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# THE AGITATOR.

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NO. 48.

## THE MORNING RIDE.

Bright is the morn, the sky is clear,  
The lark's gay carol greets my ear—  
Waits at my door, th' impatient steed,  
To hear me o'er the sparkling mead.  
With head erect, and joyous neigh,  
O'er the green-sward he bounds away;  
Brushing the night-tears from his eyes,  
From each young blade of springing grass.  
With haste he seeks the grassy crest—  
Shakes from her wings the morn which gleam  
Like diamonds in the morning beams,  
And with her cry so wild and shrill,  
Wakes echoes from the distant hill.  
We've gained the bluff: How sweet the breath  
Which light winds waft from distant leath—  
While neat we peep, with eyes of blue,  
The Spiderwort peeps through the dew,  
And floats along the busy bee,  
With its low tones of minstrelsy;  
And every living, moving thing,  
Echoes with joy, "O, this is spring!"  
Now through the grove away we speed,  
Leaving awhile the grassy mead,  
To seek new beauties in the shade—  
To chase the wild hare through the glade,  
Or watch the robin build her nest  
Upon the hawthorn's top-most crest,  
Or list to hounds, whose distant bay  
Comes o'er the prairies far away,  
Pursued by sportsmen's stealthy pace,  
Who seek the fawn in lawny chase.  
There's joy and beauty all around,  
And on the ambient air the sound  
Of pushing music softly floats,  
Poured from a thousand warbler's throats,  
Who blithely fit from spray to spray,  
And hail the joyous bright young day.  
Beauteous will be the sight I glean,  
When these broad plains, whose glen  
Is made more bright by gems of dew—  
Shall with their verdure blend the hue  
Of emerald, blue, and brilliant green;  
While the gay lily, or the rose,  
Gazes with looks of laudatory pride,  
And spreads her petals, richly dyed—  
(The flowers did not her defame,  
When "Vanitie" they called her name.)  
Soon, the wild Ipomoea's vine  
Its graceful tendrils shall entwine  
Around the willows by the brook;  
And lowly shrubs, in upland nook,  
With flowers, which own as many dies,  
As Iris in the summer skies.  
O! bright will be this glorious earth,  
When June in beauty shall come forth  
To let her thousand brilliant flowers  
Look out upon this world of ours—  
And one bright, fragrant chaplet bring  
To crown the closing hours of spring.  
Greencastle, Iowa, May, 1857.

## THE TWO WIVES.

The tea things were removed, the children had gone to bed, and Charles Lighte, throwing down his newspaper, seated himself on the sofa beside his wife. A hand slid into his own, thinner and less delicate than when, years ago, it had first met his; but the same confiding, loving hand—And out of the fulness of her heart the good wife spoke: "I have been thinking, Charles, as I watched this bright firelight flickering over our comfortable room, how happy we live; how much we ought to do for others, in return for the blessings, that are daily heaped upon our heads."  
