

# The Sullivan Express.

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

J. H. Waggoner,

"THE UNION MUST BE PRESERVED."

Editor & Proprietor.

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## SULLIVAN EXPRESS.

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J. H. WAGGONER, Editor & Proprietor.

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### OUR NEIGHBORS.

How many social ties there are neglected,  
That should rejoice our days!  
How many happy spirits sit rejected  
Beside the world's highways!

A blessing, then, be on those pleasant faces,  
That genial warmth impart!  
Sunbeams they are, that brighten darkness  
Within the human heart.

Such cheerful faces have I to befriend me,  
In our retired streets;  
What pleasant nods and kindly smiles they  
Whene'er our glances meet!

How joyous is our morning salutation,  
How hearty our good-night!  
The thousand visits without preparation,  
How welcome with delight!

The household news, how earnestly related,  
And small domestic cares!  
The sighs and ailments mutually tasted,  
And costs of various wares.

Trifling, indeed, those themes of conversation,  
And yet momentous still;  
For the small world of household occupation  
These topics almost fill.

And let not those who legislate for nations  
Despise these little things—  
The heads of family administrations  
Bear neighborly cares than kings.

Our silent street is like a river flowing  
Towards the commercial sea;  
But the rude storms there furious blowing  
Do us no injury.

There is no tariff on the freight we charter!  
From heart to heart we move;  
The noble fortunes that we make by barter  
Are those of growing love.

May peace be with you, then, my pleasant  
Wherever you abide!  
And when we leave this scene of earthly labors,  
We'll still keep side by side.

## My First Love.

AN HUMOROUS SKETCH.

WHAT I was borne in love was a fact that did not admit of a shadow of doubt. I departed myself like a person in love. The affection that had taken possession of my youthful heart was no every day one; I was so sure of that. There wasn't words enough in the English language to describe the height, depth, width, and length of its grandeur. It was destined to be a grand accompaniment of the ages yet to be: a fixed principle throughout eternity; a plant of surpassing beauty in the broad heavens of home affections. My love was returned—the strong yearnings of my nineteen-year old heart went out in direction of the most beautiful maiden in all—shire, and the most beautiful maiden in all—shire, in return, sent the yearnings of her heart out to meet mine. Twice a week, as often as the week came round, I went up to the old brown home of Dr. Stoddard to tell his daughter my love and regularly listened to a recital of its return from the red lips of my charming Janet. The good doctor made merry at our expense, and his jolly wife took a wicked pleasure in constantly reminding us of our youth. Janet was tortured by sly references to her play house in the shed, her long-sleeved pinafores and pantalettes of six months before; while I was offered, while the doctors wife wore a face of immovable sobriety, an old coat of the doctor's for my mother to make into a dressing-gown for me. We were, nevertheless, determined to be married. We would steal slyly away from the house while our cruel friends reposed in the arms of Morphos; his us, on the wings of love, to the nearest city; Janet would become in a moment's time, Mrs. Jason Brown and I Mrs. Jason Brown's husband. At once we sat about making preparations for this important journey. Everything, of course, must be conducted with the greatest secrecy. At twelve o'clock I was to leave my home stealthily, get my father's gray nag noiselessly out of the barn and harness

