

# The Sullivan Express.

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE BEST INTEREST OF MOULTRIE COUNTY.

J. H. & E. E. Waggoner,

["WE HOLD THE BALANCE WITH AN EQUAL HAND, AND WEIGH WHATEVER JUSTICE DOTH DEMAND."] Editor & Publisher.

VOL. 1.

SULLIVAN, MOULTRIE CO. ILL., FRIDAY, MAY 21, 1858.

NO. 36.

**T. MILLIGAN,**  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
Monticello, Ills.  
Will practice in Platt and the adjoining counties.  
6 ly.

**S. W. MOULTON,**  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
Shelbyville, Illinois.  
Will practice in Shelby and the adjoining counties.  
6 ly.

**J. S. POST,**  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
Decatur, Ills.  
Will practice in Macon and the adjoining counties.  
6 ly.

**H. P. H. BROWNE,**  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
Vandalia, Illinois.  
Will practice in Fayette and all counties in the 17th, Judicial district.  
6 ly.

**J. R. EDEN.** **J. MEERER.**  
**EDEN & MEERER,**  
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.

Having formed a partnership will attend to all professional business entrusted to them. Particular attention will be given to the collection of claims.

Office next door East of Perryman's store, where one of the firm will always be found.  
Sullivan Ill. Sept. 17, 1857. 1 tf.

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**DR. A. BIRCH,**  
Thankful for former patronage.—Respectfully continues to tender his professional services to the citizens of Sullivan and vicinity.  
He is prepared to practice in all the departments of the profession. Office on the West side of the public square, one door North of P. B. Knight & Co's Store.  
Sullivan Sept. 17, 1857. 1 tf.

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Physician and Surgeon.  
Respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Sullivan and surrounding country.  
Office one door west of Walker's dwelling, where he may always be found, except when absent on professional business.  
Sullivan, Oct. 8. 5tf

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PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.  
TENDERS his professional services to all persons needing Medical or Surgical aid.  
Office in Perryman's Brick—up stairs—one door East of the Printing Office.  
Residence one square North of the Christian Church Sullivan, Illinois.  
December 24, '57. 16-ly

**DOCTOR**  
**M. N. VAN-FLEET,**  
TENDERS his professional services to the citizens of Sullivan and vicinity.  
Call promptly attended day or night.  
Office in Perryman's Building—Residence West side of town.  
December '57. 16-ly

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Respectfully tender their professional services to the citizens of Sullivan and vicinity.  
Being well provided with surgical instruments, they are prepared to attend to any operations in a Surgical way, and promptly attend to all calls by day or night, requiring the assistance of nurses handmaids. Office on the West side of the public square, two doors South of Nabb & Brown's brick.  
Sep. 17 1 tf.

## THE SULLIVAN EXPRESS.

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JOSEPH H. WAGGONER, PUBLISHER.  
E. EDWARD WAGGONER, PUBLISHER.

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Stephen Cannon, Asst. Judge  
Wm. Purvis, County Clerk  
C. L. Roane, Clk Circuit Court  
A. Thomason, Recorder of Deeds &c  
E. C. Berry, Sheriff & Collector  
Wm. R. Lee, Deputy Sheriff  
J. G. Kearney, School Commissioner  
J. V. Waggoner, Treas'r & Ass'r  
J. Perryman, Master in Chancery  
J. R. Anderson, County Surveyor  
H. F. Vadakin, Coroner

**SLANDER.**  
Yes, you pass it along, whether you believe it or not. You don't believe the one-sided whisper against another's character, but will use your influence to bear up the false report, and pass it on the current. Strange creatures are mankind. How many benevolent deeds have been chilled by the shrug of a shoulder! How many individuals have been shunned by a gentle, mysterious hint! How many chaste bosoms have been torn with grief at a single nod! How many graves have been dug by false report! Yet you will keep it above the water by a wag of your tongue, when you might sink it forever. Destroy the passion for tale-telling, we pray. Liss not a word that may injure the character of another. Be determined to listen to no story that is repeated to the great injury of an other, and, as far as you are concerned, the slander will die. But tell it once, and it may go as on the wing of the wind, increasing with each breath, till it has circulated everywhere, and has brought to the grave one who might have been a blessing to the world.

## MYSELF.

BY ESTHER BERNER.

There it stands, a truly funny title to be sure. But then how could I help it, I should like to know? People, even the least selfish and the most enduring, must sometimes speak and write of themselves. And though I lay claim to neither of the above qualities in any great degree, yet must I also write of myself.

And what about myself? I possessed neither riches nor poverty; therefore, I had what Agur prayed for. I was not handsome, but on the contrary decidedly plain. At the time I write of I was quite young—a mere child, in fact—and lived with two maiden aunts in the country.

There is nothing wonderful in all that, neither is there anything wonderful in my history. I was not a prodigy, according to my aunts' ideas, for I could neither sew nor knit well. I hated both occupations, and I hate them now as cordially as I hated them then. But then I was not ruled with a rod of iron. It was lucky I was not, else I should have rebelled speedily. At stated times each day, I was at liberty to wander at my own 'sweet will.' And sweet indeed it was to race unseen down those long, green lanes, and to rest under the shadow of some tumble-down wall.

I was neither a quiet child nor a very active one. But I was wonderfully reserved and disliked companionship. The air castles that I built were sufficient companions for me. If there was a childish longing that possessed me more than any other, it was that of travelling. I constantly dreamed of and thirsted to see the lands that my aunts talked of. Therefore the greatest pleasure of my life was to examine and re-examine the curiosities in an old cabinet that stood in what I jestingly called the library. These curiosities came mostly from distant lands, and a great part of them had been collected and brought home by my father, who had been a sea captain.

There were some presented by other travellers to my aunts, which I prized very much. A portion of a cedar of Lebanon from the Mount of Olives, and apiece of the ruins of ancient Carthage interested me more than all the rest. Those had been presented by Captain Dana, a gentleman who was under everlasting obligations to my aunts, at least according to their statements, for some favor or favors received a long time ago. In my secret heart, I envied Captain Dana, for having stood in such sacred places. I would have given two of the best years of my life to have stood where he had stood, and seen what he had seen.

I had long ago drawn his portrait in my mind. I fancied him a tall weather-beaten man, with slightly grey hair, and a frank, good-natured face. All sailors, I thought, are good-natured. And in general I had quite a reverence for those who "go down to the sea in ships," a reverence that had grown with my growth. And this is not strange, when it is remembered that my father was a sea captain.

