

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, NOV. 17, 1859.

NO. 5.

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 '59-33ly REUBEN ADKINS.

THE WESTERN FARMERS MAGAZINE.

(MONTHLY.)
Chicago, Illinois.
By Birdsall Bros.
Terms, one dollar a year, in advance.

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

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

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AND PAPER HANGER
SULLIVAN—---ILLINOIS;
Work done with neatness and dispatch. v2no38m3.

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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.

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A. B. LEE,

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AND AGENT FOR THE
Illinois Mutual Fire Insurance Co.,
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Will practice in the courts of Moultrie, Coles, 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. August 31st '58-26 13 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
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SULLIVAN EXPRESS.

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY

J. H. WAGGONER, Editor & Proprietor.
TERMS:—\$1.95 In Advance.

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SONG OF THE NEWSPAPER.

I am a Newspaper;
I carry the news
To all of your dwellings—
Wherever you choose—
A more faithful servant
Can hardly be found—
Almost omnipresent,
I'm scattered around.

Like stars in the heavens,
And sands on the shore;
Like leaves that have fallen
When Summer is o'er,
I fly o'er the land,
I pass o'er the sea,
I leave every danger—
It's pleasure to me.

I gather the news from
The steamers and cars,
And telegraphs, sparkling
With trade, peace and war;
I fill up my mission,
I teach the Truth,
And teach useful lessons,
For old men and youth.

"CAN'T AFFORD IT."

"Can't afford it, Maria."

"But you might if you would only think so, Walter," pleaded the young wife.

"I can't do it," the husband returned, very emphatically. "It would cost ten or twelve shillings at the very lowest, to put up such a gate, and the old bars will answer every purpose."

"No they won't, Walter. The neighbors' children very often leave the bars down, and then stray cattle come into the garden. We may lose more than the price of a gate in one hour, if a cow should happen to get in when I am away."

"I should like to know who leaves the bars down," said Walter, very threateningly. "The same children might leave a gate open."

"But we can have a gate made to close of its own accord, with a weight or a spring," suggested the wife. "John Niles has had a gate put up in his yard."

"But I ain't John Niles," Walter wished his wife to remember.

"But his family is as large as yours, and his wages are not so high."

"Never mind that. I tell you I can't afford it—at any rate, not at present." And with this Walter started off for his work.

Walter Gray was a young man about thirty; an industrious mechanic; had been married some eight years; and had an interesting family. He meant to provide well for those who depended upon him, and in a measure he did so. But there were many little comforts of which he felt obliged to deprive them,—comforts which at times they really needed, and which, in the end, might have proved a source of saving. And more too, it might have added to his own happiness had he felt able to grant these little requests. But he couldn't afford it; at least, so he thought, and whether he thought so with sound judgement the sequel will prove.

The gate which his wife had been so anxious to have put up was needed at the entrance to the garden back of the house, where there was only a pair of short bars. The children often came through there, and sometimes left the way open behind them. In short, there were many ways in which these bars were apt to be left down, and Maria Gray had very often to leave her work to drive out cattle that had got in. It was only by extreme watchfulness on her part that the garden was preserved. She had spoken sev-

eral times to her husband about it, but he felt that he couldn't afford it. She must keep her eyes upon the spot, and see that the bars were kept shut.

Only a few days after this, Mrs. Gray asked her husband if he was going to hire a pew in the church for the following year, and he told her that he did not think he should.

"But you can hire half of one. We can have half of Mr. Niles' pew for a guinea."

"I can't afford it," was Walter's reply. "I should get no great good from the services any way."

"Don't say so, husband. Suppose every body should feel like that. You certainly wouldn't wish to live, and bring up your children, where there was no religious influence. And if you reap the benefits of good Christian institutions, you certainly ought to feel willing to support them."

"So I would be willing, if I could afford it; but I can't."

Mrs. Gray looked very serious, and seemed to hesitate, as though there was a subject upon her mind, which she felt delicate about broaching; but it had occupied her thoughts too long, and she determined to let it out.

"Walter," she said, a little tremulously, but still resolutely, "you have two pounds a week."

"Yes."

"And how much of that does it take to feed us?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. I only know that it takes it all to feed and clothe us, and pay up the interest on the house."

"I haven't had a new dress since last Autumn; and I was reckoning up yesterday how much we had spent for the children, and I found it to be only three pounds for the last ten months. I have worked over some of cousin John's clothes for Charles, and Lucinda jumps into Mary's dresses as the latter outgrows them."

"That's all very well," replied Walter a little testily. "I understand my own business, and I know just what I can afford, and what I can't. While I have the payments to make on my house I must economize—I must economize," he repeated very decidedly.

