The Columbian
—AND—
Bloomsburg Democrat.

Published every Friday morning in the Columbian Building near the Court House, by
CHARLES B. BROCKWAY,
Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS.—Two dollars a year, payable in advance.

JOB PRINTING of all descriptions executed with neatness and dispatch, at reasonable rates.

The Columbian.

VOLUME III.....NO. 22. BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 28, 1869. COL. DEM.—VOL. XXXIII.....NO. 15.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square, (ten lines or its equivalent in nonpareil type) one or two insertions, $1.50; three insertions, $2.00.

SPACE.	1W.	2W.	3M.	6M.	1Y
One square	$2.50	$3.00	$4.00	$6.00	$10.00
Two square	3.50	5.00	7.00	9.00	15.00
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Cards in the "Directory" column, $2.00 per year for the first two lines, and 1.00 for each additional line.

BLOOMSBURG DIRECTORY.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

JACOB METZ, dealer in stoves & tinware, Main st., above court house. v1-n43

M. RUPERT, stoves and tinware, Rupert block, Main st., west of Market. v1-n43

CLOTHING, &C.

M. LOWENBERG, merchant tailor, Main st., 3d door above American house. v1-n43

W. CHEMBERLIN, wholesale and retail dealer in clothing, etc., Hartman's building, Main street. v1-n43

DRUGS, CHEMICALS, &C.

FOWLER BROS., druggists and apothecaries, Brower's block Main st. v1-n43

F. P. LUTZ, druggist and apothecary, Rupert block, Main st., west of Market. v1-n43

CLOCKS, WATCHES, &C.

HENRY ZUPPINGER, Watches, Spectacles and Jewelry &c. Main Street near West St. v3n15

LOUIS BERNHARD, watch and clock maker, near southeast corner Main and Iron sts. v1-n43

E. SAVAGE, dealer in clocks, watches and jewelry, Main st., just below American house. v1-n43

CATHCART, watch and clock maker, Market st., below Main. v1-n43

BOOTS AND SHOES.

M. BROWN, boot and shoemaker, Main street opposite Court House. v1-n43

SOLLRIDER, manufacturer and dealer in boots and shoes, Main st., opposite Episcopal church v1-n43

HENRY KLEIM, manufacturer and dealer in boots and shoes, groceries etc., East Bloomsburg Main st. v1-n43

DAVID BETZ, boot and shoemaker, Main st., below Hartman's store, west of Market street. v1-n43

PROFESSIONAL.

R. EVANS, M. D. surgeon and physician south side Main st., below Market. v1-n43

R. B. F. Kinney surgeon dentist, teeth extracted without pain. Main st., nearly opposite Episcopal Church. v1-n46

R. M'KELVY, M. D. surgeon and physician north side Main st., below Market. v1-n43

G. RUTTER, M. D. surgeon and Physician, Market st., above Main. v1-n43

R. H. C. HOWER, surgeon dentist, Main st., above court house. v1-n43

B. ROBISON, Attorney-at-Law, Office Hartman's building, Main Street. v2-n20

R IKELER, Attorney-at-Law, Office, 2d floor in Exchange Block, near the "Exchange Hotel." v3n1

MILLINERY & FANCY GOODS.

MRS. E. KLINE, Millinery and Fancy Goods, Main Street below Market. v1n46

MRS LIZZIE BARKLEY, milliner, Ramsey building, Main st. v1-n43

MRS A. D. WEBB, fancy goods, notions, books, stationery, Exchange block Main street. v1-n43

PETERMAN, millinery and fancy goods opposite Episcopal church, Main st. v1-n43

MRS. JULIA A. & SADE BARKLEY, ladies cloaks and dress patterns, southeast corner 4th and west st. v1-n43

MRS M. DERRICKSON, millinery and fancy goods, Main st., opposite Court House. v1-n44

MRS. M. D. FURMAN, milliner, Main st., below Hartman's store, west of Market st. v1-n43

THE MISSES HARMAN millinery and fancy goods, Main street, just below American house. v1-n44

HOTELS AND SALOONS.

LEACOCK, oyster and eating saloon, American House, Main st., Baltzer Leacock superintendent. v1-n43

TIDMYER & JACOBY, confectionery, bakery, and oyster saloon, wholesale and retail, Exchange block, Main st. v1-n43

FOX & WEBB, confectionery, bakery, and oyster saloon, wholesale and retail, Exchange st v1-n43

EXCHANGE HOTEL, by Koons & Clark, Main st., opposite court house. v1-n43

AMERICAN HOUSE, by JOHN LEACOCK, Main st., west of Iron street. v1-n43

ARCHERS HOTEL, by G. W. MAUGER, east end of Main st. v1-n43

STOHNER, refreshment saloon, Main st., just above court house. v1-n43

COONS & CLARK, refreshment saloon, Exchange hotel. v1-n43

MERCHANTS AND GROCERS.

