

The Sullivan Express.

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

J. H. & E. E. Waggoner,

["WE HOLD THE BALANCE WITH AN EQUAL HAND, AND WEIGH WHATEVER JUSTICE DOETH DEMAND."] Publishers & Editors.

VOL. 1. SULLIVAN, MOULTRIE CO. ILL., FRIDAY, JUNE 18, 1858. NO. 40.

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Office one door west of Walker dwelling, where he may always be found, except when absent on professional business.
Sullivan, Oct. 8. 31

THE SULLIVAN EXPRESS.

IS ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY,

JOSEPH H. WAGGONER, } PUBLISHERS.
E. EDWARD WAGGONER, }

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[From the Ashlar.]

The Anti-Mason.

BY BRO. SALATHIEL C. COFFINBERRY.

"My child, why are you so depressed this morning?" said Mr. Burnham, addressing his daughter, as they met at the breakfast table one Monday morning in June, 1854. "It is a bright and glorious morning—the beginning of a new week—and every intelligent being should wear a cheerful countenance, expressive of a submissive thankfulness to the Great Giver of all good gifts, for the manifold blessings with which he has been pleased to surround us."

"Father," replied Lorina, "I have been reflecting upon the subject of the sermon you delivered to your congregation yesterday afternoon, and my reflections have made me melancholy."

"Why so, my child," returned the father; "I considered it one of my ablest and happiest efforts, and peculiarly called for in the present state of society. The cause of Freemasonry has been on the increase rapidly for the last few years, notwithstanding the martyrdom of the noble and pious William Morgan, who lost his life in exposing its infernal blasphemies. It is high time, my daughter, that the pulpit should shake with holy thunders against the infamous and sin-conceived institution. I, for one, will speak. I will keep silent no longer. Let the consequences fall where they may, I will speak."

"Father, you have spoken, and what you have said has depressed my mind."

"Why so, Lorina?"

"What other effect could you expect from the picture presented in your sermon, exposing the sin and vice of Freemasonry?"

"It is, nevertheless, a true picture, my dear child."

"Can it be?—May it not be possible that your violent opposition to secret societies, supported by a few instances of moral derelictions on the part of a few of the Masons, and stimulated by your enthusiastic ardor in your holy calling, has betrayed you into too deep and dark a coloring of the picture?"

"No, Lorina, no never. It cannot be too darkly colored. Language is too meagre to present Freemasonry in all its hideous and horrible impiety."

"Father, you declared, in your sermon yesterday, that no Freemason can ever enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."

"Nor can there, I repeat it, No Mason can ever enter the Kingdom of God. It is an object of His Divine wrath. It is rotten outside and inside. It is rife with villainy and corruption. The sacred desk should be active in exposing it, and ridding society of its deadly curse."

"I am sorry that it is so, for many respectable individuals belong to the Lodge."

"It matters not how respectable they may appear outwardly; they are all profane and wicked libertines, seducers and murderers."

"Father, if this is so, do you wonder at finding me melancholy? Is it strange that my mind should be depressed on learning that many of our neighbors, our divines and statesmen—that many stand high in the world's esteem for their supposed virtue and goodness, are the subjects of so terrible a malediction from the lips of my dear father? Can it be that you are mistaken in point of fact, or is it true, that those great and good men who have passed off the stage of human action, and have left their memories embalmed in the bosoms of a nation of freemen as sacred household gods, were base and vicious deceivers, and that they cheated mankind into a belief of their pretended goodness, and defrauded them into an admiration of their pretended virtue and patriotism?"

"To whom do you allude, child?"

"To those sages and patriots who laid the foundation of our government; the Washingtons, the Franklins, the"

"Stop, child. You know not what you say. They were not Freemasons. It is a falsehood. This is but one of the specious inventions of Masons, to give their vile institution popularity among the ignorant. They could not be Masons; they were good men."

"Father, do you know that old Mr. Wickham is a Freemason?"

