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PHILOSOPHIC REFLECTIONS.

By Plato. Paper No. VI.
DESCRIPTIVE POWER.

A talent for lively description, at least in the case of sensible objects, depends chiefly on the degree in which the describer possesses the power of conception. We may remark, even in common conversation, a striking difference among individuals in this respect. One man, in attempting to convey a notion of any object he has seen, seems to place it before him, and to paint for actual perception; another, although not deficient in ready elocution, finds himself, in such a situation, confused and embarrassed among a number of particulars imperfectly apprehended which crowd in to his mind without any just order and connection. Nor is it merely to the accuracy of our descriptions that this power is subservient; it contributes, more than anything else, to render them striking and expressive to others, by guiding us to a selection of such circumstances as are most prominent and characteristic; insomuch that I think it may reasonably be doubted if a person would not write a happier description of an object from the conception than from the perception of it. It has of en been remarked, that perfection of description does not consist in a minute specification of circumstances, but in a judicious selection of them; and that the best rule for making the selection is to attend to the particulars that make the deepest impression on our own minds. When the object is actually before us, it is extremely difficult to compare the impressions which different circumstances produce; and the very thought of writ-

ing a description, would prevent the impression which would otherwise have taken place. When we afterwards conceive the object, the representation of it we form to ourselves, however lively, is merely an outline, and is made up of those circumstances which really struck us the most at the moment, while others of less importance are obliterated.

POST OFFICE & COURIER.

Our **INANE** neighbor the **COURIER** is suffering in the flesh; its last sad wail comes to us with the mournful cadence of **WHITTIER'S** 'Lost soul' upon the lonely waters of the Amazon. Anon, from a gentle murmuring wail, that extracts our pity it gathers strength and reaches us like the despairing cry of the whelpless tigress bereft of its young. The **COURIER** is mad, very mad! our fingers tremble as we chronicle the terrible fury it has worked itself into. It tears up trees like Orlando in his violent insanity, an bellows like another Rhodoment at bay. It hews its way with a tragic indifference to consequences through the bleeding limbs of our venerable and gentlemanly old Postmaster, scattering death and destruction to his hopes of a Post Office renewal.

Oh sad, sad! neighbor Courier, to let your angry passions rise. We throw ourself—the **Star** into the breach—a sacrifice, to appease your savage wrath and save a very necessary Governmental Official from utter annihilation.

We view your merit, neighbor **COURIER**, from a **Star** standpoint, and pronounce you an **INANE HUMBUG**, a 'big thing'

full of emptiness whom no one cares to see except a few would-be Bohemians, who occasionally indulge themselves in a little pen Blatherskaite on pet topics. Amateurs, whose "quill slinging" is of such a mean, silly order, that no man with an ounce of Brains, would allow their trash to find a place in the columns of his paper—We are sorry for you neighbor Courier and would assist you to the extent of one LEADER a week, a leader that would make your paper a readable and acceptable one to all interested—but for that **EMPTY-HEADED VANITY**, that prompts you to ignore our Lilliputian constellation and pronounce it beneath the dignity of a **COURIER** exchange. What a feast of literary matter the only side, you print of your paper, presented, to the educated citizens of our town last week. A silly letter signed 'Sukey.' An item of thanks to Jim Steele, for a few penny grab Cigars—the price of a puff given him the week before, and a short, but neatly written obituary notice, from the pen of a gentleman who uses up a whole alphabet to get at the initials of his name. And yet you complain, that our worthy P. M. will not give himself the trouble of distributing such stuff, and quote law to him by the column on the matter. Fie, fie! neighbor **COURIER**, he has your interests at heart, and the towns good in not letting but as few copies as possible, see daylight, knowing that such a paper burlesque as yours, would only bring ridicule upon one of the most popular enterprising and progressive towns South-west of Chicago. He puts your paper to a better use—and he is right.