### Terms of Publication.

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THE TIOGA COUNTY AGITATOR is published every Thursday Morning, and mailed to subscribers at the very reasonable price of ONE DOLLAR per annum, invariably in advance. It is intended to notify every subscriber when the term for which he has paid shall have expired, by the stamp—"Time Out," on the margin of the last paper. The paper will then be stopped until a further remittance be received. By this arrangement no man can be brought in debt to the printer.

THE AGITATOR is the Official Paper of the County, with a large and steadily increasing circulation reaching into nearly every neighborhood in the County. It is sent free of postage to any Post-office within the county limits, and to those living within the limits, but whose most convenient postoffice may be in sn adjoining County.

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Business Cards, not exceeding 5 lines, paper included, \$4 per year.

For the Agitator. TWENTY YEARS AGO.

The wanderer is returning To his carly home once more,

The home where childhood's home were passed
In happy days of yore.
But ah! he sighs, where now are all
The friends who loved me so,
Who would have warmly welcomed me
Some twenty were a rece Some twenty years ago. And now behold the limit Of my wishes and my fears, How changed and yet how natural

My village home appears;
I wander through the pathways
How off I've loitered so,
In the joyous time of "auld lang syne,"
Some twenty years ago. And some familiar faces Beam on me as I gaze, A few there are who can recall The thought of other days— But I am changed, and few alas In the care-worn man would know, The thoughtless and light-hearted youth

Of twenty years ago. My parents long since passed away And left me but a grave, O'er which the roses blossom, And the weeping willows wave; And often to their resting place With reverence I go, To think of all the happiness Of twenty years ago.

And there was one, oh dearer far Than father or than mother, Whose gentle mem'ry in my heart Will yield not to another; One I had hoped would be my bride, Forever mine, but no! Her marriage bells rang joyously
Some twenty years ago.

The village grave yard! sad and calm How many a marble stands, To tell of those who dwell no more In houses made with hands,
In houses made with hands,
Death spares not beauty, youth or fame,
All sink beneath his blow;
How many sleep who were my friends Some twenty years ago.

To me the slumber comes not yet.
Then courage! fainting heart,
And manfully, thro' joy and grief
Bear thine appointed part.
The battle will be over soon, And I shall lie as low,
As they who shared my early love Some twenty years ago.

# A DAY IN PETTICOATS.

BY A MODEST MAN. "I couldn't think of such a thing!"

"But you must, my happiness depends upon it. Here, put on the thingumbobs, and what's his name.

And my friend, Bob Styles, held up before my hesitant gaze a suit of feminine apparel. His idea was that I should personate his lady for one day, to prevent anybody from suspecting the 4ruth-namely, that she had joined him in a runaway marriage partyuntil it should be too late for interference; that is, until the minister should have tied special act of the Legislature could untie.

This scheme was not actually so absurd as it appeared at first sight. Maggie Lee was a tall, queenly woman, with almost a masculine air; and at that time I had a very slight form, almost effeminate; so that in fact there was really little difference on that point. Then I had light hair, tolerably long, and fresh complexion. Part my hair in the crinoline. middle, and put a bonnet on my head, and lew ladies would have suspected but what I was one of their own sex. These accessories also gave quite a decided resemblance to Maggie Lee, especially when, as in this case, the disguise was her own.

Then the day chosen for a runaway match was an auspicious one. Maggie's father was to drive her to D-–, a small village near where she lived, and there she was to join a sailing party down D- river, to the grove, three miles below, from which the party was to return in the evening in cartiages.

Our plan was, that I should be in waiting in the village, and should go on the boat with the sailing party, while Maggie, after leaving her father, should slip off with Styles, across the country.

At last I got dressed and presented myself before Maggie Lee, blushing a great deal, I believe, feeling very much pinched about the waist, and with an uncomfortabla consciousness that my-that my shirt sleeves were too short, or wanting altogether.

