

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. III.

SULLIVAN, ILL., THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1860.

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Epitaph on a Candle.

A "wicked" one lies buried here,
Who died in a "decline";
He never rose in rank, I fear,
Though he was born to "shine."

He once was "fat," but then, indeed,
Grew thin as any griever;
He died, the doctors all agreed,
Of a most "burning" fever.

If'er you said, "Go out, I pray,"
He much ill-nature showed;
On such occasions he would say,
"Vy, if I do, I'm 'blowed!'"

In this his friends do all agree—
Though you may think I'm joking—
When "going out," 'tis said that he
Was very fond of "smoking."

Since all religion he despised,
Let these few words suffice;
Before he ever was baptized,
They "dipped" him once or twice.

The Council Fire.

"What a pity an Ex-governor of West Jersey will make a chimney out of his throat, and scent his whole house with that vile tobacco smoke."

"Nay, it is rather a pity that I and my friends have to hide our pipes when we see the lord proprietor of Pennsylvania approach. But come in friend William, and sit the by the open window."

The fault-finding visitor who entered was no other than William Penn who had returned from England to control his flourishing colony. His host was Ex Governor Jennings, a crafty old Quaker, who was ever haunted by a remembrance of his own perfidy in money-getting and always apprehending a similar crooked policy in others. Yet he was a man of wealth, and at the time our story commences several of the most solid men of West Jersey had assembled at his comfortable home in Burlington, that loveliest of all the pleasant towns on the Delaware. No traveler now ever passes through it without admiring its shade trees, and conceding that it is very worthy of being called the "Gem of the Jerseys," yet it was far more picturesque a hundred and fifty years ago. Neither college nor hall, nor cross-crowned Episcopal residence then adorned it, but the green street were bounded by the neatest of white stone cottages, their gables covered by climbing plants. The venerable shade trees whose branches now entwine across the streets from side to side, like the arches of a Gothic cathedral, were in their prime. Neither was the foliage dense enough to shut out the waters of the Delaware, slightly ruffled by the breath of heaven or rippled by some swift canoe. Commerce did not exist for Philadelphia is near at hand; yet there was no lack of settles—families of the right stamp too—for in all the Jerseys there was not so quiet, healthy, and yet so cheerful a settlement as Burlington on the Delaware.

The crafty old Jennings evidently felt mortified that so eminent a co-religionist as William Penn detected him in indulging in the weed, and he endeavored to apologize: "Let me assure thee, friend William," he remarked, "that we do not smoke to-day, from inclination, but as a preparation for to-morrow."

"And for what revelry dost thou prepare?" inquired the Lord Proprietor, with an incredulous air. "Are some of the Bellamont oysters to come down from Manhattan, or does the gay Governor of Baltimore intend to honor thee with a visit?"

"Neither. But the Leni Leniapes invite us to attend their council to-morrow, and as we hope to induce them to emigrate, we do not wish to offend them by making wry faces over the Virginia weed.

"A good excuse. Tell me, though, will the savages give a quit-deed to all the hunting grounds?"

"We hope so. Yet there is some pretended old claim or other, that we must get set aside."

"If justice so decrees, friend Jennings. Be just, above all things. But where is thy daughter, the comely Patience?"

"I will seek her," and as the Governor is seeking his daughter, we will avail ourselves of the privilege of romance, and introduce her to our readers, as she sits busily sewing in a summer house in the garden on the river bank. She was a well-formed, graceful young woman, with bright black eyes and her prim cap could not conceal her curling black hair. Her features, though pale and abstracted, had a decidedly independent cast, and the quick trotting of her small foot showed that her mind was not in repose. It had been her misfortune to lose her mother at an early age, and the selfish temperament of her bigoted father, had driven her, as it were, into ways of thinking in accordance with the principles of her sect. The slash of a paddle startled her. Another moment, and a warm flush restored the color to her cheek, as a canoe shot up to the summer house, and a stalwart young man sprang from it upon the shore.

"Walter Pike!" she exclaimed, the eloquent glance of her fine eyes welcoming the new comer.

"None other, dearest Patience," replied the young man. But why so sad? Surely you do not doubt me?"

"Nay, Walter, I do not doubt thee; but myself. That thou wert innocent and persecuted I am confident—that you won my affections I have never denied—and yet my father—"

"Will never suffer thee to wed such as Walter Pike," interrupted the Governor, with a voice half choked with rage. "Thinkst thou, miserable varlet," he continued, addressing the indignant young man, "that my daughter, with her ample dowry is to be thrown away on such as thee? Go to. Hurry into the house and tarry there, bearing in mind that thy husband is to be good man Bloomfield, who can support thee. As for thee, pretending youngster, be off. I will see that the Lord proprietor keeps thee at his rectangular town henceforth—meanwhile go to the wharf where thou belongest."

"You speak harshly, Governor," said Walter, with emotion.

"I intend to."

"But will you not listen to me for one moment?"

"Not for a second. My time is not for thieves."