"Yes, my daughter, I do. The graceless old wretch! I went, as his pastor, to admonish and rebuke him on the enormity of being a Mason, shortly after the Masonic procession last June, and he had the impudence and audacity to tell me, that if I knew more about Masonry I would not entertain so unfavorable an opinion of it."

"Well, is he not a member of your congregation?"

"No, thank God; he is not. He was a member till recently. I had placed so much confidence in him as an useful, a pious, and an exemplary man, that I thought of proposing him as a member of the 'Session' when, the first thing I knew, he was caught in the Masonic procession last June. I told him that he must renounce Masonry, and confess his sorrow for his sin, or that he should become a signal subject for the most severe church discipline."

"What was his reply?"

"It was contemptuous and sinful, in fact, impious."

"What was it, father? Pray tell me."

"It was, that before he would renounce Masonry, or acknowledge sorrow for being a member of the Order, he would renounce the church."

"Well, father, what was the result?"

"I had him expelled from the household of God, summarily, and almost without ceremony. So he is no longer a member of my church."

"Father, perhaps your action may have been just, but may it not be possible that you may some day have cause to regret its precipitancy?"

"My daughter, what is the meaning

of this solicitude? I am surprised and indignant to find my only daughter defending the riles, and following institution on the earth."

"You mistake me, dear father. I do not wish to be understood as defending Masonry, for I know nothing about it, and, therefore, cannot have one word to say in its defense, while my ignorance of it is a sufficient justification for not uniting with you in denouncing it, especially with such an example before my eyes as the apparently just and upright walk and conversation of poor old Mr. Wickham, through a long life of usefulness and apparent goodness. I sympathize with the poor, old man, upon being debarred from church privileges on this account, after having maintained his connection with the church from youth to old age. Thus to see him cut off just when he has ripened for eternity, in the bosom of the church, makes my heart bleed for him."

"Silly child, no more. You do not know what you say. Yet, stay,—let me ask you a question or two, and Lorina, answer me truly under the penalty of my indignation and inflexible displeasure."

"Why, my dear father, you know I would not answer anything but the truth."

"I believe you would not. Now answer me. Is George Ellwood a Mason?"

"I know not, my dear sir. I have never heard him mention the subject, nor have I ever heard that he was, or that he was not. But what if he were?"

"He should never be your husband. No Mason shall ever wed my only daughter. I would rather see you carried to the tomb, and bear the clods of the valley rattle on the lid of your coffin, than to see you wed a Mason. But let me ask you, has not your brother Lorin, in some unpropitious moment, through the seductions of the devil, joined the Masons?"

"Not to my knowledge, father. But why ask me these questions? How should I know?"

"You and Lorin, twin offspring of a now faded flower, reared as twin buds on a sapless stem, are united by a tie of confidence that would not have subsisted, perhaps, had your sainted mother have survived your birth. I am led by these considerations to believe that what one knows the other knows also. I observed that Lorin, several evenings in the early part of last winter, while he was fitting out for California, was absent from the family circle till late at night. I thought nothing of the circumstance at the time, but have since thought that he may have been attending a Masonic Lodge. Lorina, if that boy has joined the Masons, he shall never cross my threshold again—he shall never, again, call me father, or you sister."

"Think not of it, father; it cannot be. Poor Lorin is now on his way from home, for the first time in all his life, and O, my dear father, let pleasant thoughts go with him. He must now be on the high seas, at the mercy of Him who alike protects the mariner and the landman. How my heart longs for the society of my dear brother!"

