

The Dwight Star.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1868.

C. L. PALMER, EDITOR.

OUR SELF.

With this week, expires our days of Infancy. December 1st makes us Free white and twenty-one. We can no longer plead the "baby act," did we feel so disposed—for misdeeds done, or to be done. Eight years we have "paddled our own Canoe." We have made money in a small way and we have saved it. Heaven has prospered us thus far in everything we have undertaken, for which we hope we are thankful. We have taken a straight forward course in life and find, it pays the best—judging from the experience of those who started out with us; with the advantage of a larger stock of money age and experience to aid them. They went with the stream of worldly events, without the rudder or compass, of honesty or integrity, to guide them, and have been lost in the waters of oblivion or stranded on the rocks of wavering imbecility, objects of pity to their friends and of disgust to themselves. Eight years, have we struggled for an existence. Eight years we have fought and conquered all obstacles, in our way, and are happy to say—have nothing to blush for in the past and Heaven helping us will have nothing to blush for in the future. Our future will be as our past STRAIGHT FORWARD and UNYIELDING in the right. For the RIGHT we will DO and DARE everything, no matter how the tide may set. We want no favors and ask none, that our merit does not give us, by our merit as a man and a Journalist we are willing to stand or fall.

NO THREATS shall intimidate us; NO BLANDISHMENTS WIN US, and NO MONEY PURCHASE US. Midnight blackguard PASQUINADES whose obscenity would bring a blush upon the most depraved of fallen humanity—though they BE written, by men calling themselves the PILLARS of DWIGHT SOCIETY—will have no power to move us. We will continue onward and upward 'till we reach the highest pinnacle of our AMBITION as a Journalist, and who shall stop us? If there are any ambitious aspirants for that honor, we freely say, "pitch in," hoping that when they have got through with us, and we take the BITTER END, that they will provide us with a suitable metallic coffin, to go to the town of our nativity, in. The Authors of that blackguard PASQUINADE are known to us, and as certain as NIGHT FOLLOWS THE DAY, when we can get the proof to justify us, we will make this town too warm to hold us or THEM, regardless of consequences. Our past record challenges investigation private or public—will theirs?

A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

This week—in the person of Miss Woodbine, we add one more name to the GALAXY of writers whose luminosity have in times past, astonished the good people of Dwight, corporate and otherwise—in the brilliant columns of the Star. We promise Miss Daisy all she asks and will gladly print all she writes, if she considers the following a sample article.

Mr. Palmer,

Dear Sir:—Satisfied that your little paper is the only real literary Journal in the State made up from original matter I am induced to ask a corner once a week for a little familiar conversation with the "Lords of Creation" in a

series of twelve articles. will endeavor to make them as readable as possible, hoping that they may be of advantage to you, and interesting to your readers, only asking in return, that if by any chance you become possessed of the real name of DAISY WOODBINE you will keep it to yourself. My letters if no objections may be known as

FAMILIAR CONVERSATIONS WITH GENTLEMEN.

It is much more convenient to be master of qualities agreeable to those we wish to please than to possess others than even those very persons may acknowledge more estimable. In words we must copy the manners and imitate the follies, of those we associate with, if we would live with ease or satisfaction among them.

What is the proper destination of woman? What is the role you allow them in your drama? Is it not to soothe, to please, to charm? The advantages of person, the graces of mein, a liveliness in conversation, with politeness of manners, are the surest qualifications for compassing these ends. Woman possesses these accomplishments in a supreme degree; and it is in these they would have you likewise to excel. Call them triflers if you dare. They perform the highest part who are formed and destined to render you happy. Is it not truly to the charms of our converse, and complacency of our manners, that you are indebted for your sincerest pleasures, for all the social virtues; in a word, for your entire well being? Answer me ingenuously. Learning, ambition, riches, valor, even friendship itself, of which, and with reason, you so much boast; are any, or all these together, capable of rendering you perfectly happy? Or, at least, the pleasures

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