

# The Sullivan Express

John Conroy

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

J. H. Waggoner, "THE UNION MUST BE PRESERVED." Editor & Proprietor.

VOL. II. SULLIVAN, ILLINOIS, FRIDAY, MARCH 25, 1859. NO. 26.

## BUSINESS CARDS.

**UNITED STATES LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**  
IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK,  
No. 40 WALL STREET.  
W. B. PORTER, AGENT  
AT SULLIVAN, ILL.  
Feb. 12, '58.-23-ly

**STRATTON & HUBBARD,**  
WHOLESALE GROCERIES & DRY GOODS,  
CARPETS,  
FOOTS & SHOES,  
HATS & CAPS,  
STRAW GOODS &c.  
Decatur Ill. 55.

**G. C. FURBERGUES,**  
WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALER IN  
School, Miscellaneous and  
**BLANK BOOKS,**  
**WALL PAPER,**  
Window Shades, Fancy Articles &c.  
DECATUR, ILLINOIS.  
Cash paid for Hags.  
New School Books.

**E. HUNT,**  
FASHIONABLE TAILOR.  
Mr. H. would respectfully announce to the citizens of Sullivan and vicinity, that he has opened a Shop in Dr. Pitt & Keller's office, west side public square, where he is prepared to do any kind of work in his line, in a fashionable and workman-like manner.  
Sullivan Ill. Oct. 15th 1858. 4 if

**B. B. EVERETT,**  
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 Ill. Oct. 15th 1858. 4 if

**A. B. LEE,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Sullivan - - - - - Illinois.  
Will practice in the courts of Moultrie, Cole, Shelby, and Macon counties. Prompt and diligent attention given to the collection of debts, paying taxes, redeeming lands sold for taxes &c.  
Office - In the north-west corner of the Court House, where he may be consulted at all times, when not otherwise professionally engaged.  
December 10th 1858. -12 y.

**J. T. Duffield, M. D.,**  
Underlasting obligations to the citizens of Moultrie, Shelby and Coles counties, and especially to those of Whitley's Creek and Upper Okaw, for their very liberal patronage bestowed on him, since his location on Whitley's Creek, and hopes, by a steady, straight-forward course in the practice of Medicine, to merit a liberal continuance of the same.  
March 5th 1858. 26 ly.

**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.

**J. E. 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.

**Moultrie Lodge, No. 181,**  
**A. F. & A. M.,**  
Meets regularly at their hall in Sullivan on the Monday evening of, or next preceding each full moon. Transient Brothers fraternal-ly welcome.  
J. W. R. MORGAN W. M.  
J. B. KNIGHT Secy.

**Moultrie Lodge, No. 183,**  
**I. O. O. F.,**  
Meets every Tuesday Evening in their Hall, over Yedkins Store. Transient Brothers in vited to attend.  
W. W. TRAGER, Secy. J. B. KNIGHT, N. G.

**Sullivan Division No. 393**  
**SONS OF TEMPERANCE.**  
This organization meets regularly on Saturday Night of each week at their Hall. Transient Brothers and Sisters are invited to attend.  
R. P. McREYNOLDS, N. G.

## SULLIVAN EXPRESS.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY.  
J. H. WAGGONER,  
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

**TERMS:**  
1.50, Invariably in Advance!

## HOOPS.

BY ONE WHO WEARS THEM.

Tell me, ye zephyrs, warm and bland,  
That o'er me wave or gently stoop,  
Is there, in all this sunny land,  
A fashion lovelier than the hoop?

Or if we stand, or walk, or sit,  
Or smiling bow, or pensive droop,  
No fashion seems to us more fit  
Than is the graceful-circling hoop.

Behold those ladies, young and gay,  
A modest and a happy group,  
And mark the agile forms that sway  
The airy movements of each hoop!

Then say, if efforts e'er were made  
Utility and grace to loop,  
That yet have triumphed o'er brocade,  
Like the invention of the hoop?

Yet village bores and city fops,  
Though each to folly's shrine a dupe,  
Are heard to tisp, through hairy chops,  
Their envious railings at the hoop!

And sallow smoke-jacks puff their spleen,  
And sneer, and vulgar laugh and whoop;  
But what know they of fashion's queen,  
The bright, elastic, airy hoop!

In vain such rhymesters try their art  
In dells and caves our forms to coop,  
That to their friends they may impart  
"There's nary place there" for the hoop.

For where such places do exist,  
And ladies there should form a troop,  
No parodist shall e'er resist  
The introduction of the hoop.

## THE PRAYER MEETING.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"You will be at the meeting to-night Marston?" said a man to his friend. They had stopped at the corner of a street, and were about separating.

"Oh, yes. I wouldn't miss one of these Wednesday night meetings on any account. I enjoy them very much; and gain strength for duty. You will be there?"

"Of course; nothing but a matter of life and death could keep me away."

"Good evening."

"Good evening. Come early, Marston."

And the two men separated. Both had recently joined the church, and both were ardent in their new life almost to enthusiasm.

On his arrival at home, Marston found that preparations for tea were not in a very encouraging state of advancement; so he said, in a cheerful way, to his wife, who was going about with a baby in her arms,

"You must hurry up things a little, Anna. This is Wednesday night, you know, and I wouldn't fail being at the meeting on any account. Give Maggie to me. There; now your hands are free. I ought to have come home a little earlier."

The pale, weary-looking wife smiled on her husband, as she handed him the baby, and said, pleasantly,

"You shall not be late dear. I will soon have all ready. My head has ached badly all the afternoon, and this has kept me behind-hand."

"I am sorry for that, Anna. Does it ache still?" The husband's voice was full of kind interest.

the retiring form of his wife. He was an industrious young man, with only a small salary; and his wife was trying to get along without a domestic. They had two children—a little boy four years old, and Maggie, the baby, who had not yet completed her first year.

In a shorter time than the husband had expected, his wife's pleasant voice called him to supper. He gave her the baby as he entered their little dining-room and she sat down with it in her arms to pour out the tea.

"Does your head ache still?" inquired Marston.

"Badly; but I think a cup of tea will do me good."

"I hope so, indeed. Give baby back to me. I can hold her." And the husband reached out his hands for little Maggie, who, pleased to return, almost leaped into his arms.

"You must take her back, Mother," said Marston, rising from the table, in about ten minutes, and reaching the baby to his wife. "It is late, and I must be away, or the prayer meeting will open before I get there."

But Maggie, who was very fond of her father, did not wish to leave him; and so struggled, after her mother had received her, and cried to be taken back.

"Papa must go, darling," Marston bent down, and tried to soothe the little one. As he did so, Maggie got her arms around his neck, and held on tightly, took quite an effort to remove them.