"Yes, Carrie, but these blessings are earned by daily labor; you women sit at home by your comfortable fires, and little think how your husbands and fathers are toiling meantime to procure the shelter, and fuel, and food of which you are so grateful to Providence."  
An arch smile lighted the still pretty face, as the wife answered, "Ah, and you husbands and fathers enter the orderly house, and eat the well-cooked, punctual meals, and play with the neat, and well-dressed, and well-disciplined children, and enjoy the evening in comfort and repose, without realizing how your wife, with head and heart, and hand, must have toiled to bring about these quiet results. I might easily give you practical proofs of what I have asserted, but I delight in having you think of home as a place of enjoyment and repose, a warm, sunny harbor after the storms and chills of the world outside; therefore, I take my own rest when you take yours. Is not this better than to be always keeping before you, by help of a little management, the conviction that I am a weary victim. Our interests are mutual, and I feel that the knowledge I am resting, adds to your repose."  
Mr. Lighte's face glowed with pleasure at his wife's candid, simple, confiding words; she sympathized with and understood him—she only in the great wide world! How he loved her! How good, and true, and gentle, she had always been! Thus he thought, as they both sat dreaming by the fireside.  
Mrs. Lighte awoke first from her reverie; she was not accustomed to waste time in dreams. "Charles, while I think of it, for I forgot it this morning, the white sugar is all out, (they had been married a great while, and the transition from sentiment to household wants was natural for her,) we must have another barrel."  
This brought Charles Lighte, back to the purpose for which he had thrown aside his newspaper; "Don't you think, Carrie, that now we have so many children, and they all so young, we might use brown sugar, instead of white?"  
"What shall I do for company? and, besides, children have as sensitive palates as we. I recollect well how, in my childhood, I disliked coarse, cheap food."  
"And now your family are all epicures."  
"What! gluttons?"  
"Oh, no; but if meat is an hour too old, or bread a trifle done, or eggs the least altered, or pudding is heavy, nothing will do, but you must procure a substitute; the things are not really bad; many would eat on for the sake of economy."  
"Is there no good from my epicurism?"  
"Yes I am willing to own that no man in this city has more nutritious and palatable food on his table than I; but, Carrie, the