"And I would have you economize," returned the wife; "but do not forget that all is not economy which many call so. I think that to hire John Niles' pew would be a great source of economy in comfort and lasting good. It would be a guinea laid out to good advantage—sure to return a heavy interest to us and our children. And I think it might be a source of great saving to put a good gate at the back—"

"Stop!" interrupted Walter, with a nervous motion. "You've said enough about this. I know my means."

"Let me say one word," urged Maria. There was an earnestness in her tone which caused her husband to stop and listen. "If you will give me a guinea a week, I will agree to furnish all the provision for the household, and clothe myself and children. I will do this for one year. That will leave you seventy pounds with which to clothe yourself and make your payment on the house. On the house you have only to pay twenty pounds, with interest for two years, which will leave you twenty-nine pounds for your clothes and—other expenses."

Walter was upon the point of denying this result of the case, but he saw upon a moment's reflection, that, from his wife's statement, the deduction was correct, so he denied the statement.

"You cannot furnish the food, and clothe yourself and children for the sum you have named," he said.

"The reason Maria set down and made known a few facts to him that had been hidden with'n the mystery of her own house-keeping. She was not long in saying to him that, during the past year, the items of expenditure within said limits had not averaged a guinea per week. Walter said 'Pooh!' and then he added: 'Nonsense!' and then he left the house.

"There must be some mistake," he said to himself, after he had got away from the house; and he really believed there was a mistake.

"Have a glass of soda, Bill? Come, Tom—have a glass."

"Don't care if I do," said Tom and Bill.

"Have some, Ned?" And Ned said 'Yes.' So the clerk prepared four glasses of soda, for which Walter Gray paid two shillings.

"Let's have a game of 'seven up' for the oysters," said Bill, after the day's work was done.

The game was played, and Walter lost, so he paid five shillings for four oyster suppers—which none of them needed, and which did them more hurt than good.

"Have a cigar, Walter?" said Tom. Walter said yes, and in return paid for four glasses of ale.

One evening they met, after work, and Ned proposed that they should "toss up" to see who should pay for the grog.

"Come, John—wont you come in?" he said, addressing John Niles, who stood by.

"No—think not," was John's reply. "You'd better. It's only for the grog—for five, if you come in."

"I can't."

"It's no use to talk to him," spoke Walter, in a rather sarcastic tone. "He don't spend his money in that way."

John's face flushed, and his lips trembled; but he restrained the biting words which were struggling upon his tongue, and turned and left the shop.

"He's a mean fellow," cried Tom, loud enough for Niles to hear.

"Tight as the bark of a tree," added Walter in a tone equally loud.

John Niles heard the remarks, but he did not come back.

The four remaining men "tossed up," and the lot fell upon Walter and Tom. Then they "tossed it off," and it fell upon Walter, who paid four shillings for the grog.

Walter started for home about nine o'clock, and on the way he was overtaken by Niles.

"Walter," said the latter, in a kind but earnest tone, "I want to speak with you. You have wronged me this evening. For the opinion of Bill Smith or Ned Francis I care not, but I do not wish you to misapprehend me.—We live too near together, and I would not lose your good opinion."

"Well—go ahead," returned Walter, who was sensible of the fact that his companion was one of the best and kindest neighbors in the world.

"You said I was mean,"

"No, no; 'twas not I who said that."

"Well! you said I was 'tight as the bark of a tree!'"

Walter could not deny this, so John proceeded—

"I refused to join you in your little game for three reasons, either one of which should have been sufficient to deter me; first, I had resolved not to engage in any such game of hazard; second, I did not want any grog; and third, I could not have afforded to pay for five extra suppers, if the lot had fallen upon me."

ed Walter, with a slight tinge of unbelief in his tone.

"No," returned the other; "I could not. I used to always be ready for any such game, and I thought 'twould be mean to refuse; but I have learned better. Let me tell you how I first came to see the folly of being afraid to spend my money for nothing. Shall I tell you?"

"Certainly," returned Walter, who already began to see something.

"Well," pursued Niles, "one noon, as I was going away from home, my wife asked me for five shillings. She wanted to buy some cloth with it. I asked her if she could not get along without it. I only had fifteen shillings with me, and I hated to let one of them go. She said she really needed the cloth, but if I hadn't the money to spare, she could wait. I knew she was disappointed, but I thought she could get along, and I went away. That evening I went into the saloon, and we had a fine social time. It cost me just seven and six pence. I paid the money willingly—without even a thought of objection—and then I went home. When I entered the hall I heard my wife trying to pacify our eldest child. The little thing had expected a new dress, which had been promised her, and she felt very badly because she had not got it.

