THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

R. W. Weaver, Proprietor.] Truth and Right——God and our Country. [Two Dollars per Annum.

VOLUME 8. BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1856. NUMBER 4.

THE STAR OF THE NORTH
IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY
R. W. WEAVER,

OFFICE—*Up stairs, in the new brick building, on the south side of Main Street, third square below Market.*

TERMS:—Two Dollars per annum, if paid within six months from the time of subscribing; two dollars and fifty cents if not paid within the year. No subscription received for a less period than six months; no discontinuance permitted until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the editor.

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The following from the Mirror, is a fine "take off" on Longfellow's Hiawatha. Rumor says a book is in press sharply criticizing the Poem.

A few moments since, we found the following poem, in the delightful chirography of our devil, lying in close proximity to a copy of Mr. Longfellow's "Song of Hiawatha." It is positively refreshing, the impudence of our devil. And the poem—no one but Mr. Longfellow or the devil *could* have done it:

HIAWATHA.

Have you read the misty poem,
Of the mystic Hiawatha—
Read about the wild Dakotas,
And the brave Hombugawampams,
In the vales of Hifaluten,
In the vales of Wishy Washy,
In the vales of Skimmy Dishy?

No Sir E. Sir, that I have no',
And I would not for a hundred
Dollars paid in silver, or in
Gold by the inflated teller,
Of a bank call'ed the Manhattan,
I looked in the book a moment,
And my spine is really aching
At the hard words Mr. Longfel-
Low puts in his learned verses.
Rumor says that Mr. Riply,
Critic of the N. Y. Tribune,
Hired by a snob called Greeley,
Labors with an awful lock-jaw,
Got in reading Hiawatha.
Guess he got a foul of this word—
Obejaywayascalola!!!!!!
Here the MS. ends abruptly.

"Since the above was in type," the head compositor has informed us that the body of our devil is lying under the press, with an empty bottle in his hand, marked brandy, but supposed to have contained laudanum. Another genius gone! They die early whom the gods love!

From Holbrook's "Ten Years as a Special Agent Among the Mailbags."

FRAUDS CARRIED ON THROUGH THE MAILS.

Lawyers, clergymen, editors, farmers, and even postmasters have all in turn been swindled by means of facilities afforded by the post-office system, the frauds ranging in magnitude and importance, from imaginary papers of onionseed, to "calls" for ministerial aid in the momentous work of converting "a world lying in wickedness!"

It is with a view to put those who may peruse these pages on the guard, that a few rare specimens of the tricks of these "Jeremy Diddlers" are here exposed, most of which have come to light within a few months of this present writing.

The first that we will describe, was perpetrated quite successfully upon the legal fraternity, and some of the most distinguished members of that highly useful profession in the different States, will no doubt readily recognize the truthfulness of the picture, as it is held up to their gaze. This dodge may properly be entitled "*Young America practising at the bar.*"

In January of the present year, the postmaster of Brooklyn, New York, called my attention to the fact that large numbers of letters were arriving at that office to the address of "William H. Jolliet," and that from some information he had received, he was led to believe that the correspondence was in some way connected with a systematic scheme of fraud.

Arrangements were accordingly made to watch the person who was in the habit of inquiring for the "Jolliet" letters, and the next time he called, which was in the evening, he was followed as far as the Fulton ferry, detained just as he was about to enter the ferry-boat, and questioned in reference to the letters.

The person thus interrogated was an exceedingly intelligent boy, about fifteen years of age, plainly but neatly dressed, and of prepossessing manners, particularly for one so young. When asked what he intended to do with the letters he had just taken from the post-office, he manifested great self-possession, and apparently anticipating trouble, without allowing an opportunity for a second question, he hurriedly asked:

"Why, what about this business? I have been thinking there might be something wrong about Jolliet's letters. I am a student in a respectable law-office in New York, and would not like to be involved in any trouble of this sort. I can tell you, sir, all I know about these letters."

As his explanation will hereafter appear in full, suffice it here to say that he threw the entire responsibility upon a stranger, whom he accidentally met in the Harlem cars. The story was told with apparent frankness, and a gentleman passing along who knew the lad, and confirmed his statement as to his connection with a prominent law-office in New York, he was allowed to go at large, under the promise that at an appointed hour on the following day he would call on the Brooklyn post-master, explain the matter more fully, and put him in possession of facts which would enable the officers to arrest Jolliet, if that was thought best.