Mr. Burnham and his daughter separated; Mr. Burnham to go to his library, and Lorina, with the morning paper in her hand to go to her own apartment. The servants had not yet removed the cloth from the breakfast table, when a shriek from the young lady's room brought the whole household together in her chamber. She lay unconscious, and apparently lifeless on the sofa. At her feet lay, the morning

Herald. While some of the domestics were busied in resuscitating Lorina, one of them discovered the cause of her fainting in the following paragraph in the news column of the paper she had dropped:

"BRUTAL OUTRAGE.—The body of a well dressed young man was found this morning in a state of insensibility near the Lawe. He had evidently been robbed, beaten, and stabbed several times in the breast, and left for dead, as no money was found on his person. An empty pocket-book, and an empty rosarium were found near the body. The pocket-book was marked on the inside, with blue ink, 'Lorin Burnham, Philadelphia, Pa.' As the victim still showed signs of life, he was conveyed to the City Hospital, but the physician informs us that there is but little hope of the young man's recovery, especially in the impure air and filthy condition of that horrible pest-house; but as the young man was entirely destitute, no municipal authorities should see that this miserable den of disease, wretchedness and vice, should be purified, for it is almost certain death for a healthy person to venture within the pale of its disgusting precincts.—[N. O. Delta.]"

The following day Mr. Burnham and his daughter were on their way to New Orleans. Mr. Burnham had a difficult task before him. He had never been twenty miles from Philadelphia, his native city, since in his youth he returned from Princeton, the bearer of collegiate honors. It is to be regretted that the clergy are not, practically, men of the world. They are a class who know but little of their fellow-men, their moral necessities, and their intellectual wants, while it is their duty to minister to the one, and to endeavor to supply the other.

They are apt to consider themselves as sacred functionaries, set apart from their fellow-men, and thinking themselves as such, are too apt to lock themselves in their libraries, pore over old books, plunge into, and wade through the literary lore of an age gone by, and thus adapt their thoughts to the tone of society in the past, and to dole them out as precious morsels of moral food, to congregations in the nineteenth century, as they have been prepared by them for the past age.

Their little dream of the rapid advances society has made in one hundred years, in knowledge, and in vice, and are, therefore unprepared to add to the one or to rebuke the other. On plunging out into the struggling masses of the world, they are surprised to find themselves a century behind the age—obsolete cyphers in the world they live in. So it was with Mr. Burnham. He had no sooner gotten beyond the limits of his personal acquaintance, than he discovered to his deep mortification, that his sedate and sapient countenance, his habitually severe and measured tone of voice, and the sternly pious frown of his brow, so far from commanding respect and awe, failed even to attract notice. He discovered, too, to his regret, that he was then receiving, in his gray decline, important lessons in relation to the world and mankind, which should have been inculcated in his youth, as the true basis upon which to erect the superstructure of knowledge and wisdom.

The old man wept, (for he was a good man at heart; his great fault was that he neither knew himself nor humanity), that his pursuits and habits through a long life, had been such as to close each avenue that might have admitted to his mind a ray of light from the outer world—that he had veiled those crystal lenses which would have reflected upon his soul, as the panorama of busy life passed before it, a glimpse of those scenes in human action, whose lights and shades imprint upon our memories dequereotypes, showing what man is, and what we ourselves are, as atoms in the great mass of the universe—individuals in the great family of man.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

This story lacked one line.

How Ben Purdie Got His Wife.

The very climax of ugliness was Ben Purdie. He was red haired, and each hair stood as if it cherished the supprentest contempt for its next neighbor. His face was freckled as the most bespotted turkey egg. His nose supported at the bridge a huge hump, while the end turned viciously to one side. His mouth had every shape but a pretty shape. His form was ugly. The very climax of ugliness was Ben Purdie—what was more still—Ben had a handsome, bouncing, blooming wife—such as can only be grown upon a country farm.

"How in the deuce," said I to Ben one day, "did you ever get such a wife, you uncouth, mishapen quintessence of monstrosity?"

Ben was not at all offended at the impertinence of my question, and forthwith proceeded to solve the mystery thus:

"Well, now gals what's sensible, ain't cotched by none of your purty and hifalutin airs. I've seen that tried morn once. You know Kate was allers considered the purtiest gal in these parts, and all the young fellers in the neighborhood used to go over to old Sammy's, too, just to kinder look on, you know, and cast sheep's eyes at Kate. But la! la! sakes! I had no more thought that I could get Kate than a Jerusalem cricket could hide in the hair that wasn't on Sammy's bald head—no sir-ee. But still, I couldn't help going on, my heart would kinder flutter, and my ears would burn all over, whenever I'd go to talk to Kate. And one day when Kate made fun of me, like, it almost killed me sure. I went home with something like a rock jostlin' about in my breast, and swore I'd hang myself with the first plow line I found."