"Wait," urged my wife, as the child sobbed in her disappointment. "Papa hasn't got the money now; but he'll have some by-and-by, and then you shall have a pretty dress. Poor papa has to work hard."

"The words smote me to the heart. I could not afford five shillings to dress my little child, but I could afford any amount for the useless entertainment of others! The crown which my needy wife could not get when she asked for it, I paid away, almost twice-fold, for nothing. But it taught me a lesson. I opened my eyes, and I have kept them open. On the very next morning I affixed my wife the crown, but I could not afford any more for the beer-man. I had not dreamed how much I was wasting; but when I stepped up that leak, and allowed my funds to flow into their proper channel, I soon found that I could afford every reasonable comfort my wife and children needed. So I stick to the principle which has proved so beneficial to my family. Ah! what's that? There's an animal in your garden, Walter."

They had reached the garden fence, and by the dim star light, Walter could see a horned beast tramping along his sweet corn. The bars had been either left down, or hooked down, and a stray cow had got in. The driver went, and then Niles went home. Walter saw that the beast had done considerable damage, but he was not angry, for he had something of more importance to think of. He went and sat down beneath an apple tree, and pondered.

"Bless me, if he hasn't put the case down about square!" he said to himself, at the end of some minutes of meditation. "Let me see," he pursued. "There's five shillings for spirit—four and two-pence for ale—four and two-pence for soda. And that's within the last three days. Thirteen and four-pence! Is it possible. Over twenty-five pounds a year! And yet I can't afford ten shillings for a gate, not a guinea that my family may receive religious instruction for a year! Walter Gray—I think you had better turn over a new leaf."

And Walter Gray did turn over a new leaf. On the very next day he did two things, thereby astonishing

two parties. He had a new gate made for the entrance to the garden, and thereby astonishing his wife; and he refused to "toss up" for the ale, and thereby astonishing a crowd of expectant thirsty ones. For a month he pursued this course, and by the expiration of that time he could fully appreciate the new blessings that were dawning upon him. He discovered that he could afford everything which the comfort of his family demanded; and in arriving at this result, he had only to relinquish those things which he really could not afford. It was a wonder to him how he could have been so foolish. When, at the end of the year, he had paid his note, and had twenty pounds left, he felt at first as though there must be some mistake; but when his wife went over his household expenditure with him, and showed him that all they had needed had been bought and paid for, he saw just how it was. He saw that for years he had been wasting his substance, and depriving himself and loved ones of the comforts they needed—not intentionally, but through the same mistake that leads thousands in the same course. But he did so no more. Sometimes, even now, Walter Gray says—"Can't afford it," and then he says it emphatically, too. But it is not when his wife and children ask for comfort and joy, nor yet when the needy poor ask for help and charity—for he can well afford all that; but it is when the wild speculator, or the loose companion, asks him to engage in some game of hazard which may rob himself and family of their substance. Then he says—and he repeats, if needed be—"CAN'T AFFORD IT."

Ha! Ha! Ha!

The Black Republican opponents of Douglas don't think that Harper's Magazine is the proper place to enunciate Democratic principles. Oh, no; but they do think that Harper's Ferry magazine, with its guns, rifles, powder and ball, is a proper place in which to enunciate their own principles.—Macon Eagle.

—Use pitch to keep water out, and a pitcher to keep it in.

—It is vain to talk about the equality of the sexes—they are not equal. The smile or tear of woman conquers man.

—To ridicule old age is to pour cold water in the bed where you must sleep.

—The world is ruled by three things—Cash, Commerce, & Calico.

—When did Moses sleep five in a bed? When he slept with his forefathers.

—The remedy for a drink which will relieve all pain & illness is distraction.

A Dutch Wedding.

An old dutch farmer just arrived at the dignity of a Justice of the Peace, had his first case of marriage. He first said to the man—

"Vel, you want to be married, do you? Vel you wish dich woman so goot as any woman you haf ever see?"

"Yes," answered the man.

Then turning to the woman, he asked her—

"Vel, do you like him so vell as to be his wife?"

"Yes, yes," she answered.

"Vel, dat ish all any reasonable man can expect. So you ish married. I pronounce you man and wife."

The man asked the Justice what was to pay.

"Noting at all—you ish welcome if it vill do you any good."

Gratitude is the music of the heart, when its chords are swept by the breeze of kindness.

In an attempt to deceive the world those are most likely to detect us who are sailing on the same track.

The Pilgrim Fathers

The Pilgrim Fathers—where are they? The waves that brought them o'er...

The pilgrim fathers are at rest: When summer's throne on high, And the world's warm breast in verdure drest...

