NUMBER FORTY.

POETRY.

A REQUIEM IN THE NORTH. BY RAYAUS TAYLOR.

Speed swifter, Night!—wild Northern Night!
Whose feet the Accite Islands know.
When stiffening breakers, sharp and white,
Gird thy camplaining shores of know;
Send all thy winds to sweep the world,
And how it in mountain passes far;
And hand in the shield of every star!

For what have I to do with morn, Or Summer's glory in the vales— With the blithe ring of forest horn, Or beckning gleam of snowy sails? Art thou not gone, in whose blue eye The flecting Summer dawned to me— Gene like the echo of a sigh, Beside the loud resounding sea?

Oh, brief the time of song and flowers,
Which blest me through the Northern land!
I pine amidst its leafless howers,
And on the blest and lonely strand.
The forest wails the starry bloom
Which shall yet pave its shadowy floor;
But down my spirit's aisles of gloom,
Thy love shall blossom nevermore!

And never more shall battled pines
Their solemn triumph sound for me,
Nor morning fringe the meantain lines,
Nor susset finsh the hoary sea;
But Night and Winter fill the sky,
And lead with freet the shivering air.
Till every gust that hurries by.
Chimes wilder with my own despair.

The leaden twilight, cold and long, Is slowly settling o'er the wave; No wandering blast awakes a song In maked boughs above thy grave. The frozen air is still and dark;
The numb air lies in icy rest;
And all is dead save this one spark

Of burning grief within my breast Life's darkened orb shall wheel no more To Love's rejoicing Summer back; My spirit walks a wintry shore. With not a star to light its track. Speed swifter, Night! thy gloom and frost Are free to spoil and ravage here; This last wild requiem for the lost, I pour in thy unheeding car.

MISCELLANY.

THE KENNEBEC CAPTIVE.

BY THE REV. JOHN TODD, D. D.

e of the most beautiful seenery to be some of the most beautiful so nor, and in this or any land, is to be found in State of Maine. Her rivers are numerand great, her mountains lotty and ims and great, her mountains lotty and imsing, her sea-coast iron-bound and rough, dly looking out upon old Ocean as he peps along with tides and storms, and say, "Come on, sir, and I'll give you a arty welcome;" her inland 'akes still pping in the wilderness, are large and guificent, her valleys are warm and fer, and her forests have yielded to none in world for the abundance and guidness of it timber. Even now, her rivers send out ir timber. Even now, her rivers send our non and lumber for the use of every part the nation. At a very early period in the tory of our country, settlers began to the up her beautiful rivers, and drop down ly, or in small groups, as they liked.— was a wild province of Massachusetts a ; and her population, grappling with the hardships of the wilderness, and of severe climate, was very sparse. Far up enchanting Kennebee, at a very early day, c two families who had emigrated from the c neighborhood, and who had long been hful friends. Old Mr. Redfield lived in a afortable, but no way imposing log house, the banks of the river. He was a kind heart-benev dent man, never believing the ld to be wicked enough to cheat him, ugh almost every week taught him the osite doctrine. He labored bard, was a I husband and father, a warm hearted humble Christian, and loving all men th, but his God more. He honestly carnproperty, but could never make it stick who had relinquished brighter proswilderness, and they had carried then be little opening in the forest which they cleared for a burying-place. It was the clearing he had made after reaching r new home; the briers and wild ween if new nome; the oriers and wild weeds e not allowed to grow there. At the e my story commences, Mr. Redfield had shed the age of sixty or more. His wife ten years younger.—only one child re-lated to them, a staid, sober, quiet, yet rageous boy, of about ten years of ag he went by the plain name of Dani

newhat further up the river was a houreater pretensions. It was built of brick berel roofed, and was surrounded by fruit s and gardens, spacious barns, and out-ises. It stood in a pleasant valley, under shadows of a lofty mountain. The vale been cleared up; and the field of when corn, and the rich meadows of grass sed the passer-by to stop and gaze, and say Squire Ordway is well to do in the world." "'Squire'" was a man who, like his ghbor Redfield, was honest and kind; but orldly wisdom he was far his superior y had both come into the wilderness poor ne was rich and the other still dw der the shadow of the hill of wealth is never seemed to roll down near him the "'Squire" was up early and late the man who sold him a poor article, or ad lot of lumber, and salmon not of the first ality, must rise very early in the morning to it. Mr. Ordway had a large family of boys, ey were not so polished, for they had to agh it from their very infancy. Mutual dedence and common privations, teach the of kindness which a neighbor needs; and kinder neighbors than the Ordways could kinder neighbors than the Ordways could found on the Kennebec. The parents re proud of their boys; for none could estrate the forest, get out timber-logs for mills, hunt the moose, or catch the salon with more skill than they. But the t of the flock was an only daughter, about years old. She was the youngest and child, wild as the forest blossoms about em and as beautiful too. Little Susan was a idol of the family. The father and moth-early discovered that she was "a remarkle child," and the boys received it as a fact t to be questioned. Hence they gathered wers in the spring, berries and fruit in the mmor, nuts in the autumn, and planned des and seleddraviers on the des and sled-drawings on the ice in the " little Susan. Hence it is no be wondered at, that as she grew up, she and a will of her own, and that her little sometimes came down with a decision twas unbending.

As the two families advanced, it was plain at the Ordways were to increase an i spread d grow wealthy. It was clear that the dfields never would. Daniel "took to oks." Not that he disliked work, but he arned for knowledge; so that there was ntents he was not a perfect master. Hap ning to light upon a stray Euclid. the pa the wondered much over the beautiful fig nts wondered much over the beautiful figres which he drew on the white birch-bark,
thered from the forest. Every pitch-pine
ot which he found was carefully saved to
we him light for study after the labors of
ic day. At the age of seventeen the father
I Daniel began to droop. It was evident
hat he must die. Like a wise man, he had
t his house in order; and the only regrets
hich he had on the conviction that he must
ie, were that he left his widey se reade, were that he left his widow so poorly dowed. But he knew the promises of God be faithful, and his eye of faith did not

row dim.

A few days before he died, Squire Ordway sme to pay his friend a visit. They had ever quarreled, and had no malice to overome. They had lived and loved like brothers

ome. They had lived and loved that were of the tears which they now shed were of the true currency of the heart. "I do not doubt it," said the dying man

"I do not doubt that you will advise and enand she'll need it. I have my little farm paid for, and the cow and the pony, but that's all, neighbor. And then, my boy Daniel! I've tried hard, perhaps not so faithfully as I ought, to wean him from his books; but it's in him, and fire couldn't burn it out of him. Where it out of him. What can be done for him and with him?"

