

The Sullivan Express.

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

J. H. Waggoner, Proprietor.

"THE UNION MUST BE PRESERVED."

Editor & Proprietor.

VOL. III.

SULLIVAN, ILL., THURSDAY, DEC. 8, 1859.

NO. X.

BUSINESS CARDS.

TAKE NOTICE!!

The undersigned would inform the citizens of Mountain 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 place else in the West. Remember I am constantly canvassing the country, and will sell you work and bring it to you. I can't be imposed on by others, for I will give you a call soon. Work done at Shelbyville Ill. May '59.—53ly REUBEN ADKINS.

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W. F. WALTON
DEALER IN
FOREIGN AND AMERICAN MARBLE
Cenotaphs, Gravestones, Tombs, Monuments, &c
NORTH SIDE OF PRAIRIE STREET,
WEST OF THE METHODIST CHURCH, AND
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Deerlin, Illinois.

Its stock consists of the finest quality of foreign and American Marble.

He keeps none but the best of workmen. Come and examine for yourselves, or contract with his Agents as they are canvassing the country. Work warranted to give perfect satisfaction. Orders from abroad respectfully solicited and promptly filled.

I have obtained the right of the Patent Marble Cases for inserting Daguerreotypes like- nesses of deceased persons. They are impenetrable to air and water, and will preserve the picture against the ravages of time as well as being an ornament to the stone. It can be added at a trifling expense.

JAMES WALTON Local Agent at Sullivan December 1 1859.—vol. 3-no 7-6m.

THE WESTERN

FARMER'S MAGAZINE.

(MONTHLY.)

Chicago, Illinois.

By Birdsall Bros.

Terms, one dollar a year, in advance.

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,

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SULLIVAN—ILLINOIS;

Work done with neatness and dispatch.

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J. R. EDEN. J. MEEKER.

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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.

Office next door East of Perryman's store, where one of the firm will always be found.

Sullivan Ill. Sept. 17, 1857. 1 tf.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

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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 nurses handmaid.—

Office on the west side of the public square, two doors north of Knight & Co's store.

Feb. 4, '59. 20ly

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Will practice in the courts of Mountain, 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—no 12 y.

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THE BOYS WILL LAUGH AT ME.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Oh, Aunt Jane, ride on horseback with a girl, over to Pike's creek! I wouldn't do it for ten dollars!" the boys would all laugh at me for a month," and Robert Seranton would the twine nervously round the end of his fishing rod, and his face flushed away up into the roots of his brown hair, at the thought of his companions' ridicule.

"Well, Robert, I think quite likely they would," said Aunt Jane, in her quite, earnest way, glancing up from the tassel she was sewing on her nephew's cap. "People in all ages have generally found plenty to laugh at them for doing good deeds; but Mary Pratt is a poor little girl, younger by four years, than you, and she has been sick for three weeks with the scarlet fever, and shut up in that little dark bed-room from all the light and beauty of summer; and her mother takes in plain sewing, and can't afford to keep a horse, so I thought, as you were going to ride down to Pike's creek, it would do the delicate little girl more good than you can imagine, to carry her over to her Grandma's, who lives only a half a mile beyond. But I leave you to decide which would be more manly, to do a good act to a sickly girl who hasn't any father to take care of her, or to deny her all the pleasure and benefit of a ride, just because you fear the laughter of the school-mates."

Here Aunt Jane returned to her sewing, and there fell a long silence between her and her nephew, Robert Seranton; but the lady knew what thoughts were at work in the boy's soul as he turned uneasily in his chair, and drummed on the table, and made knots in the twine.

Robert Seranton was not thirteen; his father was dead, and his mother was an invalid traveling for her health; so the boy had come up into the country to pass a year with his Aunt Jane, and to attend the village academy.

He was a bright, eager, outspoken boy, a great favorite with his school-mates, and indeed with everybody; but brave and fearless as he seemed, he was very sensitive to ridicule and had an almost morbid dread of being laughed at by the boys, and this feeling, unsuspected by himself, sometimes made Robert Seranton that pitiful thing—a moral coward.

But there were springs of warm, generous feeling in the boy's soul, and his aunt had reached one of these when she told him the story of the sick little girl, Mary Pratt; so there went on a sharp conflict between his cowardice and kind-heartedness; but at last his brow suddenly brightened; he brought down his hand heavily on the table, then sprang up and went out into the garden, and his aunt bent with dim eyes over her sewing and thanked God.

She came shyly into the sitting-room, a little, pale sunburnt child; but her eye sparkled joyfully out of her sharp face, as she went up to Robert's aunt and said, in her glad, piping voice:

"Now Robert came over to our house this morning, and said I was

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to go ridin' on horseback to grand-

ma's if I'd be here by 2 o'clock,"

and she brushed the strings of her straw-bonnet, and smoothed the folds of the snowy white apron in which her mother had dressed her for the occasion.

"Well, dear, that will be very nice indeed, won't it?" This was all Mrs. Ingham said, for just then her nephew entered the room, and she was a judicious woman, and knew that Robert would not wish any notice taken of his generosity.