As Marston shut the door of his dwelling behind him, and commenced walking rapidly in the direction of the church at which the prayer meeting was to be held, he was conscious of an unpleasant pressure upon his feelings. What did this mean? He began at once searching about in his mind for the cause. At first, he could see nothing clearly; but gradually thought went back to the home he had just left, and to his pale, weary looking wife, and children grieving because he had left them.

"Is this right?" The question came suddenly upon him, and almost arrested his steps.

"I am sorry to leave them alone to-night," he said within himself; and wouldn't, except for the prayer meeting. I gain so much strength and comfort in this means of grace, that I feel as if it would be wrong to neglect it."

And so he walked on, but with slower steps, his thoughts still returning to his home, and imagination giving more and more vivid pictures of his wife & children in grief for his absence. At last he stood still.

"I need the blessing I had hoped to receive this evening. The strength, the comfort, the peace," he said, still talking with himself. But, poor Anna! It is hard for her to be left alone. And she isn't at all well."

"I will go back." He spoke resolutely, at last; and commenced retracing his steps. I must not consider myself alone. Perhaps God will give the strength and comfort I need, even if I do not meet to-night with His people."

"Oh, James, is it you?" Mrs. Marston started at the unexpected appearance of her husband, who saw, as she looked up, that her eyes were wet.

"Have you forgotten anything?"

"Yes," he replied, as he stood gazing with unusual tenderness upon her. "What is it? Can I get it for you?"

"I forgot to stay at home with my wife and children," said the young man.

"Oh, James!" Tears gushed over his wife's face.

"And I've come back to remain with them."

Mrs. Marston leaned her aching head upon her husband's shoulder, and sobbed. This unexpected circumstance quite broke down the little self-composure that remained.

"Did you feel lonely?"

"Lonely, sad, and discouraged," she answered, "But you are good and kind; and I am weak and foolish. Go back, James, to the prayer meeting. I shall feel better now."

"No, darling," said Marston. "I will stay at home to help and comfort my lonely, sad, and discouraged wife; and I think I shall be serving God in this, with a truer spirit of worship than I could possibly feel in any prayer meeting that I went to at the sacrifice of a clear home duty."

"How does your head feel now, Anna?" was asked half an hour later, as they sat together, Mrs. Marston with her needle in her hand, and her husband holding both of the happy children in his arms.

"It is free from pain, and I feel so much better. I think your unexpected return has cured me. Ain't I a weak, foolish woman, James? But after you have been absent all day long I can't bear to have you go out in the evening. I love so to hear you read to me; and you don't know how much good it always does me."

Mr. Marston smiled back upon his wife a loving smile. New thoughts were awakened in his mind.

"There are other souls to be cared for as well as my own," he said, a little while after, as he sat musing on the occurrences of the evening. "The souls of my wife and children. How can I help them on the way to Heaven? By going out to religious meetings, or by staying at home with them? Ah! my duty is clear. I must do right before I can be right. If I endeavor to water the souls of others, God will water my own soul. He has placed these precious ones in my care, and I must be faithful to the high mission."

To think right is the first step towards doing right. While his wife sat at her work, Mr. Marston put his little boy to bed; first talking to him about Heaven and its pure inhabitants and then hearing him say his prayers.

"God bless you, my son!" he said, in his heart, as he laid on his pure lips the good-night kiss.

Another new thing in the household of Mr. Marston occurred that evening. As his wife sewed, he read to her, first from religious books, and then from the Bible. When bed time drew near he said, in a serious, but gentle voice,

"There are home prayer meetings as well as church prayer meetings; and God has said, 'Where even two or three are gathered together in His name, there He will be in the midst of them.' Shall we not open a prayer meeting in our house, Anna; a home prayer meeting? There are two of us here, and God has declared that even with two He will be present."

"I am not strong enough for duty, Henry. Every day I feel that human strength is but weakness. Pray with me, and pray for me, that divine strength will be given."

Mrs. Marston spoke with glistening eyes.

Then they knelt down together, and opened a prayer meeting in their home; and Marston gathered in the act more strength and comfort than could possibly have been found at the public meeting, had he gone there in violation of his home duties, and sung and prayed never so fervently, for right actions from religious principles, alone bear us heavenward.—Steps Towards Heaven.

## Thurston's Remains Found at Last!—They are brought to Adrian.—Great Excitement!

ADRIAN, March 8, 1859.

Our city was thrown into considerable excitement this morning, in consequence of the arrival of two or three gentlemen from Sylvania, with a part of the remains of the lost aeronaut, Ira J. Thurston, whose tragic fate, last summer, is so well remembered.

The facts of the discovery, as near as we can ascertain, are these: Last Sunday, as the son of Michael Hoag was searching for some sheep in the woods, on the farm of Mr. S. Miner, some 4 miles south-east of the village of Sylvania, he discovered the remains of the body of a man. He immediately ran to his father, who, in company with Mr. Miner, repaired to the spot, and found abundant evidence that the remains were those of Mr. Thurston, who must have fallen from his position on the valve of the balloon, where he was seated when carried off so singularly last summer. These gentlemen immediately proceeded to collect what could be found, but only succeeded in finding the skull, and one foot in a boot, and a few other small bones.—The rest of the body has been carried off by wild beasts. They found, however, the coat, pantaloons, vest, and shirt; and with them Mr. Thurston's cards upon which he took his minutes on his balloon trip from Adrian to the place where he landed, near Sylvania. The pencil marks on the cards were so water-soaked that the writing could not be made out.

They found, in a memorandum book a letter addressed to Mr. Thurston, from a firm in Philadelphia, which was in reply to inquiries about balloon silk.

They also found Mr. Thurston's watch and knife, both of which are fully identified by many of our citizens as his property. The watch is unhurt, but stopped at 20 minutes to twelve o'clock, which shows the time he fell.

All that remains of the unfortunate Thurston, about whose fate there has been so much solicitude, is now inclosed in a small box, at this office, where we have so often greeted his honest face, and answered his pleasant salutation in days past. What disposition is to be made of them we have not been informed. Thus ends this tale of peril, and death, and anxiety over his fate, and the discovery of his remains. Rudely has fate dealt with thy body, gallant Thurston, but we trust thy noble soul is at rest!

