



"That Government is the best which governs least."

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POETRY.

Song for December.

HARK! how the wind how whistles wild The leafless trees among...

It whispers in a hollow voice, Of summer's joyous hours...

Then list the wind, how it whistles wild, The leafless trees among...

NONSENSE.

A little nonsense now and then, Is relished by the best of men!

"Go it, Bob-Tail!"—A specimen of the genus Hooster was found by Capt...

"I am, sir, an officer of the 17th foot, on a recruiting party here...

PLEASANT.—Sitting down in a barber's shop to be shaved...

THE SHAVERS.—The barber shaves with polished blade, The merchant shaves in constant trade...

A good story is told of a city belle who lately visited a country relative...

"Would it were lawful to marry two wives!" exclaimed a young man desperately in love...

Having carefully washed some egg-shells, remove the internal skin, and grind them on a piece of prophy...

Family Circle.

Sacrifice of Human Life in War.

A Parisian paper—La Presse—which enjoys a larger circulation than any other journal in Europe...

The London Times, by way of commentary on these horrible statistics...

"Build a temple to Ambition, Bessie on an empire's neck, Ye who bow in meek submission...

Judge Geary.

In a letter from San Francisco which we find in the Washington Union...

Our friend Colonel Geary—now Judge Geary, who was in the Mexican war...

When Dr. Brandon was rector of Eltham, in Kent, the text he one day took to preach from...

Whimsical Interruption.—When Dr. Brandon was rector of Eltham, in Kent...

When Dr. Brandon was rector of Eltham, in Kent, the text he one day took to preach from...

"I am, sir, an officer of the 17th foot, on a recruiting party here; and having brought my wife and family with me...

PLEASANT.—Sitting down in a barber's shop to be shaved—lathered with strong yellow soap...

THE SHAVERS.—The barber shaves with polished blade, The merchant shaves in constant trade...

A good story is told of a city belle who lately visited a country relative for the purpose of spending a few weeks recruiting her health...

"Would it were lawful to marry two wives!" exclaimed a young man desperately in love with a couple of country maids...

Having carefully washed some egg-shells, remove the internal skin, and grind them on a piece of prophy...

THE SHAVERS.—The barber shaves with polished blade, The merchant shaves in constant trade...

A good story is told of a city belle who lately visited a country relative for the purpose of spending a few weeks recruiting her health...

"Would it were lawful to marry two wives!" exclaimed a young man desperately in love with a couple of country maids...

Having carefully washed some egg-shells, remove the internal skin, and grind them on a piece of prophy...

THE SHAVERS.—The barber shaves with polished blade, The merchant shaves in constant trade...

them on a piece of prophy. Then put the powder into a small vessel of pure water...

The Students of Princeton College N. J. are in a rebellion. It is supposed, the faculty will have to dismiss about fifty or sixty of them...

FOUND DEAD.—The corpse of a man, supposed to have died some ten days previously, was found by a company of hunters...

New York Evening Post CIRCULAR.—The New York Evening Post is the oldest Democratic paper in the state of New York...

It is not for us perhaps to say how far the Evening Post is calculated to meet the want to which we have alluded...

To those unacquainted with its plan and character, we beg to submit the following summary:—

THE NEWS OF THE DAY, which we shall report with all the accuracy and fidelity in our power...

Public Documents of general importance, reports, messages, official communications, &c.

DISCUSSIONS OF POLITICAL QUESTIONS.—These we hope to be able to conduct in a spirit of fairness and courtesy...

MARKETS AND COMMERCIAL INFORMATION.—The proprietors have made arrangements for giving with accuracy and with the latest revisions of persons intelligent in such matters...

LITERARY NOTICES, selections from the literature of the day, extracts from our best magazines, popular and scientific, and a fair proportion of that sort of miscellaneous reading which gives an entertaining character to a newspaper...

With these materials, we endeavor to make a paper both interesting and useful to the reader. Our country friends have now gathered in the principal harvests of the year...

TERMS.—The price of the New York Weekly Evening Post, is for a single copy, payable in advance...

For TEN copies to one address, 20 00 Or for any number between FIVE and TEN, Two Dollars per copy.

The Evening Post, issued daily, 10 00 It is not our custom to appoint Local Agents to solicit subscriptions...

New York, October 28th, 1849. Any paper publishing this circular consecutively once a week for three weeks, and sending us a mailed copy, will be entitled to an exchange with our Daily for one year.

White Ink for Writing on Black Paper.—Having carefully washed some egg-shells, remove the internal skin, and grind them on a piece of prophy...

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Visited Voter.

A Story of Boring Candidates for Office.

BY PETER TIMSON.

A correspondent of the New Orleans Delta, furnishes the following clever hit at traveling candidates for office:—

One day just as I was to sit down to dine on a nice fat capon that my wife had laid upon the table...

