

# THE SULLIVAN EXPRESS.

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

J. H. Waggoner, Editor & Proprietor. "THE UNION MUST BE PRESERVED."

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## SULLIVAN EXPRESS.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY.  
J. H. WAGGONER  
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:  
1.50, Invariably in Advance!  
From the New York Ledger.  
**THE DEVOTED WIFE.**

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

The action of the mind has never been clearly understood. We speak of reason and instinct—the former as belonging to man, and the latter to animals; but the dividing line between the two has never been drawn, and never can be—because in instinct at times there seems to be the highest and most perfect powers of reason, and in reason the highest and most perfect powers of instinct.

Some of the superior animals—such as the dog, the horse, and the elephant—have been known to display a sagacity that has seemed to comprehend a rational consideration of the whole proceeding in which they have become actors: while man, likewise reversing the natural order, has been known to be completely governed and controlled by something oppose to ratiocination, and which, in the animal, would have been called instinct merely.

Instinct itself can only be fairly understood as a controlling impulse, requiring the object it governs to perform certain things without consideration of cause or effect; and it has never been clearly demonstrated—whether this is the action of the mind *per se*, or the action of a mind *ab extra*. In either case, it is very wonderful—as in fact, for that matter, is everything connected with this wonderful universe, from the largest astronomical body, to the smallest animalcula.

One of the most remarkable cases, in illustration of our point—and which by the way, may also serve to show the dangers of premature burial—occurred a great many years ago, during the prevalence in our Northern cities of that terrible Southern pestilence, the yellow fever. The facts to which we refer were well attested at the time—were placed on record—and may now be in the recollection of some of our readers; but as the incidents were very thrilling in themselves we claim the historian's privilege of making use of them.

At the time when the yellow fever was violently raging in the city of Boston—and thousands, becoming frantic with fear, were deserting their homes, and leaving their stricken friends in the hands of strangers—when the heavy rattle of the death-carts, with the solemn and appalling cry of "Bring out your dead!" were almost the only sounds that broke the dismal stillness of the streets—at that time, we say, a man in the prime of life, surrounded by his wife and little ones, was smitten by the devastating scourge.

Upon the first appearance of the fearful symptoms, the wife immediately gave her children into the care of some of her friends, with a request that they should be forthwith taken from the city to the country. "And you must go with them!" said she. "No!" she replied; "the place of the wife is by the side of her husband—especially in his darkest hour of need." "But he will die; and you become a victim also."

yourself, and make your children orphans?" "Would you have me leave my husband in the hands of strangers?" "But he will soon become delirious, and know not who attends upon him." "But I shall know!" returned the devoted wife; "and should I survive, it will ever be a consolation to me to remember I did my duty."

No remonstrance, no persuasion, could induce that heroic woman to depart. Taking leave of her beloved little ones with maternal tenderness—perhaps for the last time—she resigned them to God's care and her friends' and went back to the gloomy dwelling which had till late been a bright, and happy home. Already the dreadful sign was upon it—the sign which told the passer-by there was another victim of the pestilence within, and would probably soon be another burden for those whose duty it was to bear the remains of the departed to the common sepulchre; but with the heroism of a martyr, that angel wife crossed the threshold to perish or to save.

We will not dwell with a physician's minuteness upon the alarming symptoms and progress of the disease. Suffice it to say, that the sick man soon became delirious, raved like a maniac and, in spite of the best medical attendance which could be procured, and the most careful and devoted nursing of that devoted wife, gradually sunk, grew weaker and more weak, and at last lay still, and became rigid and cold in death.

In that solemn moment, when the fond wife, kneeling beside the corpse of him she loved, his cold hand clasped in hers, was pouring out her loving and agonized soul in a prayer to heaven for strength and resignation to bear the earthly separation; in that dread moment, when not a living thing stirred in all the house except herself—and the night lamp burned dim—and the clock, with its steady tick, as it measured time to her, but not to him; made the only sounds besides her sob that broke the dreary stillness—in that awful moment, we say, there came a low, distant rumble, the noise gradually increasing; and then the appalling words, "Bring out your dead!" resounded along the almost deserted street, striking a fearful chill to many an anguished heart, and causing many a tear-fetted eye to rest mournfully upon the beloved form that must soon by the living be beheld no more forever.

