

The Sullivan Express

DEVOTED TO THE BEST INTERESTS OF THE PEOPLE OF THE COUNTY.

AT AN EQUAL HAND, AND WHICH WHATEVER JUSTICE DOES

MOULTRIE CO. ILL., THURSDAY, NOV. 26, 1857. NO. 12

SULLIVAN EXPRESS.
Published weekly, except on Sundays and public holidays, at No. 100 North Main Street, Moultrie, Ill., by J. H. WAGGONER.
TERMS: In Advance, \$1.00 per Annum; If Paid Quarterly, \$2.50; If Paid Monthly, \$3.00. Single Copies, 5 Cents.
Advertisements: For one square, first insertion, 10 Cents; for each subsequent insertion, 5 Cents. For a column, first insertion, \$1.00; for each subsequent insertion, 50 Cents. For a full page, first insertion, \$2.00; for each subsequent insertion, 1.00. For a full page, first insertion, \$2.00; for each subsequent insertion, 1.00. For a full page, first insertion, \$2.00; for each subsequent insertion, 1.00.

Water of Advertising.
A column six months, \$5.00
Half a column twelve months, \$25.00
One column twelve months, \$50.00
For a full page, first insertion, \$2.00; for each subsequent insertion, 1.00.

Not Very Long Ago.
While passing over bygone scenes,
And thinking of the past,
My heart is filled with thee again,
As when I saw thee last.
I think I hear thy whisper now,
So soft, so sweet, and low;
I dream again of other days,
Not very long ago.
Those joyous, happy, sunny days,
Were dearer far to me,
Than all the riches of this earth,
Deprived of love and thee.
I will not tell it thee again,
Already dost thou know;
Though I hope you'll never forget,
Not very long ago.
Remember, O, remember too,
Those vows of constancy,
Were vows that made my being true,
Were heavenly vows to me.
Do sacred, tho' they may have been,
They are no longer so;
And had the cherub of future hopes,
Not very long ago.
Thou never canst forget the time,
The bridge across the stream—
Our fond embraces, thy soft rhyme,
Full memory as a dream.
Thine eyes, that mirror of the soul,
Thy purest love did show;
And we the happiest then, or all,
Not very long ago.

Memory, what a creature thou!
Thou art a thing of no account,
When both unite they make us think
That every thing is true.
Imagination, what a power!
Thou art a thing of no account,
When both unite they make us think
That every thing is true.
Imagination, what a power!
Thou art a thing of no account,
When both unite they make us think
That every thing is true.
Imagination, what a power!

River Adventure.
A THRILLING SKETCH.
In the summer of 1853, I was employed with a young man named Lyman Kemp, in locating land lots along the Wabash in Indiana. I had gone out partly for my health, and partly to accommodate one who had even been a noble friend to me, and who had purchased a great deal of government land. At Logansport he was taken sick, and after watching with him a week in hopes that he would soon recover, I found that he had a settled fever, and as the physicians said he would not be able to move on under a month, I determined to push on alone. So I obtained a good nurse, and having seen that my friend would have everything necessary to his comfort, which money could procure, I left him.

As good fortune would have it, I found a party of six men bound on the very route I was going, and waited one day for the sake of their pack horses to carry our baggage, and I soon found that I had nothing by waiting for my companions were agreeable and entertaining. They were going on to St. Joseph's where they had land already located and where they had made up the river, intending to get out lumber the remainder of the season.

On the third day, Logansport, we reached Walton's settlement, on the Little River, having left the Wabash on the morning of that day. It was well onto evening when we reached the little log-built inn of the settlement, and were glad enough of the shelter. As we had fairly got under cover, the rain commenced to fall in great drops, and thickly too. And more still had I to be thankful for my horse began to show lameness in one of his hind legs, and when I leaped from the saddle, I found that his foot pained him very much, as I could tell by the manner in which he lifted it from the ground. I ordered the ostler to bathe it with cold water and then went into the house, where we found a good, substantial supper, and good comfortable quarters for the night—that is, comfortable for that section and that time.

The last man in the world you would take for Gus Karl. He is small, not a bit over five feet, six, with light and curly hair, a smooth white face, and not very stout; but, Lord love ye, he's quite as lightning and his eye's got fire in it. He dresses in all sorts of shapes, but generally like a common hunter. Oh! He's the very devil, I do believe.

After the tub full of whiskey and water the host had provided, was all drunk, the crowd began to disperse, and shortly afterwards I went up a gain to bed; and this same sleep on uninterrupted until morning. I had just eaten my breakfast and had gone out to the front door, when a horseman came dashing up to the place, himself and animal all covered with mud. It had been raining all night. The first thing the new comer did, was to inquire for me. I answered at once to the name and he then informed me that Lyman Kemp could not live, and that he wished to see me as soon as possible.