"Let me tell you, then," replied Walter, losing his self command, "that my name is more free from guilt than your own. Aye, start not! Great and wealthy, and saint-like as you are, I, the poor boatman of Governor Penn, do not quail before you, and you may yet be glad to give me your daughter's hand."

Ere he had finished speaking, the incensed Governor had turned away, and the young man, leaping into his

canoe, slowly floated down the Delaware, lost in thought. He was the orphan son of John Pike, one of a party of puritans who had left Newberry, in Massachusetts, about 1666 and founded a town in New Jersey, which they named Woodbridge, after the minister they had left at home. The elder Pike was soon taken into Gov. Carteret's council, and went upon the Delaware where he concluded an important treaty with the Indians. But his prosperous course soon received a sudden check. A trading house at Amboy, belonging to a Quaker named Bloomfield, was robbed, and the goods were traced to John Pike's house. In vain did he protest his innocence. A jury found himself and his son Walter guilty of felony, and his property was confiscated, and while under this imputation, the father died.

At first Walter found himself an outcast, but he was comforted by his schoolboy sweetheart, Patience Jennings, who had been sent to school at Woodbridge. Nerved by her love, and animated by her advice, the young man determined to go forth, and in his own strength seek the good name denied to him at home. Happy age, when hope ever lights up the future as a path to prosperity, and makes present difficulties appear as the stepping stones to distinction. Walter reached Philadelphia with what proved better than money or friends—a vigorous intellect, a strong mind, and an honest heart—all of them inscribed on his modest yet manly countenance. The very day his arrival, he was fortunate enough to obtain a situation as barge-man to one of the Lord Proprietors.—An adept in the management of the Indian canoe, Walter was soon selected by William Penn to accompany him, and as the young man's sturdy paddle strokes sent the frail bark over the water, his employer drew from him a sketch of his life. Walter related every thing with great innocence, and his heart beat with joy, when, after he had concluded, William Penn deliberately said:

"Young man, thy father and thyself have been deeply wronged. Providence will see thee righted."

From this Walter began to have hopes of ultimately proving his innocence, and the return of Patience Jennings to Burlington, gave him frequent opportunities of seeing her. She gave him ample ground to know that she was not insensible of his attachment, but frankly told him that her father had promised her hand to another.

Thus two long years passed away, during which time Walter became a great favorite with William Penn, who committed many important trusts into his hands. The young lover continued, however, to act as a boatman whenever the Lord Proprietor visited Burlington, where he was always kindly greeted by the blooming Patience, the flame of abiding love casting a glow over their stolen interviews.

One evening as Walter was making his canoe fast to the wharf, an Indian came running down, in high delirium, and plunged into the stream. To rescue him from a watery grave was but the work of a few minutes; yet from that moment the "War Eagle" became the young man's devoted friend.—Spurning "fire water," the warrior appeared to regard his deliverer with paternal care, bringing him rich furs, soft moccasins, and delicate game, remarking:

"You see—Indian never forgets."

But to return to our narrative, which we interrupted in order to introduce the characters, and to explain their rel-

ative positions. On the morning after William Penn's arrival at Burlington almost all the able bodied men went up the river about half a mile, to attend an Indian council. It was fully attended by the savages, for it was rumored that this would be the last time that the Leni Leniapes would meet in the home of their fathers.

At least one thousand warriors were present, each in full war-dress, and armed with bow and arrow, ponderous war-clubs, or heavy stone axes, while a few had blankets and hatchets of European manufacture. The sachems sat upon a slight eminence, while around them were the warriors, arranged according to rank in semi-circular lines.

When the English approached a warrior who officiated as master of ceremonies, conducted them to seats, and a dead silence ensued. Then the "War Eagle," standing in the center of the ring, addressed them in tolerable English:

"William Penn is the father of the pale faces, and it is good that he should be here. His brother Jennings wishes to buy what is left of our hunting grounds. Let him listen. They were sold many years ago. When the red men ruled here, there came a pale face named Pike—and to him the Leni Leniapes sold their lands. The War Eagle was young then. He loved the fire water, and his heart was weak. A pale face persuaded him to steal goods and to hide them in the wigwam of Pike, and the fire water was his pay. The War Eagle did so. The sachems of the pale faces accused Pike as a thief. Their council convicted him. He died of a broken heart and his son went forth a beggar. Still they gave the War Eagle fire-water, and he did drink. But one day Pike's son saved the War Eagle from death, and he has drunk no more fire-water since.—To day he will atone for his wrong. Here, William Penn is the old writing by which the Leni Leniapes sold their hunting grounds to Pike."

"And who was the instigator of this foul crime?" asked William Penn, as he reached forth his hand to take the parchment which made Walter Pike a wealthy man.

"Nay," exclaimed Jennings, springing to his feet. But the inward struggle had already taken place, and with an unintelligible cry, he sank to the ground, a corpse. Just when he had expected to have his long arranged plans crowned with complete success, a divine justice had not only thwarted them, but had exposed his long concealed villainy.