JACOBS, Confectionery, groceries etc. Main st., below Iron v1-n46

H. MILLER, dealer in dry goods, groceries, queensware, flour, salt, shoes, notions, etc. Exchange block, Main street, v1-n43

M'KELVY NEAL & Co., dealers in dry goods, groceries, flour, feed, salt, fish, iron, nails, &c., northeast corner Main and Market st. v1-n43

C. HOWER, hats and caps, boots and shoes, Main st., above Court House. v1-n43

C. MARR, dry goods and notions, southwest corner Main and Iron sts. v1-n43

J. BROWER, dry goods, groceries, etc., corner Main and Court House alley v1-n43

A. BECKLEY, Keystone shoe store, books and stationery, Main st, below Market v1-n43

WILLIAM ERASMUS, confectionerie, Main st., near the railroad. v1-n43

MENDENHALL, general stock of merchandise and lumber, corner of Main street and Berwick road. v1-n43

J. ROBBINS, dealer in dry goods groceries etc. Shive's block, Main st., below Iron v1-n43

K. GIHTON, Groceries & Provisions, Main Street below Market v1-n44

F. LUTZ dealer in choice dry goods, Housekeeping goods, fresh groceries, etc., etc. Main opposite court house. v-1n43

K. RYER, groceries and general merchandise Main st., above West. v1-n43

CRAMER & A. E. HAYHURST, Dealers in Groceries, Confectioneries and Notions, Centre town, south side, two doors above Brobst's gunsmiker shop. v -n18.

MISCELLANEOUS.

M. CHRISTMAN, saddle, trunk and harness maker, opposite Episcopal church Main st., v3n18

W. CORELL, furniture rooms, three story brick on Main st., west of Market st. v1-n43

J. THORNTON, wall paper, window shades, and fixtures, Rupert block, Main st. v1-n43

ROSENSTOCK, photographer, Exchange block, Main st., opposite court house. v1-n43

W. SAMPLE & CO. Machinists, East Bloomsburg near railroad. Castings made at short notice—machinery made and repaired. v2-n23

L. KUHN, dealer in meat tallow, etc., Chemerin's alley, back of American house. v1-n43

J. BIDLEMAN, Agent Munson's Copper Tubular Lightning Rod. v2-n19

B. PURSELL, saddle, trunk and harness maker, Main st., below court, house. v1-n46

FOSTER, Glue Maker, and White and fancy Tanner, Scottown. v1-n47

BLOOMSBURG LUMBER CO., manufacturers and dealers in Lumber, of all kinds, planing near the rail-road. v1-n46

WITMAN, marble works, near southwest corner Main and Market sts. v1-n43

H. RINGLER, dealer in pianos, organs and melodeons, at G. W. Corell's furniture rooms v1-n43

W. ROBBINS, liquor dealer second door from northwest corner Main and Iron sts. v1-n43

PEACOCK, Notary Public, northeast corner Main and Market st. v1-n43

JOHN A. FUNSTON, mutual and cash rates fire insurance company, northeast corner Main and Market st. v1-n43

SAMUEL JACOBY, Marble and Brown Stone Works, East Bloomsburg, Berwick road. v1-n47

ORANGEVILLE DIRECTORY.

DR. O. A. MEGARGEL, physician and surgeon, Main st., next door to Good's Hotel. v1-n47

BRICK HOTEL and refreshment saloon, by Wm. Mastellor cor. of Mainand Pine st. v1n47

HARMAN BROTHERS, Tanners and manufacturers of leather, on Main st., below Goods' Hotel. v2-n47

DAVID HERRING, Flour and Grist Mill, and Dealer in grain, Mill Street. v1-n47

BOWER & HERRING, dealer in dry goods, groceries, lumber and general Merchandise Main st. v1-n47

JOHN FRYMIRE, saddle and harness maker Main st., above the Swan Hotel. v1-n47

A. & E. W. COLEMAN, Merchant tailor and Gent's furnishing goods, Main St., next door to the brick hotel. v1-n47

M. S. HAYHURST, Clocks, Watches and Guns repaired. Guns and Watches for sale, Main St., below Pine. v1-n47

JAMES B. HARMAN, Cabinet Maker, and Undertaker. Main St., below Pine. v1-n47

MICHAEL C. KELLER, Confectionery, Oysters &c., &c., on Pine St., between Main and Mill. v1-n47

H. H. & C. KELCHNER, Blacksmiths, on Mill Street, near Pine. v1-n47

WILLIAM DELONG, Shoemaker and manufacturer of Brick, Mill St., west of Pine v1n49

LEWIS H. SCHUYLER, Iron founder, Machinist, and Manufacturer of plows, Mill St. v1-n47

MILES A. WILLIAMS & Co., Tanners and Manufacturers of leather, Mill Street. v1-n17

JOHN KELLER, Boot and Shoemaker, Pine Street, opposite the Academy v1-n47

A. B. HERRING & BROTHER, Carpenters and Builders, Main Street, below Pine. v1-n47

SAMUEL SHARPLESS, Maker of the Hayhurst Grain Cradle. Main St. v2n5.