P. S. The remains have been delivered to the administrator of Mr. T.'s estate.—[Adrian Expositor, Extra.

**MR. AND MRS. FUBBS.**—"Fubbs I want to talk to you a while and I want you to listen while I do it. You want to go to sleep, but I don't, I'm not one of the sleepy kind. It's a good thing for you, Mr. Fubbs, that you have a wife who imparts information by lectures; else you'd be a perfect ignoramus. Not a thing about the house to read except a little Bible that the Christian Association gave you, and a tract which that fellow called Porter left one day, entitled 'Light for the Heathen.' It's well he left it, for you're a heathen, Fubbs, you may feel thankful you ain't a Mormon! Yes, I understand that insinuation, too, you profane wretch! You mean you're glad you haven't but one wife. You never would have known there was a Mormon, Mr. Fubbs, if I hadn't told you 'cause you're too stingy to take a paper! Now, Fubbs, I declare you're name ought to be Fibs, you tell so many of 'em.—It's only last week I lost a dollar and a half on butter I sold to a peddler, because I didn't know the market price. This would have paid for the paper the whole year. And then you are so ignorant, Fubbs. Don't you recollect when you took the gun and walked down the big marsh a hunting, because some one said that the turkeys were marching into Rustos! Yes, you did. You needn't deny it, Fubbs! Ha! ha! ha!"

"Hurr! for Mrs. Stubbs."

## Manufacture of Envelopes.

It is stated that the envelopes used by the British government are made with a thread or two running through them, these threads being introduced into the pulp during the making of the paper, but ordinary envelopes have no such additions. The large sheets of paper, pressed and rolled to give them smoothness, and packed into heaps, are guillotined into oblong strips, and these strips, piled into heaps of four or five hundred each, are cut into diamond shaped pieces, or, for more fanciful shapes, they are cut at once by a carved-cutting-stamp. It is the machine-made envelopes which have so marvellously brought down the price and brought up the quality of the article; and every envelope is, to a hair's breadth, the same size as its fellow, and like it in every particular. One of the improved machines for the manufacture of this article is a complete triumph of mechanical ingenuity. A boy places a diamond-shaped piece of paper on a little platform; a sort of plunger descends, and forces the central part of the paper into an oblong, quadrangular cavity. The four corners stand erect, and these are successively flattened by four levers, fingers, or thumbs, whereby the envelope form is given. And, when all is done, two India rubber fingers lightly touch the envelope, and delicately draw it aside to make ready for another. These fingers are quite a refinement of ingenuity; they are small metallic cylinders, with bits of India rubber fingers at the lower ends—these finger-tips, having just enough of the glutinous or sticky quality to adhere slightly to the paper on which they are pressed, and to draw it away from its place in the machine. But while these processes have been going on there is another series also in operation to effect the gumming or fastening. There is a supply of gum which spreads itself over an endless apron or blanket, and an artificial arm takes a supply of gum from this blanket, to apply it to the envelop. All these movements are so nicely adjusted that the gum is applied in its proper place just before the flap of the envelope is folded down. The whole operation of the machine is most perfect.

**A PIKE'S PEAK ROMANCE.**—The St. Joseph Gazette relates the following bit of romance:

Among the many passengers arriving every day, by the way of the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, to seek their homes in the gold mines, a young man came a few days ago, who manifested great impatience and restlessness and melancholy. He took lodgings at a quiet house up town, and said he was going to Cherry Creek, where the next Salt Lake mail-stage, which starts this morning. Evening before last a young lady came by the cars and stopped at a hotel in one of our greatest thoroughfares. She inquired for a Mr. J. H., but the landlord could give her no information, respecting him.

Yesterday morning she took her place at a front window to observe the passers-by, and had not been there long before she struck the window forcibly, and cried out in so loud and distressed a tone as to startle everybody in the room. She ran to the door calling "John, dear John!" and there met the restless, melancholy young man, around whose neck she threw her arms and whose astonished face she kissed most fervently, to the no small astonishment of the lookers-on.

It seems that she was rather a coquette, and had rejected John after giving him reason to hope for acceptance; that John had the next day, in a fit of desperation, set off for the gold mines, and that she, in distraction, had left her home and pursued, to bring him back. She found him here as above stated, and this morning they returned together in the cars.

The man who took advice has just brought it back again.

# THE EXPRESS.



JOSEPH H. WAGGONER,  
EDITOR & PUBLISHER.

SULLIVAN, ILLINOIS.

Friday, March 25, 1869.

FOR PRESIDENT IN 1860.

Hon. S. A. Douglas.

TO OUR READERS.

We Club, only, with such publications as we can recommend.

The EXPRESS and GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK can be had for \$3.25.

We will furnish the EXPRESS, and the ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for \$3, per year. The EXPRESS, and the PRAIRIE FARMER, for \$2.25 per annum. The EXPRESS, and the NORTH-WESTERN PRAIRIE FARMER, for \$2 a year. Call at our office and see specimens.

BOUND & LANGDON  
ARE OUR ONLY  
AUTHORIZED AGENTS,  
TO RECEIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS, ADVERTISING, &c. &c.  
In Chicago, Ill.

### Religious.

Rev. Joel Knight will preach on the first and third Sabbath in each month, at the Presbyterian Church, at 11 o'clock, A. M.

Rev. Wm. H. McVey will preach at the above place next Sabbath, (the 13th inst.) at 3 o'clock P. M., and subsequently every two weeks.

Preaching every Sunday, at 11 o'clock, at the Christian church.

### War in Europe.

There is a conflict of opinion as to the probabilities of immediate war in Europe. It is our opinion, and we believe it to be a prevailing one, that all Europe will shortly be convulsed as with an earthquake. We quote what the Paris correspondent of the London Herald says on this part of the subject:

"I am in a condition to state that war is so far resolved upon by the French government that the corps which are to commence the campaign have already been designated, and that orders have been given to the Minister of War to frame the plan of operation."

### O, what a Plow!

If you want to see the nicest thing in the way of a plow that you ever did see, just go to Hoke's Shop, and he'll show it to you. It is a plow arranged with a seat above it, so you can ride and plow with the greatest imaginable satisfaction. It is certainly one of the greatest inventions of the age for a certain class of individuals. Some men, you know, are so constituted that, plowing with the old-fashioned plow, they soon become exceedingly weary, (caused by laz—the old plow, we should say), and the consequence is that the work is not done in time. This new plow, however, is calculated to remedy all such faults. Every man who is a little inclined to be—no matter what—should buy one anyhow. Hoke keeps all kinds of plows.

### A Candidate.

Through the earnest solicitation of many of his friends, we understand that our old friend, E. D. Cleveland, who, by the way, has served this people faithfully for many years, in a public capacity, has consented to become a candidate for the office of Police Magistrate. The election comes off on the first Monday in April, at which time Trustees are to be elected, also. We say hurrah for Durg! or take the r out, and we say hurrah, still.

Circuit Court is in session this week; there is quite a number of the legal profession in attendance; no very important, but a considerable number of small cases on the docket; "sod-corn whiskey in great demand—particularly was this the case on Monday, that being a wet day, yet, strange to say, there were many who complained of being exceedingly dry. There was a fight or two on Monday; however, no one was very "dangerously killed."