"The Great Spirit has punished him," said War Eagle.

"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord," devoutly responded William Penn.

A year passed and the Star of Walter's love shone through the benighted thoughts of Patience Jennings, who found herself helpless and alone after her father's sun of prosperity sank into his dishonored grave. They were married and settled down upon their large estate near Burlington, whither the War Eagle came every year on a visit from the hunting grounds of the remnant of his tribe, west of the Susquehanna.

"The ocean speaks eloquently and forever"—*Beecher*.
"Yes, and there's no use in telling it to 'dry up.'"—*Printice*.

A printer's devil wanting to kiss his sweetheart, addressed her as follows:

"Miss Lucy, can I have the pleasure of placing my 'imprint' on your 'bill'?"

Persistence.

The truth of the story we are about to tell is vouched for to us by the correspondent in Missouri who sends it to the Drawer. It is decidedly a novelty in the way of treating a matrimonial adventure, and the issue of the affair is not likely to be repeated by any imitator of the of the lawyer whose experience is here recorded. Our friend writes:

Not a hundred miles from here, some six months ago lived a fair widow, possessed of those shining qualities that must dazzle and charm the bachelor. She was young, handsome, and very wealthy. Mrs. Jackson took an eastern tour last summer, and was beset by many suitors—ardent and anxious lovers—among whom the most persevering and devoted was a Kentucky lawyer, quite a promising man; but so enamored did he become of this fair widow, that he left a lucrative practice at home, and followed her through the entire route of fashionable travel. He met her at Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, he danced with her at Saratoga and Newport; and when the season was drawing to a close he happened to be with her at Niagara, and on the Ohio River and even at St. Louis, when she was almost at home. He was always pleading professional business as the reason for his excursions here and there, but he managed to plead his own suit out of court when courting the widow, though he saw no evidence of a verdict coming in his favor. At length Mrs. Jackson stepped on board the boat at St. Louis, to go up the Missouri to her own residence, when to her surprise, the indefatigable advocate presented himself, as fresh as a May morning. The widow exclaimed as she met him.

"Why, Mr. Johns, I thought you were going to return to Louisville?"

"Mrs. Jackson, my dear madam," replied the lawyer, "I am here to renew the offer of my hand, and to beg your acceptance."

"Really, sir I think I have been sufficiently explicit, and that you have had no encouragement to pursue the matter."

"But I hoped, madam, that my devotion and perseverance would be finally rewarded."

"Do you mean, then," asked the widow, evidently softened, "that you really have no other business in going this journey with me than to prosecute this suit?" "None in the world but the hope of winning you."

"Then you shall be rewarded," she replied, with a merry twinkle in her roguish, beautiful eyes, which the lawyer mistook for a sweeter passion, "then my dear sir, you shall be rewarded. Tell me now, as a gentleman, how much money you have spent on this tour?"

"Do you really wish to know?"

"Certainly I do."

Mr. Johns took out his note-book and reported that he had spent very nearly five hundred dollars.

"Well," said the lovely widow, "I do not wish any one to lose by me, extending her purse to the lawyer."

"Why, what do you mean, Mrs. Jackson?"

"I mean what I say, take it, and pay yourself for your summer's work on my account, and let us be quits."

And he did take it; and the widow had to borrow money to get home.—The widow was taken all aback by the lawyer's cool acceptance of the gold; but he consoled himself with the idea that if she would not be his bride, she was at least fair game.

"A hoos! a hoos! my kingdom—"

FUN AT HOME.—Don't be afraid of a little fun at home, good people!—Don't shut up your houses, lest the sun should fade your carpets and your hearts, lest a hearty laugh should shake down some of the musty old cobwebs there! If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold when they come home at night. When once a home is regarded as only a place to eat, drink, and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in gambling houses and reckless degradation. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere. If they do not find it at their hearthstones, it will be sought in other, and perhaps less profitable places. Therefore, let the fire burn brightly at night, and make the home-nest delightful with all those little arts that parents so perfectly understand. Don't repress the buoyant spirits of your children; half an hour of merriment round the lamp and freight of home blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day, and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the unseen influence of a bright little domestic sanctum.

MANLINESS.—The purpose of life is to form a manly character, to get the best development of body and spirit—of mind, conscience, heart, soul. This is the end; all else is the means. Accordingly, that is not the most successful life in which a man gets the most pleasure, the most money or ease, the most power or place, honor or fame; but that which gets a man the most manhood, performs the greatest amount of human duty, enjoys the greatest amount of human right, and acquires the greatest amount of manly character. It is of no importance whether he win this by wearing a hod upon his shoulders, or a crown upon his head. It is the character, and not the crown, I mean. The crown perishes with the head that wore it; but the character lives with the immortal man who achieved it; and it is of no consequence whether that immortal man goes up to God from a throne or a gallows.—*Parker*.

