

The Sullivan Express.

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

J. H. Waggoner.

"THE UNION MUST BE PRESERVED."

Editor & Proprietor.

VOL. III.

SULLIVAN, ILL., THURSDAY, OCT. 27, 1859.

NO. 2.

BUSINESS CARDS.

TAKE NOTICE!!
THE undersigned would inform the citizens of Moultrie and adjoining counties, that he is still in the Marble Business; and prepared to furnish all kinds, shapes, or fashions of MONUMENTS AND SLABS on short notice, and a little cheaper than they can be got from any body else in the West. Remember I am constantly canvassing the country, and will sell you work and bring it to you. Don't be imposed on by others, for I will give you a call soon. Work done at Shelbyville, Ill. May '59.—\$5ly REUBEN ADKINS.

B. HUNT,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR.
Mr. H. would respectfully announce to the citizens of Sullivan and vicinity, that he has opened a Shop in Drs. Hitt & 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 tf.

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

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. H. FOREMAN,
PLAIN PAINTER
AND PAPER HANGER
SULLIVAN—ILLINOIS;
Work done with neatness and dispatch.
v2no38m3.

B. B. EVERETT,
Physician and Surgeon.
Respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Sullivan and surround
Office one door west of Walkers dwelling, where he may always be found, except when absent on professional business.
Windsor, Ill. 8. 1857

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

J. R. EDEN. J. MEEKER.
EDEN & MEEKER,
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.

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 has his Office on the west side of the public square, two doors north of Knight & Co's store. Feb. 4, '59. 20ly

Moultrie Lodge, No. 181,
A. F. & A. M.,
Meets regularly at their hall in Sullivan on the Monday evening of next preceding each full moon. Transient brothers fraternally welcome. J. W. R. MORGAN W. M. J. R. KNIGHT Sec'y.
Moultrie Lodge, No. 158,
I. O. O. F.
Meets every Tuesday Evening in their Hall, over Vardakis Store. Transient Brothers invited to attend.
P. B. KNIGHT, N. G.
B. B. HAYDON, Sec'y
Money wanted at this Office!

SULLIVAN EXPRESS.

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY
J. H. WAGGONER, Editor & Proprietor.
TERMS:—\$1.50 In Advance.

LEGAL ADVERTISING,
Per square, first insertion, 1 00
Each subsequent " 50

A BOY'S LOVE.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

"A boy's will is the will,
And thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts"

It was more than twenty years ago, said the distinguished lawyer who told me the following story, that I was sent from Boston to pay a visit to some cousins I had never seen, and who lived on a farm, "away up in Vermont," as we were accustomed to say at school, when we talked over my proposed journey, all through the time for "recess." My twelfth birthday had not quite come to an end, when the driver of the Pomfret "stage" nudged me in the side with his whip-handle as I sat beside him on the box, and pointed over a hill to our right, with a significant look. I stood on tiptoe and gazed with all my might, seeing, for my pains, a straggling series of houses, with a church tower in the centre.

"What is it?" I asked curiously.
"Pomfret," said the driver with an air of importance, as he got his four horses in order and flourished his whip over their heads, before making a triumphal entry into the town. I sat down with a drier feeling than I had ever had in my whole life before. Where was the possibility of extracting any "fun" out of that dreadful little place? And—my uncle lived far out among the hills—what were the chances of wolves and bears coming out of the pine woods, and helping themselves to a tidbit in the shape of a Boston boy?

Occupied with these thoughts, as we dashed noisily up before the post-office to leave the mail, I did not notice any of the people who were standing round the door of the village "avern" just beside it. But by-and-by a strong pull at the leg of my trousers nearly brought me to the ground, and looking down, I saw brown-faced, bright-eyed boys of my own age, who flung up their caps, and shouted, and beckoned to a tall weather-beaten man on the piazza to come to them.

"Wait till I get down and I'll thrash you both," I said, defiantly, at which they burst out laughing, and ran to drag the tall man out of our way. By the time I was safely down he was by my side, together with the boys.

"Well, Charlie," he said, good-naturedly stooping down to take my hand, "I suppose you hardly know your old uncle. The last time I saw you you were in long clothes; and now, bless me, what a young gentleman you have grown to be! Glad to see you, my boy, and so are these lads, for they gave me no peace till I came for you to-day."

"Are these my cousins, sir?" turning to the boys I had threatened to thrash.
"Yes they are twins, Gardner and Bushrod."
"Bushrod, or 'Bush,' as he was always called, was the one who had pulled me by the leg; he was civil

enough in his father's presence, and so was I. We showed each other our jack-knives while my uncle Gray went to the sled behind the meeting-house for the horse; and before we had jolted along half a mile in the red "lumber wagon" we were three of the best friends in the world.

"It is a long road that has no turning," says the old proverb, and I really began to believe we were traveling on that identical highway, with its sterile-looking table lands, and dark pines on either side, till we suddenly rounded a corner and came in sight of a red, one-story farm-house, with its barns and out-houses lying across the road. There was a pine forest at the back, a maple grove at the right, and a beautiful little brook running through the meadow just below the barns. It was nearly dark but the windows of the great kitchen were all aglow, between fire and candles, and as we rattled up to the door it flew wide open, and a tall, stout, good natured looking woman a regular farmer's wife, with her blue and white calico dress, black alapaca apron, and snowy cap, stood on the threshold to welcome us.

"Where's Charley? Where's the boy?" was the first cry, for she had taken an interest in the orphan boy beyond all others. Uncle Gray handed me out as if I had been a young puppy, and she caught me in her arms and cried over me a little, saying how my poor mother would have rejoiced to see me grown so tall and strong. They had been playmates in their childhood, and I had my mother's face,—this was enough to ensure me a welcome from "Aunt Susan," though none of her blood was flowing in my veins. I went into the kitchen clinging closely to her hand, and sat beside her till the boys and their father returned from putting up the horse. It was time for supper, which was already smoking on the table; but first there was a general search round the room, and a general cry,—
"Why, where is little Jenny?"