I was racing down the long, secluded lane, that led to our house, one day, when suddenly, to my extreme dismay, I encountered in a turn of the road, a gentleman on horseback. I was entirely unprepared for any such apparition, and stood for a minute with my bonnet swinging in my hand, gazing earnestly at it. The next moment I had turned and was speeding swiftly down to my favorite hiding-place amongst the alder bushes.

Then I had a chance to wonder who the gentleman could be. It was no one that lived in our vicinity, or that I had ever seen before. It was not Captain Dana, I was very sure of that. So I finally concluded that it was some one come on business, who would go away very soon. Although I watched long from my hiding-place, I saw no one leave the house. What should I do? I was getting more and more hungry every minute, and it was most dinner time. Go in I must, and meet this man, and see him stare ludicrously at me. Well, no matter, I would make the best of it.

I crept up stairs to my own little room, smoothed my hair, and then crept softly down again, not into the parlor, but into the library as I called it, but which was in fact a mere lumber-room for all the old books and old things in the house. I softly opened the door and went in, and lo! there stood the stranger with his face turned from me, coolly overhauling the things in the little cabinet. The bit of cedar I had so much prized was carelessly handled as if it was a mere plaything. I could not bear to see something almost sacred treated so lightly. Still less to think that my father and Captain Dana had collected these things with so much toil and trouble, to be touched by strange hands.

I went softly up to the intruder, and still unnoticed watched him indignantly. I longed to push him away fiercely but did not dare to. He dropped something, stooped to pick it up, and observed me.

I never shall forget that look of confused wonder that rested on me for an instant, and the smile that immediately followed. I liked that smile, and it was a young, handsome face that was turned toward me.

"Well, little girl, how do you like me?" asked the stranger, coolly. I was amazed and indignant at this speech, and at the self-possession displayed. The smile and the face were quite forgotten, and I spoke quite the truth when I said, "I do not like you at all, and I wish—"

"Wish what, oddity?"  
"That you wouldn't throw those things about so," said I, growing more fearless every minute. "They are curiosities that father and Captain Dana brought home."

"Captain Dana! is he a friend of yours?"  
"No, I never saw him, but he knew my father, and he knows my aunts, and I can imagine just how he looks."

"How do you think he looks?" asked the stranger, with an expression that puzzled me.  
Unconsciously I was drawn into quite a conversation, and enlarged with some warmth on the supposed cheerful appearance of Captain Dana. I had got so far, when the stranger burst into a loud laugh, but seeing that I was much annoyed, he stopped short.

"I beg your pardon, child, but your description of the old gentleman was so amusing."  
Again was my childish heart almost won by that beautiful smile, and the fresh, handsome face. I was just a little sorry when dinner was announced, even though I had been very hungry before. I sat down in my usual seat at table, and watched the handsome stranger, as he took his place with the air of an old friend.

"Alice, dear," said Aunt Elizabeth, suddenly, "this is Captain Dana, the friend you have often heard us speak about; he sailed with your father when he was alive."

Was this indeed Captain Dana?—What a mistake I had made! Visions

of the ludicrous figure I must have cut in his eyes rose constantly in my mind. However, it could not be helped. I was about to escape from the room after dinner, but was recalled by my aunts. Captain Dana was obliged to go away immediately and I must say to bid him good-by.

I stood looking gloomily from the window, hearing only a confused murmur of voices in the room.

"Good-by, Alice," said Captain Dana, as he joined me at the window. "That was quite a bitter but wholesome pill of yours about not liking me. I am sorry you don't, for I like you. I shan't forget that old gentleman. By the way," said he, suddenly, as he reached the door, "do you like curiosities?"

"Yes, very much, indeed," I answered.

The next moment I caught a glimpse of that handsome face, as Captain Dana rode slowly down the lane, and then he was out out of sight. That face and the smile lived in my memory for years.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

## LITTLE ENNA'S GONE.

BY M. B.

O tell me not that Enna's dead—  
She is not lost to me,  
Her gentle voice is round me spread,  
Though her I cannot see.

Her little hand was in mine own—  
How oft I feel its thrill;  
Though to Heaven she has gone,  
Forever there to dwell.

Her little hand so sweet and fair,  
I held it when she died;  
As with an agonizing care,  
I knelt me by her cradle side.

I felt its quivering and its clasp,  
I heard her gentle moan;  
And then I felt her last, last grasp,  
That weakened in mine own.

Ne'er has that moan been mute,  
Or that love lost to me;  
Her voice comes to me like a lute,  
From lips I cannot see.

And thou sweet cherub, gentle dove,  
From stormy forever flown;  
Thou hast left a mother's love,  
Never more to return.

O, death is not forgetfulness—  
It is not utter loss;  
Our dear ones do not love us less,  
When they the Jordan cross.

And oh, when the cares of life are o'er,  
May angels near me stand;  
And lead me to a lovelier shore,  
To clasp anew, that little hand.

## The Dear Old Grandmother.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Isn't she beautiful?" I heard a lady say. Following the direction of her eyes, I saw that she was looking toward a very old woman, and a young girl. One was sitting; the other stood talking to her.

"Which, the old lady, or the blooming maiden?" was questioned back.

"I meant the beauty of sweet seventeen."

"Yes, Grace is beautiful; but in my eyes, not half so beautiful as her dear old grandmother," said the person first addressed.

"You don't call old Mother Nelson handsome, surely?"

"She is a handsome old woman."

"Oh! handsome for an old woman, you mean."

"No, I mean a handsome woman." The other smiled, and I began looking more closely at the person about whom these remarks were made. She was quite aged, four-score at least. Her countenance was wrinkled, her eyes dull with the film of years; her skin no longer fair and ruddy, but faded and time-worn; yet you could not look into her face and at once withdraw your eyes, for there was something there that held them half entranced. You saw that a light within was shining through the veil of flesh.

her at once; her beauty attracted me even more than did the maiden's beauty. Moving across the room, I spoke to her. Instantly her face was radiant. Thought and feeling were stirred. Her mind was clear, her observation acute, her charity warm. As we conversed, the change of her countenance were a study. I had never seen anything like it in a person of her advanced years. Her companion, a charming young girl, hovered about her all the time, fingering upon her words, and proudly enjoying the admiration extorted by her dear old grandmother from almost every one.