her, and to proceed to Janet. Janet was to be waiting at her chamber window. I was to place a ladder at that same window; she was to descend that ladder; we were to fly down the road through the old lane, to the spot where the horse was fastened, and then the wind should not out run us. There was but one difficulty in the way. Janet's room was shared by her sister Fanny, a little mischievous, wicked creature of eleven summers, who, to use Janet's words, 'was awake at all hours of the night.' There was but one way for us if Fanny was aroused; she must be bribed into silence. For that purpose I place in Janet's hand a round, shining silver dollar. But Janet needed assistance, so she concluded to make Fanny before we started, and in that case prevent all possibility of her raising the house by a sudden outcry. Well, the long looked for, hoped for and yet dreaded night arrived at last. How slowly its leaden feet carried away the hours, and what a strange heartfull of emotions I bore up, as I sat by my chamber window, looking out, as I thought, for the last time, upon the home of my father. The moon was out in all her splendor; she was kind to me, lighting up, with her silver touches, all the spots my eyes might wish to rest upon before I went out into the world a wanderer. The broad fields lay out smooth and shining before my gaze; the field in which I had worked by my father's side since I was a little boy—ah! a dear, kind father he had been! (At this juncture my throat began to swell.) I turned away from the window. 'If I could but see my mother once more,' I exclaimed, rubbing my eyes with my coat sleeve. 'No one ever had a better mother than I have.' I sat down in a chair and sobbed outright. I looked around for something to take with me that my mother's hand blessed with her touch. There was a spinning-wheel in the room where I slept; at the end of the spindle hung a woolen roll. With my knife I half cut and half tore it off, pressed it fervently to my lips, and then placed it tenderly in my vest pocket. I had not time to do more; the old clock in the kitchen warned me solemnly that my appointed time had arrived; and with a slow, sad, yet noiseless step I left the house. Once out in the open air, my wonted lightness of spirits returned. I consoled myself with the thought that in a few years I should return again, a strong, healthy, wealthy, and influential man an honor to my parents, a blessing to my friends, and the husband of Janet. I have often wondered since, how I succeeded in getting away from home with my horse and cart without arousing any one. But as good luck would have it, I made a triumphant exit from the old place, and in a few moments was jogging fearlessly along towards the home of Janet. My only dread was of the little sprite, Fan; if after all she betray us, what a dreadful, direful desperate mischief it would be!—what a wretched predicament affairs would be in! I groaned aloud at the thought; I said that if it was right that we should go, we should go; if it wasn't, in all probability we should stay at home; yet right or not right, if that Fan did betray us, I'd spend all my days in avenging the wrong—that was certain. Was I in earnest!—did I mean it? But we shall see. How earnestly and anxiously I gazed towards the chamber window of Janet, as, after fastening my horse by the road side, I walked cautiously upon the long lane to the doctor's house. Oh, joy inexpressible!—the waving of a white handkerchief in the moonlight told me that everything was right, that in a few moments I should clasp Janet to my breast, mine forever! Ah how happy I was!—so happy, indeed, that I stood still there in the moonlight, with my two hands pressed firmly to my left side, for fear my overloaded heart would burst away from me entirely. What a figure I must have cut then!—What an Appollo I must have looked, with my fine proportions, wrapped up in my wedding suit! I was slender; I was tall; I was gaunt; I am sure I was ugly-looking at that moment. What possessed me, I cannot tell, but from an old chest I had taken a blue broadcloth swallowtail coat that had belonged to my grand father in the time of the war, and in the pride of my youth had got into it. The tails came nearly to my heels, while the waist was nearly up to my arm-pits. The sleeves reached down to the tips of my fingers, hiding entirely from view the luxuriant pair of white silk