J. M. HARMAN, saddle and harness maker Orangeville, opposite Frame church. v2n11

CATAWISSA DIRECTORY.

SUSQUEHANNA or Brick Hotel, S. Kostebauder proprietor, south-east corner Main and Second Street. v2-n12

S. D. RINARD, dealer in stoves and tin-ware, Main Street. v2-n12

WM. H. ABBETT, attorney at law, Main Street. v2-n12

GILBERT & KLINE, dry goods, groceries, and general merchandise, Main Street. v2-n12

L. KEILER, billiard saloon, oysters, and ice cream in season Main Street. v2-n12

B. F. DALLMAN, Merchant Tailor, Second St., Robbins' Building. v2-n18.

DR. J. K. ROBBINS, Surgeon and Physician, Second St., below Main. v2-n18.

J. B. KISTLER, "Cattawisa House," North West Corner Main and Second Streets. v2-n18.

M. M. BROBST, dealer in General Merchandise, Dry Goods, Groceries &c. v2-n18.

LIGHT STREET DIRECTORY.

PETER ENT, dealer in dry goods, groceries, flour, feed, salt, fish, iron, nails, etc., Light Street. v1-n45

J. TERWILLIGER, Cabinetmaker, Undertaker and Chairmaker. v1-n46

H. F. OMAN & Co., Wheelwrights, first door above school house. v1-n46

J. W. SANKEY, dealer in Leather, Hides, Bark, etc. Cash paid for Hides. v1-n46

WM. M. ENT, dealer in stoves and tin ware in all its branches. v1-n46

JOHN A. OMAN, manufacturer and dealer in boots and shoes. v1-n51.

J. J. LEISER, M. D. Surgeon and Physician. Office at Keller's Hotel. v2-n27

A. H. IRVINE, Medical Store Main St. and Briarcreek Road.

ESPY DIRECTORY.

J. D. WERKHEISER, Boot and Shoe Store and manfactory. Shop on Main street, opposite steam Mill. v2-n46

ESPY STEAM FLOURING MILLS, C. S. Fowler, Proprietor. v2-n46

B. F. REIGHARD, & BRO., dealers in dry goods, groceries, and general merchandise. v12n11

T. W. EDGAR, Susquehanna Planing Mill and Box Manufactory. v12n11

BUCKHORN DIRECTORY.

M. G. & W. H. SHOEMAKER, dealers in dry goods, groceries and general merchandise. First store in south end of town. v2-n18.

JACOB & WM. HARRIS, dealers in dry goods, groceries, drugs and medicines. First store in north end of town. v -n18.

JERSEYTOWN DIRECTORY.

JACOB A. SWISHER, dealer in Hides, Leather Bark etc. Madison township Columbia county Pa. v1-n46

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOB PRINTING
Neatly executed at this Office.

M. M. L'VELLE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Ashland, Schuylkill County, Penn'a.

C. W. MILLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office with E. H. Little, in brick building adjoining Post Office. ☞Bounties, Back-Pay and Pensions collected. (sep30'67.

JOHN G. FREEZE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office in Register and Recorder's office, in the basement of the Court House, Bloomsburg, Pa.

ROBERT F. CLARK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Office corner of Main and Market streets, over First National Bank, Bloomsburg, Pa.

E. H. LITTLE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office Court-House Alley, below the COLUMBIAN Office Bloomsburg, Pa.

C. B. BROCKWAY,
ATTORNEY AT LA
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
☞ OFFICE—Court House Alley, below the Columbian Office. (Jan4'67.

W. M. REBER M. D.
Late of the U. S. Navy,
Successor to Drs. Harrison and Wells, has permanently located in Bloomsburg for the practice of Medicine and Surgery. Special attention paid to Surgery. Can alwayzbe found, unless professionally engaged at the Exchange Hotel or at his office over Miss. Webb's book store, late Republican Printing office.
Apr. 9,'69-3m

J. B. PURSEL,
HARNESS, SADDLE, AND TRUNK MANUFACTURER,
and dealer in
CARPET-BAGS, VALISES, FLY-NETS,
BUFFALO ROBES, HORSE-BLANKETS &C.,
which he feels confident he can sell at lower rate than any other person in the country. Examine for yourselves.
Shop first door below the Post Office Main Street, Bloomsburg, Pa.
Nov. 15, 1867.

