

of reading matter this week, because a rush of job printing has occupied a good share of our time usually devoted to our paper. We will do better hereafter.

Communication.

The following communication was handed us just before going to press. Anything further in relation to this matter will be published in these columns at our regular advertising rates.

To the Editor of the RED HOOK ADVERTISER :—

In the opinion that private differences should not be inflicted on the public, I regret the necessity on my part of taking any notice of an article—born of malice—which appeared in your paper of last week under the head of “Inhuman Treatment.”

I will state that on Wednesday the 11th inst., I hired two German emigrants at Castle Garden. They had been on ship-board ten weeks, and were brought direct from the vessel to my farm “a few rods north of this village.” Believing that their long confinement on a crowded emigrant ship had exposed them to vermin, I directed that a quantity of clean rye straw should be thrown on the floor of one of the rooms in my tenant house, which, with the addition of an old but clean bed blanket completed their sleeping accommodations. This precaution proved to be necessary as they were found to be full of ****

I left for New York the same day I brought up these men, and did not see them again (except once) from that time until Wednesday, the 18th inst.; when I first learned that one of them was unwell.—His illness commenced the previous afternoon (as I was informed,) and seemed to be confined to his feet, which were both swollen and painful. My sister and niece made and applied poultices to his feet twice on Tuesday afternoon, and served him with tea, coffee, toast, soup and other nourishment at intervals from the time he was taken sick on Tuesday afternoon till Thursday morning (a day and a half—not a very long sickness) when the Poor Master removed him from my place. (What think you, my neighbor, of a man so lost to shame as to tell you that I kept this sick man on “bread and water.”)

These facts are known to all the people on my farm, nor do the men now working for me regard me as the inhuman monster which your correspondent has represented me.

The real cause of the article before alluded to may be found in the venomous heart of a man whose meanness and malignity are equalled only by his swagger.—But he wont hurt anybody.

EDWARD MARTIN