gloves, which I had allowed myself for the important occasion. Above this uncouth pile of broadcloth was perched a hat. Oh, ye stars and moon that looked upon it, testify with me that it was a hat!—a hat and not a stove pipe, a hat and not a boot-leg! That hat!—looking back as if through the mists of twenty-five years, it seems to have arisen to the stature of two full feet, while the brim appears little wider than my thumb nail. My eyesight isn't quite so perfect now as it used to be, and so I may not see quite rightly. Make all due allowance, dear reader. I say that I must have looked ugly at that moment. Be that as it may, I thought I was looking splendidly; I thought the figure I cut was an honor to the name of Brown, and proud of it; proud as I walked up to Janet's window, and placed carefully there the ladder that was to bear her to my side. Everything was silent about the house. Fate was surely with us; Fanny had been bribed into service. As I stood there, I could see her light like the little figure fit noiselessly to and fro by the window, and how I blessed her—blessed her, from the very bottom of my heart for her kindness! At last Janet commenced descending the ladder, and as she did so, the moon crowded in out of sight under a huge black cloud. The very heavens favored us, our success might be looked upon as fixed. Three steps more upon the ladder's rounds, and Janet's dainty little feet would stand upon terra firma beside my own. The steps were taken, and she held a moment fondly by the sleeves of my blue broadcloth, before we looked up to the window, both with upraised hands to catch a small bundle of clothing that Fanny was to throw down to us, and which we had no other means of carrying with us. 'Be quiet, Fan,' whispered Janet, as her sister appeared at the window and poised the bundle above our heads. 'Be quiet, Fan, for heaven's sake, and drop it quickly!' But Fanny still stood there, swinging backward and forward, backward and forward, the huge bundle, without heeding Janet's earnest entreaty. 'Do, do throw it, Fanny dear! Do have some mercy on me! What if father should know of this? What if he should be awakened—' 'La, give it her, Fan, don't plague your sister, she's in a hurry,' called a voice at that moment from the closed blinds of the parlor windows, which belonged to none other than Dr. Stoddard. 'Give her the things, and tell the boys to carry out a bag of corn a cheese, some wheat, and some butter to the cart. Janet must have a setting out. Only be still about it, Fan.' For a moment we were petrified upon the spot; I thought I should fall to the ground. What should we do—run, faint, die, evaporate, or go mad? While we stood undecided, two huge mattresses fell at our feet from the window, followed at once by sheets, pillow cases, quilts, table-cloths, and sundry other articles necessary to the setting up of a respectable house-keeping establishment. 'Mother, mother, don't one of these new feather beds belong to Janet?' called Charlie Stoddard, from one part of the house. 'Yes, yes, and a bolster, and a pair of nice pillows, too. Carry 'em right out of the front door,' was the answer. 'Whose horse have you, Jason?' asked the doctor, pushing up the blind. 'Your father's?' 'Y-e-e-s, sir, I stammered. 'Humph! didn't you know better than that? That old gray isn't worth a button to go. Why didn't you come to my barn and get my black mare? Sam, Sam, hurry away straight to the barn and harness black Molly for Jason. If you believe it, he was going to start off with his father's old horse! Be quick, Sam, work lively—they're in a hurry—its time they were off.' 'Have you anything with you, Janet to eat on the road?' put in Mrs. Stoddard, poking her head out out of the window. 'No, ma'am, faltered Janet, moving a step or two from me. 'Well, that's good forethought!—And as I live, there isn't a bit of cake cooked in the house, either! Can you make some white bread and bacon, and some brown bread and cheese do, Jason? It's all we have.' 'Yes, ma'am, I said meekly, stepping easily as I could a little further from Janet. 'Look, father and mother, now the moon is out, and see Jason's new coat and hat?' called Fan, from the window, her merry voice trembling with suppression and laughter. 'Isn't that coat a splendid one, father?—just look at the length of its tails!

'Just give me my glasses, wife,' said the doctor. 'Is it a new one, Jason?' 'Yes, sir, rather new,' I said, giving an eager look in the direction of the lane. 'Well, drawled the doctor, eyeing me slyly, 'that coat is handsome!' 'And his hat, father,' called the wicked Fan. 'I-de-clare!' exclaimed the doctor. 'Wife, wife, just look here, and see Jason's coat and hat!' What should I do—stand there till morning before that incessant fire of words? should I run?—should I speak off slowly, as Janet was doing?—'What, oh! what should I do?' 'Don't they look nice, mother?' asked the doctor, putting one broad brown hand over his mouth, and doubling his gray head almost down to his knees. 'He-haw, he-haw, he-haw! mother, he-haw! don't they look nice?' roared the doctor. 'I couldn't stand it any longer. The doctor's laughter was a signal; it was echoed from all parts of the house. Fan cackled from the chamber window; Sam shouted from the barn; Mrs. Stoddard 'ho-ho-ho'd' from the kitchen; while Charlie threw himself down in the door-way and screamed like a wild Indian. I turned around; I gave a leap across the garden. Every Stoddard called after me. 'I am wrong, every Stoddard but Janet; she remained silent. One told me to come back for the bread and cheese; another that I had forgotten my bundle and bride; another bade me wait for black Molly and the new buggy; Fan bade me hold my coat tails, or I should get them dragged. I didn't heed any of these requests; I went directly for home. I reached home, feeling sheepish—no, sheepish is a weak word for it—I can't express to you how I felt. I had a great idea of hanging myself; I thought I had better be dead than alive; that I had made an idiot of myself. It was all plain; Fan had betrayed us. I vowed vengeance upon her till broad daylight, then sneaked out to the barn and hid myself in a hay-stack. I stayed there until Charlie Stoddard brought home my father's horse. The old gentleman was frightened; wanted to know how he came by the horse. He was told to ask me, and I made a clean breast of it. I didn't promise him not to repeat the offence; there was no need of it; but I am sure of this, I didn't look at a girl for seven years—no not for seven years. When the eighth year came round, I remembered my old vow against Fanny Stoddard. Well, to make a long story short, I married Fanny. Janet became a parson's wife. And here let me tell you in confidence, reader, that I really think little Fanny Stoddard had a very deep motive in head, when she betrayed Janet and me, though she was but a child. She liked me, even then, I believe. Well, at any rate, she declares every time that the affair is mentioned, that I have had my revenge upon her. Bless her faithful heart, it has been indeed a sweet one. —The Emperor Alexander was present at a collection in Paris for one of the hospitals. The plate was held to the Emperor by an extremely pretty girl. As he his louis d'ors, he whispered, 'Mademoiselle, this is for your bright eyes.' The girl curtsied, and presented the plate again. 'What,' said the Emperor, 'more?' 'Yes, sire,' said she; 'I now want something for the poor.' —'Ma, is aunts got bees in her mouth?' 'No, why do you ask such a question?' 'Cause, that little man with a heap of hair on his face cotch'd hold of her, and said he was going to take the honey from her lips; and she said, 'Well, make haste!'

