

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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STAR OF THE NORTH

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SUICIDE.

Timotheus James Augustus Brown
Took cold into his head,
And sneezed from morn till night, until
He wished that he was dead.

"I'll take my worthless life," said he,
And took his razor down;
But then he changed his mind, and thought
'Twould easier be to drown.

He walked onto the water's edge,
Loud sneezing as he went;
But said to say his prayers, until
His courage all was spent.

And then he thought of other plans
To cut his thread of life;
And wondered which was least painful was,
The halter or the knife.

At length, in sheer despair, he strolled
To where Sue Jenkins dwelt,
And sneezing his apologies,
Before her face he knelt.

He told her he was tired of life,
And knew not what to do,
If she would not consent to be
His dearest loved—a witch!

She did consent, though modestly,
And soon became his bride;
Yet still he swears that he will end
His life by Sue's side!

The New-York Pickpockets.

With pickpockets, highway robbers, burglars, thieves, shoulder-biters and politicians, New York city, is cursed to a greater extent than any other city on this continent. Excepting the shoulder-biter and politicians, there is no class so numerous as the pickpockets. Old men and women, spruce young boys and blooming girls, are numbered on the ranks of the profession. They are met at all points, in all sorts of costume and at the most unexpected time and place always having an eye to business, yet exceedingly wary. It requires great skill, he had almost said genius, to become an expert and successful pickpocket. One who is never at a loss for an expedient, never loses his self-possession, and who generally gets what he is after, has only acquired his skill and dexterity by many years of hard study human nature, an immense amount of practice, and probably many month's imprisonment. Pickpockets are a distinct class of thieves, and associate as little with burglars and other delinquents as would a dry-goods merchant-prince with a retail dealer in hardware. A skillful pickpocket excites the greatest admiration among his less fortunate companions, and is looked up to with as much reverence as is a man in respectable society who has thousands of dollars at his fingers ends. He fully appreciates his position and with an air of the greatest condescension accepts from his fellow-thieves those little offerings of brandy punches and cigars which they so freely offer at his shrine of dexterity and impudence.

The modes of obtaining the objects of their ambition—generally "pocket-book or gold watch"—are as numerous as the various classes of pickpockets. They all particularly delight in a crowd. Let a few thousand people congregate in the street, or in some place of amusement, and there you will find the pickpocket in his glory. Take a street crowd for instance. Two or three of the light-fingered gentry are there, working together. They select their victim, and immediately seize every opportunity to hustle and jostle him. Suddenly one is crashed up against him, at which both begin to swear furiously, the victim striving to get away, and the pickpocket crowding still harder, till he succeeds in getting his hands away from his pocket. In an instant a dexterous confederate slyly slips his fingers into the victim's pocket, and they seldom come out again without the coveted wallet.

Meanwhile the plucked pigeon is so much absorbed in crowding, hustling and swearing, that he has no suspicion of the transfer that is being made. At all places of amusement, or where any sort of tickets are sold that will create a rush, there look out for your pockets. You want to buy a ticket, have taken out your wallet to get the necessary money, and returned it to your pocket. A professional has witnessed the operation, and in instantly by your side crowding and jamming as ferociously as yourself toward the little hole where the tickets are passed. You pass in your money and demand a ticket—he does the same, striving to get ahead of you—you become anxious, and your hand and his get into a strife for the coveted ticket, and meanwhile the other hand is exploring the recesses of your pocket. By the time you get out of the crowd your wallet and your pertinacious friend have both disappeared. Pickpockets generally work in schools of two to six, just as the exigencies of the case may require. The first object to be obtained, is to divert the victim's attention from his pocket, and the next thing is to induce him, by some

the former, but the latter is more difficult.—Some one will take hold of him, or knock his hat off, when, up go both hands, and out goes his wallet or his watch.

In stealing watches, the guard chain forms quite an obstacle, provided it be securely fastened. The most frequent way of overcoming this difficulty is to perform the operation called "ringing it." That is, the watch is cautiously lifted from the pocket and by dexterous movement of the thumb and forefinger the ring to which the chain is attached is twisted from the watch, and left dangling from the victim's vest, while the watch has been passed from one hand to another, till it may be several blocks away before it is missed. In buying watches, it may be a good thing to know that when the guard chain is riveted to the watch, instead of being merely sprung together, a pickpocket stands little chance of getting it away, unless he cuts the guard.