I had often heard the words "growing old gracefully," but never so fully comprehended their meaning as now. Here was one who had begun to grow old gracefully, many, many years before. Ere the first gray hair had laid its almost imperceptible line of silver among her dark brown tresses, she must have begun the work of growing old after this better fashion. Had her life been an easy one, that she wore a meek so placid now? When others were bearing the burden and heat of the day, was she at rest, and in cool retreats? Had she no fierce life-battles? No sharp conflicts with the great enemy of souls, that she bore so few disfiguring scars? Had the dear old grandmother found a pleasant way in the world than her sister pilgrims?

No—nothing of this. Like the rest, she has come up through great tribulations. She had bent under heavy burdens, toiled up rugged steepes, and wept through long nights, that seemed as if they would never pass away. Like others, she had endured temptation, and sorrow, and pain. But, all the while, she was making life a succession of victories. Patience, endurance, long-suffering, kindness, love—these were the virtues that made her life beautiful; and her countenance, as years advanced, became more and more a mirror of her life.

Is not that home blessed which has in it a dear old grandmother like this? Yes, and thrice blessed. She is an angel in the house, a living evangel. I can scarcely conceive it possible for a youth, coming in daily contact with one like this, ever to be led entirely astray from paths of virtue. Her image must go with him out into the tempting world; and her lessons of truth, and loving affection, weave around him a panoply of defence.

What a pure and holy mission is yours, dear old grandmothers, of the right spirit! Ye are the world's golden wheat sheaves fully ripe in every grain, and waiting for the harvest! And ye are beautiful to look upon, with a beauty all your own!

How many who read this are putting on daily, as the eye dims, and the cheek fades, that interior beauty, which growing brighter and lovelier as years advance, shines at last thro' the transparent exterior, giving to the countenance a more than earthly attraction! Is not the question worth something beyond a passing thought? Are you a grandmother already? If so, I pray you be one of the right sort. You are fifty; or, it may be, fifty-five. At seventy, or fourscore, will you be a 'dear old grandmother'? Ask yourself the question. Don't turn away, but look the query right in the face. If you have already become selfish and querulous; if the noise of children at play disturbs you; if you have no patience with, or sympathy for the little ones, your case affords but little promise; I fear you will not grow more attractive as you grow older. The dear old grandmother, whom everybody loves, is the product of different elements from these. She is full of loving patience; of quiet self-forgetfulness, and the sweet charities of life. It is love that begets love. The dear old grandmother has a place in her large heart for every one—her large heart so full of human love, that self-love cannot find a nook or corner untenanted; and so skulks about the entrance, but is forever denied admittance. So, loving all, she is beloved of all, and thus wears life's highest blessing as a crown.—[Godey's Ladies' Bk.]

—A Yankee proposed to build an establishment which you may drive a sheep in at one end, and have it come out at the other as four-quarters of mutton, a felt hat, a pair of drawers, a leather apron, and a quarto dictionary.



## Sullivan Express.

J. H. & E. E. Waggoner,

EDITORS & PUBLISHERS.

SULLIVAN, : : : : ILLINOIS.

Friday, May 21, 1898.

### AGENTS.

The following named gentlemen are authorized to receive and receipt subscriptions for the "Express."

Stephen Cannon, Lovington.  
J. Y. Hitt, Sullivan.  
M. N. Van Fleet, "

### Terrible Rail Road Accident.

LAFAYETTE, May 15.

The Express train from Indianapolis on the Lafayette and Indianapolis rail road, due at this place at two o'clock Friday night, met with a severe accident at Potato creek, a small stream about eighteen miles below Lafayette. The bridge across this stream, some sixty feet long, gave way on the engine striking it, precipitating the train into the waters of the creek, making a complete wreck of the entire train.

The engineer, Jacob Bitinger, was cut nearly in two, beside many other bruises; he evidently never knew what hurt him.

The fireman, Pat Malony, was badly cut about the head. His body was lost in the creek, under water, and only discovered since daylight.

The conductor, James Irwin, was sitting in the forward passenger car at the time. One of the timbers of the bridge passed up through the floor and struck him on the head, a splinter penetrating the brain. He lived about an hour, giving utterance to continued moaning. He was probably insensible until death relieved him from his suffering. Mr. Irwin has been in the employ of the Company for some time, and was highly esteemed by all who knew him. The officers of the Company regarded him as one of their most faithful employees.

The baggage master, Perry Hoeman, brakeman Wm. Severson, and the train boy, Joseph Irwin, were slightly bruised, but they are all able to continue on duty. We are gratified to announce that none of the passengers were injured.

### UTAH.

St. Louis, May 17.

A dispatch dated Leavenworth, May 14th, states that the news from Utah is unofficial, but a private letter, received by Col. Rich, at the Fort, corroborates the statement, and it is universally credited at Leavenworth that Gov. Cumming entered Salt Lake City on the 1st of April, and army was in readiness for immediate action in case of emergency.

The steamer Lucas, from the Missouri river, arrived here last night. She brings no further particulars from Utah than was telegraphed yesterday.

Gen. Smith had not reached Leavenworth when the Lucas left. The Kickapoo correspondent of the Republican says the bandits in the neighborhood of Fort Scott, Kansas, number 250, commanded by the notorious Capt. Montgomery, and thoroughly armed and mounted on fleet horses. They defy the United States troops, and swear they will not be taken.

Upwards of one hundred and fifty families have been robbed and driven into Missouri.

Three hundred troops, composing the first detachment of the Seventh Infantry, left Jefferson Barracks yesterday for Leavenworth. Gen'l Harney arrived at Leavenworth on the 12th. Secretary Hartnett left for Utah on the 13th.

At Cloverport, Ky., last week the rise in the Ohio caused a portion of the bank to cave in, which disclosed three Indian graves, filled with bones, tomahawks, beads, &c.

On Friday last the Southern part of our country was visited by a severe hail storm, which did considerable damage to the young fruit garden vegetables, &c.

The Okaw has been higher, the first of this week, than ever known.

This fills the column.

### 'Golconda Herald.'

We have just received the first and second Nos. of the Golconda Herald, published by Jas. D. Mouty, former publisher of the Express. It is a neat little sheet, and well deserves the support of the entire reading portion of Pope county. We feel sure that he will receive an enormous support; and knowing that Pope county is one of the richest in Southern Illinois, the success of his "important enterprise," is a "sure thing." "Good morning," Jim,—here's our best, and may success follow you on the "stream of time" as well as on the Ohio River.

