

Cowan Jones

The Sullivan Express

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE BEST INTEREST OF MOULTRIE COUNTY. WE HOLD THE BALANCE WITH AN EQUAL HAND, AND WEIGH WHATEVER JUSTICE DOETH DEMAND.

J. H. & E. E. Waggoner, Editors & Publishers. VOL. 1. SULLIVAN, MOULTRIE CO. ILL., FRIDAY, JULY 30 1858. NO. 46.

BUSINESS CARDS.
E. E. WAGGONER,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

TENDERS his professional services to all persons needing Medical or Surgical aid.
OFFICE at the Printing Office, opposite the Christian Church, Sullivan, Illinois.

DOCTOR
J. B. DUNNINGTON
TENDERS HIS RESPECTFUL acknowledgments to the citizens of Moultrie and Shelby Counties, for their liberal patronage.
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WINDSOR ILL., June 11th, 1858. -34-2m3

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

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SULLIVAN EXPRESS.
ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY.
J. H. & E. E. WAGGONER,
EDITORS & PROPRIETORS.

TERMS:
1,50, Invariably in Advance!

SONG.
TO—[SHE KNOWS WHO.]

"Low, sweet and low,
Sing lovely one to me!
And softly, softly, gentle wind, blow
My lover's love to me;
Blow and fill my heart with bliss
As full as it can be!"

Light, low and light,
Let your whisper, gentle wind, be,
And tell me whether she sleeps to-night
By the window nearest me!
For if she loves me as I love her,
'Tis there her bed will be!

Creep, gentle wind, creep
Under the sheets, and see
Whether or not her arms in sleep
Are reaching out for me!
For if the love of my love is mine,
'Tis thus her arms will be!

About her pillow sit,
And see if you will see
A name in love's red letters writ
On her cheek, then fly to me,
For I know if a name is written there,
Whose name the name must be!"

THE VICTOR OF THE TOURNAMENT.

BY HARRIET A. DAVIDSON.

The day for the great tournament by Louis XII. of France, arrived; appointed to please his beautiful and youthful bride, Anne of Bretagne. The galleries running round the lists were filled with the beauty and nobility of the kingdom. Conspicuous sat the queen, surrounded by her circle of lovely maids of honor, among which, far the most beautiful, was Lady Marguerite, only daughter of Ernest, Count of Chatillon.

With a beating heart Marguerite of Chatillon watched the opening of the tournament. Until within six months Marguerite had lived in the retirement of the convent. What a change! six months ago the inhabitant of a retired convent, now the centre of admiring eyes, for this day she sat the chosen Queen of Beauty and Love—from her hands must the victor receive the well-won prize, the chaplet of honor.

The heralds, enforcing silence read the laws of the tourney, which having done, they moved back to their places. A flourish of trumpets and two large processions entered the lists of either side and formed themselves into two lines, equal numbers in each, directly opposite to each other with their respective leader in front, of each line. It was a glorious sight to look at, as the knights sat proudly on their horses, gayly and fitly caparisoned, their lances upright, armor streaming with ribbons, and love tokens glittering in the bright, warm, noonday sun. Again the trumpets sounded, and the herald in a voice of thunder gave the expected signal, "Laissez aller!" Spurs were dashed into the flanks of the horses, and both parties rushed together, meeting with a shock which fairly shook the ground, and caused many bright, rosy lips to pale.

The cloud of dust raised by the trampling of the horses was great, that at first little of the aspect of the encounter could be seen. As that rolled away, it was seen that many of the knights on both sides were dismounted, and retiring in disgrace from the field.

Again and again they charged, and with the same result, some men came

time rolled on the ground. Many were the handkerchiefs waved and encouraging, enthusiastic shouts from the galleries. The number in the lists diminished, so that now Marguerite found no difficulty in following the movements of one particular knight, who, mounted on a superb black war-horse, rode him with peculiar grace. Both horse and rider were unadorned—the trappings of the steed were very plain, and no love knot floated from shoulder, breast or helmet. At each charge the knight either unhorsed or drove back to the pallsade his opponent. One after another the vanquished retired to the end of the list. One only remained to oppose him. A fresh charge with lance in rest, and like chaff before the wind the man was driven back to the barrier, and the stranger knight remained the conqueror. Then the king threw down the baton, and the heralds declared Eustace De Rohan victor, and bade him advance and receive the chaplet of honor from the hands of the Queen of Beauty and Love.

