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The Danville Advertiser

Published Weekly, BY A. O. BUNNELL.

DANVILLE, N. Y., THURSDAY, APRIL 11, 1861. VOL. 11. NO. 15. Three Cents per Copy.

DISSOLUTION.—The Co-partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, under the name and title of WILKINSON & PHILLIPS, was this day dissolved by mutual consent.

NOTICE.—THE CO-PARTNERSHIP heretofore existing under the name and title of Curtis & Mann has this day dissolved by mutual consent.

SHERIFF'S SALE.—LIVINGSTON COUNTY COURT. By virtue of an Execution issued out of the County Court of Livingston County to me directed and delivered to me by the said Court, I have levied upon the following real estate situated in the village of Danville, N. Y.

NEW YORK SUPREME COURT LIVINGSTON COUNTY. James Faulkner vs. Aaro Healy and Wm. W. Healy, Executor of the last Will and Testament of Joshua Healy, deceased.

MORTGAGE SALE.—WHEREAS a Deed of Mortgage made in the payment secured by a mortgage dated the 7th day of November, 1854, executed by Walter Buchanan, then of the town of Danville, County of Livingston, New York, to Milton Morey then of the same place, and which mortgage was recorded in the Clerk's office of said County, in Book No. 30 of Mortgages, on page 199, on the 14th day of November, 1854, at 2 o'clock P. M., and whereas the said mortgage has been assigned to Jonathan B. Morey, of Danville aforesaid, and the same is now owned by him, and whereas the amount claimed to be due upon said mortgage at the time of the first publication of this notice is the sum of six hundred and thirty-one dollars and fifty cents, viz: \$631.50 of principal and \$25.00 of interest.

MORTGAGE SALE.—DEFAULT. Having been made in the payment of certain moneys due upon a mortgage made by Benjamin Galt and wife to the late Benjamin Galt, Senior, bearing date March 19th, 1856, and recorded in Livingston County Clerk's office April 1st 1857, in Liber 32 of Mortgages, page 377, and there is claimed to be due upon said mortgage the sum of one thousand five hundred and forty-one dollars and no proceedings at law have been taken to collect said moneys or any part thereof.

MORTGAGE SALE.—DEFAULT. A Deed of Mortgage made in the payment secured by a mortgage made by Eaton Hartman to John W. McNair, bearing date October 4, 1856, and recorded in Livingston County Clerk's office, October 10th, 1856, in Liber 32 of Mortgages, page 146, upon which said mortgage there is claimed to be due the sum of one thousand dollars, and no proceedings at law have been taken to collect said moneys or any part thereof.

MORTGAGE SALE.—DEFAULT. A Deed of Mortgage made in the payment secured by a mortgage made by Eaton Hartman to John W. McNair, bearing date October 4, 1856, and recorded in Livingston County Clerk's office, October 10th, 1856, in Liber 32 of Mortgages, page 146, upon which said mortgage there is claimed to be due the sum of one thousand dollars, and no proceedings at law have been taken to collect said moneys or any part thereof.

Notice to Creditors. In pursuance of an order of George Hastings, County Judge of the County of Livingston, one of the statutes in such case made and provided, all persons having claims against the estate of Benjamin R. Apple, late of the town of North Danville, in said County, deceased, are required to exhibit the same, with the vouchers in support thereof, to the undersigned administrator of the estate of said deceased at the office of Wilkinson & Abbott, in the town of North Danville, in said County, on or before the 10th day of August, 1861, at 10 o'clock A. M.

First Premium Art Gallery! HEDGES' BLOCK, Main Street, Danville, N. Y.

GENT'S DRESS HATS, Fall Style, 1860. Also a large assortment of the latest styles of Soft Hats.

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PHILLIMON W. APPLIN, Administrator.

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PHILLIMON W. APPLIN, Administrator.

PHILLIMON W. APPLIN, Administrator.

Poetry. The Spirit of the Press. BY J. H. A. BONE.

FROM the dust and gloom of a basement room Mid rollers and wheels and bands, Where the pressman waxes his busy loom With inky face and hands, Where the teeming press with shuddering throes,

O'er land and sea, o'er mountain and lee, O'er the mountain and lee, o'er land and sea, O'er the mountain and lee, o'er land and sea, O'er the mountain and lee, o'er land and sea,

Down the busy street, trod by hurrying feet, It speeds on lightning wings, And few too busy to stop and greet The tidings that it brings;

O'er her babe's soft cheek the young wife keeps Her watch at evening gray— In the glowing embers tracing the face Of the dear one far away, Where the wild waves dash with thundering crash

From the Albany Journal. ROCKY MOUNTAIN ADVENTURES. COL LANDER'S WAGON ROAD EXPEDITION.