The appointed time arrived, but the young man did not. A rather voluminous package of papers, however, was sent as a substitute. These papers are so well worded, and so formally drawn up, that I will here introduce two of them *verbatim*. The reader will bear in mind that they are the production of a boy only fifteen years of age:

NEW YORK, Jan. 26, 1855, 12 M.
Postmaster at Brooklyn, L. I.

DEAR SIR:

Being detained by important court business from attending to my promise given to you yesterday to be at your office, I am obliged to write to you. I enclose a statement of facts which I think sufficient to get a warrant. It is sworn to before a Commissioner of Deeds of New York, authorized to take acknowledgments for the State.

I saw Mr. Jolliet yesterday evening. I told him that the mails had not arrived when I was over to Brooklyn, yesterday; and, in course of the conversation, he told me he would take a sleigh ride to Snediker's on Saturday. Therefore it is important you should get a warrant and take him upon that day.—He also told me that he would have a white sleigh, a white robe, and a cream colored pair of horses. You can easily know him. I will be over, if no accident intervenes, to-morrow, say about 11 or 12 o'clock. I tracked him to the Manhattan bar-room, in Broadway, but could not find out his residence, as he stayed too late. I think he is connected with a gang of rascals who have made this kind of rascality their special business.

I am acquainted with the District Attorney in this city, and have thought of getting him to bring the case before the grand jury, and get a bench warrant out in New York against Jolliet, in case you should think it advisable.

Meanwhile, I will remain still about the matter until I hear from you again.

Yours, very truly.

Annexed is the statement of facts alluded to above:

Statement of Facts. A.

During the month of November or December, 1854, I became acquainted with a man whom I knew by the name of William H. Jolliet. He seemed to be about 25 or 30 years of age, and, by his dialect, of English parentage; he was genteelly dressed, and seemed to be a gentleman by his talk and manners. He came to know me from often seeing me on the cars of the N. York and Harlem Railroad, and often talking to me. I am in the habit of doing copying, &c., for pay, and therefore was willing to do anything in that way, under the usual circumstances—that is, for pay.

He asked me one day if I was a man of business. I told him I was. He then asked me if I could make a copy of a note he had in his pocket, and show it to him the next time I should meet him, and not to say anything about it to anybody. I told him I would. He gave it to me, and it was something as follows—that is, substantially:—

BROOKLYN, L. I., Jan. 6, 1855.

SIR: I have received a package of papers for you from Liverpool, England, with six shillings charge thereon—on receipt of which amount the parcel will be sent to you by such conveyance as you may direct.

Yours, respectfully,
WILLIAM H. JOLLIET.

I met him one or two days afterwards, and gave him his original, and my copy. He said it was very well done, but looked too much like a law-hand, and asked me if I couldn't write more of a mercantile-looking hand. I told him I supposed I could. He then gave me my copy, and told me to buy some paper, and make as many copies as I could, and direct them one to each of the names he gave me on a list, and mail them. I told him I would. This was on Saturday evening; and on Sunday afternoon I wrote about a hundred copies of them, and directed them and sent them. I met him on Monday, and he asked me if I had done it. I told him I had; he then asked for the list of names he had given me, and I handed it to him. He asked if I knew the names I had directed the letters to, I told him I did not, although I did well, my suspicions about him having been aroused by his request for secrecy.

On that Sunday on which I wrote the notes, I made up my mind to play traitor to him, by sending the notes as directed, and keeping all answers which he should get (he having told me to call for them at the Broklyn Post Office), and then delivering them, with my evidence, to officer B——, in New York, whom I know well by reputation as a good officer, and an American in fact and principle. This was foiled by my disclosures to the Post Master of Brooklyn, on Thursday.

At the time he asked me to make the copies of the note, he gave me a five-dollar gold piece, to defray expenses. I have kept a copy of the list he gave me, and also of another which he had given me, and which I returned in the same way. I have mailed about 200 letters in all. At the time he ordered me to make the copies of the letter and mail them, he requested me to make a letter and direct it to him at Brooklyn, and mail along with the others. I did so, but I asked him what this was for, and he said he wanted to know how long it would take for a letter to go from New York to Brooklyn. But I did not believe him, and this formed part of the causes for my suspicions. I afterwards received the letter. I think it was Tuesday, and gave it to him. At the time of my first mailing the letters, I dropped, by carelessness, a list of the names of persons to whom they were directed, along with them. Could this list be got, it would tell us a great deal about the transaction, and then we could have a complete list of all the persons addressed. It was dropped in one of the three new boxes on the southwest corner of the New York Post Office.