I picked up my ears at the question. I approved of the name of Jenny—it was one of my favorites. When I asked aunt Susan who bore it, she laughed and said it was her little girl, who was shy, and had run away when I came. A loud halloo from the pantry, whither the two boys had gone, interrupted her, and in they came, having made a chair of their hands, whereon their sister sat like a young queen, with an arm around each brother's neck. I lost my heart at the first look. Little Jenny was the most magnificent of childish beauties, with large, dark eyes, flashing out from clusters of chestnut curls,—a red mouth that did nothing but laugh and sing,—a form like a fairy, and the loveliest little feet and hands I had ever seen. I stood staring at her with my heart in my eyes, as her brothers put her down upon the floor and told her to go and speak to Charlie. She looked shy for a moment, then sidled up towards me.

"How do, Cousin Charlie?" she said, and lifted her pretty face. I bent mine and raised it, flushed to the roots of my hair. Nobody noticed that kiss, or thought anything of it; but I can feel it yet; and I am a man with children of my own older than little Jenny was then. I am not sure, after all, that a man does

not love best and most faithfully while he is yet in jackets and corduroys.

That evening was a glorious one to me. Partly because we all sat up around the fire, roasting chestnuts and drinking last years cider, till the clock struck ten,—partly because my aunt told me stories of my mother's school-days, and the boys listened with open mouths to the anecdotes of mine,—but chiefly because little Jenny, who was a thorough coquette in her small way, crept from her father's knee while he was soberly smoking his pipe and reading his paper, and came and stood at mine, looking up in my face with eager curiosity, and playing with the gilt buttons on my blue jacket.

"Take me up, Cousin Charlie," she whispered, at last; and, my face burning again, I lifted her to my knee. My aunt said she was too heavy, but I scouted the idea, and Jenny herself turned her face towards the blue jacket, and holding fast to the gilt button, fell into a sound sleep. What a cold place it seemed to make about my heart when our pleasant party broke up, and aunt Susan took her away, still sleeping! How long I tossed upon my own bed that night, listening to my cousins, who slept manfully and noisily in the same open chamber, and revolving in my young mind problems like to these: Suppose that I was eight years older than Jenny, (for she was only four,) why, when I was twenty-five (and no man ought to marry before then, I argued,) she would be seventeen, and that was the age I preferred of all others for my wife. Again, though I had no worldly possessions just then except my jack-knife, and bat and ball—to say nothing of a bag of marbles—prime ones!—why, in thirteen years I should be sure to grow as rich as Croesus; and then Uncle Gray and Aunt Susan could not possibly object to my marrying Jenny, though they might not like to make any promise now.

I smile at the memory of those boyish dreams, but very tenderly, for they colored much of my after life. Nay, even with my wife beside me, and her youngest child asleep upon her knee, I cannot quite divest myself of the idea that they are coloring it, even yet. Or that my thoughts which go forever forward now, are not turned that way because of one who only can be met in the future, and in a land of another fashion than this.

Time has wings, as every one knows, but during those two weeks of my visit he used several pair of legs in addition, and ran out of our sight like lightning. We were never in the house except at meal times and at night, but laughing and chattering over the farm like four young Wandering Jews, only that we had no Wandering Jew sorrows. Little Jenny was ever at my side. It was my hand that led her out to her favorite gum-trees and pushed her swing—my arm that carried her across the meadow brooks, or followed her when she grew tired and wanted to sleep—my feet that were going to and fro continually to do her bidding—my heart, in short, that loved her, and would have shed its last drop of blood at her feet gladly, to save her from danger or pain. Oh! the solemn tenderness of those

dark pine woods, where I walked with that young face upturned to mine; oh! the sweet music of the brook upon whose grassy banks we sat for hours; oh! the gay laughter that filled the maple grove when the great swing was going. It was a happy time! From the Monday morning till the Saturday night, there was not a moment that was not golden and perfect. And then the proud delight of the Sundays! when, dressed in my newest blue jacket and white trousers—my gilt buttons shining, and the long black ribbon floating from my collar—I walked up the aisle of the crowded church, leading little Jenny by the hand, fully conscious that the boys in the gallery were bursting with envy, and the girls full of admiration of me and my dress, yet also quite as conscious that, though they laid down at my feet and died, one after one, they could not turn my thoughts from her who was the unconscious queen of them and me. When I go quietly up the carpeted aisle of Dr. B.'s church now-a-days, and follow my wife and children into a softly-cushioned pew, I shut my eyes during the long, long sermon, and the bare white walls and wooden seats of the Pomfret "meeting-house" rise up before me. I see the minister leaning out of his box-like pulpit, and shouting the truth into the ears of his hearers, till the sounding-board above him shakes and nearly comes down upon his bald head. I see my uncle sleeping placidly under it all, and my aunt shaking her head at the twins, who are playing a futile game at cat's cradle under cover of their hymn-books. I see some old woman nibbling sprigs of caraway, and some little girls making faces at each other in the side seats, regardless of the boxed ears that will await them at home if once they are seen by their mother. I catch a mingled perfume of violets and roses, and look down upon a little child who sits beside me, with one small foot tucked under her, and her bright head bent over two or three flowers in her lap. I see the congregation stand up to sing "Old Hundred," and a bird-like voice chirps the words almost in my ear! Then I open my eyes again, seeing only the good doctor just leaving the pulpit—hearing only the grand organ crashing out a kind of operatic overture, to which people pass out; and I wonder, dreamily, which is most real, or most delightful—the old time or the new!