The trumpets sounded, and amidst a burst of triumphal music, the knight advanced and knelt at the foot of the steps of the throne. Covered with blushes, but with an exquisite grace, Marguerite descended the steps, and bending, placed the chaplet of flowers on the knight's uncovered head.

We must pardon Marguerite if she trembled slightly, and with an inward shrinking gazed at the victor at her feet, for Eustace De Rohan was the only son of her father's deadliest enemy, whose name she had never heard mentioned save with bitter curses on father and son, and on the family for generations to come. She looked now for the first time on the son of the hated house of Rohan. There was nothing in the handsome head bending so gracefully before her, to excite her fear, neither in the rapid, searching glance of the dark, proud eyes, which, after the ceremony of coronation had been completed, fell on her. On the contrary, the manly handsome, though rather dark face, reassured the blushing girl, for with an exquisite grace she extended her delicate hand, which was kissed respectfully, while she said, in her rich sweet voice:

"May honor rest on thy brow—long years after this chaplet is withered away."

So ended the glorious tournament, one of the gayest ever witnessed by the court of Louis XII., but from that moment two hearts at least were changed: Sleeping or waking, the graceful form and bewitchingly lovely face was ever present to the thoughts of the young, brave Count De Rohan, and to Marguerite, the mention of his name brought a sudden thrill. A few days after they were publicly introduced to each other.

Day by day, meeting each other constantly, they began to love each other, or rather loved the more, for from the tourney day each lost the watch and ward of their own hearts. One day the queen received a request from the Baron of Chatillon, that his daughter might be spared attendance upon her grace for a little while. The father had need of the daughter. The summons broke in upon the pleasant dreams of the young lovers. Marguerite, for the first time since Eustace De Rohan knelt at her feet in the list, thought of the feud between the two families. When the queen gave her permission to return home for a short time, Marguerite hurried her face in her hand and wept. "Tis but a short time, dear child," said the gentle Count of Rohan, "but I fear the time will be long."

ful, gay Marguerite was a favorite. Still Marguerite wept, and the queen kindly endeavored to soothe the passionate grief, fully believing that Marguerite wept because she was part from her loved mistress. Suddenly Marguerite raised her beautiful face and spoke, seeming to be deceitful.

"Your grace mistakes the cause of my emotion. Truly do I grieve to be separated from my kind mistress, but a parting of a few weeks would scarcely wring these tears from me. The cause lies deeper."

Of a kindly, sympathizing nature, the queen besought Marguerite to confide her sorrow to her, and such was her earnest, winning manner, that Marguerite unhesitatingly opened her whole heart to her loved queen. Both Louis and his loved spouse began to devise methods to induce the haughty Baron of Chatillon to lay aside his animosity. While they thought, others acted.

Marguerite, after a tearful interview with her lover, left the court for the gloomy castle of Chatillon. Her heart grew heavy and her cheeks pale, as the palace walls faded from her sight. Her father came himself to conduct her home, so she could have no last interview with her lover. Sad and weary-hearted, Eustace De Rohan remained at court, now distasteful to him.

Rumors had reached the Baron, of the attachment of Eustace De Rohan to his daughter, which was his motive for withdrawing her from court. She came, the affianced bride of Count De Rohan, but Baron Chatillon knew not that; and thought in his wisdom that he had officiously put a stop to any progress in the matter. So his astonishment was, but natural, when one bright, sunshiny morning he woke to find his daughter gone. Over mountain, through valley, he sent his retainers, commanded to bring back the lost bride and her husband, the husband dead or alive. All search was fruitless. In his despair the Baron applied to the king, but the gentle, politic Louis gave him no satisfaction.