"Did you hang yourself?" I asked.

"No; daddy blazed out at me for not taking old Ball to the pasture in the mornin', and scared me so had I forgot it."

"Well, one Sunday mornin'—(I reckon it was about a year after the hanging scrape,) I got up and scraped my face with daddy's old razor, and put on my copp'rus britches, and a new linsey coat mamma had dyed with sassafras bark, and other fixens, and went over to uncle Sammy's. Now I'd got to lovin' Kate like all creation, but I'd never cheeped to anybody about my feelings. But I knowed I was on the right side of the old folk."

"Well now, ain't it queer," continued Ben after a short pause, during which he rolled his quid to a more convenient place in his mouth, "how a teller will feel sometimes! Something seemed to say as I went along, 'Ben Purdie this is a great day for you,' and then my heart jumped and fluttered like a jaybird in a trap. And when I got thar and seed Kate with her new checkered humspun frock on, I rally thought I should take the blind staggers any how."

"Well, I found the order of the day was to go to a masquade hunting. Joe Sharp and his two sisters and Jim Bole was thar. I'd knowed for a long time that Joe Sharp was right after Kate, and I hated him with that a hog hates to find his way out of a slat patch, but I didn't let on. Sharp had on white britches

[FINIS]

Sullivan Express.

J. H. & E. E. Waggoner,

EDITORS & PUBLISHERS.

SULLIVAN, ILLINOIS.

Friday, June 12, 1858.

The Fourth July.

It is now only about two weeks till the Fourth of July—the anniversary of American Independence—and, strange to say, the citizens of this place have not made any preparations for celebrating that great day. Why is this? Do we lack patriotism? Do we lack gratitude? Do we lack orators? Do we lack some one to read the Declaration of Independence? Do we lack music? Do we lack something to eat? No; we have all these necessary elements of a Fourth of July celebration in great abundance, but we have another thing in superabundance, which renders all the above elements ineffective, and its name is *negligence*. Who is there in Moultrie county who would not gladly meet his fellow citizens on the anniversary of that day which gave birth to this mighty Republic, and acknowledge his gratitude to his Revolutionary fathers, for the liberty which they bequeathed to him; and to an All-wise Ruler of nations, for the perpetuity of the invaluable legacy?

The Mormons.

It is yet uncertain what course the Mormons will pursue—whether they will quietly submit to obey the laws of the country, or encounter our army in battle array. The language and acts of Brigham Young do not accord. He says that if our troops will give him time he will peaceably retire; but then he is sending the women and children to secure retreats, while his men are being drilled for war. Our government appears to be disposed to confide in his promise, as a reduction of the force that was intended to act against Utah is confidently talked of. We hope that our rulers will not be foolish enough to give Brigham Young and his destroying angels the advantage over them. The Governor appointed by the President has been admitted into the city, which would seem to be a peaceful demonstration—but his admission was procured by Col. Kane, who is said to be a Mormon, who has managed to get into the good graces of the President. This causes the affair to look somewhat suspicious. We would not place the least confidence in the declarations of any Mormon; for they are all under the control of Brigham Young, and will say or do whatever he dictates. It would probably be the better way to expel the Mormons altogether from the authority of the United States, and let them seek refuge elsewhere.

They always were, and always will be a turbulent and lawless set, and their principles and practices are such as should not be tolerated in any civilized community. They had to be expelled from Missouri and Illinois, in consequence of their lawless course—and they had no sooner obtained what they considered a firm footing in Utah than they began to openly set at defiance the laws of the United States. Their constitution, whatever it may be on paper, is in practice a theocracy. Brigham Young does not rule in virtue of his commission as Governor, but through his power as high priest—and law and justice are not administered in accordance with regularly enacted laws, but by the dictation of Brigham, as ecclesiastical head of the State. It will require some care on the part of our rulers to prevent their being overreached by the wily and unprincipled ruler of the Mormons.