## A List of Lands and Town Lots

In Montrie County and State of Illinois, on which the Taxes remain due and unpaid, for the years 1857 and 1858.

Township 13, Range 4	Acres	Value
John A Freeland nw sw	1 40 100	1.00
A B Thomason ne ne	2 40 80	1.00
Edward Wooler se se	4 80 320	5.00
Jonathan Dazey's estate nw se	3 40 480	4.80
Same e hf ne	3 80 640	6.40
Washington Fruit e hf ne	4 80 560	5.60
Payton Moore nw sw	4 40 200	2.00
William Stuardon jr. w hf nw	6 62 248	2.48
Mary Roney e hf ne	9 80 640	6.40
Same e hf se	9 80 560	5.60
John Noble nw sw	10 40 240	2.40
Joseph Roney Adm'r. sw se	10 40 160	1.60
Jonathan Dazey's estate w hf w hf nw	11 40 400	4.00
Same hf nw	11 40 200	2.00
Same ne sw	11 40 266	2.66
Lovina Collier n part w hf ne	12 60 300	3.00
Samuel Peters sw nw sw	13 10 50	.50
Richard Gough sw sw	13 40 200	2.00
Henry Bland sw sw	13 40 320	3.20
Same sw se	13 40 320	3.20
Same nw ne	24 40 160	1.60
H Y Keller part e hf nw	24 20 100	1.00
Same part sw ne	24 40 160	1.60
W B Porter part e hf nw	24 20 100	1.00
Same part sw ne	24 20 100	1.00
Sally Ann Innman nw nw	24 40 280	2.80
Henry Bland nw nw	24 40 320	3.20
Same sw qr	24 160 640	6.40
Same w hf ne	24 80 320	3.20
Henry Bland e hf ne nw	25 20 80	.80
Mary Keller se nw	25 40 280	2.80
Same ne nw	25 40 240	2.40
Jonathan Dazey's estate w hf ne nw	36 20 100	1.00
Marilla Montoney part se qr	36 147 600	6.00
Philo Buckingham s hf sw	1 80 500	5.00
Abraham Johnson e hf se	3 80 480	4.80
F B Hawes sw qr	5 160 800	8.00
David J Freeland e hf e hf nw	9 10 80	.80
Same sw sw	9 40 320	3.20
John D Cloud e hf se	9 40 360	3.60
Same sw se	17 40 240	2.40
David J Freeland ne se	20 40 240	2.40
John Noble se nw	20 40 240	2.40
Thos Davis & P Buckingham s hf nw	21 80 560	5.60
John A Strain part sw hf	22 100 1,000	10.00
Elias Pettijohn e hf ne	25 80 720	7.20
Charles Tackett ne sw	25 40 280	2.80
E Noyes sw nw	26 40 280	2.80
A M Brown part s hf se se	10 80 80	.80
Hampton Brown n hf se se	20 160 1,600	16.00
M D Gregory nw sw	27 40 240	2.40
Joseph Roney sw sw	28 40 240	2.40
John A Freeland nw sw	33 40 200	2.00
T O Brown part lot 4 e hf ne	38 5 75	.75
A M Brown part lot 4 e hf ne	38 5 75	.75
Township 15, Range 4		
John Tyler lot 3 ne	1 80 480	4.80
same part lot 4 ne	14 64 344	3.44
Robert H Ives lot 1 & 2 ne	160 1080 10,800	108.00
same lot 1 nw	80 480 4,800	48.00
same lot 2 nw	81 486 4,860	48.60
same lot 1, 2 & 3 ne	240 1440 14,400	144.00
same lot 1, 2 & 3 nw	240 1440 14,400	144.00
M D Gregory w hf lot 4 nw	3 160 800	8.00
John Tyler ne qr	12 80 400	4.00
Milton Reed s hf ne	12 80 400	4.00
same n hf se	18 80 400	4.00
Jacob Spangler s hf se	4 40 200	2.00
same sw ne	120 720 7,200	72.00
Philo Buckingham sw qr	32 1920 19,200	192.00
E B Hale n hf	80 480 4,800	48.00
same n hf sw	160 960 9,600	96.00
same se qr	1 80 480	4.80
Township 13, Range 5		
Lewis Kennedy lot 1 ne	1 80 640	6.40
John Duty w hf lot 2 ne	40 400 4,000	40.00