The doctor says he must die, says the messenger, and the poor fellow now only asks for his long enough to see you. I started to my feet. "So young—so hopeful—with so many friends and kind relatives in his far-off home—and taken down to die in a strange land!" I told the man I would set out on my return as soon as possible. He ate some breakfast and then resumed his journey, being bound up as far as the Paternomic border. I settled my bill, and then went for my horse, but a bitter disappointment awaited me. I found the animal's foot swollen very badly, and it pained him so he could hardly step on it. Had the road been good, I should have been tempted to try him, but I knew that in some places the mud would be deep. I went to the host and asked if he could lend or sell me a horse. He could do neither, his only spare horse had been shot the night before by the Wabash robber. There was not a horse in the place to be obtained for any amount of money. I returned to the stable and led my horse out, but he could not even walk with an effort of ease, I could not use him. I was in despair.

I but not all my mind that it was for better than riding on horseback. The banks of the river were thickly covered with large trees, and I saw game plenty; and more than once I was tempted to fire the contents of my pistols at some of the boldest "game-keepers" but I had no time to waste, so I kept on. Only one thing seemed wanting, and that was a companion; but I was destined to find one soon enough.

It was shortly after noon, and I had just eaten my dinner of bread and cold meat, when I came to a place where the river made an abrupt bend to the right, and a little further on I came to an abrupt bend where the current formed a perfect whirlpool. I did not notice it until my canoe got into it, and I found myself going round instead of going ahead. I plied my wood paddle with all my power, and soon succeeded in shooting out from the rotary current; but in doing so, ran myself upon the low, sandy shore. The effort had fatigued me not a little, and as I found myself thus suddenly stranded, I resolved to rest a few minutes. I had been in this position some ten minutes, when I was startled by hearing a foot-fall close by me and on looking up, I saw a man at that side of my boat. He was a young looking person, not over two and thirty, and seemed to be a hunter. He wore a wolf skin shirt, leggings of red leather, and a cap of bear skin.

"Which way are you bound, stranger?" he asked in a pleasing tone. "Down river to Logansport," I replied. "That's fortunate. I wish to go there myself; the stranger resumed. "Want say you to me taking your second paddle, and keeping you company?" "I should like it," I told him frankly. "I've been wanting company." "So have I," said the hunter. "And I've been wanting some better mode of conveyance than these worn out logs through the deep forest." "Come on," I said, and as I spoke he leaped into the canoe, and having deposited his rifle in the bow, he took one of the paddles, and told me he was ready when I was. I pushed off and were soon clear of the whirlpool.

It was of a light hazen hue and in long curls about his neck. His features were regular and handsome, and his face was not what one could call fair. It was a cold, bloodless color, like pale marble. And for the first time too, I now looked particularly at his eyes. They were gray in color, and had the brilliancy of glazing ice. Their light was intense, but cold and glittering like a snake's. When I thought of his eyes, I felt him down for not much over thirty.

Suddenly a sharp, cold shudder ran through my frame and my heart leaped with a wild thrill. As sure as fate—I knew there could be no doubt—I had taken into my canoe, and into my confidence, Gustus Karl, the Wabash robber. For a few moments I feared my emotions would betray me. I looked carefully over his person again, and I knew I was not mistaken. I could look back now, and see how cunningly he had led me on to a discussion of my circumstances. Now he had made me tell my affairs, and reveal the details of my errand. I had been too late to think of the past. I had enough to do to look out for what was evidently a fair game.

I at length managed to overcome all my outward emotions, and then began to watch my companion more sharply and closely. My pistols were both handy, and I knew they were in order, for I had examined them both in the forenoon when I thought of firing at some game. They were in the breast pockets of my coat, which pockets had been made on purpose for the occasion, and could reach them at any moment. Another hour passed away, and by that time I had become assured that the robber would make no attempt upon me till after nightfall. He said it would be convenient that we should be both together, for we could run all night, as one could steer the canoe while the other slept. "Aye," I added with a smile; "that is good for me, for every hour is valuable. I would not miss meeting my friend for worlds." "Oh!—you'll meet him, never fear," said my companion.

He spoke that with too much meaning, I understood it well. I knew what that sly tone, and that strange gleaming of the eye, meant. He meant that he would put me on the road to meet poor Kemp in the other canoe. I had not detected a robber when I had not detected a robber when I had not detected a robber.

Fortunately for me the moon was up, and though the forest trees threw a shadow upon me, yet the lights fell upon Karl, and I could see every movement. We were well into the Wabash, having had but about three o'clock. You will call me an ungrateful, I said drowsily. "Yes," he returned. "Good night." "Good night," and pleasant dreams I'll have you further on your way than you think ere you wake again." "Perhaps so," thought I to myself, as I lowered my head, and proceeded to lower myself to sleep.

