

The Sullivan Express.

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

J. H. Waggoner,

"THE UNION MUST BE PRESERVED."

Editor & Proprietor.

VOL. II.

SULLIVAN, ILLINOIS, FRIDAY, APRIL 22, 1859.

NO. 30.

BUSINESS CARDS.

STRATTON & HUBBARD,
WHOLESALE GROCERIES & DRY GOODS,
CARPETS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
HATS & CAPS,
BEAWE GOODS &c.
Decatur Ill. 51f.

G. C. BURROUGHS,
WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALER IN
School, Miscellaneous and
BLANK BOOKS,
WALL PAPER,
Window Shades, fancy Articles &c.

DECATUR, ILLINOIS.
Cash paid for Rags.
New School Books.

E. HUNT,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR.
Mr. H. would respectfully announce to the
citizens of Sullivan and vicinity, that he has
opened a Shop in Dr. Witt & Keller's office,
west side public square, where he is prepared
to do any kind of work in his line, in a fash-
ionable and workman-like manner.
Sullivan Ill. Oct. 15th 1858 4 f.

D. B. EVERETT,
Physician and Surgeon.
Respectfully tenders his professional ser-
vice to the citizens of Sullivan and surround-
ing country.
Office one door west of Walker's dwelling,
where he may always be found, except when
absent on professional business.
Sullivan, Ill. 51f.

A. B. LEE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Sullivan - - - - - Illinois.
Will practice in the courts of Moultrie, Cole,
Shelby, and Mason counties. Prompt and dili-
gent 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.
December 10th 1858. - - - - - 51f.

C. B. STEELE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
SULLIVAN : : : : ILLINOIS.
OFFICE, on west side of square. - - - - - 51f.

L JENNINGS & CO.,
-DEALERS IN-
GRAIN, FLOUR, SALT, LUMBER, LIME &c.
All goods consigned to our care, will meet
with prompt attention.
Windsor Ill. Oct. 1st 1858. 21f.

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 f.

J. R. EDEN. J. MEKKER.
EDEN & MEKKER,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.
Having formed a partnership will
attend to all professional business en-
trusted 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 al-
ways be found.
Sullivan Ill. Sept. 17, 1857. 1 f.

O. ANDRUS,
JEWELER,
Just from New York, will establish
himself permanently in this place, and
solicits the patronage of the public. He
has confidence that he will please all.
Call and try him.—West side Public
square in VADAKIN'S STORE.
O. ANDRUS & Co.
N.B.—All work warranted 12 months,
at Eastern prices.
Jan. 14th '59.—17-400

Moultrie Lodge, No. 181,
A. F. & A. M.,
Meets regularly at their hall in Sullivan
on the Monday evening of, or next preceding
each full moon. Transient brothers fraternal-
ly welcome. J. W. R. MORGAN B. W. M.
J. R. KNIGHT Secy.

Moultrie Lodge, No. 156,
I. O. O. F.,
Meets every Tuesday Evening in their Hall,
over Vadhams Store. Transient Brothers in
vited to attend.
W. W. TRACY, Sec. J. B. KNIGHT, N. G.

SULLIVAN EXPRESS.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY.

J. H. WAGGONER,

EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

1,50, Invariably in Advance!

THE NEGLECTED WIFE.

(CONCLUSION.)

CHAPTER IV.

Alighting in the *portone*, or entrance
Herbert hurried up the staircase, never
pausing in his haste till he reached
the landing before his door, when on
applying the key, he softly pushed it
open, and treading lightly not to al-
larm Rose, by bursting too suddenly
upon her, entered the hall.

Not to alarm Rose! What a change
had come over him in a few minutes!
He dreaded to see her almost; a cold
dew hung upon his forehead, and his
hands worked convulsively. There
was a stillness in the house which con-
trasted strangely with the scene he had
just quitted; and to him it seemed o-
minous of the deeper silence of the
grave.

A light was burning in the room, be-
yond which was the one where Rose
generally sat, but he scarcely had cou-
rage to enter; at length he noiselessly
approached, and standing at some dis-
tance, contemplated her unobserved.
She was leaning over a table, drawn
near the sofa; her desk and some pa-
pers were spread open, and she appear-
ed to have been writing, for a pen,
still wet with ink, lay beside her; but
this employment had been suspended,
and her hand was pressed against her
side as if she felt in pain. The signifi-
cant action, the worn face the hollow
cough—he saw it all; yet saw too late
dull wretch that he had been! How
fearful is that unerring conviction of
the worst which suddenly seizes upon
the mind; how it excludes all hope,
how it seems to concentrate in itself
all the intensity of anguish which we
fancy a gradual course of preparation
could alone have enabled us resigned-
ly to bear!