Everything finished in the way of toilet, Bob Styles took me in his light wagon, drove me over to D---- by a secluded route, and left me at the hotel, where the sailing party was to assemble. Several of the pic-nicers were already there, and they greeted my cavalier cordially, asking if he was going

with them. He told them he was not. 'Pressing business engagements, you know, and all that sort of thing. Deuced sorry I Lee;" and he rattled off a long string of inroductions, which convinced me that few of he females were acquainted with the young ady I was personating—a very fortunate

hing for the preservation of my disguise. Mr. Bimby, a tall, legal-looking man, with hook nose and eye-glasses, seemed to be repossessed with me, and I overheard him hisper to Bob Styles, as he went out: "Nice ooking gal, that Miss Lee."

"Yes," answered Bob, with a mischievous glance at me, "she is a nice girl, though little go-a-head sometimes. Keep a look out upon her;" then lowering his voice, not a bad match for you, old fellow; she is

"Is she?" said Mr. Bimby, his interest deepening. "On my honor," replied Bob. Forty

thousand dollars in her own right. Day day!" and he was gone. Maggie, artful creature that she was, had

# THE AGITATOR.

Devoted to the Extension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Healthy Reform.

WHILE THERE SHALL BE A WRONG UNRIGHTED, AND UNTIL "MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN" SHALL CRASE, AGITATION MUST CONTINUE.

WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, JANUARY 14, 1858.

NO. XXIV.

assemble at another hotel, and thither he had taken her. Having business in D——, he went, however, and I scorned to notice his in the pleasures of solitude, the fragrance of the formula taken her. Having business in D-, he left her there, merely saying that he would send the carriage after her at twelve o'clock. hundred yards, took a seat in Bob Styles's tired?" light wagon, which had driven up to the back door as old Lee's carriage drove away from the front.

VOL. IV.

As for the old pic-nic excursion, we had a pleasant sail down to the grove, but somehow I could not enjoy it as much as I ought to have done. When I walked on board the boat, I felt awkward, as if everybody was looking at me. I found Mr. Bimby, as I had expected, a young and rising lawyer. He insisted on paying for my ticket and purchasing enough oranges, pears, and candies to set up a street stand. Four or five times was on the point of swearing at his impudent officiousness, but bit my tongue just in time to prevent the exposure. But it was not with him that I found my role the hardest to

No; the young ladies were the difficult She threw herself into my arms, pulled my walking to my seat sent the young womanveil aside, and kissed me half a dozen times, killer for a large glass of ice water. in a manner that made my finger-ends tingle

A whole knot of crinoline then surrounded me, on the upper deck of the boat, to the utter exclusion and consequent disgust of Mr. as she whispered to me, "Oh, Maggie, come Bimby and other gentlemen.

The river breeze was very fresh where down!" we sat, and I noticed that several of the ladies were glancing uneasily at me. I couldn't divine the reason until Jennie, my little triend from boarding-school, laid her face dangerously close to mine, and whispered: "My dear Maggie, your dress is blowing up terribly high-your ankles will be the town talk be necessary to remove the greater part of with the gentlemen."

Now was I conscious of having a very small foot for a man, and had donned a pair a beautiful girl of seventeen, in a state of of open-work stockings which came up comparative freedom from drapery, my real nearly to my waist, with a pair of gaiters sex and identity should be discovered by borrowed from the servant girl, in all of her? I felt as if an apoplectic fit would be which toggery my running gear looked quite a fortunate occurrence to me just then. Howrespectable; but the idea of gentlemen talk, ever, I nerved myself for the task, and acing about my ankles and of being cautioned companied Jennie to the house designated. thus by a young girl, who would have been An old lady showed us into her chamber, the knot between them, that nothing but a frightened to death if I had told her the and Jennie, heaving a sigh of relief, let go same thing yesterday, was too much for me, her dress. As she did, a-pardon my blushes and I burst into a sort of strangled laugh, -a petticoat fell to the floor. She was about which I could only check by swallowing to proceed, but I alarmed her by a sudden half of my filigree handkerchief. The young and vehement gesture. ladies looked at me in apparent astonishment, and I wanted to laugh all the more. Fortumy falsetto; "don't undress, for God's uately Mr. Bimby came to my rescue at the sake." moment, and edged himself in among the

"May I sit here?" he asked, pointing to a low stool near me.

