

COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

"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,
Hark to its voice loud echoing forth
A melancholy song;
O'er hill and dale, its mournful tale
Is told with a piteous sigh,
And it groans with a sad and bitter grief
For the smiling days gone by.

It whispers in a hollow voice,
Of summer's joyous hours,
When beauty hid the heart rejoice
In Nature's lovely bowers:
When all was sunshine bright and warm,
And perfum'd fill'd the air,
And earth could boast a beautiful form
And countenance so fair.

It whispers, too, that these bright things
Have perished and are gone,
That joys, like riches, buy them wings
And soon, too soon, are flown;
That all that's good and beautiful
Beneath this changeable sky,
Must, like the summer and sweet spring,
With swift destruction die.

Then list the wind, how it whistles wild,
The leafless trees among,
How it echoes forth o'er the desert earth
A melancholy song;
O'er hill and dale its mournful tale
Is told with a piteous sigh,
And it groans with a sad and bitter grief
For the joyous days gone by.

NONSENSE.

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

"Go it, Bon-Fax!"—A specimen of the genus Hooster was found by Capt. —, of the steamer —, in the engine room of his boat, while lying at Louville, one fine morning in June. The Captain inquired to know "What he was doing there?"

"Have you seen Captain Perry?" was the interrogative response.

"I don't know him; and can't tell what that has to do with your being in my engine room," replied the Captain angrily.

"Hold on! That's just what I was getting at. You see Captain Perry and I walked down together. Captain Perry asked me to drink, and so I did. I knew that I wanted to drink, or I wouldn't have been so cussed dry. So, Captain Perry and I drank three or four times. Capt. Perry and I was putting in some extra on one too. I sings out, 'Go it, Captain Perry, if your biler does bust!'"

With that a man steps up to me, and says, he, "See here, stranger, you must leave."

"Says I, 'what must I leave for?'"

"Says he, 'you are making too much noise.'"

"Says I, 'I've been in bigger crowds than this and made more noise, and didn't leave nuther.'"

"With that he took me by the nap of the neck and the seat of the breeches, and—left! As I was shovin' down street, I met a lady. I know she was a lady by a remark she made. Says she, 'Young man, I reckon you'll go home with me.'"

"And I went!"

"I'd bin in her house but a short time, when I heard a devil knocking at the door. I knew the chap wanted to get in whoever he was, or he wouldn't have kept up such thundering racket. — By and by said a voice:

"If you don't open, I'll bust in the door!"

"I put on a bold face, and says I, 'stranger, does this woman belong to you?'"

"Says he, 'She does.'"

"Then, says I, she's virtuous, I think, from all that I have seen of her."

With that, he made at me with a pistol in one hand, and a Bowie knife in the other, and being a little pressed for time, I jumped through the window, leavin' the bigger portion of my coat tail. As I was streakin' it down town, with the fragments fluttering to the breeze, I passed a friend. I knew he was a friend, by a remark he made—

Says he,

"Go it, Bob-tail! he's gainin' on you!"

"And that's the way I happened to be in your engine room. I am a good swimmer, Captain, but do excuse me if you please from takin' water."

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.

Accompanying her cousin to the barn yard, in her domestic errand of pulling the cows, her eyes rolled with astonishment as she saw her cousin seat herself and tug at the cows' nipples. "Why, is that the way they do it?" said the beauty—[I thought they took hold of the cows' tails, and pumped the milk out of her.

What's she got that very long tail for?"

"Would it were lawful to marry two wives!"

"I visited a young man desperately in love with a couple of country cousins. 'Try one, to begin with,' was the answer of a saucy old benedict."

Family Circle.

Sacrifice of Human Life in War.

A Parisian paper—La Presse—which enjoys a larger circulation than any other journal in Europe, has recently presented an appalling picture of the results of modern wars. It appears that of one million two hundred thousand men enrolled in the armies of France in 1814, only one hundred thousand were alive in 1814; and that between 1791 and 1813, twenty-one years, no less than four millions five hundred thousand Frenchmen were blown to pieces by cannon, transfixed by bayonets, brought down by musketeers, or slain by sabres or broadswords. Yet, by all this sacrificed, France did not gain permanent possession of one square inch of ground beyond her former territorial limits.

The London Times, by way of commentary on these horrible statistics, computes that the loss of the allies in the war which cost France so much blood, was about ten millions of men, cut to pieces in the prime of life. So much for the wars of royal butchers.