Three years rolled on, and the baron lived a lonely, morose life. No stranger was permitted within the gates, and beyond the park the baron was never known to stir. One dark, lowering day, just as the grey twilight shadows began to creep over the earth, two travellers, a man and woman presented themselves at the castle gate. They seemed bent and old, and in the arms of the man was carried, very carefully, a bundle. The old porter came forth to speak to them.

"Do not ask it. Bread and wine I will bring you, but enter you cannot."

Earnestly they pleaded, but the old man shook his head and remained firm. They questioned him if it was by a vow that his master kept all strangers beyond his gate.

"No, there is no vow, but 'tis his wish. Three years ago, come this blessed night, there came a minstrel to the castle. The next morning, minstrel and young lady Marguerite were gone. Since that day no stranger has ever set foot inside the castle gates. The baron mourns for his lovely daughter, and curses the false Eustace De Rohan who, disguised as a minstrel, entered his house, and stole his child, the pride of his house."

The female bowed her head still lower as the old porter spoke, but as he finished speaking, she stepped forward, and throwing back cloak and muffler, disclosed to the faithful seneschal the beautiful face of Marguerite, Countess De Rohan.

"Hendrick, here stands your master's daughter, with her husband and

child; admit us within these gates and your task is done."

"Dear lady, walk in; if my head should be the price of my disobedience, I cannot say no to my own loved lady." And he opened wide the gate and let the two pass.

But there their trouble was not ended; butler, valet and page had to be passed, and all were faithful servants to their stern, though just master—all respected the grief which sought solitude and shunned the gaze of man. To each in turn, Marguerite declared herself, and such was the undying love they bore their former young mistress, who possessed still the same winning grace of her maidenhood, that they preferred the prospect of punishment and disgrace, rather than disobey her request. Thus the Count and Countess De Rohan proceeded till they reached the little ante-room adjoining the vast parlor. There Marguerite stopped, wishing that her husband should enter first. That was her request not from any fear, but trusting that her father would relent, and wanting in the pride of her young heart, to owe her reconciliation to her husband. Marguerite embraced her husband, then opened the door of the saloon, and her husband entered. At the opposite end of the room sat the Baron of Chatillon, much changed since he last saw him. Eustace De Rohan could not see his face, but the martial figure was no longer upright and firm, but bent.

With a beating, throbbing heart Marguerite watched her husband and father. Noiselessly, slowly, Eustace approached the old man. The fire-light thrown from the huge wood fire shone on a pale face and compressed lips. A few steps more and the two men were face to face. The spot is reached. Count De Rohan knelt before the old man, who had started up in angry surprise, with his head bared, and as he knelt, he threw back the cloak from the bundle, disclosing a bright, handsome babe, who at this moment began to crow. A smile stole over the old man's face; taking the baby, he eagerly scanned its tiny features. As he gazed, his heart softened, and bending his head he wept.

at this moment, Marguerite rushed in, and threw herself at his feet, tears sparkling in her eyes.

"Father, thy Marguerite begs for pardon, begs to be taken back; and for herself, and her husband, and her child."

"Daughter, I have been wrong; my rage was foolish, impotent. Children, rise, kneel not before me. Bless you, Marguerite and Eustace."

Thus, through the means of the lovely babe, the Count and Countess De Rohan were received in their home. From that moment the baron was devoted to the child, on whom he settled his possessions, asking only that the boy should bear the title of Baron of Chatillon. This request was cheerfully granted, as in course of time others came to bear the proud name of De Rohan.

Why can't the captain of a vessel keep a memorandum of the weight of his anchor, instead of weighing it every time he leaves port?

—A Mr. Pea has been indicted in Ohio for whipping his wife and children. No doubt he thinks it a hard case that a man can't be allowed to thrash his own Peas.

—Wonder which is the most similar grain town? Who knows?

Pretention vs. Worth.
Mere pretention is far too much the order of the day. It is frequently successful, too, in the procurement of the external goods of life, that there is not much room to wonder at its employment by the ambitious, not to say the necessitous. In competition with its modest worth is, time and again, thrown into the shade beyond recognition.