### The Storm in Illinois.

CARS BLOWN OFF THE TRACK.

HOUSES UNROOFED.

Steamboats blown to pieces!

On Thursday evening last, a storm of great violence passed over certain portions of Illinois. It covered a large extent of territory, and everywhere its track is marked with great damage to property. It seems to have crossed the Mississippi, near Oquawka and to have extended eastward, at least as far as McLean county. In the West, there was much hail accompanying the wind, and everywhere a great fall of rain. At Lexington, on the line of the St. Louis, Alton & Chicago Road, the storm was terrific. Nearly every house in the village was unroofed or blown down.

The following letter gives some account of the damage at Lexington:

LEXINGTON, May 13.

Messrs. Editors:—This evening about 6 o'clock we were visited by a severe storm, accompanied by the most fearful thunder and lightning ever experienced here. The storm lasted about twenty minutes, and after it had, to all appearances, cleared up, it was succeeded by the most terrific wind ever known in this section of the State. The rain fell in torrents, and nearly every house in this place was unroofed, and a number of them were blown down.

The passenger train from St. Louis by which I send this, was blown from the track and cars tipped over, but, with the exception of a few slight flesh wounds, the passengers were uninjured. Before the train capsized all the car windows, on the windward side, were blown out, the engineer and fireman were both blown from the engine, and a brakeman was also blown off one of the cars.

Great damage was also done by the tornado at the junction of Peoria and Oquawka roads, with the St. Louis, Alton and Chicago rail-roads. Both station-houses were unroofed, five or six empty freight cars were blown off the track, dwelling houses were unroofed, moved bodily twenty or thirty feet, or entirely demolished.

GALESBURG, ILL.—The storm was severe along the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Rail Road. At Galesburg it was terrible. The engine house of the Railroad Company and two churches just completed, were blown down, and a number of dwelling houses were unroofed. Three cars standing on the track were blown off and turned upside down. The amount of the damages at Galesburg is estimated at \$40,000.—No lives lost.

OQUAWKA, ILL.—Two steam mills were ruined at Oquawka and ten houses unroofed, besides other damages done. Damages estimated at from \$10,000 to \$15,000. So far as ascertained, no lives were lost.

GALVA, ILL.—At this place a large two-story dwelling house was rendered a complete ruin; a portion of Mr. Babcock's dwelling was blown down. Nearly all the out-houses in the village were upset. The wind carried large boxes, lumber, barrels, &c., in to the air as if they were paper. A large church was moved from its foundation about a foot. The storm raged hardest between 6 & 7 o'clock.

MENDOTA, ILL.—Here the storm was also furious, and while in progress, the railroad engine house caught fire and was consumed, together with the locomotive Rocke.

### Severe Hail Storm.

RICHMOND, VA., May 16.

A disastrous hail storm occurred in Chesterfield county last evening. The hailstones were as large as eggs, and completely destroyed vegetation. The ground was strewn with leaves and branches from trees, and an immense amount of glass was broken. In some places the hail was from two to three feet in depth. The storm was unprecedented.

The train from Petersburg, last evening, came in contact with a tree that had fallen across the track. The engine and cars were damaged, but the passengers escaped unhurt.

## Late News.

WASHINGTON, May 17.

House.—The House proceeded to the consideration of a resolution from the Committee on Accounts, proposing the dismissal of Mr. Hockney, the Door-keeper of the House, for alleged official misconduct.

A statement from Mr. Hockney was read, saying that some of the charges made by the Committee were incorrect in point of fact, and others greatly magnified, besides being *ex parte*. He asks a thorough investigation.

Mr. Stephens, of Ga., said Mr. Hockney had the right to be heard, and moved that his request be granted.

Mr. Kunkel, of Md., remarked that Mr. Hockney should be dismissed, if for no other reason, for gross and deliberate abuse in exceeding his authority in the appointment of subordinates and increasing the expenses of the Folding Room from \$600 or \$800 to \$2000 or \$2500 per month.

Mr. Spinner, of N. Y., alluded to the fact that false entries had been made in the books of the Folding Room.

The statement for the month of April had been torn out and a new one made after Mr. Hockney discovered that a committee had entered into an investigation of the books.

The original statement had since been found, and admitted by Hockney having a large over-charge on the proper amount in money and documents.

Mr. Kunkel, of Md., resumed, saying the statement read from Hockney was entirely untrue, and he caused to be read a letter from a messenger, addressed to the Speaker, in which the writer remarks he knew of no reason why he was discharged, unless it was his refusal to surrender a portion of his salary to Mr. Hockney.

Mr. Hughes, of Ind., Chairman of the Special Committee charged with investigating the conduct of the Doorkeeper, said that they would endeavor to act toward Hockney with judicious fairness, and report as soon as he could have a proper hearing.

Mr. Seward, of Ga., said it was important to ascertain how far Hockney had been surrounded by designing men who have made a trap for his destruction, and he caused to be read, sworn to by the subordinates under Hockney, a statement saying that the latter always treated them in a gentlemanly and courteous manner, and they never paid or arranged to pay him any money as a condition to their holding office under him.

Mr. Stephens said the Committee on Accounts merely gave their opinion, instead of reporting the facts and testimony. The House wanted all the facts in the case, and there should be a thorough investigation. If it was discovered that Hockney had profited in the least by corrupt practices, no man would be more ready to dismiss the Doorkeeper than he.

The resolution to dismiss the Doorkeeper forthwith adopted.—Yeas, 141; nays, 34.

The motion prevailed to elect a Doorkeeper to-morrow.

The Committee on Judiciary were discharged from further consideration.

A memorial from William Alexander asking an impeachment of Judge Watson, and several other memorials preferring charges are still pending in the Committee.

Mr. Quitman asked to present a joint resolution, laying down a line of policy regarding the admission of new States.

The House refused to suspend the rules for the purpose of introducing the proposition.

Mr. Morris, of Pa., asked leave to offer a resolution setting forth that the existing tariff was found inadequate to supply the Government

with revenues, and is a source of embarrassment to the country, and instructing the Committee of Ways and Means to inquire into the expediency of reporting a bill revising the tariff, substituting home for foreign relation, and specific for ad valorem duties, and so augmenting duties on articles which come in competition with American manufacturers and products, as will afford an increased protection to American industry and labor.