A friend in the country writes us that he is "breaking colts." All we have to say to him is—*save the pieces.*

Who did the boot to the dog's tail?

Farmers, do you wish to buy the best Reaper and Mower now in use? Also, read on fourth page of to-day's paper, the advertisement of "Mann's Reaper and Mower combined." This machine has received quite a number of premiums. J. N. Bontwell, West, Urbana, Ill., is sole agent for this county. Send in your orders right away, and secure the best machine in use.

Thanks, young ladies, for those beautiful bouquets. They were very beautiful, and caused such a queer, indescribable sensation in the region of the left jacket-pocket of the bachelor editor, that he has kept his desk adorned with them ever since.

The Serenading Band tender their thanks to the ladies—Miss FIFER, Miss SUE WAGGONER, Miss SUE EDWARDS, Miss ANN KELLAR, and the MISSES CADE for the very fine Pies, Cakes, and Bouquets, they were kind enough to present them, on Monday night.

Fatal Affray in Kansas.

St. Louis, June 8.

A Leavenworth dispatch of the 5th, says the details of the affray at Lawrence between Lane and Jenkins are received.

Both Lane and Jenkins were living on a claim which was contested. The former enclosed an acre of land in which was a well used by both parties in common. Lane recently locked up the well, fenced up the entrance, and forbade Jenkins access to it. Jenkins declared he would have water at all hazards. Lane threatened to shoot him if he made a forcible entry upon his premises. On Thursday afternoon, Jenkins, accompanied by four friends, well armed, cut down Lane's fence and proceeded towards the well, when Lane warned them not to advance as he would shoot.

Disregarding the threat, Jenkins and his party advanced, when Lane fired, killing Jenkins instantly. One of Jenkins' men then shot Lane in the leg, inflicting a wound which confines him to his bed. Lane was arrested, and was to undergo an examination to-day. Much excitement existed.

Jenkins was held in high estimation and his death is deeply deplored.

Portland, Me., June 8.

The Prohibitory liquor law passed by our last Legislature, was ratified by the people to-day, very few votes being cast for the opposition or license law.

The vote in this city stood for prohibition 1,257, and for license 23. Graham, prohibition 254, license 28. Gorham, prohibition 254, license 1. Falmouth, prohibition 157, license none.

Numerous other towns heard from show about the same complexion.

Illinois Administration State Convention.

Springfield, June 9.

The state Convention of the Administration Democracy assembled here to-day. Two hundred and sixty-three Delegates, representing 48 counties, were in attendance.

John Dougherty was nominated state Treasurer, and ex Gov. Reynolds superintendent of Public Instruction.

Resolutions were adopted affirming adherence to the Cincinnati platform; reaffirming the principle of non-intervention in the Territories; opposing the concentration of power in the hands of the Central Government; deprecating slavery agitation; condemning senator Douglas and characterizing his course in opposition to the Administration as one of overreaching consent; denouncing the principles of the Republican party as tending to a dissolution of the Union; and denouncing the late outrages by the British cruisers on American vessels in the Gulf of Mexico and elsewhere.

N. Y. Tribune.

Late News.

Washington, June 7.

Messrs. Hopkins and Florence write entirely in exonerating the secretary of War, and A. S. Shell, from improper or corrupt participation in the sale and purchase of Willett's point.

Messrs. Wood and Hall, of Mass., will severally make reports, but not, it is said, entirely concerning with Hopkins and Florence.

Mr. Haskin in his report blames the Secretary of War and Attorney General Black, charging favoritism to the last named.

The Secretary of the Interior has asked Congress for an appropriation of \$100,000, to enable him to take measures to preserve the peace in northern superintendency, now threatened by invasion, by large bodies of hostile Yankton's and Sioux. It is within the knowledge of the department that great dissatisfaction has existed for some years among the turbulent bands of Sioux and Dacotah Indians, whose range is along the Missouri river, and is now about to manifest itself in the inaugurations of hostilities on a scale of alarming magnitude. The regular troops having been withdrawn, the frontier settlements are left entirely unprotected, and great alarm exists among the settlers, who have appealed to the department for protection. The Secretary, therefore, earnestly appeals to Congress to act promptly in this emergency.