S. C. COLLINS,
FASHIONABLE
SHAVING, HAIR CUTTING
AND
SHAMPOOING SALOON,
Over Widmayer & Jacoby's Ice Cream Saloon,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Hair Dyeing and Whiskers colored black or brown. Hair Tonic to destroy dandruff and beautifying the hair; will restore hair to its original color without soiling the finest fabric, constantly on hand. (april2'67.

MACHINERY.

COLUMBIA IRON WORKS.

N. W. SAMPLE & CO.,

CORNER OF MAIN ST. AND L. & B. R. R.

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

MACHINISTS, IRON AND BRASS FOUNDERS

BLACKSMITHS AND BOILER-MAKERS.

MANUFACTURERS

OF

STEAM ENGINES & WATERWHEELS,

GENERAL MACHINE WORK AND

REPAIRS,

MILL GEARING,

SHAFTING,

PULLEYS,

HANGERS,

HEAD BLOCKS,

SAW MILL GEARING

Of all kinds.

CASTINGS FOR FURNACES AND

ROLLING MILLS.

ALSO CAR WHEELS AND AXLES

AND GENERAL MINING CASTINGS.

BRASS CASTINGS OF ALL KINDS,

CAR BOXES,

COMPOSITION CASTINGS,

AND BABBIT METAL

BELFIELD'S CELEBRATED

GLOBE VALVES.

STOP COCKS,

CHECK VALVES,

AIR COCKS,

OIL CUPS,

STEAM WHISTLES,

STEAM GUAGES, STEAM PIPE AND

FITTINGS CONSTANTLY

ON HAND.

BLACKSMITHING,

HEAVY OR LIGHT FORGINGS,

AGENTS FOR SHIVE'S GOVERNOR,

ACKNOWLEDGED TO BE THE SIMPLEST

AND BEST IN THE WORLD.

REAMERS, TAPS AND DIES,

MADE TO ORDER.

BOLTS AND NUTS OF ALL

SIZES.

ORDERS FOR

BRIDGE BOLTS AND IRONS,

SOLICITED AND ESTIMATES CHEERFULLY

FURNISHED.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,

OF THE LATEST IMPROVED PATTERNS.

THRESHING MACHINES,

A SPECIALTY.

BUCKEYE REAPERS REPAIRED,

AND ALL EXTRA PARTS FURNISHED.

MANUFACTURERS AND PROPRIETORS OF HORTON'S

PATENT HAY RAKE.

ALL ORDERS EXECUTED WITH

PROMPTNESS.

AND SATISFACTION GIVEN

OR MONEY REFUNDED.

May 7,'68-1f

Choice Poetry.

MEMORY BELLS.

I am sitting in my chamber, while the darkness
tall and grim,
Enters in with noiseless gliding, shutting out the
twilight dim;
Gleams a star with radiance holy, in the heavens'
sapphire sea;
And I hear the wind's low murmur through the
drooping willow-tree.

While I sit thus dreaming, listening to Time's
footsteps falling fast,
Slow my heart uprising, walketh 'mid the shadows of the past;
Suddenly a mellow cadence stealeth softly down
the dell,
'Tis the sound of distant music, ringing of some
fairy bell.

How the crystal melody floats,
While the airy, silvery notes,
Merrily fall upon the ear,
Ringing cheerily, sweet, and clear—
Ringing clear.

Joyous memories swiftly throng,
Days of youth, departed long;
All forgotten, come again,
In that magical refrain—
Merrily, merrily.

Louder, fuller, doth it swell,
The pean of that golden bell;
And the rich, exultant sound
Liquid, rolleth all around—
The golden bell.

Thus my heart with ardor glowed,
Thus love's burning torrent flowed,
In those witching days of yore,
Gone, alas! for evermore—
For evermore.

Mournfully 'tis pealing now,
Tolling sadly, tolling slow—
Knelling for the early dead
Sleeping in their dreamless bed,
Tolling slow.

Shrill and loud the bell is twanging,
Every stroke is sternly clanging;
And each jarring iron tone,
Swells with sharp and sudden moan—
Jarring tone.

Harsh it summoneth to duty,
Shutting out the thoughts of beauty;
Waking from dreams ideal
To the cold and gloomy real—
The gloomy real.

Walleth it bitterly, wildly, drearily,
Solbeth it dreamily, never so wearily,
Heartbreaks return in that desolate strain.
Cease, O thou requiem, come not again—
Never again.

Hushed at length the bitter wail,
Swelling late adown the dale;
Calmly now the bell-tones float,
Low and gentle is each note—
Hushed the wail.

Though the hues of hope are faded,
And the sunlit fair is shaded;
Trust, O heart, thy father's love,
Beaming through the clouds above—
Trust, O heart!

Faint though not, though sad and weary,
Though thy road be rough and dreary;
Girded for this mortal strife,
Rouse thee to a nobler life—
Rouse, O heart.