"Build a temple to Ambition,
Ere it on an empire's neck,
Ye who bow in meek submission
At a scepter'd tyrant's beck,
Search earth's bosom for the slaughtered,
And with bones that there be hid
Of the millions it has martyr'd,
Pile the ghastly pyramid."

Judge Geary.

In a letter from San Francisco which we find in the Washington Union, we extract the following account of the manner in which a well known and highly esteemed Pennsylvanian, Judge Geary performs his duties of a high office on the borders of the Pacific Ocean.

Our friend Colonel Geary—now Judge Geary, who was in the Mexican war, discharges the duties of his office with as much facility as though he was an old hand at the business. Right, reason, and justice (including law,) he takes for his guide in all his official acts, which are very numerous, as well as arduous. He is bland, kind and firm, asking no favors nor does he shrink from any responsibilities. Should the Judge permit his name to be used in the gubernatorial canvass upon California becoming a state, he will undoubtedly be elected by a large majority, and have the honor of being the first Governor of California. General Taylor missed a figure when he removed Col. Geary from the post office here.

Joseph Daniel, a Frenchman, of small stature, good looking, and aged 27 years, will be hung by the neck until he is dead, on the 29th of October. He was tried before Judge Geary and an impartial jury of twelve men, and found guilty of murder in the first degree, by shooting his companion, and robbing him of six thousand dollars in gold dust. Judge Geary, in a very feeling and impressive manner, pronounced to the prisoner that awful sentence of death, "that you be taken to the place of execution within the walls of the prison, and there be hanged until you are dead."

Whimsical Interruption.

When Dr. Brandon was rector of Eltham, in Kent, the text he one day took to preach from was, "Who art thou?" After reading the text, he made (as was his custom) a pause, for the congregation to reflect upon the words, when a gentleman in a military dress, who at the instant was marching very sedately up the middle aisle of the church, supposing it to be a question addressed to him, to the surprise of all present replied—

"I am, sir, an officer of the 17th foot, on a recruiting party here; and having brought my wife and family with me, I wish to be acquainted with the neighbouring clergy and gentry."

This so deranged the divine, and astonished the congregation, that though they attempted to listen with decorum, the discourse was not proceeded with, without considerable difficulty.

PLEASANT.—Sitting down in a barber's shop to be shaved—lathered with strong yellow soap—the brush as large as a painter's—barber sweeping his detestable brush over mouth and all, preventing any possibility of breathing, by stopping up your nostrils with soap-suds. To conclude the whole, upon opening your mouth to remonstrate, receiving said brush and all its appurtenances plump into it.

THE SHAVERS.
The barber shaves with polished blade,
The merchant shaves in constant trade,
The broker shaves on twelve per cent,
The landlords shaves by raising rent,
The doctor shaves in patent pills,
The printer shaves in printing bills,
The farmer shaves in hay and oats,
The banker shaves on his own notes,
The lawyer shaves both friends and foes,
The pedler shaves where'er he goes,
The office-holder shaves the nation,
The parson shaves to man's salvation,
The wily churchman shaves his brother,
The people all shave one another.

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. Then put the powder into a small vessel of pure water, and when it has settled at the bottom, draw off the water, and dry the powder in the sun. This powder must be preserved in a bottle: when you want to use it, put a small quantity of gum ammoniac into distilled vinegar, and leave it to dissolve during the night. Next morning the solution will appear exceedingly white; and if you then strain it through a piece of linen cloth, and add to it the powder of egg-shells, in sufficient quantity, you will obtain a very white ink.

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. If this is true, it is a bad business.

FOUND DEAD.—The corpse of a man, supposed to have died some ten days previously, was found by a company of hunters, in a shanty, erected by lumbermen, near the Eddy Licks, on Beech Creek, in Centre county, some ten miles from its mouth, on Thursday night the 10th ult.

New York Evening Post CIRCULAR.

The New York Evening Post is the oldest Democratic paper in the state of New York, and one of the oldest in the United States. Its past history, we venture to hope, will justify us in soliciting from our democratic readers and fellow laborers, a friendly interest in behalf of a journal which has seen some service in the cause of democracy.

It is not for us perhaps to say how far the Evening Post is calculated to meet the want to which we have alluded. Our readers are doubtless generally acquainted with its literary and political character. If its aim and influence are such as meet with their approval, we trust they may find it in their way to contribute somewhat to its circulation.

To those unacquainted with its plan and character, we beg to submit the following summary:—
I. THE EVENING POST WILL CONTAIN:—
THE NEWS OF THE DAY, which we shall report with all the accuracy and fidelity in our power, including intelligence from foreign countries, political information, reports, elections, and notices of every occurrence of general interest.