This tendency of things social should not be encouraged. Every right-thinking person should set his face against it, utterly, and do his part in reforming it. The young, particularly, should be taught to avoid pretention, as destructive of every thing like a true basis of character. They should be brought to see that an over-estimate of their personal ability or worth is the worst of misfortunes, while all attempts to pass for what they know they are not, are worse than folly—nothing short, in fact, of hypocrisy, to the use of which the poet Dryden has addressed himself in words as truthful as withering—

"Fair hypocrite, you seek to cheat in vain!"

What society needs most, in this connection, is more deference to those who are too modest or diffident to make their real value known, and hence pass their entire lives in obscurity, as it happens in too many instances, like flowers, "born to blush unseen," and "waste their sweetness on the desert air" of social obscurity. Most flowers bloom through all the hours of the day. But there are some to whose blooming the sun-rays are a *sine qua non*—hence they close with the close of day. To their fullest development and usefulness, in the divine order, the genial rays of the great luminary are indispensable. So it is with the possessors of modest worth. They need the genial rays of sympathy to warm their energies into activity—to develop the untried powers of their heads and their hands, and render their lives prosperous and happy.

Outlet in Life.
Who that has ever seen the young about to embark on the great sea of the "world," can have failed to mark the elasticity of spirit with which they enter on the new stage of existence? The present is regarded as nothing, the past is looked on as a watch of the night, and the future alone is esteemed the end and object of life. Age takes its pleasures from "memory," youth centers its joys in the "hope" of the future; philosophy, which belongs neither to the young, or old exclusively, has regard to the present, and sobers its visions of what is to come by the experience of what has already gone before. The young have had no experience, and time alone must be their monitor. The silver hairs, and the furrowed brow, and the tottering step, must all combine ever we fully realize the unwelcome truth that, in all our schemes and prospects of enjoyment, distance alone has the most enchantment to the view, that under the most pleasures there have ever lurked insidious thorns, and that the gorgeous shapes that have floated before us in golden magnificence have been but as monster soap-bubbles, which the first breath of air shattered into annihilation.

Sullivan Express.

J. H. & E. E. Waggoner.

EDITORS & PUBLISHERS.

SULLIVAN, ILLINOIS.

Friday, July 26, 1858.

County Fair.

There will be a meeting of the Board of Managers of the Moultrie County Agricultural Society, in Sullivan, on Saturday, July 31st, at 2 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of making the necessary arrangements for holding a County Fair.

By order of the President.

E. E. WAGGONER,

Corresponding Secretary.

Sullivan, Ill., July 16 1858.

The Sullivan Strings tender their thanks to Miss T. Harkney, for a very fine cake presented them, on the night of the 16th instant.

The above was in type for last week's issue, but in making up the form it was unintentionally left out.

The Misses McHenry will please accept the thanks of the Sullivan Strings, for a very nice cake—presented on the night of the 27 Inst.

For half a century, it is said, not a boat has passed Mount Vernon, where lies the illustrious dead, without tolling the bell while passing the sacred spot.

For this Express.

The Grave-Yard.