"It's no use in trying, my old friend. It's jest as natural for him to study as for a trout to bite at a fly. Study he will, and study he must, and I'll promise to help him all I I can."

"God bless you for that, James Ordway. And if he don't feel grateful, and thank you,

sure you are that you have the thanks of a dying father beforehand."
"Who can tell but that, like one of our

own rough logs which we send down the river, and which is worked into a beautiful house at Boston, he may yet become some-thing that will honor us all."

So said the friend and neighbor, and the

So said the friend and neighbor, and the eye of the dying man kindled with joy and Hope was there to cheer him, and Faith to strengthen him; and so his last interview with his old friend was one of consolation. The good old man was buried in the little graveyard; and the deep snows soon laid their white sheet over him, and the winds that sighed through the lofty forest tolled his requism. In a short time, Mr. Ordway went to see the nearest educated mind in the region—a humble minister of the grappl—who lived in a poor shanty six miles off through the woods, and who had followed his sheep there to keep them from the wolves. The good man was a finished scholar, and with a smiling face, told Mr. Ordway to

The good man was a finished scholar, and with a smiling face, told Mr. Ordway to send the young man without fee or reward. He promised to do so; but the Squire had occasion to go that way often, and it was notified that he always stopped, ostensibly to inquire about his protege, but in reality to it pa lag of potatoes, a quarter of beef, a lew yards of finnel, or something to add to the real comfort of the minister's family. Daniel was a good and profitable pupil. Twice a week on his pony, Sing, did he go to recite, and never without stopping at Mr. Ordway's a moment—since he must needs go Ordway's a moment—since he must needs go past his door. It was soon found that Danof could in a measure compensate Mr. Ord-way, for he naw gave lessons regularly to hittle Sasan," as she was still called,

rough she was now fairly in her tee had never manifested any very great love for books, but under Daniel's supervision, she actually studied and made rapid advances. It is impossible to tell why, but young misses do so sometimes. They become upt scholars.
Time moved on, or elseour story could not.
The Revolutionary War had broken out, and
raged. The call of the infant nation, invoking the spirit of freedom, had penetrated even the wilderness; and the young Ordways had every one dropped the axe, left their clearings, and gone to join the army of Washington. Young Redfield had completions the state of the wilderness are the spirit of their clearings, and gone to join the army of Washington. Young Redfield had completions the state of the wilderness of the state of the

Washington. Young Redfield had completed his college course, within a few month, by the great efforts and economy of his widwed mother, ond the kindness of her husband's old friend, when the college was broken up by the war, and the students scattered. Daniel had returned home to consult his mother and his friend, Ordway, whether or not he should join the army also. It was a doubtful question; for though he was a a good hunter, and a dead shot with the rifle, yet ten to one, but if he got hold of a book, the enemy might charge and ride over him ere he knew it. The widow felt that she could not have him go;—he was her him ere he knew it. The widow felt that she could not have him go;—he was her all. Mr. Ordway hesitated what to advise, and "little Susan," now eighteen, and as pretty and authoritative as ever, declared it was a shame—that he ought not to go and leave his aged mother; that it was lonesome to have everybody go off; and that she was almost ready to enlist and become a soldier herself, rather than stay there, in the wead-

herself, rather than stay there in the woods so lonely!

While this grave question was undecided, young Redfield one morning took his rifle, and went up the Kennebec to hunt for moose. A moose is a large species of deer. If my readers never saw one they have to imagine a round fat horse, cut his tail off short and leave him to tail, but an ass' head on him. that she might be happy with a man can be a bear of the control of

> sult Mr. Ordway. He at first thought the young man had been unsuccessful, and had determined to hunt till he had got a moose. Susan affected to laugh, and said "he un-Susan affected to laugh, and said "he undoubtedly had found moose enough, but probably had thrown a book at them instead of shooting; for her part, she had no doubt he was looking up the books which he had thus thrown away!" At the same the same time the poor girl stopped her sewing, her fingers trembled so! Mr. Ordway procured an old hunter, and they scoured the forest in search. They found his trail and followed it up to Mossehed Lake, where the Kenneker

up to Moosehead Lake, where the Kennebec breaks out so wildly and unexpectedly from that majestic lake. There they found his unting knife, as if dropped carelessly; but to farther could they trace him. The shore of the wild lake was stony, and no marks of the feet could be seen. In vain they shouted, kindled fires, and fired their rifles; the vehoes came down from far up the lake, but no other response. Had he fallen into the rapid river?—they could find no traces of him.

river — they could find no traces of him.

After lingering and scarching a couple of days, they returned towards home, occasionally firing their rifles, each in quick succession—the hunter's signal—hoping, though faintly, that he had reached home. But no, he was not there. It was a profound mystery. The widowed mother was almost crushed by the misfortune. Mr. Ordway sent all the way to the army, to see if by any possibility his sons had seen or heard from young Redfield, but they had not. They had expected he would have joined them before this. So it continued to be a profound mystery. The mother made up her mind that he had fallen into the river somewhere, and was drowned. into the river somewhere, and was drowned. Ordway nearly coincided with her in opinion. As for Susan, she didn't, and she wouldn't As for Susan, she didn't, and she wouldn't believe, weak as he was, but that he knew enough to keep out of the water, or at least to rise up after he was dead, and float! What her theory was, she never told; but though she felt bad enough, it was not that choking grief which the certain death of our friends always brings. The old hunter averred that there was a mighty spirit by the name of Kinneo, who owned that lake, and who sometimes destroyed people who came to his lake alone. His home was on a mountain in the middle of the lake, (now called Mount Kinneo), where he carried his victims Mount Kinneo), where he carried his victims and ate them half roasted! And he consoled the mourners with the assurance that he had no doubt but that they could find some of the

young man's bones the next season, thrown down the mountain! Young Redfield had been lost, not forgotten, Young Redfield had been lost, not forgotten, about two years, when a suitor, every way prepossessing, presented himself at the "brick house," and in the most proper way possible, offered his heart and hand to Susan. To the surprise of all, she civilly declined both. The young man besought her parents to intercede for him. They did so, and to no purpose. He then sought the aid f the Widow Redfield, and she had a talk with Miss Susan. To her surprise the girl would Miss Susan. To her surprise the girl would talk of nothing but her son Daniel, his hab-its, his ability to swim, his power to take talk of nothing but her son Daniel, his habite, his ability to swim, his power to take of himself. To her own amazement, posstive Susan didn't and wouldn't believe he was dead, or ever had been. The Widow almost forgot her errand, and went home blaming herself for indulging hopes on the whim of a spoiled child. But she went to work in right good earnest to find Capeeno, an Indian who came in those parts. After great search Capeeno was found, and told that Miss Susan wanted to see him very much.