The most expert pickpockets—those at the head of the profession—are rather inclined to avoid New York, as the Detective Police have become too thoroughly acquainted with them and their modes of operation. They accordingly turn their attention to traveling and "working" railroads, steamboats, and the inland cities, which they visit on their route. Two or three generally travel together, and take advantage of every crowd to practice their art upon unwary strangers. After a successful tour they return to New York to spend their ill-gotten gains in gambling and riotous living. It is not an unusual thing for an expert to start from New York with scarcely any funds, travel directly through New Orleans, or some of the Western cities, and immediately return with sufficient money to enable him to live in idleness for several months. This leaves in the city few besides the comparative novices, the women, and the "kids," or juvenile pickpockets. These are particularly afraid of the Detectives, and will seldom attempt a job when they know them to be near.

It frequently happens that at places of amusement a thief will present himself to a Detective who may be there, and beg to be allowed to go inside. He promises faithfully not to "work" the audience, and if the Detective wishes, he will wait till all the people are out of the building before taking his departure. If the officer grants him permission, the thief pays his money, goes inside, and seats himself in an obscure corner, from whence he watches the performance with pleasure. He always keeps his promise faithfully, for he knows that if any one of the audience is robbed, the Detectives will be sure to arrest him immediately. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, so it often happens that the appearance of a Detective in a crowd does more to prevent crime than all the heavy penalties ever inflicted by Judge Russell.

The light-fingered gentry always keep well advised of all public gatherings and their first inquiry is what "coppers" (police-men) will be there? Being satisfied on this point, they know whether or not it is worth while to attend, and act accordingly. Nearly all of them dress well and some of them being of agreeable manners and cheerful conversation, it is not difficult for them to form the acquaintance of a stranger, and engage his attention, while a confederate picks his pockets. Many of the second or third rate pickpockets make it almost their exclusive business to keep the track of the city cars and stages. While passengers are hurriedly getting in and out, it requires but little dexterity to relieve them of some valuable article. A car crowded full of mixed people, where it is almost impossible to stir one way or another, affords them a most favorable opportunity for crowding and hauling, and robbing their selected victim.

THE NUMBER OF LANGUAGES.—The least learned are aware that there are many languages in the world, but the actual number is probably beyond the dreams of ordinary people. The geographer, Babi, enumerated eight hundred and sixty, which are entitled to be considered as distinct languages, and five thousand which may be regarded as dialects. Adelung, another modern writer on this subject, reckons up three thousand and sixty four languages and dialects existing, and which have existed. Even after we have allowed either of these as the number of languages, we must acknowledge the existence of almost infinite minor diversities; for almost every province has a tongue more or less peculiar, and this we may well believe to be the case throughout the world at large. It is said that there are little islands, lying close together in the South Sea, the inhabitants of which do not know each other. Of the eight hundred and sixty distinct languages enumerated by Babi, fifty-three belong to Europe, one hundred and fourteen to Africa, and one hundred and seventeen to America, one hundred seventeen to Oceania, by which term he distinguishes the vast number of islands stretching between Hindostan and South America.

A FELLOW was doubting whether or not he should volunteer to fight. One of the flags, waving before his eyes, bearing the inscription, "Victory or Death," somewhat ruffled and discouraged him. "Victory is a very good thing," said he; "but why put a Victory or Death? Just put it Victory or Crippled, and I'll go that!"

Love Conquers all Things.

Long story, but must make it short. No room for love while politics rule. Got the particulars from individual who had it all by heart.

Young man of the name of William—
Young lady of the name of Belinda. lived in same neighborhood, near a neighboring town. Young man good looking, but not rich—plenty of poor kin, but no money—
Young lady's beauty not likely to be the death of her; but grandma went under year ago, and left her pile of ten cent pieces large as a pond of wool. Young lady desperately in love with young man, and young man desperately in love with young lady. Young man wouldn't let concealment, "like none of your demmed worms," feed on his cheek; told his love "emphatically." Young lady acknowledged the corn—"*thine, forever thine, dearest William!*" and went into young man's arms sweet as you please.

