

The Orangeburg News.

GOD AND OUR COUNTRY.

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Experience of a Wanderer through the Sewers of New York.

In the Nineteenth Ward, bordering on the East River, can be seen a very neat little two-story frame house, covering at least 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 city 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 passages as upon the streets. The leading contractor 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 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.

The first trip ever taken by our informant along the sewers of the city was on Courtlandt street, in search of a pocket-book 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 \$22,000. 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, 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, soon picked up two silver 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 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, to add behold! it was the identical lost pocket-book. 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.

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-banded dirk, and on Barclay street picked up over forty dollars in money. Some two years after the above journey, he made another tour over the same route, and found a lady's purse containing \$107 in gold, also an old pocket-book with eighty-four cents in it.

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 cleaned, 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 \$200 for his trouble, besides what was awarded his associates.

During the ten years that Hermann followed the above life, he states that, at times, he found over 300 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 very 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 two, and sometimes as many as five or six. The only reason he accounts for there 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 caters 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 some delicate young woman who has been a victim to her hellish practice.

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 pocket-book, empty, a bundle of lawyer's papers, a necklace, and any number of pieces of coin.—*New York Sunday Mercury.*

Within Your Means.

"This is pleasant!" exclaimed a young husband, taking his seat in the rocking-chair as the supper things were removed. The fire glowing in the grate, revealed a pretty and neatly furnished sitting room with all the appliances of comfort. The fatiguing business of the day was over, and he sat enjoying what he had all day been anticipating, the delights of his own fireside. His pretty wife, Esther, took her work and sat down by the table.

"It is pleasant to have a home of one's own," he again said, taking a satisfactory survey of his little quarters. The cold rain beat against the windows, and he thought he felt really grateful for all his present comforts.

"Now if we only had a piano," exclaimed the wife.

"Give me the music of your own sweet voice before all the pianos in creation," he observed complimentarily; but he felt a certain secret disappointment that his wife's thankfulness did not happily clime with his own.

"Well we want one for our friends," said Esther.

"Let our friends come to see us, and not to hear a piano," exclaimed the husband.

"But, George, everybody has a piano nowadays—we don't go anywhere without seeing a piano," persisted the wife.

"And yet I don't know what we want one for—you will have no time to play on one, and I don't want to hear it."

"Why, they are so fashionable—I think our room looks nearly naked without one."

"I think it looks just right."

"I think it looks very naked—we want a piano shockingly," protested Esther emphatically.

The husband rooked violently.

"Your lamp smokes, my dear," said he after a long pause.

"When are you going to get a camphene lamp? I have told you a dozen times how much we need one," said Esther, pettishly.

"These are very pretty lamps—I never can see by a camphene lamp," said her husband. "These lamps are the prettiest of the kind I ever saw."

"But, George, I do not think our room is complete without a camphene lamp," said Esther, sharply.

"They are so fashionable! Why, the Morgans and Millers, and many others I might mention, all have them; I am sure we ought to."

"We ought not to take pattern by other people's expenses, and I don't see any reason in that."

The husband moved uneasily in his chair.

"We want to live as well as others," said Esther.

"I am sure we can afford it as well as the Morgans, and Millers and Thorns; we do not wish to appear mean."

George's cheek crimsoned.

"Mean! I am not mean!" he cried angrily.

"Then we do not wish to appear so," said the wife. "To complete this room, and make it look like other people's, we want a piano and camphene lamps."

"We want—we want!" muttered the husband; "there's no satisfying woman's wants do what you may," and he abruptly left the room.

How many husbands are in a similar dilemma! How many houses and husbands are rendered uncomfortable by the constant dissatisfaction of a wife with present comforts and present provisions! How many bright prospects for business have ended in bankruptcy and ruin in order to satisfy this secret hankering after fashionable necessities! Could the real cause of many failures be known, it would be found to result from useless expenditures at home—expenses to answer the demands of fashion and "what will people think?"

"My wife has made my fortune," said a gentleman of great possessions, "by her thrift, and prudence, and cheerfulness, when I was just beginning."

"And mine has lost my fortune," answered his companion, "by useless extravagance and repining when I was doing well."

What a world does this open to the influence which a wife possesses over the future prosperity of her family! Let the wife know her influence and try to use it wisely and well.