times are hard, and we must begin to economize."  
"Now, I understand you; you have been talking with Mr. Murke; I thought you meant to dissolve your copartnership in the spring; that man will spoil you with his meanness."  
"I cannot afford to dissolve yet; my family expenses are too heavy. And besides, I am not sure but what you call meanness in Murke, is, after all, commendable foresight. Do you remember what a spendthrift he was in his first wife's day?"  
"No, Charles; I remember that when we were lovers, we used to admire his generous, disinterested conduct. I do not know a man in Boston whose position was more truly enviable than his at the time of which we speak."  
"What! besieged by high and low for help, never sure of a moment at his own command! Do you call it enviable to be at every one's beck and call! Was a poor family burnt out, or somebody's fifth cousin to be buried, or a minister to be admonished or supported, or a returning prodigal to make peace with his family, or a lunatic taken to the hospital, or a city improvement made, no one could accomplish the object so well as Murke."  
"And his pleasure lay in his duty; how his honest face would glow with delight, as in his boyish days, as he walked up and down our parlor, relating the success of some benevolent scheme. What a pity he could not have died then; the roguish exterior would have fallen away from a strong yet gentle soul, as beautiful and radiant as any angel that ever entered Heaven."  
"But, Carrie, you little enthusiast, what would have happened to his wife and children? Had William Murke died ten years ago, they might have been in the poor house, for he had not saved a penny then; now they will all inherit handsome fortunes."  
"Oh, Charles! you cannot be in earnest; the world has not so blinded you but you must feel that the wealth in his purse is a poor compensation for the wealth that is fast dying out of his soul. Think what a cheerless home—think how his children are neglected, how ignorant they are allowed to remain of all the courtesies and amenities of life, and what little scarecrows in appearance!"  
"Scandal! Carrie; scandal!"  
"Truth! but a truth is as bad as scandal. That second wife is to be his ruin yet, mark my prophecy. She has retrenched until she has scraped all the beauty and polish, and gilding—all the treasure and worth out of his home, and poured them into his money bags. Is that an advantage? Is money better than the money's worth? Miserly people worship the symbol, and forget or neglect the truth it symbolizes."  
"You are too hard upon Mrs. Murke; she brought her husband fifteen thousand dollars, and had a right to demand that he should add his share to the family fund. She is saving for his children."  
"Of what advantage will money be, when they do not know how to use and enjoy it? Wealth only begets vulgarity and ignorance upon a pedestal, where they will be a surer mark to ridicule and contempt. But, Charles, let us leave the Murkes to manage their own way, and tell me what you think of sending the children to dancing school; they are quite old enough, and if you do not feel able to afford the expense, I can do very well without the silk dress you promised me this autumn."  
"I am tired of those old dresses you have turned so many times; you must have the silk, and as for the children, what real need is there of their learning to dance?"  
"It is a pleasant accomplishment; it makes them graceful and genteel; prepares them in short for the society in which we hope they will maintain an honorable place."  
"How ambitions you are! but have your way, I will trust a mother's instinct against all reasoning."  
The ghosts of Mr. and Mrs. Murke had been allayed, but only for one evening; day after day they returned to weary and perplex, but never vanquish good little Mrs. Lighte. It was:  
"Carrie, Murke has taken a house far up on the Neck; the rent is cheaper, but that's not the best; he assures me that by moving to so inaccessible a place, he is rid of scores of relatives and friends who formerly made a convenience of his house, almost converting it into a hotel. Now, the next house to Murke's is unoccupied; had we not better remove thither?"  
"A mile from our children's school, and our church, and your store? Why not go up into the backwoods at once, if we are to seclude ourselves from society?"  
"I wonder if Mrs. Murke ever happened to read what the bible says about entertaining strangers; how often we meet these injunctions: 'be courteous'; 'be hospitable'; 'given to hospitality'; 'entertaining the saints'.—Let us remain where we are, my husband; and while we have a crust of bread let us share it with our friends."  
So Mr. Lighte went whistling to his store, thanking the Providence that had given him a wise helpmeet. But the ghosts returned.—  
"How sober you are, Carrie!"  
"To tell the truth, my teeth have ached for a fortnight, and I am half worn out with pain."  
"Why did you not tell me earlier? Pray go to a dentist immediately."  
"I knew this would be the first thought with you; and dentists claim such exorbitant prices, I could not bear to add one of Dr. Bemis's bills to our expenses; but I will walk as far as his office with you this afternoon."