"He held her gentle hand in his,
And pressed her slender form,
And vowed to shield her from the blast,
And from the world's cold storm.
And then she raised her eyes to his,
And filled with drops of woe,
And in the tenderest accents cried,
'Oh, quit—don't hug me so!'"

Such is life and love. Young lady told young man to interrogate old folks. Young man did. Old folks said, "not if they could help it." Young lady broken-hearted—quit combing her hair—took off hoops—wore shoes slipshod, and wanted to "find relief in the silent tomb." Young man met young lady by moonlight alone, wanted to throw bundle of clothes out back window, climb down rope ladder "into these arms," and fly to the square and happiness. "I may die—I know I shall die, William—but never, never, will we see thee, dearest one, without consent of Ma and Pa." Young man pleads like angel trumpet-tongued. Young lady stubborn and dutil. Young man tries the indignation—upbraids young lady—swears.

He did not think to find so cold
A heart he deemed so true;
A heart like his would yield
If love like his should woo.

and talks of pistols and prairie acid. Young lady dissolves in tears. "O! William, leave me, quit my sight forever, but take me along with you!" Young man happy as nigger at corn shucking, and tells young lady to look out Saturday night and don't be scared if she sees ladder poked in back window—"your William will be at 'tother end."—
Young lady thinks she's gone to far, and says better wait till she's her own "mistress"—only five years. Young man says "five years be damned." Was coming Saturday night with ladder—if his heart's idol would fly from parental tyranny, and happy with him and let him be happy with her, well and good; if not, disappointment shouldn't feed on his vitals long—a pistol would fix things quick enough. Young lady all tears again. "Cruel, cruel man—carry me to the ends of the year; I don't care where, just so as you carry me."

Saturday night young lady shut up "savageous dog" in smokehouse, and goes up stairs. Young man carries ladder two miles; puts ladder up to window and whistles "Belindy!" very loud. Belindy doesn't hear; but dog does, and cuts up among meat barrels terribly. Old lady wakes up. Tells old man "somebody's trying to break in." Old man gets up takes down double barrel gun, opens door easy, slips around smokehouse and lets dog out. Dog pitches around, and trees young man and young lady up ladder. Old man smells large rat trap full of mice, and dodges behind tree.—
Young people reach the ground, young lady having drove off. "Oh! William, I am afraid." "Afraid, dearest!—of what? I am not thine own William hereto protect."—
Old man lets off one barrel off gun; young man disappears over fence, leaving coat-tail in possession of dog, and young lady screams and faints in old man's arms.

Young lady sent off next day to Kentucky, and young man soon starts for Texas—in a horn.

Young lady being two weeks at small town in Kentucky—telegraphic dispatch one night—Pa quite sick, see if company can be had at hotel, and come home at once. Young lady sends to hotel to know is anybody going to—, in Tennessee. Yes; genteel young man going right straight to that very place. Early next morning stage takes up young lady, and goes round to hotel for young man. Young man gets in. "William!" "Belindy! hush, don't say a word!" "How is Pa?" "In first-rate health." "That dispatch?" "Had it sent myself." "Wretch! where are you going to take me?" "To the parson's."

Happy couple at hotel here last week.—
Telegraphed old man all about it. Old man comes down next day with all necessary feelings and arrangements to take young lady home a premature widow. But doesn't do it. Young son-in-law, gentlemanly and polite—loved daughter so well couldn't help it. Young lady all tears again, with equal proportion of sobs. "Kill me if you will, my father, but spare William." Old man's feelings go down several pegs. Thinks it no use to cut up over spilt milk—"got your hats and bonnets and let's go home!"—
Young couple happy as infants with fingers stuck full of molasses and feathers, fly round after baggage; old man pays hotel bill, and all leave town together.

"Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou wouldest as soon go kindle fire with

The Quaker's Revenge.