The Secretary transmits a letter from Agent Vaughan, in which it is stated that the Sioux are in a belligerent and refractory condition—particularly the Meningrea and Unchpa bands. During the past year they have been robbing indiscriminately all white men passing through their country, and in some cases threatening their lives. The withdrawal of the troops from Fort Pierce has caused the Indians to believe that the government is afraid of them; and from their conduct and threats Mr. Vaughan is satisfied that no agent's life is safe, in the distributing of annuities, without a suitable force to protect him. The Secretary asks for \$100,000 to redeem the promise made by Gen. Harney, the nine bands of the Sioux in 1856. These bands are among the wildest and most dangerous within our limits. Good faith and sound policy demand the fulfillment of these stipulations, and it is said that unless measures are promptly taken, serious disturbances will likely result.

The President to-day communicated to the Senate the correspondence between De Osma, the Peruvian Minister, and Secretary Cass relative to the forcible and violent seizure of the American vessels *Georgiana* and *Lizzie Thompson*, while engaged in taking in guano, under the charge of being engaged in contraband trade, and the imprisonment of the persons found on board. Our government has demanded full satisfaction, both for this and the boarding and detention of the *Dorus* and *C. Y. Eaton* by Peruvian armed steamers. The Peruvian Minister enters into a long argument in defense of Peru, and expresses the hope that nothing will occur to interrupt friendly relations. Secretary Cass, in reply, reminds De Osma that the case presented was one for our very gravest consideration, and says that the cutting out of these vessels resembles piratical enterprise rather than an exercise of legitimate power. He enclosed a letter of Attorney-General Black, which maintains that the whole proceeding of the Peruvian Government was contrary to the law of nations, and repugnant to the principles of justice, and transmits a copy of his recent letter to Lord Napier, underscoring the strongest sentences for De Osma's information concerning the position of the United States relative to the search or seizure of American vessels by those of foreign powers.

THE STARRY HEAVENS.

Written for the Express.

Walking forth on a calm, clear, moonlight night, with what awe and admiration do we gaze upon the heavens. We behold thousands upon thousands of bright worlds revolving in perfect union throughout the vast ethereal space. The bright ever-moon rolling on in her orbit, reflecting her modest resplendence upon our beautiful earth; myriads of dazzling constellations traveling on in their respective orbits. How often have these constellations been a safe guide to the poor mariner on the pathless ocean. In gazing upon the beautiful stars which at the dawn of creation sang together, our hearts are filled, if not with love and adoration, at least with awe as we behold rolling as it were, above our heads in sublime grandeur, world upon world, on, on, on, until the eye is lost and bewildered in vast unlimited space.

The grandeur and sublimity of the heavens are far beyond the conception of the human mind, much less are they to be described by words. If any part of the works of the universe would cause man to feel his own insignificance, the power of the All-wise Creator, and fill his heart with love and reverence for that Creator, it must be the glory and splendor of this, the most wonderful part of his creation. We can see the finger of the Creator in every part of the vast and glorious production of this mighty universe. The tall green trees, the waving corn, the gigantic mountain raising its towering peak to the golden tipped clouds; and old ocean with its silver capped waves, mounting on the surging billows, and indeed every thing upon which we can turn our eyes, display the wonderful power of our Creator.

Key Daring.

Production and Consumption.

The whole world consumes, but only a portion of it produces. The consumers are on the increase; the producers are on the decrease; so the world is getting more and more away from the true practice. Every man and woman ought to be a producer. Every one should make something grow. There are many drones in society who eat, wear and destroy and yet produce nothing. They neither produce food, raiment, shelter, thought, moral influence, or health or happiness in society. For such, others live and labor. They are moths, eating up the productions of others. They are pestilential fires, consuming the wealth and work of others. They are drones, living on food and luxuries they have neither made nor earned. They are leeches sucking out the blood, and health of others. They are robbers on society. All such are to be counted as worse than useless people. It is the moral duty of every one to do something for the benefit of the world; to make in some way something that shall yield the world as much as he consumes.