"That's right; yet Carrie, now I remember, Murke recommended a Mr. Huddle, who fills teeth for just half what Bemis charges."  
"Is that all he told you?"  
"Yes."  
"Mr. Huddle filled Mrs. Murke's teeth so badly, that in three years they had half broken out, and the other half were blackened with decay; even after this their eldest daughter was sent to the same person, and her fine teeth will be sacrificed in consequence."  
"But Huddle is making a beautiful set of false teeth for Mrs. Murke."  
"You'll see if they are not always breaking, and set in such brassy gold that they will fill her mouth with canker."  
"Ah, I yield; you are foresighted!" and the husband and wife departed on their way to Dr. Bemis's office.  
Yet the ghosts tracked them home again.  
"Carrie, Mrs. Murke has sent away her servant; and her board and wages and waste are subtracted at once from the family expenses; do you not think that we might do the same?"  
"No, my dear. I am constantly and fully occupied already."  
"I know that; but Murke says you can get worlds of work out of children; keep Ellen at home from school awhile; the rest from study will do her good. Ned can wait upon you and set tables; and the little ones also may gradually be drawn into harness."  
"My children are not colts!" Mrs. Lighte had never addressed her husband with so much asperity before. "It is but little they could do at best, and why compel them to do this? Are we not too sure that in after life care and toil will enter; and well for them, poor things, if it does not make up the whole sum of their lives!"  
"Let us prepare them for it then, by early teaching."  
"Yes, by the teaching of example; we shall never make them industrious men and women by disgusting them with work in their childhood; let us accustom them to a cheerful, orderly household, to palatable food and decent clothing; they will not readily submit to a change in after years. Let us make our children remember home as a pleasant place, not as a theatre of exactions, mortifications and querulous complaints."  
The ghosts came once more, and the children siding with their mother, this time the influence of the Murkes was vanquished and annihilated.  
"Carrie, Murke and I have been comparing expenses, and it frightens me to find my own triple the amount of his; we must retrench."  
"In what way? I am ready."  
"In a hundred ways; our house is too large, our fires are too bright, our table is too luxurious, our children dress too well, we have too much company, our pew at church is too expensive; the Murkes have a pew close by the door, they hear quite as well, and pay only half the tax that is required for ours; they close two-thirds of their house and thus are rid of the expense of heating it."  
"Wait a minute! their water pipes have frozen and flooded three times this winter; the expense of repairing cost more than several tons of coal."  
"That was only an accident. Murke covers his fire with ashes, and the coal burns half as long again in consequence."  
"Yes and their sitting room is like Greenland."  
"Cool rooms make children hardy."  
"Oh! father," broke in a little voice, don't heat our room with ashes and water—don't! Coming home from school the other day, I should have cried with cold, but I kept thinking of our good bright fire."  
"Yes," outspoke another, "and last week I called Willie Murke in here to warm his hands, he looked so cold as he was running by; and he stared as if he never saw a parlor before, and asked me if we always kept our piano unlocked, and lived in the front room, and had silver spoons on the table and other plates for pudding. He said he wished that he had a mother like mine. Why you can see sparkles of ice on the inside of Mr. Murke's hall door all winter long."  
"Hush, children, don't interrupt when your mother and I are talking. The butcher calls here, Carrie twice a week; and Murke says they use salted and dried meat, which they procure at wholesale and pickle themselves."  
"Do you like pork very much?" whispered Lizzie Lighte, pulling her mother's sleeve.  
"And Mrs. Murke doesn't use butter nor pork for frying griddle cakes; a little dry salt, they assured me, will answer every purpose."  
"I know one thing, I'm glad mother doesn't have griddles greased with salt," ventured Lizzie.  
"Then these potatoes, small and poor as they are, cost over a cent apiece. Mrs. Murke substitutes Indian corn dumplings."  
"Boiled in water, I suppose, unpalatable! Give me another piece of chicken, Charles, if you please," was Mrs. Lighte's only reply.  
"What do they make instead of sweet potatoes?" asked Lizzie who was very fond of the latter delicacy.  
"Mrs. Lighte looked smilingly for her husband's answer.  
"They do not eat such luxuries, my child; Mr. Murke is saving against he grows old."  
"Why, father, we'll take care of you when you are old; and I mean to have a home just like ours, sweet potatoes and all," said the child; "yet the Murkes do have some luxuries, for when the cake gets burnt, Mary often brings the crust to school for her luncheon; she said her mother told her that they'd make her breath sweet, but solid cake was poisonous; I shouldn't think she'd give poison to her company."  
The ghost was banished; but the thrifty