MASS. EDITORS: Permit me through your columns, to reply to the communication of "A Citizen" on this subject. I am the individual who turned the sheep into the yard; and the reason for so doing was this: the Cemetery had become very much choked up by burdock and other unsightly weeds, the fence had got out of repair by trees falling upon it, and the whole place needed cleaning up. I had called several times, upon different persons in town, to help me clear up the place, but could get no help. At last, as a labor of love, and a tribute of affection to my own departed friends whose remains are deposited in the grave-yard, I took hold of the work myself, and after a great deal of trouble, I procured the services of a flock of sheep, and turned them in. In a very short time they eat up the burdock and other weeds, and in this way produced the "barn-yard" appearance, of which "A Citizen" complains. There is no accounting for taste, and if your correspondent prefers to see the Cemetery overgrown with dock, briars, and brambles, I shall not quarrel with him for his taste, but I prefer to see it kept neat and clean, and am willing to spend time and money for that purpose. "That which is the business of everybody is done by no one" is an old adage, and it holds good in this case—no one cared for the Cemetery. It is well known, that, at my urgent solicitation the yard was fenced; and that I performed the work of fencing it, for which I have not yet been fully paid. In addition to this I have expended seven and half dollars in keeping the fence and ground in repair, out of my own small means. Possibly these services might give me a right, if one more than another, can have such a right—to turn the sheep into the yard. As to the statement in regard to injury done to evergreens, I simply say, it is false. No real injury has been done to any grave or its ornaments, by any act of mine. Your correspondent calls me an unfeeling person, which shows the littleness of his soul, and the entire origin of the charge. In conclusion, I concur in the suggestion of your correspondent, and would further suggest that a meeting of the citizens be called, and measures taken to have the enclosure finished, cleared up, a gate keeper appointed, and rules made in regard to burials in the Cemetery: then there will be no cause of complaint.

I have contracted for one hundred evergreens, at my own expense, to be brought here this fall, and set out in the Cemetery.

B. B. PASCHON.

Representative.
Mr. H. B. Worley declines being a candidate for Representative to the next Legislature, as will be seen by the following circular, which we copy from the Charleston Courier of the 21st instant:

Mr. Editor:—It is expected by many that I will be a candidate for the Legislature. I have been, and am still warmly solicited. To those who solicit me, I tender my most grateful thanks for their kindness. I am always willing to do any thing honorable for the gratification of my friends and the promotion of the common good of our country. I have never sought the office, neither do I desire it, therefore I hope my friends will excuse me for refusing to run, as there are other persons who desire to run, who are good men, and will, doubtless, closely scrutinize the interests of our people, and if within their power obtain relief for the people of Illinois, as it is essentially necessary. I have a strong desire that S. A. Douglas be returned to the U. S. Senate. Laying all prejudices aside, all are bound to admit that he has not an equal in the State, if in the world. Why then attempt to tear down the greatest breast-work that Illinois has ever had; a man who has promoted Illinois, when other men's efforts have failed.—Stephen A. Douglas stands as one of the great American lights, therefore, I hope his enemies will fail in their endeavors to defeat him.

Yours, &c., H. B. WORLEY.

An Epidemic.

MASS. EDITORS: There is a disease prevailing in this country as an epidemic this summer, but, fortunately, it is not a very fatal disease. It is very irregular in its approach, but generally the symptoms are languor, lassitude, thickness of tongue, no desire for breakfast, restlessness at night, frequently wakes and finds himself embracing his pillow most tenderly; complains of pain and a fluttering sensation in the region of his left jacket pocket; his mind is very busily engaged building air-castles; he sighs frequently—sometimes oftener: he is not satisfied unless he has on his Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes, boots black and shiny, &c., &c. ad libitum. When he feels the paroxysm is not to be evaded he skulks up to the off-side of the best looking lady in the world—according to his taste—and has a minister to stand in front of them—to protect them from the Evil One, I suppose—who talks to them a little while, when the diseased man becomes so much excited that he seizes the lady by the hand, as if he expected that act to relieve him, but in spite of himself and the minister, his tremors grow worse and worse till he is as badly effected as was Belshazzar, when he saw the hand writing upon the wall. When the minister finds the diseased man can stand up no longer, he pronounces him and the "handsomest girl in the world" man and wife, and tells them to sit down. After seating themselves, they are approached by all their friends, and the new husband is seized by the hand, and heartily shaken, which operation soon relieves him, and he is pronounced convalescent, which pleases the new wife so well that she begins to sing

"This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not."
The oftener a person has this disease the more susceptible he is to another attack. Although this disease has prevailed to an alarming extent, in this country, this summer, there has been no deaths from it reported.

GRASSHOPPER.

COMET OF 1858.—A telescopic comet has been discovered at Perth Amboy, New Jersey, by Mr. Henry M. Parkhurst. The comet is increasing its right ascension, and moving northward in declination. It has a bright nucleus, and resembles a nebulous star of the eleventh magnitude.