Like scales falling from his eyes, so
vanished in that instant the delusions
which the inherent egotism of man's
unrenewed nature, joined to his own
overweening love of the world and
thirst for admiration, had tended so
fatally to foster; and his neglect, his
culpability, arrayed themselves fear-
fully before him. The love so long un-
heeded and forsaken—the memories
of early days, which in the feverish
tumult of his subsequent life had seem-
ed too tame and insipid to recall—
all thronged upon him in that agoniz-
ing retrospect, as, soul-stricken, he
now came forward, and called mourn-
fully on her by her name—"Rose! dear
Rose!"

She looked up, and a flush of joy
spread over her wan cheek as she saw
the changed expression of his counte-
nance. With a faint cry of pleasure,
she raised herself and stretched out
her arms; and he clasped her once
more to his heart. They neither of
them spoke, but those scorching tears
that fell upon her face pleaded enough
for him. Herbert, her own Herbert
had returned, and Rose must leave
him now!

Yes, leave him she must, and soon,
too soon! The agitation of that day
told fearfully upon her, and a slow fe-
ver, which had now established itself,
seemed daily hastening her to the
grave. Passing from one extreme to
the other, her husband, from whose
eyes had dropped the scales of selfish-

ness that had so long blinded him, never left her side. Dr. Grey came again and again, and his anger against Herbert somewhat softened by the sight of his deep contrition, and the anxious tenderness with which he watched every change in Rose's state. It was a bitter trial for this kind gentleman to be obliged to leave Florence though he well knew his utmost skill was ineffectual in such a case as this. To satisfy Herbert, rather than from the prospect of any relief that could be afforded, another English physician had been called in consultation, and to his care Dr. Grey now committed his patient. The same system of caution the same necessity of "keeping up the spirits" of the poor sufferer, was strictly enjoined by the new adviser (surely such a practice, however kindly meant by medical men, is not defensible), so that although her husband was forbidden to indulge any hope of her recovery, he was compelled to maintain the miserable deception of appearing to do so in her presence.

When Dr. Grey bade her farewell, he had sufficient command of himself to preserve a cheerful aspect, and a steady tone of voice, while Herbert, overcome by his feelings, had abruptly left the room. It was then that Rose placed a letter in his hand, which she begged him to convey to her father. She told him she commenced it the night after his first arrival, and had continued it at intervals, as well as her strength and opportunities for writing unseemly by Herbert, permitted.

"I have not shown it to my husband," she added, "for I do not wish him to think that I despond; but had I waited longer—Dear kind friend win for me my father's pardon! See him if you can, and say how I love him how I have always loved him! entreat him to believe me, for indeed, what I affirm is truth! Speak to him of little Hugh, and of Herbert, my poor Herbert! tell him how kind, how devoted he is now to me. Is he not patient, is he not all tenderness and care? Doctor, dear doctor"—and she laid her hand supplicatingly upon his—"remember, tell him this, but *only* this."

The old man felt a convulsive tight-
ening in his throat, in the struggle to
keep down the tears which were fast
rising in his eyes at this last trait of
Rose's all-forgiving, all-enduring love,
while he pledged himself to fulfil every
request she had named and every
wish she had implied.

"May a blessing rest on you for this
and for all you have done for us," she
said fervently, and then resumed in a
more tremulous voice: "Mind and speak
to him of Hugh; interest him on his
behalf—my noble Hugh. Oh, doctor,
my heart fails me there!"

"Leave thy fatherless ones to me,
and I will bring them; remember that
promise, my poor child!"
"I know it, I know it; but all is dark
at times; I have no realising faith; my
soul is cast down, and though I pray,
and that earnestly, yet I tremble while
I pray. Hugh is so passionate, so
high spirited, so loving and so sensi-
tive; while his father knows so little
how to manage him. Herbert, too, is
young, and may marry again, and then
if a stranger should be harsh to Hugh!
Oh, my child, my little child!"

Her composure gave way here, and
she broke into bitter weeping; but
there was no opportunity to say more,
for Herbert's step was heard approach-
ing, and Dr. Grey knew that the hour
for his departure had arrived. Bend-
ing over her with indescribable pity
and affection, he bade her adieu, and
went his way, conscious that on earth
he should see that gentle face no more.

It was a fearful blank to Herbert
when he was gone; he had no one to
whom he could open his heart, and
pour forth its exceeding bitterness.
The gay acquaintances of society, the
associates of hours upon which, in his
present frame of mind, it was agony
for him to dwell, all kept aloof in this
time of trial; but he heeded not their
absence, nor care for their compani-
onship. They could not have sympath-
ized with his misery, and in the mood-
iness of his feelings he would have con-
sidered their presence an intrusion at
the side of one so unworldly as his
Rose. Alone, then, he remained—
alone in the vain effort to rekindle the
embers of the flame his own neglect
had suffered to expire; alone to watch,
to suffer, to regret, as well as to speak
brightly and hopefully of recovery to
his dying wife!

