

The Dwight Star.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1868.

C. L. PALMER, EDITOR.

THAT METHODIST OYSTER SUPPER.

We promised to say a word about the Methodist oyster supper in the last issue of the STAR, in Dwight some three weeks since, and will redeem our promise in the present paper. It was indeed a most RECHERCHE affair and as fine a GET UP of the kind as it has ever been our good fortune to attend. The arrangements were perfect in every particular to receive the numerous company expected, and reflected much credit on the managing committee of that department. About nine o'clock we closed our Sanctum to repair to the scene in OMNIA PORATUS and found the supper IN ESSE, with every body from the patriarch to the infant enjoying themselves with a heartiness that was contagious. And as LA FAME VUAL LEGGI—we at once seized the first seat offering itself for a CHANCE IN, to satisfy our intense desire, and assist to the best of our ability in reducing the number of the fifty and odd cans provided for the occasion. The oysters were delicious, and cooked to a charm. The coffee would have pleased the most exacting TURK or ARAB that ever SWUNG a CIMETER or wore the BOURNOUS—blessed be THEVENOT who first gave its virtues to a civilized world; it doth truly "comfort the brain, and help digestion." The lady waiters were pleasantly DEBONAIR and attractively dressed showing a praiseworthy activity in their good-Samaritan employment. The young people were in their especial element; OYSTERS AND FUX. Nothing

more seemed necessary to their happiness, and the vim with which they seemed to enjoy the whole thing was indeed "bracingly tonic" to our invalid self. The happy-hearted rippling laugh, from the cherry-lipped angels on all sides of us—mingling not unpleasantly with the hearty guffaw, in the lion bass of some pleased swain, smote not unpleasantly upon what our friend Da Silva calls our TYMPANUM, as we ate our bivalves with silent relish.

We do not know who cooked the oysters or made the coffee, but we do know, they exactly suited our epicurian palate,—and more, that we would very much like to engage the services of that PARTICULAR committee, to manage OUR AFFAIR when it comes off in Mr. Prime's Corn Dryer, as we are determined to make that thing a SUCCESS, or 'bust'—a FURNACE trying.

On the whole the Methodist supper was THE SUCCESS, of the PAST or PRESENT, and perhaps of the future, though we hope not—and we certainly cannot forbear taking a little of the credit, WE GIVE IT, TO OURSELF, as we consider, we were mainly instrumental in EXTENDING the LIMIT of their preparation, thereby giving them the time necessary to elaborate the thing more perfectly. We noticed the noble countenance of our friend JOSIAH of the Courier, present, he was evidently feeling 'splendidly' as he greeted us with a gentlemanly nod and a 'sweetly pleasing smile.' Poor Joe! the "little STAR" no longer owes you ill will. Come down from your pedestal of mock dignity and be comforted for our warfare is ended, you have at last thrown up the sponge and AMANTIUM IRACAMORIS REDINTEGRATIO EST.

An ardent swain, disgusted

with the unseemingly severity of the Frost King and the crop of inconveniences he brings in his train, in the way of COLDS and CATARRH'S, hand us the following on a

WINTER SERENADE.

Oh! ask me dot to blow by does, by charbidg one, by owd you bay dot, know de baid feel, it de ver cad be dode! Oh bight we fly to other scides or dwell id yonder star; oh thed, by lovely baid, id bliss I'd strike by light catarrh. The wid that blows across the boor, had it a dose to blow wid such a cold as I hab got ah! would it blow it? doe! But see, the rays of cubbing dawd are gleabidg od the dew; I hear the berry bugle hord, by baiden fair—AT-CHIEU!

THE NEW DOCTOR.

Our growing little town has made another effective addition to its list of Doctors in the person of R. J. Withers, who this week hoists his sign as a Veterinary Surgeon. From a long and extended acquaintance with the Doctor, and a knowledge of his ability in the science he professes, we have no hesitation in giving him a full STAR endorsement, and earnest recommendation to the public at large. The Doctor makes his office at Mr. Seymours Drug store, where he can at all times be consulted by the proprietors of that noble animal, zoologically known as belonging to the genus EQUUS CABALLUS; and be furnished by him with specifics and panaceas for all ills to which Horse-flesh is heir.

SOLD OUT.

Yankee Arnold, that good-kind old soul who, for so long looked after the interests of the poor man in the cheap grocery line.

Holiday Books in great variety at C. L. Palmer's.

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