

THURSDAY, JANUARY 28, 1869.

G. L. PALMER, EDITOR.

[CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.]
history; from the fresh, rosy morn of girlish hopes and dreams, or, through the strange varied phases of its life-experiences; till its lights of earthly joy were all extinguished, and alone, in the cold, and dark, it had grouped its way to a higher plane—till it had learned to live for something higher than self, higher than mere enjoyment—then only could we know, and prize, and love the character.

Those who have reached these heights through the flower-strewn rather than the stormy path; who have learned to live in others, by the bright fireside, surrounded with warm hearts; strengthened and elevated by a true, noble love, purified by the innocent, gushing affections of childhood; those whom human love has led upward to the Divine—little dream they of the weary wastes over which many a fellow-traveler must pass to reach the goal. Take away that sunny home, that cherished friend, those blue-eyed, rosy, gladsome ones; take away the rich memories with which they have crowned the past; would you, my sister, have strength to tread the way before you—or, would you, my brother? Yet this path has been trod, and the height attained by many whom you meet daily, with whom you mingle freely, but of whose whole soul-life you are as utterly ignorant as if the ocean rolled between you.

When the seeming shall give place to the real, when mind and soul shall be prized above name and station, gold above tinsel, then shall a high

rank be accorded, among us, to those whom we now term "old maids."

VELOCIPEDES.

As an evidence of the enterprise of our little town beyond all others of its size or double its size along the line of the C. A. & S. L. R. R. we chronicle this week, the fact of a Velocipede among us.

Mr. Chas. Newell, a gentleman of vim and ambition, who loves to keep even with our fast age, hearing of these queer little mile-a-minute vehicles, invested eighty five dollars in one and can now be seen any day cleaving the wind at a speed that mocks nature's best effort in horse flesh.

The Velocipede of course was much of a curiosity when it first came here, and many people supposed they had nothing to do but to jump on and ride, but many found at the expense of sore heads that like other things, it was a lesson that had to be learned.

We understand that Capt. Stevens is about to get a Velocipede from New York, this is as it should be, as we of Dwight want to see a team of Velocipedes navigating our streets—Verily Dwight fast becometh a "HUB."

DISGRACEFUL.

A disgraceful scene occurred before the Dwight House last week, which in itself was as eloquent a temperance lecture as could be given by its most earnest advocate. The actors in this disgraceful drama were a youth just budding into manhood, and an old man rapidly verging upon senility. We do not know which were in fault in the many knock-downs that were given; we only know that the youth spoken of was taken to the lock-up.—How long is this thing going to last?

Why is it that the town Trustees cannot put down this damnable soul-sinking traffic in the worst and most pernicious poison that ever entered the human stomach? The reason is to be explained in a few words; The very men who helped to elect the present Board are the most backward in sustaining it. It is a well authenticated fact that they—or at least some of them—having been brought to Pontiac to testify before the GRAND JURY, deliberately and wilfully prevaricated in every thing they were asked, deeming it better to keep faith with the whisky ring, than to keep it with themselves and the respectable portion of the community.

PHILOSOPHIC REFLECTIONS.

By Plato. Paper No. XVII.
DEFICIENCY.

Here many, perhaps most, who have reflected upon the matter at all, would place the dividing line between man and the brute, denying him the possession of reason and reflection, the higher intellectual powers, but allow him the other faculties which man enjoys. We must go further, however, and exclude imagination from the list of brute faculties. Having no idea of the beautiful, nor any power of forming abstract conceptions, the ideals, according to which imagination shapes its creations, are wholly wanting, and imagination itself, the faculty of the ideal, must also be wanting.

But has the brute the power of perception and memory, the only two remaining faculties of the human mind? If we distinguish, as we must, the physical from the strictly intellectual element, in perception by the sense, the capacity to receive impressions of sense from the capacity to understand and know the object, as