But she watched from her window, when the boy lifted the little girl and set her carefully on the great gray horse, and then, taking good care of his fishing rod, sprang on behind her.

As the animal started, the child gave a quick shriek; "O, I'm afraid!" said she; "It makes me feel dizzy," and the little pale face was turned appealingly to the boy.

His heart warmed towards her, "Oh don't be afraid now; I won't let him hurt you. Lean right against me, and take tight hold on my arms."

And she leaned her little head against his shoulder and seized his arms in her small hands, and so secured, she grew fearless, and at length, broke into a shriek of laughter at the delightful motion.

Robert was greatly amused. "You like to ride, don't you?"

"Oh, I guess I do, and I don't feel a bit afraid now—I like you, too; and she flashed up her bright, inmost smiles in his face.

"Do you! what makes you like me?"

"Oh, because you're so good. I told mamma I knew you was, when you said you'd take me to ride this afternoon."

"Well, I wouldn't have missed taking you for twenty dollars," said Robert, and his face was full of smiles.

So they rode through the still green woods chatting together for more than two miles, and at last Robert heard voices in the distance, and he braced himself up proudly, for he knew that the ordeal had come.

What a shout that, echoing away off among the hills, from the throats of the half dozen boys on the bank, where the waters of the little rivulet gathered themselves up into a creek.

"Oh, Robert Seranton, riding with a girl! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

Robert took off his hat, and shouted with the loudest of them, though his face was all a blaze.

"Oh, Robert, before you'd catch me there!" exclaimed Harry Watson, as amid shouts and laughter, the riders passed in the midst of the boys.

"Now, see here boys, just hear me a minute; this little girl's been sick with the scarlet fever ever so long, and she wanted to come over to her grandma's, and there wasn't anybody else to bring her, and so I did, and so I would again, if all the boys in the world stood here to laugh and make fun of me, and so they would, too, unless they were all cowards."

He said these words out bold and fearless, and then rode on, and somehow the boys did not raise another shout; some of them laughed, some of them whistled, but all in their hearts respected Robert Seranton for

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his courage.

In a little while he returned to his companions. They had fine sport

afternoon, and it was sometime after sunset when Robert and Mary drew up before the front gate.

"O, I have had such a nice time, Mrs. Ingham," said the little girl, as the lady went out and lifted her from the horse. "And Robert promised to take me over to the mill next week."

"Has he? Well, Robert, I think you must have enjoyed it, too."

"Oh, I've had a capital time, auntie—the very best that I ever had in my life."

Robert Seranton became, in after years, a brave and honorable man, bold and fearless in the Right, and little Mary Pratt was his wife.

And he always declared that that horse-back ride over to Pike's Creek was the dawn of a new life of moral courage in his soul.

May it be this to you who read it. Don't be afraid of your dear child, of any laughter or ridicule, or contempt, when you know you are in the way of right. This moral courage alone shall make you strong, true men and women, a "blessing to your day and generation."

A Brave Boy.

A brave little boy who was left alone in charge of a dentist's office and lodgings in New Orleans, recently, was awakened in the night by the entrance of a burglar. With eye-lids opened merely to a line he saw him step to the side of the bed, look through the mosquito bar and hold his head to listen if the occupant betrayed signs of being awake. Satisfied with the scrutiny the burglar took a piece of candle from his vest pocket lighted it with a match. He then raised the mosquito bar and put his head under, holding the light in one hand and a bowie knife in the other, the blade lying against the fore part of his arm. The lad preserved an appearance as if he slept, and fully satisfied with the last examination, the burglar stealthily and slowly passed into the apartment adjoining. The boy got quietly out of bed and made across the room which the thief had just left to a drawer where were two pistols. The noise made in obtaining them was heard by the burglar, who rushed back and made at the boy with knife uplifted, and in his left hand a pistol which he had at his side. The little fellow was equal to the emergency, for he stood firm, holding a pistol in each hand, presented at the thief. The burglar did not dare to advance, but retreated slowly, followed by the lad with pistols extended. He had succeed in cocking one of the Derringers only, but hesitated to fire lest he might miss. As the burglar went he fell over a chair, but before he could decide upon shooting, was upon his pins again, making out into the court and climbing up the ladder. Then the boy tried what the Derringer could do, and fired as he was trying to get on the wall. The ball unfortunately missed, and the thief escaped, says the *Delta*.

OUT OF THE "DUOTS."—A man in stopping his paper, recently, wrote: "I think I can do it to spend three munny on papers, my father never did an erry body see he wuz three smartes man in thee kountra, an he got thee intellygent famely of boiz that ever digd failure."

For late news, turn over this sheet.

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A Chapter on Babies.

BY A CHILDLESS WOMAN.

"A baby in the house is a well spring of pleasure." Then the houses of our ambitious little village must be well watered, for such a crop of babies as we have this season has rarely been exhibited since Barnum's famous harvest a few years since. Indeed, our excessive efforts and improvements in this direction, led an amateur judge to observe, in the classic language of Young America, that if we were a one horse we certainly not a one-baby concern."