Be satisfied to commence on a small scale. It is too common for young

housekeepers to begin where their mothers ended. Buy all that is necessary to work skillfully with; adorn your house with all that will render it comfortable. Do not look at richer homes, and covet their costly furniture. If secret dissatisfaction is ready to spring up, go a step further and visit the homes of the suffering poor; behold dark, cheerless apartments, insufficient clothing, and absence of all the comforts and refinements of social life, and then return to your own with a joyful spirit. You will then be prepared to meet your husband with a grateful heart, and be ready to appreciate the toil of self-denial which he has endured in the business world to surround you with the delights of home; and you will be ready to cooperate cheerfully with him in so arranging your expenses, that his mind will not be constantly harassed with fear lest his family expenditures may encroach upon public payments. Be independent; a young housekeeper never needed greater moral courage than she does now to resist the arrogance of fashion. Do not let the A's and B's decide what you must have, neither let them hold the strings of your purse. Let your own best what you can add ought to afford. It matters but little what people think, provided you are true to yourself and family.—*Ladies' Repository.*

Colored Americans in Russia.

The following dispatch from Cassius M. Clay, our Minister to Russia, to Secretary Seward, will be interesting to our readers, and instructive to the white population of the Southern States:

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES, ST. PETERSBURG, RUSSIA, February 9, 1869.

SIR: Captain T. Morris Chester, late of the United States Volunteer Army, being in St. Petersburg, and well recommended by distinguished citizens of the United States, and being also well educated, and of good address, I refer upon the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and told him that I would not apply in the usual way by note to have Captain Chester, a colored American citizen, presented to his Imperial Majesty, as there was no precedent, and I did not know how his Imperial Majesty would be disposed to act, but I desired that he would approach his Imperial Majesty in an informal way, and ascertain his wishes in this regard. The Assistant Minister of Foreign Affairs, Mr. De Westmann, acquiesced in the proposal, and in a few days wrote me that the Emperor had given orders to have Captain Chester's name put upon the list for the first presentation. To-day, being the occasion of a grand review of the Imperial Guard, the Emperor sent an invitation to Captain Chester to assist in the review, which he did, riding around with his Imperial Majesty's staff, and taking lunch at the winter palace with the staff officers, and a portion of the Imperial family, who accompanied the Emperor at the lunch.

I have made these facts known to you, as I regard the affair of some importance. We have four millions of colored citizens; they are with us, and of us, for good as evil. I think it is the duty of all good citizens to try and elevate the African race in America, and inspire them with all possible self-respect, and prepare them for that ultimate influence which they must sooner or later have upon the political and economical interests of the United States. These are the views which have influenced my action in this case, which, not partisan in their character, I should hope would be satisfactory to all patriotic Americans.

Having, however, discharged my duty, as I ever do, without regard to personal considerations, I submit my action frankly to the judgment of the Department.

I am, my dear sir,
Your obedient servant,
C. M. CLAY.

Hon. WM. H. SEWARD.

A poor man came to a minister and begged to be unmarried. The minister assured him that it was out of the question, and urged him to put away the notion of anything so absurd. The man insisted that the marriage could not hold good, for the wife was worse than the devil. The minister demurred, saying that was quite impossible. "No," said the poor man, "the Bible tells ye, that if ye resist the devil, he flees from ye; but if ye resist her, she flees at ye."

Asleep in Jesus.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT OF THE LATE WAR.

In a secluded spot in Hollywood, not far from the banks of the river, is the grave of a young woman, at the head of which is a neat marble slab, on which is inscribed the name of the deceased and three verses of the beautiful hymn commencing with the line "Asleep in Jesus." It has an interesting history: One day during the war a physician was sent for to a house of ill-fame to see one of its inmates. He found a pretty young woman sick, with slight disease, but laboring under that terrible malady consumption. After the doctor had prescribed for her she manifested a desire to talk, and seemed anxious to disclose to him her history. He gratified her, and she told him she came from—County, in the interior of the State. She had loved, not wisely, but too well, was betrayed, and then abandoned by the man to whom she gave the last proof of her affection.

Overwhelmed with shame and remorse, she came to Richmond, and entered one of those houses which very few, once having entered, ever leave but for the grave. Her health was failing; she ardently longed to leave the life she was following, and appealed to the doctor to try to find her a home elsewhere. She was willing to do the most menial work if she could get a home with respectable people; to go anywhere, or do anything, to be taken away from the companions and scenes of the life she was leading. The doctor was interested in her, and with that true benevolence which characterizes the profession, exerted himself to comply with her request. He related the circumstances to a professional brother, and the two succeeded in getting her a home with a poor widow lady, in the suburbs of the city, upon the condition that when she was able she was to assist in the work of the household, and when she was not, that the doctors were to pay her board.