Obadiah Lawson and Watt Dood were neighbors; that is, they lived within half a mile of each other, and no person lived between their respective farms, which would have joined had not a little strip of prairie land extended itself sufficiently to keep them separated. Dood was the oldest settler, and from his youth up had entertained a singular hatred against Quakers; therefore, when he was informed that Lawson, a regular disciple of that class of people, had purchased the next farm to his, he declared he would make him glad to move away again. Accordingly, a system of petty annoyances was commenced by him, and every time one of Lawson's hogs chanced to stray upon Dood's place, he was beset by men and dogs, and most severely abused. Things progressed thus for nearly a year, and the Quaker, a man of decided peace principles, appeared in no way to resent the injuries received at the hands of his spiteful neighbor. But matters were drawing to a crisis, for Dood, more enraged than ever at the quiet of Obadiah, made oath that he would do something before long to wake up the spunk of Lawson.—
Chance favored his design. The Quaker had a high-blooded horse, or filly, according to the western mode of speaking, which he had been very careful in raising, and which was just four years old. Lawson took great pride in this animal, and had refused a large sum of money for her.

One evening, a little after sundown, as Watt Dood was passing around his cornfield, he discovered the filly feeding in the little strip of prairie land that separated the two farms—and he conceived the hellish design of throwing off two or three rails of his fence, that the horse might get into the corn during the night. He did so, and the next morning, bright and early, he shouldered his rifle and left the house. Not long after his absence, a hired man whom he had recently employed heard the echo of his gun, and in a few minutes Dood, considerably excited and out of breath, came hurrying to the house, when he stated that he had shot at and wounded a buck—that the deer had attacked him, and he hardly escaped with his life.

The story was credited by all but the newly employed hand, who had taken a dislike to Watt, and from his manner, suspected that something was wrong. He therefore, slipped quietly away from the house, and going through the field in the direction of the shot, he suddenly came upon Lawson's filly, stretched upon the earth, with a bullet hole through the head, from which the warm blood was still oozing.

The animal was warm, and could not have been killed an hour. He hastened back to the dwelling of Dood, who met him in the yard, and demanded, somewhat roughly, where he had been.

"I've been to see if your bullet made sure work of Mr. Lawson's filly," was the instant report.

Watt paled for a moment, but collecting himself, he fiercely shouted:

"Do you dare to say I killed her?"

"How do you know she is dead?" replied the man.

Dood bit his lip, hesitated a moment, and then turning, walked into the house.

A couple of days passed by, and the morning of the third one had broken as the hired man met friend Lawson, riding in search of his filly. No threat of retribution escaped him; he did not even go to law to recover damages, but calmly awaited his plan and hour of revenge. It came at last.

Watt Dood had a nursery heifer, for which he had paid a dear price, and upon which he counted to make great gains.

One morning just as Obadiah was sitting down, his eldest son came in with the information that neighbor Dood's heifer had broken down the fence, entered the yard, and after eating most of the cabbages, had trampled the well-made beds and the vegetables they contained, out of all shape—a mischief impossible to repair!"

"And what did she do with her?" Jacob asked.

"I put her in the farm yard,"

"Did that beat her?"

"I never struck her a blow."

"Right, Jacob, right; sit down to thy breakfast, and when done eating I will attend to the heifer."

Shortly after he had finished his repast, Lawson mounted a horse and rode over to Dood's who was sitting under the porch in front of the house and who, as he beheld the Quaker dismount, supposed he was coming to demand pay for his filly, and secretly swore he would have to go to law for it if he did get pay.

"Good morning, neighbor Dood; how is the family?" exclaimed Obadiah as he mounted the steps and seated himself in a chair.

"I have a small affair to settle with thee this morning, and I came rather early."

"So I supposed," growled Watt.

"This morning my son found thy Derham heifer in my garden, where she destroyed a good deal."

"And what did you do with her?" demanded Dood, his brow darkening.

"What would these have done with her, had she been my heifer in thy garden?" asked Obadiah.

"I'd shot her," retorted Watt, madly, "as I suppose you have done; but we are only

heifer's back. She is in my farm yard; not even a blow has been struck her; she is where thee can get her at any time. I know thee shot my filly, but the evil one prompted thee to do it, and I lay no evil in my heart against my neighbors. I came to tell thee where thy heifer is, and I'll go home."