Our district has ever been celebrated for its choice flowers and elegant bouquets. Several gentlemen, having proved that our blackberries and pears are likely to become as renowned as our time honored pippin, and now we may add, with truth, that our babies are as "plenty as blackberries," and quite as worthy of notice. We have large babies and small babies; light babies and dark babies; quiet babies and noisy babies; boy babies and girl babies—all sorts of babies, except ugly babies and cross babies—fortunately all our babies are good and handsome!

As we poor childless wives meekly go from house to house, we learn that each new baby that is presented to our inspection is heavier, prettier, more forward and more excellent than any other mother's baby. "Mrs. Slouch's baby is a nice little creature, but so small!" Mrs. Slim's baby is a cunning little fellow, but what a head!" The Tumble Bug's babies are all so dumpy and the new one has such stary (not stary) eyes." "Mrs. Plunder's baby is a darling little girl; but did you ever see its nose?" Whereas this baby—that is, the baby we are holding in our awkward, unaccustomed arms—is just the dearest, loveliest, cunningest little creature that ever was born. We stifle down a rebellious sigh as we think of our own quiet home, where cradle carcs and cradle joys never intrude; where no gentle baby breathing ever frights the air with sweet anxieties; where no baby's soft murmur of satisfied content or helpless complaining is ever to break the unnatural still of childless home. We look on this mother's baby, and our yearning becomes a prayer of faith to know that "God does all things well!"

What a fine thing it is that each mother thinks so well of her baby.—We cannot help smiling at this over- admiration which sees no defect in the little soft "bundle of pink flesh" and white cambrie. We listen, as the pretty lady duly arrayed in an elegant *disabelle*, recounts the peculiar excellencies of her new treasure; and we can see nothing more beautiful and interesting than a happy smile of perfect content, with which, as the nurse turns back the blanket, and discloses the little face and tiny arms. What if the mother's eyes were not so enchanted—what would become of all the unlovely babies? what would be the fate of those unsightly little monsters that are born in this troublous world? It is a delightful weakness, this inordinate affection—we will not degrade it by the name of instinct, but allow it the noble one of affectionate judgement. The generality of mankind may take comfort in the thought that, however unloved and unappreciated they may have been, each one was, for a time, at least, and to one person, the most attractive, the most interesting, and most important of the human race. Beautiful manifestation of a glorious nature is this of maternal love! From the highest, to the lowest order of creation, fervently may we bless for such a transcendent gift. No elevation of rank, no degradation of sin, can extinguish the spark; and, though it be perverted or exaggerated, there is ever in its partiality, patience self-denial and self-forgetfulness, a holy beauty that must compel respect.

ALTIUDE.—Jo. Cose defines the exact height of a lady's ambition to be two little feet.

Great talkers are like banks—they issue ten times the amount of their capital.

"You see!" exclaimed a poor woman to her husband, "you are always at the tavern, getting with hot punch, while I'm home with nothing to drink but cold water."

"Cold! you silly thing, why don't you warm it then?"

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A Thrilling Incident.

(From the American Traveller.)

One beautiful summer's afternoon, I, in company with my wife and child—a little prattling fellow of six summers—started out for a walk. A little dog that was very much attached to the child pers'aded in following us. Twice had I driven him back; the last time, as I thought, effectually. The afternoon was very fine, and as I slowly followed the serpent-like windings of the railroad, conversation very naturally turned to the scenes and little incidents of our walk; the gaily plumed songster, the cattering squirrel and the humming bee; all conspired to take our attention.

Becoming wearied, at length, we sat ourselves down on a grassy knoll by the side of the railroad, about two hundred yards below where angle occurs, hiding it from our view. Our little boy was higher up on the bank, busily plucking the blue-bells and dandelions that grew in profusion around, and we soon lost sight of him altogether.

My wife was engaged in perusing a copy of "Baxter's Saint's Rest," while I had cast myself on the grass beside her, enraptured in the beauty of the landscape spread to view. There a field of tasselling corn gently waved to and fro, while here a field of sweet-scented clover shed its grateful remembrance on the air. 'Twas like some enchanted bower—the silence broken only by tinkling of sheep's bells, or the lowing of kine, as they peacefully grazed on the distant pasture. I was thinking of the infinite goodness of the Great Creator, in thus making the earth so beautiful for poor sinful man, and how the thousands are swept away from its charms forever and forgotten, when I was roused from my reverie by the shrill whistle of the approaching train. Instantly I turned to look for little Harry, when an exclamation from my wife caused me to turn.

She was pale as death. "William, look at our child!" she faintly whispered. I did so; and, my God! who can tell the agony that wrung my heart at that instant! The little recreant had wandered up the track unheeded and he sat himself down on the oaken sleepers to pull his flowers, just below the curve, unconscious of the death that hovered near him.

I started up the track towards him, beckoning him to come to me as I advanced. Instead of doing so, he, apprehending some playful sport, commenced running directly up the track, laughing gleefully as he went. The smoke from the advancing engine was at this moment distinctly visible; it was not possible that I could overtake him in time to save him from the cruel death; as it was, I was hurrying him on to his doom. I breathed a prayer to Him on high and staggered back.

