

The Dwight Star.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 14, 1869.

G. L. PALMER, EDITOR.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)
would help tar and feather the wretch if necessary," and Judas-like, sold himself, not for thirty pieces of silver; but for our favor. Retributive justice would point out his own punishment, viz.—tar and feathers.

HE IS REOBLIGATED.

A very interesting and edifying council was held before our Sanctum on Wednesday night by three of the great lights of temperance—all good Templars in which matters and things pertaining to the Order were discussed very freely. We learned from one of the speakers that HE of the WHITE COAT and battered plug, was under the necessity of re-obligating himself on the preceding evening, and that they, the speakers were now going to "LAY LOW for him." Lookout boys! the poor cowardly midnight promulgator of obscene hand-bills, has possessed himself of a five inch hexagonal persuader which he now flourishes to intimidate you with. Be 'keerful' of him, he is dangerous. He has paid all his debts here-to-fore by BLOW and RHODOMONTADE having had no kind friend to lend him a persuader. But he is a fire-eater or drinker, as the "little Joe" he lampooned so unmercifully through the columns of both town papers two weeks since, can testify. The said 'little Joe' says he is willing to be qualified, as does also Peter Kraft, that he of the white coat and battered plug, rum-blossomed nose and hexagonal persuader, buttoned said white coat over

two thirds of a pint of forty-red at one draught one week ago last Monday. We know of no one better qualified to write a temperance article on the subject of "Sparkling fiery damnation" under the circumstances, than himself, he being a walking temperance lecture in himself. Whisky and bombast are the weapons with which he fights those terrible battles he brags of—He is incapable of hurting any body in daylight, but midnight is the time in which he delights to do his dirty work and the NASBY style suits his orthography the best, as it does his stomach. 'Little Joe' says he worked out his last whisky bill in Chatsworth in house-painting and we "rather" think little Joe is authority;—In Dwight, 'played out' in purse and credit, he changes his 'role' from that of Painter, Auctioneer, Homeopathist and Democratic stumper, to shyster pettifogging, and runs the machine heavy for a time on the kind indulgence of poor old man Baker, who, when he no longer could afford to keep him received abuse and would violence, if the coward dared use it. His next land-lord tells a like story of him, Jim dont hide facts. Every whisky proprietor in town is willing to make affidavit to the fact that he is indebted to him from three to five dollars and farther, that they never expect him to pay it. This is the rum soaked, played out, whisky flunkey, who has worked himself into the affections of our town Trustees, and blistered himself upon our community and thrown discredit upon some of our best and most respected citizens by sending them to Pontiac to testify to that of which they could not reasonably be expected to know of. This is the miserable bravo who now seeks to in-

timidate our women and small boys with a show of implied fight, by carrying a pistol. Poor whisky bloated, and Friend-deserting coward! you certainly need something to fortify you, even to an obligation.

IN JAIL.

T. B. Harper, of the Dwight COURIER, paid us a visit last Monday. He had been in town but a few hours before Sheriff Wentz had him safely in jail. Thomas soon succeeded in getting out, but how he managed to do it "deponent sayeth not."

The above appears in the Free Press of the 7th inst. and a more abominable and base insertion looking towards the ruin of an honorable man could not be perpetrated. The facts are these; Mr. Harper went to Pontiac on business connected with his office, and while there met with our worthy Sheriff Mr. Wentz, who wishing to get a favorable notice from one of the cleanest, and best edited papers in the county—aside from white coats' article on Temperance last week,—invited Mr. H. to visit the Jail with him and notice the arrangements and peculiarities of the place since he took possession, Mr. Harper went with him, which gave rise to the above slanderous squib.

The poor, miserable, renegade and apostle who never succeeds in anything but betraying his friends, is now trimming his sails for a town clerkship. His is the kind of mind for such a position; a time server and a weather cock; a deserter and a whisky drinking blackguard; a thing who has no more regard for his word or character, than a hog has for slops, is a fit man indeed to represent Dwight?

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