The Weekly "Visitor," of Waverly, Mo., pronounces the following as its platform:

1. The Union—It SHALL be preserved.
2. A railroad to the Pacific by the Government.
3. A tariff for revenue and protection.
4. A bank of the United States.
5. The improvement of rivers and harbors.
6. A rope for all traitors and insurrectionists.
7. Tar and feathers for all abolitionists.
8. Rotten eggs for secessionists.
9. The gibbet and cat-o-nine-tails for nullifiers.
10. The [] of scorn for all editors who publish incendiary articles.
11. The election of men of good sense to Congress.
12. The appointment by the President of a fool-killer, who shall reside in Washington City.

The Louisville "Democrat," one of the best and most conservative journals in the South, truly says:

"If it were agreed at once, that congress could not go out of the letter of the constitution on the slavery question, all this incompetency would vanish, and the sectional contest would subside."

When the constitution speaks, there is no trouble in its construction. Congress has power to pass a fugitive slave law and execute it.

It has power to suppress the African slave trade.

It has power to count five slaves equal to three white men in the ratio of representation.

Not another item of power does the constitution give to Congress over the subject of slavery. All this effort to find power to establish, prohibit, or protect it in the territories is vain. No such power is granted in the constitution. There is not a word of it in the document."

When, in a case of doubtful morality, you feel disposed to ask, "Is there any harm in doing this?" just answer it by asking yourself another, "Is there any harm in letting it alone?"

THE EXPRESS.

J. H. WAGGONER, Local Editor.

THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1860.

TO OUR READERS.

We Club, only, with such publications as we can recommend. The EXPRESS and GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK can be had for \$3.00.

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 PRAIRIE FARMER, for \$2 a year. Call at our office and see specimens.

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. I. Groves will preach on the Second and Fourth Sabbaths in each month, at the Presbyterian Church, at 11 o'clock, A. M.

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

PUBLIC EXAMINATION!

There will be a Public Examination of the scholars attending the Moultrie County Academy, on Thursday and Friday, the 8th and 9th of March, in the basement of the Academy. The public are respectfully requested to attend.

D. COAKLEY, Teacher.

***The scholars will also have an Exhibition in the Christian Church, on the evening of each day.

Owing to the lateness of the arrival of our paper we again issue but half a sheet—considerable reading matter, notwithstanding. This will make up for that other half sheet.

The "Pitt County Conservative" is the name of a new Republican paper published at Monticello, Illinois. It presents a neat appearance, and is one amongst the largest papers in the State. It is an advocate of Bates, of Mo., for the Presidency.

The Prairie Farmer.

We are in regular receipt of this sterling and wide-awake agricultural paper, which increases in interest and value. The proprietors have made an extraordinary offer—that is, to send the PRAIRIE FARMER one month free to any person or club of persons, who will send their addresses to them.

We can cordially recommend this paper to all who have and feel an interest in improved agriculture. As it is devoted to the real interests of the producers, and is ever found to advocate their best interests, don't fail to send and send at once, remembering that it is a Western and home paper. The paper is published strictly on the advance pay plan, and will not be sent longer than offered unless ordered and paid for.

Address, EMERY & CO., Chicago, Ill.

BE CAUTIOUS.—The Rocky Mountain News of the 11th ult., cautions all who anticipate an adventure in the spring in the Kansas gold mines not to start too soon, or calamities will befall them. It says:

We have barely sufficient provisions in this country to subsist those already here until the season of advantageously transporting a new supply—which can hardly be sooner than the middle of May, or about the time that mining operations can be resumed by the masses. Every man who reaches here before that time should bring a supply of provisions and clothing sufficient until the first of June and also come with the expectation of doing little or nothing before that time. There is little use in leaving the Missouri river before the latter part of April or the first of May, unless it be those who have friends here, or who come with a view of speculation and have plenty of money.

Melancholy is another name for tough meat. We care not how unattractive a man may be, let him eat two pickled pig's feet, and he will feel as inanimate as a sack of coals. What we often think is mind is half the time gristle.

"My son, haven't I told you three times to go and shut that gate?" said a father to a boy one day.

"Yes, and haven't I told you three times," said Young America, "that I wouldn't do it? You must be very stupid!"

Statement showing the expenditures of the county of Moultrie Illinois, for the year ending December 31, 1859.

For the benefit of paupers,	\$829.91
Holding county courts,	117.00
Probate courts,	280.00
Circuit courts,	82.00
On roads and bridges,	146.03
Blanks, blank books, stationary, candles &c.,	207.41
Jail fees and expenses,	87.45
Fuel,	30.58
Repairs and furniture for court house,	59.95
Ex officio fees Cir. clerk, sheriff, and Co. clerk,	180.00
Elections,	28.00
Making list of land for Assessor,	63.24
Tax book for Collector,	129.72
assessment of Real and personal property,	212.50
Treasurer's commission,	16.02
Attorney fees,	25.00
Investigating & reporting condition school com. books,	15.00
Listing and recording delinquent lands &c.,	10.00
Paid Grand and Petit jurors,	663.95
Witness fees in the cases of the People vs G.C. Campfield,	173.70
Total,	3357.46

There appears to be due the county for the taxes of 1854 & 1855, 727.90 And due for taxes of 1858, 3132.24

Total, 8860.14

Co. ord's outstanding 1858, 18

Jury warrants, 487.52 2475.70

Balance in favor of county, 1384.44

CHARLES L. ROANE, Co. Clerk.