There were two or three ominous pauses of this dread, semi-hourly visitor—two or three repetitions of the dismal cry—and then it seemed to pause under the very windows of that death-chamber, and the awful words, loud and chilling, of "Bring out your dead!" seemed to pierce the very heart of the poor, sorrow-stricken wife and mother.

"No dead here!" she cried, with a strange, unaccountable impulse, starting to her feet, clapping her temples with her hands, and raising wildly upon the ghastly withered form of him she loved: "No dead here! He is not dead! He still lives! He only sleeps! Great God, give me power to wake him ere he be torn from me!"

And as these sentences were uttered rapidly and wildly, heavy steps were heard advancing along the hall, and ascending the stairs with slow and measured tread. The next moment the door of the death-chamber was slowly opened, two rough visages and figures were presented to the view of the agonized wife, and a deep groan voice said— "Is it over, good woman?"

"No, no! it is not over! my husband still lives! He will soon recover!" Without making a reply, the foremost advanced, took up the light, walked to the bed, held it close to the face of the ghastly form that lay there, and quietly observed— "He's as dead as he ever will be!"

Then turning to his companion, he added, "Let's take him down!" "No, no!" cried the startled wife, throwing herself before them; "I tell you he is living and will soon be well! Go! he is not a subject for you! Come to-morrow, if you will, and witness the truth of my words—but touch him not to-night!"

"She raves, poor woman!" said the spokesman, "but we've got to do our duty." "Back!" screamed the almost frantic wife; "you shall not touch him! Back, and do no murder here, or the curse of Heaven will light upon you!"

The two men whispered together a few moments, and the spokesman rejoined—

"We'll leave him be a half hour, till we come again; but if we was to leave him to eternity, you'd find no life there."

With this they slowly withdrew; and as that self-sacrificing wife heard their heavy, descending steps, she threw herself upon her knees, thanked God for the brief respite, and prayed for strength and power to deliver her companion from the already yawning grave.

Strange prayer was this to follow the other, in which she had asked for strength and resignation to bear the earthly parting! Wherefore the change? Why did she believe him living, who reason told her was dead? There he lay, ghastly and cold, without motion, without breath, without life. One half hour—one brief half hour—and they whose duty it was to quickly consign the dead to dust—that the awful contagion might not spread through mortal decay, would again be there to claim that beloved form.

There was not a moment to be lost! And with an invocation to Heaven for assistance, that trembling wife began the seemingly hopeless task of restoring her dear partner to life. She chafed his temples, his body, his limbs, rolled him to and fro, and called upon him in the most endearing terms. She was thus engaged, using almost superhuman exertions, when again she heard, with a chill of despair, the distant rumble of the vehicle of the grave, and the appalling cry of "Bring out your dead!"

Nearer and nearer it comes—louder and louder sound those awful tones—still more actively and painfully she labors, and yet no signs of life—the same cold, ghastly, inanimate form!

"Hark! there are steps along the hall—there is the same measured heavy tread upon the stairs—the door once more slowly opens, and with a suppressed shriek of agony the almost frantic wife once more turns and beholds those same, grim, unsympathizing visages before her.

"We've come again for your dead!" said one, as both advanced toward the bed.

"Back!" shrieked the wife; "there is no dead for you here!"

The man still advanced, and came up to the corpse. "This here's perfect folly!" said the spokesman; "it is our duty to take away dead bodies wherever we find 'em; it's the only chance there is to keep down this horrible disease; and so stand aside, good woman, and let us take the body quietly. Don't take on so; it's got to be done; you can't help it with you; and the longer it re-

mains here, the less chance you'll have of escaping the same fate yourself."

"But my husband is not dead!" cried the wife wringing her hands, and keeping her place between the body and those who had come for it.

"We can see, good woman, and our eyes tell us better," was the somewhat gruff reply. "Come, stand aside, and yield to what you can't avoid."

"Oh, no! no! never! He is not dead! I tell you—and you shall not touch him!"

"Good woman, we've got to do our duty," pursued the man more positively, attempting to put her aside.