The House refused to suspend the rules, 96 against 101.

On motion of Mr. Barksdale the resolution was adopted calling on the President, if not incompatible with public interests, to communicate any information in his possession relative to the firing into, boarding and searching of vessels belonging to the U. S., by British ships of war on the coast of Cuba.

Adjourned.

### SENATE.

The General Appropriation bill was taken up, and an active debate ensued on the amendment adding an appropriation to pay the reporters employed by Mr. Rives.

Mr. Seward submitted the following:

*Resolved*, That the Committee on Foreign Relations be instructed to enquire whether any legislation is necessary to enable the President of the United States to protect American vessels against British aggression in the Gulf of Mexico or elsewhere, or to report by bill or otherwise.

The resolution, in consequence of Mr. Mason's objection that the Senate has only newspaper information, as yet, was temporarily laid over.

Mr. Shields presented a memorial from the Legislature of Minnesota, asking the establishment of mail routes in that State.

Mr. Yulee called up the bill to amend the several acts relating to the Patent Office. The bill was read, but the special hour having arrived, caused its postponement.

Mr. Douglas, of Ill., made an unsuccessful attempt to get up the Texas boundary bill.

Mr. Gwin gave notice that he would, on Thursday, call up the Pacific Rail Road bill.

On motion of Mr. Hunter, of Va., the General Appropriation bill was taken up, and passed substantially as reported from the Finance Committee.

The only matter of discussion that preceded its passage was relative to the amendment to pay the Globe Senate reporters \$800 each, the usual extra compensation, which was finally agreed to. Mr. Pugh moved that the words, "to enable Jno. C. Rives," be stricken out, so that the provision of the bill would be for the direct payment of the bill to the reporters. Messrs. Toombs, Brown, Shields, Johnson, of Ark., Stewart, Mason, and Fessenden, took part in the debate on the proposition which was finally agreed to. The discussion of an amendment report by Mr. Bayard, from the Judiciary Committee, to allow the Attorney General to employ two new officers called Assistant Counsel, in this office, at \$3,000 salary. Mr. Hunter spoke against it as an attempt to establish a higher order of clerks.—He also spoke in favor of appointing an Assistant Attorney General, if such an officer was really needed, but he could not sanction this new order of affairs. The amendment was lost, and the bill then passed.

The Senate went into an executive session, and subsequently adjourned.

### WAR WITH SPAIN.

The London papers are alive with rumors of a threatened war between the United States and Spain. Shouldn't wonder if there was something in them.

### HOW HE WON ME.

FROM THE GRACEFUL PEN OF EMILIE A. LEWIS.

Was not by cunning trick, love,  
Of time, nor subtle art,  
But by thy gentle words, love,  
You won my doring heart;

By smiles and thoughtful cares, love,  
Heart-easing sympathy,  
That all my life I've sought, love,  
And only found in thee.

By soul that from thine eyes, love,  
Looked softly on my soul,  
And drew me up to thee, love,  
As the magnet to the pole.

For years before we met, love,  
I'd not unbeked my heart;  
Though many loudly rapped, love,  
I bade them all depart:

But, when you tapping came, love,  
The sound so sweetly rang,  
That ere I was aware, love,  
A part the portal swung.

'Tis no use to repine, love,  
No use to moan and moan—  
The monarch of my heart, love,  
You reign upon its throne.

### WOMAN.

When Eve brought to all mankind,  
Old Adam called her wo-man:  
But when she woo'd with love so fond,  
He then pronounced it woo-man.  
But now with folly and with pride  
Their husbands' pockets trimming,  
The ladies are so full of whims  
That people call them whim-men.

Geo. W. Lynn, the Daguerrian Artist, stays with us a few days longer.

Go to Shepherd's if you want good Cigars. He's got Cider, and Candies too, that can't be beat.

St. Louis, May 17.—

The Republican received dispatches late last night, stating that the express reached Leavenworth on the 13th, from Camp Scott April 10th, bringing later intelligence.

The Mormons had laid down their arms.—Governor Cumming, on an invitation from Brigham Young, entered Salt Lake City without an escort. Many of the Mormons had gone to the southern part of the Territory.—The women and children were preparing to follow.

CLAYTON-BULWER TREATY.—It is gratifying to see that Congress is about dissolving the "entangling alliance" between ourselves and Great Britain, which the Clayton-Bulwer treaty got us into. That treaty out of the way, this country can apply the "Monroe doctrine," to Central America by repelling all attempts at European colonization there, while it can make what terms it pleases for itself there.

MINNESOTA A STATE IN THE UNION.—Both houses have agreed to admit Minnesota under the Constitution presented from the Territory to Congress. She is now a State in the Union.

NEVER BEEN IN MANY ENGAGEMENTS.—Every married man should let his wife have the management of the home department, and give her, as secretary, the control of the different bureaus. Don't let her have anything to do with the war department.—*Exchange.*

Then how is she to bring the infamy up to the breast works, we should like to know, in case of an "attack of measles?" It is evident the writer of the above has never been in many "engagements."—*N. Haven Register.*

### Attention!

There will be a meeting of the "Sullivan Dragoons" to-morrow at 3 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of electing officers.

The difference between a carriage horse and a carriage wheel is this—one goes best when tired, and the other don't.

CHARMS.—A fortune of twenty thousand pounds.

A woman's heart is like a fiddle; it requires a "bow" to play upon it.

Why is twice ten like twice eleven? Because twice ten is twenty, and twice eleven is twentytwo.

So your mother is very poor? She is that? She used to keep a peanut stand once, but she took a counterfeit one dollar bill and failed.

### The Sabbath.

The institution of the Sabbath, whether regarded as of human policy or divine ordinance, is one of the most beautiful and blessed inheritances of man. It has a divinity in its adaptation to the material necessities of our race—as a day of rest, in which to refresh and recreate the wearied energies of the body—but the higher divinity lies in the divorce it brings to the spirit from the pursuit and care of temporal and corrupting things, leading it to a clearer and nearer contemplation of God, its relations to the immaterial, and its destiny beyond this fleeting life. Its periodical frequency grasps the soul in firm bond, and hemming it around with associations in unison with its acknowledged sacredness, has done more to discipline the mind, and purify the heart of society, than all the problems of proud and shifting philosophy.