"Certainly," I simpered in my high fal. you-why-oh! oh!!!"

coming from one man to another-"you are kind as you are fascinating."

"You flatter me!" "I? no indeed, praise of you cannot be flattery, Miss Lee.'

"Ah sir, you are very naughty," I said dress so?" in the most feminine tone I could command. He cast a languishing glance at me, and I fairly hegan to feel for his feeelings.

We soon arrived at the grove, and found our band-engaged beforehand-awaiting us. Of course dancing was the first amusement, and Lawyer Bimby led me out for a schottische. It was hard, but I soon got accustomed to it. When a waltz was pro-posed, I resolved to have a little amusement at the expense of the unfortunate Bimby.

I had first made him properly jealous, by dancing with two or three young fellows, one of whom I knew in my own character, but who never suspected me as Maggie Lee. This young man is a great woman-killer-a soit of easy devil-may-care rascal, who made the ladies run after him by his alternate wrath of action and coolness of prosecution; him I selected to play off against my legal ad. you are real naughty, anyhow." mirer. I allowed him to hold me very closely and occasionally looked at him with a half fascinating expression. When we stopped can't go, though. I had just time to bring dancing he led me to my seat, keeping his Miss Lee over, and now I'm off. Mr. Bimby, arm tightly around my waist, and I permithis is Miss Lee. Miss Withergall, Miss ted it. Having thus stirred Bimby unto feats of wrathful valor, I asked one of gentlemen to direct the musicians to play a waltz.-

> "Ahem-a-Miss Lee, shall I have the honor of-a-trying a waltz with you?" I smiled a gracious acquiescence, and w practice, and he acknowledged that he soon rocks leaning out over the river. On one of and said that I should get tired first.

Bimby came immediately.

"Oh, yes," he exclaimed, "of course, I Here we sat down in the full flood of moon-can waltz as long as any one young lady, light, and having just had dinner, I felt wonbut not much longer."

expiration of that time he began to grow women that sold refreshments. Then return. caused by indiscreet report. - Pascal.

slackening up at every round as we passed my cigar, the moonlight, and little Jennie's my seat. After some ten or twelve minutes, presence. She, like a dutiful daughter, kissed him, bid the wretched man gasped out between his him good bye, and, before he had gone a steps: "Ah—a—are you not get—getting knows. We laughed and talked and sang,

"Oh, no," I burst forth, as coolly as if we were riding around the room. "Oh, no; feel as if I could waltz all night."

The look of despair that he gave was terrible to see. I was bound to see him out, however, and we kept at it. Bimby staggered and made wild steps in all directions. collar wilted, his eyes protruded, his jaws hung down, and altogether, I saw he could not hold out much longer. "This is delightful," I said, composedly; "and you, Mr. Bimby, do waltz so easily!"

"Ah, puff-puff--yes-on--puff--very delightful," gasped he.

"Don't you think we ought to go a little faster ?"

He rolled his eyes heavenward in agony. So, when we neared the musicians, I said "Faster, if you please;" and they played a ones to deceive. For instance, there was la whirlwind. Poor Bimby threw Ms feet one among them, a beautiful girl of seven- about like a fast pacer, and revolved after teen, just returned from boarding-school, who the manner of a tectotum that was nearly had not seen Maggie Lee for three years. run down. At last he staggered a step back-Of course she was delighted with me when wards, and spinning eccentrically away from she found out that I was Maggie, which, by me, pitched headlong into a bevy of ladies the way, did not occur until we had started. in a corner, I turned around coolly, and

The miserable lawyer recovered his senfor half an hour. It was all very nice; but see just in time to see me thank his rival for if I had been propria personæ I should have the glass of water. I gov some idea from liked it better. As it was, I felt as though this of the fun young ladies find in torment-I was "obtaining goods under false colors," ing us poor fellows of the other sex. At and that Lawyer Bimby might issue a war. this juncture, and before Mr. Bimby had rant for my arrest on that ground at any time to apologize for his accident, little Jennie came running into the room. As she came near me I perceived that her hands clutched and help me fix my skirts-they are coming

> I said I was tired: "could not somebody else go ?"

