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**SULLIVAN EXPRESS.**  
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**The Atlantic Telegraph Cable.**  
BY WILLIAM WINTER, ESQ.  
[The following words were written to be sung by the audience at the Promenade Concert of the Boston Music Hall, to the tune of Hail Columbia.]  
Grand with feeling, sweet and strong,  
Soothe to-night the choral song!  
For the noble work is done;  
And the precious prize is won;  
And the raptured nations stand  
Face to face and hand in hand.  
Honor to the brave and true!  
Skill to plan and will to do;  
Strength that nerves, thro' doubt and  
Saxon heart and Saxon brain!  
For the rainbow arch sublime;  
Rises o'er the sea of Time;  
And the starry lights pre-  
Triumphs of the golden age.  
O'er the centuries left behind  
Glorious is the march of mind;  
And to-night our prayers arise  
For its grandest enterprise:  
While thought's winged couriers sweep  
Through the oozy dungeon deep!  
Honor those who sowed the seed—  
Noble thought and noble deed!  
But for every blessing given,  
GLORY BE TO GOD IN HEAVEN!  
For the rainbow arch sublime;  
Rises o'er the sea of Time;  
And the starry lights pre-  
Triumphs of the golden age!

## ONLY A COUNTRY GIRL.

"You are mistaken; I would sooner die than marry a mere country beauty."  
"But, Fred, suppose her intelligent, moral, full of nature's poetry, tender-hearted, graceful, unspoiled by admiration, a guileless, simple, loving creature."  
"Ah," said Fred laughing, "a choice cluster of virtue and grace. Country beauties are always sweet and simple, and so are country cows. No, I tell you if she was as lovely as an angel, with the world, still if unskilled in music and literature, with no soul above churns and knitting needles, I would not marry her for a fortune."  
"Ha, ha!" laughed Ellen Irving, but it was a very pianissimo laugh, away down in the corner of her heart. Hidden by the trunk of a tree, she sat reading within a few feet of the egotist.  
In another moment the young man came in sight. Fred's face was crimson and he whispered in visible agitation:  
"Do you think she heard me?"  
"No," replied the other, half audibly; "she shows no resentment, she has not even looked up from her book; you are safe; she did not hear you; but what an angel she is!"  
"Yes, Ellen was an angel as far as outward beauty might merit the epithet. She sat half reclining on a rustic seat, a living picture on the dimples in her cheeks as she laid her book aside, and began to wipe a finished wreath of wild roses, leaving one white arm, the graceful white oak a background, flowers strewn around her, a dainty slipper peeped from her white dress, she sat quite at her ease, apparently unconscious that two handsome young gentlemen were so very near."  
Approaching with a low bow, upon which his mirror had set the seal of fashion, elegance, Frederick Lane

took the liberty of asking if the young lady would inform him where Mr. Irving lived.

With an innocent smile the beauty looked up.

"Mr. Irving! the only one in the village is my father," said she, rising in a charming and graceful manner. "The large house on high ground, half hidden by trees and thick shrubbery; that's where we live. I believe it was an academy once, that's a sort of select school isn't it?" with the most natural simplicity turning to Fred.

He replied with another graceful bow.

"Tell your father," said he, "that I shall do myself the honor to call upon him to-morrow. He will remember Frederick Lane, at your service."

"Yes, sir, I will tell him for you," replied Ellen, tucking her sleeve around her pretty arm, and making a rather formal courtesy. Then catching up her books and gathering the scattered flowers she hurried home.

"Now father, mother, aunt and sis," exclaimed the merry girl, bounding into the room where the family were at supper, "so sure as you live, that Mr. Lane you talk so much about is in the village, and will be here to-morrow; the first specimen of a city man, (of course) all sentiment, no fluff; faultless in kids and spotless in dicky, important and self-assured as one of that ilk can possibly be. Promise me all of you that you will not slip one word about music, reading and writing in his presence, because I have a plan. Father will not know; but if you, sis, will keep quiet and ask no questions, I will give you that work box you have coveted so long."

"Ellen, you are not quite respectful," said her father, gravely.

"Forgive me dear father," and her arms were round his neck, "I always mean well, but am thoughtless. There all is right now, kissing him lovingly on the temple."

"Come sis, what say you?"

"Why, on that condition, I'll be as still as a mouse; but what's your reason?"

"Ah! that's my own," said Ellen, dancing out of the room.