At this moment the sharp bark of a dog broke upon my ear. With one gleeful bound our boy cleared the track and grasped the little woolly intruder in his arms.

The train rushed down the curve with a whizzing sound. The iron monster was cheated of her prey. I am an old man, but I must confess as I once more held the little truant in my arms, safe, the tear of gratitude started to my eye. The little dog had perseveringly followed the child, unseen, to be the means of saving his life. Blind, blind indeed is he who could not see the finger of God in this.

LOVE AND HOT CHESTNUTS.—An old gentleman, past the age of sixty, while promenading the streets of Philadelphia, lately, fell in with a pretty Italian girl, who had a stand on the corner of one of the streets, where she roasted and sold chestnuts. The old gentleman was at once struck by the beauty of the daughter of sunny Italy, and to introduce himself bought a pint of the roasted merchandise. Had he stopped here all would have been well. But the heat of the chestnuts imparted such a warmth to his feelings that he commenced ogling the merchantess, and finally became too familiar with the dame, when she seized the pan of chestnuts from the furnace, and dashed them at the leading form of the gray Lethario. One chestnut fell beneath his shirt collar, and, hissing hot, traversed down his spinal column until he seized it by his coat-tails, and rushed from the scene, evidently laboring under the effects of secret sorrow and roasted chestnuts.

By taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing it over, he is superior.



J. R. EDEN, Political Editor.

SULLIVAN, ILLINOIS.

Thursday December 8, 1859.

FOR PRESIDENT IN 1860,

HON. STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

Democratic Meeting!

The Democracy of Moultrie county are requested to meet at the Court House in Sullivan, on Saturday the 24th day of December, 1859, at 1 o'clock P. M. for the purpose of appointing two delegates to the Democratic State Convention to be held at Springfield on the 4th day of January next. A general attendance from all parts of the county is requested.

By order of the County Executive Committee.

Our Criminal Law a Failure.

No person who has given the slightest attention to the subject, has failed to notice, that as a means of punishment to offenders, our criminal law is almost a failure. Our courts are weak nets that catch honest violators of law, but out of which rogues with hardened consciences, force their way. A man who has committed an offense, and will not perjure himself, stands a fair chance to be punished; but one who is ready to add the crime of perjury to the catalogue, can, as a general rule, escape conviction. This state of facts is owing to the facility of changing the venue of cases from one county to another. A man who will swear, that the minds of the inhabitants of one, two, or three counties, not one of whom ever heard of him, are so prejudiced against him that he cannot receive a fair trial, can easily wear out a prosecution, and thus go scot-free. From our observations upon this matter we are led to believe that there is a fearful amount of perjury committed in procuring changes of venue, and that the interest of the public imperatively demand a repeal of the law allowing changes of venue at all. Whatever reasons may have existed for allowing changes of venue when the country was scarcely settled, have ceased to operate. In every county there are plenty of men, fully competent to try any person who may be indicted within the county for any offense committed therein. In criminal practice a change of venue has become the most important means of escape for criminals; and to such an extent has the thing been carried, that the public mind has become disgusted with it. If the Legislature does not furnish a remedy, the courts will soon be treated with contempt, and Lynch law will be administered in all the more glaring cases of crime. We say wipe the whole thing out—abolish the law, entirely, allowing changes of venue, that honest men and dishonest men may have equal rights in our courts of justice.

Life is a beautiful night, in which as some stars go down others rise. The poorest coward in the world may avoid striking in his shoes by wearing boots or going bare-foot. Themistocles has a daughter. Two men making love to her, he preferred the virtuous man before the rich one, saying he would rather have a man without riches, than riches without a man. The trouble with bow-legged men is that they are always going on a tender. As winds the ivy around the tree, as to the crag the moss patch roots, so clings my constant soul to thee! my own, my beautiful—my boots.

A good story is told by the New Haven Register, of Bishop, who who was sent down to New York with one of his fly-trap machines, as a "specimen number." A butcher was desirous he should set it a going in his shop, and in the course of half an hour something less than a peck of flies had been "hived." The butcher was pleased, but concluded, as the flies were all trapped, he didn't want the machine. "Very well," said Bishop, "I'm a Yankee, and I won't take advantage of you by carrying off your flies," and drawing the slide, he liberated the whole swarm about the butcher's ears and beat a retreat under cover of a little the loudest buzzing ever heard in that vicinity.

This half sheet is an Xtra.

Judge Douglas and the Attorney-General—Correct Principle Vindicated and Acknowledged.