"For God's sake, spare us!" she shrieked, dropping down on her knees, clasping her hands, and looking up imploringly. "Spare us, I beseech you! See! I am kneeling to you! I am praying to you! For the love of God, spare us a little longer! He will soon revive! He only sleeps!"

The men, perceiving that the only chance of getting at the corpse would be by a forcible removal of its guardian angel, again conferred together, and again agreed to give her another half hour.

As soon as the friendless wife again heard the welcome sound of the departing footsteps of her dreadful visitors, she again renewed her efforts to resuscitate that which to reason appeared hopelessly dead. She took a new course. She raised his head—almost sat him up in bed; heated flannels and rolled them around his limbs; placed hot onions upon his feet; and thus worked with the will and strength of love and hope united with despair.

But vain were all her efforts. No life! no signs of life! Yet time was rolling swiftly on; and what seemed to that nearly distracted woman but a few brief moments, again brought round the terrible half hour—and with it those whom she now regarded as her most terrible foes.

This time those men, in performance of their painful duty, would listen to no prayers, no entreaties, no remonstrances. They told her plainly that she was unreasonable as a lunatic; that though they pitied her, their duty must be done; the body must be removed, and the apartments fumigated; there was no alternative; and what could not be done peaceably, would have to be done forcibly.

Accordingly they put her aside, approached the body, and laid hold of it. But she burst frantically in between them, threw herself upon the corpse, and, plunging to it with spasmodic, convulsive tenacity—at the same time shrieking forth, in the most heart-rending tones—

"As God Almighty lives, you shall not separate us! If you bury him, you bury me with him!"

"Good woman," said the spokesman "why will you go on in this way! We don't want to use force; but we'll have to, if you don't let us do our duty without. The man's dead; and I tell you we've got to take away the body this time; and we'll do it, too, by fair means or foul!"

"Then you shall take me with my husband!" persisted the wife; "we shall both have the same grave! Oh for the love of God!" she pursued, in tones of the most passionate entreaty, giving one half hour more! "Spare me half hour! Only one!"

"But it will be all the same when we come again," returned the other; "you'll fight just as hard for the body." "No, no—give me one half hour more—and if you find not living when you return, I will make no further resistance." Again there was a brief consultation

between the two men, and spokesman rejoined—

"If you solemnly promise us this, we'll agree to wait till the next round—but don't hope to put us off any longer."

"I solemnly vow to you," cried the wife, with a gleam of joy, "that if you find him not alive on your return, he is yours for the grave."

The death men departed once more; and once more that poor wife, with feelings which no pen can describe, set about her hopeless task of recalling the dead to life.

One half hour—only one half hour—no hope beyond! She glanced at the clock, but the light was too dim to show its face; and, tearing out her watch, she hung it upon the post of the bed, and recommenced her task more eagerly and tremblingly than ever.

She re-heated the flannels, and re-wrapped the limbs; she placed bottles of hot water against different parts of the cold body; she forced hot brandy through the death-locked teeth; she renewed the hot onions; she blew her breath into the lungs; she applied ammonia to the olfactory nerves; she did, in fact, everything that love and hope and despair could suggest.

But, alas! all to no purpose; all were of no avail! Death claimed his victim; the loved form remained cold and rigid, without the faintest sign of life or animation. Poor woman! with a deep, heavy groan, she looked for the hour, and saw with feverish eyes it wanted but a few points of the fatal moment; and while she looked, the distant rumble of the death-cart became audible, and the appalling words "Bring out your dead!" once more resounded along the dismal street.

Then it was—in the very agony of despair—with the last faint spark of hope extinguished—the poor wife let fall the head she had been supporting, and from her trembling hand the powerful ammonia was spilled upon the pallid face. And then it was, strange and wonderful to relate, a mighty change took place. There came a quiver—a short, quick gasp—a struggle—a struggle for life—and then, with a wild shriek of joy, the late despairing wife clasped a living husband in her arms!

We need not dwell upon a scene which no language can portray. When the death-men again came for the body, to their utter amazement—almost terror—they beheld a living man sitting in place of the dead—his now speechless wife clings fondly to him, and weeping such tears of joy as rarely flow from mortal eyes.

That husband, so miraculously snatched from the very jaws of death by the strange and unaccountable devotion of his wife, lived many long years after, to speak of the providence of God, and make happy by true affection the loving heart of the being who had saved him.