Still I'm sitting in my chamber, still the radiant star bends down.
Dies the last reverberation of that ever changing tone;
But the haunted bells of memory woke an echo in my heart,
And their wild, unearthly music from my soul will ne'er depart.

—*Hours at Home.*

Miscellaneous.

THE SEWERS OF NEW YORK.

Experience of a Wanderer through the Sewers of New York—History of a Self-Made Scavenger—Daring Exploits—Mysterious Scenes—Recovery of Valuable Property—Horrors Under the Streets, Etc.

In the Nineteenth Ward, bordering on the East River, can be seen a very neat little two-story frame-house covering almost an entire square, surrounded by a beautiful garden, the occupant and owner of which, though a German, is what we call one of the self-made men of New York, and ranks among the wealthiest. Though a man of little or no education, it would make one's blood run cold to listen to his daring exploits, and the many adventures that he has passed through under the streets of our city. Some fifteen years ago he landed in this country a perfect stranger, and with but little money; this he had the pleasing satisfaction, if such we may call it, of being robbed of on his very first night in the city at a German boarding house in Greenwich street. His vocation at home was that of a night-scavenger, and he was not long in procuring a situation in the same business in this city. For five years he followed the same as an employee, which enabled him to save considerable money. During the time he had frequently found many valuables, and so persistently were applications made to search for lost property that he conceived the idea of working the sewers of our streets in its search. He had also become quite accustomed to sewers, as he had frequently been compelled to clean them out, and was as much at home in these narrow and filthy passage-ways as upon the streets. The leading contractors in the above business found him so valuable and so daring an explorer that they were continually calling his services into requisition. There is hardly a sewer on the island in which he has not been; and he seemed to take a great interest in watching the building of new sewers and drains. He knows their size, length, every turn and crook, their inlets and outlets, and claims to have many haunts below the ground, where, by the force of water, valuables that are lost are sure to settle ere they can be carried out into the river. It will be remembered it was but a few weeks ago that a man was arrested in Hoboken with quite a number of valuable articles in a basket, and it was discovered that he had got them out of the sewers of New York. Now, many presumed that this was a new business, the like never having been heard of before, yet this is not so. There are quite a number mostly Germans, who follow this same business; but they are very careful not to divulge the same, as it is said they are making an independent fortune. It is a regularly established business in France and Germany, and in many places they pay so much for the proceeds of the sewers. It is said that there have been those who have tried to accustom themselves to the business, but who were unable in many instances to endure the unhealthy odor and poisonous gases.

A PROFITABLE TRIP.

The first trip ever taken by our informer along the sewers of the city was on Courtlandt street, in search of a pocketbook that had been lost in the sink of one of the prominent hotels on that street, and which contained $1,350 in money, and drafts and notes to the amount of $23,000. The sink had been searched, but all efforts to recover the lost property were fruitless; it was evident that it had been washed out into the main sewer, and the owner offered the whole amount of money in cash, $1,350, should it be recovered. Hermann, for as such he was known among his associates, concluded to work the street sewer that night and see if it was possible to find the same. That night, accompanied by two others, he equipped himself in a full rubber suit, a revolver, a hook, a dark lantern, and a sieve shovel. Descending at the first opening, which was about a block below the hotel, he set out on his journey on his hands and knees through the dismal passage-way. He had no sooner got well under way, the powerful light from the dark lantern affording him plenty of light, when he came face to face with one of the largest dock-rats that he had ever seen. The power of the light seemed to stagger the rat for a moment, when Hermann drew his pistol and shot him dead. He then resumed operations, and sifted after mud and filth as he went along. The first thing of note that he found was the body of a still-born infnt about three or four months old. On lifting it, it was so much decomposed that it fell apart. A little further, he picked up a silver watch, with a common cord tied to it, and it had evidently been some time in the sewer. Keeping on, he soon picked up two silver table spoons, one bearing the word "National," and evidently belonging to the hotel of the same name, which is located on the same street; he also picked up a part of an old silver urn. As he lifted the piece of urn, he felt something heavy against it, which he at first imagined to be a piece of board; but when taking it out, lo and behold! it was the identical lost pocketbook. All was found safe within; but wet through and through. Being unable to turn in the sewer, he was forced to back out; and in a short time he was at the opening, and in a few moments found himself safe on terra firma. Returning home, he dried the bills, notes, and papers; and the following morning handed over the book and contents to their owner, who fairly jumped with joy at their recovery. When told how it had been recovered, he could hardly believe it. The $1,350 was paid over to Hermann, receiving, besides, an order for a new suit of clothes from the proprietor of the hotel.

A SECOND ADVENTURE.