Just at the close of a sultry summer's day, two officers were walking arm-in-arm on the beignts of Quebec, discussing the news of a late victory which Washington had obtained in New Jersey. They were amusing themselves at the whipping he was about to receive, evidently greatly mortified that the boot and been on the wrong foot of late.

"What would you give for his neck," said one, "should Lord Howe catch him?"

"Just as much as I would for the necks of all Congress when we have once subdued them," said the other.

"Howe thought he had the ragged army

them," said the other.

"Howe thought he had the ragged army of Washington so hemmed in, that he could escape, but in the morning he was not there; the theatre had spectators, but no actors."

" Fult non ignobilis Argis Qui credebat magnos audire tragados, as Virgil says, though I've forgotten the whole quotation," replied the other. "With your honor's leave," said a voice

near by, "" Fait hand ignobilis Argis,
Qui as credebat miros audire tra-mios,
In vacuo latus sessor plausorque thear
as Horace, not Virgil says."

as Horace, not Virgil says."

"Who are you?"

"Um your honor's humble servant."

"Oh! my young friend, the prisoner whom I begged out of the hospital, and gave him unusual privileges, even when he won't give us his word that he won't run away, if he can! Well, I stand corrected as to my quotation and my author, though I should never expect a backwoodsman to be able to quote the classies. But why have you's long refused to give your word, and be treated as a prisoner of war?"

ed as a prisoner of war?"

"Because, sir, I am not a prisoner of war. I was captured far from the seat of war, a peaceful citizen, by your hired Indians, at Moosehead Lake." " We shall not dispute about it. While I

The officers looked at each other and pass-The officers looked at each other and passed on. The young man was left alone. He was pale, sad, and evidently in poor health.
From the lofty heights of Quebec, at sundown beat of the drum, he cast his eyes down on the glorious St. Lawrence, and then turned eastward, and sent his thoughts thick and fast through the almost interminable forests that lay in that direction. He had he the that lay in that direction. He had left the parade-ground, and was making his way to the prison yard, when a hand beekoned him behind the angle of the wall.

"Me want see you."
"Who are you? It [is so dark I cannot "Me know you—know your mother—know Shag—know brick house, know Susan. How long 'fore door shut up?"

"Perhaps twenty minutes-perhaps fif-"Good. Me walk this side street, you tother. Keep hees eyes on me, and go

with immense horns—sometimes weighing innety pounds—give him long deer's legs and hoofs, and you have a pretty good moose. They weigh as much, and often more than a horse, and stand up much higher from the ground. Daniel went un the river between the little way, and landed beyond Point Levy—ground. They weigh as much, and often more than a horse, and stand up much higher from the ground. Daniel went up the river, but night came and he did not return. This gave no unensiness.

But after he had been gone two, three and four days, the mother's heart began to grow alarmed. There had been a great rain, and if alive and well, why had he not come back? She caught old Shag and went down to consult Mr. Ordway. He at first thought the young man had been unsuccessful, and had determined to hunt till he had got a moose.

It is not race. Down the river they went a little way, and landed beyond Point Levy—They leaded ashore just as they heard the alarm sounded from the heights across the river, signifying the escape of a prisoner or of a soldier. The Indian paused a moment, and listened and said. "White men too much noise—too much parade—loss trail while he dirum." He led the way among the bushes as fast as the young man eould follow. How far they went that night, the prisoner knew not. When morning came, they were by the side of a river, just below some beautiful falls. For more than a mile they had waded the side of a river, just below some beautiful falls. For more than a mile they had waded in the river's edge, so as to conceal their foptsteps. Here, just under the falls, was an opening from the water which led into the cave. They crawled up, and were soon on a platform, high and dry, with a sufficiency of light. The young man was exhausted, and lay down, leaning upon his elbow. The Indian sat down before him, his feet curled up under him, (pedibus intortis), bolt upright. His head was shaggy, with hair long, coarse, and turning gray, like the mane of a horse. His only clothing was a dingy red shirt, and trousers of untanned

mane of a horse. His only clothing was a dingy red shirt, and trousers of untanned deer skin. His mecassins were the skin of a moose's hind leg, cut off a little below the joint, sewed up at one end, and drawn on and fitted to the foot while green. His teeth were mostly gone, and he looked, as he was, a tough, short, powerful creature, afraid of nothing, having acting to make, a tough, short, powerful creature, afraid of nothing, having nothing to make or lose.—
They gazed at each other in silence a while; at length the young man said: "I have followed you all night. I have put my life in your hands; tow who are you, and what do you want of me?"

You 'fraid of me?" "You 'fraid of me?"
"No. If I had been, I should not have followed you," and now it you aint the evil spirit, who are you?
"'Spose we meet Lorette Indians: they no hurt you. Me run, then you no can say who Indian be?"

who Indian be?"

"So you want to run if we are in danger, and leave ine to my fate, and that, too, so that you can't be known!"

The Indian looked fierce for a moment, and drew out his hunting-knife. The young man kept his eye carefully on him. From the bottom of the sheath, there rolled out a small rices of reasonship.

the bottom of the sheath, there rolled out a small piece of paper, which he handed to the young man. He unrolled it and read:

"Should this ever meet the eyes of D. R., let him know that the bearer is trust-worthy. Follow him implicitly. Scsan O."