II. PUBLIC DOCUMENTS of general importance, reports, messages, official communications, &c.

III. DISCUSSIONS OF POLITICAL QUESTIONS.—These we hope to be able to conduct in a spirit of fairness and courtesy, not descending to personalities or appeals to prejudice, and yet presenting any kind of personal interest, and with complete independence. We are democrats in principle; we have embraced the democratic creed from a profound conviction of its truth, because we find it striving in the main for objects which we cordially approve. We hold to the great doctrines of free trade, of equal rights in the powers of government, of equal and sparing legislation, of the propriety of bringing public affairs as much as possible within the cognizance and management of small neighborhoods. We are opposed to the extension of slavery, and in favor of its restriction in every constitutional mode: we are enemies of all monopolies, and a fair proportion of seats to create jobs for favorites, and to promote the interests of particular classes. The course of the Evening Post in regard to these subjects is well known, and its conductors may say, with an allowable satisfaction, that in the zealous support of these views for a long series of years, they have never wavered through fear or through interest.

IV. THE MARKETS and Commercial Information the proprietors have made arrangements for giving with accuracy and with the latest revisions of persons intelligent in such matters.

V. 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, and will soon have more leisure for reading than in the late busy season. Congress will soon be in session, and questions of the greatest moment will come before it for its discussion. The legislatures of the several States will shortly convene upon their winter sessions. A contemporary record of these important discussions and proceedings, made up with industry, exactness and candor, must be desired by every intelligent man, and to such we recommend the examination of the Evening Post.

TERMS.
The price of the New York Weekly Evening Post, is for a single copy, payable in advance, \$1 00

For ELEVEN copies to one address, 10 00

The price of the SEMI-WEEKLY EVENING POST, is for a single copy, payable in advance, 3 00

[Four dollars will be charged when the subscription is not paid within the first six months.]

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, nor to place much reliance on Agents at all. But any persons may send us if they will, by taking the prospectus, and asking those who like the Evening Post, to hand him the money for a year, which he can remit at any price and they obtain pay for his time and trouble. If few friends would favor us with a list of persons in their county or neighborhood, who feel an interest in the circulation of the views advocated in the columns of our journal, to whom we might with propriety forward our circular, they may greatly oblige us.

W. M. C. BRYANT & CO.

New York, October 18th, 1849.
[Any paper publishing this circular consecutively once a week for three weeks, and sending us a marked copy, will be entitled to an exchange with our Daily for one year.]

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 (the capon was just large enough for her and me,) and I had pulled the cork out of a cool bottle of claret, a man walked up the gallery steps, hat in hand, bowing and smirking, and says he, 'Good day sir—this is Mr. Timson, I believe sir!' 'Yes, sir that is my name—take a seat sir.' Thank you Mr. Timson,' said he laying his hat on one side, and planting himself in a chair with an air that showed plainly enough that my fat capon was in danger. 'Very warm weather, sir,' said he, '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, 'here Polly, go set the decanters upon the side board; walk in sir and take something to stimulate the system.' Well really,' said he, 'I hardly ever drink anything.' 'Oh, it won't hurt you sir,' said I, 'walk in, walk in.' Well he did walk in, and as he passed the table, he cast an eye upon my capon. Mrs. Timson saw the glance, and turned pale—not that my dear wife begrudged the capon, but she knew that there was not enough for three and there was no time to cook another. 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 told him that I was glad to make his acquaintance, and introduced him to Mrs. Timson, who told him that she was very glad to see him, (poor woman she told a white one that time, but I hope it will be forgiven her—in fact I feel certain it will, for she was driven to it you know,) and I invited him to set down and take dinner. Mrs. Timson excused herself with the plea that she had to go out and attend to a negro child that had just been taken very sick, (may the guilty—that is, the candidate—suffer for that sin, too, as I am confident it will be the case,) and left us to decide the capon between us, she, dear heart, dining on mush and milk! Very little of my cool bottle of claret passed my lips! I had Mr. Grimpink's horse fed, ton, and he kept me up, after dinner, talking about what he meant to do when he got into Legislature, whilst I would have given more for my after-dinner nap than I would for all his principles and brains put together. I didn't promise to vote for him, but hinted very strongly that way. The fact is, I never heard of him before. When he went away, and I lay down on the gallery and went to sleep.