There were more tears shed than would "float a ship," to speak figuratively, when the morning of my departure came. My Aunt Susan cried furtively behind the coffee pot, my uncle looked solemn, Bush and Gardner rubbed their eyes with their jacket sleeves as they breakfasted, and were hardly to be appeased even by the parting gift of those prime marbles I have already mentioned. As for little Jenny she sat on my knee playing with my collar-ribbon, and looked wonderingly round at the long faces on every side. When she spoke or moved I felt a choking in my own throat, big boy as I was, and I was only too glad when the general move came, and the wagon was reported at the door.

It was a hard matter to get out of my aunt's arms, harder still to sit in the red wagon looking back towards the humble little home that was dearer than a palace in my eyes, and wondering if I should ever see it again.—Even then I fancy some presentiment troubled us all, young as some of us were. Bush and Gardner said little through the drive, I tried to talk about my school home in Boston, but broke down every time I looked at little Jenny, who had insisted on accompanying us, and who was clapping her hands, and dancing on the seat with delight, at every house or cow or dog we passed. The stage was waiting before the door when we drove up, and I was glad of it; for if there had been a long parting I know I should have cried like a baby. There was only time to see my trunk safe on the roof, to shake hands with my uncle and the boys, to kiss little Jenny, who clung to me at the last moment, and begged me not to go, to clamber up to my seat on the box, as well as my dimmed eyes would let me, and then we were off! I turned at the end of the street and looked back. My uncle was talking to the post master, who stood beside him,—they were both looking our way,—the boys took off their caps and waved them, and dear little Jenny, she lifted her head from her father's shoulder, where she had laid it in her childish sorrow, and kissed her hand to me. I had taught her how to do it,—and oh, what a pang was in my heart at the thought of those pleasant lessons in the maple grove.—The stage turned the corner. I sat down and pulled my cap over my eyes. I was no longer a youthful knight or rant, ready to do battle for my lady's eyes,—only a very unhappy young dog of a school-boy, going home after my holidays to Sallist and Livy, and very likely to receive many a stroke of the master's cane, for false questions, on the hand that had held little Jenny's! Alas! miserable me!

I went back to that country village once more, but it was years after, when I had grown to be a man, and one of the most talented young lawyers (but that is my own opinion!) the Boston bar had ever seen. My cousin Gardner was with me; he was also embarked on the sea of life, as a physician, and we were paying a Summer's visit to the old farm, and to my aunt and uncle. Very still and lonely the house seemed as we sat around the hearth the evening of our arrival. Very strange it was to see the hale, stout farmer of other days a broken down old man, and his wife a bent and feeble woman with a pale face and white hair. I could not bear it, and I shortened my visit by several days. But before I went back to the city there was another visit to pay. And Gardner went with me there.

Not to the old white meeting-house, though we passed the very gate; not to the bald headed preacher, who still lived in the parsonage house, and shouted to his Sunday hearers with a failing voice, but to a little churchyard, lying on the side of a green hill, with a pond full of water-lilies at its foot. Once, I remembered, we boys had stolen out of church during the sermon (sitting in the gallery for the purpose) and launched a crazy old boat on that very pond, that we might gather the flowers for little Jenny.—And how her dark eyes sparkled when we laid them in her lap!

We unfastened the wooden gate and went down the broad path through the center. Just on the brow of the hill, where the sunlight fell most pleasantly, and the blue waters of the pond sparkled most brightly into sight, my cousin stopped and pointed to a little mound covered with flowers. A cinnamon rose, growing at the head of the grave, hung its perfumed blossoms over the white stone, and I had to brush them away to read:

Sacred to the memory
of
Bushrod Clifford Gray, aged four-
teen years, and of
Jane Margaret Gray, aged six years,
beloved children of William and
Susan Gray, of Pomfret.
"Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Gardner walked away towards the pond. I looked very steadily at the last home of my playmates for a moment or two, and then I sat down and leaned my head upon the mound, and I shed such tears as come only once in a man's lifetime. All the sorrow I had felt when they first told me the news at school, all the pang that came now and then as I passed from youth to manhood, were as nothing to what I felt when I figured in the sunshine of that churchyard, face to face with my dead hope and my buried dream!



JOSEPH H. WAGGONER,
EDITOR & PUBLISHER.

SULLIVAN, ILLINOIS.

Thursday October 27, 1859.

FOR PRESIDENT IN 1860,

HON. STEPHEN 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.

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.

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

Now is the Time!

Owing to the tightness of the times in the almost total failure of the money crop this year, we have reduced the terms of our paper to the small amount of \$1.25 a year! Persons sending us ten dollars, with as many names, will receive ten copies of this paper for one year! Let every man who feels an interest in the affairs of our county, and thinks a newspaper should be kept up here, take hold of this matter, and our subscription list will soon number a thousand. If you want a better paper you must help us to make it so. So, lay hold!

J. R. EDEN will make his bow next week, as political editor of this paper. Business in the courts has engaged all his time recently.

At a recent Black Republican convention held in Chicago, the Harper's Ferry outlaws were endorsed in all they done, by the members of that convention. One Mr. Jackson, of Dayton, Ohio, spoke in substance as follows:

"I was born in Virginia, but think I have lived long enough in Ohio to have my heart imbued with the principles of Abolitionism. One of my relatives was imprisoned the other day at Harper's Ferry; but my heart was nevertheless with those who there attempted to cast of the bonds of slavery. In Ohio, the Abolition cause is flourishing finely. In our county, where a year or two ago a Democrat was elected to the State Senate by a decided majority, I thank God that this year we have elected a thorough and uncompromising Abolitionist.—The same is the case in the Senate district composed of Butler and Warren counties; at the election just held they have elected, in that district, a good Abolitionist."