The Great Mystery.

The body is to die; so much is certain.—What lies beyond? No one who passes the charmed boundary comes back to tell. The imagination visits the realms of shadows—sent out from some window of the soul over life's restless waters, but wings its way wearily back with no olive leaf in its beak as a token of emerging life beyond the closely bending horizon.—The great sun comes and goes in the heavens, yet breathes no secret of the etherial wilderness. The crescent moon cleaves her nightly passage across the upper deep, but tosses overboard no message and displays no signals.—The sentinel stars challenge each other as they walk their nightly rounds, but we catch no syllable of the countersign which gives passage to the heavenly camp. Shut in! Shut in! Between this and the other life there is a great gulf fixed, across which neither eye nor foot can travel. The gentle friend whose eyes we closed in their last sleep long years ago, died with rapture in her wonder-stricken eyes, a smile of ineffable joy upon her lips, her hands folded on a triumphant heart; but her lips were past speech, and intimated nothing of the vision that enthralled her.—Dr. Holland.

What it has not done and what it has done.

The Detroit "Free Press" says Abolitionism has been agitating for more than thirty years, and it has not made one negro free, unless it has stolen him and run him into Canada; it has not made one foot of soil free that would not have been free otherwise; and slave property to-day is more valuable than it has ever been before. But for Abolitionism, many negroes would have been made free who are still in servitude; several of the slave States would have adopted plans of gradual manumission; and slave property would have been less valuable than it now is. Abolitionism has accomplished no good, but a world of mischief. It has made it necessary that greater discipline should be exercised in the government of the slaves; it has caused the free negroes to be expelled from some of the Southern States, and it will cause them to be expelled from all others; and it has produced a state of feeling between the South and the North, which, if not soon abated, will cause the dismemberment of the Union.

A CLOSE OBSERVER.—An editor out west, in a late issue, says: "For the first time yesterday we saw calico upon skates—and that wasn't all that we saw. There were probably a dozen ladies amusing themselves on skates, on the bay, and some of them amusing the crowd that stood on the bank, by frequently falling headlong, and sometimes heels over head upon the ice. We had an eligible position on the bank where we could see all that was to be seen, and saw just enough to satisfy us that however innocent the diversion and exercise might be for ladies, if we were a female woman we should greatly prefer to stay at home and nurse the babies. Well, but—says a lady that isn't blessed with anything in that line—what would you do if had no babies? Why, instead of idling away our time on skates, and amusing the bystander by turning uncounted summersaults, we'd stay at home and make the necessary arrangements to have one or two."

See Sheriff's Side.

Douglas in the Senate.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Times gives a long and interesting account of the proceedings of the Senate on the day on which Judge Douglas made his great speech, wherein a description of the Illinois Senator, his entrance and his style of oratory are given. We extract this part of the letter for our readers. It is as follows: Every Senator is now in his seat except the orator of the day. The floor outside the bar is crowded with Congressmen and diplomatists, Governors, ex-Governors, delegates to Charleston, and representative men of all political shades, sizes, sections, positions and degrees. The fans in the galleries keep a busy fluttering and the hum of conversation from the floor completely drowns the routine of business which the Clerk of the Senate is attempting to transact. At length there is a commotion round the central door of the chamber, all the galleries rise with one consent to see the coming man: the Congressmen and outsiders crowd back, forming a human avenue, and the Little Giant enters, leading his two boys by the hand. It is not decorum to applaud, but a loud buzz of welcome from every quarter causes Bright, Slidell, Bigler and the others of that clique, to cast threatening glances; first upward, and next toward the Sergeant at arms. Mr. Douglas enters the cloak room under the gallery, and at the appointed moment; rises in his seat and begins to speak.

The Little Giant, as he has well been styled, is seen to advantage on the floor. Looking down on him, his want of height is not observed, while the easy dignity of his manner stamps him as the natural lord of any scene through which he moves. Short, thick-set, and built with great muscularity of body, his massive and leonine head rivets undivided attention. It is a head of the antique, with something of the infinite in its expression of power; a head most difficult to describe, but one better worth description, in a phrenological aspect, than any other in the country.