Young Redfield sprang up, and caught the Indian by the hand, and almost shouted question upon question. He was ready to go, let strong, could travel all day, and then fell back exhausted. The Indian gave him some water, and then some dried venison from his wallet, and bade him he down and sleep till night, if he could. Redfield did so, but his brain whired. In a troubled sleep, he now dreamed of home, and then of his prison, then of Susan Ordway, then he heard the alarm bell, and the voices of men pursuing and the baying of bloodhounds hard after him, and then he would awake and find it was the roar of the talle near him! So he was the roar of the talls near him !

was the roar of the talls near him? So he spent the day. At night they came out of their cave, followed the course of the beautfull Chaudiers River, up towards its head-waters. This charming valley was already occupied by the French population, and they were compelled to travel by night, and lie by during the day. Their process was seen. bonest, to be gentle, to be generous, to be brave, to be wise, and possessing all these qualities, to exercise them in the most gracewere compelled to travel by night, and lie by during the day. Their progress was necesarily slow. On the fourth day the Indian crept out of their covert, and saw several horsemen coming towards them. He knew instantly that they were British soldiers in pursuit. They were on a hill about half a mile distant, and had to descend into a valley, and rise another hill before they reached him. He gazed at them carnestly, till they descended the hill and these hims. ful outward manner. Ought not a ge theman to be a loyal son, a true husband, an honest father? Ought not his life to be decent, his bills to be paid, his tastes to be him. He gazed at them earnestly, till they descended the hill, and then he sprang up like a cat. He made the prisoner run to the roadside and climb up into a thick evergreen far up out of sight. He then took off his moccasins and hid them; then he turned his

this fellow—'
"You say you are after a prisoner. Now speak the truth, or our pistols will make daylight shine through you. What was the prisoner's name?"
"Refleeb!, Captain say."
"And who do you suppose went off with him? I wish I could meet him?"
"Indians say, strange Indian—Capeeno—short man—no bigger as I. He had Indian—steal away prisoner."

al away pris mer

"Where were the rest of your runners?"
The Indian pointed to a smoke that was

casier, but Capean kept in sanding, as un-moved as if he had been in no danger. Whether the smoke which he saw really an rise from the camp of the Lyrette runners, he did not say. But he left the Coundiers, and the did not say. But he jest the Canada struck through the woods in a direct line, till they reached the De Long (Worf Ric r), whose channel they inhowed all night, only stopping to list a with the ard the lowl of whose channel they followed all night, only stopping to list a with y bard how lowed of the wolf, or the crusting tend of a moose. Then they went to the lead-lokes, from which the Chaudiere rises. Here they passed and built a bark cance. The color for bows and lining, the bard for the bark, and the sprueerosts for thread, were all to be to and ore in abundance. They went through the mighty breat, and lake as the given by the mighty breat, and lake as the given by the proposests, killing in

Penotesest, killing to trant, for forth, for forth, in the penotesest to find that the young man well and very seventh day, and read all they from a flumbook, and no persuasions could more that.—
He wondered, too, what made been read too little seroll of paper so often, which he had crought in the she afford his knife. The when some hat the Penobecot, carrying their cancer, the they came down that river to a greatistant, opposite which there came in a little brook. Up this they turned, and after one more carrying place, they struck the upper end of Mosschead Lake. How beautiful, how beautiful. In three days more, early in the morning; the Wishew Redfield looked att of her dear, and saw Capeno approaching, with a stranger beautifulm. She shaded her eyes from the morning son a mament, and then with a scream of agonized joy, fell to the ground. When she awoke, she and her son were weeping in each other sarms. That very day the Indian took Daniel—nothing loth—to the brick house. Susan was glad, and was ashamed to be glad. She laughed to appear indifferent, and wept because her emotions must have some vent. She appeared to know very inthe about his deliverance; but Capeno went away in a new emit of clothee, withan new riff-, and I know emit of clothee, withan we riff-, and I know emit of clothee, withan we riff-, and I know crance; but Capeeno went away in a new suit of clothes, with new rifle, and I know

not what besides.

Pshaw! Susan! You need not blush—yo released a noble fellow from espairity, and you found that he not only made a great and good man, but a good husband, as you did a devoted and noble wife.

as an ordinary crop; now a wheat field is a rarity in these states, and they may be consi-dered no longer wheat producing regions. Portions of New York, that formerly produ-ced thirty bushels to the acre, now seldom Portions of New York, that formerly produ-ced thirty bushels to the acre, now seldom average over eight bushels; and Ohio, new as she is, with her virgin soil, does not aver-age over thirteen bushels to the acre. If we go on as we have for the past century, from bad to worse in our tillage, the lands in Ohio, in half a century from this time, will not produce wheat togeth.

not produce wheat enough to supply our own wants. It is less than that time since Vermont wants. It is as finan that time since Vermont was a large wheat-exporting state; now she does not export a bushel, but imports at least two-thirds of all the flour consumed in that state. Instead of increasing the productive-ness of our wheat land, as is done in England. ness of our wheat land, as is done in England, our wheat region is diminished more than one half, and the productive quality of what is still used has diminished in equal proportion. This is a practical, matter-of-fact view of the case, and one that addresses itself-seriously to the common sense of the farmer and national economist. Instead of the vain boast that we can feed all Europe from our surplus wheat, we have got to improve our further.

that we can feed all Europe from our surplus wheat, we have got to improve our farming, or swallow the unpulatable truth that we import our bread-stuffs from England.

We talk much of the worn-out lands of Maryland, Virginia and Carolina, but New York, that has destroyed the productive quality of her soil, so that she can get but eight bushels we ere she formerly got thirty, and Ohio, so she gets but thirteen bushels where she formerly got thirty-five, have the same she formerly got thirty-five, have the same prospect h-fore them. The great question re-gards the fature; the past cannot be recalled,

or remedied. One great source of deterioration in exhausting our sails, has been in the manufacture of potash, and the export of it to foreign countries, or to our manufactories. In this way our soil has been robbed of an ingredient, without which no plant can mature, and no pereal grain form. As our forests have disserved grain form. As our forests have dis-appeared, this source of deterioration must be cut off, but a serious injury has been in-flicted, which nothing can cure but the re-furnishing of the potash to the soil. How it can be done, is the great inquiry for our far-

The export of our flour has been another

The export of our flour has been another source of exhaustion to the soil, in taking away from it the phosphate of lime that is necessary to give plumpness to the kernel.

This exhaustion can be more easily remedied by the application of bone dust. For many years the English Farmers have carried on a large trefficion and bone a tree trefficion and home a tree trefficion and home. many years the English Farmers have carried on a large traffic in old bones, paying five dol-lars a ton for them. This has stimulated many to gather them up, and even to rob the battle-fields of Europe of the bones of their brave defenders, to enrich the wheat fields of England. By this course the fields of Eng-have been made more productive, while the countries from which the bones are taken have been termanently injured by their taken have been permanently injured by their

The English, too, have sent to every island of South America to procure nitre, in the form of guano, to fertilize their fields, while the Americans not only import little or none, but negligently waste that which nature forces on them.—Ohio Farmer. What is it to be a gentleman? It is to be

high and elegant, his aims to be lofty and noble !- W. M. Thackeray. In the anatomy of the hand, we find that the muscle by which we shut it is much strenger than the one by which we open it; and this holds true as to giving and receiv-

"Lorette Indian"
"What are you here for?"
Me run, catch prisoner; have much blanket when catch him."
"Men," said the officer, "were any Larettes and out? this fellow dan't look as it he could run much."