Read the description of the recent insurrection at Harper's Ferry, which is given at considerable length elsewhere in to-day's paper. This is the most shocking affair that has ever occurred in the history of our country. This is some of the fruits of the Black Republican Abolition party!

Home Magazine, November number is at hand. Oh, what a warm reception this gem of a magazine has every time it makes its appearance in the home circle! Is there a family in Moultrie county not blessed with the light of its presence? Yes: and we would say to all such, that the next volume commences in January, which would be a good time for subscribers to begin. Send in your names now. A club of four, \$1.25 each subscriber. Address, T. S. Arthur, Philadelphia.

Our exchanges, and many of our distant subscribers, received no paper last week, as we had only time to issue a small advertising sheet, in consequence of being detained at the Shelby circuit court.

Judge Terry, of California, arrested for killing Senator Broderick in a duel, has been held to bail in the sum of \$10,000.

Jonathan Patterson's Mill.

Some time since we visited this mill, situated about a mile south-east of town, for the purpose of witnessing the making of molasses from the Chinese cane. Seeing such crowds of people flocking thitherward, and day after day hundreds of wagon loads of cane going there to be made up into molasses, our duty carried us with the crowd, to obtain some facts to lay before our readers concerning this new and successful enterprise. On our arrival, at first we could scarcely get a glimpse of this cause of excitement, so great was the crowd present from all parts of the county. When we got a fair view of all the machinery and its workings—the *modus operandi*, &c.—we could scarcely believe our own eyes. We observed the cane go between the rollers, and saw the juice pour out in a stream the size of a man's arm, into a pipe by which it was conducted through various cleansing processes; and on going round to another part of the building, we saw the pure molasses running out at another place, red hot and boiling. Everybody speaks in favor of the molasses. We use it at our house altogether—wouldn't have any other. And this is about all we know of the matter, except that the machinery in all its parts—that of the molasses mill as also that of the sawing and grinding—as far as we are capable of judging, is the best that we have ever seen. Below we append a certificate from Mr Patterson, proprietor of the above named mill, which tells all the facts in a few words.

I DO hereby certify that I bought of P. W. Gates, Warner, Chalmers & Fraser, one Portable Engine and Boiler, 12 horse power. We saw from 3,000 to 3,500 feet of oak lumber per day. It is but little or no trouble to keep in good order. It is a number one piece of machinery.

The Sugar Mill that I bought of the same firm does well—I don't think that the world can beat it pressing juice. We can press with 25 lbs steam enough juice to make from 13 to 25 gallons of molasses per hour. The Evaporator and Cleansing-pan perform exceedingly well. We make from 300 to 320 gallons molasses every 24 hours—constant running—and of the very best quality, into the bargain. The merchants are buying them at 50 cents per gallon. There is a great excitement here about it; I expect there has been 200 or 300 persons at our mill since it started to witness the operation of making molasses from the Chinese cane; and they all have to acknowledge that it "beats them bad." All acknowledge the superior quality of the molasses—some say, "go away with your Southern molasses, and let white-man molasses come in now." In short, we press the juice, boil, and make by steam, from 275 to 325 gals. of good molasses every 24 hours. It is all done with a 12 horse power locomotive boiler, which does certainly surpass my most sanguine expectations. It performs to the entire satisfaction of all. The machinery was set up by Mr. Wm. Hedges, of Chicago, a man of much experience in this kind of machinery. We fired up on last Monday morning and run 5 days and 3 nights, showing that the machinery in all its parts worked to a charm.

JONATHAN PATTERSON, Sr.
Sullivan, Ill., Oct. 1st, 1859.

Godey's Lady's Book, for next month, claims our attention. This is the largest and most popular lady's magazine published in America. The next volume begins in January. Send in your orders early. Terms, single copy, \$3.00; three copies for \$6.00.

Address,
L. A. GODEY,
Philadelphia.

VADAKIN

Has just received his fall and winter stock of goods, which he is now selling at a very small advance on cost. His stock of clothing for men and boys is made up from the very best of goods and put down to the lowest figures.—He has the most extensive stock of boots and shoes, of the best quality, ever brought to this market, and at greatly reduced prices. Give him a call—as it is sure to cost you nothing to examine his stock—and satisfy yourselves.

The Negro Insurrection at Harper's Ferry.

The Baltimore Exchange of the 18th contains the following particulars of the late negro insurrection at Harper's Ferry:

At an early hour yesterday morning our city was thrown into a state of excitement by the publication of a dispatch from Frederick, stating that a negro insurrection had broken out in the town of Harper's Ferry, that the insurgents had taken possession of the place, seized upon the armory, and were proceeding to imprison the citizens and liberate the slaves of the adjacent country.

The intelligence at first seemed so improbable that little credit was given it, but the reception of other dispatches of the same purport, and the non-arrival of the train from the west due at 5 a. m., gave color of truthfulness to the statement, and the newspaper offices were besieged by an anxious and increasing crowd. About noon the following confirmatory dispatch was received from the office of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad:

The company's dispatches are of the same purport as the above, but they think the statement exaggerated. The company's officers are busy with their counsel preparing papers, &c., to protect the road. They apprehend their trains may be peremptorily used for military purposes, and traveling obstructed. They are awaiting the arrival of Phelps' train, (the conductor who telegraphed them from Frederick,) to learn particulars, &c., before sending out the express. It is due in half an hour.

ARRIVAL OF THE TRAIN.

Shortly after 12 m., the express train arrived, and we obtained from Conductor Phelps the following statement:

The following particulars of the affair have been obtained from the officers of the train, viz: Mr Jacob Cromwell, baggage master, and Mr Wm Wooley, engineer. They state that their train [the regular passenger train from the west,] reached a point near the bridge at Harper's Ferry at twenty minutes of 1 o'clock this morning, when it was stopped.