Farmers, mechanics, and merchants do a righteous business of exchange, teachers, philanthropists, writers, who give the world a good literature, are to be counted as the leading producers. There are some who produce evil things. They are worse than the drones who consume and produce nothing. Every individual should be ambitious of producing something good and useful.

Valley Farmer.

Hearts—little red things that men and women play with for money.

A "Dirty Couple." "How old are you?" said a magistrate to a German, arraigned before him.

"I am dirty."

"And how old is your wife?"

"Mine wife is dirty two."

"Then sir, you are a very dirty couple, and I wish to have nothing further to do with either of you."

THE QUILTING.

By Anna Rache.

The day is set, the ladies met, and at the frame are seated; in order plac'd, they work in haste, to get the quilt completed.

While the finger fly, their tongues they And animate their labors, by constant beaux, discussing clothes, or some of their neighbors.

"Ar, what a pretty frock you've on!" "I'm very glad you like it."

"I told that Miss Hicomicton don't speak to Mr. Miceat."

"What other day, young G. is going adorning?" "What for Ann away?"

"She went to this morning."

"'Tis time to roll!"—"my needle's broke!" "So Martin's stock is selling!"

"Louisia's wedding gown's bespoken!" "Lend me your scissors, Ellen."

"That match will never come about!" "Now don't fly in a passion!"

"Hair-puffs, they say, are going out!" "Yes, curls are all the fashion."

The quilt is done, the tea begun—The beaux are all collecting;

The table's cleared, the music heard—His partner each selecting;

The merry band in order stand, The dance begins with vigor;

And rapid feet the measure beat, And trip the mazy figure.

Unheeded fly the moments by, Old Time himself seems dancing,

Till night's dull eye is op'd to spy The step of morn advancing.

Then closely stow'd, to each abode, The carriages go tilting;

And many a dream has for its theme, The pleasures of the Quilting.

When Wheat Should be Cut.

The usual practice among farmers is to let wheat stand, before it is cut, until the straw is entirely changed in color from green to yellow, and the grain has become hard and nearly or quite dry. Numerous experiments have been made in this country, but more particularly in England, to determine at what period of ripening it is best to cut wheat, having in view the greatest yield of grain, and that of the best quality. It is well known to those who have investigated the subject, that the ripening of the seed consists entirely of certain chemical processes, which we cannot here attempt to explain, that are of importance to be considered in order to make the most of the crop after it has been grown. The immature grain of wheat, in its early stage is found to be filled with a milky fluid, which gradually changes in consistency, from this milky state, to one more firm and solid. These experiments have been instituted to determine with accuracy at what period of this change the grain should be harvested to secure the greatest advantages. The unanimous opinion appears to be, that if grain is cut soon after the straw below the head, has turned yellow; while the lower part of the stem is still green, and the seed yet remains in a soft and doughy state, the grain will weigh more to the bushel and yield a greater amount from a given space of ground, that more and better flour is made from it; and where the straw is to be fed to stock, it is relished better and is more nutritious than if the grain was allowed to stand until it became fully ripe.

These experiments have been so frequently made and with such uniform results, that we feel unwilling to let the coming harvest pass without again reminding our readers of the fact. A very careful series of experiments were made of this character, some years since, in Yorkshire, England, by Mr. John Hanham, and he sums up the loss by shelling, and in the weight and quality of the grain, from letting it stand until fully ripe, equal to \$6 per acre, a sum, or even half of it, should not be lost sight of by the farmer.

[Valley Farmer.]

Future of the Republic.

