Her days and nights
 were spent in keeping me going
 'up, up, up,' and 'down, down,
 down.' That unknown wonder,
 perpetual motion, was to be found
 in my nurse's knees. Every bone
 in my poor little body was racked,
 every ounce of flesh was sore. My
 food went down milk and came up
 cheese. If I cried, I was trotted;
 if I screamed, I was trotted; if I
 was still, I was trotted—I became
 little better than a human churn,
 from which the butter had been ta-
 ken and the sourmilk left standing.
 My brains turned to bruises, my
 blood to whey, my bones grew so
 sharp they almost pierced the knees
 which trotted them. As I began to
 cut teeth, my tongue was constant-
 ly jolted between my jaws, and in
 danger of being bitten off, I dared
 not whine, for I knew the penalty;
 I began at last to calculate how
 long the torture could possibly con-
 tinue. Warm weather was coming
 on, and I thought one or the other
 of us must soon give up the ghost;
 and as my nurse's exertions were
 almost superhuman, I imagined
 that perhaps I might outlast her.—
 One unlucky day, however, my
 mother entered the room unexpect-
 edly. I smiled at her. I had never
 done so before.

"The darling," cried my parent,
 "see, it knows me."
 "Poor thing, rather," said the
 nurse, "it has wind on its stomach."
 "Forthwith she proceeded to trot
 it out. Every thump of her foot on
 the floor was, I knew, a nail in my
 coffin. I felt I should never smile
 again. My faithful nurse contin-
 ued her efforts, and I was trotted
 out of existence upon the poor old
 woman's knee."

"As the speaker ceased, one of
 the older occupants of the room de-
 scribed me," said my grandmother.—
 "He at once made room for me to
 enter, and begged me to remain
 awhile and hear the remarks. I
 consented, and took a seat near the
 entrance.

"I," said a little fellow, rising
 from his seat, with his blue eyes all
 bloodshot, and his curls matted to-
 gether, "died of delirium tremens.
 At the age of six months I was a
 confirmed drunkard. I had not
 been a very quiet baby, and every
 time I was uneasy a little liquor
 was administered to do me good.—
 I did not want wine, but water. I
 was naturally a very thirsty child,
 and everything that was put be-
 tween my speechless lips increased
 my thirst. My mother's milk was
 sweet, the panda given me was
 sweet, and if now and then I was
 blessed with a draught of goat or
 cow's milk, it was warmed and
 sweetened first, to make it as much
 like my mother's as possible. I
 used to cry. No other way do we
 poor babies have of expressing our
 feelings, and the chances are ten to
 one that we will be misunderstood.
 To stop my crying, I was put to
 the breast; this, at such times, I
 would indignantly refuse. Then
 there would be a commotion.—
 "Nurse," my mother would say,
 "what shall we do with him?"—
 The nurse was a stout, hearty old
 woman, who always made a prac-
 tice of tasting whatever was provi-
 ded for her charge. Her sovereign
 remedy was liquor. I was taken,
 and a spoonful administered at a
 time. At first I rebelled—I stran-
 gled, kicked and coughed. The
 firm hand held the spoon to my little
 tongue, and down went its contents

in spite of me. Little by little the
 dose was increased. I soon liked
 it. In my thirsty moments I cried
 for it. It was given me readily,
 for after a few moments of wild
 glee, I fell into a drunken stupor,
 which gave my attendants many op-
 portunities of enjoying themselves,
 as my sleep was sure to be long and
 sound.

"At length mania a potu assailed
 me. During my whole life no one
 had ever thought of giving me a
 single spoonful of the water I had
 craved—the cooling, cheering, re-
 freshing drop of water. Now, I no
 longer cared for it. In my wildest
 frenzies I was accused of having the
 colic; down, as usual went the fiery
 drink, until finally I was literally
 burnt out. I was nothing but a
 cinder within, a shell without. My
 stomach was cooked to a crisp—
 my intestines were shrivelled—my
 lungs, no longer filled with pure
 air, belched forth only the fiery
 fumes that had consumed me. I
 died. I was good for nothing. I
 hope whatever form my dust is des-
 tined to take on earth, it will not
 be watered as when I inhabited it,
 with alcohol."

"As this speaker ceased, there
 arose a wail of sympathy, such as
 has first attracted me to the pan-
 demoniac chamber; as it subsided, an-
 other little figure had taken the
 stand—

"My legs," he said "brought me
 out of the world. My mother lab-
 ored under the strange delusion
 that her child was borne a Highland
 laddie of American parents and in
 America. I was dressed, or left
 undressed rather, in short, plaid
 stockings, reaching to the calf of
 my leg, and an elegant kilt reach-
 ing just to the knee. My limbs
 were moulded in cherubic forms,
 and when exposed in the nursery
 were pretty. But the nursery was
 too narrow a field in which to dis-
 play my beauty. On bitter cold
 days I was walked out over the icy
 streets, the keen wind chapping my
 flesh and chilling my blood till my
 knees looked like twin nutmeg
 graters painted purple. I used to
 look at my mother's long comfort-
 able skirts and thick leggins drawn
 up over warm hose, and wondered
 if she could survive a fashion such
 as I wore if adopted by herself.—
 I became afflicted with inflamma-
 tory rheumatism, and unable to en-
 dure the pain, gave up the ghost."