They were then informed by the night bridge tender that when he proceeded to relieve his colleague he discovered that the light on the bridge had been extinguished, and that his colleague was missing. This party stated further that he supposed his colleague had been murdered or waylaid. He was not long in a state of suspense, as three men suddenly came upon him with violent outcries which caused him to flee, whereupon the parties discharged firearms at him, which fortunately did not take effect. It further appeared that a colored man, well known as a baggage assistant, upon reaching the ferry was also shot at, several balls penetrating his back, and inflicting wounds of a serious character.

At first Conductor Phelps was at a loss how to act, and concluded to send over a person to the vicinity of the Ferry to ascertain the cause of the proceedings, when the leader of the party—a man of rather prepossessing appearance, and supposed to be nearly sixty years of age—appeared, and stated that he preferred holding communication with the conductor. Mr Phelps went over alone, and was told by the same man that he and his party had determined not to allow another train to pass over the road, but that they would give him five to ten minutes to get his train through.

In the meantime, other persons from the train ventured across the bridge above the Ferry, and soon coming into contact with the rioters, [who were reputed as about two hundred in number, half of whom seemed to be black,] one of the party, a passenger, was captured. The train was delayed by the proceedings until half-past six o'clock, when steam was raised and they reached the Camden station at noon to-day.

Upon the train leaving, Mr Phelps was particularly requested by the leader of the gang to state to the superintendent of the road, that under no circumstances would another train be permitted to pass Harper's Ferry. During the night a large two horse wagon, laden with wheat, came in from one of the neighboring counties of the State. The rioters immediately seized the driver, took possession of the wheat, and loading the vehicle with weapons from the armory, sent it back up the country.

The engineer states that he took particular notice of the crowd, which he thinks numbered at least three hundred persons; that amongst them were several strapping negroes who occasionally shouted out that they longed for liberty, as they had been in bondage long enough. The ringleader, who is said to be named Anderson, made his appearance at Harper's Ferry five or six days ago, and since that time has been driving a

round the place in an elegant barouche, drawn by four horses.

These officers report that the United States Army and the neighboring country have been taken possession of by the rioters, all of whom are well armed with short rifles and other United States arms. When the workmen of the armory repaired there for the purpose of resuming work they were seized by the parties, forcibly dragged within the gates and imprisoned.

A number of the party proceeded to the proprietors of the hotel near the armory, and in an authoritative tone ordered breakfast for fifty or sixty persons, adding that they were determined to keep possession of the place, and live in the best manner.

A passenger furnishes the following corroborative testimony:

The express train reached Harper's Ferry about 1 o'clock this morning. On arriving the clerk of the Wager house informed Capt. Phelps, conductor of the train, that serious trouble was existing in the town, and there were great apprehensions of danger.

He stated that a large body of men had mysteriously come into town during the evening and night from the surrounding country, and were about to take possession of the place—that they had already shot one man dead and mortally wounded another, both of whom were connected with the railroad company as watchman and baggage agent, or patrol watchman.

Another person was ascertained to have been severely wounded, and being missing it was thought he had been thrown into the river. The insurrectionists, when they approached the conductor of the train were armed with muskets, and notified him the most peremptory manner that if he attempted to proceed farther it would be at the risk of his life.

The bridge across the Potomac was filled with the insurgents, all of whom were armed. The conductor deemed it most prudent to remain, as he feared some terrible accident in attempting to cross the bridge, supposing that its arches or timbers might have been cut.

Every light in the town had been previously extinguished by the lawless mob. The train, therefore, remained stationary, and the passengers terribly affrighted remained in the cars all night.

The hotels were closed and no entrance could be had into them.

All the streets were in possession of the mob, and every road, lane, and avenue leading to the town, guarded or barricaded by them.

The men were seen in every quarter with muskets and bayonets. It was thought that there were not less than from 250 to 300 of the insurgents.—They arrested every citizen they could find, and upon threats of death pressed them into their service. This was done without respect to persons, including many negroes.

This done, the United States Arsenal, the government pay house, in which, it is said, a large amount of money was deposited on Saturday, including also all the other public works, were taken possession of by the mob, appropriating to themselves arms, ammunition, and other weapons of defense.

During the night the rioters sent word to the landlord of the Wager hotel, that they required meals for forty-five men, who were inside the arsenal yard, and for as many outside as might want something to eat. To this the landlord replied that he could not meet their wants.

Very soon an armed force of several men was dispatched to him, with peremptory orders that he must leave in five minutes or take the consequences. Fearing his life would be required to pay the forfeit, he complied, and gave them all the eatables he had.

It was thought there were probably 200 rioters in the arsenal.

The captain of the outlaw band, or a person who seemed to be the prime mover, was a middle-aged man with gray hair, beard and moustache. His name was signed to a paper or note as Anderson or something similar thereto.

He assumed to be chief of the insurrectionists, and was heard to say, in addressing the conductor, that "if you knew me and understood my motives as well as I and others understand them, you would not blame me much."

This person also announced, in a bold, determined manner, that if he was interfered with or resisted, his party would instantly set fire to the town and destroy it, with everything therein. He likewise threatened to burn down the railroad bridge, and cut off all communication.

The belligerents seemed to evince no actual antipathy against the railroad. What government employees they could find were captured by them, and pressed into their service, being forced, under threats, to take up arms. In another speech, the marauder chief was heard to exclaim: "If you knew my heart and history, you would not blame me."

indomitable boldness, and declare they cannot be taken captive.

One man was killed instantly, another was found having been shot through the body, and believed to be dying.—A good deal of firing was heard at different points.

The negroes were armed or given arms instantly upon being pressed in to the service of the outlaw band.—The ringleaders were desperate and determined.