Douglas has a brain of unusual size, covered with heavy and lengthened masses of dark brown hair, rather inclined to curl, thickly sprinkled with silver. His forehead is high, open, and splendidly developed—based on dark shaggy eyebrows, and of enormous width. His eyes, large and deeply set are of the darkest and most piercing blue. His nose is short, the eyebrows lopping down over it where it joins the forehead; while the nostrils—broad, muscular and full of power—are framed in two deeply cut channels, which slope down and off on either side, till they strike the corners of the mouth. The mouth itself is full, strong and finely arched, but with something of bitter and sad experience in its general expression. The chin is square and vigorous, and together with the lower part of his face, is full of eddy dimples—the muscles and nerves showing great mobility, and every thought has external reflection in the sensitive and expressive features. Add to these a rich brown complexion, very clear and beautiful, shaved cheeks, a handsome and massive throat; small white ears, almost hidden under the tangle of brown gray hair; eyes which ray electric vivacity whenever the eyebrows are lifted; small white hands; small feet; a full chest and broad shoulders; a prominent and full under lip, which, in repose, is frequently lapped over the upper one; and with these points duly blended together you will have a picture of the Little Giant as good as can be given under hurry and excitement of this letter.

As a speaker, Mr. Douglas seems to disdain ornament, and marches right against the body of his subject with irresistible power and directness. His rhetorical assault has nothing of the cavalry slash in its impressiveness, rather resembling a charge of heavy infantry with fixed bayonet, and calling forcibly to mind the attack of those "six thousand English veterans" immortalized by Thomas Davis; "Steadily they step down the slope, Steadily they climb the hill; Steadily they load—steadily they fire—Marching right onward still."

His voice is a rich and musical baritone, rather monotonous in its passages of statement, but swelling into occasional clarion blasts toward the close of each important period. He is heard with breathless attention, except when now and again the galleries feel tempted to applaud, and these demonstrations draw down upon the galleries angry threats that "the galleries shall be cleared if these disturbances are repeated."

If we can still love those who have made us suffer, we love them all the more. It is as if the principle, that conflict is a necessary law of progress, were applicable even to love. For there is no love like that which has roused up the intensest feelings of nature—revealed us to ourselves, like lightning suddenly disclosing an abyss—yet has survived all the storm and tumult of such passionate discord and all the terror of such a revelation. —[Mrs. Jamson.

See our new hat! Eden made us a present of it. We'll be grateful.

For Douglas.

The St. Louis Republican, the leading and most influential organ of the old line Whigs of the Union, in a recent issue, takes bold and decided ground in favor of Judge Douglas for the next Presidency. We give below an extract from the Republican's article:—"It may be that our opinion upon the question soon to be voted upon by the Charleston Convention, as to the best and most available man for that nomination, will not be regarded of any special importance—it may be that, as we do not belong to that party, it will be regarded as impertinent in us—but we avow the conviction that if the Democratic Convention is wise, it will put Mr. Douglas in nomination for the Presidency. He is the only man at this day who can rally the People to the polls with a hearty good will. He has more positive strength in the North, the South, the East and the West, than any other man named for the station. Look at his canvass in Illinois, and remember the odds against him, and then recollect how signal was the victory which he achieved. Men talk to us of Dickinson and Hunter and Wise and Pierce and Breckenridge, and even Mr. Buchanan is named, but in direct disregard of his own pledges; and yet who will say that the name of either of them can create that enthusiasm which is essential to success. But nominate Mr. Douglas, and the whole country will be alive with enthusiasm, and confident of triumph. And why? Because Mr. Douglas is the Man of the People; because he is at the head of the Statesmen of the day; because, in his matured judgement, he is a conservative man, and will do nothing that does not tend to promote the glory and secure the union of these States; because he is bold, independent and sagacious in bringing forward measures of public policy; and if he has erred, as every public man has erred at some time of his life, such error may be pardoned for the good he has done, and is capable of doing. Mr. Douglas has an American heart, full of the best impulses for the welfare of his country, and his selection and election will do more to heal our local dissensions than that of any other man now prominently before the country. He comes, too, from the right quarter to allay sectional strife and agitation; from a Central State, whose representatives, at least those of the Democratic party, have always done equal and exact justice to the South as well as the North; and the Central States have a right to claim, at this time, a President from their section of the Union. We apprehend that there is no politician, of moderate information, who does not believe that Mr. Seward will be the nominee of the Black Republican Convention at Chicago. Not to nominate him, will be received everywhere as a foregone confession of the decline and fall of this mischievous, sectional party; and should he be nominated, Mr. Douglas is just the man to beat him for the Presidency."

The Coolie Trade.

The hypocrisy and falseness of abolitionism and all other forms of bogus philanthropy have never been manifested more signally than in the Coolie trade. Contracts have been recently made for the delivery of thirty-five thousand Coolies in the island of Cuba. This Coolie trade is sanctioned and adopted by the Governments of Great Britain, France and Spain, for the purpose of working their West India plantations.—They have been driven to this in consequence of their professed opposition to negro slavery. The race they are now indirectly enslaving is far superior to the negro race, and the cruelties and horrors of this traffic were not exceeded by the slave trade. How ridiculously inconsistent is the conduct of these professed negro-loving Governments, in the light of truth and justice.—Quincy Herald.