Obadiah rose from his chair, and was about to descend from the steps, when he was stopped by Watt, who has-ily asked:

"What was your filly worth?"

"A hundred dollars is what I asked for her," replied Obadiah.

"Wait a moment!" and Dood rushed into the house, from whence he soon returned holding some gold in his hand:—
"Here's the price of your filly; and hereafter let there be pleasantness between us."

Obadiah mounted his horse and rode home with a lighter heart, and from that day to this, Dood has been as good a neighbor as any one could wish to have—being completely reformed by the returning good for evil.

Doesticks on Billiards.

M. Berger, the celebrated French player, (says the *Sunday Mercury*), who is as much the King of the Billiard Table as Paul Morphy is Emperor of the Chess Board, has lately arrived in this country, and is now in New York, as the guest of Mr. Michael Phelan. His wonderful playing has been the theme of the daily papers for several days, but we think none of the reporters of the dailies are quite equal to the task of describing the marvellous shots of the round Frenchman, and we have prevailed on our friend, Doesticks, to give us his impressions, as follows:

"I need hardly tell you that the game of billiards consists in punching ivory balls about on a big table covered with green cloth, that looks like half an acre of meadow land, with an india rubber fence around it; that the balls are punched with long wooden ramrods, with wax on the end to save the wood, and leather put on to save the wax, and chalk put on to keep the leather from wearing out. You take your ramrod and rub some chalk on the little end; then you lean over the table; then you squat; then you lift up your leg; then you fiddle a little on your left hand with your ramrod; then you punch your ball. If your ball runs against the other man's ball, you've done a big thing, and you poke up a lot of buttons that are strung on a wire. This is all there is of the game of billiards. Anybody can punch billiards—I can, and maybe you could.

"Well, Berger has come, the great French puncher; and of course I've been to see him punch a few billiards with Phelan. Phelan is a pretty fair puncher himself, but he can't punch so fast as Berger; in fact he has to give P. a hundred buttons or so in every game. I've often played with Phelan myself, but he always beats me: he has a private understanding with the man that pokes the buttons. When Phelan punches the balls, the man pokes buttons; when I punch the balls, ray button will the man poke. So Phelan goes out; but my game is a little the best; in fact, I've challenged Phelan to play me a thousand buttons for a lot of money, and I've offered to keep the game myself so as to be sure all is fair. Phelan's conspiracy with the men who poke the buttons is a disgraceful thing; it discourages young men, and makes them think they can't punch billiards as well as Phelan can. I'm bound to break it up. But Berger has over-generaled Phelan. Berger has bought over all of Phelan's button-pokers—pays 'em more money than Phelan did, and know they give Berger all the buttons.

"Hal! ha! Big thing on Michael!

"Well, on Friday, Berger was going to do some punching, and there was I in the midst. Berger is a big fat man; the top of his head is as bald as a goose-egg, and he has got a stomach as big as a three foot celestial globe—in fact, he is shaped just like a billiard ball, and might be used for one, if you'd take his boots off and tie his heels to the back of his neck—only I don't want him to carom on me!

"He brought all his own tools with him from France—a table that isn't so long by a few feet as Phelan generally makes his—a lot of balls and ramrods, and everything.— Room was full, all anxious to see the Frenchman punch; and the Frenchman punched, and pretty good punching it was. He made the balls hop all over the table, and generally had four in the air at once. Neil Bryant was there, and Neil is a pretty good judge of billiard punching. I did my favorite shot with great success—jumped my ball off the table, caromed on Neil Bryant, and holed it in a spittoon.

"Phelan said it was a big thing, so did Neil. Berger rolled himself round to the corner of the table, chalked his ramrod, and executed a fancy lick. He made his ball run three times round the table, on the edge of the cushion, leap off at a sharp angle, carom on Neil Bryant, come back to the table, take eighteen cushions, and stop exactly on the centre spot.

"Phelan had a try. He did one of the simple shots that I taught him—the one when the cue-ball takes twenty-one cushions, knocks the hats off three Dutchmen in the corner, comes back, and stops inside the string. Berger didn't think much of that; so he took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and put in a tremendous lick; the ball hit Phelan on the middle vest-button, caromed

and took a cushion, caromed on Neil Bryant, took two cushions, went twice round the block, took a cushion, went out through another window, and came in through the sky-light, took four cushions, and caromed on Neil Bryant, and all in four minutes, without stopping for breath or sweating a hair.