I have seen him since he first spoke to me about this affair, five or six times, (once on Friday, Saturday, Monday, and Tuesday, and twice on Wednesday, I believe.) He lives in Harlem, I think. I don't know anything further of interest, and close with the ardent wish, that a King's county officer will get the credit of catching one of the greatest scoundrels that ever lived, thereby ridding the community of him. G. H. B.

City of Brooklyn,
County of Kings, ss.

G. H. B——, of the city of New York, student at law above named, being duly sworn, doth dispose and say that he has read the foregoing statement, and knows the contents thereof, and that the same is true of his own knowledge. G. H. B.

Sworn before me this
26th of January, 1855.
B. T. B——,
Commissioner of Deeds.

Being satisfied that a young lad of sufficient abilities to compose these documents in such a style, could not have been made the innocent dupe of any one, especially a stranger, I determined to lay the whole matter before his employer, a prominent member of the New York bar. He had heard nothing of it before, and was much pained to hear my narration, for he was warmly attached to the young student, who, up to that time had enjoyed his entire confidence, and for whose improvement and legal education he had taken unusual pains.

A moment's reference to the Law Register, a work containing the names and residences of all the members of the legal profession in every State in the Union, and to be found in almost every law office, showed the source whence he had obtained the list which had been "dropped by carelessness" into the postoffice, for pencil marks appeared against the names of most of the *country* lawyers, but including none of those that had ever been correspondents of the firm with which he was connected!

The opinion that there was no accomplice, nor even principal, in the case, beyond the boy himself, was fully coincided in by his employer, and it was at once decided to call to call the lad up for a private examination.

I thought, as he entered the room, cap in hand, and with an air of perfect *nonchalance*, that I had seldom seen a more expressive and intelligent countenance. His high forehead, adorned with graceful curls of brown hair, his full and laughing eye, and the regular features of his face, seemed made for some better use than to delude unwary victims.

"George," said his employer, "what do these Jolliet letters mean that you have been sending all over the country?"

BOY.—"I will tell you all I know about it, sir. Some weeks since as I was coming in town one morning, in the Harlem cars, a man calling himself Jolliet——"

AGENT.—"Stop, George, and hear me a moment before you go further. We don't want to hear that story. We know there is no such person as Jolliet, and if you go on with such a statement before Mr. F.," (his employer,) your pride will render it hard for you to make the acknowledgments that I know you must come to. You have no accomplice, and if you will bring me the Law Register, I will show you where you got the names of the lawyers to whom you sent the letters."

MR. F.—"Now, George, you see that Mr. H. knows all about it, and I hope you will not attempt to deny the truth. I am deeply pained to find you have been guilty of such misdemeanors; and I trust, for your own sake, that you will make a clean breast of it."

After a pause of a few moments, the young man acknowledged, that, being 'hard up,' he had resorted to this plan to obtain funds, and that he knew no such person as "William H. Jolliet."

AGENT.—"How then could you have sworn to the statement you sent to the Brooklyn post-master? You must have been aware that in so doing, you were committing perjury."

BOY.—"Ah! but I did not swear to it. My name is attached to the affidavit, it is true, but having prepared it beforehand, I spoke to the Commissioner just as he was leaving the officer, and he signed it, but in his hurry he forgot to administer the oath."

AGENT.—"But that omission must have been merely accidental. Supposing he had required the usual ceremony, what would you have done?"

BOY.—"I have so often seen him omit it, that I took that risk. If he had insisted, I should have backed out.

Subsequent inquiry satisfied me that the Commissioner in question, having often had occasion to sign affidavits for the young man, in the course of the office business, was not always particular in administering the oath, and that it was no doubt neglected in the present instance.

The punishment inflicted in this case, was all that the most indignant victim of the fraud would have demanded; and there is reason to believe that a permanent reformation in the character of the young man has been the result; and that the rare talents which he possesses, will yet be found arrayed on the side of honesty and virtue.

Answers to the Jolliet letters continued to arrive from all parts of the country, for some time after the discovery of the fraud, as here related. The letters that had accumulated in the Brooklyn post office, were sent to the Dead Letter office, opened, and subsequently returned to their respective owners, with their contents, accompanied by a proper explanation.