For half an hour my companion steered the canoe very well, and seemed to take but little notice of me and in the end of that time I could see that he became more uneasy. I commenced to snore with a regular drawn breath, and on the instant the villain started as starts the hunter when he hears the tread of game in the woods. But mark this—there was before me lingering fear in my mind that I might shoot the wrong man; but it was gone now. As the fellow stopped the paddle, I distinctly heard him mutter. "Oh!—my dear sleep—you little dreamed that I was Karl, was your companion. But he'll do you a good turn. If you offend to dead, you shall not mind and I'll take your name to pay your passage to Heaven!" I think these were the very words that he spoke. He was not asleep in the paddle, and then rose to his feet. "You'll see me over his left shoulder, and when he brought his hand back, he had a huge tomahawk in it; I could see the blade gleam in the pale moonlight; and I saw Karl reel toward the edge and then feel the point. My heart beat fearful, and my breathing was hard. A wail with the utmost exertion that I could command my impotent hands to do it without interruption. I slowly and steadily the boat which approached me. Did you know how long I had traveled a month—and his long glancing knife had been in my hand. He was beside me, leaning quickly, and then the glare of his eyes, as he stared himself for the woods.

...the old stand... wait on our friends for a year...

WINTER GOODS. by the first of October and will not allow our neighboring towns to undersell us, though they may sell at Rail Road prices.

GROCERIES HATS & CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES, Ready Made.

CLOTHING, HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE. Stone ware... a full and complete assortment...

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HATS AND CAPS, READY MADE. Keeps constantly on hand a well selected stock of...

Clothing, QUEENSWARE, HARDWARE. In the every thing usually kept in a Dry Goods store...

RAIL ROAD! THE Books of subscription to the Tolono & Pana Rail Road are now open at the following places...

CLOTHING We have just returned from the Eastern cities with the choicest, most extensive and best selected lot of...

COATS, PANTS, and Vests! also a heavy and well assorted variety of other articles indispensable for gentlemen's wear...

Neckerchiefs, Neck Ties, Shirts of all kinds, Fine, Hickory, Gloves, Collars, Suspenders, and every possible style of Gents under clothing.

HO, YE HUNGRY, Confectionery. We take this method of informing our old friends and the public generally...

GROCERIES, HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE. which they propose to sell as cheap as any other house in town...

Tolono & Pana RAIL ROAD! THE Books of subscription to the Tolono & Pana Rail Road are now open...

...in the market, which he will sell at ready prices, to make room for the large stock of new goods...

Now offers his knowledge to a general and appreciative public for the very liberal patronage bestowed upon him.

THE MANHATTAN STORE. In the building formerly occupied by J. J. & W. L. Hayden on the corner of Main and Harrison...

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE, BOOTS & SHOES, YANKEE NOTIONS, JEWELRY, GUNS AND STOVES.

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE, BOOTS & SHOES, YANKEE NOTIONS, JEWELRY, GUNS AND STOVES.

QUESTIONS Being well provided with all the instruments they are prepared to attend to any operation in a surgical way...

AND We would be pleased to have you call and try the truth of our assertions. We deem it unnecessary to add anything...

Love & Kearney Take pleasure in announcing to their friends generally that they have on hand and are constantly receiving a large and well selected lot of...

WINTER DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE, BOOTS & SHOES, YANKEE NOTIONS, JEWELRY, GUNS AND STOVES.

WINTER DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE, BOOTS & SHOES, YANKEE NOTIONS, JEWELRY, GUNS AND STOVES.

W. W. WOODRUFF Attorney and Counselor at Law. Office on the West side of the public square, two doors South of North & Brown streets.

R. B. EVERETT Physician and Surgeon. Office on the West side of the public square, two doors South of North & Brown streets.

EAGLE HOUSE I have again moved to my old stand, known as the Eagle House. I can say to my friends and customers that I am prepared to give as good an entertainment as can be had in central Illinois.

Fresh Arrival! W. WOODRUFF Attorney and Counselor at Law. Office on the West side of the public square, two doors South of North & Brown streets.

DR. BIRGE Throat and Ear Specialist. Office on the West side of the public square, one door North of P. B. Knight & Co's Store.

D. PIFER & BRO. Carriage & Buggy. MANUFACTURERS. Office on the West side of the public square, one door North of P. B. Knight & Co's Store.

C. C. BURROUGHS MANUFACTURERS. Office on the West side of the public square, one door North of P. B. Knight & Co's Store.

DECATER ILLINOIS Office on the West side of the public square, one door North of P. B. Knight & Co's Store.

W. W. WOODRUFF Attorney and Counselor at Law. Office on the West side of the public square, two doors South of North & Brown streets.

R. B. EVERETT Physician and Surgeon. Office on the West side of the public square, two doors South of North & Brown streets.

EAGLE HOUSE I have again moved to my old stand, known as the Eagle House. I can say to my friends and customers that I am prepared to give as good an entertainment as can be had in central Illinois.

Fresh Arrival! W. WOODRUFF Attorney and Counselor at Law. Office on the West side of the public square, two doors South of North & Brown streets.

DR. BIRGE Throat and Ear Specialist. Office on the West side of the public square, one door North of P. B. Knight & Co's Store.

D. PIFER & BRO. Carriage & Buggy. MANUFACTURERS. Office on the West side of the public square, one door North of P. B. Knight & Co's Store.

C. C. BURROUGHS MANUFACTURERS. Office on the West side of the public square, one door North of P. B. Knight & Co's Store.

DECATER ILLINOIS Office on the West side of the public square, one door North of P. B. Knight & Co's Store.