And now comes the great question: What led this noble woman to struggle against reason—against the evidence of her senses—against hope? Was it instinct? or was it a lighter power? or an intelligence speaking to her intellect from beyond the boundaries of time? Who shall say?

Never be so rude as to say to a man, "There's the door;" but address him more politely, thus: "Elevate your gobs to the summit of your patriotism, and allow me to present to your ocular demonstration that scientific piece of mechanism which constitutes the egress portion of this department."

## CARPET BAG.

\*\* The girl who undertook to write *manuensis* could never go beyond a man.

"Can't we make you' lover jealous, Miss?" "Oh, yes sir, I think we can, if we put our heads together."

The fellow who kept a stiff upper lip regretted that he didn't give it to a pretty girl. A lesson for future practice.

—When you go to drown yourself, always pull off your clothes, that they may fit your wife's second husband.

—Guns, knits, hearts in closer bonds than happiness ever can; and common sufferings are far stronger links than common joys.

—We have seldom seen a keener toast to the ladies on the fourth of July than this: "Our stars before marriage, our stripes after."

—A fop, just returned from a continental tour, was asked how he liked the ruins of Pompeii. "Not very well," was the reply. "They are so dreadfully out of repair."

"What makes you look so grim, Tom?" "Oh, I have had to endure a sad trial to my feelings." "What on earth was it?" "Why, I had to tie on a pretty girl's bonnet while her ma' was looking on."

—Mr. Pulp, coming home late "pretty full," finds the walking slipper and exclaims: "V-er-very singular; wh-whenver water freezes it always freezes with the slippery side up; singular!"

—John saw you sing "The Banks of Avon." "I'll attempt it, if you will open the window."

"Why do that?" "So that I can get the air."

—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.

—When you doubt between words choose the plainest, the commonest, the most idiomatic. Echow fine words as you would rouge, love simple ones as you would native ones on your cheeks.

—The Emperor Alexander was present at a collection in Paris for one of the hospitals. The plate was held to the Emperor by an extremely pretty girl. As he gave his louis d'ors, he whispered, "Mademoiselle, this is for your bright eyes." The girl curtseyed, and presented the plate again. "What," said the Emperor, "more?" "Yes, sire," said she; "I now want something for the poor."

—An Irishman who had lain sick a long time, was one day met by the parish priest, when the following conversation took place:

"Well, Patric, I am glad you have recovered—but were you not afraid to meet your God?" "Och, no, your reverence; it was the meetin' of the other chap. I was afraid av," replied Pat.

"I don't see, girls," said I, at last, tired of stirring, "as the molasses will ever be anything but molasses. I have a conundrum," said Jenny.

"Why are some of us very unlike this molasses?" "Because," said Sarah, "some of us will some time cease to be molasses; but this never will."

"No," said Jenny, "it is because we are candied, but this never will be." "Now," said Susan, "can you tell me why some of us are very much like this molasses?" "Because we are candied," said Sarah. "No," said Jenny, "it is because we are candied, but this never will be." "Now," said Susan, "can you tell me why some of us are very much like this molasses?" "Because we are candied," said Sarah. "No," said Jenny, "it is because we are candied, but this never will be." "Now," said Susan, "can you tell me why some of us are very much like this molasses?" "Because we are candied," said Sarah.

Hints to Economists.

Cream of tartar... White kid gloves... Woolen clothes... Do not scald your wooden ware... Attention to all the mending in the house... Never put out sewing... A warming pan full of coals... Cream of tartar... White kid gloves... Woolen clothes... Do not scald your wooden ware... Attention to all the mending in the house... Never put out sewing... A warming pan full of coals... Cream of tartar... White kid gloves... Woolen clothes... Do not scald your wooden ware... Attention to all the mending in the house... Never put out sewing... A warming pan full of coals...

THE EXPRESS... JOSEPH H. WAGGONER... Editor & Publisher... SULLIVAN, ILLINOIS... Friday, April 29, 1859.

FOR PRESIDENT IN 1860... Hon. S. A. Douglas... Our Visit to Shelbyville.