Artemus Ward's Courtship: 'Twas a calm still night in June, When all nature was hushed, And nary zephyr distributed...

And looked very cimpul I make No doubt. My left arm Was oknpide in ballinsun myself...

Sez she, "How you do run on." Sez I, "I wish there war Winders in my sole size you...

Lowing strane: "Oh, cood you No the sleeples nites I pers on yer account, how vittles...

This waistin form and thezo Souonkin ize? I cride Gumpin up. I shud have kon-

Vorely damagin miself ginerly. Suzanner sprang tu mi Assistance and dragged me forth...

Rev. James Hobart, of Berlin, Vt., who is 94 years old, walked to Washington fifteen miles, on Friday...

—Mr. Daniel Sweeney, who lives near Pontiac, this State, estimates his crop of sorghum sugar this year at one hundred barrels.

THE EXPRESS.

J. H. WAGGONER, Local Editor. THURSDY, NOVEMBER 17, 1859.

TO OUR READERS. We think, only, with such publications as we can recommend.

The EXPRESS and GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK can be had for \$3.00. We will furnish the EXPRESS...

Our Only Terms. Let our readers remember that \$1.25 are strictly our advance terms...

Monticello County Election. Treasurer and Assessor, E. C. Berry (rep) 452...

Anderson's majority, School Commissioner, David Patterson (dem) 482...

Patterson's majority, Justice in Sullivan precinct, Lovins (dem) 251...

Wamack's majority, Hog Out beat Hog In, nearly 10 to 1. It may be seen from the above...

Godey's December Number. Has been delightfully welcomed to our sanctum, and is certainly the most interesting and truly valuable...

We Beg Leave to Differ. The Louisville Courier says that "Senator Douglas' popular sovereignty is a short cut to the ends of abolitionism."

Thanksgiving. Governor Bissell has appointed Thursday, November 24th, as a day of Thanksgiving and Prayer!

So far as heard from the county elections throughout the State indicate a large Democratic gain.

We learn from the Shelby Banner, of the marriage of Eli. B. W. Henry to Miss Sarah Burton.

Mr. Fillmore sang at the Christian church on Tuesday evening, and in a very short time a school of twenty scholars was made up.

Mr. Fillmore, the author of the Christian Psalmist? Well, "this ain't him"—but his brother.

Mr. Conner will preach at the Christian church Saturday night and Sunday next.

Clubs of ten must be accompanied with the money, every time.

Country Notes.

An Illinois editor, who sometimes has an attack of Phonography, attended a country meeting...

"Vote for Love!" exclaimed a political aspirant indignantly. "As soon vote for William Lloyd Garrison himself, loaded down as he is with—"

"That horrid yellow dress again, exclaimed Miss Spruce. In what might have sounded like a whisper if she had been on the other side of the room...

"No saddle or bridle to ride him with, somebody stole it while I was gone to Chicago after—"

"Two Dutchmen, a monkey and a handorgan to grand it; and oh! it made the fustiest music, and the little figures danced around like—"

"Such a handsome young man; and he dances so beautifully. Did you ever see a handsomer pair of whiskers, or more insinuating—"

"Running at the rate of 25 miles an hour with no lights on, and around a curve at that, when the locomotive broke the bridge over—"

"Two pointer dogs and the best gun in the town. I wanted the gun the worst way, and offered him—"

"The Mexican War, which I consider perfectly unjustifiable, unless it be on the ground that—"

"The preacher has come," exclaimed a boy, and depositing my report in my pocket, I proceeded into the school-house to muse upon the utility of phonography.

MARKETS. CHICAGO, Nov. 15, 1859. FLOUR—Double extra Spring \$2.85...

WHEAT—No. 1 red winter @ 1.95 No. 2 " " " 92 No. 1 white " 90@104...

CORN—No 1 R R. 90@90 No 2 " " " 85@88 OATS. 29@31 RYE. 56@61...

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D. PIFER & BRO. CARRIAGE MANUFACTURERS

Sullivan, Illinois. WOULD respectfully inform the public that they have on hand Carriages, Rock-aways, Phaetons, etc.

REPAIRING. Buggies and Carriages of all kinds done on short notice, for CASH ONLY.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of an execution to me directed and delivered by the clerk of the circuit court of Monticello county...

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SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a decree of the Monticello county court rendered at the August term...

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Single copy one year, \$1.00 Clubs of Ten, \$10.00 Clubs of Twenty, \$20.00

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KEEP YOUR FEET DRY. Just received and for sale low for cash, a superior lot of BOOTS & SHOES.

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March 11 '53 2716