"Mondown were sent out, but the first look is included by the first look is looked by the first looked by the first looked by the first looked was holding, and which was only slightly by rt. Ladies cannot which was only slightly by rt.

principal and traveler took the train, who imposed to attraveler took the train, who imposed to attraveler took the train, who imposed to attraveler took the train, and and down between the suits, the mindeman found no unone pied seat, except the one-half of that upon which the lady adoptoined for precious of and employer. deposited her precious sell and crimdia deposited her precious self and criminal to a latter very modestly expansive. Making a once, and often twice or thrice, and then disjutches again with an evident relish. It is the lady had a fellow-traveller, and took a sesse the power of standing erect at pleas-

As the train flow along with express speed the strangers entered into a cory converga-tion, and materal explanations. The gentle-man was pleased, and the lady certainly did

of orig. The gottoman on the or without how of fine. This opened the way for annul or in Frontersation, and the broken field industriously cultivated.

was industrianely cultivated.

By the lime the train crived at the depot in this city, the gentleman had processed and bean accepted, (although the lady afterwards inclared she regarded it all as a good joke.) The party sparated; the gentleman, in all good carner, started for a license, and the lady many large third, for a dinner. At two o'clock the gentleman returned with a license, and a Justic, to the great astonishment of the fair one, and after a few texts. The party separated: the gentleman, in all good earner, started for a license, and the lady mare for way to a learning-house on Broadway, above Third, for a dinner. At two o'clock the gentleman returned with a license, and a discise, to the great astonishm and of the fair one, and affor a few tears and balf-remonstrative expressions, she submitted with becoming modesty, and the Squire performed the little ceremony in a twinkling. Last evening the happy coup of departed for Louisville, or route for New large of long standing, and so could not make of long standing, and so could not

A gentleman who has recently returned from England, relates an angelote of Mr. Spargeon that is too good to be lost. The great preacher and for his theme one day great preacher and for his theme one day the power of individual, personal effort, and to illustrate it he told a story of a "Yankee," as Mr. Spurgeon called him, who beasted that he could whip the entire English na-tion binaself. "And how could you do it," said a bestander. "Why," said the Yankee, "I would take an English and the Yankee, so the strate is the told a story of a "Yankee," as Mr. Spargeon called him, who beasted that he could whip the entire English national makes and the area of the atrocious crime, together with the effects of liquor and the terrible excitstant himself. "And how cand you do it," said a bestander. "Why," said the Yankee, "why," said the Yankee, "why," said the Yankee, "why," said the Yankee, "who do take one Englishman at a time, I would take an entire, and so I would go along till I had the wheat error of England has increased at least afty per cent, in the last century, that of the United States has fallen off in nearly the same proportion. A century ago, Now. England, Delaware and Victoria raises.

The told a story of a "Yankee," as Mr. Spargeon called him, who beasted that he could win be dead, and the other two latter—a girl and an oil man—were rest red by means of the atrocious crime, together with the effects of liquor and the terrible excitstant the case of the atrocious crime, together with the effects of liquor and the terrible excitstant the case of the atrocious crime, together with the effects of liquor and the terrible excitstant the case of the atrocious crime, together with the effects of liquor and the terrible excitstant the case of the atrocious crime, together with the effects of liquor and the terrible excitstant the case of the atrocious crime, together with the effects of liquor and the terrible excitstant the case of the atrocious crime, together with the effects of liquor and the terrible excitstant the case of the atrocious crime, together with the effects of liquor and the terrible excits and an an insensible. The wald and in cases of the usual anal manifers and an insensible. The wald and an oil manifers and an insensible. The wald and an oil manifers and an an insensible. The wald and an oil manifers and an an insensible. The wald and an oil manifers are wald an oil manifers and an an insensible. The wald and an oil manifers and an an insensible. The wald and an oil manifers and an an meedate, and several friends, retired into the vesity. Soon there came in a tall, lean, long-faced, calcam booking man, who hailed from the State of Maine. He presented to from the State of Maine. He presented to the meeting of this he swallowed, at apparently without consciousness, and in a few minutes was welcomed by the preacher. Soon Mr. Spargeon addressed the new comer by saving: "Well, my American friend, how did you like my illustration of individual power, drawn from your countrymen?" "Oh." said the hamber of the Pine Tree State, "I was quite well pleased with it, been used was was quite well pleased with it, bee usert was so true;" and this was said with the utmost soleanity of tone and gravity of manner.— "So true, so true," said Mr. S., "what do you mean, sir " "I knew a Yankee that did that once," We knew a Yankee that did that once," was the reply. "And what was his name?" Mr. Spurgeon asked—to which the Yankee answered, "the name, sir,

was George Washington, perhaps you have heard of him." M. Spargeon was damb for a moment. He then joined in the hearty laugh, and allowed that "the Yankee" was too much for him.

From the London Times.