The most extended journey ever made by Hermann was through Vesey Street sewer to Broadway, thence to Barclay, and down Barclay to the outlet at the river. On Vesey street he picked up numerous spoons of every description, especially in the vicinity of the Astor House, and the case of a gold watch. He also found a broken bracelet, a dirk-knife, and a pair of gold spectacles. On Broadway he found a neat cross branded dirk, and on Barclay street picked up over $40 in money. Some two years after the above journey he made another tour over the same route, and found a ladies' purse containing $107 in gold, also an old pocket book with eighty-four cents in it.

RECOVERING A WEDDING RING.

In the Spring of 1864 he was called upon to recover a heavy gold wedding ring that had been dropped down a sink by a lady, and who seemed almost distracted over its loss. Money was no object if the ring could be recovered. The sink was cleansed, but no ring could be found. The sewer was accordingly visited that night, and after a diligent search of the passage-way leading from the dwelling to the main sewer the ring was found after nearly two hours' hard work. He was made a present of two hundred dollars for his trouble, besides what was awarded his associates.

OVER THREE HUNDRED BODIES FOUND IN THE SEWERS.

During the ten years that Hermann followed the above life he states that, at times, he found over three hundred still-born infants in the various sewers of the city. As a general thing, he would bring them out at the opening at the river, and would receive a certain amount from the Coroners for such bodies, while they would be a benefit to the Coroner financially for holding an inquest on the same. The press seldom took notice of such trifling cases. In fact, it was ver rare that publicity was given to any of them. Chambers street, he states, was the greatest on record for finding still-born infants. He never visited it but he was sure to come across one or twe, and sometimes as many as five or six. The only reason he accounts for their being so many on the above street was that there was located in that street one of the most noted abortionists ever known in this country, and in whose house hundreds and hundreds of females have been operated on, and abortions produced. The sink was, of course, used to carry off and conceal that which would have once been a human being. The woman who then occupied the building, now resides in one of the most costly mansions on Fifth avenue, where she carries on the same business, but only eaters for those of wealth, and who can pay her the highest prices for her services. Any pleasant afternoon she can be seen riding out on Central Park in her carriage, and often accompanied by same delicate young woman who has been a victim to her hellish practice.

A TRIP ACROSS THE CITY.

One night Hermann determined to make a tour from river to river. He entered one of the large sewers on the North River side and came out at the mouth of Maiden Lane sewer; at one place he came in contact with hot steam from a boiler, but it being Sunday it did not amount to much, and he passed it with little or no trouble. During the journey he found any quantity of things—spoons without number, a silver cup, two rings, a liquor-flask, a new pocketbook empty, a bundle of lawyer's papers, necklace and any number of pieces of coin.

A STRANGE COMPANION.

While making a journey one morning through the Spring street sewer, he was startled by observing something of considerable size some distance a head, and moving toward him. At first he could not make it out; but getting his lantern to bear well on the object, discovered that it was a live hen, who seemed perfectly at home, and was picking up whatever it could come across to eat. He managed to capture it, and has the identical chicken now at his stables. How in ever got into the sewer he cannot imagine, but it looked as if it had been there some time. We could enumerate many more interesting facts of his life in the sewers, had we the space in our columns; but the above is enough to show that it is no new business to explore the sewers of our city for a living. Our informant is now worth over $500,000 in real estate alone, all made by digging through the filth of the sewers of New York.—*New York Sunday Mercury.*

Literal Answers.

A LECTURER in Portland, Maine, or somewhere else, was explaining to a little girl how a lobster cast his shell when he had outgrown it. Said he,

"What do you do when you have outgrown your clothes? You cast them aside, do you not?"

"Oh, no," replied the little one, "we let out the tucks."

Again, a teacher explaining to a little girl the meaning of the word cuticle:

"What is that all over my face and hands?" said he.

"It's freckles, sir," answered the little cherub.

An answer of a similar character is often the result of a hard word.

"William," said a mother to her son, who had already eaten a very considerable amount of dinner, "I don't know whether you can eat this pudding with impunity."

"Well may be not," said William; "I think I would rather have a spoon."

A lady noticed a boy sprinkling salt on the sidewalk to take off the ice, and remarked to a friend pointing to the salt:

"Now that's true benevolence."

"No it ain't," said the boy, somewhat indignant, "it's salt."

So when a lady asked her servant girl if the hired man had cleared off the snow with alacrity, she replied:

"No ma'm, he used a shovel.

The same literal turn of mind which we have been illustrating is sometimes used intentionally and perhaps a little maliciously, and thus becomes the property of wit instead of blunders. Thus we hear of a very polite and impressive gentleman who said to a youth in the street:

"Boy may I inquire where Robinson's drug store is?"

"Certainly, sir," said the boy, very respectfully.

"Well, sir," said the gentleman, after waiting awhile, "where is it?"

"I have not the least idea, yer honor," said the urchin.

There was another boy who was accosted by an ascetic middle aged lady with,

"Boy, I want to go to Dovor street."

"Well, ma'm," said the boy, "why don't you go there then?"