No, nothing would do but I must accompany her to the house of a gentleman who owned the grove, and assist her to arrange her clothing. So I went. What if it should her raiment? What if, in the midst of all the embarrassment of being closeted with a

"And why not?"

"Because I am-can you keep a secret ?" "Why, yes, how frightened you look." Why, what's And she gave three fearful screams.

"Ah, thank you," said Bimby—with a lackadaisical air, which nauseated me, as claimed, putting my hand over her mouth, "Hush; no noise, or I am lost!" I ex-"I mean you no harm."

She was all of a tremble, poor little thing, but she saw the force of my argument. "Oh, sir," she said, "I see you are a man, but what does it all mean? Why did you

I told her the story as briefly as possible, and exacted from her a promise of the most sacred secrecy. I then went out of the door and awaited till she had arranged her dress, when she called me in again and we had a long talk, which ended in a mutual feeling of friendliness and old acquaintanceship quite wonderful for people meeting for the first time. Just as we started to go back to the pavilion I said I must relieve my mind of one more hurden.

"And what is that?" she asked. "Those kisses. You thought I was Maggie Lee, or you would not have given them. They were very sweet, but I suppose I must give them back."

And I did. She blushed a good deal, but she didn't resist me, only when I got through she looked timidly up, and said: "I think

When we returned we found Lawyer Bimby quite recovered from his dizziness. and all hands rendy for supper, which was served up in the ball-room. I sat between Bimby and Jennie, and made love to both of them in turn; to one as Maggie Lee, and to the other as myself: After supper, at which I astonished several by eating rather more heartily than young ladies generally do, we had more dancing, and I hinted pretty strongly to Mr. Bimby that I should like to try another waltz, 'He didn't take the hint. commenced. Now, I am an old stag at Finding it rather dry amusement to dance waltzing; I can keep it up longer than any with my own kind, I soon abandoned that non-professional dancer, male or female, that pleasure, and persuaded Jennie to stroll off I ever met. As long as the Schonnebrunn into the moonlight with me. We found the rings in my ears, I can go on, if it is for a grove a charming place, full of picturesque year. Not so Bimby; he pleaded want of little corners, and rustic seats, and grey got dizzy. "Aha, old boy," thought I, "I'll these latter, a little bench was placed in a give you a turn, then!" But I only smiled, nook sheltered from the wind and from any sight.

Here we sat down in the full flood of moonderfully in need of a cigar. Accordingly, I He went smoothly and evenly; but at the and purchased several of the wandering appears by the quarrels which are sometimes news of the day, responded, "Ali gone to record the interpretation of the time he had his letter For three minutes my chevalier did well. went back to a little stand near the ball-room would not be four friends in the world. This

looked in each other's eyes, and told fortunes and did all the nonsensical operations common amongst young people just falling in love with each other, and might have remained there until the month of November in the year of our Lord eighteen fifty-seven, for aught I know, had not carriages been sent to convey us home, and the rest of the

company began to think where we had gone At length they hit upon the path, and all came along single file until they came to the open space above. Then they saw a sight! I was spread out in a free and easy position, my bonnet taken off, and my hair somewhat towzled up. One foot rested on the ground, and the other on a rock about level with my head, (regardless of ankles this time,) and there I sat puffing away in a very lady-like was sitting close beside me, with her head almost upon my shoulder, and her small waist almost encircled by my arm. Just as the party came along above us, I laughed out in a loud masculine voice.

"Just think of poor what's his name there -Bimby! Suppose he knew he had been making love with a man!"

"Hush!" cried Jennie. "Look!-there he is-and, oh! my gracious! there is the whole company!"

Yes, we were fairly caught. It was of no use for me to clap on my bonnet and assume falsetto again-they had all seen too much for that. Besides, by this time Bob Styles and Maggie Lee were doubtless "one flesh," and my disguise was of no importance, so I owned up and told the story.

