

1868.

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DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, BOOTS,
F. B. Arnold,
DEALER IN

THE

STAR.

VOL. 2

DWIGHT ILL., NOVEMBER 19, 1868.

NO. 13.

The Dwight Star,

Devoted to local interests, is published every Thursday by C. L. Palmer.

TERMS.-- \$1 PER YEAR.

RATES OF ADVERTISING made known on application.

PHILOSOPHIC REFLECTIONS.

By Plato. Paper No. XI.

SORROW.--CONTINUED.

The deepest sorrow is not always, perhaps not usually the most violent and demonstrative. It is when the first sudden passion of grief is passed and the soul retires within herself to meditate upon her loss, calmly gathering her mantle about her to hide from the observation of others those tears and that sorrow which are sacred, it is then the deepest sorrow, and the heaviest darkness gathers about the spirit. The truest, deepest grief is ever silent. It shrinks from human observation. It finds no words for expression, wishes none. It is a veiled and silent goddess, whose rites and altars are hidden from the eye of day. It is the nature of sorrow, whatever may be the occasion whence it springs; to retire within itself. It seeks its chamber that it may weep there.

The effect of time in softening and allaying the violence of grief, is known to every one. The manner in which this effect is produced is worthy of attention. A recurrence to the laws of suggestion may explain this. It will be recollected that among the secondary or subjective laws which regulate the suggestion of our thoughts, the interval of time which has elapsed since the

occurrence of any event holds an important place. That which has taken place but recently is more likely to recur again to mind than events of remoter date. On the first occurrence of any calamity, or bereavement, everything tends to remind us of our loss, and this constant suggestion of it has a powerful effect in keeping alive our sorrow. As time passes on, however, the object which once suggested only that which we had lost, becomes associated with, and so suggests other objects and occurrences; or, if they still remind us of our loss, the remembrance is mingled with that of other scenes and events which have since transpired, and other feelings which have since agitated our hearts. Thus time is constantly mingling other ingredients in the cup of our grief. The law of the most recent still holds in suggestion and thus the very principles that formerly reminded us constantly of our loss, now shuts it out, by interposing between it and us what has since transpired. The thought of the past comes up less frequently, and when it recurs, is mingled with so many other associated objects, and experiences, that it no longer awakens emotions of unmitigated grief. Gradually other objects interest us, other plans and duties engage us, other emotions agitate the heart, as successive waves beat on the same troubled shore, and render fainter, at each return, the traces which former billows had impressed upon its sands.

Thus time, the great consol-er, assuages our sorrow, and the unbroken darkness that once hung over the mind, and shrouded all its thoughts and

purposes, gives place, at length to a chastened and subdued sadness. We are ever moving on swiftly, steadily, in the current of events, and objects whose fearful magnitude, once from their very nearness, engrossed our whole attention as we passed into their deep shadow, gradually diminish as they recede, until their dark outline is barely discernible on the distant horizon.

ADVERTISING

Advertising in the STAR is all potent. A notice of Dr. Keeleys small "dorg" of the black and tan type—in its issue of week before last brought the little animal into our Sanctum evidently upon a visit of inquiry. We gave him the particulars of the loss, and he agreed to go with us at once to the Doctor's for identification, not being certain it was him, or his red morocco lock-collar would have been mentioned in the notice. He however proved to be the identical "purp" spoken of and was made happy with a rope about his neck. Moral.—Advertise in the Star if you wish to be found.

The STAR will hereafter be sold upon the streets by competent News-boys every Thursday. The Editor taking this method of reaching the farming community for the benefit of those advertising with him, feeling satisfied that those who read the Star once, will be more than anxious to read it again. Those who have not subscribed for it, will please make a note of the fact, that it is only one dollar per Annum, half yearly in advance.