Sick or well, dead or alive, Judge Douglas does not mean to follow the Attorney-General of the United States to escape the controversy with himself without any accession thereto. We stated yesterday that we had received an advance copy of the rejoinder of Mr. Douglas to Judge Black. It is a pamphlet of fourteen pages, and they are terrible ones to his adversary. The first eight pages are devoted to a scathing exposure of Judge Black's ignorance of public law, and his shiftings and evasions to avoid the force of Mr. Douglas' facts and quotations from the decisions of the Supreme Court. We do not know when we have read anything so damaging to the legal reputation of a lawyer as these eight pages are to that of Judge Black. The other six pages of the pamphlet are of public concern, and show the beneficial results which have flowed from the discussion between the two, which are the confessions Judge Black has been forced to make by the exigencies of the controversy, and which involve an abandonment of various pernicious heresies, with which the party has been threatened for some time past. The first of these heresies, now abandoned, is that "slavery exists in the territories by virtue of the Constitution of the United States." Judge Black has been forced to admit that the Constitution does not establish slavery in the territories or anywhere else. Had the whole discussion produced no other result than that, the public might well have rejoiced that it occurred, but that is not all. The next heresy abandoned by the Attorney-General, after having advocated it as public law, is that when a master removes with his slaves into a territory, his right to his property "depends on the law of the place where he came from, and depends upon that alone." The fallacy of that was so clearly exposed by Judge Douglas and so severely ridiculed by lawyers all over the country that Judge Black publicly abandons it, and confesses that the owner, instead of relying upon the laws of the State from which he emigrated for the protection of his slave property, "must look for his remedy to the law of his new domicile"—that is the law which may be enacted by the territorial legislature. The next heresy surrendered by Judge Black is, that "the territories have no attribute of sovereignty about them"—that is that they cannot legislate concerning the life, liberty, or property of a citizen. He has been forced to admit that territorial legislatures, in legislating upon "all rightful subjects of legislation," can pass laws to deprive a citizen of life, liberty or property, as a punishment for crime, and can exercise the right of eminent domain to buy and collect taxes for territorial purposes, and to sell and confiscate property to pay such taxes, if the owner of the property taxed refuse to pay the tax. Not only has the Attorney-General abandoned that heresy, but he now admits in connection with this abandonment, "that it is an insult to the American people to suppose that the people of a territory organized territory would abuse the right of self-government if it were conceded to them." This last confession, says Judge Douglas, taken in connection with the previous admission of the power of a territory to legislate, removes the last vestige of any substantial objection to the doctrine of popular sovereignty in the territories. This discussion has eminently vindicated the correctness of the principles upon which the Cincinnati platform is based, so far as the question slavery is concerned. The public mind has become enlightened beyond what it enjoyed before, as the true theory of our government, and the proper relations that exist between federal and local authority. Judge Douglas deserves well of the country for the able and fearless manner in which he has maintained the right and exposed error, on this important subject.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

JO., the boss, has not been able to work for the last two days, in consequence of receiving quite a heavy sun-stroke yesterday morning—it being about a ten pounder!

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The poorest coward in the world may avoid striking in his shoes by wearing boots or going bare-foot.

Themistocles has a daughter.

Two men making love to her, he preferred the virtuous man before the rich one, saying he would rather have a man without riches, than riches without a man.

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As winds the ivy around the tree, as to the crag the moss patch roots, so clings my constant soul to thee! my own, my beautiful—my boots.

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Death of Kit Carson Confirmed.

St. Louis, Nov. 23. The Omaha Republican announces on the authority of persons just from Fort Kearney, the death of the celebrated mountaineer, Kit Carson, at Taos, New Mexico, where he was Indian agent. Maj. Schoonover, agent for the Upper Missouri Sioux Indians arrived at St. Joseph, Monday. He reports that the Sioux have sworn vengeance against all whites found in their country. The Major says that the Yellow Stone river is navigable for steamers 900 miles above its confluence with the Missouri, and goods can be landed within 400 miles of Salt Lake City, and very near several forts in that region.

THE LATEST NOVELTY IN FASHION.

—The very latest novelty in fashion, we mean in the feminine dress captivation, is reported to have been philosophically observed, if not first discovered, on the south or sunny side of Chesnut street, on Saturday afternoon. A lady, very handsomely attired, and with fine face and figure to match, was observed on that well frequented promenade. On the little finger of her left hand she daintily wore, over her primrose-tinted Jouvain, a handsome diamond ring—the brilliant set in blue enamel, which showed it off very prettily. To the under part of this chain is attached a Venetian chain of the purest gold, terminating in another ring, set all around with jewels of diverse quality, hue and lustre. Through this a delicate kerchief of lace, with the exception of about two square inches in the center—just enough to swear to, as the saying is—was passed and the whole was penicil from the minor digital, aforementioned, and really had a pretty effect. The design was to provide a new way of carrying the mouchoir, which would leave the hand disengaged, and yet display the beauty of the lace or embroidery. It was decidedly successful, and one of the neatest exhibitions of the season.—What it might appear when made by a less distinguished person, we do not pretend to guess. We record what we saw.—Phila. Press

THE LAST CHANCE.—A few years ago, Rev. Mr. B., a fearless preacher in one of the hill towns of New Hampshire, preached a pointed sermon against the use of ardent spirits, especially designed for a member of his congregation who was in the habit of hiring his help at a low price, in consideration of the frequent "treats" that he furnished his workmen. "Old Nat" felt himself particularly hit by the discourse, as the coat fitted him exactly, and therefore, absented himself from church for some two years. At the end of that period he was seized with a supposed fatal illness, and sent for Rev. B., his former minister, who of course immediately responded. On entering the room he was greeted with the cool salutation: "Mr. B., I am about to die, and I have sent for you that you might have a chance to apologize to me for that liquor sermon you preached to me two years ago!" An anecdote, relative to the late Professor Wilson, is just now circulating. When the suitor for the hand of Professor Wilson's daughter had gained the lady's approbation, he was of course referred to papa. Having stated this, probably not unexpected case, the younger gentleman was directed to desire the young lady to come to her father, and doubtless her obedience was prompt. Prof. Wilson had before him, doubtless, some work, on the fly-leaf of which was inscribed, "With the author's compliments." He tore this out, pinned it to his daughter's dress, solemnly led her to the young lover, and went back to his work.