Lawyer Bimby was in a rage; he vowed to kill me, and even squared off; but the rest of the company laughed at him so unmercifully, and suggested that we should waltz it out together, that he finally cooled down, and slunk away to take some private conveyance back to D-

Bob Styles and I are living in a large double house together. He often says that he owes his wife to my masquerading, but he doesn't feel under any obligations to me, for I owe my wife to the same thing. N. B. My wife's name is Jennie.

# The Sphynx.

Near the pyramids, more wondrous and more awful than all else in the land of Egypt, there sits the lonely Sphynx. Comely the creature is, but the comeliness is not of this world—the once worshipped beast is a deformity and a monster to this generation; and yet you can see that those lips, so thick and heavy, were fashioned according to some ancient mould of beauty-some mould of beauty now forgotten-forgotten, because that Greece drew forth Cytherea from the flashing foam of the Ægean, and in her image created new forms of beauty, and made it a law among men, that the short and proudly wreathed ips should stand for the sign and the main condition of loveliness through all generations to come. Yet still there lives on the race of those who were beautiful in the fashion of the elder world; and Christian girls of Coptic blood will look on you with the sad serious gaze, and kiss your charitable hand with the big, pouting lips of the very Sphvnx.

Laugh and mock if you will at the worship of stone idols, but mark ye this, ye breakers of images; that in one regard the stone idal bears awful semblance of Deityunchangefulness in the midst of change—the same seeming will and intent forever and ever nexorable! Upon ancient dynastics of Eth. iopian and Egyptian kings-upon Greek and Roman-upon Arab and Onoman conquerors-upon Napoleon dreaming of an eastern empire-upon the battle and pestilence-upon the ceaseless misery of the Egyptian race -upon keen-eved travellers-Herodotus vesterday, and Warburton to-day-upon all and more, this unworldly Sphynx has watched like a Providence with the same earnest eyes and the same sad, tranquil mien. And we, we shall die, and Islam will wither away; and the Englishman, leaning far over to hold his loved India, will plant a firm foot on the banks of the Nile, and sit in the seats of the faithful; and still that sleepless rock will lie watching and watching the works of the now busy race, with those same sad, earnest eyes, and the same tranquil mien everlasting. You dare not mock at the Sphynx .- Eothen.

A SAD SIGHT .- The attention of the bachelors is invited to the following 'wail' from the Springfield Republican. Let them weep for the past, resolve to mend their ways and improve their condition in the future:

"There are some sad sights in this world: a city sacked and burned—a battle-field after a slaughter-a London in the midst of a plague—a ship burning at sea—a family pining in starvation-a jug of molasses wrecked upon a pavement-a pair of irrecoverably damaged pantaloons: but the saddest sight to us in all is an old bachelor, steadily walking toward his end, his great duties undone, his shirt buttons off, his stockings out at the toes, and nobody to leave his money to.— Were we such a man, the mild reproving eye of a widow or maiden fady would drive us mad. But there is still hope. Uglier and older men than any of our friends have married beautiful wives, who trained them admirably and spent their money elegantly.

I lay it down as a fact, that if all men

## Bill Slike Acting Devil.

BY HAZEL GREEN, ESQ.

When we were boys, Bill Slike and I were great cronies. With me there was nobody like Bill, and with Bill there was nobody like hood, Bill and I were sure to come in for our share of the blame.

About Christmas times we always had a deal of fun, such as building rail-pens, and putting calves and pigs in the upper story. hanging ploughs, 'big kittles,' or anything we could lay hands on, high up in trees, to perolex the owners, and all such tricks as that. Now, such acts would be looked upon as unwarrantable outrage, and the perpetrators would be hauled up and fined; then they were only laughed at as "Christmas tricks." I recollect one Christmas Eve, Bill and I to send in currency at these rates. set out to have a rich time of it. Bill was to fix up and act as devil, and we were to go been delightful-clear, warm and dry, thus around and frighten the youngsters out of enabling the farmer to gather his abundant