In nearly every instance, the dodge had been successful. The six shillings, or that amount in postage stamps, were duly enclosed; and, in some instances a dollar, to make even change, with directions for forwarding the mysterious package.

Such an unexpected notice had no doubt given rise in many cases to sundry visions of heavy fees, which were to flow in upon the fortunate correspondent of Jolliet, for conducting the business of some wealthy capitalist of the old world, who, attracted by his professional fame, was about to confide to him matters of great weight and importance—perhaps some complicated lawsuit, the successful issue of which would bring him a wealth of reputation and money, compared with which the outlay of six shillings was an item too contemptible to be regarded.

Or some sanguine individual might have sent out a legacy in the 'package from Liverpool.'

People were dying every day in England, whose heirs lived this country. It was not very unusual for persons to inherit immense fortunes from those whose names they had never heard. It might make the difference of thousands of dollars to a man whether his name was Brown or White, when some possessor of one or the other name came to leave his property behind him. And it would be a pity to lose the chance of securing a handsome property for one's self, or the opportunity of acting as agent for somebody else, though the whole affair might prove but a hoax, and the chance of thus finding a fortune rather less than the prospect of drawing a prize in a "gift lottery."

It was amusing to peruse the letters which the Agent received from those who had been swindled, acknowledging the safe return of the letter and money which they had sent to Jolliet. Most of them were "well satisfied" when they sent the money, "that it was all a hoax," but then it was a small sum that he applied for, and they thought they would send it to the fellow for the ingenuity he had displayed in "raising the wind!" All, however, seemed very glad to get their money again, even at the risk of allowing such talent to go unrewarded.

Some wary old heads, too acute to be caught by such chaff, took the precaution to request Jolliet to call on their friends in New York, leave the package, and get the six shillings. Another directed that it should be left at the Express office, the expenses paid there, and when the parcel arrived, the entire charges would be promptly met.

Two or three, not content with informing Jolliet that he had taken them in, indulged in somewhat sarcastic style of correspondence. The following are two specimens of this kind of reply:—

P——, Feb. 2, 1855.

Mr. Wm. H. Jolliet,

Sir:—I am in receipt of a note from you, informing me that you have in your possession a package for me from Liverpool, England, on which there is a charge of 6s. sterling, and which you will send to me on receipt of the above sum.

Sir, I cannot but think it a little strange that my large circle of friends and correspondents in Liverpool (a circle which may be represented thus, 0) should have thought it necessary for parcels which they send me, pass through your hands, unless you have some connection with the friends aforesaid, unknown to me. Before I send you the *sterling* money, I should like answers of the like quality, to some or all of the following interrogatories:—

1st. Who are you?
2d. Who knows you?
3d. Who do you know?
4th. Is "Wm. H. Holliet" the name given you in baptism?
5th. Wouldn't you receive less than six shillings, if you could get it?
6th. Do you think you have taken me in?
7th. After reading the above, please inform me whether you remain *Jolly yet*.

Not your victim,
JOHN S——.

H——, Jan. 27, 1855.

Sir:—I know I am ambitious. I have my aspirations. My fame may be extending—Perhaps it is. I had thought it was local; confined to this county, certainly to the State. But it seems that I am known abroad, and you wish me to pay the moderate sum of seventy-five cents for verifying the fact. Sir, I am an Anglo-Saxon. I rejoice in it. And I don't doubt that some where between Adam's time and mine, some of my progenitors have inhabited England. But I believe they have all died or moved away. So you see it isn't likely that I have any relations in Liverpool, whence came the package you say in your hands.

In the next place, sir, living as I do in an inland town, I know little of those "who go down to the sea in ships." (David, Psalms, Cap. 107.) And all my particular friends are in this country, according to the best of my knowledge and belief. But no others than the individuals I have cited, would be likely to send me packages from foreign lands. It therefore follows, sir, that the aforesaid package is not *in rerum natura*. I shall be happy to receive from you any facts which may vitiate this conclusion.

Penning this, I remain yours, &c.,
ED. B——.

Mr. Wm. H. Jolliet.