She went to her new home, grateful and almost happy. She worked when she could, but was almost always sick. After having been with the widow lady a month or two, she professed conversion. Her health steadily declined, and one day when the doctor went to see her, she said to him: "Doctor, I know I have not long to live, and do not suppose when I die any one will think of putting a monument over the grave of a poor castaway like myself; but if there is anything done to mark my grave I should like to have one verse, if no more, of the beautiful hymn, 'Asleep in Jesus,' &c., over the spot in which my body lies. It is a beautiful hymn, so consoling, and sounds to me so much like peace and rest." She lingered a few weeks longer and died. Her death was peaceful and triumphant. Her body was laid in a quiet spot in the beautiful cemetery, and the doctor who had been her true friend in life saw that her last request was complied with. A neat marble slab was erected at her head, and three verses of the hymn she loved so well mark the spot where the repentant Magdalen lies.

[*Richmond Enquirer.*]

INGENUOUS CHARADES.—A novel plan of drawing-room charades is thus described by a participant:

The curtain of the back drawing-room was drawn aside, and we were rather surprised to see nothing but a wooden rocking-horse on the temporary stage. We were told to guess an island in the Greek Archipelago. After some demur, one individual, brighter than the rest, exclaimed "Delos—deal horse." Right. The curtain fell, and after a pause, rose again, displaying to the astonished lookers on the very identical, irrepressible rocking-horse, with his head in the contrary direction. We were told to guess another island in the Greek Archipelago. There was a dead silence. Some one vainly suggested "Chios," mispronounced "shy horse," but that would not do, for the "deal horse" was as steady as old time. At length a small boy, late from school, exclaimed "Samos," and it was the "same horse." The curtain fell amidst roars of laughter. The next scene was a portly gentleman of middle age, who was met by a young girl, who said "Doctor, I am glad to meet you." A word of five syllables. Give it up. "Metaphysician—met a physician." The curtain fell, and was again drawn up only to exhibit the same portly gentleman and the girl meeting again. A word of three syllables. "Metaphysician—met a physician." The solution.

NICELY CAUGHT.—At the masked ball in New Orleans, week before last, a gay and handsome man, who had refused to take his wife to the ball on the plea of business, was much struck by a stranger, a lady in a mask. On her he exerted all his fascination.

"Oh, sir, you quite put me out with your flattery. I suspect you are a married man," said the lady.

"No, indeed; but I confess a willingness to get married since I have had the pleasure of seeing you," was the gallant reply.

"Indeed! but you haven't seen my face yet!"

"No; but I know it is beautiful. The exquisite grace that accompanies everything you do and say tells me as much."

"Indeed!"

"I think so; but you will no longer deny me that satisfaction; for I assure you, lady, I am in love."

"Indeed!"

"It is true. Until I met you to-night woman have looked to me homely and commonplace."

"Oh, you are jesting."

"Indeed, I am not."

"And you never loved any one before?"

"Never! Your sex appeared to me always deceitful, and my heart refused them all sympathy; but for you I feel a passionate attraction I have no power or inclination to resist."

"Ours is the true?"

"It is, indeed."

"I am mad with impatience, since it will be the only face my heart will ever mirror. It has upon it no rival impression."

"You are so persuasive I can no longer deny the privilege—look!" and the mask was removed.

It was his wife.

"The devil!" said the discomfited Benedict, indulging in a prolonged whistle.

"Oh no, my dear; only the face that has no rival impression on your heart?"

"Say, Mary, let's call it square, and go home."

"I think we'd better."

And they went.

JOSH BILLINGS' PHILOSOPHY.—I have heard a grate deal about "broken harts," and there may be a few of them but my experience is that next to the gizzard, the harte is the tuffest, peace-ov meat in the whole critter.

There is nothing in this life that will open the pores of a man so much as to fall in luv; it makes him as fluent as a tin whissel, as lubber as a boy's watch chain, and as perlitte as a dancing master; his harte is as full ov sunshine as a bay-field, and there ain't any more guile in him than there is in a stick of merlasses candy.

It strains a man's philosophee the wust kind twuff luff when he gits beat.

Wimmin are like flowers, a little squeezing makes them the more fragrant.

Matches may be made in heavin, but tha are generally sold down here.