Like the sublime lessons of Christ, the Sabbath contains the profoundest proofs of its origin in the wisdom and goodness of God, in its common acceptance by enlightened men, and the fulness of satisfaction it gives to his soul-and-body longings. Between nations and races who observe, and those who do not observe the Sabbath, there is drawn a line, on the opposite borders of which, alike, rest the evidences of its beauty and beneficence. On the Sabbath-side are civilization, intelligence, industry, art, science, peace, and prosperity—man elevated truly and nobly in the image of God. On the other side are barbarism, ignorance, superstition, war, and misery—man degrading the image of God.

The Sabbath is not arbitrary nor conventional. The more intelligently it is observed, the more necessary harmonious and beautiful it appears; and its temporal economy, however great, becomes secondary and insignificant contrasted with its spiritual good. Let any man, let any philosopher contemplate the obliteration of the Sabbath, and see what a picture society must soon present. Philosophy tried the experiment once, with one of the most intellectual and philosophical of nations, and the result of the trial taught the world that man cut loose from the Sabbath, is cut loose from God. Atheism, itself, denying God, has enlogised the institution of the Sabbath as the fruit of supreme wisdom. As members of a Christian community, we have all witnessed and felt the elevating influence of this Day of days, and can need no special argument to commend its reverent observation.

On Monday night last the Okaw river, which has been on a "high" for some weeks, succeeded in carrying off George Purvis' mill, at Nelson, in this county. The mill not wishing to "go it alone," floated down to the bridge, near by, and by using knock down arguments persuaded the bridge to accompany it on the road to ruin.

He was a wise man who cut a hole in his barn door for his big cat, and a lesser one for his kitten.

Farmer who had employed a green Emerald, ordered him to give the mule some corn in the ear. On his returning, the farmer asked: "Well, Pat, did you give the corn?" "To be sure I did."

"How did you give it?" "An' sure as yez could me, in the ear."

"But how much did you give?" "Well, yez see, the crayther wouldn't hold still, and kept switching his ears about so, I couldn't get above a fist full in both ears."

'Ain't it wicked to rob this chicken roost, Dick? Dat's a great moral question, Sambo; we hain't got time to argue it now! Hand down another pullet!"

Ned and Tom were telling over their travels; when Ned asked Tom: "Was you ever in Grece?"

No, but I fell into a thunderin' big tub of soap once, if you call that any thing."







## ZIGELINDO AND EULALIA.

A THRILLING ROMANCE OF MYSTERY AND DEATH.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF KLADSCHEWITZ.

BY MEISTER CARL.

### CHAPTER I.

BOTH wept!

### CHAPTER II.

As he ceased weeping, she began to sigh—like sixty. Then they sat silent for many hours, with entwining hands. For the evening was all too fair, and had softly involved the souls of the two lovers.

### CHAPTER III.

A voice suddenly fractured the solemn silence. 'Twas that of Zigelindo.

"How blest were I," said he, "could I only pour forth all my soul in my tears, and all my life into thy inner most life, and then die!" But she lifted her tear-blossomed eyes to the moon-illuminated leaves of the West-wind-burstled jasmine boughs (for even the common run of readers are aware that lovers invariably sit among jasmine leaves) and she softly lisped again, "what would I be without thee: if thou wert not, I also would not be, oh, my beauty, my lover, my gentleman!"

### CHAPTER IV.

"A heaven, a world, a wild eternity lies in thy words!" cried Zigelindo aloud—and from a neighboring swamp melodious rang the gentle vesper hymn of myriad frogs—for there were no nightingales to be scared up in "them diggings."

"Yes—dearest Zigelindo. But thou knowest not as yet," cried Eulalia—(Eulalia was her name, for thus they had baptized her)—"that my uncle withholds his assent to our marriage. Yes, sir."

### CHAPTER V.

At the word marriage, Zigelindo suddenly wilted down, dried up, trembled, wept long and wildly, and put on his hat as if about to travel! But the frogs quacked wildly on.

But Eulalia felt like staying a little longer, and thrilling with agonized emotion, she screamed in a scarcely audible whisper: "Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day; it was the nightingale and not the lark that pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear; nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree; believe me, love, it was the nightingale."

### CHAPTER VI.

He stayed. A fearful pause ensued; Quaker meeting. Then Eulalia softly and gently waived.

"Wherefore waitest thou?" said Zigelindo.

"Naught remains for us but death!" gasped Eulalia.

He bowed assent, and with the stern determination of a Seneca, and with the courage of a Scaevola, drew from his bosom (his songs) his celebrated "Songs of Tears," and began to read in melancholy tones.

At page 196, eighth line, Eulalia had wept herself to death! But the frogs quacked on.

"Why is my heart untouched?" he cried, in the words of Fernando; will my youthful vigor preserve me? No go, ha! Thankless pain! But he read on to No. 349, fourth verse, common metre, and then his eyes gave out, and his soul eaved in, and he sank lifeless on the bosom of Eulalia. But the frogs quacked on!

There are two kinds of philanthropists—those who talk and those who act. The former believe in good advice, the latter in bread and potatoes.

A LESSON FOR STAMMERS.—Stick six straight sleek, slim sticks around six crooked sticks, but don't mix the straight, sleek, sticks with the six crooked sticks.

"I hope you will be able to support me, said a lady while walking out with her intended during a slippery state of sidewalks.

"Why, yes," said the somewhat hesitating swain, "with some little assistance from your father."

There was some confusion and a profound silence, and—that was all.

Envy shoots at others and wounds itself.

"Go in lemons!" as the chap said when he drank a glass of lemonade.

## Let Her Rip.

NOT BY G. WHIZ.

One sunny afternoon last week, I thought I'd take a ride, And hired a nag they called fast—I'm sure she was when 'died.' My friend old Hines he drove the mare, While I laid on the whip, And shouted till I was quite hoarse—Hines put that animated female projecting power through—go lang.

Let 'er rip!

We stopped at Bensal's on the road, Of course we had to "smile," And give the expedition a drink, A drink and rest the while, We 'lagged,' then calling for the mare, I tossed the man a tip;

I jumped into the wagon and seizing the reins, requested the aged individual who held the double distilled essence of lightning, in emphatic tones, to—

Let 'er rip!