We have allowed the lawyers to lead off in the melancholy procession of victims of rascality which we have undertaken to display to our readers; and it is our design, in marshaling our regiment of "the Great Deluded," to place the clergy second in order. Lawyers are (or ought to be) hard-headed, with little faith in mankind at large; while it is the general characteristic of clergymen to be soft-hearted, and to trust, sometimes "not too wisely, but too well," in the integrity of their fellow men. In addition to the weak points which they may have in common with all, and through which they are liable to be successfully assailed, the cultivation of that spirit of charity which "thinketh no evil," makes them slow in suspecting villanous designs on the part of others; and renders them an easy prey to those who are unscrupulous enough to use their unsuspecting disposition as a means of carrying into effect their own base purposes.

In making these remarks, we are far from wishing to cast any slur upon the native shrewdness or penetration of the clergy, which would be unjust to them, (for there few keener intellects than those that are possessed by some who are members and ornaments of this body,) but our object is simply to mention some of the causes which often make them the victims of imposition. Many of them, especially those who live in the country, occupied as they are with the duties of their calling, in the retired life of the study, and in intercourse with the comparatively honest and virtuous community in which their lot is cast, are somewhat secluded from the world at large, and know little, except by report, of the innumerable forms of deceit and iniquity that people enact, who live outside of their own quiet boundaries. This is, perhaps, less generally true at the present time than it was years ago, before the increased facilities for communication had given equal facilities to rogues, who have chosen our large cities as a field for their nefarious operations, and have extended them, by means of the mails, to the remotest corners of the country.

The trick which we are about to describe was attempted on a large scale, and the trap set for unwary clergymen was sprung in almost every section of the country, with considerable success, though some of the intended victims were too wary to be thus swindled.

The trap alluded to was in the form of a letter, of which the following is a copy:—

NEW YORK, Sunday, March 18, 1855
Brother P——:

Being at leisure this afternoon, and somewhat wearied rather than refreshed by the morning's discourse of our respected pastor, I have concluded to sit down and write you, though utterly unacquainted, save in that sympathy which persons of like temperament involuntarily feel toward one another.

It is the apparent coldness and formality of our metropolitan sermons that has led me, by a pleasant contrast to think of you. I heard you once, while passing through your place—a sermon that has many times recurred to my memory, though its calm piety and deep perception of human nature may be weekly occurrences to your congregation. I have several times thought it would be well for our church to call on you for a trial here. Our house is wealthy, and 'up town,' though that is no matter.

I had almost given up the idea, when it was forcibly returned to me yesterday by seeing a notice of you in the new publication of travels through the States; in which I see the writer has heard you, and was so impressed that he gave a strong description of you and your style, so well according with my views, that I feel confirmed in my opinion of you. You have probably seen it.—And, aside from any vanity at praise in print, or any pain at his censure, (for he finds fault, too,) I think a preacher cannot too much study his style, in duty to his Master and his people, by learning all he can of his hearers' views of him, if not for the praise, at least for the blame.

So you see I yet hope to sit under your ministrations. I wish you would write me, immediately, what you think of coming here, if I propose you. My bell has just rung for tea, and I close hastily, wishing you success in any field, and "many souls as seals of your ministry."

Yours, in the Lord,
A. D. CONNELSON.

P. S.—If you have not seen the notice of you, (in the book I alluded to,) I will get it for you. I believe it sells at a dollar and a half, or thereabouts.

I close in haste, A. D. C.

Here is an instance of one who
"Stole the livery of Heaven
To serve the devil in."

The author of this production, which was lithographed, leaving only a space after the commencing word "Brother," for the insertion of the person addressed, was signed in some copies as above, and in others by the name of "W. C. Jansing."

We easily imagine the effect of such an artful, flattering epistle upon the mind of some unsuspecting and humble country pastor, whose chief ambition had hitherto been to minister to the spiritual wants of his little congregation, and who had never before indulged the thought of receiving a 'call' to the attractions and responsibilities of a city pastor's life. He taxes his memory in vain to recollect upon what occasion any stranger, who might represent the devout Connelson, had been present during his Sabbath services, and in like manner fails to recall any reminiscences of the author, who, in his 'Travels through the States,' had also heard him, and was "impressed" so remarkably in accordance with Mr. Connelson's "views."—His opinion of his own abilities having been elevated several degrees by the united testimony of two such competent witnesses, he begins to think that after all, it is not so very improbable that he should be thought of as a candidate for that "wealthy" and "up-town church."

"Was not the distinguished Dr. L—— called from as small a place as this, to the charge of a large city congregation? And I remember that his abilities did not use to be so much superior to mine."

