

The Dwight Star.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1868.

C. L. PALMER, EDITOR.

PONTIAC MASS MEETING.

Editor Star:

If not doubtfully blessed, with a Democratic memory, it will be needless to inform you that the Grand Republican Mass Meeting so liberally advertised for the past few weeks to be held at Pontiac on the 26th inst; did actually come off, and on the day appointed.

On the morning of the 26th Old Sol. rose in all his splendor, as if to welcome a day set apart by common county consent, for the closing scene of the great party campaign and give the light of his warm old countenance to the liberty loving aspirants who were that day to assemble and celebrate it.

At ten a. m. four coaches packed with a company of every age and sex, left Dwight for the grounds, and among the rest a company of Lady Tanners who made a very creditable display among the two hundred mounted ladies in the procession.

Col. R. Ingersol, an old soldier with a brilliant military record, was the orator of the day, and though, with a reputation second to none as a speaker, he certainly surpassed anything we have heard on the stump in this campaign. The Financial issues—was ventilated by him in such a manner as to give our Democratic friends no possible chance to garble it again. He gave a precedence for every act of the Republican party, in the late war, from the archives of our revolutionary history showing that not half as much was done by our guardians in the

late war, to make "Treason odious" and traitors few as was done by our fathers in the revolutionary struggle. But your space will not allow of details, we will therefore take a look at the procession and close.

The procession headed by the Pontiac Brass Band; marched through the streets in the following order: A company of carpet-baggers, composed of the substantial material of society—our hoary-headed fathers, followed by their liberty-loving daughters on horseback two hundred in number, next the Zouaves deserving special notice for their uniformity of dress and soldierly bearing, then the Infantry bringing up the rear.

After sundown the streets were nearly a-blaze with Tanner lights, all burning with the "steady flame of success" in the distance; marching and counter marching to the music of "We are coming father Abraham three hundred thousand strong." Now and then a dismal howl of distress, could be heard—as if arising from the pit of Pollocks dam'd, "making night hideous and the fools of nature—on the outskirts of the crowd—to shake their dispositions with thought beyond the reaches of their souls." The howling of course emanated from some poor whisky be-dazed Democrats, who in the words of the Turkish Hakern, "supposed their flower of hope to wear a verdant leaf."—Altogether the affair was THE SUCCESS of the campaign. ESMEN.

RIPPLES.

On account of a crowd of matter this week we cannot "Hunt Items" having but little space for the above heading.

It is our painful duty to

chronicle the death of the wife of Wm. Broughton of Broughton Township, who died on Monday evening after a lingering illness of some months. Mrs. Broughton was an estimable lady of many virtues and leaves a large circle of mourning friends.

A son of Mr. Walker was last week, caught in the turning rod of Squire Ketchum's thrasher, which resulted in a broken leg.

Mr. Domand has sold his interest in the Corn drier to Dr. Paine, who having now become an interested citizen of our town, will hereafter give it his undivided attention. Corn driers have now become a necessity and the wonder is that they were not thought of before—'Invention is the mother of necessity.'—SHAKESPEARE.

We understand that our young friend Tommy Wright—Mr. Hetzels chief cook and bottle washer has seen the "error of his ways" and having seceded from the Democratic ranks will vote the Republican ticket, about as the Irishman takes his whisky to wit; STRAIGHT, without batting his eye Go it Tom! the eyes of all Pennsylvania are upon you.

We are enjoying the most delightful Indian summer and the farmers are making the most of it by running their grain into market while the roads are good. We notice some few over-coats on the streets, but think the gentlemen wearing them ought to be remonstrated with as it looks too much like forcing the season.

A pair of horses ran away on Monday—frightened by the cars and demolished a new buggy besides spoiling some side walk on Mazon Avenue.

The Dwight Courier has taken to be-slobbering the citizens of Dwight, in a most fulsome sycophantic style. Its

THE

JOL

Executed
reasonablearticle on
hotel last

called the w

[* * *] was

ing dose.

pathic pills

the old gen

pletely up.

is, that ha

the old mar

writer did

chant for sp

in his pock

sometimes

FATAL

On Frida

train bound

ascending t

Joliet and

cars cam

brakeman

attempted

a train in

to them, s

gine and c

posed kill

as he has

heard from

took fire a

was burni

the clearing

were dela

twelve ho

Dr. Ke

Star' trea

sum of fift

of the loss

and Tan d

ten dollars

will bring

promises a

as was eve

the boot o

able, dirty

him.—We

as we go

is in the

cannot de

Doctor wi

this as ou