woman known as Mrs. Murke, came one last time to the home of Charles Lighte. There was to be a funeral on the morrow; the sofa by the fireside was empty, and dust was gathering over the workbox that stood on the centre-table; a group of children were huddled together, crying as if their hearts would break.  
After a long life work, she had folded her hands at last, and the corpse lay waiting for burial; Carrie, the provident mother, the faithful wife, the good, gentle sympathizing friend; and as Charles Lighte stood watching her, with sorrow too deep for tears. Mrs. Murke, came to offer consolation. She said: "Yes, she was a good and a kind neighbor to me. I shall never forget her early influence over my husband; and Mr. Lighte, we must not waste time in grief; and every sorrow has its compensations. You have now one less to support in these hard times. Your wife had a great many children, and was ambitious for them, and liked to keep up a good appearance in the world. She was an excellent woman, but you may find another that will do as well as she, and your money besides."  
"Ah," broke forth the husband, too grieved for anger, "she spent for us, she watched, and planned, and wasted all her strength for our welfare; this house is full of the works of her hands. My heart is full of recollections of her patient love and industry. I have too often pained the gentle heart that is sleeping here, by repeating your advice. Yesterday my partnership with your husband dissolved; to-day, Mrs. Murke, I beg leave to dissolve my acquaintance with yourself."  
And they buried her—that good Carrie. "With the fruits of her hands" she had planted a vineyard; and when she was dead her husband and children dwelt therein.  
The Murkes added gold to gold, and loaded their souls with that "thick clay." They built a fine house, and gave a great formal party every year; then covered the furniture, packed away the silver, locked the parlors, and lived in a few small back rooms. Mr. Murke's daughter married early, to escape the ungenial home, accepted the first adventurer that offered themselves, and one by one came back to him, with wasted health and ruined hopes, and a family of children. His sons rushed into dishonesty and extravagance, and were a disgrace and sorrow to the parents' hearts.  
Doing out, with many a sigh, the scanty pittance which they consider needful for the wants of their children and grandchildren, Mr. and Mrs. Murke live alone in their house, pore over newspapers, and needs discuss stocks, bonds and notes, and feel poor; as well they may, who have lost their souls for the sake of gold which perisheth.  
Mr. Lighte, with sufficient property for all his wants, divided his time between many households, all copies of the dear one he can never forget; and in each of which he is eagerly welcomed and cared for with watchful love. His children continually develop before his eyes the traits which he has now learned to appreciate in his buried wife.— They have taken the place in society for which their mother fitted them, have married into good families, and surrounded with refined friends, and make themselves attractive by whatever, among the comforts and elegancies of life, may be within their reach.  
As Charles Lighte, an old man now, sits thus at the fireside of his children, and watches his daughters, ornaments to society, blessings to their homes, comforts to the destitute; and his sons, forward in all good works and many enterprises—tears, not of loneliness, but of gratitude, fill his eyes, and he thinks how his good wife, "being dead, yet speaketh."  
Yes, "Let her own work praise her."  
Reader, I would not disparage the excellent and needful virtue of economy; but only suggest, by this sketch, drawn from actual life, that there are kinds of waste which lead to wealth, and kinds of accumulation which lead to miserable waste.  
Some cotemporary, who has rather a lively sense of the ludicrous, tells a mirth-provoking story of a traveler, who quartered at a tavern in Yankeland, on a Sabbath not long since, which is so good and so characteristic of a class who glory in "cutting a dash," that we reproduce it here:  
"He prepared himself to attend church, but not possessing that very important chattel, a watch, and being particularly desirous of cutting a dash, he applied to the landlord for the loan of one. The landlord, possessing a very powerful alarm watch, readily complied with the request, but previously wound up the alarm and set it at the hour which he supposed would be about the middle of the first prayer. The dandy repaired to the church; he arose with all the grace of a finished exquisite, at the first prayer, and stood playing very gracefully with the borrowed seals, when suddenly he jumped as if he had discovered a den of rattlesnakes; the whizzing of the alarm commenced! The people started, the dandy made a furious grab at the offending watch with both hands outside the pocket, and tried to squeeze it into silence, but in vain; it kept up its *tur-r-r-r-r*, and it seemed as though it never would stop! The sweat rolled off the poor fellow, he seized his hat, and making one effort at the door, hurried off with his watch in one hand and his hat in the other amid the suppressed laughter of the whole congregation."  
"Sir," said a little blustering man to a religious opponent, "to what sect do you suppose I belong?"  
"Well, I don't exactly know," replied the other, "but to judge from your size and appearance, I should think you belonged to the class generally called ja-sects."