Musick hath charms tu soothe a savage; this may be so, but I would rather tri a revolver on him fust.

PASHENCE OF JOB.—Everybody iz in the habit ov bragging on Job; and Job did have considerable pashence, but did he ever keep a district skule for 8 dollars a month and board around or run a kountree noospaper?

Did he ever reap lodged oats down hill on a hot day, and have all his gallus buttons bust oph at once?

Did he ever have the jumping tooth-ache and be made tend the babe while his wife was over to Parkines to a tea squall?

Did he ever get up in the mornin' awful dri, and tuff it 3 miles before breakfast to get a drink, and find that the man kept a temperance house?

Did he ever undertake to milk a kicking heifer, with a bushy tail, in fly time, and in a lot?

Did he ever sot onto a litter of kittens in the old rocking-chair, with his summer pantsloons on?

If he could do all these things, and praise the Lord at the same time, all I have tu say iz, "Bully Job."

[*Josh Billings.*]

A quantity of sugar in the hands of various merchants in Dubuque, Iowa, was seized on Friday last by Government officials. It is a portion of the cargo smuggled at New Orleans and distributed by Chicago commission houses throughout the country.

A MONSTER ELEPHANT.—The largest elephant in the world, and at New York by the steam ship Holstein. She is called the "Empress," is about 20 years old, and stands twelve feet and a half high. At an early hour the Hamburg steamer dock at Hoboken was crowded with an eager throng, who waited patiently for the monster to come forth. At last came the Empress slowly and deliberately, turning sharp at the gang plank, she suddenly gave a snort and a roar that sounded like distant thunder, and seemed to pose to make trouble. The keeper sprang ahead, and in the most endearing manner persuaded Her Highness to descend. The ship almost careened as she advanced a little more to the side, and one huge foot, like a pillar of the Custom House, rested on the gang plank. There was something absolutely astonishing in the way the gigantic beast would reach forth her trunk and put it around the keeper, who would pat it and again invite the Empress to come on and not be afraid. The huge animal slowly descended, the crowd plying him with questions. When she reached the dock the people cheered loudly, and the keeper put his arms around her trunk and kissed it with delight. As for Her Highness, she trumpeted out her pleasure in a series of whistles and roars, thus advancing stately up the wharf, and reaching terra firma, once again, she expressed her satisfaction by taking dirt in her trunk, and tossing it up on her back. Her Highness will be exhibited in Central Park.

Napoleon eats horse meat daily.

The Alabama correspondence will make sixteen books of four hundred pages each.

The income returns of 1868 show an increase of nearly 100 per cent. over that of 1867.

Wilkes County, Ga., has bought and used 700 tons of guano at an outlay of about 50,000.

A National Convention of the opponents of secret societies is to be held at Chicago this month.

The season at Cape May and Long Branch has already opened.

A man in Princeton has a hen that lays eggs weighing four ounces each.

The famous Bodleian library at Oxford is cramped for room, and is to be enlarged.

A sea turtle weighing over 900 pounds was caught off the Virginia Capes on the 30th ult., and has yielded a barrel of oil.

The Methodist Bishop Kingsley is about to start on an Episcopal missionary tour around the world, the first ever made.

Bishop Colenso, unwilling that either Oxford or Cambridge shall have the exclusive honor of educating his sons, sends one to each.

A paper down East makes this correction: In our paragraph yesterday concerning thirteen ministers who had been spanked in infancy, for smoking read sprinkled.

Three hundred skilled English laborers were among the immigrant arrivals at New York recently. About 200,000 Norwegians will arrive in the course of the next eighteen months.

A gentleman residing in Lewiston, Me., left his three little children at home while he attended church last Sabbath, and when he returned he found them busily employed in cleaning the inside of a \$500 gold watch with soft soap and water.

A drunken man walking along the street at night with his head thrown back, looking at the moon with sovereign contempt, was heard to exclaim: "You needn't be so proud, Madame Moon! You are full once a month and I every night."

Henry Clifford, a desperate barman, after receiving sentence of four years in the penitentiary at St. Louis, sprang out of an open window in the criminal court room, leaped a high iron fence, and escaped.

A Maryland householder, whose servant girl had run away with clothes which he had given her in advance of salary, came upon her in the street, and immediately stripped her there.

Orders have been issued by the Austrian Government that, on her return and during her sojourn at the baths of Marienbad, ex-Queen Isabella, shall be treated with all the honors due to a sovereign.