Monday is being persecuted on account of his temperance principles.

### DEATH OF THE THE LAST SURVIVOR OF THE WYOMING MASSACRE.—At

(Brownston.) Wyalusing, March 2d, Capt. Daniel Brown, aged 88 years, 5 months and 23 days. Thomas Brown, the father of Daniel Browne, emigrated from Connecticut at an early period, and settled in the valley of Wyoming; he was the father of twenty-one children, of whom Daniel was the last survivor, and two of whom, Thomas and John were killed at the massacre. Patience Browne, the wife of Thomas Browne sr., escaped from the fort with six children, among whom was Daniel, then about eight years old. Thomas the father, being a cripple, could not keep up with his family, and was overtaken by two Indians, who suffered him to escape in consequence of being a cripple. After Gen. Sullivan's expedition in 1770 against the Indians, Thomas Brown, with his family returned to Wyoming. Some few years afterwards, Humphrey and Daniel Brown settled at Wyalusing, near the place occupied by the Moravians in 1765, and called by them the Friedens-hutten. Daniel Brown continued to live on the same place first settled by him, until his death, and he is supposed to be the last survivor of the Wyoming Massacre.

SAD AND STARTLING.—We are called upon to announce one of the most startling and sudden deaths that has come to our knowledge. Miss Theodosia Smith, daughter of George P. Smith, a young lady of nineteen years peculiarly winning by her cheerfulness and vivacity, was in attendance last evening, (Monday, 14th,) upon the rehearsal under Mr. Hall, in the basement of St. Paul's church. She had been, during the evening, more than ordinarily cheerful and happy; the life and delight of her mates. Suddenly she had some affection of one foot, and in a laughing manner said her foot was asleep. Her friends told her to get up, but she said she could not, adding, "It is true, although I do laugh." When assisting her to rise, she fell back, and never revived. She died about 12 o'clock. This attack was just at the close of the rehearsal, about 9 o'clock. She was carried home in a carriage but never spoke again. The physicians called say that she died from paralysis of the lungs.—*Cleveland Herald, 16th.*

### Douglas County.

We learn that the proposition that was submitted to the voters of Coles county, on Monday last, to create the county of Douglas, was sustained by a handsome majority.

### "The Printer."

On our table lies the second number of the 1st vol. of "The Printer," published by Henry & Huntington, New York city. The "Printer" is one of the neatest monthlies of the kind that it has ever been our good fortune to examine. It will doubtless be of great advantage to the "art preservative of all arts." We cheerfully commend it to the public.

### Strict Search Desired.

The Beacon (Paris, Ill.) of the eleventh instant, says: "Mrs. SUMMERS, wife of CHARLES SUMMERS, Esq., recently of this place, believing that her husband has been murdered, desires us to say that she will liberally reward any person who will discover his remains. Papers at Charleston, Mattoon, and all other places in this State, will confer a favor upon a very worthy, amiable and distressed lady, by copying this paragraph."

STARVING FOR BREAD.—A journal published in Beloit, Wisconsin, in describing the destination in that place says that many families are starving for bread. At a public meeting held in there last month it was stated that a poor man begged a liver at one of the markets a day or two before for his starving family. He was followed to his house, and his wife and children were found devouring the raw liver, there being no fire or means of cooking it.

### THE YEARS.

BY REV. R. T. S. LOWELL.

These years, these years, these naughty years! Once they were pretty things! Their fairy footfalls caught our ears. Our eyes their glancing wings. They flitted by our school boy way. We chased the little imps in play.

We knew them, soon, for tricky elves; They brought the college gown With thoughtful books filled up our shelves. Darkened our lips with down; Played with our throat, and lo! the tone Of manhood was our own.

They, smiling, stretched our childish size; Their soft hands trimmed our hair. Cast the deep thought within our eyes, And left it growing there; Sang songs of hope in college halls, Bright fancies drew upon the walls.

They flashed upon us love's bright gem; They showed us gleams of fame; Stout hearted work we learned from them, And honor more than name; And so they came and went away; We said not, Go! we said not Stay!

But one sweet day, when quiet skies And still leaves brought me thought, When hazy hills drew forth my eyes, And words with deep shade fraught, That day I carelessly found out What work these elves had been about.

Alas! those little rogues, the years, Had fooled me many a day. Pinched half the locks above my ears, And tinged the rest all gray. They left me wrinkles, great and small; I fear that they have tricked us all.

Well give the little years their way:— Think, speak, and write the while; Lift up the bare front to the day, And make their wrinkles smile! They shape the noblest living head; They carve the best tomb for the dead!

### Young Wives.

Much has been said and much written, concerning the duties of wives, but all has not been said yet. It is of those rare subjects that cannot be exhausted. What little I shall say may be of but little consequence; but should it be the means of making one young couple happier, my end would be accomplished.

I address myself to young wives, for I do contend that they are the sole managers of domestic bliss and harmony. Oh! young wives, beware! Beware how you trifle with the man you have chosen to be your protector. No man can or will long love a wife—even if she be handsome and accomplished, as woman can be, if she attempts to rule or govern him. No, not handiwork. He cannot be a true man who will become so weak and dependent as to succumb to woman's government.

He will not love while he obeys, and your own love will vanish soon; therefore the beautiful, trustive love, that should be plainly detected in every home, will be driven out. Would you choose such a home? No! your woman's heart would shrink from such a one, and you would have never married had you supposed such unhappiness could exist.

It is, however, all in your hands to eradicate the evil, even if it is firmly planted in your once happy home. It is but proper that you should be ruled by the rightful lord of the house. You are the presiding spirit of love; let your whole deportment show that you are the "weaker vessel." Do not pout that pretty lip, or let a scowl darken that fair brow when your will is crossed, but quietly resign every wish to him who is your wedded protector if it be his will that you should. Do not burst into a fit of weeping if the husband is not the lover at all times; for, believe me, soon, ah! much sooner than you suppose, tears will lose all their "magnetic" power, and offend rather than soften his heart.

Man's love is not so steady and firm as woman's. Little things will sometimes strike deep at the root of the husband's love, be it ever so pure and true, while nothing can uproot the wife's. Bear that in mind always; and if you would keep the love of the true noble spirit you have, woo, bear with the little faults that will unavoidably be brought out in a few years of wedded life. A slight caress, a loving look, an affectionate word or a kiss, will soften the strongest man, and quell the most turbulent spirit.