COST OF A WATCH.—During the war of 1796, a sailor went into a watchmaker's in the city, and handed out a small French watch to the ingenious artist, demanding how much the repair would come to. The watchmaker, looking at it, said it would cost him more in repairs than the original purchase. "Oh, if that's all, I don't mind that," replied the sailor, "I will even give double original cost for I have a veneration for the watch." "What might you have given for it?" inquired the watchmaker. "Why," said Jack twitching his trousers, "I gave a French fellow a knock on the head for it; and if you'll repair it, I'll give you two."

Beautiful, dry (?) weather, this!

MARRIED

On the 23d of February 1860 by Wm. M. Wood, Esq., in his office at Lovington, Ill., LEASTON W. MILLS and MARGARET RYNDOLDS, of Lovington. (No Cake!)

On February 23d by the Rev. Elias Kennedy, at the residence of the bride's mother, on Marrowbone, Mr. BENJAMIN HAGERMAN and Miss MARGARET C. WILSON, both of this county. (No Cake!)

BARBER SHOP.

Shop—South side Square, over Dr. Kellar's Drug Store.

Shaving, shampooing, hair-cutting and dressing, whiskers and hair colored, on the shortest notice and in the most approved style. Shop open every day and Sunday, too.

Ladies, wishing their hair colored or cleansed, will please send in their cards, and they will be waited on at their residences.

C. H. BIRD, Sullivan, Mar. 1, 1860. (18y.)

Administrator's Sale of Real Estate.

Notice is hereby given, that we will sell to the highest bidder, at the court house in Sullivan, upon a credit of nine months, the following described Real Estate, lying and being situate in the county of Moultrie and State of Illinois, to-wit: The e½ nw¼ of the sw¼ sec. 13, the nw¼ of the ne¼, and the se¼ ne¼ sec 23, the w¼ nw¼ sec 26, the undivided ½ of the ne¼ of the ne¼ sec 26, the undivided ½ of the w¼ of the nw¼ sec 14, and the undivided ½ of the w¼ of the nw¼ of sec 24, all in T. 13 N., R. 6 E. Said Real Estate will be sold on Saturday the 7th day of April, A. D. 1860, between the hours of ten o'clock a. m. and 5 o'clock p. m. Deeds will be made on the day of sale. The purchasers will be required to give bond with approved security, and a mortgage on the premises, to secure the payment of the purchase money.

JOHN A. FREELAND, Adm'r
GEORGE PURVIS, Adm'r
of John D. Poor, deceased.
March 1st 1860. no 18 6w

Administrator's SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a decree of the Moultrie county court at the February term 1856, I will offer for sale at the court house door in the town of Sullivan, in Moultrie county, Illinois, on the 17th day of March A. D. 1860, on a credit of twelve months, the purchase or purchasers giving note and personal security and a mortgage on the lands sold, to secure the purchase money, the following lands of which Thomas P. Carpenter, dec'd, late of said county, to-wit: Lot 4 of the n¼ of the nw¼ of section 10, and ne¼ of sec 10, and the sw¼ of the nw¼ of section 11 all in township 14 N R 5 E, to pay the debts of said deceased.

EZER D. CLEVELAND, Adm'r
Jan. 19th 1860.—13-6

Tax Sale Notice.

Notice is hereby given, that at a sale of lands for taxes, in the county of Moultrie, in the State of Illinois, held at the court house on the 14th day of June A. D. 1858, I became the purchaser of the following tract assessed in the name of Reuben Harrison, to-wit: The ne¼ of sec 17 T 15 R 5, 40 acres; and of the following tracts assessed in the name of Daniel Budd, to-wit: N½ of sw qr of sec 1 T 15 R 6, 80 acres, and lot 2 nw qr sec 1 T 15 R 6, 80 acres, and e¼ lot 1 nw qr sec 1 T 15 R 6, 134 acres, by paying the taxes thereon for the year 1857. Now if the said lands are not redeemed before the 14th day of June, 1860, then I will be entitled to deeds to the same.

ELIJAH WINGATE.
February 23d 1860. 18 3w.

Tax Sale Notice.

Notice is hereby given, that at a sale of lands for taxes, in the county of Moultrie, in the State of Illinois, held at the court house on the 14th day of June A. D. 1858, I became the purchaser of the following tracts, assessed in the name of William B. Duffield, to-wit: N½ of se qr sec 8 T 13 R 6 E, 20 acres, and e¼ of nw qr of nw qr sec 16 T 13 R 6 E, 20 acres, by paying the taxes thereon for the year 1857. Now if the said lands are not redeemed before the 14th day of June 1860, then I will be entitled to a deed to the same.

GEORGE PURVIS.
February 23d 1860. 18 3w.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of an execution to me directed and delivered by the clerk of the circuit court of Moultrie county, in the state of Illinois, in favor of Charles Means & others, and against Thos A. Maddux, I have levied upon the following described lands, to-wit: Ne qr of nw qr, and nw qr of nw qr; and sw qr of nw qr, the se qr of nw 2, and nw qr of sw qr, all in sec 1 T 14 N R 4 East of 3d P. M. as the property of the said Thos A. Maddux, which I shall offer at public sale at the court house door in Sullivan in said state, on the 23d day of March A. D. 1860, between the hour of 9 o'clock A. M. and sunset of said day, for cash in hand, to satisfy said execution.