One day on Lake George a party of gentlemen strolling among the beautiful islands of the lake with bad luck, espied a little fellow with a red shirt and old straw hat dangling a line over the side of a boat.

"Hello, boy," said one of them "what are you doing?"

"Fishing," came the answer.

"Well, of course," said the gentleman, "but what do you catch?"

"Fish, you fool, what do you 'spose?"

"Did any of you ever see an elephant's skin," inquired a teacher of an infant class.

"I have," exclaimed one.

"Where?" asked the teacher.

"On the elephant," said the boy laughing.

Sometimes this sort of wit degenerates or rises, as the case may be, into punning, as when Flora pointed pensively to the heavy masses of clouds in the sky, saying:

"I wonder where those clouds are going?" and her brother replied,

"I think they are going to thunder."

Also in the following dialogue:

"Hello, there! how do you sell your wood?"

"By the cord."

"How long has it been cut?"

"Four feet."

"I mean how long has it been since you cut it!"

"No longer than it is now."

And also, as when Patrick O'Flynn was seen with his collar and bosom sadly begrimed and was indignantly asked by his officer.

"Patrick O'Flynn; how long do you wear a shirt!"

"Twenty-eight inches, sir."

This reminds me of an incident which is said to have occurred recently in Chatham street, New York, where a countryman was clamorously besieged by a shopkeeper.

"Have you any fine shirts?" said the countryman.

"A splendid assortment. Step in, sir. Every price and every style. The cheapest in the market, sir."

"Are they clean?"

"To be sure, sir."

"Then," said the countryman, with great gravity, "you had better put one on, for you need it."

Wit is said to excite an agreeable surprise. I fear the surprise here was not agreeable to one of the parties, but it was wit nevertheless.

A CERTAIN deacon, being accustomed to snore while asleep in church, received the following polite note:

"Deacon —— is requested not to commence snoring to-morrow until the sermon is begun, as some persons in the neighborhood of his pew would like to hear the text."

"JOHN, did you ever bet on a horse-race?"

"No, but I've seen my sister Bet on an old mare."

A Thrilling Incident.

THE following incident is extracted from a very intesting paper in Bentley's Miscellany, entitled "Hours in Hindoostan." The cobra capella is said to be one of the most venomous species of serpents in the East, his bite being attended by almost instant death:

We had been playing all the evening at whist. Our stakes had been gold mohur points, and twenty on the rubber. Maxey, who was always lucky, had won five consecutive bumpers, which lent a self-satisfied smile to his countenance, and made us losers anything but pleasant, when he suddenly changed countenance and hesitated to play.

This the more surprised us since he was one who seldom pondered, being so perfectly master of the game that he deemed long consideration superfluous.

"Play away, Maxey; what are you about?" impatiently demanded Churchill, one of the most impetuous youths that ever wore the uniform of the body-guard.

"Hush," replied Maxey, in a tone which thrilled through us, at the same time turning deadly pale.

"Are you unwell?" said another, about to start up, for he believed our friend had been taken suddenly ill.

"For the love of God sit quiet," replied the other, in a tone denoting extreme fear or pain, and he laid down his cards.

"If you value my life, move not."

"What can he mean? Has he taken leave of his senses?" demanded Churchill appealing to myself.

"Don't start—don't move, I tell you," in a sort of whisper I can never forget, uttered Maxey.

"If you make any sudden motion I'm a dead man!" he exclaimed.

We exchanged looks. He continued:

"Remain quiet and all may yet be well. I've a cobra capella round my leg."

Our first impulse was to draw back our chairs; but an appealing look from the victim induced us to remain, although we were aware that should the reptile transfer but one fold, and attach himself to any other of the party, that individual might already be counted a dead man, so fatal is the bite of that dreadful monster.

Poor Maxey was dressed as many old residents still dress in India, namely, breeches and silk stockings. Therefore he more plainly felt every movement of the snake. His countenance assumed a livid hue; the words seemed to leave his mouth without the features altering the position, so rigid was the look, so fearful was he lest the slightest muscular movement should alarm the serpent and hasten his bite.

We were in agony little less than his own during the scene.

"He is coiling round," muttered Maxey "I feel him cold, cold to my limb; and now, he thickens. For the love of heaven call for some milk. I dare not speak loud; let it be placed near me; let some be placed on the floor."

Churchill cautiously gave the order, and a servant slipped out of the room.

"Don't stir! Northcote you moved your head. By everything sacred I conjure you not to do so again.

It cannot be long ere my fate is decided. I've a wife and two children in Europe; tell them I died blessing them—that my last prayers were for them. The snake is winding round my calf. I leave them all I possess. I can almost fancy I feel his breath. Great God, to die in such a manner!"