Description of the country—Deep Snows—Fight with the Indians—Digging Wells in the Desert—Conditional Treaty with the Indians.

We are permitted to publish the following interesting account of this expedition, contained in a letter received by Hon. George Hyland, of the Assembly, from his son residing in Oroville, Butte county, California. The letter is dated February 7th:

I will give you an account of it as well as my memory will permit. The train started from Marysville about the 16th of May last. I joined them at Oroville, and was so lucky as to get in the best mess. The train consisted of nine wagons, each drawn by six mules. There were about one hundred horses and mules, and forty persons; the officers and engineers in one mess, and the remainder divided into three messes, with a cook for each. There were four good tents, each large enough for fifteen men to sleep in.

On the third day out, we came to the snow in the Sierra Nevada, which was from five to twenty feet deep. There we were detained several days slowly working our way through the snow belt which was about fifteen miles wide. While waiting here, our stock was taken to Humbug Valley, where there was good grass, and the loading of our wagons carried to the same place on mules. Humbug is a beautiful valley, located on the head waters of the Feather River. After seven or eight days our wagons were safely over, drawn part of the way on runners, made by ourselves, and part of the way dragged through the snow. Arrived at Humbug, we camped about a week, recruiting our stock. From Humbug to Honey Lake it was two days' travel over mountains, but without snow.

Honey Lake is a valley of over one hundred miles in length, and from ten to twenty miles in width, but mostly desert or alkali land, so that a large part is unfit for farming or grazing purpose; but this end is very fertile and well settled, and the sides of the valley are mostly fertile. There is no lake there now, but a few years ago it was a beautiful sheet of water, ten miles in diameter, inhabited by fine large fish; but now it is nothing more than a swamp, covered by tules, (very like our rushes.) Susan River, its inlet, is a fine stream of water, and is full of mountain trout.

an expedition against the Indians. After some urging, he concluded to leave it to the men, who nearly all were anxious to go.— He told us he came out to make a wagon road, not to fight Indians, yet prepared to resist, or if necessary to attack them, and it was left for us to say whether we would go or not. He asked none, but would take the names of any who would like to go. Thirty five handed their names to him, from which he chose twenty-eight. The remainder were to stay and guard the stock and other property, during our absence. Thirty-five well mounted Honey Lakers, under command of Captain Witherton, came to our camp on the 17th of June, and the same night, at 10 o'clock, we left camp and marched until near daylight, when we camped in a secluded spot, and remained quiet until the next night, so as to avoid being seen by the Indians. This course we pursued for three days, when we gave up our night travel.— Nothing worthy of note occurred for several days, save silent watches and frequent guard alarms; but on the seventh night out, the Indians fired arrows into the camp, which did no harm, though their savage yells made our eyes open to their full extent, and our hair stand on end, though none would own it. In the morning our scouts wore out, and saw Indians on the hills, and reported a large valley about ten miles to our right.— Thence we moved to give them battle, as we thought from their former success they would make upon fight, as they did with a party larger than ours at Pyramid Lake, which they defeated, and more than half of whom were killed. But in going through a canon they ambushed us, and fired two volleys from the rocks over our heads, killing a man named Painter, from Honey Lake. We soon routed them, but do not know how many we killed. Arrived in the valley, we camped and fixed for fight. The Indians were on the hills in hundreds,—we counted over four hundred at one time, all mounted and mostly armed with guns. They would not come to the plain to fight, but we had several skirmishes with them, in which we always came off victorious. We were armed with Sharp's Rifles and Colt's Revolvers. The Indians had many revolvers but were astonished at the distance we could shoot. They stayed near us two days, then left for parts unknown. After following them for two days, we turned for Honey Lake, arriving there July 23, after an absence of fourteen days.

On July 5th we began work on the road at its junction with Honey Lake. About 30 men were employed; the rest of the party were constantly making excursions through the mountains and plains; I was among the latter. We arrived at Buffalo Springs in the Desert after two days travel from Honey Lake. Here we put in some wooden tanks, making it a good watering place for stock, although the water is not first rate nor the grass abundant. From here eight of us crossed the Desert to a range of mountains on our right, about fifteen miles distant.— From the summit of these we had a fine view of Pyramid Lake, which looked so near that one would think he could jump into it from where we were. Here we were overtaken by a severe thunder storm of rain and hail, and it was morning before we got to camp.

We next moved to Deep-Hole Springs, where nature has made a better watering place than man ever did. There are here several large deep springs, some of them forty feet in diameter; the water is cold, sweet and full of small fish. Who can tell how they came here? Here we found plenty of fine grass. We next came to Granite Hills; here we dug some fine wells. There is plenty of good grass on the hills. From here, a party of thirteen, myself with them, went to the left of the Emigrant road, through the Black Rock country, mapping it and prospecting for minerals, in which this country is rich; gold, silver and quicksilver being found. There were two companies prospecting while we were there; one from Honey Lake and the other from Marysville.