"I felt," said my grandmother,
 "that this victim was a sacrifice to
 a fashion started since my day. I
 know that your father was never
 dressed in such a ridiculous style
 when a little boy, for with my own
 hands I knit his warm woolen stock-
 ings, and saw that his comfortable
 little trousers came well over the
 instep of his little calfskin shoe.

"The next speaker was a dream-
 faced little girl, who trembled as
 she rose and said:
 "I am an opium-eater. My death
 warrant was written on the label of
 the first bottle of Godfrey's Cordial
 brought into my mother's house.—
 A few drops at first sufficed to hush
 my feeble cries. Then Godfrey's
 Cordial would not do. A few drops
 of pure laudanum were adminis-
 tered. Soon I could not go to sleep
 without it. Then my nurse would
 give me a small opium pill in my
 panda. Of course I was but little
 trouble. I was a deep sleeper, but
 my digestion became impaired; too
 much sleep weakened me; and I
 knew no natural slumber. My
 eyes became those of a sleep-walk-
 er, full of dreams when wide awake.
 I lost my appetite; my head grew
 full of pain; my baby-heart was al-
 ways aching. I closed my eyes one

day forever, on the home, where I
 felt I could be little loved, when
 my low wails were never allowed
 to appeal to those around me, but
 were hushed at once, where my
 blue eyes were scarcely ever per-
 mitted to look around in the world
 in which they had been opened, and
 where, instead of proper care and
 food and exercise, the baleful pill
 and enervating sleep were all that
 were offered me. There are many
 parents who seem to think children
 must pass their childhood, out of
 the way, and only get in the way
 when they have become, in spite of
 all sorts of ill-treatment, useful or
 ornamental members of society.

"The child was still speaking,"
 said my grandmother, when I
 rushed out. I had been a mother
 once, and I could not listen to these
 innocents in that fearful wailing
 chamber, recapitulating the woes
 that sent them there, any longer.

"I felt impelled to re-visit earth.
 I came. In no light could I make
 myself visible to you until your tal-
 low candle was brought in.
 "My dear, remember what I have
 told you. Some of these days you
 may be a mother. Be more than
 careful of the sacred charge of little
 children. Think for them—feel
 for them. Do not, to ease your
 cares, sink them into unnatural
 slumbers, or give them over to sel-
 fish nurses. Upon you hang their
 lives—in a great measure their
 happiness, both here and hereafter
 —I beg, you will give—"

Just at this moment the cock
 crew loudly. The voice at my el-
 bow was still. I looked around—
 the rocking chair was empty, the
 ghost had vanished.

THE REASON WHY.—A little fel-
 low came running into the house,
 exclaiming, "O, sister Mary, I've
 got such a pretty thing! It's a
 piece of glass, and it's all red!—
 When I look through it, everything
 looks red, too—the trees, houses,
 green grass, and your face, and
 even your blue eyes."

"Yes, John," replied Mary, "it
 is very beautiful, and let me show
 you that you can learn a useful les-
 son from this pretty thing. You
 remember that the other day you
 thought everybody was cross to
 you. You said father and mother
 were all the time finding fault with
 you. Now you were like this piece
 of glass. Because it is red, every-
 thing seen through it looks red;
 you were cross, so you thought ev-
 erybody around you was cross, too!
 When you get up in the morning
 in good humor, loving and helping
 everybody, they too will seem kind
 and loving towards you. Now re-
 member, and always be what you
 wish others to be—kind, gentle and
 loving; and they, seen through
 this beautiful color of your disposi-
 tion, will seem more beautiful than
 ever.

A FACT.—Some editor in speak-
 ing of the bad literature of the pres-
 ent day, says:—"You may read ma-
 ny of the literary newspapers for a
 year and scarcely find a fact that
 will make you wiser or better—all
 romance, fiction, lies, velvet and
 feathers, little fiends, equipped in
 smiles and crinoline, big scoundrels
 in epaulettes, with a love of a mous-
 tache, turning the heads of simper-
 ing maidens; the every day history
 of life ingeniously belied and beau-
 tifully outraged! And yet it al-
 ways ends most beautifully. Hun-
 dreds of persons who cannot afford
 a home paper, in the course of a
 year, spend three or four times the
 amount it would cost in purchasing
 this trash."

Hall's Journal of Health,
 which claims to be high authority in
 medical science, has taken a stand
 against married people sleeping to-
 gether, but thinks they had better
 sleep in adjoining rooms. It says
 that Kings and Queens do not sleep
 together, and why should other
 people? Think of the idea of separ-
 ating a newly married couple, on
 a cold winter's night, because Mr.
 Hall's Journal of Health says so!
 You go to grass, Mr. Hall.