Wives should be better than their husbands in more respects than one. Man may love truly and nobly, but he never can bear, with patience, what woman can, and must, if you do wrong confess it and ask forgiveness; but do not expect the same of him. He will not do it. You are not his protector, but if you are a true, loving wife, you will see by his manner that hasty words are soon repented of. Never refer to any domestic storm, unless he does. It will only serve to recall all the incidents connected with it, and will do neither of you any good. Let it all pass, and love on, love ever; and when death shall take him from you, no vain regrets will haunt you, and no wrong word or deed will ring in your ear, louder than the death-knell of the departed.

### No Extra Session.

Philadelphia, Mar. 21. The New York Herald's Washington correspondent says the question of an extra session of Congress is at last decided. The President has authorized a telegraphic dispatch to be sent to Senator Gwin, who sails for California to-morrow, that there will be no extra session. An authoritative statement is being prepared which will probably be made public on Tuesday, showing the condition of affairs, and the manner in which the Post Office Department, for the present, is to be conducted. As before stated, they will not issue certificates, or adopt any means not strictly within the letter of law. That they intend to cut down the service is highly probable, and lop off many unnecessary expenditures. In fact, there will be a general reform of the whole service, which, in the opinion of the President and Postmaster General Holt, is much needed.

### Washington, 21st.

An official telegraphic dispatch has been sent to New York this morning to go out by the California mail steamer, announcing that there will be no proclamation issued for an extra session of Congress. There is much speculation as to how the service of the Post Office Department will be maintained, in quarters usually best informed on such subjects. It is said the law authorizing the issuing of contracts will continue to be carried out, embracing the issue of warrants, as usual, but there is no money to pay them. They will, in the hands of contractors, serve as the basis of loans. It is not known that any other evidences or certificates of indebtedness.

### Battles with the Indians.

St. Louis, March 21. A dispatch from Leavenworth to the Democrat says a severe fight occurred near Fort Arbuckle between fifty troops and fifty Wichita Indians, under Lieut. Powell, and a large party of Comanches, in which two soldiers were wounded.

Another fight took place between Lieut. Stanley with fifty troops and Comanches, in which eight of the latter and one of the former were killed.

Captain Carr with fifty men left Fort Wichita for the seat of war. It is stated that the Comanches number upwards of 3,000. Another battle is anticipated.

### Arrival of the Overland Mail.

St. Louis, March, 21. The Overland California mail, with dates to the 25th ult., has arrived here.

The defeat of the Pacific railroad bill in Congress occasioned much dissatisfaction at San Francisco.

The legislature has indefinitely postponed the bill to divide the State into Congressional districts.

The expedition against the Mohave Indians was rapidly progressing.

Copious rains had fallen in the interior, and the miners were doing well. Business was quiet.

Jacob Thomson, an aged resident of Sanbornton, N. H., committed suicide last week through fear of coming to want. He was possessed of considerable property, but lived a lone, although he had a son residing in his immediate neighborhood.

PICCOLOMINI GETS KISS.—A Chicago paper says that Piccolomini was actually kissed by a citizen of Cincinnati, who had been absent for some months, and stopping at the Spencer House, on his return, as the story goes kissed the Italian, mistaking her for his sister. He wrote an apology; when this note was translated to the bewitching Marie, and she was assured of its sincerity, she laughed immoderately, and said she had supposed perhaps kissing a pretty girl (here she looked very arch), on meeting her, was an American custom. It had frightened her at first, but now she did not care, for, said she, in her attractive English-Tuscan, "Ze kees did me no 'arm—indeed it was not so bad—'at you say eet is!—'dees a goodly."

### WHAT-NOT?

ANOTHER AMERICAN TRIUMPH.—We have had frequent occasion recently to speak of the success of the Atlantic Monthly. We have been prompted to do this from an honest pride of the accomplishment, not only of our own, but we believe, of a national desire, to see our periodical literature vindicated from the charge our English brethren have so often brought against it, that it cannot ascend above the level of love-sick stories and sentimental poetry, because our reading public can appreciate nothing better. Many an attempt has been made to establish something similar to the lightened periodicals of England, and as often as each attempt has failed, the voice of exultation from the English press has been loud, and the cry raised that we can not do it. Well do we remember this when Putnam's Monthly was compelled to give way; in which we tho't we had found a refutation of the established opinion in regard to us. But we can now safely boast of a triumph, as the Atlantic Monthly has attained a circulation of 40,000, nearly double that ever reached by Putnam's, and is placed upon a sure basis, its publishers being among the most enterprising in our country, and have been actuated to a considerable degree, in the establishment of the Atlantic, by this same mortifying fact we refer to, that our American literature had no true exponent. The many expressions of favor and well-wishes received the past year from their subscribers, prove that they too have given their support to the Atlantic from a determination that our country, in spite of British misgivings, shall have a periodical of its own, not only equal, but even superior, to any of those published in England. And now the English press have honestly admitted that we have such a periodical, for the London Critic and Athenæum have been lavish of their praise the past few months. The "Aurocrat" has been published monthly in London, as it appeared in the Atlantic, calling forth golden opinions and the confession that their own periodicals have contained nothing so brilliant since the "Noctes Ambrosiana."

At the present time two different houses in London monthly republish the "Minister's Wooing," by Mrs. H. B. Stowe, and its circulation there almost exceeds the same here. We have heard it stated that the editor's have received and approved, up to the present time, sufficient material from American authors to furnish several numbers fully equal to any that have yet appeared. The April number is looked for as one of the very best yet issued. We repeat again, that in chronicling the success of the Atlantic, we are expressing a national feeling of something more than pleasure, that we have at last accomplished our desires, and that our literature has such an ornament as the Atlantic Monthly.—*Boston Gazette.*

LOVE AND SUICIDE.—Miss America G. Rice, who is represented as a young and very handsome lady, the daughter of a widow living in Cincinnati, on Monday afternoon received a letter from her lover informing her that he was compelled to break off their engagement, which had existed for some years. She immediately left home and went to the house of her cousin, and appearing ill, was asked the matter; she responded that on the way she had purchased strychnine and had swallowed it. A physician and the girl's mother were sent for, the latter arrived in time to see her daughter die, and the former too late to be of service.

All persons having fine horses or jacks, would do well to call at the printing office and get a lot of fancy bills struck, cheap. We are prepared to do job work as well and as cheap as anybody.

### Work, and Paint Not.

There are times when a heaviness comes over the heart and we feel as if there was no hope. Who has not felt it? For this there is no cure but work.—Plunge into it, put all your energies into motion; rouse up the inner man—act—and this heaviness shall disappear as mist before the morning sun.

There arise doubts in the human mind which sink us into lethargy, wrap us in gloom, and make us think it were bootless to attempt anything. Who has not experienced them? Work! that is the cure. Task your intellect; stir up your feelings; rouse the soul; DO! and these doubts, hanging like a heavy cloud upon the mountain, will scatter and disappear, and leave you in sunshine and open day.