"All hands were occupied for forty minutes in revivng Phelan, who had fainted from envy.

"Berger then made his grand shot—he put such a tremendous twist on his ball that it took every cushion on every table in the room, caromed on Neil Bryant, doted out of the window, traveled once or twice up and down Broadway, ran into a shooting-gallery, rang the bell nine times in rapid succession, and came back to the table, previously executing two brilliant caroms on Neil Bryant.

"This concluded the show, as I supposed. As I got to the corner of Broadway and Broome street, I caught sight of Neil Bryant rushing round the corner, closely pursued by the two billiard balls, from which I suppose Berger must have done another fancy shot or two after I left.

"But Phelan's conspiracy with the billiard-makers all over the country is outrageous. He has every one of them so far under his control, that there isn't a place in the United States where, when I play billiards with Michael Phelan, the marker doesn't count more for him than for me."

"Indigantly yours, Doesticks, P. B."

Hood's Practical Jokes.

As fond of practical jokes as even Theodore Hood himself, Tom Hood was often caught in his own net, but usually gave a *quid pro quo*. His daughter thus chronicles one:—

"On another occasion two or three friends came down for a day's shooting, and, as they often did, in the evening rowed out into the middle of the lake in an old punt. They were full of spirits, and had played off one or two practical jokes on their host, till on getting out of the boat, leaving him last, one of them gave it a push, and out went my father into the water. Fortunately, it was the landing place, and the water was not deep, but he was wet through. It was playing with edged tools to venture on such tricks with him, and he quietly determined to turn the tables. Accordingly he presently began to complain of cramps and stitches, and at last went in doors. His friends getting rather ashamed of their rough lark, persuaded him to go to bed, which he immediately did. His groans and complaints increased so alarmingly that they were almost at their wit's ends what to do. My mother had received a quiet hint, and was therefore not alarmed, though much amused at the terrified efforts and prescriptions of the repentant doctors. There was no doctor to be had for miles, and all sorts of queer remedies were suggested and administered, my father shaking with laughing, while they supposed he had got the ague or fever. One rushed up with a tea-kettle of boiling water hanging on his arm, another tottered under a tin bath, and a third brought the mustard.

"My father at length, as well as he could speak, gave out in a sepulchral voice that he was sure he was dying, and detailed some most absurd directions for his will, which they were all too frightened to see the fun of. At last he could stand it no longer, and, after hearing the penitent offenders beg him to forgive them for their unfortunate joke, and beseech him to believe in their remorse, he burst into a peef of shot of laughing, which they thought at first was delicious frenzy, but which ultimately betrayed the joke."

Another of his jokes on his wife, as recorded by herself, in a letter to England, is capital. She says:

"I must now tell you my story about the Christmas pudding. The Lieutenant was with us on Christmas day, and enjoyed my plum pudding so much that I promised to make one for him. Hood threatened to play some tricks with it—either to pop in bullets or tenpony nails; and I watched over my work with great vigilance, so that it was put in to boil without any misfortune.

"I went to bed early, telling Gladie to put it, when done, into the drawing room till the morning. Hood was writing, and says, it was put down smoking under his very nose, and the mischief was irresistible. I had bought a groschen's worth of new white wooden skewers that very morning. He cut them a little shorter than the pudding's diameter, and poked them in across and in all directions, so neatly, that I never perceived any sign of them when I packed and sealed it up next day for De France's man to carry over to Ehrenbreitstein. He came to thank me, and praised it highly. I find that while I was out of the room, Hood asked him if it was not well trussed, and he answered 'Yes,' so gravely that Hood thought he meditated some joke in retaliation, and was on his guard. At the ball the truth came out; he actually thought it was some new method of making plum puddings, and gave me credit for the wood work. He had invited two of his brother officers to lunch upon it, and Hood wanted to persuade me that the 'Cardinal' officer had swallowed one of the skewers! Now, was not this an abominable trick?"

A Warning to Cotton Brokers.