"Good day sir—this is Mr. Timson, I believe sir!" "Yes, sir that is my name—take a seat sir."

"Very, very," said I, "Shall I trouble you for a drink of water?" said he, "Oh, no trouble," said I, "here Polly," said I speaking to a nigger girl...

"Well really," said he, "I hardly ever drink anything." "Oh, it won't hurt you sir," said I, "walk in, walk in."

He cast an eye upon my capon. Mrs. Timson saw the glance, and turned pale—not that my dear wife begrudged the capon...

He took a stiff horn, and then turned around and told me that his name was Grimpink, and that he was a candidate for the Legislature...

I had gone off into a deep and glorious snooze, and was dreaming that a huge monster with forty heads...

I had gone off into a deep and glorious snooze, and was dreaming that a huge monster with forty heads (on each of which was a great brass gimlet a la rinoceroc)

"Curse it all, Mrs. Timson, my dear!" said I, starting up and rubbing my eyes, "what the devil did you disturb me for, eh Mrs. Timson?"

I put on a calm countenance and walked in, and there sat an intelligent, bright-looking young man, whom I saw at a glance...

He rose up and apologized very gracefully for having disturbed me, and told me that he was a candidate; that inexorable custom compelled him to visit the people...

"Sir," said I with fervor, "you shall have my vote—you are a gentleman, I see that, and I'll vote for you, sir!"

What are your politics, and for what do you run?" He explained it all and after I had pressed him to eat a little dinner...

I had pressed him to eat a little dinner, and refresh himself at the sideboard, he left. I advised Mrs. Timson to have some capons always dressed...

The next day seven candidates visited my house and ate with me, and four more slept in my beds...

Mr. Squirt, with one of Mr. Timson's beautiful pieces of crockery held aloft in his hand...

Mr. Squirt brought the spacious mouth of the vessel down accurately upon the top of Mr. Spoot's small head...

I succeeded in stopping the row, and after two hours spent in writing and accepting challenges, and drinking my old rye...

The Kind of Pork New Yorkers get to eat—A Horrible Picture.—A New York correspondent of the Skaneateles Columbian...

He brought two pairs full of the hot soup each time he came, and the hogs were perfectly ravenous...

In passing from this establishment I passed another, and saw the same work going on. I asked the 'boss' about how many hogs were consumed...

I forgot to mention that the horse establishments also 'manufacture' all the dogs that are killed or die about the city during the warm weather...

I gave you the foregoing just as the proprietors told me, and as I saw myself—nothing more; and any one may satisfy himself of its truth by going to the factories...

Dey does say that way down in Georgia, they makes poor nigger work twenty-five hours ebbery day...

Golly mighty, what ignoramus nigger you is, Scipio; why, way down dere, day make 'em work twenty-five hours!

Scipio was convinced.

"look at his hoofs and joints." Sure enough, his hoofs and joints were one mass of disease and putrefaction...

I inquired of the owner how many animals they manufactured in a day. He replied, "We keep three carts and horses, and they are busy all day, carting the animals from all parts of the city..."

I asked, "Do you get paid for removing carcasses?" "Oh, no—we generally pay for the privilege. If the animal is in good order and has not been sick very long, we give a dollar for him; but if, on the contrary, he is poor and thin, we give fifty cents."

I inquired how many 'factories' there were besides his. He said "seven." I asked him about how many hogs he got. He said, "About a hundred weight per week."

"What do you do with the hogs, and how much are the bones worth, &c.?" "We sell the hogs to the pig makers; the bones sell readily for \$12 per ton; the skin in worth \$1.25, and the fat we sell to the soap makers."

I looked into the boiling cauldron, and saw the process. The fat or grease rises to the surface, and is drawn off by means of a faucet in the side of a vat...

The fat or grease rises to the surface, and is drawn off by means of a faucet in the side of a vat. The flesh is boiled until the bones are loosened, and they are taken out and the residue is fed to the hogs...

I passed from this establishment I passed another, and saw the same work going on. I asked the 'boss' about how many hogs were consumed in the horse factories in a year...

I forgot to mention that the horse establishments also 'manufacture' all the dogs that are killed or die about the city during the warm weather. I suppose they are put in with the horses...

I gave you the foregoing just as the proprietors told me, and as I saw myself—nothing more; and any one may satisfy himself of its truth by going to the factories, corner of 40th street and 10th avenue.

Dey does say that way down in Georgia, they makes poor nigger work twenty-five hours ebbery day. Now, look here, I've been told that day hasn't got no more nor twenty-four hours, an' I wants you, Mr. Johnsing, to 'splainy to dis chile, how they make 'em work twenty-five hours!

Golly mighty, what ignoramus nigger you is, Scipio; why, way down dere, day make 'em work twenty-five hours!

Scipio was convinced.