Gold Discoveries.
The existence of gold in considerable quantities, along the shores of the Zembro River, and in the hills in this vicinity, is no longer a matter of speculation. Gold is daily being found, and in quantities sufficient to pay handsomely for the digging. Specimens have been washed out, in our presence, in lumps as large as a pin head, and some as large as a bullet. Arrangements are being made to work the digging in good earnest. One company near Oronoco have invested, over ten thousand dollars in furnishing machinery, &c. The diggings are at present yielding from two to six dollars per day to each man.

In Rochester, the leads have been investigated as they have been near Oronoco. From one of them a gentleman yesterday took out a "chunk" worth over two dollars, and it is not uncommon to take out pieces ranging from 15 to 75 cents in value. What we state in this reference is true, for we have been an eye witness to the facts. But little excitement exists here in reference to the discoveries; but they are being thoroughly investigated, and instead of diminishing the confidence of the public in existence of gold here, these investigations have convinced the most skeptical.

LATER.—Since the above was written, the excitement in our town in consequence of the gold discoveries, has greatly increased. Several gentlemen have sunk a shaft on College street, near the river, and are working with satisfactory results. For the distance of fifty or sixty yards, above and below the College street bridge, the river banks are covered with miners, all busily engaged in washing out gold. Mr. Rawlins today took out a "lump" which weighed two penny-weights. All the miners are taking out more or less—principally fine or dust gold. We do not know what answer to make to the numerous inquiries made of us in reference to the productiveness of the "diggings." We would not purposely mislead the public. One thing, however, is beyond cavil: Gold does exist here, and in considerable quantities—sufficient to pay handsomely for industrious digging, and proper mining.—[Rochester (Min.) Democrat.]

FORCED SMILES.

What is more beautiful than smiles! Whether seen playing upon the face of young innocence, or upon the furrowed visage of venerable age, smiles are always attractive and blissful. He who wears a smiling face is a practical philanthropist. He dispels the clouds of gloom that overshadow the brows of care and the hearts of sorrow he meets in his life-path, as the sun dispels the misty clouds of morning from the face of nature. Well might one of the sweetest of our own poets exclaim—

"A human smile! How beautiful!"
But there is another class of smiles whose influence is far different, and which spread a pall of sadness over every thing they touch. These are the forced smiles, which the proud heart sends forth, as counterfeiters send forth their deceptive coin— which wreaths the brow of vanity with garlands in which there is no vitality, worn to hide the aching heart of the wearer—which are intended to veil poverty from the prying ken of the merely curious, or perhaps the heartless observer!

This latter class of smiles is graphically portrayed by the poet just quoted, where he sings—
"You've seen the lightning flash, at night,
Play briefly 'o'er its cloudy pile,
The moonlight tremble on the night,
Where winter glens cold and bright,
And like that flash, and like that light,
Is narrow's vain and heartless smile."

WHAT'S A WIFE.

BY GEORGINA WHELAN.
"A wife!" says Hyacinth Self-will Lofty, "why a wife is a woman that belongs to a man. She's a pretty little creature, made to tickle his fancy, his vanity, and his self-love; and to laugh, sing, and dance thro' his otherwise dull habitations. But upon her dance, mind you, she must see that the house is kept in good order; that the dinner is always well cooked; that the buttons and the hose are all right; and that nothing in the whole household economy ever interferes with his comfort. In short, a wife is a pleasant sort of universal servant to her husband's will and pleasure—a most agreeable provision made by the Creator for man's good. She is a compound of flowers, music, and domestic animal, very useful and very ornamental—all the more desirable for her lack of mental powers, because, were she not in this respect so much inferior to her decreed lord and master, she might become so presumptuous as to think that a shoe which fits one foot ought to fit the other; that good rules work both ways; and that just so much comfort and delight as she gives she has a right to demand in return; that just so much honor and respect as she pays she should receive; in short, that she is in number and importance, of rights and privileges, the peer of her husband."

Thus Hyacinth Self-will Lofty.