BE AT ONCE UNDECEIVED!

IF any person, indebted to me, has come to the conclusion that I do not need the money, I will say to all such be undeceived—I must have all the money due me. If you cannot raise the money, I shall be compelled to try to raise it for you. As I shall be absent during Christmas-time, B. B. Hayden is authorized to receive and receipt for me in my absence. If you cannot raise the money, you can save cost by calling and confessing judgement. J. E. EDEN. December 8th 1859—x7-3m

Why are cats so musical?—Because they are all fiddle strings inside.

To a man well married one of his ribs is worth all the bones in his body.

Money wanted at this Office!

Probate Notice.

We will attend before the probate court of Moultrie county, Illinois, to be held in the court house at Sullivan on the third Monday in February next, for the purpose of settling and adjusting the claims against the estate of Eliza Wilson, deceased, when and where all persons having claims against said estate are requested to present them for settlement. Persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment. WM. M. WILSON, Adm'r. LAFAYETTE WILSON, Adm'r. This November the 25th 1859. (x7-6w)

Probate Notice!

Estate of Simon M. Kearney, dec'd. The undersigned having been appointed administrator of the estate of Simon M. Kearney, late of the county of Moultrie, and State of Illinois, deceased, hereby gives notice that he will appear before the county court of Moultrie county, at the court-house in Sullivan, at the regular term, on the 3d Monday in February next, at which time all persons having claims against said estate are notified and requested to attend, for the purpose of having them adjusted. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned. NANCY J. KEARNEY & Adm'r. LAMBERT KEARNEY, Adm'r. Dated this 3d day of December, A.D. 1859.—x7-6w

Sheriff's Sale--By virtue of an execution to me directed and delivered by the clerk of the circuit court of Moultrie county, in the state of Illinois, in favor of George W. Smith, assignee of John Love, and against Benjamin Newport, I have levied upon the following described land to-wit: The sw 1/4 of the sw qr of sec 13 T 14 N R 5 E. of the 3d p. m., as the property of the said Benjamin Newport, which I shall offer at public sale at the court house door in Sullivan in said state, on the 24th day of December A. D. 1859, between the hour of 9 o'clock a. m. and sunset of said day, for cash in hand, to satisfy said execution. JOSEPH THOMASON, sheriff. by Absalom Patterson, dep. Nov. 24th 1859 6 3w

Probate Notice.

Estate of I. V. Waggoner, deceased. The undersigned having been appointed administrator of the estate of Isaac V. Waggoner, late of the county of Moultrie and State of Illinois, deceased, hereby gives notice that he will appear before the county court of Moultrie county, at the court house in Sullivan, at the regular term, on the third Monday in December next; at which time all persons having claims against said estate are notified and requested to attend for the purpose of having them adjusted. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned. A. B. LEE, Admr. SARAH J. WAGGONER, Admrx. Dated October 20th 1859 2x6w

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of an execution to me directed and delivered by the clerk of the circuit court of Moultrie county, in the state of Illinois, in favor of Charles A. Folsome, assignee of John Pierce, and against William Hale, I have levied upon the following described land to-wit: Pt of nw qr of ne qr of sec 36 T 14 N R 4 E 5 acres, & sec 32 T 14 N R 5 E 40 acres, & the sw 1/4 of ne qr of sw qr sec 17 T 13 N R 6 E., as the property of the said William Hale, which I shall offer at public sale at the court house door in Sullivan in said state, on the 30th day of November A.D. 1859, between the hour of 9 o'clock a. m. and sunset of said day, for cash in hand, to satisfy said execution. JOSEPH THOMASON, Sheriff. Nov. 10th 1859. 4 3w

Administrator's SALE OF REAL ESTATE!

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a decree of the Moultrie county court rendered at the August term, 1859, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, on credit of twelve months, at the court house door in Sullivan in said county, on the 26th day of November 1859, between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 5 p. m. the following described real estate of which Elisha B. Oeder, late of said county, died seized, to-wit: n 1/2 of n 1/2 and n 1/2 of n 1/2 all in section 32 T 13 N R 6 east. The purchaser will be required to give note and good personal security, and a mortgage on the premises sold, to secure the payment of the purchase money. said lands will be sold to pay the debts of said deceased. JAMES STEEL, Adm'r. This October 13th 1859.—1-6w

MEAT MARKET!