With reflections like these, he works himself into a state of mind that would prevent any surprise, were he some day to be waited on by a committee from the church aforesaid, with the request that he would favor the congregation with a specimen of his preaching, with the additional view of securing the "pleasant contrast" to the "apparent coldness and formality of metropolitan sermons," that might result from his ministrations. At any rate, it would be gratifying to him to see for himself, what the traveling critic had said of him and his sermons; not that he cared particularly about the opinion, so far as he himself was concerned, but he would like to have his people know that their minister had attracted the attention of distinguished characters from abroad. So he replies to his spontaneous correspondent, intimating that he should have no objection to taking charge of the "up-town" church; and enclosing a dollar and a-half, to purchase the book of travels, which he does, not without misgivings that he is sacrificing too large a portion of his slender salary, for indulgence in the anticipated luxury.

It is almost needless to add, that the dollar and a-half went to the "bourne from which no *traveller* returns," and that our clergyman did not, in this instance, display "that deep perception of human nature," which so often recurred to the mind of the admiring Connelson.

The operations of this worthy were soon stopped by the New York postmaster, who having received letters from some of the shrewder members of the reverend body, enclosing the above epistle, gave the matter in charge to the police, whose movements alarmed the rogue, and blew up the cheat, before many letters containing money had arrived. Enough came, however, to show that had he not been disturbed, he would have feathered his nest comfortably with the spoils of those whom he had plucked.

These letters, remaining uncalled for, became 'dead' in due course of time, and were returned with their contents to their authors; doubtless refreshing the heart of many a sorrowing minister, who supposed that he had seen the last of his money, and had given up all hopes of receiving the promised *quid pro quo*.

I insert as a sort of epistolary curiosity, a letter addressed to Connelson by one of his intended victims, which was sent under cover to the New York postmaster, with the request that he would read and deliver it, if he knew the whereabouts of the person alluded to.

"F.——, March 23, 1855.

"Mr. A. D. Connelson,

"Sir:

"I am in receipt of a communication from you, of the 18th inst, of whose flattering contents I have reason to believe that I am not the only recipient; as I am not ignorant of the fact that the art of lithography, can be employed to multiply *confidential* letters to any extent. If, as you state, you have at any time heard a discourse from my lips, I regret that the principles which it inculcated have produced so little impression upon your actions, especially as it has 'many times recurred to your memory.'

"There are truths, sir, in addition to those you may have heard on the occasion referred to, (if there ever was any such occasion,) which, judging from the apparent object of your letter, it might be profitable for you to recall. I would recommend to your attention the truth contained in the following saying of the wise man:—'The getting of treasures by a lying tongue, is a vanity tossed to and fro of them that seek death.'—*Prov.* 21, 6.

"You have expressed a hope 'to sit under' my 'mintstrations.' I trust you will be profited by the few words now addressed to you, and if you feel any disappointment in failing to find the expected 'dollar and a-half, or thereabouts,' you will have to console yourself with the reflection, 'How much better is it to get wisdom than gold? and to get understanding rather to be chosen than silver?' —*Prov.* 16, 16. I give you the reference to the passages quoted that you may ruminate on them at your Sabbath's 'leisure,' which I hope will hereafter be more profitably employed than in attempting to perform the part of 'a wolf in sheep's clothing.'

"Your well-wisher, G. J. T."

"P. S. If you ever happen to pass through this place again, and to be detained over the Sabbath, your name, mentioned to the sexton, or indeed, to any member of my congregation, will secure you as good a seat as the house will furnish; and if you will inform me of your intended presence, beforehand, I will endeavor to suit my discourse to your *wants*, if not to your *wishes*.

"Not what we *wish*, but what we *want*,
Do Thou, oh Lord, in mercy grant."

"If, however, circumstances like some that I can foresee, if you continue in your present course, should prevent a visit to our place, I hope you will manage to be satisfied with the ministrations of the chaplain at Sing Sing, who, I understand, is an excellent, talented man. And I trust that you and your *travelled* friend will agree as well on the question of his merits as you have on those of others."

Further comment on this case is unnecessary; and we would only say that any one suspecting an imposture in any such mode as the foregoing, need not be prevented from indulging in a reasonable suspicion, by the charitable thought, "This person could not be such a rascal;" for it is a truth that should be well known and acted upon, that no amount of hypocrisy, deceit or audacity is too great to be practised by miscreants like those villanous devices are to some extent exposed in these pages.

THE ONION SEED TRICK.

"If you have tears, prepare to shed them now."