But James Just Common-Sense, Esq., made answer:

"Nay; but a wife is given neither for a toy, nor for a servant, but for a steadfast friend; she is, indeed, a fount of joy and pleasure, such as, to a true heart, there is not elsewhere on earth; she is, indeed, the brightener of his house, and the wise and careful manager of her family, of her family, for whatever is his is hers, and between wedded hearts the word "mine" and "thine" are impudence and absurdity; but she is more than this—she is his confidant, his adviser, his ever sympathizing friend, his able and most tender consoler, his strength ever when his courage droops; she is the voice of God's love and comfort to him as he toils and struggles through this weary world. This is what a wife is, if she answers to her Maker's ideal; but she is seldom found, alas! because man is so unworthy."

ADAM'S WEDDING.

We like short courtships and in this Adam acted like a man; he fell asleep a bachelor, and awoke to find himself a married man. He appears to have "popped the question" immediately after meeting Ma'melle Eve, and she, without flirtation or shyness, gave him a kiss and herself. Of that first kiss in this world we have had, however, our own thoughts and sometimes in poetical mood we have wished we were the man that did it. But the deed is, or was done; the chance was Adam's and he improved it. We like the notion of getting married in a garden, it is in good taste. We like a private wedding, and Adam's was strictly private. No envious beaux were there, no croaking old maids, no chattering aunts and grumbling grand-mother. The birds of heaven were the minstrels, and the glad sky shed its lights upon the scene.

BABES AND TOOTHACHE.—We believe that a man who can be kept awake six nights in a week with the jumping toothache, and be "routed" by a squalling baby just after he has fallen into a doze on the seventh night—without getting mad or wondering why babies and toothache were invented—is a greater philosopher than Newton, and a greater hero than Leonidas and all the Spartans put together.

WHAT MAKES A MAN.

A faithful soul, a loving mind,
Full of affection for its kind,
A spirit free, erect, and free,
That never basely bends the knee;
That will bear a father's weight
Of slavery's chain, for small or great,
That truly speaks from God within,
That never makes a league with sin,
That maps the festive banquet table;
That worships God, and him alone,
And bows nowhere but at his throne;
That trembles at no tyrant's nod,
A soul that fears no one but God,
And thus can smile at curse or ban,
That is the soul that makes the man.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

To you, ye spirits of the night,
I tune my feeble lyre—
Oh! that its echoes never might
In Lethe's empire expire!
Oh! that the Nine would guide my hand
To strike each faltering string,
Till nations of each distant land
With anthems loud would ring.

Yet why should I to fame aspire
A Byron sought and won?
Yet be, with all his heart's desire,
Was an unhappy one—
A shadow rested on his heart,
As sombre as the grave,
And words that bent before his harp,
To him no pleasure gave.

Yet, 'tis pleasant on Parnassus' height
To strike the living lyre,
Till vocal grows the gloom of night
With its celestial fire—
Till stars that nestle in the sky
The dying notes prolong,
And spirit-minstrels hovering nigh
Reiterate the song.

Ye spirits of the silent night,
I hail you as a friend!
Your shadows of a dubious light
To song a lustre lend.
Night's stillness breeds a thousand notes
Within the living lyre,
Which, like a river, onward floats,
Unquenchable as fire.

In the gathering gloom of night
Apostate spirits glide,
And to the sleeper's sleeping sight
Infernal visions rise
His spirit groans beneath the spell—
A cavern greets the sight—
A gulf—the very verge of hell—
Aback he springs in flight.

The spell is broken, yet he peers
Into the horrid gloom,
As though to verify his fears
That he foresaw his doom.
Delusive dream! 'Tis strange, indeed,
That conscience conjures up
A vampire on its soul to feed,
And its life-blood to suck.

Onward, Pegasus! spread your wings;
Why should we pause to muse
On dreams, which are such transient things,
That they our life amuse?
We sing of night, whose shadows gloam
Along the distant sky;
Where God reclines upon his throne,
With lightning in his eye.