She would listen to him with a calm
and gentle sweetness in her face, not
trusting herself to pluck away the hope
she still fancied lingering in his heart
though she yearned to speak to him of
the parting which must soon befall—
that from thence they might together
learn to prepare for a meeting beyond
the grave. But when she heard him
dwelling on happy days to come, she
dared not tell him that those visions
on earth could never be realised for
her, far less breathe the thought that
sometimes crossed her, that if prepar-
ed for the great change, it was better
thus to die, so loving and united, than
recover to test the stability of his re-
solves. It was not that she mistrust-
ed her husband's repentance; but she
had suffered so intensely, her life had
been such a prolonged disappointment
that the spring of hope seemed crush-
ed, and she would have quailed at a-
gain encountering the ordeal of the
mocking, heartless world, and its banef-
ul, treacherous allurements. And yet
she had forgiven, nay more, she had
well nigh forgotten all! She welcom-
ed back the tenderness so tardily re-
vived without one reproach or retro-
spection; his past years of coldness
and error were as a sealed book be-
tween them, for in her great pitying
love she forebore to dwell upon all she
had undergone, nor added poignancy
to his self-accusations.

A great and silent change, however
had for some time been passing in
Rose. In the school of affliction, ear-
ly religious impressions had revived;
and disappointed, like so many others
with the world, she had turned to him
who had invited the weary and heav-
y laden to seek consolation in Him,
and at the foot of his cross had found
that peace which she had ineffectually
sought elsewhere. Her first step of
disobedience to her parent she could
now submissively see had been right-
eously chastened, and her husband's
neglect appeared but the due reward
of the idolatrous affection which had
given to him that first place in her
heart which was due to the Creator al-
one. It will not be wondered at, then
that with these feelings she used to
pray deeply and fervently for her hus-
band and her child—pray for them
both unceasingly—pray in the solitude
of her heart, when her feeble arm was
wound round Herbert's neck, as he
sat by her bed-side, and held her hand
in his, and still talked on of the spring
and the country, and returning health.

And so they went on, the sands sink-
ing lower and lower in the glass; till
one night the bent-up anguish of her
soul burst forth, and all was revealed.
The child, as usual, had knelt before
her, and repeated his simple prayers,
when his mother drew him to her side
and raising the curls that clustered
round his fair open brow, looked into

his eyes with a lingering, wistful fond-
ness, as if wishing to leave her own re-
flection ineffably mirrored there; then
suddenly she cried out in bitter
sorrow, "My child, my child, who will
teach you to pray when I am gone?"
At those words, and at that cry,
Herbert sprang forward to her side,
covering his face, while his breast heaved
with convulsive sobs.

"Oh, Herbert," said Rose, as her
trembling hands sought to draw him
towards her; "forgive me those tears,
that grief, which I have just called
forth. But I am passing away, dear-
est; I have known, I have felt it long.
It was hard to tell you this—hard to
acknowledge it even to myself, now
that I sometimes think life might again
be so blessed. Yet it is better so; we
have no secrets between us; we know
that we must part; but, oh, Herbert!
tell me that we shall meet again; tell
me that my prayers have been at last
heard, and that you have resolved
henceforth to seek your God!"

He could not speak, but buried
his face deeper in her pillow, and she
went on:—"There have been times
when hope forsook me. I thought the
prayers of an undutiful child could not
be answered; but then again I remem-
bered that God despises not a broken
and contrite heart, and I offered that
to him. I soon ceased to pray for ear-
thy happiness. I felt that not to be
my portion; but I prayed for you, for
my own and your eternal good; for
our child, that he may be preserved a-
mid the rude storms and trials which
perhaps await him; and for myself,
that ere I died light might spring out
of darkness, and faith kindle its torch
in your heart.

"I am but a weak, erring woman,
and you may say that a child who has
rebelled against her father is little qual-
ified to direct towards the all-seeing
and righteous Judge. I have been
conscious of all this; it has long kept
me silent, and I dared not urge or re-
monstrate with you; but I must speak
now, dear Herbert. I cannot say,
'Peace, peace,' to this fluttering heart
till I see you resolved to renounce an
ensnaring world, and make the Chris-
tian's hope your own."