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 rinoceros,) had announced himself as a candidate for all the offices within the gift of the people when Mrs. Timson (who would no more have dared to disturb my siesta on ordinary occasions than she would have cut off her little finger,) tickled my nose with a feather and I awoke in very bad humor.—'Curse it all, Mrs. Timson, my dear!' said I, staring up and rubbing my eyes, 'what the devil did you disturb me for, eh Mrs. Timson?' 'Oh don't speak so loud,' said she in a whisper, 'there's a gentleman sitting in the parlor—another candidate.'

I put on a calm countenance and walked in, and there sat an intelligent, bright looking young man, whom I saw at a glance, was a gentleman distinguished as a candidate. 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, and that he wished to occupy as little of their time, and give them as little trouble as possible. '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, and refresh himself at the sideboard, he left.—I advised Mrs. Timson to have some capons always dressed, and some claret always cooling—and it was well I did so. That night three candidates slept at my house; one was running for Justice of the Peace, one for Constable, and the other for Congress. They discussed the affairs of the nation with considerable warmth, until after midnight—the constable getting rather the best of it, as Mrs. Timson and I both thought, and then went to bed—the whole three being, as I thought (and Mrs. Timson remarked the same thing) rather tight.

The next day seven candidates visited my house and ate with me, and four more slept in my beds, and therefore they slept two in a bed. About five minutes after I had conducted the new comer to the room where the one candidate was a bed, I heard a tremendous racket—loud voices—a crashing of furniture—a falling of bodies—and such cursing and swearing as I never before heard in my house. I ran to the room, at the door of which stood the two candidates in their shirts, looking at the scene of destruction. 'Why, Mr. Timson,' said one 'why did you put those two men to bed together? Why, sir, they are both running for Clerk, and they are as hostile towards one another as two men can be!' I looked into the room, and there stood Mr. Squirt, with one of Mr. Timson's beautiful pieces of crockery held aloft in his hand, (like Jove poised a thunder bolt, ready to descend upon the head of Mr. Spotts, who held up as a shield the cover of the same vessel. They had already broken the looking-glass, bureau, had demolished two chairs, and torn the mosquito bar into shreds.—Mr. Squirt brought the spacious mouth of the vessel down accurately upon the top of Mr. Spoot's small head. The bottom flew out, and the milk-white vessel rested upon Mr. Spoot's shoulders, encircling the neck and chin like the ruffe of a Spanish Hidalgo, in the time of Cortez. The bridge of Mr. Spoot's nose was considerably skinned by the descent of the vessel. I succeeded in stopping the row, and after two hours spent in writing and accepting challenges, and drinking my old rye, the parties shook hands, and went to bed together.

The Kind of Pork New Yorkers get to eat—A Horrible Picture.

A New York correspondent of the Skaneateles Columbian, gives the following horrifying picture of an establishment in that city, at the corner of 40th street and 10th avenue. We imagine that few city residents were aware that such an enormous nuisance existed even in their suburbs:

A few days since, while strolling in the suburbs of the city, in the vicinity of the track of the Harlem River railroad, intersecting 40th street, my attention was drawn towards an oddly shaped cart, on which was a dead horse. I had heard that there was a class of people who make a business of drawing off dead animals, and I felt a curiosity to know what was done with the carcasses. I therefore kept a good 'look out,' and saw it enter an enclosure where there was a number of old wooden buildings and sheds, also a large brick chimney termed 'a stack.'

I approached the entrance, over which was a sign, 'Depot for Dead Animals.'—In a few moments a man came out, and I asked him what he did with the horses.—He said, 'we skin 'em and bile 'em up.—Come in, if you wish to see how it is done.' As soon as I entered the gateway, I saw large piles of bones, comprising skulls, leg-bones, ribs, etc., which were very white and clean, and were piled with great regularity, the skulls and other large bones, forming the outside and the smaller bones filled in the centre. The piles were about ten feet in height. There was also a good collection of dogs chained up in the enclosure, intended, probably, to watch the premises. I turned towards the buildings and the first thing that met my eye was a poor old horse just in the agonies of death. He was bleeding from a frightful gash in the neck. I stood by, thinking what he might have been once and of his sad fate, when the proprietor remarked, 'that was a hard case.' I asked how He said,

'look at his hoofs and joints.' Sure enough, his hoofs and joints were one mass of disease and putrefaction. I turned from this sight only to see a more horrid one. Here were two Irish boys, cutting and dashing at an old horse to get his skin off. A few feet distant were another set, cutting up another mass of putrid horse flesh and throwing the pieces into a large cauldron, under which was a fierce fire. Further off were masses of flesh in the stages of disease and putrefaction.