## Give Him a Trade.

If education is the great buckler and shield of human liberty, well developed industry is equally the buckler and shield of individual independence. As an unfeeling resource through life, give your son, equally with a good education, a good honest trade. Better any trade, than none, though there is ample field for the adoption of every inclination in this respect. Learned professions and speculative employments may fail a man, but an honest handicraft trade seldom or never—if its possessor choose to exercise it. Let him feel too, that honest labor crafts are honorable and noble. The men of trades, the real creators of whatever is most essential to the necessities and welfare of mankind, cannot be dispensed with; they, above all others, in whatever repute they may be held by their more fastidious fellows, must work at the oar of human progress, or all is lost. But few brown-handed trade workers think of this, or appreciate the real position and power they compass.  
Give your son a trade—no matter what fortune he may have, or seem likely to inherit. Give him a trade and an education, at any rate a trade. With this he can battle with temporal want, can always be independent; and better is independence with moderate education, than all the learning of the colleges and wretched temporal dependence. But in this free land there can be, ordinarily, no difficulty in securing both education and the trade by every youth, thereby fitting each and all to enter the ranks of manhood, defiant of those obstacles which intimidate so many tradesless, professionless young men. Such are the peculiarities of fortune, that no mere outward possessions can be counted as absolutely secure or protective to men. Hoarded thousands may be swept away in a day and their once possessor left with neither the means of independence nor livelihood.  
He was a wise Scandinavian king who decreed that his sons must learn useful trades or be cut off from their expected princely inheritances. They demurred, but one obeyed the decree. In time, also, revolution came upon and overthrew him, and he fled disgusted, wandering and companionless, save his wife and children, his sole resource for livelihood a recurrence to his humble, but honest and useful trade. The sons of the rich as well as the poor should be strengthened by this possession. If never used beyond the learning, no harm is done—while possibly it may be of incalculable good.

## Saturday Night.

What blessed things Saturday nights are, and what would the world do without them? Those breathing moments in the tramping march of life; those little twilights in the broad and garish glare of noon, when pale yesterday looked beautiful through the shadows, and faces "changed" long ago, smile sweetly—again in the hush when one remembers "the old folks at home," and the old fashioned fire-place, and the old arm-chair, and the little brother that died, and the little sister that was "translated."  
Saturday nights make people human; set their hearts to beating softly, as they used to do before the world turned them into wax drums, and jarred them to pieces with tattooed.  
The ledger closes with a clash; the iron doored vaults come to with a bang; up go the shutters with a will; click goes the key in the lock. It is Saturday night, and business breathes free again. Homeward, ho! The door that has been ajar all the week opens behind him, the world is shut out! Shut out? Shut in rather. Here are his treasures after all, and not in the vault, and not in the book—save the record in the old family Bible—and not in the bank.  
May be you are a bachelor, frosty and forty. Then, poor fellow, Saturday nights are nothing to you, just as you are nothing to anybody. Get a wife, blue-eyed or black-eyed, but above all a true-eyed—get a little home, no matter how little, and a little sofa just to hold two, or one and a-half, and then get the two or the two and a half in it, on a Saturday night, and then read this paragraph, by the light of your wife's eyes, and thank God and take courage.  
The dim and dusty shops are swept up; the hammer is thrown down, the apron is doffed, and labor hastens with a light step homeward bound.  
"Saturday night," feebly murmurs the languishing, as she turns wearily upon her couch; "and is there another to come?"  
"Saturday night, at last!" whispers the weeper above the dying, "and it is Sunday to-morrow, and to-morrow!"  
Elder Jones was not remarkable for his eloquence, nor was he a very good reader, especially among the hard names. But he said that "all Scripture is profitable," and therefore he never selected any portion, but read the first chapter he opened at after he took the stand to preach. One day he stumbled in this way upon a chapter in Chronicles, and read, "Ebenuezer begat Phineas, and Phineas begat Abishua, and Abishua begat Bukkiah, and Bukkiah begat Uzzi," and stumbling worse and worse as he proceeded, he stopped, and running his eye ahead, and seeing nothing better in prospect, he cut the matter short by saying, "And so they went on and begat one another to the end of the chapter."  
SHE PAINTED.—A servant girl in a country town, whose beauty formed a matter of general admiration and discussion, in passing a group of officers in the street, heard one of them exclaim to his fellows, "By Heaven, she is painted!" "Yes, sir, and by Heaven only!" she very quickly replied, turning round.