On Monday of last week, as a witness in the Green Campfield case, we visited old Shelbyville. The "bone and sinew of the country" a long the way were generally very busy on their farms...

A Benevolent Woman in Lindo. A Miss Turner, of New Haven, some months since, took, out of compassion, a young girl in a destitute condition under her protection...

You'd Better Not! Why in the name of conscience and common sense can't you let alone those evergreens at the graveyard? Do we have to keep talking to you eternally about it?

There is an anecdote of an editor of a certain paper, who, when he was afflicted with rheumatism, grudgingly the labor of type setting...

Thanks to Mr. Aaron George for that nice ride on a load of hay, that Manager, outside and to source...

Atlantic Monthly... take notice of an advertisement also... where in this paper, for the sale of this office.

on our table. It really belongs to the ladies; and we think it, exactly "fills the bill"...

Arrival of the Overland California Mail... The Overland California mail which left San Francisco on the 25th ult., arrived in St. Louis last night...

The stranger, whose name Mr. H. forgets, informed the latter, that the Gila mines were entirely deserted with the exception of one owned and worked by four men...

MARRIED. On the 26th inst., by Dr. A. L. Keller, Mr. ALLEN A. BRIDGEMAN, of Mattou, to Miss LOUISA CADE, of this place.

Printing Office AT PUBLIC SALE. On the 27th day of May, 1859, I will sell at public sale, to the highest and best bidder, the Press, all the Type, Paragraphs, Fixtures, &c., belonging to the Sullivan Express...

Off for Pike's Peak? Have you all your trunks? I have just received, from Chicago, a lot of the finest trunks that has ever been brought to this market...

500 DRY & GREEN HIDES wanted in exchange for Groceries... Administrator's Notice... Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administrator of the estate of Nathan Abbott, deceased, will attend at the Probate Court...

Legal Advertisements... Probate Notice... Estate of William Welch, deceased...

Probate Notice... Estate of David Strayhorn, deceased... The undersigned having been appointed administrator of the estate of David Strayhorn...

Probate Notice... Estate of David Strayhorn, deceased... The undersigned having been appointed administrator of the estate of David Strayhorn...

SHERIFF'S SALE. By virtue of two executions to me directed and delivered by the clerk of the circuit court of Moultrie county...

SHERIFF'S SALE. By virtue of an execution to me directed and delivered by the clerk of the circuit court of Moultrie county...

SHERIFF'S SALE. By virtue of an execution to me directed and delivered by the clerk of the circuit court of Moultrie county...

Land for Sale. I have forty acres of good timbered land lying on a mile N. E. of Abbot's mill...

Administrator's Notice. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administrator of the estate of Nathan Abbott, deceased, will attend at the Probate Court...

BRAND... SADDLE SHOP... (East side Public Square)...

READY-MADE... Plain Harness, Fancy Harness, Buggy Harness, Lines & Bridles, Whips & halters...

BOOTS & SHOES... of all kinds, constantly on hand, and all that is commonly kept in this line.

ALL WORK WARRANTED! There will pay the highest market price, in cash or trade, for green and dry HIDES, Sheep Pelt, &c.

DID DECIDE! A. N. SMYSER. Presenting to my numerous customers throughout Moultrie county, my hearty thanks for their liberal and increasing patronage...

FALL & WINTER GOODS, STABLE & TANCY... as has ever, at any time, been offered in this market...

FOR MEN AND BOYS... Boots & shoes, in abundance, Fancy Dress goods, &c.

SHERIFF'S SALE. By virtue of an execution to me directed and delivered by the clerk of the circuit court of Moultrie county...

DR. J. W. WAGGONER, SURGEON... Office on the west side of the public square, two doors north of Campbell Co's store.

George W. Kenney, SURGEON & DENTIST... Office on the west side of the public square, two doors north of Campbell Co's store.

THE SULLIVAN EXPRESS... IS ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY... Terms of Subscription...

THE DAILY SIBER... Published every morning, except on Sundays and public holidays... SHEAHAN & PRICE, Publishers and Proprietors.

THE WEEKLY TIMES... Containing all the leading matter of the Daily, is published every Thursday morning. Terms—Single subscribers, per annum, in advance, \$1.00; Clubs of ten or upwards, \$10.00.

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