style, at a light flavored Concho. Jennie their wits. Accordingly, we arranged a grim crops in good condition. Our first snow fell looking red cap with horns on it, and placed about the middle of November, to the depth it upon his head, and then made a false-face of 2 or 3 inches and only laid on a few days, for him out of red flannel, wrapped him in a since which the weather has been clear and white sheet and then started. There was several boys with us, and by them I was elected to go before and give the old folks of we had another fall of snow of 3 or 4 inches each house a hint of what was going on, so but to day it is clear and warm and the snow that we would not get ourselves into a scrape. is rapidly disappearing. I have now been in

as soon as possible, slipped the joke to the old man and woman. I was all right with them, and so I went back and reported to my companions. In a short time, Bill, alias standing. devil, poked his singular looking head in at the door, and great scramption! such a scatstairs like an earthquake. In we all bustled, and such a laugh as we all had; and how the girls slapped us on our faces, for frightening them so badly. This was a glorious beginning, and so we were almost crazed to get to the next house.

After partaking of some doughnuts, and me from any such charge.
other little cakes that had been cut out with a There are in every coun thimble, and which the girls called kisses, we started for Major Allen's. I went on as usual, and knocked at the door. "Come in," said a sweet voice. I obeyed

only daughter, all alone, "Where's the old folks," asked I.

"Gone over to grandfather's" she replied, as swee: as sugar.
"Very sorry," said I, "for I had import-

ant business with the old man." She assured me that they would be back

cooled, and then eat some with her. I looked at the big, plump grains, all burst-

with eating hominy with Jane Allen, yet I laneous \$1350; making in number 2 mills. evening I hurried back to my companions. "Boys," said I, "Jane is all alone by her-

self. It wouldn't be right to scare her so bad

-let's go on to Brown's." "No, by gum," said Bill, "I wouldn't miss that chance for a hundred dollars. She slighted me the other day at singing school, and now I'll pay her back for it.

I still remonstrated, but in vain. Bill was resolute, and I had to give in As we neared the house Bill said:

"Now, boys," whatever you do, don't say word, nor laugh or nothing, and arter l have scared her, we will sly off, and she will never know who or what it was.

We all agreed, and after we had all been stationed around the chimney to hear her scream, Bill walked in.

"Good evening, Mr. Devil;" said the sweet come in; "good evening, I suppose that you heard a "splurge" as if a gourd had found real genuine squalls on the highest key; we down from Bill's cranium, while he was cap and false face from his head, Jane, the mischievous little elf, standing up by the cupboard laughing as though she would go into spasms. Fortunately, Bill had received no lasting injury, but I assure you that it put an end to our fun that night. The joke had been turned upon us when we least expected it. and so we went home, feeling rather done for. The story soon got out, and for a long time Bill went by the name of Mr. Devil .-Porter's Spirit of the Times.

It was a few days after the election, and news was pouring in of Van Buren's defeat on all sides. Mr. Worthington, the rather venerable editor of the Columbus (Miss.) is stated to be, "to gain a new knowledge of Democrat, was among those who were terribly annoyed by "Job's comforters." He was change very pertirently asks, "why don't somewhat deaf and rather irritable. In pass- they get married?" ing along the street, an acquaintance saluted him, and inquired kindly—"How is your famknew what they say one of another, there ily Mr. Worthington?" | Worthington, supposing the inquiry related to the political ply for the Consulship at the Lobos Islands,

### Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements will be charged 91 per square of fourteen lines, for one, or three insertions, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. All advertisements of less than fourteen lines considered as a square. The following rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertising:

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\$\frac{1}{2}\text{column}, - - 10.00 \$1.5.00 \$2.00

All advertisements not having the number of insertions marked upon them, will be kept in until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

Posters, Handbills, Bill, and Letter Heads, and all kinds of Jobbing done in country establishments, executed neatly and promptly. Justices', Constables' and other BLANKS, constantly on hand and printed to order.

printed to order.