No passenger belonging to the railroad train was injured, nor did there appear to be any disposition on the part of the outlaws to molest them beyond detaining the cars.—There were but few ladies on board.

THE LEADER OF THE INSURRECTION.

We were informed last night that Anderson, the leader of the rioters, is a noted Abolitionist and agent of the Underground Railroad. He is from Troy, New York, and has heretofore made frequent visits to Harper's Ferry. His conduct toward the black population on these occasions had been noticed and involved him in suspicion. He is represented as a most determined and dangerous man, and one who is likely to cause a great deal of trouble before he will yield. The negroes rely upon him and will implicitly obey his directions.

A considerable number of the boys from different sections of the city, took their departure on the train, containing the military companies, among whom we noticed John Shaney, Erasmus Levy, John English, Crab Ashby, Carl Loveday, Richard Loveday, and Richard Pryor, with a military coat, light pants and hat. There was some fifty or sixty others, all appearing to be in the same party. One individual was armed with a long ducking gun, carrying over his shoulders an immense shot pouch filled with buck shot; another had on a cocked hat and military roundabout, with two horse pistols in a belt on either side of him.—Those in charge of the cars attempted to prevent some of these characters from going on board, but they seemed bent on a fight, and pleaded hard for a chance to take part in the fray, and soon filled up one of the cars.

The train consisted of eleven cars, the first contained liquor and provisions, six cars were filled with the military, and the remainder were occupied by passengers and citizens not in uniform, and by the principal officers of the road.

The train left the Camden station at about 4 1/2 o'clock, amid the cheers of the immense crowd who had collected at the depot.

We were informed yesterday upon good authority that the conductor of a freight train upon the Baltimore and Ohio road had occasion on Saturday night to stop his engine at a point near Harper's Ferry, and was surprised to observe a gathering of from two to three hundred negroes in a grove west of the village. The circumstance struck him as extraordinary at the time, but soon passed out of his mind.

A FUGITIVE SLAVE TAKEN FROM THE U. S. DEPUTY MARSHAL AT OTTAWA BY THE

BLACK REPUBLICANS OF THAT PLACE.

The following special dispatch came to us by telegraph at 9 o'clock last night:

OTTAWA, Ill., Oct. 20.

A fugitive slave, belonging to Mr. Richard Phillips, of Missouri, was to day, about 11 o'clock, a. m., rescued by prominent Republicans of this city from the United States deputy marshal for the Southern district of Illinois, in the presence of Hon. J. D. Caton, chief justice, at his chambers. The slave was brought from Union county before the judge, on a writ of habeas corpus. J. N. Albright, deputy marshal, claimed to hold him under a writ issued by the United States Commissioner of the Southern district of Illinois under the fugitive slave law. The prisoner was remanded, and just as the judge had finished making out the order, and before he had left the room, a fanatical crowd of Republicans rushed upon the marshal, forcibly took the fugitive, and hurried him into a close carriage prepared for the occasion.—The team went out of town on a run, with a crowd of Republicans following hooping and yelling. The chief justice, after giving his decision, made some remarks to the crowd stating, that, although their sympathies might be aroused in behalf of the prisoner, he hoped, out of respect to himself, his friends and neighbors would not attempt to violate any law; that he would regret to be made the unwilling instrument of bringing a person on a writ of habeas corpus into a place where the law could not be executed. His personal request, and the majesty of the law, were, nevertheless, alike disregarded.—Chicago Daily Times.

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We have just received the 1st number of a new paper published at Staunton, Ill., entitled the "Staunton BANNER," by WILSON GARD, formerly of the "Democrat," at Greenville. May it never need a physician.

LATER FROM HARPER'S FERRY.

Baltimore, Oct. 20.

In a conversation held with Capt. Brown, yesterday, in the presence of Senator Mason, Hon Messrs. Fankner, Vallandigham, et., he made several answers which clearly demonstrate the complicity of numerous persons in the northern, western, and eastern States. He refused to answer the question whether he had conferences with Giddings, of Ohio. About his Virginia expedition he admitted he had correspondence with parties at the North on the subject, and had numerous sympathizers in all the free States.

Dispatches were received here from Hagerstown which declare that Cook's wife certainly went to Harisburg on Tuesday, and took boarding in the same house with Brown's daughter-in-law.

The sheriff and his deputy of Hagerstown followed Cook as far as Greencastle to day, and the impression there was that Cook had left for Chambersburg, Pa. The impression at Hagerstown is that Cook passed through last night. The sheriff was credibly informed at Greencastle that a load of boxes passed through there on Tuesday for Washington county, loaded with rifles, pistols, and pikes. The stage driver of the Chambersburg line also confirms the statement in regard to Cook's wife.

Harper's Ferry, Oct. 20.

Scouts are out in the mountains searching for Cook, but there is no doubt that he has ere this passed the Pennsylvania line, and is far on his way towards Canada.

Every stranger that comes here is looked upon with suspicion, and several have been arrested on the charge of being spies. Mr. Lee, a gentleman from Charlottesville, was bro't in to-day under arrest, causing great excitement. He was soon recognized and discharged.

Mr. Old also left for Washington last evening, thus virtually leaving the prisoners in the hands of the Virginia authorities.

The hearing of the cases before the examining court of justice will probably take place to-morrow, when it is probable the prisoners will be removed to Wytheville for trial.

Capt. Brown is not considered in any danger from his wounds, though Stevens will, it is thought, not survive. He, however, has a powerful constitution and may recover.