The Thorntes or Monsecur.—At this moment Continental Europe is one vast camp. Not only have the visions of long-enduring peace faded away, but every one is preparing for immediate war. While we are writing, the resolution may have been taken which is to rlungo Europe into blood. Austrian and Piedmontese outposts are watching each of er eross a narrow river. The arsenals and foundries are at work day and night in France; horses are bought up. ight in France; horses are bought clothes and shoes are manufactured with all baste, and thousands of men fully equipped for the field are ready for emburkation at the Algerian ports. Austria, on the other band, in spite of debt, disaffection, and that mand, in spite of debt, disaffection, and that worst of enemies, an alienated friend, in her rear, is as full of the obstinate warlike spirit as her antagonist. Her armies are immense, and they are being matrched in mass to the points threatened by the French. Positions have been taken up, fortifications built or repaired, strong points made stronger, and the whole resources of a first-rate military organization brought to bear on the defence of a highly valued province. Prussia fence of a highly valued province. Prussia and the German Bund, although highly jealous of France, would hardly go to war to uphold Austria's right of occupying the Legation. Yet Prussia, Hanover, Bavaria, Legation. Yet Prussia, Hanover, Bavaria, Saxony, Wurtemberg, all look upon war as a prola leeventuality. The irarmica e b ng put upon a war footing; heads of depart-ments are in council together; the export of horses is forbidden; patriotic speeches are made in the Chambers; and, as a matter of course, the conscription is heavier than ever What passes in the vast and silent empire of the Czar it is not so easy to learn with accuracy, but there are represent the accuracy, but there are rumors of troops con-centrated to Poland, and we may conclude that there, too, there is no alleviation of the burdens of an armel peace. But when we turn to our own country we feel most keely the situation of affairs. Are these exactions never to end? Are these apprehensions never to be allayed? Twenty-three millions were spent in armaments last year, and yet the cry is still, "Give." Statesmen and Gen-erals tell us we are not secure. Periodical panies humiliate us in the opinion of foreigners, and tend to degrade the its own eyes. We are assured by the Pre-mier, that no taxes can be taken off, and that we may think ourselves fortunate if no new ones are imposed. The talk is continually of recruiting soldiers, manning the navy, casting rifled cannon, and building invul-nerable craft.

A TALKING FIRM .- The Manchester (Eng. land) Examiner tells the following story.
"Yesterday, there arrived in Manchest "Testerday, there arrived in Manchester, for exhibition, an animal styled a 'talking fish,' which, no doubt, will prove a source of attraction to the public in general, and to naturalists in particular. Amongst others, we paid a visit yesterday afternoon, to the exhi-cition of the animal in Corporation street, and were much gratified by what we saw. The term 'fish,' however, appears to be a

Capeeno, was a Canad an Indian, of the Lorette tribe and though his people were in the sortice of the British, and were fighting at gainst the Americans, yet he had remained in the forests of Maine, and had not taken in the forests of Maine, and had not taken up the ha chet on either side. He had received many kindnesses at the "brick house," and little "Suse" was a great favorite with him. He went to her, and long was their severe talk. Every day, for three days, did he come and sit and smoke, and listen to the persuasions of the "ceelle squaw." At last he seemed to come to her views, for, on receiving the best blanket from her own bed, a stip of load, which the naughty girl pulled from the roof of the house with her own hands, he left, struck into the woods, and was seen no more. The next storm that came, told that the lead was gone, but where gone, none knew. Who could seed it."

"Move a forest received the seed of the seed o Shocking Accident.—On Monday afternoon, as a party of females and children were passing through the Hamilton Printworks, one of them, named Hyde, was almost instantaneously hilled by being caught on a shaft. She was at the time conversing with a relative, and shoul with her back to this shaft, which were making about the revolutions permitted, when, it is supposed, she was eaught by the ringer of nor shawl, throwing her back wards, and, with her dating firmly around it, breaking her ribs and limbs. The winder party went into the works without permission, and were being escorted through by a relative of Mrs. Hyde, who took them into a room where no visitor is ever allowed. This room is full of shafting, and in it but one person is employed, who was the one referred to above.

The shaft on which she was caught runs treated with and thout fifteen incluse above.

The shaft on which she was caught runs treated with and thout fifteen incluse above. bave.

The shaft on which the was eaught runs parellel with and thout fifteen inches above the flav. As her shawl cought appear is and she felt leastly cough, and which was only slightly he rt. Ladius cannot exceed to much aution in visiting the mills.

Mrs. Hyde died before the co., blue conveyed to the remainder the course of the bern home. A Mrs. Watt resus was killed on this same shaft, and new the same spot, about these are shaft, and new the same spot, about these are a lady smewhat passed that period of life which the world would teach a point these —a lady smewhat passed that period of life which the world would teach a point on the road a traveller look the train, who are presented at the same and a traveller look the train, who are presented a traveller look the train, who are presented at the same and a traveller look the train, and non-boalf of that upon which the sorld and the same and one-boalf of that upon which the lady and one-boalf of that upon which t

pecaliar habit it displays is that, after it has swallowed its first food in a morning, which it does not appear to masticate, it discorges once, and often twice or thrice, and then dis-patches again with an evident relish. It is

A SPECIAL PROVIDENCE .- The Washington Union considers the deaths of postmaster general Brown and his third assistant Marron as judgments, inflicted to show the displeasto of heaven because Congress did not pass to post office appropriations. This seems arely just in the powers above, but here is Union's opinion -

The outrage upon the constitution which expired Congress has inflicted in refusing provide for one arm of the folleral service the coincidence of this first act of revolutions with the three-score-and-tenth anniversary of the establishment of the government—the signal manner in which the same Providence, whose sustaining hand has from the first been

mint of the fair one, and after a few tears and half-remonstrative expressions, she submitted with becoming modesty, and the Squire performed the little coremony in a twinkling. Last evening the happy come departed for Louisville, en route for New Orleans and California. If this is not a fast country, a search warrant would hardly sue country, a search warrant would hardly sue coefficiently in the defeat of the rostal bill. Besides, Toombs was the guilty man and the vengeance should have lit on him i any body. na were of long standing, and so could not have originated in the defeat of the nostal bill. Besides, Toombs was the guilty man

THE HARTFORD TRAGEDT .- DEATH OF COL-on. -It appears that the death of Colson, he wife murderer of Hartford, was caused, not by another dose of poison, but by the o-pium taken by him directly after the comfell back upon the pillow. An art adant at once procured brandy, and two or three tea-

Aspanagua-Spring Dressing .- Fork in ANYARAGUA—SPRING DERSING.—Fork in the dung placed on the beds in the fall, using the ordinary asparagus fork, and loosening the earth to four inches to depth, using great care not to wound the plants or their crowns. Water occasionally, in the absence of rains. water recessionally, in the absence of rains, giving the beds a top dressing of salt, and occasionally wet the surface with liquid manure. Those who have no cisterns for collecting liquid manures may prepare it by mixing manures with water, stirring occasionally until slightly fermented, when the daily territor may be received. fluid portion may be used, and more water added to the mass.

The tenderness and high flavor of aspara-

gus depends much on the richness of ground, and the warmth of the spring. SCHMER TREATMENT.—Continue water in dry weather, and removing weeds, should any appen. Salt should only be applied when the plants are growing, and then the quantity seems to be unlimited, which may be used with advantage.

A friend on Staten Island covered his as.

paragus beds two inches deep with salt, and the plants continued to thrive.