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; and it was as much as his men could do to cut 'em up as fast as they came.' I inquired, 'How do you ascertain where the horses are?—do you keep an office down town?' 'Yes,' he replied, 'we have an office in the street inspector's office, at the City Hall, and that is the place where people who have sick or dead animals make their report.' 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 have been in this business seven years, and my father followed it before I commenced. When my father commenced he was almost alone in this line of business. At that time they were paid for taking the animals off; but now there is so much competition that we pay for the privilege.' I inquired how many 'factories' there were besides his. He said 'seven.' I asked him about how many horses he got. He said, 'About a hundred weight per week.' 'What do you do with the hoofs, and how much are the bones worth, &c.?' 'We sell the hoofs to the glue makers; the bones sell readily for \$12 per ton; the skin is 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 flesh is boiled until the bones are loosened, and they are taken out and the residue is fed to the hogs, of which there are large numbers around these factories. I saw an enclosure containing nearly a hundred hogs, which were being fed by one of the hands. He brought two pails full of the hot soup each time he came, and the hogs were perfectly ravenous, and in a very fair condition to kill. I saw, also, in one corner of the enclosure, what appeared to be the remains of some raw flesh—but I will go no further. This making pork out of old dead horses, caps the climax. Surely, we innocent citizens know not what we eat.

In passing from this establishment I passed another, and saw the same work going on. I asked the 'boss' about how many horses were consumed in the horse factories in a year. He replied, 'From 50,000 upwards.' This is a large number, but I give it to you as I received it.

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 saw, also, at one of the factories, some quite decent-looking steaks hanging up against the wall. Whether it was beef or horse, or whether it was to be eaten, I could not judge.

I give 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. Johning, to 'splanify to dis chile, how they make 'em work twenty-five hours.'

'Golly mighty, what ignoramusas nigger you is, Scipio; why, way down dere, day make poor nigger get up one hour afore day—doesn't dat make 'em twenty-five? Scipio was convinced.

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, and some claret always cooling—and it was well I did so. That night three candidates slept at my house; one was running for Justice of the Peace, one for Constable, and the other for Congress. They discussed the affairs of the nation with considerable warmth, until after midnight—the constable getting rather the best of it, as Mrs. Timson and I both thought, and then went to bed—the whole three being, as I thought (and Mrs. Timson remarked the same thing) rather tight.

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'look at his hoofs and joints.' Sure enough, his hoofs and joints were one mass of disease and putrefaction. I turned from this sight only to see a more horrid one. Here were two Irish boys, cutting and dashing at an old horse to get his skin off. A few feet distant were another set, cutting up another mass of putrid horse flesh and throwing the pieces into a large cauldron, under which was a fierce fire. Further off were masses of flesh in the stages of disease and putrefaction.

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; and it was as much as his men could do to cut 'em up as fast as they came.' I inquired, 'How do you ascertain where the horses are?—do you keep an office down town?' 'Yes,' he replied, 'we have an office in the street inspector's office, at the City Hall, and that is the place where people who have sick or dead animals make their report.' 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 have been in this business seven years, and my father followed it before I commenced. When my father commenced he was almost alone in this line of business. At that time they were paid for taking the animals off; but now there is so much competition that we pay for the privilege.' I inquired how many 'factories' there were besides his. He said 'seven.' I asked him about how many horses he got. He said, 'About a hundred weight per week.' 'What do you do with the hoofs, and how much are the bones worth, &c.?' 'We sell the hoofs to the glue makers; the bones sell readily for \$12 per ton; the skin is 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 flesh is boiled until the bones are loosened, and they are taken out and the residue is fed to the hogs, of which there are large numbers around these factories. I saw an enclosure containing nearly a hundred hogs, which were being fed by one of the hands. He brought two pails full of the hot soup each time he came, and the hogs were perfectly ravenous, and in a very fair condition to kill. I saw, also, in one corner of the enclosure, what appeared to be the remains of some raw flesh—but I will go no further. This making pork out of old dead horses, caps the climax. Surely, we innocent citizens know not what we eat.

In passing from this establishment I passed another, and saw the same work going on. I asked the 'boss' about how many horses were consumed in the horse factories in a year. He replied, 'From 50,000 upwards.' This is a large number, but I give it to you as I received it.

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 saw, also, at one of the factories, some quite decent-looking steaks hanging up against the wall. Whether it was beef or horse, or whether it was to be eaten, I could not judge.

I give 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. Johning, to 'splanify to dis chile, how they make 'em work twenty-five hours.'

'Golly mighty, what ignoramusas nigger you is, Scipio; why, way down dere, day make poor nigger get up one hour afore day—doesn't dat make 'em twenty-five? Scipio was convinced.