There comes suspicion to the best men, and fears about the holiest efforts, and we stand like one chained. Who has not felt this? Work! therein is freedom. By night, by day, in season, and out of season, work! and liberty will be yours. Put in requisition mind and body; war with inertness; snap the chain-link of selfishness; stand up a defender of the right; be yourself; and this suspicion and those fears will be lulled, and like the ocean-storm, you will be purified by the contest, and able to bear and breast any burden of human ill.

Gladden life with its sunniest features and gloss it over with its richest hues, and it will become merely a poor and painted thing if there be in it no toil, no hearty, hard work. The laborer sighs for repose. Where is it? Friend, whoever thou art, know it is to be found alone in work. No good, no greatness, no progress, is gained without it. Work, then, and faint not; for therein is the well-spring of human hope and human happiness.

### WORKEN AND BABIES.—Gail Hamilton, in his last essay in the Era says:

There is also a vast deal of nonsense about the feminine world about infancy. Let ever so unsightly a baby be brought into a room where there are a half dozen women, particularly young ladies, and what a billing and cooing, and kissing, and hugging, and fondling, and fracturing of epithets, and hustling together of vowels and consonants, and a general muddle, and enthusiastic rhapsodies about the beauty, and grace, and sweetness, and charmingness of infancy. All of which, and a great deal more is to be forgiven in mothers. They have earned a right to indulge in any extravagance they chose regarding their own children; but why uninterested persons of mature years should be so transported at the sight of a baby, I cannot understand. I cherish no hatred against the poor things; that is, I am willing they should live. But so far as babies are palpable, obvious, present, isolated facts, they are not to be compared in point of beauty or interest to a lamb, a chicken, a gosling, or a very young pig. The latter are intelligent, lively frolicsome, arch, timid, inquiring, affectionate. The baby is lumpy, stolid, staring, inert; a mere shapeless mass of flabby flesh, continually threatening threatening to fall to pieces; a gelatinous compound, not pleasant to look at, very disagreeable to hear, and too precocious to be commiserated, kneaded, nursed, and worked up into something better as soon as possible.

### The following appears in the Louisville Courier:

LETTERS FROM PICCOLOMINI.—The following letter was not intended for publication, but we cannot withhold it from our readers:

MEESTAR EDITAR.—I see by zee journals zat zee von uglee meester dat is call Prentees say zat he is not ashame zat he loaf me. If he ish not, I am! Be good and say to Prentees let I want no such—vat you call zent!—Impudence loafer. I kees my hat at you PICCOLOMINI.

A Utah correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer states as a fact that Peter Kimball had fourteen children born to him in month of November last, all doing well.

Some men are courageous and some are not; but we would like to see the man who would deliberately allow a woman to catch him making months at her baby!



**A Spunky Little Woman.**

A pretty (we know she is) Buffalo girl, through the Commercial of that city, thus raps a crabbed old bachelor over the knuckles, who dared to assert that:

"A woman who loves unsought, deserves the scorn of the man she loves."

Ruth exclaims: "Heaven forgive me! but may the man who penned that paragraph never see another bonnet! May no white, dimpled arms ever encircle his cravat, or buttons vegetate on his shirts. May no rosy lips ever press his moustache, and toe tates grant that his dickey strings break short off every morning. May no woman's heart ever learn to beat faster—except with indignation—at the mention of his name, and may his stockings always need darning."

Her indignation still rises to fever heat, and she continues: "And when his nerves are all unstrung by disease, and his head throbs with pain, as though an earthquake were brewing in it, may he have nothing in his sick chamber but boot-heels, and see not one inch of muslin or calico."

She softens a little and quotes scripture: "Deserves scorn? Why? Because she gives her love where there is no hope of return? That does look like a bad speculation, but she has the bible on her side:

"If you love them that love you what reward have you? for do not even the Publicans so?"

The climax: "Gives her loves unasked! Oh, with a true-hearted young man, this would, me thinks, be the reason of reasons why he should love her. She gives him her whole heart—for in these things woman does not work by halves—not from gratitude, because he loves her; not from pity or charity, because he has begged it of her; but because—because—dear me! I'll take more of a philosopher than I am to account for the undeniable fact that women do sometimes love those horrid creatures called men."

RUTH GLEANING.

The following incident occurred in a Post-office, not long since, and is literally true:

A rap at the delivery. POSTMASTER: "Well, my lad, what will you have?"

Boy: "Here's a letter Sis wants to go along as fast as it can; 'cause there's a feller wants to have her, and she's courted by another feller that aint here; and she wants to know whether he's going to have her or not."

A boarding Miss, defining "eat" a word too vulgar for refined ears, defined it thus:

"To insert nutritious pabulum into the denudated orifice below the nasal protuberance, which, being masticated, perignates through the cartilagenous cavities of the larynx, and it is finally domiciliated into the receptacle of digestible particles."

The following is a specimen of sharp shooting between a coquette and her lover,

"You men are angels when you woo the maid, But devils when the marriage vow is said."

The lover, not to be out done, replied as follows,

"The charge, dear girl, is easily forgiven; We find we are in hell instead of heaven."

The following opinion of "counsel learned in the law" is worth at least a hundred of any other ever given by limbs of the profession:

"Fee simple and a simple fee, And all the fees in tail, Are nothing when compared to thee Thou best of fees—female."

The Individual who tried to clear his conscience with an egg, is now endeavoring to raise his spirits with yeast. If he fails in this, it is his deliberate intention to blow out his brains with a pair of bellows, and sink calmly into the arms of a young lady.

A woman with no friends can't be expected to sit down and enjoy a comfortable smoke, for she has not any to back her.

"Tom," said an impudent wag to a conceited fop, "I know a beautiful girl who wishes to make your acquaintance."

"Denced glad to hear it—fine girl—struck with my appearance, 'suppose?"

"Very much so. She thinks you would make a capital playmate for her little poodle dog."

Exit fop, shockingly sold.

What is the difference between an old bachelor and a pretty girl? A pretty girl steals the hearts of others; a horrid old bachelor steals his own.

**FAMILY GROCERY AND OYSTER SALOON!**

I take this method of informing my old friends and the public generally, that I am still on hand at the old stand, ready to wait on the people. I am constantly receiving all articles usually found in such establishments, consisting partly as follows: Nuts, candies, raisins, figs, cakes, crackers, cheeses, pickles, dried herring, rope, brushes, pencils, pens, blacking, brooms, pepper-sauce, oysters, sardines, perfumeries, hair oils, note paper, envelopes, lard oil, combs, pocket knives, razors, soaps, violin strings and notions generally.