"Ellen sat at the window, through which rose bushes thrust their blushing buds, making both a sweet shade and fragrance. The canary overhead, burst forth every moment in wild snatches of music. Ellen was at work on a long blue stocking, nearly finished, and her fingers flew like snowy birds."

"You knit most admirable, are you fond of it?"

"Yes, quite, I like it better than anything else—that is I mean, I mean I can churn well."

"And do you read much?" Fred's eyes had travelled over every table shelf and corner in search of some books or paper. But not a page, nor a leaf, repaid his research.

"O, yes," said Ellen, with a self-satisfied glance.

"What books, permit me to ask?"

"I read the Bible a good deal," she said gravely.

"Is that all?"

"All! of course not; and yet what do we not find in the Bible? History, poetry, eloquence, romance—the most thrilling pathos! Blushing and recollecting herself, she added,

in a manner as childish as it before had been dignified. "As for the other books, let me see, I've got in my library—here's the primer, (counting on her fingers) second class reader, Robinson Crusoe, Nursery Tales, Fairy Stories, two elements of something, biography of some person or other, Mother's Magazine, and King William III. There, isn't that a good assortment?"

Fred smiled.

"Perhaps I don't know as much as those who have gone to school more," she added, as if disappointed at the mute rejoinder, but in making broad and charming butter and keeping house I am not to be outdone."

The young man felt more in pity than in love, but his visits did not always so result. He began to feel a magnetic attraction, which he mainly attributed to Ellen's beauty; but the truth is, her sweet artlessness of character, engaging manner and disposition, quite won the city bred, aristocratic Fred Lane. There was a freshness about everything she said or did, that perplexed as well as delighted him.

Often as he was wondering how some homely expression would be received in good society, some beautiful sentiment would suddenly drop like a pearl from her lips, more remarkable for originality than for brilliancy.

"I should fall into the snare," thought he, "I can educate her; it is worth trying."

It was useless to combat his passions, so he at last fell at Ellen's feet—figuratively speaking—and confessed his love for her.

"I care not, Ellen, only be mine," was his invariable answer to her exclamations of unworthiness, how she would appear in society, &c.

They were married, and returned from their wedding tour, and yet, at the expiration of the honeymoon, Fred was more in love than ever.

At a grand entertainment given by the friends of the bridegroom, Ellen looked most beautiful. Her husband did not insist that she should depart from simplicity; and indeed without jewels or laces, with that fresh white robe, simple sash of blue, and ornaments of fair moss rose, she was by far the most lovely creature in the room.

As she entered the great saloon, blazing with light, her heart failed her.

"Shall I love him as dearly," she asked herself, "if I find he is ashamed of me? I cannot hear the thought; but should he overcome all conventional notions, then I have a husband to be honored; and then shall he be proud of his wife."

That she watched him as he presented her to one and another.

"Simple," whispered a magnificent girl, replete with diamonds as she curled her lips and passed by. The observation escaped neither Ellen nor her husband. She looked at him. He smiled a lover's smile, and only drew her closer to his side.

Many in that brilliant gathering pitied poor Fred and wondered why he had martyred himself on the shrine of rusticity.

But he only joy he seemed, only to love her the more as he clung to his arm so truthfully, his noble face expressed the pride he truly felt, he looked as if he would have sworn to back the same

with one motion of his hand, had he ventured a wave too high on the shore of his pride. He seemed to ex-  
every look, every word not in strict conformity, to etiquette; and Ellen's heart beat high, and tears came in her eyes when she felt how noble a heart she had won.

The young bride stood near her husband talking in a low tone when a new comer appeared. She was a beautiful slightly for need creature, with haughty features. Ill concealed scorn lurked in her brilliant eyes whenever she glanced toward Ellen. Once she held away over the heart of Fred, and hearing he had married, she fancied her hour had come.

"Do you suppose she knows anything?" whispered a voice near her.

Ellen's eyes sparkled, her fair face flushed indignantly. She turned to her husband. He was gone, speaking at a little distance with a friend.

"Do you play Mrs. Lane?" she asked. There was a mocking tone in her voice.

"A little," answered Ellen, her cheek flushing slightly.

"And sing?"

"A little," was the half reply.

"Then do us a favor," exclaimed Miss Somers, looking askance at her companions. "Come, I myself will lead you to the instrument."

"Hark! what a master touch!" Instantly the cold ear and haughty head were turned in surprise. Such melody! such correct intonation! such breadth, depth and vigor as to—who is she? she plays like an angel!