A chap who drove a large bay nag, Seemed anxious for a 'brush,' So whipping up our own fast crab, We went it with a rush. 'Twas neck and neck a mile or more, When his nag made a trip, We glided by like lightning greased, For having hired the extraordinary animal we considered we had a perfect right to get the worth of our money, and therefore—

Let 'er rip!

We drove along without mishap, At least a dozen miles, Stopping now and then of course, To take several smiles; At last we ran into a chap, Who gave us too much lip, The horse broke—wagon also—pitching Bill and myself into the ditch on the side of the road; Bill, says I, the mare has run away! Bill, struggling under the combined effects of "lager" and a mouthfull of mud, replied—

Let 'er rip!

—Alligator's nests resemble haystacks. They are four feet high, and five in diameter their basis, being constructed with grass and herbage. First, they deposit one layer of eggs on the floor of mortar, and having covered this with a stratum of mud and herbage, eight inches thick, lay another set of eggs upon that, and so on to the top, there being commonly from one to two hundred eggs in the nest. With their tails they then beat down around the nest the dense grass and reeds five feet high, to prevent the approach of unseen enemies. The female watches for her eggs until they are all hatched by the sun, and then takes her brood under her own care defending them and providing for their subsistence. Dr. Lutsenburg of New Orleans, told me that he once packed up one of these nests, with the eggs in a box for the Museum at St. Petersburg, but was recommended before he closed it to see that there was no danger of the eggs being hatched on the voyage. On opening one, a young alligator walked out and was soon followed by the rest, about a hundred, which he fed in his house where they went up and down stairs whining and barking like young puppies.—[Lyll, the Geologist.

CALENDAR CLOCKS.—H. S. Skinner of Huron, Ohio, has invented a new clock for telling the day of the month, the month itself, and hour.

This is done by a simple arrangement of mechanism that accommodates itself to the varying lengths of the months, and gives February only twenty-eight days in leap year. it is less complicated than those usually made to effect the same purpose, and does great credit to the ingenuity of the inventor.

A talking match lately came off at New Orleans for five dollars a side, continued according to the Advertiser, for thirteen hours, the rivals being a Frenchman and a Kentuckian. The bystanders and judges were talked to sleep, and when they awoke in the morning, they found the Frenchman dead, and the Kentuckian whispering in his ear.

To what color does a flogging change a boy? It makes him yell O!

Some poet, some where, got up the following:

O! Molly, 'tis my chief delight, To gaze upon your eyes bright—My love far goes surpasses The love I felt for 'butter-milk & blight.'

## New Goods!

## NEW GOODS!!

A. N. SMISER,

Is just receiving and opening as neat and well selected stock of Staple and Fancy Goods as has ever been offered in this

MARKET.

My stock consists in a full assortment of the latest styles of Spring and Summer Dress Goods, Staple and Fancy, to suit

EVEN THE MOST

## FASTIDIOUS!

Please call and examine for yourselves.

A fine lot of Ladies' BONNETS & BLOOMER HATS.

Gents' WOOL, FUR, STAW and PANAMA

HATS, BOOTS and SHOES,

of every description; HARDWARE, Nails

PAINTS, and other building material in

general; QUEENSWARE, GLASS-WARE, &c.

A lot of popular

## SCHOOL BOOKS,

& so 4th.

All kinds of merchantable produce taken in X change for Goods.

A. N. SMISER.

March 18th, 1858. No. 28, ly.

Manny's

REAPER AND MOWER

COMBINED!!!

To Farmers who are acquainted with this celebrated machine comment upon its merits is unnecessary. To those who are unacquainted with it, the following considerations are worthy of notice.

I. This machine has been in use for years in every portion of the grain growing States, and is known to be EXACTLY RIGHT, consequently is no experiment.

II. It is the STONGEST machine in use, and will not fail you when most wanted.

III. It is the SIMPLEST Reaper and Mower in use, and can be comprehended and kept in repair by any farmer.

IV. It will work equally well in LIGHT or HEAVY, DAMP or DRY, STANDING or LODGED grain; and will MOW as well as it will REAP.

V. It has Received 110 Premiums; among which are that of the PARIS WORLD'S FAIR!! the NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR!! and lastly, that of the NATIONAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, at the Reaper Trial at Syracuse N. Y., last Summer. At that trial there were about 40 different Machines in competition, and yet after a trial of Six Days, Manny's Reaper was decided the Most Perfect of ALL!

Manny's Reaper was sold last season to more than sixty farmers in Champaign County, and Every One gave perfect satisfaction.

All Machines sold are Warranted.

Purchasers will please send in their orders as soon as possible.

Cash price Four-horse Machine 1450 and Freight.

Credit price, 600 Cash, 500 first of Nov. and 450 first of Jan. and Freight. Two-horse Machines Ten Dollars less.

J. N. BOUTWELL, Agent. West Urbana, Cham. Co. Ill., April 30 1858—t July 1.

## NOTICE!!

To all those who are indebted to S. Livingston & Bro., notice is hereby given that their Notes and Accounts, are left with the undersigned for collection, and unless they shall call by the 1st of May next, and settle up, cost will be added thereto.

J. Mecker.

March 10 '58.—No. 28 Sm.

Fresh arrival at J. E. Edens, Hats and Caps. Fancy caps for children. Sept. 17, 11f.

Just received a full assortment of Building & fencing Nails at Smyser's

10,000 lbs BACON wanted at the best prices in exchange for Goods by A. N. Smyser. May 1st '58

## J. E. EDEN

At the South East Corner Keeps constantly on hand a well selected stock of

## DRY GOODS,

AND

## GROCERIES,

HATS AND

## CAPS,

READY MADE

## Clothing.

QUEENSWARE, & HARDWARE,

In fact every thing usually kept in a Dry Goods store. Cash purchasers and prompt time payers, will get goods as low as they are retailing any where in the West.

To his friends who have favored him a fair share of trade, he returns his thanks and feels confident that he can make it to their interest to continue their favors. The highest price paid for all kinds of Merchantable produce.

Sullivan Ill. Sept. 17 1857. 1 tf.

## FOUND;

The Best place in Illinois to buy

Stoves, Tin and Japanned

WARE!!

IT IS AT THE

Sullivan Stove Store

OF

CHAS. A. CARTER,

HAVING made additions to my stock by large purchases in St. Louis, I am now prepared to offer superior inducements to those wishing to purchase any kind of Stoves or Tin Ware. Having adopted the plan of purchasing from the manufacturer thus saving to my customers the profit of the wholesale dealers.