## Our Correspondence.

FRIEND COBB; I received this morning a copy of the *Agitator* of the 14th of May, and in looking over the editorial department I discover an "amende" coupled with an extract from the *Jackson County Banner*, wherein I am informed that the editor of that paper "still lives," and that "our town is still growing," &c., all of which I am happy to learn, as, after such a burst of indignation as was contained in his article there must have been great danger of a collapse. But as the town and its denizens were not annihilated by my letter complained of, I propose to offer certain explanations which are due to myself and also to the citizens of Black River Falls; In the first place said offensive letter was not written for publication, but was a private letter written to my wife, and designed only for herself and immediate friends to peruse. This fact the editor of the *Banner* might have learned by a reference to the heading of said letter and your editorial remarks thereon.  
Secondly, my design was not to eulogize or disparage any particular portion of the west, but to give my friends at home a description of what I saw and my impressions thereon; and, as circumstances directed my course through the village of Black River Falls, I saw no good reason for omitting what I there saw, and the impression such view produced.  
Had I been writing with a view to publication I probably should have omitted to state the worst features of the case as they presented themselves, for I did not suppose at the time I was there, that all the people were of the character I saw, for the refined class of community would hardly be found congregated in the bar-room, or in a drunken frolic in any place; and said bar-rooms were the only places assigned us during our short stay in the place, as none of the proprietors of the "hotels" offered us more quiet or comfortable quarters. These bar-rooms were mostly filled with drunken men, and perfumed with the odor of bad whiskey and tobacco smoke; and in one of them an old fiddle lent its aid to make at least that place hideous.  
What I stated I saw was true, but I did not intend to include all the citizens of the place as participants in the bar-room amusements; for I have no doubt that many good citizens of the place condemn whiskey drinking and its legitimate fruits as heathenish as I do myself. From the time I left the boat at Lacrosse until I arrived at the "Falls," I heard but one answer to my inquiries concerning the place, viz: "It was a hard place;" and was told when I spoke of stopping there over Sunday, that I "had better not do so for it was the worst place (morally) in Wisconsin." Now having heard this story repeatedly I was led to repeat it in my letter, and from what I saw as I passed I think I was warranted in giving my opinion that the description was not given inaptly.  
Perhaps the previous reports of the place served to prepare me to see with prejudiced vision, and that the black cloud of evil report was hovering over my imagination, and thus the conclusion. But I have now heard a more favorable report of the place through the article in the before mentioned *Banner*, and if I am to judge by the spirit there manifested, and the language there used, I must acknowledge a certain amount of "refinement" due at least some of the citizens of that place.  
I wish to inform the *Banner* that I am not "afraid of Red Shirts;" in fact I have a decided penchant for them, having been in the habit of wearing during the winter from two to four of them at a time, and can testify from observation and experience that they as frequently cover noble and generous souls as do satins and fine linens.  
But to conclude, I would again say that said "offensive" letter was not written with "malice aforethought" for the purpose of prejudicing the public mind against any place, and was not intended for publication; and if any injustice has been done to any place mentioned, it was not intentional; and if I again have occasion to visit the "Falls" I shall be happy to make the acquaintance of the more refined part of the community, and thereby hope to receive more favorable impressions than on my first visit, and will cheerfully give publicity to such impressions.  
I am much obliged to the editor of the *Banner* for the information in regard to the country round about the Falls, for it was nearly dark when I left the place and of course could not observe the nature of the country for the 10 miles we travelled that night. I was informed by a fellow traveler that it was poor, but from where we stayed that night we found good land for several miles westward, and for aught I know it may be equally as good where we passed during the night time.  
Hoping the foregoing will be satisfactory to the injured feelings of the parties aggrieved, I will defer further remarks until I am favored with the opportunity of again visiting the place, at which time the editor of the *Banner* implies a promise that if I "have sense and mind my own business" they will "take me in" and treat me with hospitality, and should any say "let it be recorded," I will answer through a letter to you; "it is recorded." In the mean time let public opinion be suspended, and may all join with me in wishing peace and prosperity to the country round about the people in, and the town of Black River Falls. "So mote it be."  
There is not much of interest transpiring here at the present time. The public mind is just now reposing on the bosom of the sea of strife, in the midst of one of those profound calms, which are said to always follow a storm.  
C. V. E.