Poets and statisticians have speculated upon the probable future of the great American Republic, but we doubt if the widest stretch of the enthusiast's vision reaches the positive strength and splendor these United States will have accomplished one hundred years from this date. Of soil, between the two great oceans, and Central America and the ice region on the North—supposing the Anglo-American to respect the boundaries of South America—three is plenty for an empire, less crowded than the British Isles, of three hundred million souls. This soil embraces every climate of earth is

susceptible of every product essential to human comfort and luxury, and is intersected from centre to circumference by natural channels of lakes and rivers, for commerce within itself, or with the oceans and nations whose ships traverse them.

At the rate our population has increased during the periods between the last three censuses—and there is every reason for believing the rate will increase—another century will give the United States a population of two hundred millions. A well-known statistician carries the estimate to three hundred millions. Let us imagine for a moment what some who are now living may see. The American Union risen to an empire of two hundred millions free, intelligent souls. From the summits of the Rocky Mountains down either slope to the sea, the eye will rest upon an unbroken landscape of farm-cottages, hamlets, villages, and cities. On every side, to the horizon, the mine, the factory, the forge, the mechanic shop, and the grain-field—with industry developing itself in a thousand forms—will mingle in a glorious psalm to labor, liberty, & knowledge. The school-house and the church, dotting every hill and valley, will be the altars, the barracks, and the fortresses of the Republic.

Long ere a century rolls by, the present arts and sciences of the world will net this empire with railroads, telegraphs, and perchance aerial cars, steam will whirl the products of earth over its land and water, and lightning bear the thoughts of its people from ocean to ocean. Simple in its government and institutions; harmonious in the intelligence and fraternity of its population; exhaustless in wealth of soil and toil, and demi-omnipotent in the unity and energy of its communities, it will form a spectacle of hope to whoever is in bondage, of terror to whoever is a tyrant, and of self-sufficiency and glory for its possessors, such as empire dreamers never yet framed.

The eyes of nations are preparing for such a spectacle, and nothing but the faithlessness of the American people can avert it. It is coming as surely as the morn cometh—and as beautiful. Ere then foreign power, whether grasping the Canadas, or Mexico, or the I-lands of the Gulf, will have passed away from those spaces forever. The Northern Continent of the Western Hemisphere and its island families will be one Union, one and indivisible, and a Republic against which the whole balance of the world cannot prevail.

—[Y. N. Ledger.]

SUGAR IN THE DUST.—A mother was hugging and kissing a "four-year-old," when she exclaimed: "Charley, what makes you a sweet?"

Charley thought a moment, and having been told that he was made out of the ground, replied:

"I think mother, God must have put a little thugar in the dust, don't you?"

DOCTOR

J. E. DUNNINGTON

TENDERS HIS RESPECTFUL acknowledgments to the citizens of Coles, Moultrie and Shelby Counties, for their liberal patronage.

OFFICE at his residence, where he may be found, day and night, unless absent professionally.

WINDSOR ILL., Jan. 14th, 1858.—39-2a.

Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given to all persons having claims against the Estate of Jacob Shipman, dec'd, to present the same to the probate court of Moultrie county, in the State of Illinois, on the first Monday in the month of July next, for adjustment. And all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to pay up immediately.

DAVID SHIPMAN, Adm'r.

Sullivan Ill., May 28.—37-3v.

Administrator's Sale of

Real Estate.

Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of a decree of the Moultrie county court, rendered at its April term, A.D. 1858, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, on the premises, on the 10th day of July next, on a credit of six months, the purchaser giving note and personal security and a mortgage on the premises to secure the purchase money, the following described lands to pay the debts of Martin J. Montney deceased, to-wit: The undivided one eighth part of south east quarter of section 30, Township 19 North, R. 4 East, in Moultrie county, in the State of Illinois, and the N¹/₂ of the SW¹/₄ of sec. 3, in Township 19 North, Range 4 East, in the county of Shelby and State, said sale to be between the hours of 10 o'clock A.M. and 5 o'clock P.M. A deed will be made to the purchaser on the day of sale, on compliance with the terms of the sale.

JOHN THOMASON, Adm'r.

June 4th 1858.—38-0v.