I have now on hand a large stock of the various kinds of Stoves consisting in part of Cooking, Parlor, Casket, Air-tight and the Golden Egg (a rich egg it is.) Coal, &c., &c. To sum it all up, almost any kind, size, shape, or price one can wish,

PLAIN TIN-WARE.

Anything from a rattle to a churn, or a whistle to a bathing-tub. To say the least, anything that can be made out of Tin, Sheet-Iron, Copper or Zinc can be had at CARTER'S.

All kinds of JOB WORK Executed promptly—as cheap as the cheapest and as good as the best.

I would invite all To give me a call; And nowhere else buy, Till you give me a try.

CHARLES A. CARTER. October 22, 7 6m.

## GROCERY STORE,

## CITY SALOON

IN FULL BLAST,

## Eating Saloon,

## NEW CONFECTIONARY.

J. B. SHEPHERD

HAVING Just opened on the

South West corner of the public square, a new

## OYSTER

## SALOON,

## AND EATING HOUSE.

Where the wants of the Inner Man can be abundantly supplied. He will also keep on hand a splendid assortment of Fresh Confectionary.

Fresh Oysters served up at all times to suit customers. Also

A Fine lot of eating Apples constantly on hand.

Dec. 10 1857. 14 ly.

## Money Wanted!

ALL persons indebted to me either by Note, or Book account, will find them in the hands of proper officers for collection, if not paid immediately; as money I must and will have. A. THAYER. Lovington, Feb. 25, 1858. 35 tf.

## UNITED STATES

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK,

No. 40 WALL STREET.

W. B. PORTER, AGENT,

AT SULLIVAN.

Feb. 12, '58—23-ly

J. R. SWIFT, GENERAL LAND AGENT AND COMMISSION MERCHANT,

Tolono, Champaign Co., Ill

Principal Agent for the

SALE OF TOWN LOTS AT TOLONO

Refers to JOHN CONDIT, SMITH, Chicago.

C. C. BURROUGHS, WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALER IN School Miscellaneous and BLANK BOOKS, WALL PAPER, Window Shades, fancy Articles &c.

DECATUR, ILLINOIS. Cash paid for Rags.

STRATTON & HUBBARD, WHOLESALE GROCERIES, and

Dry Goods, CARPETS,

BOOTS & SHOES, HATS & CAPS,

STRAW GOODS &c. 5tf.

A. G. STIPHER, D. D. S.

IS PREPARED TO PRACTICE DENTISTRY,

In the latest and most approved methods, He solicits patronage.

Dental Office: over Wood's store formerly occupied by Dr. Weaver, Decatur, Ill. Sept. 17, 1857, 1 ly.

## EAGLE HOUSE.

FELLOWMEN & TRAVELERS:

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 entertainment as can be had in central Ill. JOSEPH THOMASON, Proprietor. Sullivan, Sept. 17, 1 ly

## STEAM MILL,

Sullivan - - - Illinois.

THIS MILL is now in full operation, and I am prepared to manufacture Flour of a superior quality, on the shortest notice. Flour will be given for Grain.

I will sell Flour at Rail Road prices. JONATHAN PATTERSON.

Dec. 10, 1857. 7tf.

New School Books.

HAVING become local agent for the school books recommended by the State Superintendent of Public Instruction I offer them at very low prices to teachers, school directors, and country merchants.

Call and see me and I think I can offer such inducements as will induce you to buy of me and therefore save freight and Express charges. Books put in the hands of teachers for examination free of charge.

C. C. BURROUGHS

Decatur, Ill. Sept. 17, 1857.—1 tf.

## Legal Advertisements.

The following tariff of prices for Legal Notices, not exceeding ten lines will be the rates charged for insertions in this paper:

Attachment Notices,	\$4.00
Partition suit,	4.00
Divorce Suit,	4.00
Foreclosure of Mortgage,	4.00
Guardians Notice to sell Lands,	4.00
Commissioner's Sale,	4.00
Administrator's Notice for Partial settlement,	3.00
Administrator's Notice for partition to sell Lands,	4.00
Administrator's Notice for final Settlement,	3.00

## SULLIVAN EXPRESS

## Job Printing Office.

THE ATTENTION of our friends, and the public generally, is invited to the fact that we are prepared to execute on the shortest notice and in the neatest and best manner, all kinds of

## JOB PRINTING,

SUCH AS—

Handbills, Posters, Programmes,

Music-Bills, Cards,

## CIRCULARS,

Blanks of every Description,

And in short all kinds of printing usually demanded of a country printing office. Having a large supply of Job Type, of modern styles, we flatter ourselves that we will be able to execute work promptly, in superior style, and on very reasonable terms.

J. H. & E. E. WAGGONER.

OFFICE two blocks East of the Square, opposite the Christian Church.

Shaving, Shampooing and

## HAIR DRESSING,

Done on short notice.

N. B. No more Shaving done on Sunday after 10 o'clock A. M.

Shop on the west side of Public Square six doors north of Main street Sullivan Illinois.

With hair so long your insects harbor

So come along, and see Bill the Barber, On the west side of the public square, Is my shop for dressing hair; So come on boys get clear of your wool, For I swear you look frightful

Since man to man is so unjust I scarcely know what man to trust, I've trusted many to my sorrow, So pay to day I'll trust to morrow; Come on boys and bring your dough, And hand it over before you go.

## ATTENTION

A L L.

J. PERRYMAN,

Is still selling Goods

at the old stand.

He has a good stock of

DRY GOODS,

GROCERIES,

BOOTS & SHOES,

HATS & CAPS,

READY MADE

## Clothing!

Hardware,

Queensware, &c.

with most other articles usually found in this market, which he will sell at ready prices, to make room for the large stock of new goods he intends bringing on soon. He invites his old customers and every body else to come along and take some of the good bargains.

My Motto is

Quick sales and small profit, and no

HUMBUG.

He now offers his heartfelt acknowledgements to a generous and appreciating public, for the very liberal patronage bestowed upon him.

this Spring, and he hopes by strict attention to their wants, to merit a portion of their patronage.

We often hear it said and never knew it fail, the least a man gets cheated the sooner he'll come again.

N. B. All persons indebted to me whose accounts were due last Christmas and prior to that time must pay up. It takes something more substantial than promises to satisfy those to whom I am indebted, and I intend to pay them with what is due me!—So