During this trip we went through the famous High-rock Canon, which is over twenty-five miles long and not over one hundred feet wide, with perpendicular sides of rock from one to three hundred feet high. It is a most sublime and gloomy place. Near this Canon is the celebrated petrified tree which rumor said was five hundred feet long. We went to visit it, and found a country where there was no shrub or tree higher than my head for miles, yet here were three trees, in nearly a perfect state of preservation, on a ridge, partly imbedded in the ground. The longest was one hundred and thirty-two feet in length. The stumps are still visible.— These trees are certainly one of the curiosities of the world. While here we were discovered by the Indians, and came near being surrounded, but we kept clear of them, and, in returning, kept the ridges to prevent surprise. This whole country is barren, the springs either warm or boiling hot, with hardly grass enough for the stock of our small party.

After being out fifteen days, we joined the main party at Rabbit Hole Springs, where they were building five large stone tanks. After these were completed, emigrants could water one thousand head of stock a day, where formerly they could not water more than twenty. One who has entered California by this route, will remember the horrors of Rabbit Hole; the thirst of the stock and the smell of the dead animals which were scattered over the plain for miles. But these horrors will no more exist. These stone tanks constituted the great work of the trip, and truly they are a great work; they are built of water-lime and stone, the lime being brought from Honey Lake by a six ox team; the rock from the neighboring hills.

From here to Antelope Spring is eighteen miles, where we blasted a large basin in the rock to catch the water from a spring. This will long last as a monument of Yankee skill under disadvantages, our facilities for the work being very limited. Col. Lander was constantly on the works; saw everything done and left nothing to the judgment of others, but took the whole responsibility upon himself. From Antelope Spring to Humboldt is twelve miles. Leaving the main party at Antelope, we found the stock with a strong guard in the beautiful Lassen's Meadows on the Humboldt, at the end of the route, (the road having been worked from the east to this point.) This change of scenery was most welcome to us. After the long tramp over a desert of sand, there we rested about a week; then taking fresh animals, we started parallel with the Humboldt, but keeping a range of mountains between us and the river. At noon of the first day we stopped at a fine spring from the mountains, for one hour, but at night camped without water—starved early the next morning through the hot sun, and night again overtook us without having a drop of water in our canteens. It had given out early in the morning. After we had held a short council we started for the Humboldt. Arrived at the summit of the mountains, we saw in the distance the camp fires of several emigrant trains. Our animals animated by the sight, took fresh courage, and after a hard night's ride we found ourselves on the river just as the sun showed itself over the hills. After this severe trip we lay still for one day, and then started up the river, constantly meeting emigrants, whom we cautioned against the Indians.— We surprised two Indians in an emigrant camp, and returned to the camp at Lassen's Meadows with them, having been out seven days. Word was sent to Col. Lander, who came and talked with the Indians, made them some presents, and let them go. The next day more came into camp, and kept coming daily, until Col. Lander got one by presents to take word to their Chief, Winnemucca, to come and see him and make a treaty. The Chief sent back word that he would be at Deep Hole Springs on our return. The work being finished, we began our return, and the second night after leaving the Humboldt, camped at Deep Hole Springs, when Winnemucca, with two warriors, came riding into camp. After much talk and many gestures the treaty was finished. The Indians were to suspend hostilities until next summer, when they were to be renewed, unless Government did something for them, or made some appropriation in payment for lands. Nothing worthy of note transpired on our route to Honey Lake. We made short journeys and rested our stock. In Honey Lake we camped ten days before we started across the mountains. It was a more pleasant time than we had in crossing the May before. There was no snow now, and the mountain streams were full of trout, which we made many good meals from. I left the train again at Oroville about the first of October, after having a good time, good health, and enjoyed myself first rate during the whole trip. The party disbanded at Marysville, where the stock was disposed of.

There were many incidents of the trip with Col. Lander that it would take me months to write. Give my respects to all who know me. Write again immediately if you can. Affectionately, your son, JNO. HYLAND.

Chloe. A PURE character is like polished steel; if dimmed by breath, it is almost instantly recovers its brightness. A young lady out West is charged with "putting on airs" because she refused to go to a ball barefoot. AN American poet talks of the music of a low wind. The wind is often low, and very few of the poets can raise it. A GEORGIA paper insists that the necessities of life be admitted duty free. We believe that in Georgia this means breadstuffs, whiskey, meat, spurs and shirt collars. WHAT the world needs for its regeneration is not so much a startling revelation of new truths as newer combination and better appreciation of old ones. "I SHOULD mightily like to drive out," said a dandy to a man, on seeing an elegant carriage standing in the street. "Should you?" the man retorted. "Well, get into that carriage, and I'll engage they will quickly drive you out!" IN a village school, recently, when the scholars were parsing, the word waf occurred in the sentence. The youngest, who was a bright-eyed little fellow—puzzling over the word a few moments, and then, as a bright idea struck him, he burst out with "I can conjugate it. Positive, waf; comparative, waffer; superlative, sealing wax."