Fall and Winter Treament.—As soon begrefaced eventure. The dandy with a huge beard effered himself to a young lady, who refused him, on the ground that she would never marry such a begrefaced eventure. The dandy of the control of as the stalks fairly change color, they cease to grow. Cut down the stalks close to the ground, and remove them and the weeds from the beds; cover the surface of the beds with four inches of manure from the stables, and if the bed be not more than two years old, cover the alleys also. If three or more years ld, the alleys cannot safety be dug at any time, as they contain too large a portion of the roots, the injuring of which would dis-case the whole of the plants to which they belong .- Working Farmer.

MISTARE AT A FUNERAL .- About the first of last month the following singular mis-take was made at Dole, France: Two per-sons had died at the hospital of that town, and were to be buried at the same time. The eleceased were a young girl and a soldier of the garrison. Both coffins being placed alongside of eachother, they were so con-founded that the young girl was accompa-nied to her last home by a platoon of dragoons, with military honors, while the young soldier, covered with a white pall of flowers, pious emblems of purity and inno-cence, was horne on four feminine shoul-ders, and followed by a procession of young girls reciting prayers.

Boges Corn in Albany .- Our city is flood ed with bogus three cent pieces. They readily pass current with those who don't take the trouble to examine them closely. The bogus ones that we have seen have no milled edge—the stars surrounding the letter C are very indistinctly cut—the banch of rods tied together in the lower bow and the leaves in together in the lower bow and the leaves in the upper bow of the C are wanting in the bogus coin. On the reverse side of the coin the star is very badly executed—the points being almost rounded, instead of being dis-tinctly and finely cut, as in the genuine. A lady friend of ours to whom we showed the two coins, turned out the contents of her port-monnaic, and our of eleven three coin pieces, ten were bogus.—Albany Joyanal

The only instances, in which death has The only instances, in which death has visited the Cabinet, previous to the decease of Post-Master-General Brown, were the death of Mr. Upshur, while Secretary of State, and Mr. Gilmer, Secretary of the Navy by the bursting of a cannon on board the Princton, and the death of Mr. Legare, Atturney General, while accompanying John Tyler on a Presidental tour.

sieces, ten were bogus .- Albany Journal

[From the Montpeller Watchman.]

COUNTY COURT. -The County Court ad-Gowny Court.—The County Court adjourned on Wednesday, after a session of about two weeks. The past week has been one of unusual interest; the trial of Ariel Martin of Calais for the murder of Lucius Ainsworth (and Jennism Wheelock) attracted large crowds of spectators in the court room. In this case the defence put in the plea of iosanity; but, as our readers can see by the testimony which we publish on our first page, failed to sustain the plea and the jury, very justly we think, brought in a verdict of "guilty."

Next came the trial of John Gleaven for

vertiet of "guilty."

Next came the trial of John Gleason for the mankaughter of John Courtney of Middlesex. In this place it appeared that there was a gathering of Irishmen at the house of John Gleason in Middles x, where liquor was food.

The court said that under the circumstances be considered it necessary to prenounce the sentence which the law imposes, without any extended remarks.

"The sentence of the law is now to be "pronounced by this court, and that sentence is "That you. Ariel Martin, be hang, "ed by the neck till you are dead, and that "you be imprisoned in solitary confinement "in the State Prison at Windsor in the country of Windsor until said numishment shall "ty of Windsor until said punishment shall "be inflicted, at such time as shall be direct-"ed by the warrant to issue in that behalf by
"this court, in pursuance of the statute
"made and provided."

Patrick Mahon was also sentenced to three years hard labor in the State Prison at Windsor in the County of the end of the commence this day, and pay the cests of prosecution, and said Mahon to stand committed till this sentence is couplied with.

Glesson was sentenced to seven years hard labor in the State Prison. labor in the State Prison.

A LOSS OF THREE THOUSAND LIVES NO.

Tag inrog, on the Sm of Azoff, a catastrophe occurred, about the beginning of February last, which involved a loss of life unparalleleexcept by memorable carthquake or volcanic eruptions. It appears that some three thou-sand inhabitants of Taganrog, relying upon the promise of fair weather made by the ge-nial atmosphere and the cloudless sky, pronial atmosphere and the cloudless sky, pro-ceeded to the Az-If S:a to indules in sport of fishing beneath the ies—a f.vorute pastime of that region. The atmosphere continuing screne, the party were billed into a feeling of scurity, and ventured farther than usual upon the ice, in the hope of obtaining a good had. Suddenly a breeze sprung up from the cast, which growing boisterous by degrees, whirled the loses snow and fine particles of ice in all directions, and before long succeded in detaching the ice from the shoe. The nee field then broke into numerous pieces, which, with their t crified and helpless humice in all directions, and before long succeeded in detaching the ice from the shoe. The ice field then broke into numerous pieces, which, with their t rrifled and belpless human freight, drifted towards the open s.a. No as istance could be rendered the unhappy beings by their frantic relatives and freeds on shore, and within two hours not a sign of life was visible on the surface of the sac. On the following day a cake of ice drifted in shore, upon which were fived the unfortunates—three of them dead, andthe otter two numb and insensible. The two latter—a girl and an old man—were rest-red by means of grand. All the other cars were in the

N. Y. Ecc. Post.

A dandy with a huge beard offered himself

hear-faced creature. The dandy at once had his physiognomy clean shaved, and then renewed his application but the girl again re-fused him, on the ground that he was now more bare-laced than before. "Pa," said the other morning at breakfast

one of our lisping prattlers, who is fond of eggs, and who has heard her eldest sisters ranslating English phrases in French—"Pa, what is French for an egg?" We replied, "An egg is no xuf." "Well," said she immediately, "an egg is not enough for me this morning, for I want two!"

"In our midst." This phrase is seldom more appositely used than in describing the colic as a "pain in our midst."

"A good action is never thrown away.

of mistakes.

There runs a story of a city sporting gentleman whose shooting season, for many years, was devoted, with great constancy, to one jack-snipe, which, after all, out-lived him.—When the season came round, he used to retire to his usual locality, and every day

had his shot, and every day the shot missed the mark. The new School Law seems to be the jack-suipe of our Plymouth triend. When he bays his game, we shall chronicle the fact.—Scattnet.

The Free Press

BUILINGTON: FRIDAY MORNING, APRIL 1, 1859.

TERRIBLE R. R. ACCIDENT.