**GROCERIES,**

which I propose to sell as cheap as any other house in town; consisting of

- Sugar, Coffee, Molasses, Spices, Cinnamon, Ginger, Soap, Fine Cigars, And White
- Coffee, Starch, Soda, Peppr, Salt, Tobacco, Mackerel, Fish.

Country produce taken in exchange for goods. J. R. McCLURE.

**My Eating Room**

is now well fitted up adjoining the saloon, in a neat and comfortable manner to accommodate customers. OYSTERS served up in the most delicious way, and at all hours. Call and try a dish. J. R. Mc. Sept 17th 1858 1 ly.

**DRUG STORE!**

WEST SIDE PUB. SQUARE SULLIVAN ILL.

HAVING purchased the Drug Store of J. Y. Hitt

WOULD announce to the citizens of Sullivan and vicinity, that I keep constantly on hand, a

**LARGE STOCK**

of the very best DRUGS, CHEMICALS, MEDICINES, PURE LIQUORS, WINE & PAINT, OILS, VARNISHES, BRUSHES, & a large assortment of

**Patent Medicines,**

IN fact everything usually kept in a Drug Store. I have, also, a lot of

**A No. 1**

Chewing Tobacco, & Havana Cigars. A. L. KELLAR. Feb. 4, '59.—20-y

**O. ANDRUS, JEWELER.**

Just from New York, will establish himself permanently in this place, and asks the patronage of the public. He has confidence that he will please all. Call and try him.—West side Public square in VADAKIN'S STORE. O. ANDRUS & Co. N.B.—All work warranted 12 months, at Eastern prices. Jan. 14th '59.—17-t o6

**Samuel A. Hoover.**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL JOBBER IN GROCERIES AND LIQUORS, MATTOON . . . . . ILLINOIS.

Superior inducements offered to country buyers, at low prices for cash or country produce. A good stock always on hand. Country merchants, wishing to recruit stocks, without the expense of a trip to St. Louis or elsewhere, will find it to their advantage to call at my establishment before purchasing.

Mr. SIM. T. JOHNSON is behind the counter, and will be pleased to see his old friends and fellow citizens of MOULTRIE.

STORE on Great Western Avenue, in Mr. O. P. Harris' new brick building. Respy & Co. SAM'L A. HOOVER. Feb. 11 1859. 21 smos.

**HIDES! HIDES!!**

I want all the hides, green or dry, that can be brought to me, for which I will pay the best prices in goods or money. A. N. SMYSER. Feb 18. 22tf.

**NEW GROCERY, W. LEE**

Has opened one of the largest stocks of Family Groceries ever offered in Sullivan, consisting in part, of Coffee, Sugar, Tea, Molasses, Rice, Fish, Salt, Cheese, Crackers, Vinegar, Soaps, Soda, Sardines,

**OYSTERS,**

Pepper, Spice, Ginger, Nutmegs, Cloves, Cinnamon, Hair Oils, Essences Perfumery, Nuts, Lead, Shot, Powder, Gun-caps, Cigars, Fine

**FANCY CANDIES, CHEWING TOBACCO,**

and everything else usually kept in such an establishment. HE ALSO keeps constantly on hand a large stock of the very best

**WINES & LIQUORS,**

which he will sell in quantities to suit customer. W. LEE. Sullivan, Ill., Oct. 8 1858—2-tf

**PLOWS.**

F P. Hoke & Bro. Take pleasure in announcing to the public and everybody else, that they now keep constantly on hand, and manufacture to order, the most improved quality of plows, of every description, and at prices to suit the greatest lovers of money. Every one had better buy a plow, and if it dont work well, return it and get your money.

**WAGONS.**

A splendid lot of the latest, and most approved style, on hands, and made to order.

**BLACKSMITHING,**

Of all kinds done up exactly in the right way, and at reasonable prices as at any other shop. Shop one door east of the Post-office. March 11 '58 27tf.

**DON'T**

Come to town, at any time, without coming to see me before you

**GO**

home, for I am sure I can make it profitable to you, by selling you goods at just what they cost me in the city, by wholesale. You may think that I just say this to induce you to trade with me, but such is not the case. If you wish to be convinced, try me when you come, and I will be sure to send you

**HOME**

with more goods for less money, than you can buy anywhere else—city stores not excepted.

**WITHOUT**

detaining you longer, I would say, that the reason I sell so cheap, is, because I want to close out my entire stock, and settle up, and get money to buy another stock of

**Goods,**

which I shall sell strictly for cash, or saleable produce. I have determined to sell no more goods on credit! JOHN PERRYMAN. Sept 24th 1858 2ly.

**SAY**

WE WANT

**WOOD**

on subscription, KEEP YOUR FEET DRY. Just received and for sale low for cash, a superior lot of

**BOOTS & SHOES,**

call and examine for yourself as we will charge you nothing for showing goods. J. E. ENAX.

**Fresh Arrival of GROCERIES at A. GEORGE & CO'S,**

North Side of Public Square

CONSISTING in part, Coffee, Sugar, Molasses, Teas, Salt, Fish, Rice, Starch, Candles, Soda, Ginger, Spice, Pepper, fine

**CHEWING TOBACCO, CANDIES,**

Smoking tobacco, Vinegar, Soaps, Pickles, white Lead, wash Tubs, wood Buckets, Shot, Lead, Powder and caps;

Matches, fine Cigars, Sardines, Pepper-sauce, gum Camphor, Dates, a good article of black Ink, smoke-Pipes, Prunes, Currents &c. &c. Last of all, but not least, Brandy, wines, Gin, Rum, Poster and whiskey, by retail, or by the barrel, to suit customers. AARON GEORGE & CO. Sullivan Ill., Oct. 1st, 1858. 2ly.

**CABINET SHOP.**

Peter Smith Takes pleasure in announcing to his old friends, patrons, and the public generally,

**THAT HE**

STILL continues the CABINET MAKING BUSINESS at the Old Stand,

North East side of the Public Square,

Where they are prepared to manufacture all kinds of Parlor Chamber and Kitchen furniture,

on short notice and at very LOW PRICES.

**COFFINS!**

All sizes and qualities kept constantly on hand, and made to order on application. Coffins made at my shop, will be delivered, and attended to at unerals, free of charge.

Terms, TO SUIT THE TIMES. All kinds of produce taken in exchange for furniture.

They hope by selling furniture at lowest prices and close attention to business, to merit a liberal patronage. March 5th '58. no. 26. ly.

**BAG STRINGS!**

1,000,000 Bushels of GRAIN are annually taken to market in this country, IN SACKS, and the waste arising from the breaking and untying of strings is enormous. I have a neat, handy and reliable instrument, styled

J. HERVA JONES' PAT. METALLIC BAG FASTENING, for all kinds of sacks, which entirely avoids this loss.

It is much cheaper for the first year's use even, than that ancient appendage, the row string, and it can be put on and taken off in one-sixth the usual time. It can be attached to the sack if desired; can be handled in cold weather with gloves or mittens on; and being of best malleable iron, it will last a lifetime.