Again she paused, and raising her-
self on her pillow, tried to part the
hands which he still kept pressed over
his eyes, and strove to soothe the pa-
roxysm of sorrow he was unable to sub-
due. It was the woman wooing even
in death—wooing him to an eternity
of love, inviting him to seek with her
a bright heritage in heaven.

Suddenly a smile beamed upon her
wan face, as a few broken whispers
reached her ear, and an expression of
ineffable devotion lit up her fading
eyes. It seemed to her as if her tears
and supplications had, through the
great Intercessor, been accepted, and
had gone up before her as a memorial
unto heaven; and the hope of years
was now attained. Humbled, stricken-
ed—"Rose, pray for—pray with me!"
And she prayed.

The voice of the dying woman broke
the stillness of the night, as its feeble
accents rose to the throne of mercy.
Angels might have hung rejoicing over
those sounds, and swept their gold-
en lyres in sainted jubilee, for the sigh-
ing of a contrite heart accompanied
that supplication.

Who could have viewed that hallow-
ed scene, and not bow before the mighty
power of religion? The wife stretched
upon the bed from which she was
destined never more to rise, bound with
all a woman's tenderness to earth by
the holiest affections; yet strong in her
Christian faith, undismayed by the

dread struggle which was approaching
triumphing over the weakness of her
nature, and able to impart, not seek
for courage—to give lessons of com-
pensation and submission, and teach her
husband the way to live, by showing
him how to be prepared to die!

For a few days more Rose lingered;
a few days more ere the silver cord
was loosed, and the golden bowl was
broken at the fountain. A letter from
her father came, according her his en-
tire forgiveness, breathing the utmost
love and solicitude, and promising as
soon as his infirm health permitted him
to travel, to hasten to Florence to be
with her. Dr. Grey had effectually
pleaded her cause, and worked upon
the heart which had hitherto been so
stern and unrelenting; her last injunc-
tion, too, had been obeyed, for Herb-
ert was spoken of in terms of kindness;
and Hugh, her golden-haired Hugh,
her father told her, should be the child
of his old age, and cherished, for her
sake. And then, as if the feelings so
long stifled had only acquired greater
intensity from being repressed, the
old man softened into language of the
deepest affection conjuring her to live,
to live that her smiles might again
gladden his existence, and picturing
forth the happiness of their re-union.

She wept when she read those lines,
and for a little space felt it was hard
now to leave a world where such un-
looked-for joy might have been her
portion; and the fainting spirit yearned
for a longer sojourn amidst those she
had loved so well. But as the sun
shines forth more radiant from the pas-
sing cloud which has veiled its bright-
ness, so was more beautifully revealed
the depth of her faith and the sublim-
ity of her hope, when surmounting this
last trial. No word of murmur or re-
pinning ever escaped her lips, as re-
membering always the early error of her
life, she acknowledged the justice of
her sentence; she had been chastened
by many tears, by sorrows long and
meekly borne; and now in her passage
through the dark valley of the shadow
of death, she found a heavenly arm to
strengthen and to guide her. Yes, e-
ven for her son, the anguish so long
gnawing at heart, the forebodings
which even her husband might not
share, were finally laid at rest; having
been cast at the feet of Him who had
compassion on a mother's grief, and
who, touched with the sense of our in-
firmities, knew the dangers and tempt-
ations which would beset his path,
unsheltered by her love, unguarded by
her presence.

To Herbert, each day that she was
spared was as a long farewell. During
the brief intervals of sleep, which the
influence of opiates obtained for her,
he was never absent from her side;
she would entreat him to take a little
rest, and he pretended to obey; yet
ere long, stealing back to her room,
he would count every breath she drew
and gently raising the transparent
hand extended on the coverlet, would
lay it upon his own, as if fancying that
the life and vigour which throbbled
within his own veins could communi-
cate a transient energy to hers. In
those hours of suffering and restlessness,
which were the forerunners of dis-
solution, it was his lips which read
to her the words of life that were now
her choicest food; it was his hand
which supported the weary head, and
stayed the wasted form, which seemed
to find no repose save when near him.

The only stranger who broke the sa-
credness of that closing scene was the
clergyman whom Rose had asked to
see; and who at her request came con-
stantly to visit her. Except the hour
of his daily visit, however, the husband
[SEE FOURTH PAGE.]



JOSEPH H. WAGGONER, EDITOR & PUBLISHER.

SULLIVAN, ILLINOIS.

Friday, April 23, 1859.

FOR PRESIDENT IN 1860,

Hon. S. A. Douglas.

TO OUR READERS,

We, the publishers, with such publications as we can recommend.

The Express and Godby's Lady's Book can be had for \$3.25.

We will furnish the Express, and the Atlantic Monthly, for \$3, per year.

The Express, and the Prairie Farmer, for \$2.25 per annum.