The Rochester Democrat of the 21st, ing gives many particulars of the frightful Railroad accident, about 7 miles west of

Ruilroad accident, about 7 miles west of Hamilton, C. W., on the 19th.

"The unfortunate train left Detroit on Fri lay evening, and consisted of one bagg age and three passanger cars, the last one of which was a sleeping car. That night, it will be remembered, there was a terrific storm of wind and rain, and a the vicinity of the accident it would seem that the streams were suddently swollen. At the time of the accident the train was thought to be running at the rate of thirty miles an hour. The curbankment at the fatal spot is some firty feet high, and is said to be mostly said, which on becoming saturated easily settles and slides away. The entire train plunged into the chasm, the cars successively being piled upon each other. The sleeping car was stopp of when about half way over the brink, but the forward end was broken in and one passenger killed by being run through with a piece of broken timber. How many in all were killed is as yet unascertained, but the number is not less than twelve. Nine dead bodies, shockingly mangled, had been drawn up from the wreek.

We are indebted to Mrs. Dr. Geare, of

certained, but the number is not less than twelve. Nine dead bodies, shockingly mangled, had been drawn up from the wreck.

We are indebted to Mrs. Dr. Geare, of Cincinnati, for the foregoing particulars. She is a daughter of J. W. Wilson. Esq., of Penfield, and was on her way thither. Mrs. G. was in the middle car, and providentially escaped any serious injuries, although scratched and broised in many places. The car was about half turned over, and standing at an angle of forty-five degrees, she could escape only by climbing to the rear. On emerging from the car, in company with Mrs. Markham, of Anburn, they found themselves at an elevation of fifteen feet from the ground, but fearing the car might tilt over, they jumped down and sank so deep in the sand as to be unable to extricate themselves without assistance. Mrs. Geare lost her bennet, shoes and stockings, and was obliged to remain in this uncomfortable plight for several hours, until assistance had been procured from Hamilton. At the latter riace she was kindly furnished by fellow-passengers with what she needed: but, we regret to add, the passengers all concur in representing the conduct of the resident population as most indifferent and unfeeling.

The spot where the accident happened is within four miles of Copetown, and we understand that on the first opening of the Great Western Railway, several locumotives were sunk at the same place, the soft earth yielding to the great weight.

Mr. William Cox of Philadelphia, who was on the train, and in the locumotives were sunk at the same place, the soft earth yielding to the great weight.

Mr. William Cox of Philadelphia, who

was on the train, and in the sleeping car in the rear, says :

The larger car had gone completely over the engine and tender, and was laying

The largest liquor dealers in San Francisco have estimated that the daily constantion of liquors in that State amounts to about 8000 gallons per day.

A saloon keeper at St. Louis drank 150 glasses of lager beer on a wager of \$25, in one day—and survived.

In a recent figh: in California between a lawyer and a doctor, both armed with broadswords, the lawyer cut off the doctor's left hand, and the doctor genteelly amputated the lawyer's head. Sharp practice:

"March is always a trying month for the aged," said en observing old gentleman, and lhave noticed that when I could get through the year."

Stave Trade in Texas.—Texas is becoming a slave mart. The New York Express quotes from a private letter:

"There were about seventy passengers on the train in all, and a great many were killed and hurt. I know of six or seven dead, a large number wounded and two missing—but can give only a few manes. Only ne person was hurt in the sleeping car. He was a man named Braid, who was sitting at the forward end of the car engaged in conversation with the conductor of the sleeping car and another gentleman. He was crushed to death instantly. Mr. Braid belonged in Hamilton, and was an employe of the rail road company, I believe. The engineer was also killed. The fireman was taken from the ruins badly scalded and bruised. He was called Charles. The conductor of the train was not severely injured. The baggar man escaped with a few slight bruises. Everybody who was uninjured, set to work at once to rescue the wounded, and to provide for the comfort of the ladies and childer. I assisted to remove three men from the first car, who were very badly hurt. dren. I assisted to remove three men from the first car, who were very badly hurt. They were pulled out at the window with a rope. One of there had a broken arm and leg, and each of the others had a leg broken. All the passengers in this car got out at the

windows. The embankment was very soft and every

The embankment was very soft and every body sank in the mud and sand. One lady, named Jones had with her four small children, the youngest being a babe of only two weeks old. This lady's husband was either killed or badly hurt.

A terrible storm of wind, accompanied with rain and snow, rendered the condition of the passengers more uncomfortable than it would otherwise have been. All the ladies and children that could be found were got up the embankment and placed in the sleepup the embankment and placed in the sleep-ing car for a time, but as the bank exhibited signs of giving way beneath it, they were afterward removed to the track and made as comfortable as circumstances would permit, with mattresses and cushions taken from the rains. Several of the ladies were destitute

"A good action is never thrown away."
This is the reason, probably, why we find so very few of them "lying around loose."

A Construction that's 'Just like A as a pital opportunity for fainting, and yet doesn't faint, you may be tolerably sure that she has some other feint in view—Puach.

Caution to Parents.—The Rochester Union chronicles the death of a child from the effect of swallowing one of the new cents.

If all the water in the Atlantic were steamed away, there would remain enough salt deposited fram it to cover an extent of seven millions of miles, one entire mile deep.

Most kinds of roots and bark are now used as medicines except cube root and the bark of a dog.

Still Popping Away.—We notice that Jairus Josselyn of Plymouth, is still popping away in the Woodstock Age at the new School Law. In a recent article he saysing may in the Woodstock Age at the new School Law. In a recent article he saysing the way in the Woodstock Age at the new School Law. In a recent article he saysing the way in the Woodstock Age at the new School Law. In a recent article he saysing the way in the Woodstock Age at the new School Law. In a recent article he saysing the way in the Woodstock Age at the new School Law. In a recent article he saysing the way in the Woodstock Age at the new School Law. In a recent article he saysing the way in the Woodstock Age at the new School Law. In a recent article he saysing the way in the Woodstock Age at the new School Law. In a recent article he saysing the way in the Woodstock Age at the new School Law. In a recent article he saysing the way in the Woodstock Age at the new School Law. In a recent article he saysing the way in the Woodstock Age at the new School Law. In a recent article he saysing the way in the Woodstock Age at the new School Law. In a recent article he saysing the way in the Woodstock Age at the new School Law. In the way to Mrs. Geare. Others got some stockings. The Hamilton people appeared very indifferent about the matter, and we got no help from them or the railro