### Our Correspondence.

Hubson, Wis., Dec. 7th, 1857. FRIEND COBB; Money always brings here when loaned from 2 to 3 per cent per month, but now it will bring from 3 to 5 per cent Hazel. We were both what would be called and the best of real estate securities given .hard cases in this day and age of the world. No ordinary legitimate business can stand If any mischief was done in the neighbor- these rates, but men who are owing small amounts and have large property can afford to pay even these rates rather than sacrifice their property at present prices. Our mered in the spring and thus pay their castern indebtedness. It is impossible to discharge this indebtedness at present for eastern exchange is not to be had at any price, and Wisconsin and Illinois money although at par here is quoted at 7 to 9 cents discount in New York, and the merchants cannot afford

The weather during the Fall months has The first house on our route was uncle Jake this region a few days over one year and can Bond's. I went in, made some errand, and safely say that the seasons here are far more

Although I have already extended this communication to an almost unpardonable length tering as took place. Boys, girls, cats, and everything except the old ones, tumbled up regard to this city before I close. I have heretofore refrained from any special mention of the various towns and cities in the Northwest lest I might be accused of attempting to puff them into an unjustifiable notorie. ty, but so far as relates to this city the facts when placed before the public will exculpate

There are in every country a few points where will be established commercial centres whether speculators so design or not, and for the St. Croix valley Hudson is such a point. It is situated on the Wisconsin side of lake the command and found Jane, the Major's St. Croix. 22 miles from its confluence with the Mississippi. It has a beautiful site and is surrounded by as good an agricultural country as can be found in the West. Willow river empties into the St. Croix at this point, and the largest lumber manufactories on the St. Croix are concentrated here. The town was laid out about 4 years ago and was inin a short time; and filling a plate with hom- corporated into a city last winter. Without iny from a large kettle, where it was boiling any special advantages more than what was on the fire, she invited me with one of her demanded as a commercial centre it has prettiest smiles, to sit down and wait till it grown in importance at an unprecedented rate and now has about 3000 inhabitants, and is outstripping all its competitors in the Northing open on the plate, and inhaled the delicious odor that arose from them, and then I looked at the sweet face and sunny smiles of this city during the past summer, \$22,750 my would-be-entertainer, and you'd better for public buildings, for stores, shops and believe that I wished Bill and the rest of the offices \$17,750, for dwelling houses and barns boys in Guinea. I felt sure that all the fun \$56,350, steam mills \$28,000, for grading we could see would be nothing to compare streets, building wharf &c. \$15,000, misceldare not act the traitor. So I pretended I 3 public buildings, 22 stores, shops and offihad no time to spare, and bidding her good ces, 70 dwellings, 12 barns, miscellaneous, 3, at a total cost of \$141,200. In the village of Lakeland (adjoining Hudson on the Minnesota side) there has been expended for steam mills, stores, dwelling houses &c., \$95, 650, and a total for Hudson and Lakeland of \$236.200: and this too in the face of hard times and without any incentive except the business wants of the place. But Hudson is destined for still greater prosperity in the future. Within the past few weeks the Milwaukie & Lacross R. R. and the St. Croix and lake Superior R. R. have been lucated so as to make this city practically the junction of the two roads and their terminus on the

waters of the Mississippi, thus making it a point of transhipment for all produce or merchandise passing over these Roads. A single glance at the map of the country will show. the advantages this arrangement will give this place. All must see its advantages at a roice that a few minutes before had bid me to glance. Property will advance, buildings will go up as if by magic, and Hudson will are used to warm fluids;" and forthwith we be the great commercial emporium of this section, outstriping all its competitors-not its way into a pot of boiling hominy, and excepting its older neighbor St. Paul. The then came a splash and a cry, not such a one U.S. land office for this district is located as we had expected to hear, but one of Bill's here. It is also the county seat of St. Croix county. We have two good weekly papers all ran in, and saw the hot water dripping published here, and our society is as good as can be found in any town of its population stamping around like mad, tearing the horned in the east. Any farther information in regard to the city or country can be had by addressing the writer at Hudson City, Wis. Yours truly, C. V. E.

> Two Irishmen happened to get into an affray, in which one of them was knocked down. His comrade ran up to him and exclaimed:

"Arrah, Denis, if ye be dead, can't ye spake!"

"I'm not dead, but spacheless," returned the other." A number of women in Erie county, N. Y., have called a convention, the object of which

the nature and attributes of man." An ex-

DIPLOMATIC.-A verdant Yankee, expectant for office was advised the other day to ap-