Night's like a mirror—in it we
Can see our spirit's face,
With all its black deformity,
And hideous disgrace.
Its picture should improve and make
Us better than we are.
Ere life's probationary state
Has vanished, like a star.

POETRY.

Oh, Lady with the Edengoes,
Like hers that in the Paradise,
And roses as sweet as winds that sweep
With her over-joy on flowers in June,
And hair as round the forehead curled,
It is the wonder of the world—
Say, Lady, say will thou not be
My star of hope o'er life's dark sea?

Thy grateful form I might compare
To fairy beings of the air,
But that I know their bright eyes are
Themselves unworthy such as thou,
The paragon of thy dear sex,
Sent here to charm us or to win,
While now they taunting sing—thy form
Was never meant for any storm.

Dear Lady, to the Elms sing
Around an empty chimney-wing,
But yet despite their words that seem
Like Truth's own words in olden time,
I can but, will but think that thou,
With such a gentle voice and brow
Dost whisper—Yea! oh, yes! I'll be
Thy star of hope o'er life's wild sea!

—If you are a very precise man,
and wish to be certain of what you
get, never marry a girl named Ann;
for we have the authority of Murry
and others that "Ann is an indefinite
article."

If you marry one named Margaret,
you may fear for the manner that
she will end her days, for all the
world knows that "Peggy" were made
for hanging.

You may adore your wife, but you
will be surpassed in love when your
wife is a Dora.

MARRIED.

On Wednesday, the 20th instant,
by Rev. A. Buckner, Mr. BENJ. R.
HAYDON, of this place, to Miss C.
PIFER, of Ohio.

In company with the above notice
was as fine a Wedding Cake as we
generally see in this country—it must
have cost several dollars to make it—
and if our mouth did not water so as
to cause us to spit on, and spoil our white
clothes, we'd keep it "just to show-
folks, (Ben. Haydon)."

Ben. was, for a while, our partner
in the Printing Office, but becoming
weary of such a life, he soon withdrew
from the "craft," and has now formed
a copartnership for life; and one that
is not, as a general thing, so quickly
dissolved. Go it, Ben, you and your
Lady have our best wishes, for we
committed a similar act not long since,
ourselves, and know something of your
feelings.

May all the pleasures life can give,
Surround you while you both shall live—
May roses sweet, without a thorn,
Spring up, thy pathway to adorn,
And when old age shall find its way
Into thy home, some future day,
May it see, marked on thy brow,
Purest joys, &c. on this, this day.

Republican Meetings.

Will be held in the several precincts
in Moultrie county, for the purpose
of appointing delegates, to attend a
County Convention, to be held in
Sullivan, on the 5th day of August
next, for the purpose of nominating
suitable candidates for offices of Sher-
iff, and Coroner.—Lake Park will be
entitled to one delegate; Whitley's
Creek, four; Marrowbone, five; Lor-
rington, six; Sullivan, sixteen.
AT WHICH time and place dele-
gates will be selected to meet with the
delegates of Coles county, to nominate
a candidate to represent us in the next
State Legislature.
Old friends invited to attend—good
speakers expected.
JOHN A. KANAN, Secy.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY virtue of an execution to me di-
rected and delivered by the clerk
of the circuit court of Moultrie county
in the State of Illinois, in favor of
J. & W. L. Haydon, assignees of Jas.
Elder, and against James H. Keller,
I have levied upon the following de-
scribed Real Estate to wit: The sw^{1/2}
of sec 31, T. 13, R. 5 East, 40 A,
as the property of the said James H.
Keller, which I shall offer at public
sale at the court house door in Sull-
ivan in said State, on the 21st day of
August A. D. 1858, between the hour
of 9 o'clock A. M. and sunset of said
day, for cash in hand, to satisfy said
execution.

E. C. BERRY, SHY N. C. H.
By Wm. R. LEE, Deputy.
July 20th 1858. 46 37

Heat Market.
R. B. Bennett has opened
Heat Market in this place, and
now well prepared to supply the
large appetite, and keep all men
from the dreariness of winter.