Gerrit Smith's letter is as follows:

PETERSBORO', June 4th, 1859.—

Capt. John Brown—My dear friend: I wrote you a week ago, directing the letter to the care of Mr. Kearney. He replied, informing me that he had forwarded it to Washington; but as Mr. Morton received last evening a letter from Mr. Sanborn, saying your address would be your son's home, viz: West Andover, I therefore write you without delay, and direct my letter to your son. I have done what I could thus far for Kansas, and what I could to keep you at your Kansas work. Losses by endorsement and otherwise have brought me under heavy embarrassment the last two years, but I must nevertheless continue to do, in order to keep you at your Kansas work. I send you herewith my draft for two hundred dollars. Let me hear from you on the receipt of this letter. You live in our hearts, and our prayer to God is that you may have strength to continue in your Kansas work. My wife joins me in affectionate regard to you, dear John, whom we both hold in high esteem. I suppose you put the Whitman note into Mr. Kearney's hands. It will be a great shame if Mr Whitman does not pay it. What a noble man is Mr Kearney! How liberally he has contributed to keep you in your Kansas work. Your friend, GERRIT SMITH.

MARRIED

On the 29th of September, by the Rev. Joel Knight, at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. ADDISON W. MCPHERRIS to Miss MARY E. LYNN, both of this county.

On the 12th of October, by the Rev. Willis W. Whitfield, Mr. WILLIAM H. REED to Miss SARAH A. PINKNEY, both of this county.

Delicious cake accompanied both the above notices.

Don't neglect to read all the advertisements in this paper—especially the legal ones—for they are important to some of our readers.

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, cheese, 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 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.

If you don't believe we can do cheap Job Work, show us Money!

Patent Medicines.

WE DO NOT HESITATE TO A SERT WHAT ALL ARE BY RESULTS,

Compelled to Admit,

Viz: That in Dr Mann's Ague Balsam we have a perfectly triumphant remedy for chills fever and ague and all diseases arising from a diseased or inactive condition of the liver.

Indeed it will never fail, and the one who fails to use it at once will deeply regret the neglect. Reader you will never again shake or have fever that season if you take it as per directions, and continue until the system is perfectly restored; if this be done there will be no one who will suffer long from chills, fever and ague.

Bucyrus, Ohio, Feb. 25th 1858.
Dr. MANN & Co., Gallon, Ohio—Gents: We are at a loss to find language sufficient to portray to the public the great esteem in which your Celebrated Ague Balsam is held in this community. The fact is it never fails to cure ague in its worst forms, and we can say nothing else.

Yours, &c.,
HOLBERT & TAYLOR, Druggists,
Cor. 10th, Miss., Oct. 20th 1857

Messrs. S. K. MANN & Co.—Gents: Having procured a supply of your Ague Balsam, and testing it thoroughly in many severe cases of long standing where all the popular remedies of the day had failed, I found in all cases your Balsam effected a safe and speedy cure. It is just the medicine we want here in the south.

Respectfully Yours,
JOSEPH BUCHANAN, Druggist,
Gallon, May 9th 1858.

Messrs. S. K. MANN & Co.
Gents—After using several other preparations for fever and ague, and only getting partial relief for the disease soon returned on me. I took two bottles of your Balsam, and I have had neither chill nor fever since I took first dose. I believe it to be the only thing that will never fail, and hence I recommend it to others.

Yours Truly,
J. G. WILCOX,
Alexandria, Mo., June, 1858.

Messrs. S. K. MANN & Co.
Gentlemen—Please send us 4 doz. of your Ague Balsam. It gives the best satisfaction of any ague preparation we have had in our place. The fact is, it never fails when properly taken.

Respectfully Yours,
MORRIS & SCOTT,
S. K. MANN & Co., Proprietors, Gallon, Ohio.
O. J. WOOD & Co., St. Louis, Mo., sole wholesale agents for all the western States and Territories, and sold by all good druggists.

In Sullivan, by Elder, Vaden, Perryman, and other merchants and druggists here.

CASH STORE! NEW GOODS!

Silks, Barazines, Debazes, Prints, Lawns, Gingham, Chiffon, Brilliantes, Checks, Cambria, Jackonets, Muslin, Flannels, Tickings

Janes, Summer Goods, Cottonades, Satinets, Cassimere, Tweeds, Linens, Drillings, Cravats, Leves, H'blons, Gloves, Hosiery, Bonnets &c.

All of which we purchased at the lowest Cash prices, and will sell the same for Cash or Produce as Cheap as can be bought in the State.

Doing exclusively a cash business, thereby losing nothing by bad debts, we feel confident that we can afford to sell for less profits than those doing a credit business.

Call and see
RUTHERFORD & CO.,
N. W. Cor. Pub. Square.

Boots & Shoes.
The Finest, Cheapest, and Best assortment of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Morocco, Kids, Enameled and fancy Boots, Baskins, Jenny Lind Gaiters, Slippers & Calf Shoes—men's & boys' Boots, Shoes, Pumps, Slips &c.

CLOTHING.
Cloth, Cassimer, Tweed, Luster, Satin & Linen, Coats, Doekin, Satinett, Lustre, Linen, Drilling and Summer Pants, Satin, Lasting, Silk & Summer Vests.

GROCERIES.
Coffee, Sugar, Molasses, Rice, Tea, Tobacco, Candies, Soap, Starch, Spices, &c. &c., as cheap as can be bought any where.

HARDWARE,
Queensware, Glassware, Nails, Cotton Yarn, Batting, Wall paper, Medicines, Dye Stuffs, &c. &c.

DISSOLUTION!
The Copartnership heretofore existing between

J. E. EDEN AND THE CREDIT SYSTEM

IS THIS DAY DESOLVED.

THIS result was brought about by the failure of the Credit System. That failing, the whole Firm come very near, if not quite, "going under."

I WILL continue the Goods business at the Old Stand, and

"GO IT ALONE"

Exclusively for **CASH,** AND MERCHANTABLE

PRODUCE.