A gentleman in Montgomery, Alabama, is responsible for the following, which will be appreciated by those who handle our fibrous staple:

It may not be generally known, but to understand the following scene the reader must know, that the principal telegraphic correspondence in the commercial world is carried on in cypher; and the better to prevent mistakes, the plainest, and, in some cases, the sweetest sounding words in our language are used for this purpose. A few days ago a dispatch of this sort was received at the office of one of our large cotton brokers, after business hours, and sent up home, which it reached before him, and was duly conned over by his wife. Now, we don't wish to cast any insinuations on female curiosity; but to a woman a telegram is certainly an object of interest. Not themselves receiving them every day on almost trivial subjects as we do, they have an idea it is always a life or death case.

Thus thought our cotton broker's young wife: "He has just returned from New York; something is the matter." The envelope was torn off and her eye glanced over it. Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! scream after scream, until she faints. In rushes her mother: "What on earth is the matter, Charlotte?" "Oh! Oh! Oh!" The old lady reads the dispatch and attempts to take it. But no with that mystery in woman's nature, which makes her more lovely in grief, she grasps the fatal writing, and hides from all, even her mother, her cause of sorrow. Fainting fit after fit follow, and smelling salts and vinegar ate in requisition. About this stage of the proceeding, in walks Monsieur the Broker, his poor little wife without a word of reproach, handed him the despatch, which was as follows:—"Your darling—sick—Saint—Nicholas—send 1,000—true love—only—Mary."

"New York, September, 60."

On reading which he only laughed, and with his book of the cypher explained to her satisfaction what he meant. The translation of it we have not room to give here, as each word is an entire sentence. It's not being signed, and Mary being the last word, does look a little criminal to a young wife whose husband has just returned from New York. We have no doubt his dispatches hereafter will remain inviolable.

The explanation might have satisfied Charlotte, but for ourselves, we are a little dubious. It is, to say the least of it, rather a singular kind of cypher.

The Blessings of a Rural Life.

Cultivate a love for the country; the serene joys which a rural life can afford are far preferable to the noisy, and alas, too often vicious gratifications which we seek amid the whirl of a city life. The city as it were ties the soul's affections to the earth—the works and ways of the world in it too often hide from our view the fair face of nature, and lead us to forget the glorious God who made us, and to whom we are indebted for life and health and all things.

Vapid, empty and artificial are the joys of a city life when compared with the sacred delights which a rural residence can give to a mind rightly constituted. Solitary communion with Nature is one of the holiest delights which the world can bestow—a delight which is sure to benefit the world which enjoys it. Purity is stamped on Nature's form; and communion with her is sure to fill the soul with all that is pure, and lovely and good report.

In every season of the year a residence in the country has a beneficial effect upon the human soul. In Spring, when the trees again put on their singing robes, and murmur forth the praises of Him who made them. Spring has a tendency to give buoyancy to the spirits—that heart is callous which does not awake and sing when all things around are beaming with a hope and promise.

In Summer the blushing flowers are seen amid rural retreats, and seem, methinks, like stolen glories from Paradise; then the singing birds tell forth melodies, the purest and sweetest ever heard on earth, and which may well raise the thoughts away from this vanishing world of ours to the glory land beyond.

In Autumn, the country teaches us wisdom lessons; the whispers that are heard when the leaves are falling, seem, methinks, sweet echoes from the angel world, telling that we, too, must soon fade and vanish like the leaves of the forest, and be found no more on earth at all.

In Winter, we are led to revere the wisdom and power of Him who doeth all things well—who hath hid the flowers beneath a snowy mantle to enhance our joy on again beholding them; and who sends the storms to purify the atmosphere, and the rain to cause the earth to bring forth its fruit in season.

To the thoughtful mind, reflections such as these are suggested by a rural life, which should not be deemed as listless and unimportant. Communion with Nature can give more real joy than man ever found in the pursuit of the pleasures of a city life.

SWIMMING is a passion with the ladies of Paris—and a sensible one, too. The Parisian belles are all diving belles.

CONSIDER, oh! man, the shortness of thy life, and never let the sun go down upon thy wrath."

LOST—a brindle pup belonging to Patrick