

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1869.

C. L. PALMER, EDITOR.

people who have wondered how it happens that those who have shown so conspicuously at the bar, should have been eclipsed in the senate, and that the giants of the Court room should have been mere pigmies at Washington. That a successful forensic pleader should be a poor diplomatic orator, is no more to be wondered at, than that a good microscope should make a bad telescope. The mind of the pleader is occupied in scrutinizing minutiae, that of the statesman in grasping magnitudes—the one deals in particulars, and the other in general. The well-defined rights of individuals are the province of the pleader, but the enlarged and undetermined claims of communities are the arena of the statesman. Forensic eloquence may be said to lose in comprehension, what it gains in acuteness, as an eye so formed as to perceive the motion of the hour-hand, would be unable to discover the time of the day. We might also add, that a mind long hackneyed in anatomizing the nice distinctions of words, must be the less able to grapple with the more extended bearing of things; and he that regulates most of his conclusions by precedent that is past, will be somewhat embarrassed, when he has to do with power that is present.

GOSSIP WITH OUR READERS.

Of late the burden of filling our own columns has been taken off our hands by outside friends, who seem fully competent to relieve us of

that duty. We have constantly pouring in upon us a stream of original matter that would frighten or delight the soul of a first-class literary Journal, and we do not know which. We can now afford to cull our matter and print that which we think will be most acceptable to our readers. A still further enlargement of our paper is forced upon us and the week after next we will make it; to accommodate our many friends who insist upon a representation of their business in our columns. We have now a circulation of three hundred copies a week and hope by the end of our second year to have a circulation of at least two thousand. Fifty thousand a week is our ultimate aim, and many who are in Dwight to-day will see us have it, ten years hence, and the Dwight Star of to-day will be the best known, and largest paper on the Continent of America twenty years hence, numbering the best writers in the old and new World among its contributors. Perhaps this is a boy's boast, but we have achieved as seemingly impossible things in the past and we CAN and WILL do it in the future, health permitting.

Our poor friend Josiah of the COURIER is—we understand upon his "last legs." We are indeed sorry for Joe. We always feel sorry for anybody who has made the brave effort he has, and failed. We would like to have him continue to "float his banner to the prairie breeze" as long as ourself, but we have parted company in our life's journey too often with incompetents to feel much more than a "passing pang" of compassion in the parting. However we wish the poor boy luck in whatever ground he may stake his future camp, and we hope that may be in our little sis-

ter village Gardner where it don't need a very high grade of intellect to run any-thing but a saloon, and he would be in consequence immeasurably above the standard and we know he would do well there where he could do nothing here. The people of Dwight do not deserve to be represented by as fine a journal as that paper was and is. They have not shown it a proper appreciation, not one of the many who encouraged him to risk his means in a press of that kind are now willing to sustain him to the extent of one dollar and Joe justly feels as though it is casting pearls &c.

The Princeton Charter is not wholly lost yet, "All's not lost that's in danger" saith the ancient proverb, and we hope that the influence of bad men will not prevail in this instance. We have many men in Dwight who would peril their souls best hope for a little empty notoriety or drape the hearth-stones of half the town for a few paltry shillings, but is it possible that the best men of our town will stand tamely by and see such men trample rough-shod over rights, that are the safeguards of the towns best interests?

Since last Saturday the roads have been in such a terrible condition that there has been no communication with the country, no teams in—and consequently but little drunkenness in our streets. It is however but a lull before the storm, and next week will perhaps witness a reenactment of last weeks hellish scenes. We go in for the PRINCETON, or any other kind of a Charter that will muzzle the mouths and bind the hands of the unprincipled blackguards who now in defiance to law persist in selling their pernicious poi-

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