Lewis Kennedy w hf se	1 80 800	8.00
same se se	40 240 2,400	24.00
Sumner Clark w hf ne	3 80 800	8.00
same e hf e hf nw	40 320 3,200	32.00
John Storms sw ne	11 40 240	2.40
William Rose sw nw	40 360 3,600	36.00
Lewis Kennedy e hf ne	15 80 600	6.00
same nw ne	40 320 3,200	32.00
John Duty sw ne	40 480 4,800	48.00
same se nw	40 280 2,800	28.00
William Mincy nw se	15 40 240	2.40
same sw ne	40 240 2,400	24.00
same ne se	10 240 2,400	24.00
same hf nw	80 480 4,800	48.00
J M Wallace nw sw	40 340 3,400	34.00
William Mincy nw se	40 240 2,400	24.00
Township 13, Range 5		
N F Higginbotham part w hf lot 1 nw	5 120 1,200	12.00
James M Taylor part w hf lot 1 nw	4 300 3,000	30.00
L W Walker sw sw	40 240 2,400	24.00
Sylvester Sears sw sw	40 240 2,400	24.00
J W Vaughan lot w hf se	13 10 120	1.20
David Hood sw sw	40 280 2,800	28.00
Frederick Hoke nw se	40 180 1,800	18.00
Abia Minor e hf sw	20 80 800	8.00
James Tennant sw nw	14 40 280	2.80
Hamilton Walden se sw	40 160 1,600	16.00
David Hood se se	40 180 1,800	18.00
Hamilton Walden sw se	40 180 1,800	18.00
Gerard Bank e hf ne	35 80 560	5.60
James S Freeland e part se sw	20 140 1,400	14.00
Wm Mulholland's estate sw se	17 5 80	.80
Jacob Dehaven part se se	40 280 2,800	28.00
Richard Mulholland ne sw	5 30 300	3.00
Lydia Frevolt part nw se	10 30 300	3.00
J J & W L Hayden part sw se	40 40 400	4.00
M D Gregory se se	40 40 400	4.00
James N Hayes nw se	51 40 400	4.00

Township 13, Range 5.—[Continued.]

Table listing property owners and values for Township 13, Range 5. Includes names like Mary Philbrook, J & W L Haydon, and various acreage and value columns.

Table listing property owners and values for Township 13, Range 5. Includes names like E Noyes, Mary C Montague, and various acreage and value columns.

Table listing property owners and values for Township 13, Range 5. Includes names like Joseph Taylor, Alfred Taylor, and various acreage and value columns.

Township 14, Range 5.

Table listing property owners and values for Township 14, Range 5. Includes names like Philo Buckingham, R H Ives, and various acreage and value columns.

Table listing property owners and values for Township 14, Range 5. Includes names like John Divens, John Welch, and various acreage and value columns.

Table listing property owners and values for Township 14, Range 5. Includes names like John J Mollhany, G D Miller, and various acreage and value columns.

Township 15, Range 5.

Table listing property owners and values for Township 15, Range 5. Includes names like Ind & Ill C R R Co, Wm Beck, and various acreage and value columns.

Table listing property owners and values for Township 15, Range 5. Includes names like S A Goodwin, Joseph Bloom, and various acreage and value columns.

Advertisement for J. H. Waggoner, Publisher of the Sullivan Express, and a notice regarding the probate court and town lots.