SO if you want to buy Goods SURPRISINGLY CHEAP, BRING ON YOUR

Wheat, Flour, Bacon, Lard, Butter, Eggs, Feathers, and MONEY;

WAR! STILL PROGRESSING!

I HAVE just opened a complete stock of Spring and Summer Goods, which I will actually sell for cash, or good country produce, at prices that must be satisfactory to the most careful buyers.

I have now on hand a well-selected stock of

Fancy and Duster Prints and Gingham! Lawns, Lavella and Barege, Silks, Challie Robes, and Organadies, Fine Shawls, White Goods brown & bleached Domestic, Cottonades, Drills, Denims and Shirtings for men and boys' wear. HATS of all styles—Ladies' Bloomer Hats, and silk & straw Bonnets, Boots and shoes, a full assortment of Groceries, Flour, Mac-Hard-Nails, lery &c. A large stock of Queensware, Saddles and Harness.

Believing that a quick penny is better than a slow shilling, I will sell for Cash, at the fairest possible prices.

Thankful for a very liberal patronage heretofore extended, I hope, by close attention to business, to merit a continuance of the same.

A. N. SMYSER.

I HAVE a lot of Janes, Tweed, Flannel, Sattinett, &c., manufactured at Charleston, Ill., to exchange for CLEAN WOOL.

I HAVE fifty thousand Brick for sale low.

CASH BUYERS LOOK TO YOUR INTEREST

AND buy your goods at VADAKIN'S, where you will find a large and well selected stock of

ALL KINDS

Of goods for the season, and at greatly REDUCED PRICES.

We raise our banner high above, And a just cash system cry; "Fair Price," the motto that we love, Which 'time sales' don't imply.

WE have just received, direct from Philadelphia and the Eastern cities, a large lot of

DRY GOODS which we've purchased for CASH, and will be sold for a small advance on

COST FOR CASH or merchantable Produce. Among our stock will be found a large lot of small figured Prints, the LATEST STYLE, Domestic Ticking, Tweeds, Janes, &c. &c.

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.

READY-MADE!
Plain Harness, Plain Harness, Plain Harness, & Fancy Harness, Fancy Harness, Buggy Harness, Buggy Harness, lines & bridles, lines & bridles, Lines & Bridles, & Martingales, Whips & halters,

Whips & halters, & Martingales, & Martingales, & Martingales,

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.

CABINET SHOP.

Pe'er Smih

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 funerals, free of charge.

DRUG STORE!

WEST SIDE PUB. SQUARE SULLIVAN ILL.
HAYING purchased the Drug Store of J. Y. Hill

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

LARGE STOCK of the very best DRUGS, MEDICINES, PURE CHEMICALS, WINES & LIQUORS, PAINT, OILS, VARNISHES, BRUSHES, & a large assortment of Patent Medicines, I have also, a lot of

A No. 1 Chewing Tobacco, & Havana Cigars. A. L. KELLAR. Feb. 4, '59.—2-y

PLOWS.

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 don't 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 as reasonable prices as at any other shop.

Shop one door east of the Post-office. March 11 '58 21th.

Fresh Arrival GROCERIES

A, GEORGE & CO'S, North Side of Public Square

CONSISTING in part, Coffee, Sugar, Molasses, Teas, S. Fish, Rice, Starch, Caudle, Soda, Ginger, Spice, Pepp, fine CHEWING TOBACCO,

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

CANDIES!

Matches, fine Cigars, Sardines, Pepper-sauce, gun Amphyon, Dates, a good article of black Ink, smoke-Pipes, Prunes, Currants &c. &c.

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.

NEW GROCERY,

W. LEE

THE SULLIVAN EXPRESS.

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY, J. H. WAGGONER, PROPRIETOR

Terms of Subscription.
Single copy, one year, \$1 50
Clubs of Ten, 12 50
Clubs of Twenty, 20 00
In advance in all cases—if not, \$1 50 will be charged within the year, or \$2 00 at the end of the year.

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.

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1 month... \$8 00
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Business cards, less than a square, one year, 5 00

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

JOB WORK DONE, CHEAP FOR CASH!

MILLINERY

BY MRS. RAWSON SULLIVAN ILLINOIS

A. B. LEE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, AND AGENT FOR THE Illinois Mutual Fire Insurance Co., Sullivan—Illinois.

Will practice in the courts of Monticello, Cole, Shelby, and Marion counties. Prompt and diligent attention given to the collection of debts, paying taxes, redempting 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.

August 31st '58—no 12 y

THE DAILY TIMES.

Published every morning (except Monday) at 110 Dearborn Street Chicago, Ill.
SHEAFAN & PRICE, Publishers and Proprietors.
JAMES W. SHEAFAN, WILIAM PRICE.
TERMS:—\$6.00 per annum, in advance,—12 cents per week.

THE WEEKLY TIMES.

Containing all the reading matter of the Daily, is published every Thursday Morning. TERMS:—Single subscribers, per annum, in advance, \$1.50; Clubs of ten or upwards, \$10.

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; 24 cents per quarter, in advance at the Office where received, within the State of Illinois; 64 cents per quarter, in advance to any other part of the United States. EMERY & CO., No. 201 Lake street, Chicago, Ill.

Horseshoeing!

Done up Brown—not exactly by Brown—but by George W. Walker, who can't be beat shoeing a horse for neatness and durability. Bring your horses along and have them ironed. We work not exactly on the "Square," but just west, at A. Meeker's old stand. BROWN & WALKER. June 24, '59.—38-3m

Family Groceries:

GOLDEN SYRUP, Reboiled Molasses, COFFEE, SUGAR Tea, Rice, Ground Ginger, Cinnamon, Nutmegs, Pepper, All Spice Soda &c. &c.: Just received and for Sale as cheap as the CHEAPEST and as good as the BEST. at VADAKIN'S 45-57

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. EDEN