THE winking of lovers has been defined as an affection of the eye.

Home Department. Baby. ON tip-toe I entered the bed-room of baby; My fingers were tingling clear out to their tips ends; With blissful expectancy's luscious sweet fever As trembling I parted the gossamer curtains, Where baby lay, fair as a fresh morning-glory; Soft-cushioned on folds of the bluest of velvet: A rose-bud dropped down on a bed of blue lilies.

Like petals of purest and pinkest petunias, Four delicate Angers crept out of their nestling, Transparent and chubby, they rest on the crib's edge, And draping the fingers, a fringe of crocheted work; As loamy and light as a net-web of snow-lace, Loay, kissing them daintily—over so daintily! Nails soft and so tiny, and tinted like pink-buds, Looked up to me temptingly—"ever so cunning!" And asked me to kiss them, and oh! how I longed to; But dare not, for baby was smiling so sweetly I knew he beheld then an angel-face near him.

Loose ringed, on his temple of pure alabaster, Lay curls of the softest and lightest of texture, As sketched by a crayon of delicate gold-tint; Such curls as the gods gave to Cupid and Psyche! Those kissable curls, with their live, springing tendrils, Came up to my lips and went down to my heart-strings;

Those eye-lids so filmy, translucent as amber, Were colored and toned by the blue eyes beneath them, The softest of purple. O marvelous eye-lid! Ah! what is this clinging so close at my heart-strings? 'Tis fear—that I know by the thrill in my bosom; 'Tis born of these ringlets and finger and eye lids: Born of this beauty too precious for mortals; It tells me I look on the face of an angel That lies there deceiving my soul by concealing Its pinions beneath the blue waves of the velvet.

I'll wake him! with kisses that even an angel For such rare enjoyment would fold its wings gladly; Would cling so mortality long for the love of There! there! I have reddened the white brow of baby, Between those two limnings of delicate lace-work— The rarest of eye-brows: his laugh re-assures me! I'll crush him down hard, wings and all, on my bosom, And punish the darling with rods made of kisses! Knickerbocker, for March.

FORGETFULNESS.—A great deal of harm is done through forgetfulness. A little thoughtfulness and care with respect to others would often save them from a great deal of suffering, and aid them in their work. A man is discouraged in consequence of the difficulties he meets with. An encouraging word may be all that is necessary to revive his energies, and to cause him to persevere. That word were easily spoken. There are those who are perfectly willing to speak it, but they do not think of it. They are busy with their own work. The discouraged one sinks into deeper despondency, not through their heartlessness, but their want of thoughtfulness. A young man is exposed to temptation. He is about to take a step from which a little influence of the right will save him. There are numbers among his acquaintances who could exert that influence. But they do not see his danger, or are so busy that they must leave him to the care of his other friends. He takes the step, and it leads to his ruin. A little effort rightly put forth would have saved him.

THE FAMILY.—The family circle is God's blessed ordinance, and is the sweetest, the happiest, and the most hallowed spot on earth. It is the nursery of affection, of friendship, and of virtue; the place where those ties of mutual dependence and help are first formed, which, in their expanded state, unite human society; and, according to the manner in which the rights of the family circle are enjoyed, its duties discharged, and its true benefits realized, are the moral character, the stability, and the grandeur of a country.

DISSIMULATION.—Dissimulation in youth is the forerunner of perfidy in age; its appearance is the fatal omen of growing depravity and future shame. It degrades parts and learning, obscures the lustre of every accomplishment, and sinks us into contempt. After the first departure from sincerity, it is not in our power to stop; one artifice unavoidably leads to another, till, as the intricacy of the labyrinth increases, we are left entangled in our snare.

THE TWO CAKES.—"Julia, here are two cakes—one for you and one for Mary; Mary don't want hers just now, and you may carry it for her till we get home." After a while the mother observed that Miss Julia began eating upon the second cake, having already disposed of one. Of course, she thought it was time to speak. "Julia, whose cake are you eating?" "Mine, ma." "And where is Mary's?" "Why, I eat hers up first."

USEFULNESS.—How barren a tree is he that lives, and spreads, and cumbers the ground, yet leaves not one seed, not one good work to generate after him! I know all cannot leave alike; yet all may leave something, answering their proportion, their kinds.

FIND a man whose words paint you a likeness, you have found a man worth something; mark his manner of doing it as very characteristic of him.

THE winking of lovers has been defined as an affection of the eye.