The Express, and the North-Western Farmer, for \$2 a year.

Call at our office and see specimens.

ROUNDS & LANGDON

ARE OUR ONLY

AUTHORIZED AGENTS

IN CHICAGO, ILL.

Religious.

Rev. Joel Knight will preach on the first and third Sabbath in each month, at the Presbyterian Church, at 11 o'clock A. M.

Rev. Wm. H. McVey will preach at the above place next Sabbath, (the 13th inst.) at 3 o'clock P. M.; and subsequently every two weeks.

Preaching every Sunday, at 11 o'clock, at the Christian church.

Out of Place.

"Left alone in our glory," we this week enter Joe's sanctum sanctorum,

perch ourselves in the editorial chair, and with a full sense of our importance,

hoist the mighty quill, expecting, of course, to astound the readers of the Express by the ability with which it is wielded.

We are now so exalted in our new position, so much above our common level, how can we bring our mind to bear upon anything ordinary?

Many, we are afraid, occupy a similar position to ours this week,—being puffed up above their deserts.

Be yourselves—don't try to be anybody else—'tis folly—worse than folly.

Let your character, though humble, be real. Do not seek undeserved honors, or inject your insignificant self into notice, for you will only bring upon yourself the ridicule of the wise.

Self-importance does not command the esteem of those around you, but their just condemnation. You may fancy that you are making grand impressions upon the world by your efforts, while you are only causing jeers and insults to be heaped upon you, and you are set down as shallow and conceited fools.

The great, the truly great, are not always found in a sphere where their true qualities can shine forth upon an admiring world.

No, the noblest and greatest human beings are often found far from the frequented haunts of men, unknown, probably, beyond the limited circle in which they move. Here we find those who have withstood the severest trials and temptations, who have been wronged and who have forgiven most; who have looked to God most confidently in their time of need. And this is true greatness.

Again we say, if you have pushed yourself into public notice by your duplicity, retrace your steps; if you do not, you will be thrust back, for it is written, "He that exalteth himself shall be abased." Take our advice, then, and come down from your false position, as we now do from ours, the editorial chair.

See.

POOR COUNTY.—The vote on the question of creating the new county of Ford out of the "pan handle" of Vermillion county was, a short time since, submitted to good people of Vermillion, resulted in favor of the new county by a majority of over fifteen hundred votes. We now have one hundred and two counties in this State.

His armed without that innocent within.

Pleasure is the greatest foe that happiness has.

our legislature extending the time for the payment of taxes. Inasmuch as this is not generally understood, and there is much difference of opinion existing concerning what has really meant we have a circular issued by the Auditor, relative to the matter.

AUDITOR'S OFFICE, ILLINOIS, Springfield, April 1, 1859.

The request inquires addressed to this office, relative to the provisions of the act extending the time for the collection of the taxes of the year 1858, induce me to furnish the following copy of said act:

An Act giving to the township collectors in counties adopting the township organization, until the fifteenth day of May next, to collect and pay over the State and county tax of the year 1858.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the People of the State of Illinois, represented in the General Assembly, That the township collectors of the several counties that are organized under the township organization law, shall be allowed until the fifteenth of May next to collect and pay over the State and county taxes for the year 1858, specified in their collectors' warrants respectively, and they shall also be allowed until the fifteenth of May next to return their collectors' books and the list of taxes remaining unpaid; and which they have been unable to collect;

Provided, That the several township collectors of the counties of DeKalb and Cook shall have until the first day of March next to make their returns to the county treasurer, instead of the fifteenth day of February.

Sec. 2. All lands and towns or city lots upon which the taxes for the year 1858, shall remain unpaid, upon the fifteenth of May next, shall be considered delinquent for the taxes of that year, and such proceedings shall thereupon be had for the collection of taxes upon delinquent lands and lots.

Sec. 3. It shall be the duty of each of said township collectors, on the fifteenth day of February, to pay over to the persons entitled by law to receive the same, all moneys actually collected by him at that time, and he shall also on the fifteenth day of April pay over all money which shall actually have been collected by him prior to that date, and on the said fifteenth of February, he shall file an affidavit, subscribed and sworn to by him, with the Treasurer of the county, stating that he has fully paid over all moneys that he had collected of the taxes of the year 1858, to the persons entitled by law to receive the same, except such per centage of the same as he is entitled by law to retain.

Sec. 4. The Treasurers of counties that are organized under the township organization law, as aforesaid, shall be allowed until the first Monday in August next, to settle with the Auditor of Public Accounts for the taxes of the year 1858. This act shall not apply to the counties of Pike, Kane or DeKalb. The provisions of this act shall extend to the collection of revenue in counties not adopting the township organization; Provided, that the sureties of any collector in this State shall not be released by reason of the passage of this act. This act shall apply to the county of Pike, and the several collectors of said county shall be governed by the provisions thereof.