The milk was brought and carefully put down; a few drops were sprinkled on the floor, and the affrighted servant drew back. Again Maxey spoke:

"No! it has no effect! I dare not look down, but am sure he is about to draw back and give the bite of death with more than fatal precision. Receive me, Oh! Lord, and pardon me! My last hour has come! again he pauses! I die firm, but this is past endurance! Ah, no! He has undone another fold, and loosens himself! Can he be going to some one?" We involuntarily started.

"For the love of heaven, stir not! I'm a dead man; but bear with me. He still loosens—he is about to dart. Move not, but beware! Churchill, he falls off that way. Oh, this agony is too hard to bear. Another pressure, and I am dead! No, he relaxes."

At that moment poor Maxey ventured to look down; the snake had unwound himself; the last coil had fallen, and the reptile was making for the milk.

"I am saved! I am saved!" and Maxey bounded from his chair and fell senseless into the arms of one of his servants. In another instant, need it be added, we were all dispersed—the snake was killed, and our poor friend carried, more dead than alive, to his room.

A FREEDMAN'S HYMN.—A Southern friend, who is curious in his observations as to the effect of freedom on the ordinary field-hand freedman, says that in no way does Sambo "feel the oats" of liberty more than in his devotions; and in support of his assertions sends the following, which he says is in many quarters a favorite hymn in public religious services:

We's nearer to de Lord
Dan de white folks, and dey knows it;
See de glory gate unbarred;
Walk up, darkeys, past de guard;
Bet a dollar he don't close it.

Walk up, darkey, froo de gate;
Hark! de colored angels holler,
Go away, white folks! you's too late;
We's de winnin' color; wait
Till the trumpet sounds to holler.

Hallelujah! t'anks an' praise;
Long snuff we've borne our crosses;
Now we's de sooperior race;
We's gwine to heaben afore de bosses!

Harper's Magazine.

A CALIFORNIA correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, who has been traveling on the Central Pacific Railroad, says: "It costs ten cents a mile in coin, to ride on it, and if you tender your fare in greenbacks, and insist upon their reception, the conductor halts and pushes you off the train. A few days ago a passenger offered a greenback dollar for a ride of ten miles. He was promptly ditched."

The Influence of the Moon upon Babies.

The moon is thought by old wives to influence the life of a child. Thus the child born on the first day of the new moon is fortunate in all his undertakings, and will live long; one born on the fifth day will be vain and deceitful; one born on the sixth will live long; one born on the seventh will have a life of trouble; one born on the ninth will be rich; one born on the tenth will be a great traveler; one born on the tenth will be a devotee to religion; one born on the sixteenth will be grateful and unfortunate: one born on the eighteenth will be brave; one born on the nineteenth will be full of malice; one born on the twenty-first will be strong and healthy, but selfish; one born on the twenty second will be cheerful, but inclined to low society; one born on the twenty-third will be ungovernable, will forsake family and friends and wander in a foreign country—unhappy through life; one born on the twenty-fourth will have extraordinary ability; one born on the twenty-fifth will be desperately wicked and come to a fearful death; one born on the twenty-seventh will be amiable; one born on the thirtieth will have the acme of all good gifts, temporal and spiritual.

A baby's nails must never be cut until it is a year old, or it will be a thief. A child with a blue vein across its nose will never wear its wedding clothes; should it chance to outlive its infancy it will bring sorrow and disgrace to all belonging to it. A babe that cries at its christening will live long; if you bathe it on Sunday it will be sorrow free; if on Thursday it will grow beautiful; if on Wednesday it will grow fat; if on Friday all its sins will be forgiven; if on Saturday it will be unhealthy.

There are certain other superstitions applying to grown people: If you cut your nails on Sunday, it provokes Monsieure le Diable to such a degree that he'll shave you all the week, and lead you into mischief. If you clip your hair at the new moon, it will grow long at the full; as the moon wanes your hair will fall out. If you don new clothes on a Sunday you'll be happy; if on a Monday, they'll tear; if on a Tuesday, they'll burn; if on a Wednesday, you'll have plenty; if on a Friday, you'll be unlucky; if on a Saturday, you won't live to enjoy them. Every one, silently or openly, is a little suspicious regarding Friday, yet few could give a reason.

SOMETHING FOR THE SPELLING SCHOOL.—Many persons have read, at one time or another, a little anecdote about the late Lord Palmerston, which tells us how that jovial nobleman once gave eleven of his associates in the cabinet a sentence to spell, and how not a single one of the eleven got through it without blundering. The sentence was: "It is disagreeable to witness the embarrassment of a harrassed peddler gauging the symmetry of a peeled potato." There are here several words which it is very easy to misspell, but a correspondent sends to the New York *Evening Post* a sentence which he says (on the authority of Lord Robert Cecil) was actually given out to a school in Ipswich, by the side of which the Palmerstonian test becomes ridiculously easy. It runs thus:

"While hewing yew, Hugh lost his ewe, and
put it in the Hue