The next ingenious "dodge" to which I would call the attention of my readers, is one which might be styled double barreled, inasmuch as it brought down both editors and farmers simultaneously.

The agricultural portion of the community has been much exercised of late years on the subject of seed. Astounding stories have circulated through the newspapers from time to time, concerning the wonderful prolific powers of certain kinds of seed, and prices have in some instances been demanded for these choice varieties, which remind one of the times when a laying hen of the right breed would earn more per day for her owner than an ordinarily smart negro. It really seemed to be the belief of many enthusiastic persons, that seed could be brought, by careful culture, to a pitch of perfection that would almost render it independent of the assistance of mother earth, save as a place to stand on. The improved seed was to do it all. However desirable it might be to obtain seed which could be warranted under all circumstances to produce heavy *crops*, (which of course can always be done after a certain fashion, by feeding it out to fowls,) this "good time coming" will not be hastened, we apprehend, by the public-spirited efforts of "Mr. Joab S. Sargent," notwithstanding the glowing prospects held out in the following advertisement.:—

FARMERS AND GARDENERS.—ATTENTION!
Spanish Onion Seeds.

The subscriber will send to any part of the United States and Canada, a paper of the seeds of the above superior Onion, on the receipt of ten cents (one dime.)

Farmers and Gardeners, see to it that you procure the best of seeds. For a mere trifle now, you can put money in your pockets and fat on your ribs.

Address, JOAB S. SARGENT,
266 Hicks St., Cor. of State,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

P. S. Publishers of newspapers giving the above and this notice three insertions, calling attention editorially thereto, and sending marked copies to the subscriber, will receive by return mail three dollars' worth of the above seeds, or a copy of Barnes' notes on the Gospel, valued at three dollars and fifty cents, or two dollars cash. Address plainly as above.

April 11, 1855.

Observe how adroitly the cunning Joab aims his thrusts at the most vulnerable spot in both classes of his victims. "Publishers of newspapers," in the plenitude of Joab's generosity, are to have their choice between the onion seeds, the Gospel, and the ready cash, if they will but make known to the world the incomparable qualities of the genuine Spanish article. And many of these publishers "called attention to the same" with a will, as the following copy of one of those notices will show:—

"SOMETHING NEW FOR FARMERS AND GARDENERS.—See our advertising columns. If you want *large onions*, get the real *Spanish* seed—a change in the seed works wonders. We have seen bushels of onions imported from Spain, of half a pound weight each, and as large as saucers."

It may be well to say here that no onion seeds, "Spanish" or other, were sent in compliance with the many orders which poured in upon the successful Sargent from all parts of the country, excepting that a few of those first received were supposed to have been answered by the sending of a few seeds of some kind, whether onion or grass, no one knew. Perhaps the recipients will discover in the course of time. The editors were equally unfortunate. Many of them selected the "Notes on the Gospels" in preference to the seed or the money, yet their wishes were not destined to be gratified.

Let us see how this tempting advertisement worked on the farmers and gardeners.

Here is farmer Johnson, whose boy has just brought in his weekly paper from the office, and who is proceeding to refresh himself after the labors of the week, with the record of what the world at large has been doing in the same time. He deliberately peruses the columns of his hebdomadal, dwelling with solemnity on the more weighty articles, and endeavoring to laugh over the funny ones, till, after having exhausted the "reading" department, his eye goes on in search of new advertisements, which he can distinguish at a glance, for he knows all the old ones by heart. His attention is arrested by the conspicuous heading, "SPANISH ONION SEEDS." He reads it over carefully, and studies every word, that he may be sure that he fully and correctly understands it; and then comparing it with the editorial notice of the same thing, he rapidly becomes convinced that Spanish onions must be great things, and that ten cents may be safely invested in the speculation. Visions of saucer-like onions rise before him; of prizes in Agricultural Exhibitions; and if he is an inhabitant of Connecticut, he fancies he sees the former renown of the ancient town of Pyquang, or Wethersfield, growing dim before the lustre of Spanish onions. Accordingly he sends the required dime to Joab, who proved to be like the elephant which had been trained to pick up coin from the ground and place it on a lofty shelf. Upon a certain occasion, a young gentleman was gratified by this performance, he having furnished a half-dollar for the display of the animal's skill. After the piece was safely deposited far out of reach, the youth requested the exhibitor to "make him hand it down again." "We never learnt him that trick," was the reply!