Sec. 5. This act shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage.

Approved February 11, 1859.

NOTE.—Collectors in counties not adopting township organization, will observe that the provisions of the foregoing act are extended to the collection of revenue in their counties; it would seem, however, that the only provisions of the foregoing act are extended to the collection of revenue in counties not under township organization, is the one declaring the time when lands and town or city lots become delinquent for the non-payment of taxes for 1851, which is the fifteenth day of May, instead of the first day of April, as heretofore.

The attention of county clerks and county collectors is hereby called to a decision of the supreme court (20th Ills. Reports 338) by which the re-

cord of judgement against lands for unpaid taxes, insufficient because the column containing the amount due on each tract did not show the same to be in dollars and cents. It is therefore suggested that all records and judgments relative to delinquent taxes, be so written or printed, that the column showing the amount due shall also show the same to be in dollars and cents.

Jesse K. Dubois, Attorney.

Are Dogs Property?

Now that the dog question is up, several dogs having been killed in this county recently—we think this a good time to publish the following extract from an article in the Chicago Times, on this subject:

It will be surprising to a great many people (some of whom perhaps may be owners of valuable dogs) as it has been to us, to learn that in the State of Illinois dogs are not property. The question, we learn, was carefully examined last winter, by some competent lawyers, at the instance of gentlemen connected with the Audubon club, who desired to find some means for the protection of what they regarded as their property, against its wanton and malicious destruction by the police. The conclusion arrived at was that the common law does not recognize dogs as property, and there being no statute upon the subject, in this State, the means of protection desired could not be found. A bill was then drafted and sent to Springfield to be made into a law, but the legislature, whose members were too busily engaged in legislating themselves into office, did not enact it. In consequence, dogs are not property, and whoever happens to possess one of these animals may console himself with the remark of Shakespeare, (slightly altered)—"Whoever steals my dog, steals trash."

The Mosquito.—A writer in Harper's Magazine, for April, gives the following description of the mosquito, which should have a place in the next work on natural history:

The mosquito is an offensive and venomous species of insect. He abides in swamps and marshes, though he does by no means confine himself to those localities. His bill is long, sharp and piercing, and his voice is like tin to tin. In these respects he differs not from the snipe and sand-hill crane; neither as to his general personal appearance, particularly when on the wing. He also reminds one of a Scotch-bag-pipe, and yet is unlike it, inasmuch that his piping consists in his bag is full, and vice versa. He delights in blood and torture, and his voracity is particularly manifest in that he invariably sucks his victim through a tube instead of swallowing him at once. His appetite is insatiable, and is limited only by his capacity. When full, he retires for a time, but like the chamber of a Colt's revolver, returns to the charge as often as he goes off; so also, if he be driven away, forcibly, and for this his pertinacity is remarkable. But of what possible use he is I wot not, unless it be as a model of industry and perseverance."

Douglas for President.

Speaking of probable candidates for the next presidency, the New York Sun, an independent paper, gives utterance to its opinion of Senator Douglas, in connection with the candidacy for that office, as follows:

Judging by the present popular feeling in the northern states, there is but one man that the democracy can certainly and triumphantly elect; and that is Douglas of Illinois. The politicians may make as many arrangements and combinations as they please, but the people are as thoroughly for Douglas now, as they were for old "Rough and Ready" in 1848. Taylor's first victories in the Mexican war made an impression upon the popular mind, which all the brilliant events of Scott's campaign could not efface, tho' old Zachary was doomed, in the latter stages of the war, to comparative inactivity. It is so with Douglas. His fearless independence, at an important crisis in the nation's history, saved the country from civil war, and by his bold and untiring zeal, he arrested the progress of sectional agitators and secured a triumph in Illinois, which the whole country hailed as a new guarantee of the perpetuity of the Union. The fact is fixed in the people's mind. The principle upon which Douglas fought his battles is so simple that everybody understands it. His Pale Ato in Washington and his Buena Vista in Illinois are the pride of those who admire courage and noble success. He may be taboed by the politicians, but having become a popular favorite, he cannot be killed off by political intrigue.

Hope is a good breakfast, but rather a bad supper.

BOOKS.

BY ANNA W. A. CHIE.