Joseph Thomason sheriff.
by W. Menefee, dep.
March 1st 1860. 18 (34)

Probate Notice.

Estate of George A. Fields, dec'd. The undersigned having been appointed administrator of the estate of George A. Fields, late of the county of Moultrie and state of Illinois, deceased, hereby gives notice that he will appear before the county court of Moultrie county, at the court house in Sullivan, at the regular term, on the 3d Monday in April next, at which time all persons having claims against said estate are notified and requested to attend, for the purpose of having them adjusted. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned.

WILLIAM BOLIN, Adm'r.
February 27th 1860. [18 6w.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of an execution to me directed and delivered by the clerk of the circuit court of Moultrie county, in the state of Illinois, in favor of James Huffman, and against Henry Baley, I have levied upon the following described lands, to-wit: N½ sw qr sec 17 T 15 R 5 E, and sw qr of nw qr of sec 17 T 15 R 5 East, as the property of the said Henry Baley, which I shall offer at public sale at the court house door in Sullivan in said state, on the 23d day of March A. D. 1860, between the hour of 9 o'clock a. m. and sunset of said day, for cash in hand, to satisfy said execution.

Joseph Thomason sheriff.
by J W Kendall, dep.
March 1st 1860. 18 (34)

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of an execution to me directed & delivered by the clerk of the circuit court of Moultrie county, in the state of Illinois, in favor of William L. Ward for the use of B. A. Cornwell and against William Sparks & Jno Y. Hitt, I have levied upon the following described land, to-wit: Sw qr ne qr sec 20 T 14 N R 4 East, 40 acres, as the property of the said Wm Sparks, which I shall offer at public sale at the court house door in Sullivan, in said state, on the 23d day of March A. D. 1860, between the hour of 9 o'clock a. m. and sunset of said day, for cash in hand, to satisfy said execution.

Joseph Thomason sheriff.
March 1st 1860. 18 (34)

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of an execution to me directed and delivered by the clerk of the circuit court of Moultrie county, in the State of Illinois, in favor of Bank of the Commonwealth, and against Thomas Wiley, I have levied upon the following described land, to-wit: W½ sw qr sec 1 T 13 R 6, 80 acres, w¼ ne qr sec 12 T 13 R 6, 80 acres, nw qr sec 12 T 13 R 6, 160 acres, nw se sec 1 T 13 R 6, 40 acres, and sw se sec 11 T 13 R 6, 40 acres, as the property of the said Thomas Wiley, which I shall offer at public sale at the court house door in Sullivan in said state, on the 23d day of March A. D. 1860, between the hour of 9 o'clock a. m. and sunset of said day, for cash in hand, to satisfy said execution.

Joseph Thomason sheriff.
March 1st 1860. 18 (34)

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of an execution to me directed and delivered by the clerk of the circuit court of Moultrie county, in the state of Illinois, in favor of A. N. Smiser, and against Jos. H. Evans, James H. Evans Jr., and James H. Evans Sr., I have levied upon the following described lands, to-wit: Sixteen acres off the south end of the sw qr of nw qr of sec 22, and 24 acres off the east side of nw qr of se qr of sec 22, and the e¼ of the e¼ of the sw qr of the ne qr of sec 25, all in T 14 N R 4 East, of 3d P. M. as the property of the said James H. Evans Sr., which I shall offer at public sale at the court house door in Sullivan in said state, on the 23d day of March A. D. 1860, between the hour of 9 o'clock a. m. and sunset of said day, for cash in hand, to satisfy said execution.

Joseph Thomason sheriff.
by W. Menefee, dep.
March 1st 1860. 18 3. [35]

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of 2 executions to me directed and delivered by the clerk of the circuit court of Moultrie county, in the state of Illinois, in favor of George W. Rugg & P B Knight for the use of Robert Street & Co., and against John A. Warren & Irvin Johnson, I have levied upon the following described land to-wit: Se qr of sec 25 T 15 R 6, and the sw of se of sec 25 T 14 R 5 East, as the property of the said John A. Warren, which I shall offer at public sale at the court house door in Sullivan in said state, on the 23d day of March A. D. 1860, between the hour of 9 o'clock a. m. and sunset of said day, for cash in hand, to satisfy said executions.

Joseph Thomason sheriff.
by J W Kendall, dep.
March 1st 1860. 18 (34)

NOTICE.

All persons indebted to me, either by note or account, are earnestly solicited to call immediately and pay the same to J. R. Eden, who has my books &c. in his hands in my absence. You will certainly save money by taking a hint. A. N. SMYSER, Sullivan, March 1, 1860. [186f.

How much money can you pay us!