I would call the attention of the citizens of Sullivan and vicinity, to the fact that I keep constantly on hand different kinds of fresh meat, such as beef, pork, &c. People living in town need not go to the trouble of laying in a winter's supply, as I can furnish it to them FRESH all the time. THOMAS PENIWELL. Nov 24th 1859 1t

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of an execution to me directed and delivered by the clerk of the circuit court of Moultrie county, in the State of Illinois, in favor of Clayborn Hall, assignee of James Elder and against Edward H. Jones and Grant Vincenthaler, I have levied upon the following described land viz: The e 1/2 of the s w of sec 36 town 14 N R 5 E containing 80 acres, as the property of the said defendants, which I shall offer at public sale at the court house door in Sullivan in said state on the 8th day of December A D 1859 between the hour of 9 o'clock a. m. and sunset of said day, for cash in hand, to satisfy said execution. Joseph Thomason, sheriff. Nov. 17 1859.—5-3w

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of an execution to me directed and delivered by the clerk of the circuit court of Moultrie county; in the state of Illinois, in favor of Alfred N. Snyder for the use of William W. Davis and against James A. McGuire I have levied upon the following described land, to-wit: The n w 1/4 of the s w 1/4 of sec 28 T 14 N R 5 E, 40 acres, and 14 acres off of e end of the e 1/2 of the s w sec 21 town 14 N R 4 E as the property of the said James A. McGuire, which I shall offer at public sale at the court house door in Sullivan, in said state, on the 8th day of December A D 1859, between the hour of 9 o'clock a. m. and sunset of said day, for cash in hand, to satisfy said execution. Joseph Thomason, sheriff. Nov. 17 1859.—5-3w

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of an execution to me directed and delivered by the clerk of the circuit court of Moultrie county in the state of Illinois, in favor of John Rowland and against John E. Maddux I have levied upon the following described lands, to-wit: the w 1/2 of the s e qr of sec 32 in town 15 N. R. 5 east of the 3d P. M., as the property of the said John E. Maddux, which I shall offer at public sale at the court house door in Sullivan in said state, on the 8th day of December A D 1859, between the hour of 9 o'clock a. m. and sunset of said day, for cash in hand, to satisfy said execution. JOSEPH THOMASON, sheriff. Nov. 17 1859.—5-2w

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of an execution to me directed and delivered by the clerk of the circuit court of Moultrie county, in the state of Illinois, in favor of Henry Y. Kellar, Guardian for the heirs of John Kellar, dec'd, and against Thomas Davis and Albert G. Snyder, I have levied upon the following described land, to-wit: the e 1/2 of the s w sec, 13 T 14 N R 5 E, containing 80 acres, as the property of the said Thomas Davis, which I shall offer at public sale at the court house door in Sullivan, in said state, on the 8th day of December A. D. 1859, between the hour of 9 o'clock a. m. and sunset of said day, for cash in hand, to satisfy said execution. JOSEPH THOMASON, sheriff. Nov. 17 1859.—5-3w

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of an execution to me directed and delivered by the clerk of the circuit court of Moultrie county, in the state of Illinois, in favor of James H. Kellar, administrator of Wm Kellar, dec'd, and against Albert G. Snyder, I have levied upon the following described land, to-wit: the s 1/2 of the s w sec 19 T 14 N R 6 E, 80 acres as the property of the said Albert G. Snyder, which I shall offer at public sale at the court house door in Sullivan, in said state, on the 8th day of December A. D. 1859, between the hour of 9 o'clock a. m. and sunset of said day, for cash in hand, to satisfy said execution. JOSEPH THOMASON, sheriff. Nov. 17 1859.—5-3w

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of an execution to me directed and delivered by the clerk of the circuit court of Moultrie county, in the State of Illinois, in favor of James H. Kellar, administrator of Wm Kellar, dec'd, and against Albert G. Snyder, I have levied upon the following described land, to-wit: the s 1/2 of the s w sec 19 T 14 N R 6 E, 80 acres as the property of the said Albert G. Snyder, which I shall offer at public sale at the court house door in Sullivan, in said state, on the 8th day of December A. D. 1859, between the hour of 9 o'clock a. m. and sunset of said day, for cash in hand, to satisfy said execution. JOSEPH THOMASON, sheriff. Nov. 17 1859.—5-3w

Sheriff's Sale--By virtue of an execution to me directed and delivered by the clerk of the circuit court of Macon county, in the state of Illinois, in favor of Thomas Falvey and John Reilly, and against Frederick W. Maddux, I have levied upon the following described land to-wit: The n 1/2 of ne qr of sec 36 T. 15 N., R. 4 E., as the property of the said Frederick W. Maddux, which I shall offer at public sale at the court house door in Sullivan in said state, on the 30th day of November A. D. 1859, between the hour of 9 o'clock a. m. and sunset of said day, for cash in hand, to satisfy said execution. JOSEPH THOMASON, Sheriff. Nov. 10th 1859. 4 3w