"My library is a diamond mine, though I do not know it. The majestic prosopopoeia and the lower of books a hoik library is a kingdom of pureness, piety and measureless extent. At the feet of its sovereign a Golconda opens, and from its reigning mines he may gather gems of knowledge to circulate his own brow with a diadem more illustrious than the crowns of princes. No wizards wand in olden days ever wrought such marvels as the mighty conjuring of quaint John Gutenberg's unsightly types! As we gaze upon the transcript of master-minds spread before us by their dark impress, what spectral forms start from the magic pages! The solitary room is peopled with shapes that came not in at the doors. The great man, whose bones lie mouldering in yonder church-yard, stands beside us as a dear, familiar friend. The buried beauty floods the chamber with the golden radiance of her smile. Electric flashes of wit play around us from mouths that have long been fleshless. The silence is made musical with tones of pathos—of mirth—of counsel—of approval—all issuing from those living leaves. The poet says, "aspire to the sage," "be wise," "the martyr," "be heroic," "the divine," "be humble!" Bare walls are suddenly hung with glowing pictures of human life. Time and space are annihilated. A gentle companion softly takes our hand in his, and leads us over mountains and across seas—up dizzy heights—down cavernous abysses—through labyrinthine gardens—into loathsome dungeons—nay, he even soars with us to the pearly gates, beyond the blue expanse, and reveals a momentary glimpse of the celestial realms they enclose.

It may be that we opened the volume, whence all this enchantment comes forth weary and disheartened and seeing only the dark and tangled threads in the web of life; but we close it, after that strange wandering that mysterious communing, refreshed and strengthened. Some of the ends of the knotted skein have been found, and the shapes they are designed to brooder upon Fate's tapestry are discovered. We have assumed a new armor of courage, while consorting with courageous spirits. We grow valiant for life's battle, because we have witnessed victories and talked with conquerors.

Benjamin Franklin, when he was a boy, met with a book entitled "Esays to do Good," of which he says, "it gave me such a turn of thinking as to have an influence on my conduct through life; for I have always set a greater value on the character of a doer of good than any other kind of reputation; and, if I have been a useful citizen, the public owes the advantage of it to that book." There can be no doubt that the lives of thousands are influenced by the books they peruse at a period when the mind is like an unwritten page and of wax-like impressibility. A breath from some classic volume may fill the sails of the human ship, just launched on the broad ocean of existence, and give the first impetus towards a harbor of safety or the engulfing maelstrom.

O, how often have the pure lips of maidenhood quaffed from the Circe-cup of an evil book until the entrancing poison couched through young veins beyond the power of antidote, and the health of the spirit was hopelessly destroyed! Given, then, fearless and honest critics, who will distinguish the fair seeming nightshade from the innocent flowers of fiction. Let the censor's broad fan diligently winnow away the light and profitless chaff of literature, and disclose the wholesome wheat treasure beneath which yields fit nourishment for the expanding intellect. He, who performs this sacred duty, achieves a double good, for he surely increases our reverence for books; and can we reverse them too much, when our very Religion comes to us embalmed in the holy pages of an inspired volume?

MARRIED.

On the 14th inst., at the residence of the bride's father, in this county, by Rev. W. H. McVey, Mr. JOHN D. ASHBAUGH to Miss MARY A. REAMES.

On the 14th inst., at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. H. Y. Kellar, Mr. FREDERICK SOUTHER to Miss MARY EVANS, both of this county.

May they all have a pleasant voyage across the sea of matrimony. Look out for sea sickness, a short time after leaving port.

When a great man stops or trips, the small men around him suddenly become great.

I know of no principle, which is of more importance to fix in the minds of young people, than that of the most determined resistance to the encroachment of the ridiculous. Give up to the and to the ridicule, which the world enforces its dominion every day. The question of manner and appearance: it is to toss courage and firmness to the winds, to combat with the mass upon such subjects as these. But learn from the earliest days to insure your principles against the perils of ridicule. You can no more exercise your reason, if you live in the constant dread of laughter, than you can enjoy life, if you are in the constant fear of death. If you think it right to differ from the times, and to make a stand for any valuable point of morals, do it, however rustic, however antiquated, however pedantic it may appear; do it not for insolence, but seriously and grandly, as a man who wore a soul of his own in his bosom, and did not wait till it was breathed into him by the breath of fashion. Let them call you mean, if you know you are just; hypocritical, if you are honestly religious; pusillanimous, if you feel you are firm; resistance soon converts unprincipled wit into sincere respect; and no after-time can tear from you those feelings which every man carries with him who has made a noble and successful exertion in a virtuous cause.

The Dark Hours of Life.

