

The Dwight Star.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1868.

C. L. PALMER, EDITOR.

EX NIHILO NIHIL FIT.

We were never more impressed with the force of the above quotation, than on yesterday morning while reading an idiotic driveling handbill, industriously circulated the night before, through the town of Dwight, by the "PLAYED OUT" WHISKY-SOAKED flunkeys of the DEFUNCT COURIER. The bill, was a pitifully written imitation of the NASBY style, purporting to have been gotten up in the STAR office. It was a supposed "get up" of the DRUNKEN, RED-HEADED SCRUB who has lately assumed the Editorial department of that concern—aided by an OUTSIDER we "wot of," and with whom we shall have more to do hereafter—It is the last parting kick, of the BLACKGUARD TRIO, comprising the concere; and we receive it as such, with many grains of allowance for their PHELINKS which have been hurt many times by sharp arrows of truth shot from the Star. Farewell COURIER! "Let him laugh who wins" Ha, ha!!

FACTS.

The Post Office has indeed become a 'bone of contention' and aspirants for the honor, are so numerous that one hates to walk the street for fear of running against a PETITIONER.

In the last issue of the Courier, the public learns of the fact, that the crippled junior of that concern is a candidate for the gift. We admire Mr. Rutan, he is a genius. But his sublime impudence is his most admirable trait. Elevated to the dignity of an Editor-

ship without a solitary element in his composition to make even a tally boy to a Base Ball club. He speaks of having worn himself out, in the service of the Republican party and that he is entitled to the Office in consequence. Now the facts are that Mr. Rutan became a Republican, by force of circumstances. Our first acquaintance with him, commenced soon after we came here, and at that time he was an ardent Democrat, as he said all his folks were and had been for all time. Albion Smith came, a partnership was entered into for a Republican paper, as Mr. Smith professed Republicanism—his only redeeming trait, and so Mr. Rutan had perforce to succumb, and become Republican in his sentiments. After the campaign closed, his doubtful usefulness closed with it. Uneducated himself he was at the mercy of every "quill slinger" who chose to foist a school boy article upon him and his paper became, in-so-far as he had to do with it—a receptacle for silly nonsense. He was finally FORCED to take into his employ a practical type setter named Harper who later, upon his Editorial associations, tried to force matters, and disgusted the public by his coarse BESLOBERMENT. Finding however, that that "did not win" he tried an opposite course, and one to which he was evidently best adapted, to wit: blackguardism; and that finished him. His dirty, cowardly attack on poor-old-man Baker last week was the decisive blow to the fortunes of the paper, and he and Rutan seem to realize the fact, as we have certain information that this present week will finish them up in Dwight. Mr. Rutans Post Office aspirations are dead. But whenever he goes the Harper dead-weight will drag him under,

and "sold out; at half price," will be written upon his countenance in less than six months. We are sorry that our town loses the press and paper, but think, it will thrive upon the loss of its Editors, especially the coarse rowdy one who writes himself senior.

(Communicated.)

The West.—By the aid of railroads—that hand-maid of civilization—is becoming rapidly settled by an energetic population. The great agricultural and mineral resources of Missouri, Kansas and the country adjacent to and beyond the present terminus of the Union Pacific Railway, eastern division, which is yet to be developed by hardy and intelligent labor, holds out unequalled attractions for the immigrant. The enterprises of her people are on a scale harmonising well with the magnificent proportions of the west. Amid such surroundings the mind naturally expands and business operations acquire a breadth and comprehensiveness, that renders them still 'masters of the situation.'

O. J. F.

The brick-topt red-mouthed senior Editor of the COURIER, called upon us on Wednesday evening to excuse the pasquinade of Tuesday night. He admitted it to be a very cowardly attack, and too mean for even his groveling nature to write and print: Said the article was handed to him with request to publish and circulate as a mid-night affair, and he did it, as he was well PAID FOR IT, by those who could afford to pay well for dirty work of the kind. He even offered for a consideration to divulge the whole affair, which was unnecessary—and do the same dirty job for

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