

THE STAR.

Vol. 8.

Dwight, Ill., January 28, 1869.

No. 8.

The Dwight Star,

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

TERMS.—\$1 PER YEAR.

RATES OF ADVERTISING made known on application.

Important to Subscribers.

Subscribers receiving their paper with an X written on the margin, at the end of their name, will know that their subscription has expired, and the paper is discontinued unless renewed.

The following Poem is sent for publication by a student attending Medical College in Chicago; with a note stating that it was found one morning attached to a skeleton belonging to the Demonstrator. We do not profess to be a judge of poetry, but think it the production of no ordinary mind. It has the ring of true metal; Beginning with the head, it finishes at the feet.

VERSES FOUND ATTACHED TO A SKELETON.

Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull,
Once of ethereal spirit full,
This narrow cell was life's retreat,
This space was thought's mysterious seat.
What beauteous visions filled this spot,
What dreams of pleasure long forgot,
Nor hope, nor love, nor joy, nor fear,
Here left one trace of record here.
Beneath this moldering canopy,
Once shone the bright and busy eye;
But start not at the dismal void,
If social love that eye employed,
If with no lawless fire it gleamed—
But through the dew of kindness beamed.
That eye will be forever bright
When stars and suns are sunk in night.
Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue,
If "falsehood's honey" it disdained
And when it could not praise—was chained;
If bold in virtue's cause it spoke,
—Yet gentle concord never broke:
This silent tongue shall plead for thee
When time unveils Eternity.
Say, did these fingers delve the mine?
Or with its envied rubies shine?
To hew the rock, or ward the gem

Can little now avail to them,
But if the page of truth they sought,
Or comfort to the Mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed can claim,
Than all that wait on wealth and fame.

Avail it whether bare or shod
These feet the path of duty trod?
If from the bowers of ease, they fled
To seek afflictions humble shed;
If grandeurs guilty bribe they spurned,
And home to virtue's cot returned
These feet with Angels feet, shall vie,
And tread the Palace of the Sky.

EDITOR STAR:

As your little paper seems to be the only true exponent of social thought in our county, and consequently more generally read than any one of the larger ones, I am induced to crave a corner in its cozy little columns for an article on the subject of OLD MAIDS, Hoping you will find it worth TYPE, I am, ever yours

GERTRUDE.

We cheerfully accord you a corner Miss Gertrude and would like to furnish you a page weekly for any number of such articles.—Ed.

OLD MAIDS.

I love old maids—I do! They are decidedly the most excellent portion of the community, the cream of society, the very salt of earth! Who is the heart, and soul, and life, of the Benevolent Society?—The old maid. Who makes the home circle, not her own sunny and joyous, through her kind care and forethought? The old maid. Who is the oracle, the model, the joy and delight the Alpha and Omega of numberless wee-ones? The old maid auntie. Who is the minister's right-hand man? Who is always on a collecting expedition for the Missionary Association, or the Industrial School? Who is ever ready to go on an errand of mercy to the suffering and afflicted? Who is to be depended upon to undertake what must be done, and nobody else will do

In short, who is the most unselfish of mortals? The old maid—God bless her!

The careless, unfeeling manner in which people of coarse and degraded natures speak of old maids, is beneath contempt. Must she be despised who withholds her hand because she cannot give her heart; and she esteemed who, for a home, a name, a station, weds one whom she cannot love? Rather, all honor to the woman who holds marriage as a thing too sacred for speculation or barter. Nobler ideas of life and love has she than that wedded sister who, from the imagined dignity of her station, looks down scornfully, or, perchance, pityingly upon her. Has the woman to whom earth suddenly grew dark when he, through the sunshine of whose love she had viewed it, was removed, less claim to regard and sympathy because the tie had not been acknowledged before the world? Is she, who from the depth of a trusting heart, poured out her wealth of love on an unworthy object, entitled only to ridicule and contempt? Are faith, and love, and truth so lightly esteemed?

Our old maids are our heroines, seldom appreciated, seldom understood, and oftentimes deeply wronged. O, who among us knows aught of the world behind this exterior—this patient, quiet, useful, self-denying exterior. Who of us can tell ought of the deep ploughing and harrowing of heart and soul which preceded this golden harvest? What has moulded the character? What has wrought this work of self abnegation? Ah, could we look behind the scenes into the soul; could we trace its [CONCLUDED ON SECOND PAGE.]