Scenes of deep distress await us all. It is in vain to expect to pass through the world without falling into them. We have in our Lord's example a model for our behavior in the most severe and most trying of these occasions; afflicted; yet resigned; grieved and wounded; yet submissive; not insensible of our sufferings, but increasing the ardor and fervency of our prayer in proportion to the pain and acuteness of our feelings. But whatever may be the fortune of our lives, one great extremity, at least, the hour of approaching death is certainly to be passed through. What ought then to occupy us? what can they support us? Prayer, prayer, with our blessed Lord himself, was a refuge from the storm; almost every word he uttered, during that tremendous scene, was prayer; prayer the most earnest, the most urgent—repeated, continued, proceeding from the recesses of his soul—private, solitary—prayer for deliverance—prayer for strength—above everything prayer for resignation.—Paley.

MAXIMS FOR YOUNG MEN.—An idle brain is the devil's workshop. Better be alone than in bad company. Constant occupation prevents temptation. Dependence is a poor trade to follow. Ease and honor are seldom bed fellows. False friends are worse than open enemies. Great designs require great consideration. Hasty resolutions seldom speed well. If the counsel be good, no matter who gave it. Of all studies, study your present condition. Pay as you go and keep from small scores. Quit not certainty for hope. Ratioly promises by performances. Sell not virtue to purchase wealth. Undertake no more than you can perform. Value a good conscience more than praise. Weigh right, if you sell dear. Xerxes was mighty yet he died.—Youth and wine are fire upon fire. Zeal, of all virtues, mad his choice of silence.

THE NATIONAL FLAG.—The act of Congress establishing the national ensign, was passed unanimously on the 31st of March 1818. It was as follows:

An act to establish the Flag of the United States.

Be it enacted, etc. That from and after the 4th day of July next, the flag of the United States be thirteen horizontal stripes, alternate red and white; that the Union be twenty stars, white, in a blue field.

Sec. 2. And be it further enacted, That on the admission of every new State into the Union one star be added to the Union of the flag; and that such additional shall take effect on the 4th day of July then next succeeding such admission. Approved 21st March 1818.

The first flag thus instituted was made by Mrs. Sarah C. Rein, and first hoisted over the Hall of the House of Representatives, on the 13th of April, 1818, at 2 o'clock, P. M.

Editor and devil are both at Shelbyville this week attending circuit court as witnesses in Green-C. Camfield paint-case. Rather a hard case, I guess, or it would not be necessary for the devil to be a witness.

Our sister Sue, clothed in Joe's editorial panoply, has been in such a "weaving way" all the week that we—Nan—have not been able to do anything but stand in amazement, clap our hands and shout Suey! Suey! SUEY!!!

Impertinence.

Now that the editor and devil are both absent and we—the imp—are left to get out a paper this week, we feel inclined to exercise our impertinent natures by asking the following questions, to wit:

Is a man, who is able to spend ten or fifteen dollars annually, for sod-corn whiskey, too poor to take his county newspaper?

Is a man, who is able to keep a dog, too poor to take his county paper?

What kind of a dog is he, who says the times are too hard for him to take his county paper, yet is able to loan money, shave notes, &c.

Is not every citizen morally and socially bound to his family and fellow-citizens, to support his county newspaper?

Is it not a disgrace to a man that an important county office which is so narrowly contracted—politically—that he will not support his county paper, for the reason that it does not advocate his particular politics?

A woman has been indicted at Anderson, South Carolina, of being a common scold.

That'll do no good; for "When she will, she will, depend on it! When she won't, she won't, that's the end on't!"

O. ANDRUS, Jeweler, is still watching, timing, cleaning and pinning such of our citizens as desire it. Watches, clock, jewelry, &c., repaired on short notice. He warrants his work to stand twelve months.

Wealth makes a man proud when he has little else to be proud of.

He who can do all he wishes rarely does what he ought to do.

When success makes a man better than he was before, he must be a good man indeed.

Simplicity of manner, and dress, is a charm that a woman generally admires in another more than in herself.

A gentleman at a musical party, seeing that the fire was going out, asked a friend, in a whisper, "How can I stir the fire without interrupting the music?" "Between the bars," replied the friend.

PERHAPS the reason why poets invest animals and inanimate objects with human affections and attributes is that they find men so generally devoid of them.

"You look as though you were beside yourself," said a wag to a fop standing by a donkey.

"Will you share my lot?" said an old bachelor to a pretty young woman. "What is it worth, sir?"

Ceremony is all that is considered necessary by many, in religion and friendship.

A government that expends imprudently means upon a navy, must expect to have a heavy floating debt.

Fortune grows tired of always carrying the same man on her back.

There will be a call meeting of the members of the Monroe County Agricultural Society at the Court House in Sullivan, on Saturday, the 30th inst., at 2 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of making some new arrangements about a Fair Ground.

By order of the President, W. W. WAGGONER, Secy.

As we have ascertained "who struck Billy Patterson!"