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of an execution to me directed and delivered by the clerk of the circuit court of Moultrie county, in the state of Illinois, in favor of Martha J. Kellar, and against Jacob Weaver, I have levied upon the following described land to-wit: W 1/2 n e qr sec 6 T. 14 N R 5 E., as the property of the said Jacob Weaver, which I shall offer at public sale at the court house door in Sullivan in said state, on the 30th day of November A. D. 1859, between the hour of 9 o'clock a. m. and sunset of said day, for cash in hand, to satisfy said execution. JOSEPH THOMASON, Sheriff. Nov. 10th 1859. 4 3w

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of an execution to me directed and delivered by the clerk of the circuit court of Moultrie county, in the state of Illinois, in favor of Martha J. Kellar, and against Jacob Weaver, I have levied upon the following described land to-wit: W 1/2 n e qr sec 6 T. 14 N R 5 E., as the property of the said Jacob Weaver, which I shall offer at public sale at the court house door in Sullivan in said state, on the 30th day of November A. D. 1859, between the hour of 9 o'clock a. m. and sunset of said day, for cash in hand, to satisfy said execution. JOSEPH THOMASON, Sheriff. Nov. 10th 1859. 4 3w

Patent Medicines.

VICTORIOUS OVER PAIN. BRAGG'S ARCTIC LINIMENT. Agony or ease—Sickness or health—Life or death! These are the questions involved in the adoption or rejection of this specific by the martyr in animal diseases and injuries. Having received the endorsement of the distinguished Dr. Dr. FANE, and its efficacy tested during two awful winters in the regions of eternal ice, it is now coming into general use in every section of the civilized globe, and its marvelous cures are everywhere exciting astonishment.

TUE AFFLICTED REJOICE.

HUNDREDS and THOUSANDS have tested its virtues, and are rejoicing in freedom from long lingering PAIN and DISEASE, which other remedies had failed to cure. Have you Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Ear-ache or Tooth-ache—Are you afflicted with Old Sores—Suffering from Bruises, Strains, Corns, Sore Eyes, Piles? THE ARCTIC LINIMENT will afford you instant relief. Everybody is liable to BURNS AND SCALDS. For these dreadful accidents the ARCTIC LINIMENT should be kept on hand, for it affords sure and immediate relief, often saving from death. Every steambath and railroad train should keep it. Who that has heard the shrieks of anguish uttered by the seared and maimed victims of explosions and collisions, does not feel that some means of relieving their torture should always be accessible? Such does exist in this balmy pain controlling agent. It is THE MOTHER'S COMPANION. It cures Cakes in the Breast, Sore Nipples, sore Lips, Pimples, &c. Ladies who prize a pure skin, void of pimples, blotches, scurf and all discolorations and excrescences, should attack these trespassers on beauty's domain as soon as they appear with the Arctic Liniment. It is excellent for the Hair, giving it a healthy glossy appearance. It is Good for Man and Beast. It is a sovereign remedy for the various diseases with which horses are afflicted, curing the most alarming cases of Bruises, Sprains, Stringhalt, Wounds, Scratches, swellings, spavin, Ring-bone, Big-head, Poll-evil &c. No farmer, livery stable keeper, or any person owning valuable horses, should be without this valuable remedy. For sale by all respectable druggists & dealers. Prices of the Liniment, 25 cents, 50 cents, and \$1 a bottle. A one-dollar bottle contains as much Liniment as eight 25 cent bottles.

Extraordinary Announcement.

Every purchaser of a dollar bottle of the ARCTIC LINIMENT receives, at Dr. Bragg's expense, the UNITED STATES JOURNAL, of New York, for one year. The Journal is a large illustrated paper—each number containing sixteen pages, beautifully printed on clear white paper, and filled with original matter from the most brilliant writers of the country. Corricate of subscription and full particulars of the novel and philanthropic enterprise, of which this offer forms a part, will accompany each bottle. AN AGENT WANTED IN EVERY TOWN AND VILLAGE. BRAGG & BURROWS, St. Louis, Mo. New York Office, No. 371, Broadway. Communications should always be addressed to St. Louis. For sale in Sullivan at YADAKIN'S, Elder Perryman's, and all our Dealers.

WE DO NOT HESITATE TO A SERT

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 re-to-ed; if this be done there will be no one who will suffer long from chills, fever and ague. DUCRUS, Ohio, Feb. 25th 1858. Dr. MANN & Co., Gallion, 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. HOLLINGS & TAYLOR, Druggists, Corinth, 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, Gallion, May 9th 1858. Messrs. S. K. MANN & Co. Gentlemen:—I would say for the benefit of those suffering with chills fever and ague, that I can confidently recommend your Ague Balsam to do what it is recommended to do, having used it myself, and in my family also; have known it used in many other cases, where it has universally proved effectual; leaving the patient soundly cured. I give this for the benefit of all whom it may concern. Gallion, O., May, 1858. R. F. MATHEAS, St. Louis, Sept. 10th 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 again 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. WILSON, Alexandria, Mo., June, 1858. Messrs. S. K. Mann & Co. Gentlemen:—Please send me a 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, Moore & Scott, S. K. MANN & Co., Proprietors, Gallion, 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, Yedakin, Perryman, and other merchants and druggists here.

Plenty of New fine goods for sale cheap at Runnison & Co's.

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

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