

## DWIGHT.

"What a beautiful Village!" Is usually the first exclamation we hear from people getting off the cars at this place, and we echo the sentiment what a beautiful village! and might add what an enterprising Village. The village of Dwight, began its existence ten years since, and for some years of that ten, made but slow headway, now it stands a monument of beauty and enterprize on its prairie home, safely moored in the harbor of prosperity and proof against the shocks of adverse financial gales, which so often shakes small places to their base. Dwight with its enterprising Merchants and public men, its handsome Ladies, beautiful buildings, fast horses, gay youths and elegant Churches—vies favorably with anything along the whole line of Road, as a town emerging into city-hood.

Editors appreciating the location have come in, and now Dwight boasts of two as fine papers as are published in any inland town in the Union. The Dwight Courier, is as NEAT and CLEAN a sheet as is any now published outside of a city anywhere, the proprietors are gentlemanly young men and show a laudable disposition towards industry, that should be encouraged. But will they be sustained? we sincerely hope so. A community that would not contribute liberally towards an enterprize of the kind when it is of direct benefit to themselves, would instruct their town trustees to follow a sick Rat over ten miles of Corduroy Road and when caught to institute POST MORTEM to recover a grain of corn stolen before flight. As for ourself—we will not speak, "True modesty in deserving grace; only blushes in the proper place," and we cant afford to

blush publicly too often if we do occupy a position that cannot be filled by any other.

There are many radical changes that could be made with profit to pedestrians and wagoners that we will speak of more in detail when the weather gets cool enough to write them up, at present we can do no more than touch upon them. First then we will speak of the town alleys, reeking with filth receptacles for all the offal and nastiness of the town and because somewhat hidden—never looked to. It is from such thoroughfares that "pestilence is bred," and this hot weather is favorable to disease begotten from such sources.

Many of our sidewalks are in a break-neck condition and if the town fathers don't soon MEND THEIRWAYS in a christian spirit, some one will come to grief. Our Roads ought also to be seen to. They are much worse within the corporation we understand than they are outside, such a condition of things are not calculated to bring trade to the piace; this matter ought to receive some attention. The merchants ought to provide posts in every instance before their respective stores for the purpose of Hitchinghorses, some few have rickety old concerns that horses pull up quite easily and many accidents are the result. We saw a horse the other night going home making quick time attached to a post it was bringing with it, for company we suppose.

Saloons are as much an established fact now as they have been, though we are working under a temperance board. We are flanked by them on every side, every avenue and street guarded by a Rum-hole, and drunken men are now as common on our streets as they ever were,

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