"An! again, hark! A voice rolls—flood of melody; clear, powerful and passing sweet; astonishment paints many a fair cheek; a deep scarlet—There is a silence unbroken, and the strains float up.

"Aye, eye I not for cold neglect,  
Though tears unbidden start;  
And soon is but a bitter word,  
Save when it breaks the heart.  
If one be true,  
The world may care less be,  
Since I may only keep thy love,  
And tell my grief to thee."

"Glorious voice!" said Fred to his friend who with the rest had paused to listen. "Who can she—the words suddenly arrested on his lips. She turned from the piano, and the unknown was his wife!

"I congratulate you Fred," said the young man at his side, but he spoke to marble. The color had left his cheek, he walked toward her.

If he was speechless with amazement so not she. A rich glow mantled her cheek, triumph made her eyes sparkle as they never did before; they gathered like diamonds. A crowd gathered to compliment her. In graceful acknowledgment she blended wit and humor.

"How well she talks; who would have believed! He has found a treasure," was whispered all around the room.

Meanwhile Frederick Lane stood like one enchanted, while his little rustic wife quoted books with perfect abandon, admired this one, condemned that. A sedate looking student lost himself in a Latin quotation. Ellen smilingly finished it and she received a look eloquent with thanks. Bonnet, raptures, language rich in fancy and imagery, fell from her beautiful lips, as if they had received a touch of some fairy hand.

Still Fred walked by her side like one in a dream, pressed his hands over his bewildered eyes, to hide from his eyes, when he saw her bending, a breathing love was over the harp, her full form leaning on its golden strings, her eyes on the floor, her

now plaintive with some tender memory, rise and fall in sweet and sorrowful cadence, as if she were saying, "Tell me," as if she were saying, "what does this mean? I feel like one awakened from a dream."

"Only a country girl," said Ellen, gravely, then falling into her husband's arms she exclaimed, "Forgive me. I am that little rustic that you would rather die than wed. Are you sorry now that you married me?"

"Sorry, my glorious wife! But Ellen how could you deceive me? Did I not understand you had never—"

"Been at an Academy," she broke in; "never took a music lesson, never was taught to sing, all very true; and yet I am all you see me here to-night, myself my own teacher, with labor and diligence. I hope I am worthy to be the wife of one so good and exalted as I find my husband to be."

Really, wouldn't we like to be there just about now and hear her story; the laughing between smiles, her pretty face and dimples, as she tells how she banished the piano, harp, books, port folio, all in an empty room by themselves, and locked the door, leaving them to seclusion and dust, while the young country girl, without any deep laid scheme, succeeded in convincing the well bred city gentleman, that he could marry a charming rustic, even if her fingers were more familiar with the piano and harp.

**A Musical Fable.**  
THE MOCKING BIRD AND THE OWL.

Not far from the edge of a mocking-bird was the perch of an owl. Both birds were parts of the family; but for different reasons; the one was the delight of the household for the beauty and variety of its song; while the other was the laughing-stock of all for its mouth and awkward movements. The mocking-bird all the day long poured forth its music, imitating every other songster it had ever heard; and even occasionally, essayed to imitate the melancholy hoot of its neighbor, the owl. The mocking-bird from morning till night was cheerful and gay; but the owl, on the contrary, was reserved and melancholy. He had observed that he seemed only to excite the laughter of his owners, while his more fortunate companion was to them a never failing source of delight. How he envied the mocking-bird! For a long time he endeavored to discover some method of bettering his condition. At length he hit upon a plan! Why could he not sing as sweetly? He resolved to practice. Night and day he hooted and screamed; chattered, and howled, and screeched. The house was filled with the uproar. Even the mocking-bird was silenced by the diabolical noise. The owl persisted in his practice, till at length, the owner of the house, unable longer to endure the noise, dragged him from his perch, and put an end to his practice and life at the same time.

Two lessons may be learned from the above fable. The first is: Be content with your station in life. The second: Never strive for that which lies beyond your power of attaining.

"A lady the other day asked a young man of our acquaintance: 'Sit, is your wife as pretty as you are?'"

"No, miss, but she has very pretty manners," said the young man.

"Live so that when death comes you may embrace like friends, not encounter like enemies."

"If thou adoptest another's life, thou showest thou wouldst willingly have been his proper heir."

"I advise thee to visit thy relations and friends; but I advise thee not to live in near them."

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