Large numbers are in daily use among farmers and grain dealers, to whom I will refer any person who desires it.

To agents throughout the Union, either local or traveling, I offer the MOST LIBERAL INDUCEMENTS to purchase. I will send a sample for examination, with my terms, to any person by mail on receipt of four red stamps, to prepay postage. Please write plainly and address

J. HERVA JONES, Boston, Winnebago Co. Ill. Any paper giving this entire notice ten insertions and sending a copy of paper with bill will receive a prompt response. [24 10w.

**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.

I WANT a fine lot of Bacon in exchange for Goods.—VADAKIN.

**GRAND Premium Depot. ZWECK & CO'S SADDLE SHOP!**

(East side Public Square.) SULLIVAN - - - - ILLINOIS.

HAVING associated together in the Saddle & Harness-making business, they are now ready to fill all orders in their line, in the best manner, at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms.

We have on hand a good assortment of well selected stock, and articles

**READY-MADE!**

Plain Harness, Plain Harness, Plain Harness, Plain Harness, &

Fancy Harness, Fancy Harness, Buggy Harness, Buggy Harness, lines & bridles, lines & bridles, & Martingales, & Martingales, Whips & halters,



**BOOTS & SHOES,**

of all kinds, constantly on hand, and all that is commonly kept in this line. They hope, by constant attention to business, to deserve and receive a continuance of public patronage.

**JOB WORK**

done with neatness and dispatch. Prices to suit the times, and

ALL WORK WARRANTED! They will pay the highest market price, in cash or trade, for green and dry HIDES, Sheep Pelts, &c. &c.

By selling your Hides &c to Zweck & Co. you will keep the money in the country, as they get them tanned at home.

Lewis Zweck & Co. Dec. 10th 1858. 12 y.

**Douglas or Lincoln!**

THE PEOPLE DID DECIDE!

**A. N. SMYSER.**

Presenting to my numerous customers throughout Moultrie county, my hearty thanks for their liberal and increasing patronage, I will say that in view of the favorable prospects of an enlarged fall and winter trade, I have purchased, and am now receiving, as large and well assorted stock of

**FALL & WINTER**

**GOODS,**

as has ever, at any time, been offered in this market. My stock comprises

all the staple commodities usually kept, to which is added a carefully selected lot of

**CLOTHING**

FOR MEN AND BOYS!

Boots & shoes, hats and caps, in abundance; Fancy Dress goods, of the latest styles, a few elegant

SHAWLS & CLOAKS, FOR THE LADIES!

Varieties, and Notions, Nails & paints, brandies and wines, for Medicinal, & Sacramental Purposes.

I shall continue to sell, as usual, low for cash, or on time, to prompt men, at fair prices. Country produce wanted in exchange for goods. The attention of ALL is respectfully invited.

A. N. SMYSER. Sullivan Ill. Oct. 1, '58. 2ly.

**L. JENNINGS & CO.,**

DEALERS IN GRAIN, FLOUR, SALT, LUMBER, LIME &c All goods consigned to our care, will meet with prompt attention. Windsor Ill. Oct. 1st 1858. 2ly.

**A. L. KELLAR,**

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Sullivan Illinois. Respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Sullivan and vicinity.—Being well provided with surgical instruments, he is prepared to attend to any operations in a surgical way, and promptly attend to all calls by day or night, requiring the assistance of natures handmaid.—Office on the west side of the public square, two doors north of Knight & Co's store. Feb. 4, '59. 20ly



**E. E. WAGGONER, M. D.,**

SURGEON & OCUCLIST, SULLIVAN, . . . . . ILLINOIS.

**C. B. STEELE,**

ATTORNEY AT LAW. SULLIVAN : : : : ILLINOIS. OFFICE, on west side of square.—23ly

**George W. Kenney,**

BARBER & HAIR-DRESSER, (West side Public Square.) SULLIVAN, . . . . . ILLINOIS.

Work done on easy terms, and to suit any kind of customers. Therefore, be decent! N. B. No shaving on Sundays after 10. a. m Dec. 10th 1858 12 y.

**THE PRAIRIE FARMER.**

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, MECHANICS, EDUCATION, HOME INTERESTS, GENERAL NEWS, MARKETS, &c., Published Weekly, in a neat octavo form of sixteen pages, with an Index at the end of each volume (six months.)

TERMS IN ADVANCE. One copy, per annum, \$2 00 Three copies, " 5 00 Six " " 10 00 Ten " (and one the getter up of the club) 15 00

POSTAGE—Free in Cook county; 3/4 cents per quarter, in advance at the Office where received, within the State of Illinois; 8/4 cents per quarter, in advance to any other part of the United States.

EMERY & CO., No. 204 Lake street, Chicago, Ill.

**The SULLIVAN EXPRESS.**

IS ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY, JOSEPH H. WAGGONER, PUBLISHER.

Terms of Subscription. One year in advance, \$1.50 Within six months, 2.00 At the end of the year, 2.50

No subscription received for a shorter time than six months; and no paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

Rates of Advertising. One square (10 lines) one insertion, . \$1.00 Each subsequent insertion, . . . . . 25 One square three months, . . . . . 3.00 " " six months, . . . . . 5.00 " " twelve months, . . . . . 7.00 Half a column six months, . . . . . 18.00 One column six months, . . . . . 25.00 Half a column twelve months, . . . . . 35.00 One column twelve months, . . . . . 40.00 Business cards, less than a square, one year, . . . . . 5.00

No advertisement considered or charged for by the year, unless a special contract is made to that effect.

All Advertisements ordered to be inserted without specifying the number of insertions, will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

Nothing counted less than a square. A fraction over a square is counted as two squares; a fraction over two squares is counted as three squares, and so on.

Announcing candidates for office, 25.00 in advance in all cases. Advertisements changed three times yearly, if desired.

**PROSPECTUS OF THE Sunday Herald.**

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI. We offer the following liberal terms to the subscribers of the "Sunday Herald" which will be issued regularly every Sunday Morning, in quarto form, and will contain forty columns of matter from the regular daily issues:—

One copy one year, \$3.00 One copy six months, 1.50 Five copies one year, 7.00 Five copies six months, 4.00 Ten copies one year, 15.00

No papers sent to subscribers out of the city unless paid for in advance. Address, (post paid) JAMES S. FAUCETT, Publisher Morning Herald, St. Louis, Mo. Office—No. 21 Market, between Walnut and Second streets. Dec 8 11.

JOB work done with neatness and dispatch, at the Express office.